

INDIA IN 1875-76.
THE VISIT OF THE
PRINCE OF WALES.

CHRONICLE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S JOURNEYINGS
IN INDIA, CEYLON, SPAIN, AND PORTUGAL.

By GEORGE WHEELER

(OF THE INNER TEMPLE),

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "CENTRAL NEWS."

WITH MAP AND DIARIES.



“It is not necessary that he who looks with pleasure on the colours of a flower should study the principles of vegetation, or that the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems should be compared before the light of the sun can gladden or its warmth invigorate.”—DR. SAM. JOHNSON.

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TO

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D.

I VENTURE to dedicate this narrative of my journey through India to you for many reasons, but chiefly because you, by your impartiality, manliness, and literary brilliancy, have caused Special Correspondents to be valued and respected by every civilised nation. England cannot forget that by your fearless exposition of the true condition of her army at a disastrous moment of the Crimean War, she was first aroused to a sense of the magnitude of the struggle she had engaged in, and was induced to make those gigantic efforts which resulted in victory. From that correspondence Statesmen understood how the National interest required that Princes in the field of war, or in the peaceful civilisation of distant regions, should have their chronicler beside them—one who could give to the world not an ephemeral narrative, but a history as useful and as eternal as that bequeathed to all men by Thucydides himself. Hence

it was that the Crown Prince of Prussia placed the special correspondent on his staff throughout the conflict between Germany and France; and hence, also, once it was determined that the Prince of Wales should carry out his long cherished desire to visit the wondrous land of India, he selected as the historian of his progress, and immediately attached to his person, the writer who had already proved himself so worthy. It has been said that the Press is ever jealous of a Press, but I can say that throughout this Indian journey, generous feelings pervaded your every act, and that to so humble a novice as myself, endeavouring to follow the far-off light before me as best I can, you were a true and cordial friend, as well as a brilliant example of all that is chaste in Literature and foreseeing and discreet in Journalism. •

2, TANFIELD CHAMBERS, TEMPLE.

JUNE, 1876.

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THE
PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

“We pray that this visit, long desired, and at last undertaken, may by God’s mercy be the outward sign of the spirit of fresh English nobleness and good principle on the one hand, and on the other, that it may awaken or renew a sense of graver duties, of mutual sympathy, and loftier purposes.”—DEAN STANLEY.*

I.

FIRST THOUGHTS OF THE VOYAGE.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH’S VISIT—LORD MAYO—THE
PLAN OF THE TOUR.

THAT the PRINCE OF WALES should in his youth visit India was a hope deeply cherished in the mind of the late Prince Consort. Indeed it was he who first planned the progress of the Prince of Wales through an empire which at that time had not been visited by any members of the English Royal Family. His Royal Highness probably was not only mindful of the fact that our new subjects in India were utterly unaware of the character of the Governing Family, but it is likely he also thought that the revengeful feelings which the horrors of the Mutiny had engendered in the hearts of Englishmen against the native races would be appeased when they ascertained how warm was the welcome given on every side to his son.

When the Duke of Edinburgh was leaving India after a brief but delightful visit in 1870, Lord Mayo, the then

* Sermon, Westminster Abbey, October 10th, 1875.

Viceroy, said, "Tell the Prince of Wales how India has received you and what a wonderful country he will find here if he comes amongst us." The narrative of the Duke's adventures was very tempting, and I believe the Prince of Wales lost no time in telling Lord Mayo that he intended to see India at an early day. The dangerous illness of His Royal Highness in 1871 prevented the Prince's wishes from being at once adopted, but the desire of his heart, "the dream of his life," as he at one time called it, remained in full force, and in March of last year (1875) he gave intimation of his hope to the Marquis of Salisbury. The chief of the India Office and Lord Northbrook cordially endorsed the proposal, and both in England and India preparations for the Prince's tour were vigorously inaugurated.

By the end of June the *Serapis* was taken into dock at Portsmouth to be completely renovated and ornamented. It is hardly necessary to say that all that could be devised by modern art and science was adopted to insure the health and perfect comfort of the Prince and of those whom he selected to be his companions. Even so early as midsummer the programme of the whole trip was arranged in accordance with the advice of men of the highest intelligence, whether in a medical, military, naval, or diplomatic capacity.

There are some wise heads in India who have expressed regret that the Prince of Wales did not proceed in the first instance to that Eden of the earth, Ceylon, and from thence to homely Calcutta, and from Calcutta to extravagantly fashioned Lucknow—city hallowed by ever memorable traditions. They complain that while the Prince's tour was still interesting—to the easily satiated readers of English newspapers—time was passed in desultory wanderings in Southern India instead of in her great cities and more civilised provinces. But perhaps there were "high reasons of state" which suggested that the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras should be first explored. It was at Bombay that the Princes

entitled to the longest salutes of guns, and therefore most important in rank and position, were to be introduced. It was no doubt felt that the young Guikwar of Baroda would be more acceptable to his unexpected subjects if he were honoured by early intercourse with the Prince of Wales. The Nizam of Hyderabad, too, or rather the courtiers who had the management of an extremely sickly boy, were to be awed if not propitiated. There were some other rulers and peoples whom an early visit would be calculated to effect. But when all has succeeded so happily and has ended so pleasantly, it is unwise, although very easy, to argue that the journey could have been better planned.

Towards the personal expenses of the Prince the Government at home voted 60,000*l.* The Admiralty engaged to expend the sum of 52,000*l.* Notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of Mr. Fawcett, it was agreed that the Indian Government should pay a share of their guest's expenses, and Mr. Disraeli stated in the House that he had heard incidentally this share would amount to about 30,000*l.* This 30,000*l.* did not nearly cover the expenses which the Viceroy chivalrously incurred. The Prince, although not "the proclaimed representative" of Her Majesty, was at least the heir-apparent, and his progress should be well performed or not at all. The native chiefs in every province spent lakhs on lakhs of rupees in beautifying their cities, in constructing highways and palaces, in levying legions of armed followers and elephants, and in celebrating by gorgeous entertainments the advent of the Prince in their particular territories. They were discouraged from spending what their generous spirit prompted either in the way of festivities or of presents, but they regarded interference in this respect as something bordering on offence, and it would have been a delicate and critical matter to attempt further to limit their liberality. The English in India displayed unexpected enthusiasm over the coming of the Prince. Once the question of the visit was settled, they subscribed (often at a few hours'

notice) large sums of money for illuminating public buildings and preparing public balls. In all three Presidencies the balls given were on a scale of magnificence never before attempted, and revealed an amount of taste which could not be out-rivalled.

The Prince of Wales himself actually did exhibit "those marvellous powers of management" in his expenditure, the need of which was so strenuously impressed upon him, when the grant was being considered by Parliament. Yet all who have had Indian experience know that if you explore the Peninsula you must go through it with an open hand. You cannot close the purse or say there is nothing in it. At every great city the Prince when departing left handsome donations to be distributed to the poor. He was not forgetful, he could not be forgetful of those withered and bowed heroes whose eyes flashed, who straightened up to the salute, as the touch of his hand on the hilts of their old swords shot the electric fire through their hearts and made them young again. The Prince of Wales has shown to all, whether Rajahs or subjects, that he is the representative of the genuine English race, generous and open-hearted, full of life and strength, and pluck and courtesy.

His progress through the country proved that virtue and wisdom can exist in the highest places without being darkened by the hideous shadow of vice. The cordial words of the Prince and of his small but aristocratic following set an example which could not be resisted by all English civilians, even by those in whose breasts an extravagant sense of self-importance still lingered.

His expressions of sympathy tended much to obliterate from the minds of the natives the traditions of old coldnesses and harsh government.

II.

THE SERAPIS—THE SUITE AND THE OFFICERS.

A BUSY TIME IN THE SOLENT—PRINCE LOUIS OF
BATTENBERG—THE THEATRICAL MANAGER.

THE Government of India having offered the loan of the *Serapis* for the Prince's voyages, the Admiralty and Dockyard officers left no means untried to make the ship worthy of her illustrious passenger. When the vessel was taken into dock in May the towns bordering on the Solent were full of life and activity. Never before had the sailor artisans such a pleasant time of work and expectation. In one of the basins at Portsmouth the *Alert* and *Discovery* were being equipped for the perilous journey to the Pole. Mr. Allan Young's yacht, *Pandora*, lying in Southampton water, was being girt with iron to enable her also to resist the embraces of the icy seas, while in the same enclosure where the *Serapis* had found an anchorage, the last plates of armour were being rivetted to the ribs of the *Inflexible*, the mightiest ironclad of the English Navy. When the *Serapis* moved out from Spithead on Saturday, September 25th, her white and gold broadsides, and multiplicity of port-holes and windows, made her appear the closest embodiment ever realised of a palace upon the waters. All that forethought, skill, and money could do to make the interior of the vessel comfortable and even luxurious in the tedious passage through the tropics was accomplished, and few who remember the structural arrangement of the old troopship would have

found it easy to recognise her apartments, in their royal attire. On the saloon or upper deck the transformation from the old aspect of things was probably greatest. The lines of tiny cabins on each side were swept away to be replaced by long bedchambers for the Prince. The saloon itself was cleared of hatchways and coamings, and the whole space thrown open as a vast reception room—curtains of rich maroon silk were suspended at various points, so that it was possible to divide the saloon into three distinct sections, one of which on ordinary occasions should be used as a dining-room. The grand saloon was covered with a carpet of unostentatious pattern, in green and red, chosen by the Prince himself, and the tables, chairs, cabinets, and wardrobes in all the royal apartments were of oak. Almost every article on board, including the china plates, and the clocks and glasses, was ornamented with a crest, designed by His Royal Highness specially for the Indian tour. The outer scroll, in circular form, presented the flowered Order of the Star of India. The star itself and the jewel containing the portrait of the Queen, surrounded by the motto of the Indian Empire, "Heaven's light our guide," were pendent. Within the circle of the Order of India was the motto of the Order of the Garter, the gold letters of "Honi soit qui mal y pense" emblazoned on a blue ground. In the centre of the crest were the Prince's plumes and the motto "Ich dien."

A Collard piano was the central piece of furniture in that section of the saloon used as a drawing-room, and the chief performer upon this during the trip was Prince Louis of Battenberg. The young German is gifted with many accomplishments. He is not only a brilliant musician and a perfect dancer, but also an artist. Not many people are aware that the charming sketches of life on board the *Serapis* furnished to the *Illustrated London News* and marked with the initials L. B. were the work of this versatile lieutenant. Other members of the suite, notably

Lord Charles Beresford, enlivened the monotony of the hours at sea by their vocal accomplishments. Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien, brother of the "King" of the Scilly Isles, had the management of the theatricals. From the members of the band of the Royal Marines, this energetic officer formed a troupe of Christy Minstrels, who by the execution of sweet melodies and the performance of *petite* dramas gave delight not only to the ship's company, but also to fashionable audiences at Calcutta. Mr. Smith-Dorrien frequently brought his men ashore during the month the *Serapis* lay in the Hooghly, and the sailor comedians played to crowded houses in aid of orphanages and societies for distressed mariners. The "Theatre" of the Royal Yacht was in every sense a complete affair. The manager had *carte blanche* for the provision of dresses and properties, and the services of a Portsmouth artist had been secured for the scenery. This consisted of a picture of life in the jungle—a drawing-room scene, and a representation (intended as a drop scene) of the *Serapis* and *Osborne* passing Spithead, amid salutes from the squadron.

The members of the personal staff were accommodated with cabins and bath-rooms on the deck beneath the saloon, and the ship's officers were relegated to quarters which may be said to have been humble yet forward. With the daintiness of taste of all sailors, these gallant fellows soon dressed up in gay attire their pantry in the bow, and the traditional gaiety did not forsake the fo'castle because the tellers of the yarns there were not mere bosen's hands, but commissioned officers. The accessories of a comfortable sitting-room were no more forgotten here than in the "parlour" of the Prince himself. The yellow aridness of the panellings was relieved by many bright oleographs and engravings. The captain had his easy-chair and his newspaper. The "subs" their library, and the stewards their electric bells.

It is asserted by many old navigators, that ships in making the passage of the Red Sea have a cool side and a hot

side. Let me observe here from personal experience, that many frantic efforts to find any quarter of a ship cool in this channel ended fruitlessly. In accordance with the current belief, however, the Prince's sleeping apartment, prepared for the journey out, was on the port or supposed cool side of the *Serapis*. On this same port side there was also "the Windsor Long Walk," an open space intervening between the saloon and the quarter-deck, where it was hoped the Prince might find relieving draughts and an altogether pleasant promenade during the more scorching hours of his voyage.

In coming home from India His Royal Highness occupied a cabin on the starboard side of the *Serapis*. Besides the "Windsor Long Walk" there was another cheerful lounging-place—the smoking pagoda on deck. The windows of this chamber were, like most of the cabins, fitted up with jalousies or Venetian blinds suspended sideways, so as to insure draught and shade at the same time. This bijou saloon, with its prettily-painted walls and ceiling and luxurious furniture, was perhaps the cosiest and most alluring retreat in the whole ship.

The boats of the *Serapis*, fourteen in number, were partially built at the dockyard, and partially by White, of Cowes, the contractor to Her Majesty's yachts and the Arctic ships. The steam pinnace or state barge was a craft of great beauty, thirty-eight feet long. The seats were covered with cushions of pale blue satin, and overhead, reared in position by rods of gold, was a canopy, also of blue, to shelter the Prince from the rays of the tropical sun.

A tall seaman usually stood at the helm with the English standard in his hands when this barge made her trips ashore, and the variation of colour contributed by this ensign, and by the lustre of the boat itself to the calm silvery waters in the East, suggested to the memory Coleridge's simile of a "painted ship upon a painted ocean."

In addition to troops' boats, gigs, and life-saving cutters, there were other barges, each of which were propelled by fourteen sailors, whose oars were ablaze with tintings of gold.

The personal staff of the Prince of Wales, who set sail for India in the *Serapis*, was thus composed :

The Duke of Sutherland; Major-General Lord Alfred Paget, Clerk Marshal to the Queen; Sir Bartle Frere, K.C.B., G.C.S.I. (now made a Baronet and G.C.B.); Lord Suffield (Lord in Waiting and Head of the Household of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales). His Lordship has since received the Order of a Knight Commander of the Bath from the hands of the Queen; Major-General D. Probyn, C.B.V.C.;* Lieutenant Colonel A. Ellis † (Grenadier Guards); Lord Carrington, A.D.C. (Horse Guards); Earl of Aylesford; Lord Charles Beresford, A.D.C. Lieutenant (now Commander) Royal Navy; Colonel Owen Williams (Horse Guards); Dr. Fayrer, Surgeon-General, C.S.I.*; Canon Duckworth, Chaplain to His Royal Highness; Lieutenant FitzGeorge, extra A.D.C.; Mr. Francis Knollys, Private Secretary; ‡ Dr. William H. Russell, Honorary Private Secretary (special correspondent of the *Times*); Mr. Sydney Hall (special artist in the suite of the Prince).

Mr. Albert Grey accompanied the party as private secretary to Sir Bartle Frere.

THE OFFICERS OF THE SERAPIS.

Captain, the Hon. H. Carr Glyn, C.B., A.D.C. to the Queen; † Commander, Frederick G. D. Bedford; Staff Commander, William B. Goldsmith; Lieutenant, Edward G.

* These officers were subsequently decorated as Knights Commanders of the Star of India.

† Colonel Ellis was, at the end of the tour, made a C.S.I. Captain Glyn received a like honour at the same time. He is the first naval officer who has been decorated with the insignia of this order.

‡ Now C.B.

Hulton : Lieutenant, James L. Hammett ; Lieutenant, Henry K. Gregson ; Lieutenant, John R. Prickett ; Lieutenant, Henry T. Smith-Dorrien ; Major, Edmund B. Snow, R.M.L.I. ; Lieutenant, Walter Lambert, R.M.A. ; Lieutenant, Algernon St. L. Burrowes, R.M.L.I. ; Chaplain, The Rev. Charles E. Yorke, M.A. ; Fleet Surgeon, Alexander Watson, M.D. ; Paymaster, Thomas Bradbridge ; Chief Engineer, John G. Shearman ; Sub-Lieutenant, The Hon. Francis Spring-Rice ; Sub-Lieutenant, H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg ;* Sub-Lieutenant, Robert S. Lowry ; Sub-Lieutenant, The Hon. Patrick M. Hely-Hutchinson ; Nav. Sub-Lieutenant, John D. Moulton ; Surgeon, Henry C. Woods, M.D. ; Surgeon, William Algeo ; Assistant Paymaster, Hugh R. Dalglish ; Assistant Paymaster, Robert Donaldson, since transferred to the Osborne ; Engineer, William Kelly ; Engineer, Peter Eckford ; Engineer, George Brewer ; Engineer, John Dinwoodie ; Engineer, Samuel J. Rock ; Engineer, John Y. Mayston ; Gunner, Edward Haswell ; Boatswain, Michael J. Taylor ; Boatswain, Edwin Hele ; Boatswain, William Nicholas ; Carpenter, James Pennicott ; 1st Class Assistant Engineer, James C. Larg ; 1st Class Assistant Engineer, Charles Rudd.

CAPTAIN GLYN.

THE captain of the *Serapis* is a brother of Lord Wolverton (for so long a period "whip" of the Liberal party), and is heir-presumptive to the title. Every one now knows with what admirable skill, with what extraordinary punctuality to time, the *Serapis* was steered throughout the royal voyages. When we left Calcutta for Northern India, Captain Glyn became a member of the suite at His Royal Highness's special invitation, and at Allahabad the Prince conferred upon him the further honour of admitting him to the order of the Star of India.

* Now serving in the Sultan under the Duke of Edinburgh.

In the pig-sticking excursions in the jungle round Jeypore, no more venturesome rider dashed into the field than this gallant sailor. It was not only round the camp fire of his fellow horsemen that his prowess was talked about in terms of adulation, for in the minds of the Rajpoot Shikars he was associated with that band of daring and valiant horsemen from whom the worshipped leaders of the Native Cavalry spring. Over this coterie there have in the past presided three graces, Nicholson and Hodson and Probyn, but a fourth Pegasusian has now arisen, this time a son of Neptune instead of Mars, and his name is Glyn.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

THE only duke in the party, became known in India as a man who was passionately fond of travelling, and who did not mind risking great difficulties in the pursuit of his favourite object. A man of unassuming tastes, with the best of hearts, and possessing a constitution strong as adamant, he was for ever proving by one act or another how interested he was in the country, and in the different races of people amidst whom he was a wanderer. He persevered with the severest of labours, and through the gratification of his love of exploration was enabled to study the important cities of Ahmedabad and Hyderabad and the Cinghalese hill station of Neweralia, in addition to the ordinary ground traversed by the Prince of Wales. Nothing in India seemed to tire down His Grace, although his is the age (between forty-five and fifty) when it is said the climate is most wearisome and fatal to European constitutions. I remember him stepping from the train at Calcutta, after our five days' terribly hot journey from Madras, with his white linen cap upon his head, bushy with still golden curls, and looking as hale and fresh and agile as if he was leaving Stafford House for his morning walk in the Mall.

His practical experience as an engineer puzzled all the rail-

way people. Was he not found able to drive the royal train round that dizzy promontory the "Sensation Rock" in Ceylon? Did he not with his own hands tighten up a coupling with all the skill and proper application of strength of a professional?

One of the wealthiest peers in England—allied as he is to four ducal families—he was withal generous to everybody, and all classes of people in the royal retinue learnt to rejoice that he was one of the Prince's companions. I have seen him pleading with men sick with the exhaustion of dysentery to use the comfortable railway carriage provided for His Grace on Indian railways rather than their own, and I have seen him as much at home in the tents of the special correspondents as he would be in the parlours at Trent-ham. He talked in their own tongue with Belgians and Germans, and was frequently found gossiping in a friendly way with Hindoo policemen and Portuguese station-masters.

The Duke is, I believe, the first officer who has worn the uniform of a home volunteer regiment in India. At the knightly investiture at Calcutta he came upon the ground in the jacket and trows of the 1st Sutherlandshire Highlanders.

LORD ALFRED PAGET.

The "oldest personal servant of the Queen" comes of a family which, since the days of Henry the Seventh, has held office at the right hands of sovereigns. One of Lord Alfred's earliest ancestors was commissioned by Henry the Eighth to go abroad and obtain the opinions of foreign lawyers as to His Majesty's contemplated divorce from Catherine of Aragon. Another ancestor was a devoted attendant of Mary Queen of Scots, and to-day we find so much trust reposed in the descendants of this illustrious family by the Queen that one (Lord Alfred) is deputed to be Her Majesty's special guardian of the Prince of Wales during his Eastern travels,

while another, Lord Alfred's eldest son, is attached to the court as page of honour.

It is no doubt because he comes of a long line of courtiers, as well as because of his own wide experience, that Lord Alfred is able to gaze upon all that is dazzling in this world, and undergo at the age of sixty much of what is burdensome with almost perfect complacency. He is not one to exclaim "Diamond me no diamonds," but he is undoubtedly possessed of that happy temperature—that even tenour of life when an exciting tiger hunt, or a display of Indian fireworks win from him a quiet smile, or laconic observation, instead of feverish pulse beats and garrulous ecstasies.

But although the Pagets have always been courtiers, they are not effeminate dandies, but gentlemen and warriors. It was probably with a full knowledge of his steadiness of purpose and devotion to the members of the Royal Family that Lord Alfred was requested *always* to take up his place behind the Prince, rifle in hand, during the Indian hunting expeditions. If any ferocious animal *did* attempt to molest his master, he it was who was trusted to parley with the foe and deal him instant punishment. Most of us remember how Lord Alfred's unflinching gaze, and the upraising of his stout arm, kept back a surging heated crowd from the royal carriage when the young Princess of Wales first entered London. It was a critical moment, but to Lord Alfred Paget was given the whole credit of the escape from too close an embrace of love. Every reader remembers that it was his brother who led the heavy cavalry charge at Balaklava, and that his father, the first Marquis of Anglesey, came home from Waterloo with only one leg.

SIR BARTLE FRERE.

Intimate with the languages and religious sentiments of the people of India, and gifted with a disposition cheery and conversational, Sir Bartle Frere, the ex-Governor of Bombay, was

peculiarly one of the most suitable advisers for the Prince to have beside him in the East.

When Sir Bartle Frere was leaving England as special envoy to the Sultans of Zanzibar and Muscat, in November, 1872, a public banquet in his honour was given in London. In responding to the toast of his health, proposed in the presence of nearly every member of the India Council, Sir Bartle with touching emphasis, made use of this expression: "It is cheering in the evening of one's days to see those about you who have grown grey in the service with you, and who are still ready to do yeoman's service for their country, should it be necessary, in any quarter of the globe." Of the distinguished company of diplomatists and travellers collected together upon that memorable evening the first who was called upon to again undertake "yeoman's service" was Sir Bartle Frere himself. Having with unqualified success concluded treaties for the suppression of the slave trade upon the East Coast of Africa, Sir Bartle Frere returned to England in June, 1873, and in June, 1875, two years later, he is asked by Her Majesty and the Government to take into his hands another responsible duty, namely, that of conducting the Prince of Wales over the great Indian Empire.

"Nothing," says an Oriental scholar, writing two centuries ago, "nothing can be more irksome to the European than the society of the inhabitant of Hindustan. His conversation is monotonous and little calculated to relieve the tedium caused by the enervating indolence which, in a tropical climate, overpowers the European, and is also a marked portion of the native character."

It was left for Sir Bartle Frere to delineate the natives of India after a nobler fashion, and to uproot old prejudices against them.

Three years have passed since a number of *savants* interested in the history of India urged that the writings of the Oriental scholar to whom I have referred should be reprinted

and circulated. In the midst of their efforts to promote this end, unexpected support came from the man who had devoted considerably over thirty years of his life to public duty in India. Yes, said Sir Bartle, let the work be revived. The story of the inner life of Orientals a century ago will be instructive. Though the pictures drawn may, in their elements, be sad, they will undoubtedly serve to show people in England how India has sprung up from debasement which would, at this moment, shock all educated natives. Sir Bartle Frere wrote a preface to the revived *History of Pandurang Hari*, and the elaborate care which he spent in that task was alone a proof of his love of India, and his unquestionable knowledge of her people, and her necessities. Many readers of mature age will have some recollection of a pleasant book published while they were yet young, entitled "*Old Days in the Deccan*," or *Legends of Southern India*, the notes in which were supplied by Sir Bartle. It is not, however, by his writings that his acquaintance with India and the character of the natives of all classes is to be measured. "Sir Bartle Frere," says Sir Henry Rawlinson—an officer who, like Sir Bartle himself, is one of the bright lights of the India Council—"Sir Bartle Frere is not only a geographer, he is a statesman, in the best sense of the word—an honest, thoughtful, and earnest statesman, one of those clear-headed and large-hearted men whose names will go down to after ages as benefactors to mankind. To a vigorous understanding and strong tenacity of purpose he adds a kindly disposition, an earnestness of manner, and an active sympathy with suffering, which have made him most deservedly a general favourite in whatever sphere his lot has been cast."

* * * * *

Commander Bedford is the author of "*The Sailor's Pocket-Book*," now a standard work in the Navy. Staff-Commander Goldsmith, late of the Malabar troopship, Lieutenant Hulton, and Dr. Algeo, all wear the Ashantee medal, and Lord

Charles Beresford and Lieutenant Hulton Royal Humane Society's medals.

Major Snow, who was selected to command the guard of honour of the Royal Marine Light Infantry (100 men) is distinguished as having taken a leading part in the Baltic expedition of 1854-55.

The other passengers on board the Prince's ship included Mr. Mudd, the botanist ; Mr. Clarence Bartlett, son of the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, in whose care were to be left the trophies of the hunting-field ; and M. Bonnemain, the *chef de cuisine*. The last-named individual was cook to the Emperor Maximilian during that monarch's fatal sojourn in Mexico.

III.

ON THE WAY TO INDIA.

A CORRESPONDENT IN ADVANCE—MES COMPAGNONS DE VOYAGE — “ TAKE A CIGAR ” — TURIN — BARRICADED HOUSES — BOLOGNA — THE SHAH OF PERSIA’S WIT — BRINDISI—LOST LUGGAGE.

PROVIDED with an official letter from the India Office, in which Sir Bartle Frere requested all officers charged with public duties in India to show me every courtesy, I left London for the Continent, *en route* to the East, in September.

We all know that in this world the many are not made familiar with the oddest side of civilised conduct exhibited by the few. This being the case, it happens that incidents of peculiar conduct on the part of others often cause spectators to open their eyes with wonder, if not to shudder at the eccentricities of our race. At a wayside station, during the tedious journey from Paris to Turin, a gentleman of forty, having on his arm a young lady, entered the carriage in which I sat. The man was a shrewd-eyed, grizzled gentleman, chiefly remarkable for the deep interest he evinced in the comfort of the girl. At one place he bought her a novel—“ Miss Hovell,” I recollect, was the title ; at another, grapes. Later on in the night he moved to my side of the carriage, in order that his charge might lie at length and take a sleep. As our train with a continuous even rumble was flying along through the Alpine passes the girl did sleep, and pretty soundly too. Her dark hair had become unfastened, and in disordered

masses now swathed her pretty head and face. The face half-smiling in sleep was that of a girl upon whom sorrow seemed never yet to have fallen. All the angels of heaven might have been whispering to her in her dreams, so full of happiness was her countenance. If you had not liked her for her cheerful healthy aspect you would have liked her for her dress—a short tight-fitting travelling costume of indigo serge, set off by a little simple jewellery ; a large gold locket among the rest.

“Do you smoke, sir?” said the gentleman abruptly, as he caught me gazing ponderingly upon the pretty parted mouth opposite.

“Oh, yes—but the lady?”

“The young lady does not mind it, sir.”

“Thank you!” I said, taking a cigar from him. “I did not know you were English,” I remarked, “or by this time we might have been old friends.”

We had been seven hours in the train together. •

“I am not English. I speak English, as well as Italian, French, and a little of the Arab tongue, and am a great traveller. I love travelling.”

This information led me to think. After a brief pause, I said:

“I am glad your daughter has been able to get a sleep.”

He turned half-round almost savagely, and, looking at me fiercely, said:

“H—sh. This young lady is not my daughter!”

A series of puzzles now presented themselves to my mind. The girl had all along treated him with an obedience which seemed filial far more than wife-like. Moreover I had, after many cautious glances, satisfied myself there was no plain gold ring hid away among the jewelled circlets upon her fingers.

As I was wondering over the question of relationship, the girl sat up; and now another little act was gone through which added to my feelings of surprise.

The young lady, speaking in English, asked that her travelling-bag from the rack overhead might be handed her. Quickly as was possible her ever-watchful companion had it down beside her. After a sly glance in my direction, she proceeded to take from the recesses of the bag a jar of cream paste and a tiny sponge, and then, wholly indifferent as to what I or any one else might think, she began her toilet. The paste was applied to the face and neck. Then a towel was brought into use, and finally a case of powder was opened, and a light coating of this made the girl's countenance as fresh as the clear white dawn now just beginning to lighten the world without. A mirror and hair-brushes enabled her to smooth down the truant tresses of her raven hair; and finally every one of the small articles were packed away, and the young lady called for her breakfast of grapes and biscuits.

She now spoke in Italian, and her use of this language seemed to come more naturally to her. She could scarcely be more fascinating, I thought, than now; brisk after her long repose, she prattled away, often laughing musically at observations that passed between the pair.

At length we got to Modane, a dreadfully dirty station on the frontier line between France and Italy, and here, at the Salle de Baggage, where we had to open our boxes and bags, I again met my male friend alone. I could not help laughing, as I saw him quietly, and without a blush, open the small portmanteau and show the toilet accessories of his lady companion to the porter.

“My young lady is getting fatigued,” he observed; “but we are nearly at our journey's end.”

I said I had never seen a girl bear up better for so long and trying a journey. “You are evidently fast friends,” I added—I meant this as inquiring stroke—“and having a friend in whom you take a deep interest with you makes every journey pleasant.”

“There you make a mistake,” he said, quietly.

It was now evident that he was about to tell me all I desired to know.

“That young lady,” he went on, “is simply travelling under my charge. She is no friend, simply a charge. She is travelling with me by direction of her parents. I take her here, I take her there—everywhere over the Continent—and then bring her safely home. This is my profession—to take people the tour of Europe, in the same way that men of my age and experience used to take young men of fashion the tour of Europe a hundred years ago.”

I was, of course, thunderstruck. The whole matter revealed to me seemed so foreign to English notions. This man, not yet old, was thought a safe guardian—a safe sybarite—for a fair damsel apparently yet in her teens.

The girl was thought sufficiently steeled against any weaknesses of the heart to be entrusted on these long journeys to the care of a man by no means wrinkled or unpleasant.

After further explanation, it appeared that he was a courier, one, however, of great reputation. He was trusted far and wide, he said, and had at one time acted as a guide to Queen Victoria, when Her Majesty visited Lucerne.

I pretended, henceforth, to be astonished at nothing the man would say. I relapsed into a copious use of English words of assent. If he had told me later on that the lady was one of the first Princesses of Europe, I should have simply said, “Indeed.”

When passing through the plains of Lombardy, I went over the whole adventure, step by step, thinking, as I now and again furtively glanced at the sleeping beauty, how strange and complicated was the management of the world.

He once again brusquely interrupted me, and I looked no more in her direction; but I set it down as beyond all doubt that the whole means adopted by this man of keeping the

scrutinising eyes or the tender thoughts of one of his own sex away from his charge, was the utterance of the expression, "Do you smoke, sir? Take a cigar."

* * *

Twenty-four hours after we left Paris we had passed through the Alps and were at Turin. The mountains are clearly in view at one side of the city. The line of heaven seems little above their rugged extremes, and the snow makes them look as if a swan's-down mantle had carelessly been dropped upon them. I prefer Killarney's mountains, although the range here, particularly Mount Viso, is loftier and grander. The Alps are green and brown, and the Italian sky so blue and light, does not harmonise well with these hues. The Kings in Mourning at Killarney are clothed in purple, and mist is generally the characteristic of the heavens. Apart from abstract comparison, the emotion one experiences while looking at anything fine or splendid abroad, is far from being like the sweet feeling which inundates the heart as we gaze on beautiful objects at home.

This, the old capital of Italy, is a curious one to meander through; there are no footpaths, but the traffic of vehicles is light. All the shops have curtains hanging from the lintels of the doors, and you have to push these aside to enter. The horses and mules drawing carts and waggons have a harness gorgeous with red tassels and white lacework, something like what one sees at funerals, only the trappings are light instead of sombre in colour.

The River Po, I was surprised to find, is not broader than the Thames at Richmond. The alleged difficulties of the Romans in crossing it must have been a yarn. All the washerwomen of Turin were collected on its banks scrubbing clothes. Their system is identical with that of the "Dhobies" in India. In both countries you will witness the same picture along the banks of the rivers—washing multitudes, and clothes

hung out to dry, a rapid process under a sky without a fleck of cloud.

I laugh often at the manner in which the ladies, old and young, pretty and otherwise, play with their fans, one of which—sometimes cheap, sometimes expensive—every woman carries. As you pass by, if you attempt to take a sly glance, up goes the fan, and it is spread out. You are left in doubt whether it is to hide the face of an ancient of days harridan, or the dimpled countenance of an Italian virgin.

The statue of Cavour is the best in Turin. He was born in this city. It is of white marble, and depicts him lifting up the figure of Italy, a girl with a crown on her head who crouches on her knees. At the foot of each corner of the pedestal is a thick clump of shrubs and flowers, which add to the bright, happy effect already produced by the marble.

The Po is at the bottom of a range of delightfully clad hills, high up in which you see many chapels of ornate architectural design. The cathedral is very dirty within, and has an ancient though not a fish-like smell, which, if I were confessing my sins, would make me rattle them off without much reverence, in order to get out. The stucco work upon the outer walls is very fine; but this, like that of all the houses, is baked to discoloration by the sun. Many churches have beautiful paintings on their exteriors.

I am not at all sorry to have paid a visit to Turin, but I do not think an Englishman would consider it social or entertaining enough to abide in. The houses, like so many prisons, have iron barricades attached to the windows, as protection against robbers and the effects of street disturbances; and while ambition seems wanting, poverty appears present everywhere. You can take delightful walks from Turin up to old castles among the vineyards, and it is curious to observe that the higher you go up the outlying hills, the more majestic and beautiful is the vision of the Alps.

Bologna is one of the most interesting of cities. It is not often the tourist goes so far south. Next to Milan, this of all Italian towns is the one of which I have pleasantest recollections; and yet it was the one against which, at first, I was most prejudiced. The train from Turin brought me to Bologna at three in the morning. It was pitch dark and cold, and I was hungry. Added to these sources of gloom, I discovered that the Bolognese, as a rule, do not speak Italian proper, or even French, but a patois of their own. Having a vague idea that I might be driven to an hotel, and this a good one, I got into a small open carriage behind a driver whose face was so hideous and forbidding, that I have since thought he worked in the night hours because no one would trust him by day. The stillness of the nearest dark streets was violently broken by the noise of the single pair of wheels over the stones. The abundance of back archways and deserted façades made one think that this was just the city for plunder and the stiletto, and the pace at which my Jarvey dashed along the echoing streets, appeared to me as intended to convey to the assassins that no ordinary prey had arrived for them. There is no city in the world so full of arcades and cloisters, and if you have a fear of robbers, you must never close your eyes. When the light of day came, however, I wandered forth, to find the city a storehouse of the arts. There is no longer a University at Bologna, but the ancient and massive buildings of what once was the famous Seminary remain, and are now devoted to the purposes of a National Library and Museum. The coats of arms of all the students of the old days, painted in fresco, still beautify the walls, and it is seen at a glance, by the names and nationalities of the scholars, that under-graduates were in the habit of coming here from England, Russia, and Egypt, and all the countries of Europe, to study. The University is also interesting from the circum-

stance that it, of all the great colleges in Europe, is the only one that can boast of having in the Middle Ages had a staff of lady professors. Marble statues and busts of these queens of literature are found in the various class-rooms. To one of the statues—that of the Professor of Jurisprudence, Novella—there is attached the story that the woman was so fascinating in face and gesture, that it was commanded she should be permitted to lecture only from behind a curtain, lest she should distract or bewitch the scholars.

During the last few years excavations have been going on at Bologna, and many interesting tombs of the Etruscan periods have been discovered. Skeletons, and the whole ghastly paraphernalia of the graves, have been removed to the Museum. Each skeleton unearthed was found to have by its side a heap of articles in gold, silver, and terra-cotta, as well as earthenware urns and metal tea-kettles. These it was supposed the deceased might find useful and necessary in the other world. Some objects were intended as gifts to the deities who received the body on its entry into Hades. The propitiatory offerings were placed in the coffin at the left hand of the deceased. In the right hand in every instance there was found a coin, and certain scrollwork showed that it was meant as a toll to Charon for taking the departed one across the river Styx.

Not many months ago the Shah of Persia, then making his first tour of Europe, visited Bologna, and it is said, that after a glance at the coin still left in the hands of the skeletons, he made the observation: "Charon must be a very silly boatman; for, see, he has forgotten to take his toll."

There is a perfect little gem of a chapel within the University. It possesses more paintings in fresco than any other ecclesiastical structure of the same diminutive proportions, and these paintings are perfect. Truth is represented as a female figure with a looking-glass, coming up from the earth. What the author of "The Way we Live Now" would say

to the supposition conveyed here I can only conjecture. Mercy is depicted issuing from heaven. Then there are large figure pictures, illustrative of the Psalm—"Mercy and truth have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." It was a happy thought of the artist who painted these last masterpieces to exhibit truth naked, without a rag for adornment—without even a looking-glass.

There is one picture, which in its tasteful colouring, its simplicity, and its beautiful pathos, eclipses all the others. You will stand before it—whether you are a cynic, or one ignorant of the principles of art, or a used-up traveller—enraptured by its loveliness. It is the Virgin Mary at the age of twelve. The girl—the central figure amidst a crowd of rough faces, whose eyes are attracted by the beauty in her sweet, pale countenance—is rushing up the steps of a temple to her first communion. The lithe figure is clothed in a white dress. The girl's hands are clasped, and her face and eyes lifted prayerfully towards the distant altar are suffused with the golden reflection of the lights within the building.

In the National Gallery, some distance from the University, is another work which attracts universal admiration. It is a painting by that revered old master, Francisca of Bologna. In it we see the Saviour praying during his last hours, in the Garden of Gethsemane; as He prays, an angel standing beside Him is about to bear away to heaven in her hands a cup, the cup which the Lord asks may be taken from Him. No face which I have seen of the Saviour is so full of peaceful trust and sweetness.

In the days when the cities of Italy were yet in their youth, the patricians of the land thought that the best way to cause their family and history to be remembered, was by building high towers on their property, and calling them after their names. The square brick towers then erected are now seen as landmarks over the whole of the South. The loftiest tower of all,

that of the Asinelli family, is at Bologna. From the summit you can obtain a glimpse of the Apennines, or trace the swift rolling Reno, until it disappears amidst the olive gardens at their base. The Asinelli column is mentioned in the "Inferno," the poet having compared the giant Antæus to it. The arched cloisters at the base of the structure are in these days occupied by manufacturers of brass saucepans. Thus has Fate in its irony willed it, that the greatest symbol of nobility shall acknowledge trade.

I could not see at Bologna any of the lapdogs for which the town was once famous; neither did I think the title "Bologna la Grassa," given to it in token of wealth and good living, was altogether warranted. The Campo Santo, or Cemetery, has many splendid marble monuments, one of the finest being reared in memory of a Countess of Lucan, who was, like Rossini, born in the city.

It is a custom in Italy to place photographs of the deceased above their tombs, and the effect is sometimes ludicrous. In one case, the photographed individual when living, appeared so deformed, that death must have been a happy release. Another portrait which I saw, was that of a jolly-faced fellow, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a long pipe, and leaning over the back of a chair.

The principal theatre is a very dirty, shabbily draped one; yet it was here that Wagner's "Lohengrin" was first played.

The journey from Bologna to Brindisi occupies twenty hours, and with the exception of Ancona and Poggia there are no respectable refreshment rooms *en route*. You can buy grapes however at a penny a bunch.

The country from Ancona to Brindisi, about two hundred miles, is one vast campagna, fringed on one side by the Adriatic, which almost laps the ramparts of the railway, and on the other by the snow-tinted Apennines. Here and there upon the plain are ancient villages, pictures of which are so common in Roman histories. There are many wells in

brickwork, circular in form, round which the dark grey cattle of the country cluster, and there are numerous chocolate-coloured mansions, the houses of the nobility, rising up from the yellow fields. No comparison can be made between Venice, the bride of the Adriatic, with its marble palaces, its famous Rialto, and beautiful canals, and the limekiln-like town of Brindisi. It is, moreover, only what the Americans call the thin varnish of civilisation which one meets with in the people here, and the remark applies to the whole accessories of the journey as well as to the people.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company have spacious offices on the quay, and there is an hotel and an ugly stone castle here, but Brindisi as a whole is a bleak, dilapidated place, utterly bereft of liveliness and beauty. It is said by many travellers that the journey from Paris to Brindisi is the most trying part of the voyage to India. You are constantly obliged to open your baggage for inspection, and constantly when you go to open it find that it is lost. My own baggage was lost for one week. During that week not a trace of its whereabouts was forthcoming. At length I received it, happily with no damage done beyond the smashing of a lock. I thought my case severe, but there was on board the vessel which took me from Italy a distinguished officer of the staff in India, who was informed, just as he was getting into the ship, that his five registered articles of baggage had not arrived. He pluckily came away with only his sword and a tooth-brush, and the other passengers had to supply him with shirts. What he did for want of his uniform at his first parade I cannot say, but I well remember the amount of inconvenience caused to him by his efforts to make the clothes of his fellow-passengers look shapely on his burly and somewhat awkward frame. No one is safe from disappointment on the score of their luggage, even though pounds and pounds are spent in registration. Further evidence of the melancholy fact may be gleaned by any visitor to the magazines for lost property at the different railway sta-

tions. Quantities of boxes will be found there which, although addressed, have never been delivered to their owners or sent to the towns where they reside. Trunks labelled for Boulogne-sur-Mer are to be seen at Turin, six hundred miles away, and others marked for Venice may be traced to Ventimiglia and Marseilles.

IV.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—THE RED SEA IN
OCTOBER.

ALEXANDRIA—A DONKEY RIDE AT SUEZ—THE APPEARANCE
OF THE CANAL—A SEA-SICK IRISHWOMAN—PERIM—THE
TAKING OF STROMBOLI—ADEN.

OUR ship the *Baroda*, Captain Fenterman, set sail for Alexandria on Monday, October 4th, with one hundred and twenty-four cabin passengers on board. If the ship had been going out in the hot season the number would probably have been twenty or thirty. We passed through the Gulf of Arcadia—what happy lusciousness surrounds the name!—at noon on Tuesday. The sea was perfectly calm, and we were sufficiently close to the brown mountains with which Greece is ended, to trace their whole configuration, and even to hear the shrieks of the cormorants in the rocky recesses. The blue waves reflected in their refreshing mirror the spotless sails of many tiny vessels. The air was full of Zephyrs, the life bringers of the Eastern seas. The bright sun and the delicious vista before us made every heart cheerful. Little wonder was it, we thought, that our rich friends in England should brave the perils of the Bay of Biscay for the pleasure of a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean. Little wonder that the poet should go into raptures over so fair a clime:

“ Where mildly dimpling, Ocean’s cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the Eastern wave,

Where if at times a transient breeze
 Break the blue crystal of the seas,
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
 How welcome is each gentle air
 That wakes and wafts the odours there."

When we landed in Egypt, we found that all the gossip of the place related to the coming "season" at Cairo, the new Egyptian Judicature Bill, and the successes of "Chinese Gordon" up the Nile. One of the Colonel's aides-de-camps had we were told just gone home invalided. It was Mr. Russell, son of Dr. Russell, of the *Times*.

At this crisis we began to get a little anxious about the Red Sea, knowing that it is very hard to find the individual with whom it agrees. The author of the "European in India" had alarmed all the griffins of our party, by stating that the commanders of steamers have sometimes to back their vessels in the Red Sea with open stern ports, to create a current of air between decks, for the relief of gasping passengers.

Our life on board ship will have many pleasant recollections for us in after years. The musical parties on deck at night time, when the vessel appeared to be gliding through fields of silver—so effulgent is the phosphorescence of the waters—will never be forgotten.

Entering Alexandria, the heat became oppressive, and we had to seek constant relief in shower-baths. An old pilot in Egyptian costume came on board and led us into port. He was the most excitable little man I ever saw, and kept drawing out his telescope and shoving it in again with a bang over and over again while he was on the bridge. When you are at last ashore the correct thing to do is to hire a carriage—here, they are all open barouches with pairs of horses—and drive to see the River Nile, Pompey's Pillar, and Cleopatra's Needle. There are two Cleopatra's Needles—one erect and the other prostrate. The prostrate needle was presented to the English Government many years ago, and we have not

yet taken it away. If it is left here long it will be buried by the accumulation of the soil and sand. Alexandria is the home of dust-storms. The Egyptians are a filthy, lazy people, and most of them are suffering from ophthalmia. In hundreds of shop windows the owners were lying asleep in the sun, as cats do in England.

We crossed the Desert to Suez, which we reached five days after our departure from Italy, at night. It was a memorable journey, for mosquitoes were abundant in the carriages, and their incessant bites fairly drove us to despair. In my diary of this period I wrote the following passages. They will serve to illustrate what troubles Red Sea travellers have to undergo in the month of October:—

Friday, 8th.—Arrive at Suez at six A.M., after a ten hours' hot and dusty run through the Desert. Before we came to the principal half-way station, Zagazig, called by the English Zigzag, we crossed the Nile. It appeared like a very broad band of silver running through the dark dried land of the Sahara Desert. The carriages of the Viceroy's Railway take the passengers to the jetty from which you embark for India. Scattered about here were numbers of Egyptian soldiers—tall swaggering men in white uniforms with gaiters and peaked caps, and having swords attached as bayonets to their Remington rifles. The town is rapidly growing in importance. Lines of steamships (the constant calm prevents all sailing vessels from seeking a passage through the Canal or the Red Sea) were lying in the vivid blue waters, which were made more lively by the presence of barges filled from stem to stern with luscious oranges and pummeloes, cigars and toys. The owners of these laden argosies are like the boats, picturesque in appearance, for they are Greeks with long fair curly hair, sparkling eyes, richly trimmed jackets, sea boots, and scarlet fez caps, tempted to cross the Mediterranean by the brisk trade in small commodities offered here.

The shops at Suez are far more spacious, better arranged,

and more tastefully stocked than those in Indian bazaars. In any one of them you can buy almost anything you may require. A clergyman of our party observed with a sigh, that there were many British "wine and spirit stores," and the Italian and French voyageurs rejoiced to find on arrival an abundance of *cafés* with the regular green tables outside the doors, orthodox music, and *eau sucrée*.

The streets are thronged with people—Egyptian merchants, Greeks, Arabs, and Europeans, and at each corner are hosts of gaily trimmed donkeys. Every new comer is expected to have a mount, and he seldom finds that the animal belies his master's description of him when he tells you he is "plenty fine first number donkey, sir." They are fleet of step, and can go long distances without a stumble or a budge.

The prettiest part of Suez is the French quarter, where there are dainty villas and tropical gardens. One of the largest private houses is that used by the English consul, from the summit of which, lonely in its attractiveness, there flutters the English ensign. On a long table in the centre of the gardens of the hotel, we found all the London papers.

A party of donkey riders, of which I was one, started to have a peep at the Canal, and as we rode along the flinty banks it seemed more like a broad and permanent river than an excavated isthmus. French and Greek workmen were to be found here and there seeing that the telegraph wires and the concrete banks reared to keep the sand from silting into the stream, were in good order.

8th. *Evening*.—We have embarked in the *Avoca*, the yacht of the Peninsular and Oriental service. The weather appears fearfully hot, and we are all come to tiffin (lunch) in Indian suits and pith hats.

9th.—The night was exceedingly hot. The heat was moist, quite unlike hot weather in England in its effects. They say the journey outwards to Aden is worse than the

voyage homewards, for what breeze there is, is usually with the ship, and as a consequence the passengers derive no pleasure from it. As we passed beneath the shadow of the red hills which flank on either side the Gulf of Suez, numbers of old travellers evinced an eager desire to point out to the innocents the Mountain of Sinai. A dozen fingers were stretched out in the direction of a dozen different peaks peeping out above the white mist, and a variety of declarations were simultaneously made that this or that object was the standing-point of Moses. I went for guidance to a naval commander, who tells me that ever since he began sailing the Red Sea, the same interest and the same doubts have been manifested about the site of the sacred mountain. Many of the passengers were using their Bibles as guide-books at this stage of our voyage; and, pointing to these, he said some people traced the pinnacle by its height, while others relied upon the "thick clouds" encircling particular promontories. "It is when I ask them to show me the wilderness at the base of the hill where the Israelites pitched their camp that even the most certain have to abandon their opinions." On this particular October day all of the summits were encircled with sheets of cloud, and as far as the eye could reach no one could make out a wilderness. Later on we were said to be within hail of Pihahiroth, the sandy beach from whence the Israelites are said to have set out on the passage of the sea. Long sweeping waves were making deep furrows in the water, submerging our bows and bereaving athletic passengers of "bull" and quoits, and other pastimes practised in calm days on the decks of the steamers. The incredulous naval commander was still looking over the bulwarks at the dip and roll of the brine and the angry dashing of the surf on the shore. "I'm thinking," he said, "that even when the sea was dried up the Israelites must have found the road here a rough, uneven one to travel. I should like to know what the P. and O. steamers of that

day did to keep their contract time, or what the Khedive of Egypt would say were the sea to dry up now." This morning we passed two dangerous looking rocks, "The Brothers," without a lighthouse upon them. We also sight the Dædalus Rock, so called in consequence of H.M.S. Dædalus having once upon a time touched it. There is a lighthouse here, in which two men and a woman pass away a lonely life. A steamer goes to them now and again with food. At noon to-day the thermometer on the cabin stairs registers 88 deg., but this is not to be compared with the same temperature in England, as we have no wind, and the heat is moist. At night, as we skim through the water, flying-fish encircle the ship; on deck we hear mosquitoes buzzing, and several of us get bitten.

Sunday.—We had service on board. The captain said the prayers, and a young Civil servant read the lessons. One of the chapters was Ezekiel, 34. The verses in which the Lord promises to deliver his sheep out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day, and where it is said that showers shall come down in season—"There shall be showers of blessing"—brought comfort to many a jaded, sickened heart. It is a work bordering on despair making progress through this burning sea. The land, when one does see the sandy plain on either side, appears to emit a red glare from its desolate surface, which adds to the misery of our days. George Eliot has spoken in solemn tones of the dark nakedness of the Western isles; she has not yet seen the baked aridity and awful vacancy of some of the islands of the East. Temperature on the cabin stairs, 86 deg.

11th.—The fourth day in the Red Sea during the outward journey is said to be the most trying of all—we found it terribly so, and we all thank God when at length the sun sets. The languid passengers lie on chairs beneath the double awning over the decks, in whatever spots a whiff of air may be expected to come. The temperature beneath the

awning rose to 95 deg. Every one had to keep silent and passive. It requires no common energy to read—a giant's strength will not permit you to write. Our ship is visited during the day by an owl and hundreds of swallows, "the careless vagabonds of the sea." All take roost on the ship, and are so fatigued with the heat as to allow themselves to be handled.

12th.—Several of the stewards have become ill. No serious complaint yet from any passenger. This morning the wind in our rear became strong, making the sea rough. This caused many people to be sea-sick; several ladies express their willingness to die. No one, however, does die, although we have fragile young wives and several delicate children on board. There was an old Irish nurse in the ship whose troubles elicited considerable sympathy. She rocked herself to and fro upon the cabin floor, calling loudly for the *Virgin Mary* and all the saints to send her relief.

At last the stewardess went to cheer her.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, piteously, "I'm going to die; I'm going to die!"

"Nothing of the sort," was the smart answer of the stewardess. "It's much harder to die than you think."

The air of superior knowledge nettled the Irishwoman, and brushing away her tears with the back of her hand, she fiercely exclaimed:

"Ah, thin, I'm sure if I don't die now, I'll never die."

The heat to-day was simply awful. The sea water outside the ship registered a temperature of 91 deg. The water used in the baths has been getting more tepid day by day, and it is impossible to have a cold tub now. Beneath the awning the thermometer stood at over 100. What with the sea-sickness and heat combined, few of us have any appetite, and most of us are in a state of quiet frenzy. We passed several haggard-looking islands, including those called the "Twelve Apostles." None are inhabited.

13th.—The wind of yesterday has abated. All those who slept on deck last night had a cool siesta. The morning, too, is fresh, and our spirits return with the more agreeable weather. We sight Zula on our right. This is the place where the troops landed for the Abyssinian campaign. Captain E. F. Chapman, Royal Artillery, one of the leading spirits of the expedition, is on board with us, and tells us all about it. On our right we pass the low bleak town of Mocha, so celebrated for its coffee.

The breeze is freshening round us, and is most exhilarating at the time when the Union Jack is run up over Perim Island, to welcome our arrival. The poor fellows there would go on signalling for an hour—so anxious are they for news of home—if we could wait. The new air from the Arabian Sea seems as invigorating to the native crew of the *Avoca* as it is to the Europeans. Our arrival is telegraphed from Perim to Aden, 103 miles further on up the coast line. We anchor at Aden by eleven at night. All well.

Aden is a rock strewn with lava—the ugly barren possession which shares with the Island of Perim the honour of defending for Great Britain the Indian entrance to the Red Sea. The heat here is always intense; nevertheless, the fort high up on the bare hills, is occupied from year's end to year's end by English troops. A regiment is, happily, not left here for long—one year is generally the limit of its stay. The soldiers are brought from India to Aden across the Arabian Sea, and on landing console themselves with the solitary fact that they are at least 1641 miles nearer England than they were.

The commanding officer at Aden just now is General Schneider, and the forces under his command include 791 soldiers of native infantry, 128 gunners, and the Aden troop of horse, a well-equipped body, 100 strong. The steamers call at the port for mail purposes, as well as to take on board fresh supplies of coal and ice. There is an abundance of coal

in great stacks all over the place. During the Abyssinian war we brought it here in such immense quantities that the stock has never since been exhausted.

The passengers usually land for an hour or two, which is passed away in a long bamboo chair upon the balcony of the hotel. Reclining there you are driven almost wild with the chatter in broken English of the Somali boys, some of whom want you to buy their ostrich feathers, for which Aden is famous, while others insist on fanning you as if they took it for granted that the Red Sea had exhausted you to the limit of your very last sigh.

The shore of the Red Sea, from Suez to Aden, is infested by the Bedouin and other Arab tribes, savages of the worst kind. It is one of the melancholy associations of the Red Sea that one soon learns the fate that may befall a ship's crew on the unfriendly shore, should any disaster drive them thither. The charts on board this vessel, designed to ward against the dangers of the sea, have inscribed over and over again on their margins passages in relation to the dangers of the land, such as these: "Jibbel Sabyar is the stronghold of the Hurrup Bedouins, a tribe whose character is proverbial throughout the sea for ferocity and treachery." "Shan Braiekah to Ras Hartebah—it is dangerous to land upon the coast." "The Egyptian coast from Ras Bernass to Cosire is thinly peopled by the Ababdi, and wandering parties are found as high as Suez. They are in general poor, and said to be treacherous and cruel." Surely, if the weary traveller in danger on the sea were to think over his case, it would seem almost as well to hang himself from the yard-arm of the sinking ship as to risk not only perils by water, but afterwards from human vultures on the shore! It is said that when the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Carnatic struck upon a rock* in the Red Sea four years ago, the captain, still hoping

* Shadwan, an island in the Gulf of Suez.

the vessel might be got off in safety, left it to the passengers themselves to decide whether they would make for the land or stay in the ship. The majority chose to remain on the vessel, and when the Carnatic, suddenly breaking asunder, slipped away from the rock into the depths, they perished. I do not think it was stated at the time why the passengers, beneath a smiling sky, made the choice they did. It is perhaps easier to comprehend their reasons now.

The Americans, who say that England "annexes" all the soil she can, tell the story that when the volcanic island of Stromboli rose above the waters of the Mediterranean, the admiral cruising in that sea, ordered a boat to be lowered, and gave directions that the instant the island cooled a crew were to go ashore and plant the English flag at the summit. The Island of Perim here—a desolate heap of ashes—was seized on behalf of England ten years ago in a way which will bear telling beside the history of Stromboli. A French man-of-war having been within hail of Aden, the officers were invited to dine ashore with the English general. It is said that over the walnuts and wine the French admiral made known his mission. It was to take for the French the odd-looking island. No sooner was the secret out than the English officer sent a boat down to Perim, and when the Frenchmen reached the Straits of Babelmandeb (the Gate of Tears) the next morning, they were paralysed at finding the Union Jack already fluttering on its heights. It was in this way it came to pass that England has a fort at each entrance (Gibraltar and Perim) of the two great continuous Eastern seas.

When fairly away from Aden we get plenty of air about us once again, and we enjoy life upon the quiet sea. We men sleep on deck wearing the night costume of the East—loose trousers called Pyjamas, and a jacket—so that we can move about and appear dressed, without hurting any one's susceptibilities. At six o'clock every morning the decks are deluged with water. This not only keeps the

planks white, but prevents the sun grilling them prematurely. The Lascars, as the native seamen are called, take great delight in wakening the sleeping passengers with a start. Your sweetest dreams are interrupted by shrieks of "Hoo hoo wateer" from these ugly visaged seamen. In the daytime, if you do not adapt yourself to a flirtation at the wheel, you lie upon the deck and read novels, or smoke numberless cheroots, as from the bulwarks you watch the flying-fish skimming over the blue waters. Off the coast of Arabia we passed shoals of jelly-fish. Their presence, the captain told us, indicated that we were in the track of currents. The circumstance caused some to talk of the Gulf Stream, and others of Sindbad. Was it not in this very ocean that his ship, meeting with a current of terrific violence, was dashed upon a shore "covered with wrecks, with a vast number of human bones, and with an incredible quantity of goods and riches of all kinds?"

We never saw a whale or a shark. It is only sailing ships that they can follow. The cool evenings in the tropical seas, as your ship forges her way along the golden furrows made by the large Eastern moon, are delightful—all the more so because of the relief they afford us after the scorching temperature of day.

V.

THE GATE OF INDIA.

BOMBAY — PREPARING FOR THE PRINCE — NUMBERLESS
RAJAHS — MYSORE — THE GUIKWAR — THE NIZAM — THE
CHIEF OF THE REFORMERS — LADY CANNING'S REGIMENT
— A HINDOO FUNERAL — AN INDIAN GARDEN PARTY — THE
DEWALI FESTIVAL.

THE *Avoca* anchored in the expansive and beautiful harbour of Bombay seventeen days after we left Brindisi, yet the rate of speed was under ten knots an hour during the voyage. This circumstance leads one to hope that the day will come when the passage to India must be accomplished within the fortnight. I believe that were the English and Indian postal authorities more liberal in the terms of their subsidies the Peninsular and Oriental vessels might easily traverse the distance in the fourteen days.

It was like entering a new world when we emerged from beneath the ship's awnings and went ashore with the dazzling, stupefying glare of the Eastern sun playing with full violence all around us. The palm-trees upon the hills, which we saw when we were approaching the shore, deceived us a little; for when we landed it was found that Bombay was a city wealthy with public buildings, carefully trimmed gardens, and daintily furnished bungalows, and not a cheerless, scarcely civilised Eastern town with camels lying in streets of sand and crowds

of naked natives performing crazy antics in celebration of your arrival.

It was very pleasant to see Englishmen in abundance, and conversing with the Englishmen well-dressed, intelligent-looking Hindoos.

One glance on shore banished thoughts of primitiveness, for you saw before you open carriages, a gay restaurant on the pier, with Italian harpists playing in the verandah; nurses moving about with perambulators, European shops in the distance, and English titles attached to all the streets and landing places.

The historian Fryer, in describing Bombay in the seventeenth century, said that a castle would be found there. Stretching away from each side of the building was a delicate garden, the pleasantest in India, "intended rather for wanton dalliance, love's artillery, than to make resistance against an invading foe." With the advance of civilisation a gigantic city, strengthened on all sides with bastion and fort and rampart, has arisen upon the delicate garden. Nevertheless, if it were possible for the shade of Mr. Fryer to look once again upon this fair haven of India he could scarcely waver at the present hour from his old belief that the place gave up its heart wholly to tender feelings and the sweetest pleasures. In view of the Prince's coming every house in the long, light streets has been painted and picked out with the fantastical but harmonious diversity of colouring for which the Orientals have so strong a passion. The thoroughfares, resembling block after block of immense dolls' houses, are a paradise of tints. About a dozen triumphal arches, resplendent with groupings of huge palms, flashing spears, golden frieze and flowers, span the sanded roadways. From along the pathways extend, pole to pole, strings of silken and tinsel banners, the latter creating a weird music of their own as they quiver in the breeze. There are clouds of foliage and crimson flags above the house-tops, and mottoes expressive of the people's

joy in letters of gold and in languages the variety of which alone proves how great and general is the welcome of the Empire of Hindostan.

Every day during the week before the Prince's advent Rajahs were arriving in the city from all sections of the great Presidency. As each of these petty kings had to receive a certain number of guns the firing was incessant, and by no means agreeable to the inhabitants. Some disappointment was felt in consequence of the Rajahs having been forbidden to bring their elephants here. It, however, became necessary to issue the prohibition when it was seen how many potentates determined to visit Bombay during the visit of the Prince. A European seeing one of the Rajahs of India for the first time, seeing how high he holds his nose in the air, and with what respect Government officials wearing thick uniforms on a fiercely hot day receive them, cannot help smiling; the chiefs and their whole tag-rag and bob-tail paraphernalia look so like a company of poor strolling players. At six o'clock one morning I went to see the Rajah of Chota Oodey Pore arrive at the Grant-road Railway Station. The poor fellow had made a long journey, but I could not help thinking he should have attended a little more to his personal adornment before he started. There might have been some excuse if his clothes had been tossed, but there was no appearance of tossing, for the man had little or no clothes on. His hair was thickly matted; his skin flabby, leathery, and bronzed. So far as his body was concerned, it was chiefly covered with what looked like an old red handkerchief. He wore pantaloons certainly, but from the pockets were protruding stalks of vegetables which gave forth anything but a sweet perfume. It struck me that these had perhaps been intended as the humble breakfast of this poor, haggard, wretched-looking old man. The Rajah wore bracelets, carried a mace, and as he left the terminus in a carriage, with Government flunkies in scarlet

seated in front of him on the box, was honoured with a salute of nine guns.

Mr. Ashbury, M.P. for Brighton, and Colonel Gourley, M.P. for Sunderland, were present amidst the crowd which awaited the arrival of the young Maharajah of Mysore at the Byculla Railway Station, a morning or two later. His highness was dressed in a robe of cloth of gold, and his head-dress was one mass of jewellery, fastened on to a ground of green silk. He is quite young, and held the hand of his English guardian, Colonel Malleon, with almost loving solicitude. Under the colonel's supervision, the Hindoo prince has received a careful education, and when the time comes for his accession to power, he will succeed to a flourishing exchequer, and to a system of land revenue thoroughly settled. "Seldom," says a blue-book which I picked up at the Bombay Secretariat, "will a monarch have assumed the reins of government under fairer auspices." A very unseemly piece of conduct on the part of the Maharajah's cavalry occurred as he was leaving the station. It is the custom here, that when the Governor of the Presidency sends a carriage and escort to meet a chief, his excellency's guards must occupy places alongside and behind the vehicle. On this occasion, the Maharajah's guards were bent upon usurping the position, and there was much scowling, ugly plunging, and many angry words. Captain Spencer, the Governor's aide-de-camp, told the young noble, that if the Mysore cavalry were not drawn back, he must leave the carriage and take his escort home; whereupon his highness at once ordered his troopers to give way, and the matter was settled.

If the dress of the Maharajah of Mysore was gorgeous, that of the Guikwar of Baroda eclipsed it as the glorious moon doth outshine the twinkling stars. His garb is not only of gold, but his breast-plate, his bracelets, anklets, and scimitar blaze and sparkle with the loveliest of precious stones. In the centre of the tight-fitting cuirass which

he wears is a diamond called the Star of the South, the value of which alone is 10,000*l.* The prince carries his honours humbly. No one would fancy from his bearing that his whole previous life had been ignoble. One of the Government officials told me that when he was elected to succeed the late Guikwar he was a street *gamin*, and on the morning that he was to take the place of his cousin on the throne of Baroda, he was seen playing in the streets naked, with the exception of a cloth around his body. As Guikwar of Baroda, his income is 1,300,000*l.* per annum. The three great princes of the Bombay Presidency are all mere boys—the Maharajah of Mysore, the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the Guikwar of Baroda. They are treated pretty much alike in every way, and are the only princes in India honoured with salutes of twenty-one guns.

The Nizam of the Deccan will not leave his capital to pay his respects to the Prince of Wales at either Bombay or Poonah, but will be represented by Sir Salar Jung, his prime minister. It is, of course, unsatisfactory that the heir of by far the largest and most important of the native states of India should be absent when the Prince of Wales lands. It is, nevertheless, certain that in keeping within his realm, he is acting under counsel usually most friendly to English interests. He is not only very delicate, but there are supposed to be intrigues going on, the sole object of which is to get rid of him. Should he be suddenly carried off by natural ailment or poison, there are a score of his relatives in waiting to claim the sovereignty. So much did the father of the Nizam dread the machinations of enemies, that he not only never left Hyderabad, but kept himself locked up within the doors of his palace. The visit which the Prince of Wales intended to pay to the Caves of Ellora will now be abandoned, as the journey thither was principally to be made in return for the visit of the Nizam, should his Mahommedan highness have decided to come to Bombay.

Sir Munguldass Nuthoobhoy, who is decorated with the Star of India, and is the leading representative of the advanced Hindoos in this Presidency, granted me an interview at Bombay. Although he has never visited England he speaks English fluently, and is well acquainted with the way we live. He is a great reformer, and the president of a society which seek to impress on Government the rights and grievances of his race. Knowing this, I approached him, expecting the utterance of the most extravagant opinions. His moderation, however, agreeably surprised me. He said he only desired to see the millions of Her Majesty's subjects in India contented, but that could not be the case so long as we overworked the officials sent out to govern. It was his belief that more justice was done in the old days of John Company, for Europeans came out to India then for their lives. Things were different now, for no sooner did a Civil servant get into a groove of activity and usefulness than he was removed, perhaps home, perhaps to another part of the country. He believed that natives would never rise to a very high position in India as some Englishmen thought. They were mentally, but not physically capable of ruling; and all students of any worth in India became enfeebled and blind almost before they reached manhood. When I was leaving his magnificent residence, he gave me a bouquet and some betel nut, in accordance with the custom of the country. "Take them," said he. "I only regret it is prohibited by my caste that I should sit down to dinner at the same table with you, or offer you even a cup of coffee; but you will live to see the day when these absurd distinctions shall be removed. Thirty years ago," he went on, "it was forbidden to touch European medicines, but to-day we cure ourselves with nothing else."

Many are the expressions of pleasure which have fallen from the lips of military men of high position in India on its becoming known that no body of our English Lifeguards is after

all to be brought out for the protection of the Prince. Had soldiers from Whitehall come out a direct slight would have been put upon one of the most loyal and most petted corps in India—the Viceroy's body-guard. It is this corps, best known as Lady Canning's Regiment—for it was her ladyship's exquisite taste which designed their martial and beautiful uniform—that will guard the Prince in Bombay and Bengal. The regiment, which is commanded by Captains Peacock and Deane, is equal in physical splendour to any body of cavalry in England. Not a soldier is under six feet in height, and the men are all young and agile. The older warriors, from Cashmere and Oude, cannot stand the hard life which soldiering in the Government Lifeguards entails, and so medals and glory have given place to strength and youth. Wherever the Governor travels, wherever in India he abides, there with him are portions of his stalwart guard. They watch every corridor, every approach to his excellency's premises. The dress is the most picturesque of all the native regiments.

But it is not only the Viceroy and the Governor who have body-guards. The native hosts now encamped round Bombay show how extensively and efficiently the Rajahs have trained for themselves bands of armed followers. The most important question of the day in India relates to the maintenance of these native armies. The Nizam has a force of "reformed soldiers," by no means the whole of his army, amounting in number to 10,000 men; and yet the absolute rulers of the soil derive, or say they derive, no advantage from such legions. Our Government have to provide troops of their own to keep each state from attacking its neighbour. Why, then, it is asked, are the armies of the native princes tolerated, especially as their very existence savours of a menace?

Few in England will realise with its true vividness the misery of a scene I witnessed amid the hedgerows round Bombay just after my arrival. The picture is often to be seen in this densely populated city. It was that of a scrambling, bewil-

dered, sorrow-stricken crowd, led by half a dozen tall men, who bore aloft on a wickerwork stretcher the dead body of a Hindoo. The face and feet of the dead man are exposed. Across the body, which seemed to have sunk away to absolute flatness upon the shabby bier, were wrapped white and pink cloths of the coarsest muslin, and small bunches of bright flowers were placed above the drapery. The bearers were near relatives, and it was at a hurried trot that they carried their burden along. Probably they thought that the blazing sun was affecting the remains rapidly, and that each moment of tarrying brought danger to themselves and disfigurement of their dead friend. A shouting, surging flock of men, all naked save for the linga cloths and cummerbunds round their stomachs, scrambled on behind the van of the procession. The unnatural cries they uttered added to the jarring and strange character of the spectacle. Every now and then a man would rush forward from the general mass and with a shriek louder than the other cries would scatter in the white atmosphere above the body handfuls of red powder—a last purifying tribute. Fifty yards in rear of the men, and wholly apart from them, came bands of poorly clad women, all sobbing and beating their breasts with their hard, wizened hands. Some of these unhappy creatures, evidently the nearest relatives, gave way to the wildest paroxysms of sorrow. Their eyes turned heavenward, notwithstanding the overpowering glare, looked dazed and vacant. In sudden outbursts of frenzy these women, screaming all the time, would make a frantic rush forward towards the track of the leading mourners, until other women, hastening after them, grasped the upraised arms, and dragged them back to their more sober companions. Some of the mourners flung themselves down on the roads, and after shaking their tear-stained faces madly in the dust, would scramble up, and once more struggle on after the corpse. The same conduct was observed by the crowd until they reached the arched gateway of the burning-ground. While passing

through this their cries swelled forth into more vehement heart sickness and piteousness.

There was a spectacle upon another day which reminded one of the pageant in Cinderella. Sir Philip Wodehouse, the veteran Governor of the Presidency, invited the Rajahs to a garden party, at Parell Hill. The nabobs came, and it was the sight of their long and brilliant retinues winding through the streets which made me think of Fairyland. The Guikwar's following was the most wonderful of all, for behind his carriage were drawn cannons of real gold and silver. Every European of note was present, the attractiveness of seeing the rivalry created between the rich and bright costumes of the princes and the most choicely tinted parterres of the East being too strong to be withstood.

“If a man were to lay down the plan of preparing himself for writing the history of India by a course of observation in the country, he must do one of two things, either he must resolve to observe minutely a part, or he must resolve to take a cursory review of the whole. Life is insufficient for more.” These words, used by James Mill, when he excused himself for never having visited India, by stating that his history was the result of a deep inquiry into the accounts of several Eastern travellers, are as full of truth to-day as ever. The country is so immense, it is physically so much of a kaleidoscope, the races and religions so abundant, and the people are in themselves so opposite in character, that no individual traveller—and especially that traveller who is a bird of passage—a stranger, and not a sojourner in the land—can ever flatter himself that his wanderings have given him anything like a deep draught of Indian experience.

But although the Prince of Wales may not in after days be able to adopt the expression of Ixion, when he visited heaven—“I have seen the world, and more than the world; I have studied the heart of man, and now I consort with immortals”—he can clearly see what a supreme responsibility

the just government of India entails. Scanty though the knowledge may be, he can study the genius of hundreds of millions of people in their own sphere of action. He can discover that, although all these busy races of swarthy natives eat and drink and live in accordance with a system opposite as the poles to our European methods, there is yet contentment, if not perfect happiness; regularity, if there is not perfect harmony; discipline, if there is not perfect homage, visible under the English rule everywhere.

An opportunity is being afforded us just now of marking well some of the attributes of the native character. During the week, the great Hindoo festival of the Dewali, a series of holidays in honour of the God of Wealth, has been going on. Not only the outside, but the inside of every house has been illuminated, in some cases by a preponderance of gilt or crystal chandeliers, in others by Chinese lanterns; but in the majority of instances by rows of flame formed by wicks in tumblers. It is said that this Dewali surpasses in magnificence all previous festivals, and that a tumbler cannot now be purchased in Bombay. The festival eclipses any display of illuminations we have in Great Britain; for, as I have said, the interior of houses are lighted up, and as walls have been newly painted, bright carpets laid, and pictures hung from the partitions and lintels, the sight from without is strangely effective. The Hindoos form the largest share of the population here. Much to their credit, the Mahommedans and Parsees do not hold aloof from a participation in the Hindoo festival. All classes of people throng the streets at night, and as the lights glimmer down upon the white, and scarlet, and purple, and gold of the costumes, the picture is one of bewildering vividness and beauty.

Ceremonies such as that of the Dewali constitute the whole of the practical part of the Hindoo religion. Indeed, it is well known that the natives, who are thrifty and frugal in all

other habits of their lives, will, in order to obtain the funds requisite to meet the cost of weddings, funerals, and other ceremonies, incur the most crushing liabilities, regardless of future consequences. One feature of the Dewali festival is, that every native balances his books at this season. It provokes a smile sometimes to see how many ledgers and scrolls the accountants keep, when one also observes that the shop-owners have little or nothing to sell.

In no other part of India will the scene furnished by the people of Bombay be outrivalled. In no other city will His Royal Highness see so brilliant a diversity of dress—for representatives of every race except Indians of North and South America and Esquimaux, are to be found here. Nowhere else in all the wide world are there to be seen so many shades and fashions together. There is, moreover, always going on in Bombay a struggle between native and European taste, the effect of which is usually to add to the variety of the costume. The native is, as the years flow on, evincing more and more a wish to imitate by his dress the well-clothed European, while Europeans, and especially European ladies, hesitate not at all to adopt this or that peculiarity of Indian costume which recommends itself for wear either by its utility or its beauty. There is one other characteristic of Bombay which the Prince cannot find elsewhere—the presence of native women. It is in this more civilised city alone that Hindoo women and Parsee ladies, whose dresses of scarlet satin and togas of mauve and white glitter with spangles and precious stones, are permitted by their lords to leave their domestic prison and wander amidst the crowd listening to the bands, or chattering in the bazaars.

VI.

DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE FROM LONDON.

AFFECTIONATE FAREWELLS—THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION OF LONDON — SALUTES AT DOVER — THE ENGLISH AT ANCONA—THE EMBARKATION AT BRINDISI.

THE mantle of night was fast falling over the metropolis on the memorable evening (Monday, October 11th), when the Prince of Wales left London for the East. His Royal Highness, with the Princess, had driven down from Marlborough House to Charing Cross in an open park phaeton and without an escort. It had been the desire of the Prince that his leave-taking should be one of the quietest description; but this wish was not gratified, for not only was there a large muster of those honoured with his acquaintance on the railway platform, but an eager and enthusiastic crowd flocked into the terminus. The roofs of the railway carriages and all passages and windows from whence a view could be obtained were filled with excited spectators. As the Prince and Princess—the dress of Her Royal Highness was one of dark colour, relieved only by a scarlet feather and a little jewellery—entered the station, the picture was a most animated one. The guard of honour, Scots Fusilier Guards, presented arms, the band played, and there was a spontaneous and lasting outburst of popular acclamation. Moments were

now precious, and a general sadness was awakened in the breast of every spectator, as the Prince of Wales turned to each of his friends, and with a melancholy tenderness said good-bye. He kissed the Princess Louise, embracing her with brotherly affection, and scores of outstretched hands from his nearest and dearest friends were grasped warmly. His Royal Highness took leave even of the footmen, giving a pleasant smile to all, and to one or two honoured retainers a shake of the hand. There were other farewells spoken on the same platform; the friends of the staff were there anxious to say God-speed to their relatives. As the doors of the carriages were closed there was quite a chorus of "Good-byes," and an exchange of such rapid salutations as were possible. As the train moved away over Hungerford Bridge, the vast assemblage made the vaulted roof quiver with round after round of cheering. Amongst those who paid their respects to the Prince as he left were: the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught (the brothers went in the special train as far as Ashford), the Duke of Cambridge, the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Florence Gower, Mr. Ward Hunt, Lord Henry Lennox, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Danish Minister and Madame Bülow, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Earl Sydney, Count Schuvaloff, the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. H. Chaplin, Doctor Birdwood (India Office), and Mr. Rothschild, M.P. As the last valedictory expressions were being uttered, a new national melody, "Hail to the Prince and Princess of Wales," the composition of Mr. J. P. Clarke, was played.

Some hours previous to the Prince's departure, the Lord Mayor (Mr. Henry Stone) and Sheriffs of London, waited at Marlborough House, and presented an address from the Corporation. The Prince of Wales in replying thus expressed himself:

"You state with truth that, with the desire I have ever

entertained of becoming familiar with the habits and feelings of my countrymen, it is only consistent that I should endeavour to become better acquainted with the several classes of the population over which our Sovereign reigns in India. If the result of my visit shall conduce to unite the various races of Hindostan in a feeling of loyalty to the Queen, attachment to our country, and of goodwill towards each other, one great object will at least be gained. I thank you again, my Lord Mayor and gentlemen, for the wish that health may be vouchsafed to me during my absence from England. It will be one of my most pleasing reflections that I carry the good wishes of my country with me, as it will also be a moment of sincere gratification when I shall return to it."

The Prince's train, driven by the son of the chairman of the South-Eastern Company, and in charge of Mr. John Shaw, the manager, reached Dover between nine and ten. Here some ceremonial was observed, for troops from the 78th Highlanders, the 104th, and 24th Regiments, lined the pier. The Mayor and Town Council of Dover were also present waiting to be introduced to His Royal Highness by Lord Granville, the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

The new twin-screw steamer *Castalia*, Captain Pittock, had been selected to take the Prince and Princess across the treacherous Pas-de-Calais, and the proprietors of that vessel had adopted every means to make her comfortable for her distinguished passengers. The cabins were elegantly furnished, and the saloon was profusely adorned with plate and flowers.

The inevitable address having been read by the mayor, General Parke, Lord George Paget, and Earl Granville went on board and said farewell. It is not usual to fire salutes after sunset, but the Corporation of Dover—as I knew from old experience when the swimmer Boyton landed there—are as fond of artillery as Indian Maharajahs are, and so they did not now forego the respectful tribute of the guns. Amidst the din of the bands, the firing of cannon, and parting

cheers, the hawsers were slipped, and with a fair wind and a sea as smooth as glass before her, the *Castalia* at ten minutes past ten precisely, turned her two *heads* towards Calais. The Princess of Wales took leave of her husband on board the steamer, and His Royal Highness casting many a wistful look behind, proceeded to the train alone. Thence His Royal Highness travelled by the ordinary midnight mail, and on arriving on Tuesday morning at Paris was met by Lord Lyons, the English ambassador, and by Marshal Macmahon, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Bisaccia, and M. Lyon Renault. The Frenchmen being *en route* to Compiègne, were in shooting attire. The Prince remained in Paris staying at the "hotel for princes," the Hôtel Bristol, till Thursday evening. His journey to Brindisi was by way of Turin and Bologna. His Royal Highness did not, however, remain for long at either of the Italian cities.

At Ancona, where the beautiful Adriatic

"breaks in a warm bay,"

Sir Augustus Paget, the British Minister of Legation in Italy (since elevated into an ambassador), led the consul and a party of English residents to the royal carriage, and the Prince having stepped out, thanked them for the expression of their loyal respects and best wishes for a prosperous voyage.

The Duke of Sutherland and several members of the personal staff were waiting on the platform when the train stopped at Brindisi on Saturday morning (October 16th). A guard of honour of soldiers was drawn up near the quay, and the Minister of Marine and Count Maffei welcomed the Prince on the part of the King of Italy. There was a large crowd composed of peasantry from the neighbouring olive plantations, who constantly cheered His Royal Highness and party as they walked to the point of embarkation.

Her Majesty's ships *Invincible* and *Pallas*, and some Italian ironclads anchored off the port, fired a royal salute.

The Prince, his suite, and the Italian officers were then conveyed in the royal barges to the Serapis, and a magnificent breakfast was served on board that vessel. It was a lovely morning—all the more cheering to the travellers, as almost constant rain had rendered the journey from Paris gloomy and disagreeable.

At 11.50 the Serapis, with the flag of Italy flying at her peak, and the flag of England at the mizen, steamed slowly southwards from Brindisi. The weighing of the anchors was accomplished amid tunes from the bands of the various ships, and the firing of salutes from the ironclads.

The Italian men-of-war escorted the Serapis and the royal yacht Osborne into the Mediterranean.

VII.

LIFE ON THE SERAPIS.

A BOISTEROUS TIME IN THE BAY—THE MUSICIANS OF THE SHIP—ATHENS—EGYPT—EXTRACTS FROM OFFICERS' DIARIES — MALTA — BRINDISI — PRINCE TEWFIK — THE STAR OF INDIA INVESTITURE.

THE Serapis left Spithead for Brindisi on September 26th. It was a Sunday ; and, notwithstanding that things were not settled down, and that a heavy swell and headwind prevailed at sea, prayers were read on board. An officer friend, who has handed me his diary kept throughout the voyage, made a note or two in relation to the service :

“Our chaplain, Mr. Yorke, is not very strong, but he is a right good fellow, and gives his best attention to what is really a large parish. The band of the Royal Marines formed an excellent choir to-day.

“*Sunday, Midnight.*—There is a regular gale blowing now, and many of us feel the effects of the weather. We are cruising about the Start and Eddystone, waiting for daylight to run into Plymouth.”

The ship went into Plymouth, as the boilers were not working well ; but on the storm moderating she again put out to sea on Monday, on which day a barque was passed, “beating up” for Plymouth, with her main-topmast gone.

“*Tuesday, 8th, Morning.*—We are now fairly in the Bay.

A good deal of sickness among the youngsters. We roll considerably, but there is no pitching. Deep-sea lead used frequently; sometimes there is no bottom. One of the silver globes at the heads of our masts has been smashed by the gale.

“*Wednesday, 29th.*—Beautiful night; almost calm. Furled all sails. Porpoises show themselves alongside. To-night the negro minstrels have a rehearsal. The men are picked singers and dancers from the band and crew.

“*Sept. 30th.*—First issue of salt provisions—pork and pea-soup. Sighted Spanish coast near Finisterre.

“*Oct. 1st.*—Band practises marches. A glee party is also being formed.

“*3rd.*—Wind rose, and there was dense fog, which reduced our speed. We used steam whistles. Passed “Gib” during the fog. Any number of trading vessels about.

“*4th.*—Sun very warm. Spread the awning aft. This is first pay-day for men; and soap and tobacco are served out to the ship’s company.

“*5th.*—Officers and blue-jackets get into white clothing for the first time. Our speed has now reached eleven knots. Boilers much improved.

“*6th.*—Passed the island of Pantellaria. Officers busy writing letters, as we touch Malta to-morrow. At night the men have a concert, at which the ship’s fiddler makes a great sensation.

“*7th.*—Sighted Malta; a brown, barren-looking island; ground and houses of the same sun-burnt hue. The Maltese are a curious, sharp-eyed set of people. The Osborne steamed into harbour, and the Prince’s horses were taken ashore to the Governor’s stables. When on board ship the animals are slung in their stalls, in case of rough weather.

“*9th.*—Gangs of dockyard men (Maltese) came off and painted the ships. Officers of Pallas and Invincible were invited to dinner, and were delighted with the singing and

playing of the band. Fruit is good and cheap here, and eggs are abundant, but nothing else is worth eating.

"11th.—Pallas and Invincible sail for Italy. The fleet admiral came on board and made an inspection. The principal event of the day was the flogging of a blue-jacket for insubordination—three dozen lashes. The officers of the garrison and numbers of ladies have visited our ships.

"12th.—A seaman broke out of the Serapis last night, and he was to-day taken before the police court. Sentence—to be dismissed the ship and to receive forty-two days' imprisonment with hard labour. Hercules and Swiftsure left harbour. Divers have been employed on the Osborne to-day.

"13th.—Sailed away. Our speed exceeds twelve and a half knots. This is splendid. We sight Mount Etna. The summit is covered with vaporous clouds. The ship may now be said to be ready for the Prince, and the royal apartments look splendid.

"14th, 2 P.M.—Took the pilot on board and steamed slowly into Brindisi. The entrance to the harbour is very narrow. The town a wild and straggling one. The principal objects of interest from the sea are two old castles and an antique church. The weather is much colder than at Malta. The Pallas and Invincible are anchored outside the castle, on the right at the entrance of the harbour, and two Italian frigates lie within.

"15th.—The Osborne has anchored astern of the Italian vessels. In belligerent language, we might be said to be 'making a demonstration' with the naval vessels. At night Brindisi is fearfully quiet. There is no sound save occasional bleats from the prolific herds of goats which overrun the country. The uneven line of lamps on the quay only intensifies the poor and dejected appearance of the port."

Another friend on board, in a letter written to England from

Brindisi, thus summarises the experience of the cruise from Spithead :

“ Our voyage has been hitherto tame, not to say dull. No exciting events have happened, and the only important communication I have to make is—that we are now able to move safely and securely under steam. The boilers, about which you have heard ‘a tremendous row’ in England, are now (thanks to Mr. Beaton,* the chief engineer of the Malta dockyard) going perfectly. One has a satisfaction, after so much anxiety, in announcing at last that the boilers do not prime. Yet have we still a heavy indictment to lay against the authorities at Portsmouth. Time, which tries all things, has been far from kindly disposed towards their painting and gilding. The gilt beading on the outside which shone so brilliantly when we started has been so greatly dimmed by the voyage that we begin to doubt whether it was worth the paint. We took in coal at Malta, 1100 tons of it, and it made so miserable a mess that had the English coating been of the best it would have needed to be covered by another. The Osborne has also been coaling here. The result to her was similar. She also has had to be whitewashed. In fact, we may say that our stay at Malta was given up to painting and cleaning. The result upon the Serapis would, but for the unlucky gilt band, be very satisfactory. Outside and inside are altogether what one would wish. The smoking saloon looks especially well, with its French grey tone and gilt beading, here undimmed and likely to retain its brightness to the last. Perhaps the greatest excitement we have had, other than that which is connected with any other ship of war on a voyage out, has arisen from the Prince’s horses, the beautiful animals who were so much admired by all visitors privileged to see them on board the Serapis before she left England. We are taking a personal interest in their welfare, greater, perhaps, than we are taking in the welfare of our human

* This officer afterwards received the thanks of the Admiralty for his services.

neighbours. You will understand, then, how happy I am to inform you that the voyage has not disagreed with them. They have been exercised on deck every morning, and have apparently not suffered in the least. We had one fine evening at Malta. Our officers, on Saturday the 9th, gave a dinner to about fifty of the officers of the garrison and the fleet. Flags were hung on the main deck, and flowers at intervals gave us a very gay appearance. Our band played. We had some fine songs, and altogether had as jolly a time of it as we could have made. On the whole, however, Malta was not a pleasant place to stay in, for there was nothing but rain, accompanied by thunder-storms, while we were there, and the Maltese said they had this kind of weather for six weeks."

The narrative of the voyage is continued by extracts from different diaries.

"*October 16th.* The Prince of Wales came on board at 9.45, and was received with a salute from the Marines. We unmoored and left Brindisi. The Pallas and Invincible manned yards and then followed us, but at about four we lost sight of them. We were going at a speed far too great for these ships—twelve knots. The principal officers were entertained at dinner by the Prince. The sea being rough, sea-sickness is general.

"*17th.* Divine service celebrated for the first time by Canon Duckworth. The site of our church was the upper mess deck. Beautiful weather, sun warm.

"*18th.* We enter the Piræus. The land on each side is very rocky and bare. The guard of Marines and band mustered early in full dress on the main deck. The Hercules and Swiftsure, and Greek vessels saluted. As we passed the Pillars we let go a starboard anchor, the cable of which snapped. The same disaster befel the port cable. We then let go both sheet anchors.

The accident narrowly escaped being attended with serious

consequences, for we swung round, and in doing so ran foul of the King's steam yacht, carrying away her bowsprit.

The Serapis was peculiarly unfortunate with her anchors, for she lost two more later on in the voyage.

All the foreign ministers—the admirals of the Russian and Greek fleets, and captains of the Russian, American, Turkish, and Austrian ships in harbour came on board to pay their respects to the Prince. The members of the suite were in full uniform on the main deck. His Royal Highness wore the dress of a field-marshal. The King of Greece arrived at about 10.30, and was received at the royal gangway by the Prince; the ships of all nations, except the American corvette, which had no guns, saluting.

All manner of craft danced upon the waters round the Serapis, and the scene was altogether a joyous and animated one. At noon the Prince of Wales and the King left the Serapis for the shore. At the point where the royal brothers-in-law landed a band was stationed which played "God save the Queen," and the Greek national anthem. The costume of the islanders is exceedingly picturesque. In some instances it is quaint and gaudy, reminding one of pictures of Corsairs and banditti. The Prince drove to the railway station in an open carriage with the King, and on arriving at Athens the people manifested their curiosity and enthusiasm by lining all the streets leading to the palace and cheering vociferously. That afternoon we landed the presents which the Prince of Wales brought out in the Serapis for King George. There was an Alderney bull, an Alderney cow, a ram, and some English sheep and pigs.

"19th. The Prince spent the day on shore at the country seat of the King and Queen, and at night witnessed an illumination of the Acropolis, and a display of fireworks in front of the Temple of Olympus. The Temple which was seven hundred years building, and which Pisistratus called 'a struggle with time.' •

“*20th.* By the help of divers we recovered our lost anchors to-day at half-past twelve. The Prince and the King and Queen, with the suites and foreign ministers and admirals, came on board, and there was a state luncheon. Later in the day the King and the Prince visited the different ironclads in the harbour. We weighed anchor at four, but another disaster happened now, for the cable ran foul of the cable of the Hercules, and so we let it slip and left the anchor behind. The King’s yacht came with us to take back the King. When out at sea a dinner party was given on board, and the Serapis and Osborne were illuminated in honour of the King and Queen of Greece. As His Majesty made his adieu at about 10.30, showers of rockets were sent up from the English ships, and the crews cheered heartily.

“*Thursday, 21st.*—We had practise of the crews to-day. A fire was supposed to have broken out, and men had to take up position at their respective quarters. Exercises in case of collision, in closing water-tight compartments, &c., followed.

“*22nd.*—Band played on the poop in helmets and white jackets. Lime-juice was served out to-day for first time. The sun is intensely hot. The Prince and several members of the suite played Badminton on the main deck.

“*23rd, 4 A.M.*—Moored off Port Saïd. The Pallas and Invincible were anchored at the entrance of the Canal. The Viceroy and suite came on board and stayed half an hour. A little later the Prince passed up the Canal in the Osborne, the Turkish ships and Pallas and Invincible manning yards and saluting. The Khedive’s yacht, a vessel very like the Osborne, only black, also saluted. At Ismailia His Royal Highness disembarked and went by train to Cairo. The Turkish troops on shore presented arms, and the shipping in the port also displayed a profuse quantity of bunting. Commenced coaling, the Egyptians carrying the coal on their backs to the ship, just as the Maltese did.

“24th.—Serapis passed Ismailia and the Bitter Lakes. The stations for refreshments, &c., which are placed at intervals of ten miles along the banks, are pretty-looking domiciles, and are the only signs of human life one sees in the dreary waste.

“Monday, 25th.—Strings of camels are passing along the Arabian shore, and the appearance of a railway train now and again enlivens the view on the Egyptian. Truly it is a picture of primitiveness on the one side and civilisation on the other. At one o'clock to-day we anchored at Suez. Several “Seedy” boys (Africans) were shipped to do duty in the stokehole up the Red Sea. These fellows can endure any amount of heat without a murmur. All awnings were spread.

“Cairo, 25th.—The Prince of Wales invested the heir-apparent of Egypt, Prince Tewfik, with the Order of the Star of India to-day. This is the first investiture over which His Royal Highness has presided. The Khedive, wearing a general's uniform and the insignia of the order of the Star of India, was present with Prince Hassan.”

The ceremony took place in the throne-room of the Ghezireh Palace, from the windows of which a charming view of the Nile can be obtained. Dr. Fayrer, Sir Bartle Frere, and General Stanton, the consul-general for England, assisted His Royal Highness in the investiture. During the proceedings the Prince of Wales delivered this address to the Egyptian Prince :—

“Sir,—I consider it a high privilege, a high duty, and it is a great gratification to myself personally, to be able, in the presence of your Highness, to carry out the commands of Her Majesty the Queen, who has charged me with the duty of investing you with the ensigns of the Order of the Star of India. It is not the most ancient of our English Orders, but it is one highly valued by us for the distinction it confers on those to whom it is

granted for their services in India. The Queen has determined to confer this especial mark of consideration, Sir, for yourself and family, because of the goodwill Her Majesty bears towards His Highness the Khedive, himself a member of the Order, who has always shown himself a true friend to the English nation, and has done so much to promote the safety and convenience of our communication between England and India, in facilitating the transit of our troops and commerce. I trust that in fulfilling this charge with which the Queen has intrusted me I may be adding another link to strengthen the bonds of friendship which already exist between England and Egypt."

In the afternoon the Prince refreshed his remembrances of the Sphinx and the Pyramids by paying them a visit. A dinner-party was given in the desert, and the Great Pyramid was illuminated. Later on His Royal Highness returned to Cairo, and with the Khedive witnessed a comedy performed by a French company at the Opera House.

"*H.M.S. Serapis, Oct. 26th.*—This evening at eight o'clock the Prince embarked for the Red Sea voyage. As we left the harbour the vessels at anchor were illuminated, and flights of rockets streamed through the air.

"*27th.*—At prayers to-day the chaplain alluded to Mount Sinai, which we were passing at the time. Speed 13 knots. Sun fiercely hot. We spoke the homeward bound mail steamer Peshawur, and our band played 'Home, sweet Home,' for the delectation of her passengers. The Prince knocks about the deck in a white rig and a sailor's cap and cover. He is in the best of spirits and health, and is amiable towards everybody.

"*28th.*—Heat overpowering. Birds were flying in circles round the ship, and the Prince had a shot at an immense hawk. The bird fell into the water, and a boat having been lowered it was secured. At night the Christy Minstrels troupe

performed, and the Prince said their entertainment was most enjoyable.

"29th.—The heat in the stokehole to-day rose to 146 degrees. Even the "Seedy" boys grew exhausted, and "short service" volunteers from the crew were called for, to undertake their duties. The Prince and suite have once or twice abandoned their bedrooms, it was so stifling below, and have slept in loose cots slung from the beams, or in grass hammocks.

"30th.—Cooler. The band played during "tiffin," and were complimented personally by the Prince of Wales. A stiff breeze dead ahead creates much discomfort. This evening we are pitching a great deal.

"31st.—At the dinner party to-night the Prince asked the band to play certain tunes. The men are much elated with His Royal Highness's encouragement of them.

"November 1st.—Anchored off Aden. The only man-of-war in harbour, the Vulture, was dressed for the occasion. The Prince and suite went on shore at 9.30, and remained till the cool of the evening as the guests of Brigadier-General Schneider, the political resident. Salutes were fired from the guns at Steamer Point, and a guard of honour from the 25th Regiment (2nd battalion) was drawn up at the 'bunder' or landing-place. His Royal Highness obtained his first glimpse of the native infantry of India while on shore here. Other troops, natives of Aden and its neighbourhood, mounted on horses and camels, escorted His Royal Highness to the European camp. The Parsees are a flourishing body in Aden, and their chief representative read an address to His Royal Highness on the pier. The Dutch consul, Mr. Salmon, also read an address. The gallant King's Own Borderers entertained the Prince at breakfast, and he was afterwards taken to see the far-famed freshwater tanks, and the fortifications, which latter are built on the land side

of Aden, with the view of repelling attacks of Arabs. Several Arab chiefs, including the Sultan of Lahej, whom the Prince presented with a silver medal, and all the officers political and military at the station, were received at a levee held within the Residency in the afternoon. As the *Serapis* steamed away in the evening, Aden was illuminated with Indian lamps, and bonfires blazed forth from her promontories.

“*2nd.*—The Prince of Wales went down into the engine-room to test the heat and see how the hands were working. The weather is more temperate since we left Aden.

“*5th.*—This being Guy Fawkes day, a dummy Guy was carried round the decks with a band playing tin kettles, fog-horns, &c. This portion of the amusement went well enough, but unfortunately the stage on which the effigy was to be burnt, capsized, as it was being lowered into the water, and rockets, fireworks, Guy and all, were lost.

“*6th.*—Osborne sent on to Bombay with telegrams for the Queen, and despatches for the Governor.

“*Sunday 7th.*—The Princè made an inspection of the ship’s company. Divine service, including the celebration of Communion, was performed. The globes were replaced at the mast-heads, and the ship was put into a general state of tidiness for the festivities at Bombay.”

VIII.

THE PRINCE LANDS IN INDIA.

THE COMING OF ALBERT—THE RAJAHS' GROTTO—THE WELCOME OF BOMBAY AND THE PRINCE'S SPEECH—REMINISCENCES OF AN ASIATIC CITY—THE SUITE IN INDIA.

AT seven o'clock on Monday morning, November 8th, when most of the English people were returning home from their early rides, the guns thundered from Colaba Point announcing the approach of the Prince of Wales. At five minutes past eight the Serapis was making her way slowly through two stately lines of ironclads, manned and decorated, to her moorings in Bombay harbour. The cheering of the sailors in fitful bursts could be heard nearly a mile away on the shore, already peopled in some places so densely that the blazing sun became doubly effective. Never before was such a salute heard in India as that with which the Prince was honoured. Little wonder that he should express from his place on the bridge his admiration at the hearty vigour of the fleets.* It had been arranged that the royal landing should

* When the Serapis was signalled the news was telegraphed over the peninsula, and salutes of guns were fired in every city. The ships of two squadrons—the Flying and the East Indian—were in the harbour under the command of Rear-Admiral Reginald Macdonald. The first-named squadron was represented by the

not take place till the afternoon, so the multitude of all shades of people gathered on shore at every point from which a view of the disembarkation could be obtained, had to content themselves with watching the ships and the various little expeditions made by uniformed officers to the Serapis. Among others who put off to pay their respects to His Royal Highness, were the Viceroy and the Governor of Bombay, and the Indian members of his Royal Highness's suite. As soon as the ship was anchored, armed with an official letter, and protected by a white umbrella, I hired a "dingy" and was rowed to the Serapis. All the steam launches of the navy—for it was a navy that was anchored here—were keeping the royal ship clear of the boats, and my coolies among others received warning. I stood up in the dingy, and intimated that I was engaged on a special mission to Sir Bartle Frere. We were then permitted to pull alongside, and send a letter on board. Within a few seconds, Sir Bartle was found. He looked fresher and younger than I ever saw him appear before. He said that all had gone well; that the Prince had not once complained of the heat; that he was delighted with the warmth of his reception at Aden, and that on the previous night His Royal Highness had exclaimed that he never felt better in his life, and that if the temperature in India was no worse than that which he then experienced he did not fear it.

Several friends afterwards spoke about the affability of the Prince. The cruise had in every sense been a delightful one. His Royal Highness's spirits had never flagged, and the process of being weighed, which he had undergone every day, proved that he had lost no flesh.

At four o'clock, the Prince of Wales came down the steps

Narcissus (flagship of Rear-Admiral Rowley Lambert, C.B.), Raleigh, Topaze, Immortalité, Doris, and Newcastle. The East India squadron had five ships at Bombay: Undaunted (flagship), Briton, Daphne, Philomel, and Nimble. In addition to the above, there were present the turret-ships Abyssinia and Magdala, which are always stationed here as a defence for the port.

of the royal gangway, and entering the state barge was steered over the waters, still dancing beneath the almost blinding glare of the sun, to the shore. The barge with its burnished gold rods, blue awnings, and banners trailing on the waters, led the way for a regular flotilla of other craft. Barges, pinnaces, and gigs, all newly painted, the conveyances of the admirals, the suite, and fleet officers, followed. The convoy altogether looked like an island of beautiful flowers, which was drifting towards the shore. For the second time in the day, Bombay again sent forth her salutes from Fort St. George and from the Dockyard; while all of the ships were again manned, and charge after charge of artillery from the shore was answered by the guns of the men-of-war. The native vessels, so different in construction from our own, which lay at anchor or glided over the mirror-like waters, attracted much attention from the newly-arrived spectators. Beside our ships of war and the yachts of the Bombay Club, rolled the clumsy Persian dhows with sterns several feet higher than their bows, and having yellow awnings, which made them look like drifting haystacks. From the ladders and masts native crews strained every nerve in their desire and effort to watch events. In the intervening spaces of the harbour were the heavily burdened Indian gondolas, and here and there a lightly skimming pinnace of a wealthy merchant, or a canoe with a single occupant darting on its way, and with difficulty avoiding mammoth barges. The whole picture was new and fanciful. The landing-place, as it appeared from the sea, was like a grotto; and had a cluster of mermaids burst in playful merriment from the water, one could scarcely have been startled. The archway beneath which the royal barge was stranded was clothed in palms and branches of the mango tree, and the sides of the portico rested in the sea. Within the arch there was a platform covered with scarlet cloth, leading from the harbour to the land. Within the archway also, on either side, were collected on tiers of seats, the

native Princes of the Bombay Presidency, the members of the Council, and all the fashionable and official world of Western India. It was a gorgeous picture, ablaze with that display of tinsel and bright colour which only the East can supply. The place of honour within the dockyard was given to Sir Salar Jung, the representative of the Nizam. Near where he was seated there were chairs for the Viceroy and for the Guikwar and the Maharajah of Mysore.

Lord Northbrook, Sir Philip Wodehouse, Chief Justice Westropp, the Corporation of Bombay, and Captain Robinson (Indian Navy), Superintendent of the Dockyard, were assembled at the landing-place as the Prince stepped ashore. The Prince looked with astonished and excited eyes upon the splendour before him, but could not permit them to rest long anywhere, so numerous were the salutations to which he had to respond. This he did by touching his helmet and by repeated smiles. As soon as the band of the 7th Fusiliers had ceased playing the National Anthem Mr. Dosabhoj Framjee*—a Parsee gentleman dressed in white, who is chairman of the Corporation, read an address, from which this paragraph is taken :

“Bombay may lay claim to the distinction of being a royal city, for this island first became an apanage of the Crown of England through forming part of the dowry of Charles the Second’s Portuguese bride; and during the two centuries that have since elapsed Bombay has had every

* Mr. Dosabhoj Framjee Karaka was censor of the native press in 1857, and while holding that position wrote a pamphlet in the Guzerathi and Marathi languages entitled, “The British Raj,” as contrasted with its predecessors, in which he warned his countrymen against joining in the Sepoy revolt. He received the thanks of the Viceroy for this pamphlet, which was afterwards published in England. He visited Europe in 1859, and then wrote a history of the Parsees. During the Liberal Government of Sir Bartle Frere, he was appointed as a magistrate of police at Bombay, and was the first native of India who has held such an appointment under our Government. The address was written by Mr. Maclean, one of the principal members of the corporation, and editor of the *Bombay Gazette*.

reason to be grateful for this fortunate change in her destiny. From a barren rock, whose only wealth consisted in coconuts and dried fish, whose scanty population of 10,000 souls paid a total revenue to the State of not more than 6000*l.* a year, whose trade was of less value than that of Tanna and Bassein, and whose climate was so deadly to Europeans that two monsoons were said to be the life of a man, she has blossomed into a fair and wholesome city, with a population which makes her rank next to London among the cities of the British Empire, with a municipal revenue amounting to 300,000*l.* a year, and with a foreign commerce worth forty-five millions, and yielding in customs duties to the imperial treasury three millions a year. All this material prosperity she owes to the strong and wise Government which has secured her in the enjoyment of peace and order, of equality before the law, of religious liberty, and of freedom of trade, and has thus given confidence to men of all races and creeds—Europeans, Indo-Portuguese, Hindoos, Mahomedans, Parsees, and Jews—to pursue their various callings under the shadow of the British flag.

“We gladly, therefore, seize the occasion of your Royal Highness’s presence amongst us to record our sense of the blessings of British rule, and to assure your Royal Highness of our devotion to that Throne which has become the enduring symbol of concord, liberty, prosperity, and progress to all the multitude of nations that own the benign sway of Queen Victoria.”

The address concluded with an expression of regret that the Princess of Wales had been unable to accompany the Prince, “to learn for herself in what honour her name is held in India.”

His Royal Highness, in replying, said :

“It is a great pleasure to me to begin my travels in India at a place so long associated with the Royal Family of England, and to find that during so many generations of

British rule this great port has steadily prospered. Your natural advantages would have insured a large amount of commerce under any strong Government, but in your various and industrious population I gladly recognise the traces of a rule which gives shelter to all who obey the laws, which recognises no invidious distinctions of race, which affords to all perfect liberty in matters of religious opinion and belief, and freedom in the pursuit of trade and of all lawful callings. I note with satisfaction the assurance I derive from your address, that under British rule men of varied creeds and nations live in harmony among themselves, and develop to the utmost those energies which they inherit from widely separate families of mankind, whilst all join in loyal attachment to the British Crown, and take their share, as in my native country, in the management of their own local affairs. I shall gladly communicate to Her Majesty what you so loyally and kindly say regarding the pleasure which the people of India derive from Her Majesty's gracious permission to me to visit this part of Her Majesty's Empire. I assure you that the Princess of Wales has never ceased to share my regret that she was unable to accompany me. She has from her very earliest years taken the most lively interest in this great country, and the cordiality of your greeting this day will make her yet more regret the impossibility of her sharing in person the pleasure your welcome afforded me."

When this first stage of the ceremonies was over the Prince moved up the slip, and the Viceroy introduced to him Sir Salar Jung and his unarmed and simply attired attachés. The Prince shook hands with Sir Salar. Greetings were then exchanged between His Royal Highness and the juvenile sovereign of Baroda, and the Maharajah of Mysore. There were forty native Princes present, the highest in point of rank being the Maharana of Meywar, the Rajah of Kholapore, the Rao of Kutch, the Maharajah of Edur, Meer Alli Moorad Khan of Khairpur, the Nawab of Junagarh, the Jam

of Nowanuggur, the Thakor Saheb of Bhownuggur, the Raj Saheb of Dhrangadra, the Raja of Rajpipla—with all of these, as well as with Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, to whom His Royal Highness was especially gracious, the Prince shook hands. His Royal Highness wore the dress of a field-marshal, with the stars and ribbon of the Order of the Star of India. His helmet was white, with a scarlet puggery and plumes of white and red feathers. He appeared in robust health, but had a somewhat sad look about his face, and his eyes seemed a little inflamed by the sun. His Royal Highness got into the carriage with much agility, bowing gently and touching his hat in the old well-known way as a gentleman in the crowd with an unmistakably Scotch brogue led off three ringing cheers.

The carriage was an open one, and the Prince used no umbrella, so that the wish of the people to see him was fully gratified. Their attempts at raising shouts of welcome, coming as they did from crowds who never cheered before, were perhaps ludicrous, but they were sincere. Hindoo girls and Parsee girls strewed flowers upon the path trodden by the Prince as he walked to his carriage. These maidens were dressed with all the richness of Eastern apparel. The very contrast they presented in their own peculiar style of Indian beauty to the clear white rosy countenances in an English procession, was itself a pleasing novelty, and appropriate to the general difference from English rejoicing visible everywhere. The various stands for spectators, surmounted with banners of those chocolate, yellow, and Prussian-blue colours which seem to harmonise only in India, were filled to overflowing, and many a slender house-top threatened to give way beneath its burden as the Prince passed along through the streets. Squadrons of cavalry from the Viceroy's body guard—the 3rd Hussars, the 1st Bombay Lancers, and a battery of Royal Horse Artillery—formed the escort to the royal and viceregal carriages, and troops

on foot lined the greater part of the way (five miles) to Government House.

All the arches beneath which the Prince's carriage passed were inscribed with the phrase, "Welcome to India," except a very tasteful one at the entrance of the Dockyard. On this arch, which was copied from the portico of a Hindoo temple, the simple word "Welcome," in Persian, Hindustani, and English letters, was used. A profusion of immense palm branches and flowers encircled the supporting pillars.

As the shades of evening fell, festoons of Chinese lanterns, suspended in front of the houses and around the larger trees, were lighted; and from lofty poles, the tops of which were encircled with waving banners, strings of coloured lamps ran along the thoroughfares.

The painted houses, the gardens glowing with tropical flowers, the long lines of majestic Government buildings, the graceful palm-trees on the distant hills, the troops of rajahs in dazzling raiment, the teeming assemblage of peoples, the fanciful varieties of dress, the incessant beating of drums in the temples, the tinsel illumination in the day and the garlands of fire at night—are altogether but a small portion of the subjects of thought which will rise before his mind's eye when hereafter the Prince recalls to his memory his first day in an Asiatic city.

IX.

A WEEK'S FESTIVITIES.

THE LOUNGE AT BYCULLA—RECEPTIONS—THE WORKERS
IN BRASS—WHAT THE NATIVES LIVE ON—GENERAL
SAMUEL BROWNE—MAJORS HENDERSON AND BRADFORD
—A STORY ABOUT THUGGEE—THE PRIME MINISTER OF
THE DECCAN—THE BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCE—AN UN-
EXPECTED PRESENT—EASTERN ILLUMINATIONS—THE
BELLES OF THE PARSEES.

IF you leave aside all thoughts of the gaieties and splendour of the present hour, Bombay is so thoroughly Europeanised that the native element, instead of making it very primitive, chiefly serves to heighten the picturesqueness and interest of the city. No one who is here a week can help admiring the Hindoos' and Mahomedans for the hardy attention they bestow upon their work. All night long one can hear hammers going in little shops devoted to the manufacture of brass vessels. Then they are clean. The white clothes are usually spotless; but best of all, they are scrupulously sober and self-denying. A little rice and curry powder, a plaintain or two, and a mug of water, satisfies most of the poorer natives as a day's food. There are children visible and to be counted by their thousands; and the tender way in which their fathers carry them in their arms, point out the wonderful nature of the sights before them, or gambol about with them round the hand-stand on the esplanade, testify how strong and fervent the chords of love are there. One of the oddest and yet prettiest spectacles is to see at one place a row

of Parsee children with silken trousers, jewelled jackets, and spangled caps; and at another spot, a few yards away, a wild band of Hindoo boys stark naked, tumbling and shouting, perfectly indifferent as to the aspect they present.

Sitting in the verandah of the Byculla Club in the cool afternoon, a remarkable picture unfolds itself before you. It is a panorama in which Eastern and Western life are meeting and harmonising. Children with brown faces and matted black hair, and enveloped in shawls of scarlet, are wading singly through a field of corn. The sides of the aureole patch, near the city, are flanked with lines of trees, known in the East as golden mohurs. The season is not sufficiently advanced, or we should see why the trees have obtained this name. In this month (November), their rich but delicate foliage is not of bright yellow, but of a vivid green. Without this barrier to the corn-field, you catch sight of the tramway cars crammed with passengers, and moving along, also in the busy scene are English people, enjoying what is in India the most favoured of all pursuits—riding.

A mile beyond the field the eye lights upon the sea, having in its course thither gazed over acres of brown earth, newly upturned by Lincolnshire ploughs, as well as recently bared rice-fields. Over the stubble in one of the fields an excited native boy is flying a kite. It is a hard task, for there is little or no wind, but he is a plucky kite-flyer, and does not seem to mind the pain caused by the stalks of straw piercing his bare feet, if only the wonderful toy will rise.

Upon the placid waters of the Indian Ocean, above the horizon line, are visible many white sails. These are the yachts of the Bombay Club airing their sheets in the evening breeze.

At the back of the club the panorama is still more attractive. Beyond, groves of bananas, emerald mango trees, and the scarlet-tinted shoe flowers, are low brown hills, all of height and fashion so different that their very diversity is picturesque. Sprinkled along the summits are the graceful tar-

trees, while down the recesses and at the base are thick clust-
 terings of purple and yellow shrubberies which make one
 think of evergreens and woodland clumps at home. Here and
 there, on the hills and beneath them, are buildings like farm-
 houses, with roofs of dark brown Cornish tiles. The scene all
 round is full of peace, only the lowing of the humped cattle,
 or the cawing of the slim-bodied Indian crows disturbs
 the stillness. Nevertheless, the country hereabouts is not
 asleep—everywhere are evidences of cultivation and labour
 and business—and if the whirr of a thrashing machine, the
 whetting of a scythe, or the neighing of horses were to give
 forth their sounds, no one would be surprised or startled.

After the dinner party held at Parell Hill on the night of
 the Prince's arrival, His Royal Highness presided at a recep-
 tion of the military and civil authorities of the Presidency.
 The gallant brigadier, who alleged that he had been nearly
 poisoned by the Guikwar Mulhar Rao,* General Phayre, was
 introduced, and this officer, and also Sir Richard Meade,
 who captured Tantia Topce in 1857, and who presided
 at the famous Baroda trial, were honoured with a shake
 of the Prince's hand. The other distinguished guests of the
 Governor included Sir Charles Staveley, Commander-in-
 Chief of Bombay, Mr. Scoble, Advocate-General, the pro-
 secutor of the late Guikwar, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the chief
 of the Parsee community, the judges, and Monsignor Meurin,
 the Roman Catholic bishop of the Presidency.

His Royal Highness also received the four new members
 attached to his personal staff for special duty in India. The
 chief of these was Major-General Samuel Browne,† who for
 the last twenty-eight years has been a soldier in India. This
 officer was wounded in several places during the Mutiny, and
 was awarded the Victoria Cross for the loss of his left arm at
 the battle of Seerpoorah. The other members of the staff

* The deposed chief now resides in another Presidency, Madras. He spends his
 time in concocting petitions to Government, soliciting a reconsideration of his case.

† Now K.C.S.I.

were Major Henderson,* whose perfect acquaintance with the languages of India led to his being selected as interpreter during the tour in India; Major Sartorius, V.C., C.M.G., and Major Bradford.† The last-mentioned officer is famous in connexion with the suppression of Thuggee (pronounced Tuggee), and to his hands were entrusted many of the arrangements for securing the safety of His Royal Highness. There is a story told about this gallant officer which has caused many a laugh in India. Some years ago the name of Bradford was fluttered about within the walls of every club and bungalow. On a certain evening, the hero of the hour was the subject of conversation in the mess-room of a newly-arrived regiment. One of the ensigns, apparently interested in the name, put a question to a superior officer—"Can you tell me, sir, who is this man Bradford; what wonderful thing is it he has done?" A pause followed, after which the questioned major, speaking with an air of superior knowledge, and yet in a confidential tone, replied, "I am sure, my boy, I can't speak positively of his achievement, but I believe the man has something to do with a tug-boat in the river."

On several evenings during the week the Prince had to receive group after group of Nabobs after dinner. Seeing that few of the chiefs spoke English, this was not a very salutary entertainment before going to bed; and it is not to be wondered at if the Prince saw again in his dreams the dark figures of his guests, or fancied there was still rising in the air the shout, "Salaam merce bab Salaam," with which they always made their exit from his presence. Sir Salar Jung and the Hyderabad noblemen were of course received, and a strong friendship seemed to spring up between the Prince and this enlightened statesman. His companions were Princes of the Deccan, and it was said that Sir Salar brought them to Bombay fearing that if he left them behind they would have quarrelled with each other and disturbed the tranquillity of the State. Sir Salar Jung, ever since he took office under

* Now C.S.I.

† Now C.S.I.

the father of the present Nizam, has acted in a straightforward friendly spirit towards England. In 1857, when the Budmashes attacked the British residency at Hyderabad, he put into force instant measures to suppress the revolt, and it was for this distinguished service that he has since been made a G.C.S.I. More than once have attempts been made upon the minister's life. In 1861 even the old Nizam opposed him. He would then have been removed from his office had not the Governor-General given his support to the cause of the prime minister. In these days Sir Salar Jung is desirous of acquiring once again for Hyderabad the great cotton-growing districts of the Berars, and he continues to employ all efforts to consummate his wishes in this direction, notwithstanding that our Government has over and over again refused to yield up this territory to the Nizam. The Berars were seized by Lord Dalhousie in 1851, in order that vast arrears of pay due to the contingent army maintained in the Deccan might be met. Under English management the district has become a wealthy cotton garden, and the debt has long ago been paid. We, however, continue to hold this territory, but we hand over a handsome balance from what remains, after the payment of the army, year by year, to the Nizam's treasury. Sir Salar Jung paid his visit to the Prince during the daytime, and as there was no little ceremony attached to the reception of distinguished natives, it may interest my readers to see the following extract from the *Government Gazette* of Tuesday, November 10th, when he went to Parell :

“ His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will receive a private visit from His Excellency Sir Salar Jung, G.C.S.I., Vikar-ul-Umra, and other members of a deputation representing His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad. Eight Ameeris will accompany the Deputation.

“ The Deputation will be accompanied by an officer deputed under the orders of the Resident at Hyderabad, and will be escorted by a party of cavalry.

“Major Sartorius and an aide-de-camp will proceed on horseback to the gate of Government House, Parel, to receive and conduct the Deputation to the Prince’s residence.

“Major Henderson will meet the Deputation on alighting from their carriage, and conduct them to His Royal Highness’s presence. The Prince of Wales will receive the Deputation in the middle of the carpet. He will shake hands with the members of the Deputation, and also with Nawab Khurshid Jah and Nawab Ikbal-ud-daula, who will present the usual nuzzurs. His Royal Highness will then point the Deputation to seats at his right hand.

“On the right hand of the Deputation will sit the accompanying Ameers.

“The British officers present will sit on the Prince’s left, in the order of their rank.

“When conducted into His Royal Highness’s presence, His Excellency Sir Salar Jung will present, on his own behalf, a nuzzur of 101 gold mohurs,* which will be touched and remitted.

“After a few minutes’ conversation, the accompanying Ameers, with the exception of Nawab Khurshid Jah and Nawab Ikbal-ud-daula, will be introduced by Major Sartorius, and will each present the usual nuzzur, which will be touched and remitted.

“Uttur and pan will then be given to Sir Salar Jung and Vikar-ul-Umra by His Royal Highness, and to the other members of the Deputation and the accompanying Ameers by Major Sartorius.

* A mohur is equal to about thirty-five shillings. The coin is not in general use in India now. The terms “touched and remitted,” when used in relation to presents made to an official in India, signify that they are accepted for the State, for the benefit of which they are afterwards sold. Every one of the Rajahs who came to Bombay laid presents at the feet of Sir Philip Wodehouse before the Prince arrived. It seemed so ridiculous to see His Excellency smiling and thanking the donors, when we knew that he, personally, would reap no advantage from their offerings.

"The ceremonies at the reception will be repeated at the departure of the Deputation.

"A salute of 21 guns will be fired on the arrival and departure of the Deputation. A guard of honour will be drawn up in front of the Prince's residence, and will present arms as the Deputation passes.

"Full uniform to be worn."

To many of the Princes His Royal Highness expressed a hope that he might one day see them in England, and doubtless the invitation will be responded to, although the rules of caste prohibit the Hindoos from leaving their country. The melancholy fact is, moreover, well remembered, that the Rajah of Kholapore died at Florence when returning from London in 1870.*

The Prince of Wales paid visits to Sir Salar Jung, the Maharajah of Mysore, and the Guikwar, at the houses which these nobles had hired at a tremendous outlay in Bombay, but it was impossible that His Royal Highness could interview all the other Princes separately. A gentle hint from the Government induced them to forget their difference for a few hours one morning, and they assembled together at the Secretariat, or chief Government building. The Prince of Wales then went there and had a conversation with their highnesses individually.

Upon the 9th of November the 34th anniversary of His Royal Highness's birthday, the Prince gave a dinner party to the sailors of the Serapis. His Royal Highness never appeared more cheerful than at this entertainment, and it was

* The Rajah was but twenty years of age. As is usual with the corpses of Hindoos, the body was burned, some of the ashes being thrown into the Arno and the rest being taken to India in a golden vase. A marble monument, designed by Major Mant, R.E., has been erected at Florence in memory of his highness. It was this prince who presented the "Kholapore Cup" to the National Rifle Association for annual competitions between Colonial and English riflemen at Wimbledon.

said that a great flood of happy feeling seemed to have manifested itself in his face since the morning when he found a birthday present from the Princess of Wales—a large portrait of herself—awaiting him upon the breakfast table. It had been conveyed to India by Sir Bartle Frere.

It would have been impossible for any Englishman to have been otherwise than delighted by the wild excitement of the spectacle in Bombay that evening. The whole of the city was in a blaze of light; not only were the greatest achievements of pyrotechnists brought into play, but all the triumphs of the fire worshippers of India were made manifest—dazzling scrolls were surrounded with immense fans of hanging palm branches and fringes representing all manner of glittering precious stones. Thousands of gigantic Chinese lanterns swung from balconies, from the branches of venerable trees, and from stands of fanciful woodwork placed at distances of a few yards apart. The Protestant Cathedral, the beautiful statue of the Queen, by the sculptor Noble, and the range of public offices were, with many other buildings, cased in lines of fire.

The ships of two squadrons bathed the harbour in lurid splendour, while in the narrow streets of the native town every roadway had fires in its midst, and lamps of all shapes and colours lit up the interiors of the small and picturesque shops. The effect of the illuminations everywhere was rendered more weirdly beautiful by the dresses of the busy races of all shades who swarmed in the highways.

The picture in Churchgate-street, when the Prince, headed by a brilliant cavalcade of hussars, with drawn swords, passed through it, is one which His Highness must always remember. The carriage entered, as it were, a cloud of coloured fire. The verandahs and balconies were filled with English and Parsee ladies, and showers of bouquets were sent cleaving through the red atmosphere into the royal carriage. In the centre of the street the Prince stood up in his carriage, and the

English spectators received this acknowledgment of their loyalty and their taste with enthusiastic acclamations. The inhabitants declined all assistance from the city authorities, and themselves dressed this street as they thought best.

There were other streets and avenues where the illuminated designs must have evoked many a hearty laugh from the Prince and his party. "Tell mama we're happy" was emblazoned in a gorgeous transparency over a Mussulman's shop, while surmounting the gallery of a Hindoo's residence was the expression, the letters of which all ran together without a break or a stop, "Welcome H R H A E." Pallongee, the Parsee owner of the chief of the English hotels, whose expression of welcome to every guest, "God bless you," is known almost like a proverb to Anglo-Indians, did not alter his usual address for the Prince, and so "God bless you," formed in gas, were the words which lit up with radiancy the banana stores fronting the hotel.* In the leading streets the blaze was magnificent, and the loftiness of the houses and their slanting Indian roofs and wide balconies and porticos increased the strange beauty presented by these new boulevards. Here such welcomes as "We welcome thee, our future Emperor," "Vive le Prince de Galles" (over the entrance to the Bank of France), and "Welcome, Prince, to Hindostan," flared before the eye. The native opinion that a ruler is also a sort of father, superior to any earthly parent, found vent in many sentences which glittered over shops in the poorer thoroughfares. "We welcome thee, our future father and king," was one of the utterances used in a transparency facing the schools for Parsee children. Nothing in the whole city surpassed in imposing grandeur the illumination of the public offices. Their sharply-pointed peaks glittered with lamps of all colours, and their Gothic windows

* "Poor old Pallongee," as English residents learned to call him, died before the Prince left India. It is said of him that he frequently out of his own pocket paid the cost of a passage to England for invalided officers and civilians too poor to meet it themselves.

and stately walls seemed bathed in showers of flame. No one who looked upon these splendid piles of masonry could deny that the perfection of oil illumination seemed to have been here realised, or that the effect was not infinitely more telling than any display that could have been furnished by decoration in gas. The temporary residences of the Nabobs were all illuminated. Over the gateway of Sir Salar Jung's residence there was written in letters of flame Tennyson's words, "Welcome the Prince with a nation's rejoicings."

The number of native and European gentlemen who asked to be permitted to attend the Prince of Wales's levee on Wednesday the 10th November, was between three and four thousand. Of these only one thousand were informed that they might come, so you will understand that a scrutiny and exclusiveness were put in force here to some extent as well as at St. James's. No Chiefs or Rajahs were present. Those who had the pleasure of bowing to His Royal Highness were not sorry, because these potentates, wherever they go, insist upon bringing with them a host of followers with squalid faces and bare dirty feet, who carry presents or hold their fans. As it was, the crushing within the small rooms of the Secretariat was unbearable. The clothes were of English pattern and orthodox thickness, and as the day was exceedingly hot men retired from the levee saturated, and some not a little exhausted. All the special correspondents attended the levee, and paid their respects to the Prince.*

After the levee the Prince, with the venerable Governor of Bombay, drove to the Oval, the principal green-sward in

* The special correspondents who went out to describe his Royal Highness's tour, were: Mr. Archibald Forbes, *Daily News*; Mr. George A. Henty, *Standard*; Mr. William Simpson, *Illustrated London News*; Mr. Herbert Johnson and Mr. W. C. Horley, *Graphic*; Mr. Drew Gay, *Daily Telegraph*; Mr. Laing-Meason, *Echo*; Count D'Alviella, *Independance Belge*; M. De Coutouley, *Le Temps*, and myself. In addition to these, there were the following accredited representatives of the Press in India—Major Sedgwick, *Civil and Military Gazette* and *Englishman*; Mr. Julian Robinson, *Pioneer*; Mr. Malcolm McPherson, *Bombay Gazette*; Mr. Trant, *Times of India*; and Mr. Cullin, *Indian Public Opinion*.

Bombay. Here, drawn up some thousand strong, were the school children of every creed in the land. The rich dresses of the girls, the merry delight of the boys, the clanging dirge of the tom-tom bands, and the abundant waving of palm leaves, and later on the mad enthusiasm of all the young people as rocket after rocket burst in the air, afforded a most interesting spectacle. When the Prince, laughing heartily at the terrible struggles of the members of the tom-tom band to strike off something like "God save the Queen," had reached a daïs provided for him, the Queen of the Parsee scholars, clothed in scarlet satin trousers, and having a toga of muslin spangled with silver, advanced and presented a bouquet of Indian roses. A second scarcely less graceful damsel tripped up to perform the chief incident of the ceremonies, namely, the placing of a chaplet of flowers round the Prince's neck. Peals of laughter ran through the line of girls as their class fellow, showing a row of the brightest teeth the while, got through her little speech—"May every happiness and blessing attend your Royal Highness in India and at home." The Prince replied, "Thank you for your kind wishes. Many thanks for the present." The enthusiasm which followed was as hearty as as it could be in such a community, and the tom-tom bands put on all steam in another attempt to play the English anthem. After this the native children joined in singing a chant in the Guzerathi language, extolling "Our Empress and our Prince."

The cost of raising the square tropical bower, beneath which the *fête* was given, and of the repast provided, amounted to over 1000*l.* This was paid for by the citizens. Much difficulty was experienced in deciding what kinds of food could be placed upon the tables without offending the caste principle of parents. In the end, the no more substantial nor costly fare than fruit and sweetmeats was ventured upon; nevertheless, the English children seemed as well satisfied as the natives at the close.

X.

THE BYCULLA BALL.

A CLUB-HOUSE IN INDIA—PILLARS OF ICE—A SUMPTUOUS SUPPER—THE LADIES AT THE BALL—WHY DON'T THE SAILORS DANCE?—THE HIT AND MISS GALOP—THE PHILOMEL ORDERED TO PERAK—ROMANTIC PARTINGS—MASONS OF ALL CREEDS—VISITS OF THE RAJAHS TO THE IRONCLADS.

THE ball at the Byculla Club, on Wednesday, November 10th, was one of the most delightful spectacles upon which the eyes of a Prince have ever rested. The club is famous in India for the splendour of its balls, and on this occasion the members put every resource into execution, in order to make the entertainment a *κτῆμα εἰς αἰῶνα*, a glory to be remembered for ever.

Long before the Serapis set sail from England they had commissioned agents to visit England, France, Italy, and Ceylon, to secure all that was rare, and charming to the palate or the eye. This work done, the committee devoted its whole care to produce a scene such as all India herself could not rival. I must describe the temporary Paradise.

A club-house in India is a very different style of building from a club-house in London. At the Byculla, for instance, there is a large central chamber, two sides of which are formed of high arches, opening out upon cool verandahs. The open arches on the third side lead you into a hall

resembling a thatched winter garden. From the roof of this spacious hall flowers in many coloured clusters are trailing; in the centre a fountain is for ever shooting up in silver jets, and the water falling into a broad basin below, makes sweet music.

The rooms are deliciously airy and refreshing. The edifice itself is, in one respect, like the House of Æolus, for it is made to catch every stray breath of air. The central chamber is used for dancing. The walls of this room are painted white with glittering beadings of gold. In the ceiling are several sunlights, throwing down floods of splendid brightness on the gold-embroidered uniforms, the light silks, and lustrous satins of some two hundred dancers below.

All round the verandahs, and in the "winter garden," there were at every few paces immense pillars of solid ice, reared amidst perfect hedges of verdant plants and exotics, which helped in no slight degree to keep the atmosphere fresh and cool. The tinting of the walls had been newly laid on for the ball, and in every chamber it was different in colour and in pattern. New Indian carpets of beautiful designs covered the floor of all the rooms except the one used for the dancing—that was polished, even to brightness, with French chalk.

The club buildings, splendid in themselves, lie at the feet of the Colaba Hills. There is a range of gentle undulations, suggesting to you that they were once waves suddenly arrested in their progress, and ordered to swell on no farther. These hills are clothed with groves of sombre pine, cocoa-nut, and other tropical trees. From the recesses of the foliage you hear the confused yet harmonious music formed by the sharp whistle of the Indian grasshoppers—which old Homer has said are so eloquent—the snappish bark of flying foxes, and the low chirping of myriads of squirrels.

Beyond the range of hills rolling to the right of the club, the vast Indian Ocean—a sheet of molten silver—is seen, and

on the night of the ball its waters, undisturbed by a single ripple, seemed to be divided by a broad roadway of burnished and shimmering gold, which the beams of the magnified and radiant Indian moon had thrown across them—fit pathway for Peris about to enter the gates of Paradise. Nature, so far, was perfect in her handiwork ; but art and taste on this particular night were sovereigns paramount.

The whole of the charming dell in which the club has nestled was illuminated by thousands of Chinese lanterns, the colour and form of which lent variety as well as beauty to the picture. Arches of solid light—if I may so speak—ran in lines along each side of the stately avenue by which the general circle of guests gained access to the porticos. One avenue was reserved for the use of Royalty alone, and this was bathed in a sea of flame, emitted by strings of lamps and sparkling chandeliers of crystal suspended amidst shadowy foliage. Within the ribands of fire were drawn up, as a guard of honour, some scores of native soldiers, whose white caps, red tunics, and glittering bayonets, added to the picturesqueness of this most strange and lovely scene.

Between the groves of pines and cocoa-trees were lawns mown so closely that they seemed to be covered with Cashmere carpeting. Once there, regardless of possible dews, or the gleam of a flying snake, tiny feet in satin shoes, and heavier feet in patent boots with spurs, were tripping all the soft night through to the intoxicating music of the Queen's Regiment and the 3rd Hussars. The tiny feet in satin shoes never faltered if the startled cicadæ whistled in chorus, if the flying foxes barked, or the sleepless squirrel chirped as if the doom of squirreldom had come. Satin shoes kept never minding these notes of alarm, they heard only soft whisperings, and vows, and promises, which the broad tropical leaves murmured to in concert.

The wonder of wonders was the pavilion designed for supper. Far beyond the gleam of the other lights, and

beyond those cozy arbours, which were masses of bouquets—goodness! if only those arbours and flowers could speak—there rose up, in stately grandeur, an immense pavilion, the roof of which rested on lofty poles trimmed with ribands of many dazzling shades. Amazingly beautiful that pavilion was within, with its clothing of flags and shields, and its masses of gorgeous flowers and burnished plate. No wonder the guests as they streamed in exclaimed, when they looked down the long tables laden with snowy turkeys, guava, plantain, mangoes, figs fresh from Candahar, and grapes just arrived from the Tyrol, that they had never sat down at so sumptuous a feast before. No wonder that Satin-shoes forgot she was an angel, forgot all she heard in the groves, and quoted something, I believe said once by Moore, that “not even love can exist upon flowers.” Believe it or not, the sight of that supper was to many a supper in itself.

The Prince of Wales remained for over an hour at the table, letting his eyes drift ever and again over the beautiful picture. None felt it strange, for we all believed that His Royal Highness could see nothing throughout the whole of his tour so splendid—nothing so romantic—as the appearance of that supper-room; that long array of cheerful faces and brilliant costumes, and the bewitching gardens, and perfumed gloom beyond them.

I suppose that it was only to be expected that at this and every dance given in India by far the greater number of the guests would be men. English ladies do not, as a rule, covet a life under a sun which, despite of all precautions, peels off the skin half a dozen times in the year. I am obliged to say that at the Byculla Ball all the ladies were not pre-eminently beautiful, but they were all obliging, notwithstanding that they were, this hot Indian night, in terrible demand. Dance-books—and those presented by the club were of Indian work, and singularly tasteful—were written out and destroyed by the dozen. But if I am truthful

enough to say that the flower of English maidenhood cannot be found within a ball-room in the tropics, I must not be understood to mean that the women who do brave this trying climate are not admired and esteemed; they are indeed subjects of universal homage, for their courage and devotion is beyond question.

Every reader will remember the lines, in *Punch*, in reference to Florence Nightingale, when she proceeded on her mission to Scutari. They now apply with almost equal force to English girls who venture out to India :

“ Brave men, so called, are plentiful, and most of men are brave,
So, truly, are the most of dogs, who reck not of a grave ;
Their valour’s not self-sacrifice, but simply want of heed,
But courage in a woman’s heart is bravery indeed.”

If any of the guests laid themselves open to criticism, they were the sailors. The ball was given in honour of the squadrons which had come to Bombay in connexion with the visit of the Prince, yet the officers, as a rule, did not dance. The cause probably was that the sailors were strangers to the ladies, while the military officers and civilians, being residents, were acquainted with them, and secured them as partners long before the auspicious evening. It was not for want of a leader that the naval officers exhibited both reticence and shyness, for one of the first men “to take a spin”—and he kept his sea-legs wonderfully well in his circular cruise over the polished planks—was the gallant Rear-Admiral Macdonald himself.

The Prince wore his scarlet dress as field-marshal, with the ribands of the Star of India and St. Michael and St. George across his shoulders. In the first quadrille His Royal Highness danced with Mrs. Gibbs, wife of the Honourable James Gibbs, senior member of the Bombay Council. The partner honoured with the Prince’s hand in the second quadrille was Lady Staveley, wife of the commander of the

forces in the Presidency, a lady who had arrived in India but ten days before, to be by her husband's side in welcoming the Prince. Captain Thrupp, now of the Topaze, who made himself famous by his cool management and maintenance of discipline when the crew of the wrecked *Magæra* were cast ashore upon a barren Pacific island, danced in the same set. After supper there was a mad galop—"The Hit and Miss"—and the Prince, who had for his partner Miss Salmon, unmistakably one of the belles of the evening, joined in it with unusual zest. The Prince looked far better than he did on the day of his arrival, when the wearisome ceremony of introductions and the heating turmoil of an endless procession would have tired the strongest. His excellent condition of health and strength was not a matter of doubt when it was seen with what buoyant energy and laughing spirits he danced through the night. Three o'clock in the morning chimed before his departure.

During the height of the festivity an incident occurred which recalled to mind the story of the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. The ball, I have said, was given to the fleets in harbour; and about midnight a telegram reached the club directing that the *Philomel*, one of the ships of the East India squadron, should proceed to Perak without delay, and demand redress for the murder of Mr. Birch. No slight excitement pervaded the circle, who were informed of the matter. The gallant men of the *Philomel*, though rejoiced and elated at this new call upon their fortitude and duty, felt a twinge of pain at the thought of leaving, perhaps for ever, the fair friends they had made that night in India. Like the rest they lingered on till dawn, making what capital they might of the fleeting hours, and as full of playful gossip and cheerful sentiments as if no troublesome or dangerous mission lay before them.

• The Prince had promised to attend the dinner to be given

to the sailors of the fleet and the European soldiers, as well as to lay the foundation stone of the new Elphinstone Dock ; both of which events were fixed for Thursday. Many large dinners to sailors have been given before this, all of them being redolent of humour and fun, but none ever went off so merrily. The circumstance that the men had set before them a real old English dinner of roast beef, Bass's ale, double strength, to stand the Indian climate ; plum-pudding, churchwarden pipes, and twist tobacco, no doubt contributed materially to a flow of good spirits ; but the key-note of the general happiness was supplied in manly fashion by the Prince himself. He had passed half-way down the burly line of tars, responding laughingly to the gruff hurrahs, so loud that the like had never probably been raised in India before, when he was heard to exclaim, "Give me something to stand upon." Quick as thought the answer came back from a score of jolly hearts, "Ay, ay, sir." Then there was a space cleared, and the Prince mounted the rough deal form which had been hastily thrust before him. "Now," said His Royal Highness, "I must have something to drink." A tumbler of lemonade was handed to him. "My lads," the Prince then said, with a face full of smiles. The cheery words seemed to go all round Jack's heart in a whirl. No passive spectator could fail to see from the spontaneous, hearty cheer which followed the utterance that the tender friendly thrust had fetched home. "My lads, I drink a good health and a happy voyage home to you all. It is a real pleasure to me to meet you again here in India." The gracious speech over, the Prince stepped down, and from the instant he concluded till he left the sward whereon the entertainment was held, outburst after outburst of cheering rent the air.

On the voyage out, the Prince made for himself a name and fame in the Navy which will never be forgotten. On board the *Serapis* His Royal Highness was never above putting a

question to the lowliest tar, and as he does not soon forget a face, no junior officer or sailor in the streets of Bombay felt as if his timbers were shivered if the Prince honoured him with a gentle nod or a kindly smile. As soon as the Prince left, the sailors abandoned themselves to pipes, and yarns, and songs. They had been told that they might take away anything on the table after the knives and forks and glasses were removed, and accordingly they placed the wreaths of flowers round their necks in imitation of the way in which the native chiefs decorate their guests, and the greatest laughter was caused by the grotesque airs they assumed. With the wreaths still on their necks, and their white hats encircled with little flags, the sailors bundled back to their ships before the night dew began to fall, as the twinkling stars were blazing into radiancy.

The laying of the foundation stone of the new Elphinstone (the Prince's) Dock was chiefly interesting because it gave one an opportunity of seeing how generally Parsees and Mahomedans have joined the brotherhood. The dock is being built by Messrs. Glover, the constructors of several railroads in India. It is the second large basin made in late years at the port of Bombay. In reply to the Mason's address, the Prince of Wales said :

“ I have learnt with great pleasure the flourishing condition of the Craft in this part of India, and the efficiency with which lodges annually increasing in number fulfil the objects of their institution by uniting together men of various races and creeds in the bonds of fraternal brotherhood, by giving them common objects of exertion for extending the knowledge of our ancient Craft, and for promoting the good of all mankind. It is a great pleasure to me to join the brethren in Bombay in a work which will tend to the protection of life and property, to the extension of trade, and to add to the prosperity and happiness of large bodies of our fellow-men.”

No *fête* prepared by His Excellency Sir Philip Wodehouse in honour of his guest surpassed in novelty and splendour the

picnic given at the Caves of Elephanta. The island of Elephanta lies some five or six miles out in the harbour due west from Bombay, and at certain seasons of the year when malaria is not prevalent it is a favourite meeting place for pleasure seekers. The island is covered with the most luxurious tropical foliage, and there are numerous romantic dells, rocky bays, and perfumed valleys to be seen, in addition to the far-famed caves of the Hindoo gods.

The steamer which conveyed His Royal Highness to the island was a yacht belonging to the Indian navy, and called *May Frere*, after the daughter of the former Governor of this Presidency.

There were two other gaily trimmed steamers chartered to take the guests, one hundred and sixty in number, to the island. When the *May Frere* reached the broad strait lying between Elephanta and the mainland, the Prince was towed to the shore in the royal barge. At the base of the thousand and one steps up which one has to climb to reach the caves there was a state palanquin and native bearers in waiting to carry the Prince up. Seeing, however, that many gentlemen and ladies were climbing, he boldly announced that he meant to do the same. The evening was sultry, and the heat was augmented by the illuminations which ran along each side of the approach to the caves, from the water's edge to the summit. The feelings of the Prince when, after his exhaustive journey upwards, he looked upon the deep caves—their exquisitely moulded but motionless shapes ablaze with prismatic light, can only be compared to those of Prosperine when for the first time she gazed upon Elysium. One would have thought the talisman of the venerable seer, Tiresias, was exerting its highest powers when the eyes fell upon the carved pillars, many banqueting tables filled with viands and plate, and fountains of dripping rose-water. Looking down upon the gay scene as it were, was the triple countenance of that chief of the Hindoo deities Shiva, each of whose faces—

“ Gazing in still vacancy, its cheek
Grey as its hairs, which thin as they might seek
No breath disturbed. A solemn countenance
Not sorrowful, though full of woe sublime,
As if despair were now a distant dream
Too dim for memory.”

What a taste of heaven it would have been to the poor native sculptors who spent their lives in carving out these figures of their god, and his courtiers, had they been allowed to look upon the dazzling spectacle of Friday, when the “Heir of Empires” spent hours in admiration of their magnificent achievements. The moon had risen in its fullest glory as the Prince and his guests, many of whom were ladies in the most becoming costumes, took their leave of the lonely but beautiful island. From the shore, shadowed with rocks and cypresses, showers of rockets were discharged, and from many a dark crag, reminding one forcibly of royal progresses through the land of cakes and haggis, there rose in the still air the flame and the roar of mighty bonfires. Every vessel in this, the largest harbour of the world, was illuminated in the Prince’s honour as the tiny steam yacht ploughed a way through the flashing waters. The ships of the fleet each burned different lights and sent up, amid burst after burst of cheering, clusters of brilliant rockets. When the royal yacht was, by request of the Prince, stopped in the roadway formed by the ships of the two squadrons, from many a band, and from many a jovial ship’s company were wafted the strains of the song “God bless the Prince of Wales.” The Prince’s own ship, the *Serapis*, was not only enchased with strings of fire, but had graven in light on her chimney, huge in character, the letters “A. E.,” while from the chimneys of the yacht *Osborne*, there were emitted volumes of flame which changed in hue every moment. Salvoes of cannon were fired from the fleet before the Prince landed.

Several of the native Princes, including Sir Salar Jung,

visited the Raleigh and other ships during the week ; the Maharajah of Mysore being one of those who had never before seen a man-of-war. His Highness was not like the generality of natives who looked upon all the wonderful machinery and appliances shown to them with the most profound apathy.

An officer on board the Raleigh, startled at the indifference of a Rajpoot warrior, hoped to rouse him to express some opinion by observing, "Don't you think, sir, our contrivance for firing a broadside by electricity would dismay the enemy?" The Rajpoot's somnolent reply was "All you show me is very fine, but you have not yet made a steam man."

The temperature at Bombay in the middle of November, averaged from 80 to 100 degs. To the European who had just arrived, this weather was very trying, but their compatriots, who were already acclimatised, took part during the hottest hours in the day in cricket matches and games of Badminton on the esplanade.

XI.

· THE "BRAHMIN HOTBED."

GOING UP THE WESTERN GHAUTS—THE CENTRAL CITY OF MAHRATTA POWER—AN IMPROMPTU DANCE AT GUNESH KHIND—A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE—THE PRINCE'S FIRST ELEPHANT RIDE—LORD MARK KERR.

ONE hundred and twelve miles from Bombay, and two thousand feet above the level of the sea, stands Poona, the great sanitarium of the Presidency. It was a delightful change going there from the plains—the bracing air gave the most dejected heart again. The journey up the Ghauts revealed one of the greatest wonders of the English rule in India, the Indian Peninsular Railway. For nearly eighty miles you go on ascending, passing through the wildest scenery. Our progress was slow, but we arrived without accident at the moment that we were expected. Considerably more than half way up you catch a glimpse of the Duke's Nose, an immense comb of brown rock, the shape of which is said to resemble the well-known feature characteristic of the conqueror of Waterloo. Between each particular block of mountains we looked down upon fertile valleys, amid which, like mirrors in the earth, were lakes set in a framework of flowers. The Prince alighted from the train at five o'clock on Saturday evening, November the 13th, and was received by Sir Charles Staveley, many other of the military officers attached to

the garrison; and several ladies. The little station was almost completely covered up with flowers and foliage—it looked as like an harbour as possible. On the walls facing the side platform where the Prince emerged from the train were suspended the somewhat pedantic mottoes—“Strength is increased by Union,” and “The Highest Motive is the Public Good.” The streets were ornamented with wreaths of green leaves and lanterns suspended from poles, and here and there an arch spanned the roadway. These had been erected by the Royal Engineers, and had a very graceful appearance. Indian kiosks were placed upon the summit of each arch, and fancifully attired natives sat inside. When the Prince’s carriage reached the Sassoon Hospital, an address was presented by the corporation. In this the Prince was reminded that Poona was the capital of the Deccan, and the central city of the great Mahratta nation founded by Sivajee.

My readers will remember that Sivajee, while still a youth, was so victorious with his army that even the Great Mogul failed to circumscribe his conquests. From his race have sprung the great fighting families of Holkar and Scindia. The Prince of Wales, in answer to the address, said he felt great pleasure in visiting a city so full of historical associations, and now the centre of so much intellectual Mahratta life. He felt gratified to be told that one result of British rule in the Deccan* was to enable the students at schools and colleges to benefit by the achievements of Western progress, whilst they at the same time reached all that was recorded in the most ancient language of the Hindoo races.

The Prince was subsequently driven to Gunesh Khind, the residency in the Poona hills of Sir Philip Wodehouse. The mansion owes its existence to Sir Bartle Frere. A reception was held in the evening; and I believe it was at the Prince’s

* The land immediately beyond the Western Ghats is styled the Dec-can. Bombay, and the land below them, the Con-can. c

suggestion that an impromptu dance was started. His Royal Highness wore an evening coat of dark blue with gold buttons, a garment tabooed in London, but still fashionable in the best society in India. He appeared fagged, and only danced once, his partner on the occasion being Mrs. Justice, wife of a major on the staff of Sir Charles Staveley.

It was remarked that among the officers who danced during the evening, there were four who were holders of the Victoria Cross — Major-General Samuel Browne, Major Sartorius, Major Bradford, and Major Fosbery, who himself shot down five of the enemy in the Looshai expedition, and is well known as the inventor of a marvellous gun.

A lady guest who received much attention from Sir Bartle Frere and other old friends was Miss Mary Carpenter.

All the officers in the station amalgamated their subscription with the natives, and the Government gave two hundred pounds towards the decorations. The consequence was, that the reception accorded by Poona to the Prince was a very handsome one.

In the small hours of Sunday morning I had to make my way to the post-office to catch the mail. The solitary bungalow was two miles away from the camp and from civilisation, and I got a great start in going thither. Of course, being a stranger in India, it was natural that my going out across country on a midnight excursion would be associated with thoughts of snakes and jackals. It might be that even a jaunty tiger going home to bed would cross my path. When I began my walk, however, the night was very still, and the air, sparkling with fire-flies, was delightful. One might have said with Tennyson :

“ Good Lord how sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hushed night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace and love and gentleness.”

Suddenly, in the brake before me, an object blacker than night itself began to move. It was an animal, beyond all

doubt, for now I heard its heavy breathing, and could smell its horrid flesh—a cow, I thought, as I attempted to calm myself; but the object went on rising to such a height that even the Brahmin resident of Poona would have questioned its relationship with that sacred animal. To my mind, it took the shape of a new monster at every fresh ascension.

An elephant, by Jove!—a tusker, perhaps?

I turned on my heel to fly, but by some process, about which I have not the least remembrance, we got close to each other, and I called myself an ass when I found it was a camel. The poor thing had been tethered to the stump of a tree for the night, and had risen on hearing footsteps. Perhaps it meant to show its master where it lay. When I got to the dimly-lighted post-office the postmaster laughed heartily at the narrative of my adventure. I also laughed, but my merriment was checked by his observing, “Take care you don’t meet larger game returning.”

The Prince of Wales took his first ride upon an elephant up the flights of stone steps which lead to the Temple of Parbati on the Monday morning.* His Royal Highness was dressed and out before seven, and rode so fast from the Residency that he outstripped his staff; and the horses of two members of it (Major Sartorius, V.C., and Lord Charles Beresford), fell upon the rough road in the wild attempt to overtake him.† The Prince evidently feared nothing from the natives, exposing himself wherever he was permitted to do so, in a way which made some of his guardians tremble. The Temple of Parbati is a structure situated on the top of the hill from which the last Peishwa, or descendant of Sivajee, watched the battle of Khirkee, in 1817. In this encounter 25,000 of the Peishwa’s troops were vanquished by 3500 English

* The Duke of Sutherland, Lord Alfred Paget, and Colonel Fife started to visit the reservoirs at Saugur, the last place of the defence of the country by the Maharattas. The party made the ascent of the mountain in palanquins.

† The horses were Australian “Buck jumbers,” a large supply of which are drafted into India.

soldiers. It reminds one of the Castle of Heidelberg. The Prince, as I have said, made the ascent of the temple on the back of an elephant. The animal was covered with a cloth of crimson. His Royal Highness on the way down handed a bag of money to the priest or keeper of a smaller temple at the foot of the hill. "I don't know," said he, laughing, "how much you'll find in it." The man was overjoyed at receiving the present.

The review upon the racecourse in the afternoon was most interesting, as we saw for the first time large masses of the native army together. Their dress was in every particular the same as that in which our regiments appear at home—black trousers with red stripes, and red coats with white strapping. The caps alone were different; they were of white linen with flaps behind, of the pattern my readers will remember having seen in pictures of the Mutiny. When the soldiers moved in squares they appeared to the spectators at the stand-house like so many hundred cakes sliding over the red plain. There were two European regiments on the ground, the Seventh Fusiliers and a battalion of the Fifteenth. The latter regiment was cheered loudly as it stepped past the flagstaff. There was a wide distinction between the marching of the Europeans and the natives. It was not that the natives kept the line badly, but their thin and nimble legs appeared to hop along waveringly, somewhat like a flock of sheep, whereas the limbs of the English soldiers went together with a steady, heavy tread, and in regular order. A gloom fell over the assembly when Lord Charles Beresford was unhorsed. He was paralysed by the fall, and lay for many minutes on the sward as motionless as if dead. He soon came to consciousness, however, and having been lifted into a carriage drank some champagne and asked for a cigar. Sir Bartle Frere walked over, at the desire of the Prince, to make inquiries. "Tell him," said the young sailor, raising his head from the cushion, "I'm as right as a trivet."

I had the pleasure of meeting Lord Mark Kerr at Poona. It is said in India that if we had a great war to-morrow, Lord Napier, of Magdala, would be the commander-in-chief of our armies, and one of his first generals would be Lord Kerr. His lordship has always been in a manner eccentric. He tells you, for instance, that he does not care a fig for the Indian sun, and you see him practising what he preaches by going about bareheaded beneath the most blinding glare. A short time ago his lordship rolled over in a stunned condition, and the surgeons called in to attend him said he had got a sun-stroke. When Lord Mark Kerr was well again he would not even then abandon his old convictions—pooh-poohed at the doctor's idea, and exclaimed: "It was all my liver, for as I got ill I felt a clicking sensation in my left side as well as in my head."

The general is a great authority about cholera, and his practice of isolating the men when cases occur, even if it is only to draft them as far away as the next field, has been most successful. His lordship has a pet theory about soldiers' dinners. He thinks it a fatal practice to feed men as is usual with meat and potatoes, and such like heavy food, at the hottest part of the day, one o'clock. As to drinking, he traced all maladies to that. He does not particularise any strong drink, but includes tea in his condemnation. All liquids swished the liver terribly, and destroyed its digestive functions.

Lord Mark has exhibited so true a sympathy with the grievances and trials of the commonest soldiers, that he is always spoken of as one of the favourite commanders in the army.

XII.

RETURN TO BOMBAY—BARODA.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS—BALL AT PARELL HILL—
ALARMING NEWS FROM EUROPE—IS IT SAFE TO GO TO
BARODA?—THE FATE OF THE HABITUAL CRIMINALS—
THE PRINCE'S FIRST KNIGHT.

RETURNING to Bombay on Tuesday, November the 16th, the Prince of Wales presented colours to the 21st Native Regiment, a corps generally known as the Bombay Marine Battalion, it having been originally raised in 1777, with a view of providing troops for the Indian navy. The ceremony differed from that which is customary when new ensigns are handed to a European regiment in one respect, namely, there were no prayers uttered.

Addressing Colonel Carnegie, the Prince said :

“ It has afforded me the greatest pleasure to present to you your new colours. The regiment is one of the oldest and most distinguished in the service, and during the nearly hundred years that have passed since it came into existence it has been noted for its fidelity to the State. I have read with much interest the historical records of the services of the battalion, and I feel assured, while entrusting these colours to your keeping, that they will be protected with the same fidelity and devotion that has marked its past history. I am greatly pleased with the soldierlike bearing of the corps, and its

steadiness under arms reflects the greatest credit on you and all concerned."

In the march past at a gallop, several horses of the 3rd Hussars, known in India as the "White Squadron," after the colour of their steeds, shied, and one unfortunate private being thrown was dragged by the reins over the whole of the esplanade. Happily he was only a little cut about the temple, though he was sufficiently injured to necessitate his being sent to hospital. At night the Governor gave a ball at Parell House, which was attended by the Prince. Six hundred ladies and gentlemen were present, and dancing was maintained until 4 A.M. The Duke of Sutherland danced often, proving how much sterling juvenility is still left in him. There is a story told of him that in the hottest part of the Red Sea he stripped to his waist and took a turn of duty in the stoke-hole of the Serapis.

While we were at Poona intelligence arrived from England announcing that affairs in Turkey were not satisfactory. The public mind of India became strangely agitated, and all sorts of absurd rumours sprang into existence. The fleet, it was said, was ordered to take ammunition on board, and not to go to Ceylon, but await orders at Bombay. Were the Russians likely to march down to our frontier, and threaten to attack what Lord Sandhurst called "the steel head of the lance which defends India?" Were the Germans likely to occupy Belgium? Such were the expressions heard on every side, and it was an interesting study to watch the effect of the alarm on the native mind.

The supposed unpleasant condition of affairs, and two other causes—the impossibility of going to the Neilgherries while fifty persons a week were dying from cholera, and the inability of the Cinghalese to receive His Royal Highness at once—made it necessary for the Prince and his staff to put their heads together and consider whereabouts in the Bombay Presidency they should pitch their camp for the next week.

Somebody suggested cheeta hunting, and as it appeared the Guikwar of Baroda kept a menagerie in which there was an abundance of young leopards, and as in the hills round Baroda black buck or antelopes are plentiful, this project of amusement was at once favoured. The Prince himself took the initiative in this visit, His Royal Highness knowing full well to what enormous expense that good old English host Sir Philip Wodehouse had been put, by the stay of the royal suite at Parell House, determined that, though obliged to remain in the Presidency, he would not consent longer to be a burden on the Governor.*

There was a little head-shaking as to the policy of this visit to Baroda. The feeling against Government for the deposition of the Sovereign had not, it was feared, altogether subsided. So concerned was the Governor of Bombay about the matter when he heard the desire of the Prince was to go north, that he telegraphed to the Viceroy, and after alluding to the fact that since the late trial the jurisdiction over Baroda rested with the Supreme Government, called upon Lord Northbrook to take upon himself the responsibility of the Prince's removal. Sir Philip did not, I believe, raise objection to the project, but he undoubtedly was most anxious to be careful.

The decision in favour of Baroda made it necessary that all the notoriously bad characters of that city should be locked up before the advent of the Prince. This plan of keeping fanatics and thieves out of the way of temptation was afterwards adopted in other native cities. Some of the suite, including the Duke of Sutherland, being desirous of seeing

* As the Prince started for Baroda, the Osborne took Lord Alfred Paget, Major Sartorius, Captain FitzGeorge, and Mr. Le Mesurier to Gingera (fifty miles down the coast from Bombay) upon a shooting excursion. Lord Alfred Paget writes: "It is a beautiful country, the rivers and the hills all round being very picturesque. In the middle of the day it is fearfully hot. I always keep my double umbrella over my head, which saves me. The great drawback to India is the shortness of the twilight. Life is enjoyable about five, when the sun is sinking. Before six the sun has set, and you are in darkness." The sport at Gingera was good.

what the really wicked natives were like, asked leave to visit the prisons where they are confined in Bombay.

The Towers of Silence where the Parsees expose their dead, and the Hindoo burning-grounds, were both inspected by the Prince of Wales. The visits were paid by special permission, for it is seldom that any other European but the officer of health, who goes everywhere, can enter. The Parsees allow the relatives of the dead person to accompany the body only as far as the gate of their Golgotha. There these persons take leave for ever of the departed one. Other members of the community carry the corpse to the top of the towers, across which there is an iron grating. Exposed to the terrible sun and the ravenous onslaught of the vultures, the remains are laid across the sickening rails, and those parts of the bones and flesh which are not snapped away or withered into dust, fall through the grating into a deep charnel-house beneath.

There are horrible stories told in India about hands and scalps being found in the streets—the discarded or dropped relics from the repast of the relentless birds.

The fashionable world of Bombay, in the route of their afternoon drive, habitually pass by the high walls of the burning-grounds. The Hindoos who die in Bombay are very numerous, and the furnaces are always alight. Looking out from your verandah any night, you can see the lurid flames and the clouds of human sparks moving upwards over Back Bay. Nevertheless, they are nearly all poor people who are placed upon the pile here—it being the effort of every man's life to secure such a fortune as will enable him to be burned at Benares—the Holy City. I afterwards saw this city—and the story of the happy resignation of sufferers who had come there, only to die, I found no fable.

Dr. Weir, the health officer, revived the memory of old relations when we were students together at Dublin, by taking me to see everything that was remarkable in Bombay. We went to the Parsee theatre in the Grant-road. I saw a play of Shakespeare's in the Guzerathi language, acted as if it

was an hilarious pantomime, and we explored the foul dens where Lascar opium-eaters were lying together in suffocating heaps. Lastly, he gained me admission to the burning-grounds; and, as the corpse of a sepoy soldier not two hours dead, I heard, was just about to be brought in, we witnessed the ceremony from beginning to end.

The man was shoeless and without a hat, but otherwise the regimental uniform he wore was complete. The relatives made up the pile in accordance with the privilege granted to them, the quantity and quality of the wood being proportioned to the amount of funds they were able to scrape together. Four poles forming a square were first driven into the ground to hold the fire together, and the interior space was filled up with fagots and beam ends, the body being laid between an upper and lower pile. The dry wood having been ignited, soon crackled and roared, and the friends of the dead man sitting in a half-circle round the furnace, sang, or rather mumbled out, a chant, as unmeaning and as full of howlings as the song one hears at an Irish wake, the only difference being that in Ireland the mourners really do contrive occasionally to shed tears. The head of the soldier exploded with a loud noise—a spectacle which did not cause the slightest shock to the natives. The progress of the burning was now rapid, and a dreadful scintillation or convulsion of all the limbs, lasting three or four minutes, went on after they had obtained their mastering hold of the frail body. Once a foot was jerked out from the fire by the sudden snapping of the muscles, and a native went forward callously, and with a long iron pincers lifted the swollen and discoloured mass back again. In little over an hour the body and crate were altogether reduced to ashes, and then, after a repetition of the funeral dirge, the dust was collected in an urn and taken by the friends down to the shore.* There is no triumphal shout as the last

* The ceremonies connected with the burning of a Hindoo are completed as quickly as possible, as no relative of the deceased eats, drinks, or smokes from the time of death until the body is consumed.

incident in the work of purification—the casting of the ashes into the sea—is accomplished. Neither is there ever after any outward show of mourning.

Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy was honoured with a visit from the Prince at his magnificent residence, Mazagon Castle, before His Royal Highness left for Baroda, and during the interview His Royal Highness presented this chief of the Parsees with a gold medal and a book—“Flaxman’s Compositions.” Sir Jamsetjee is a philanthropist, and the son of a philanthropist, and on the whole carries his honours humbly, for he is the first of English baronets in India. But why on earth does he air his gentility so pronouncedly in his gardens? They are in themselves so lovely with all their wealth of Eastern roses and jessamine, that a number of street lamps, every square pane in which bears a coloured representation of the Jamsetjee coat-of-arms, adds only a pompous character to their splendour. Placed as they are, they look like penny whistles stuck in a pie. The Prince afterwards visited Lady Sassoon, at the suburban villa of this family, “Sans-Souci;” and later on still went to see a chief named Agha Khan, who traces his descent from the Old Man of the Mountains. The Prince gave to this Nabob a medal and a copy of “India and its Native Princes.”

The Holy Tank at Walkeshwar, the Governor’s “West End” villa at Malabar Hill, the European Hospital, and the Crawford Market, which is a great emporium like the market in John-street, Liverpool, only that they sell garlic here instead of spinach, and Bombay duck instead of salmon, were all surveyed by the Prince; and lastly he gave a dinner party on board the *Serapis*, at which Mr. Souter, the chief of the Bombay police, was knighted, and received a gift of a diamond pin.

XIII.

IN THE GUIKWAR'S DOMINIONS.

A PLEASANT GREETING — THE GARDEN OF GUJERAT —
MULHAR RAO'S SUCCESSOR — THE PRIME MINISTER —
WHEN ELEPHANT MEETS ELEPHANT — A DODGING RHI-
NOSCEROS — A CHEETA HUNT — A CASUALTY — THE PALACE
OF CHANDELIERS — AN ENLIGHTENED SPEECH — THE
GUIKWAR'S MOTHER.

THE Prince of Wales, accompanied by about a dozen members of his suite, arrived at Baroda by special train, on Friday morning, November 19th. The young Guikwar, with his prime minister, Sir Madhav Rao, and the new English commissioner, Mr. Melvill, were upon the carpeted platform to meet His Royal Highness. When it is remembered that it was only on the previous Wednesday that the Prince decided to come here, every praise was due to Mr. Knox Hill, the Irish engineer of the Guikwar's government, for the effective manner in which he decorated the little town. The vernal avenues leading from the railway to the Residency were festooned with leaves and roses, and there were at intervals no less than half a dozen arches, all of which bore English expressions of welcome.

The meeting of the Prince of Wales and the Guikwar was thoroughly Oriental. His Highness, attended by large bodies of his troops, foot and horse, came down to the station, seated upon a splendid elephant. Following the principal elephant, the skin of which was painted in tints of yellow and blue,

were fifteen other immense beasts. All were caparisoned with cloths of kinckob, of scarlet, or of green, and all bore behind their howdahs of gold, or silver, or steel, agile natives dressed in picturesque attire, whose duty it was to wave before the faces of the occupants large white plumes or chowries, made of yak tails or scented ostrich feathers. The howdah of the Guikwar's own elephant had a roof of gold so polished that it shone white beneath the sun. There was a gold shield upon the head of the elephant, and round the four black feet there were broad enchased rings of the same pure metal.

But if the golden-garbed elephants and the multiform pattern and colour of the native costumes were novel and beautiful, there was one object standing there—where plumes and banners were waving, and drums were beating—awaiting the Prince of Wales, who in interest surpassed them all. This was the child, who, in a flash of time, has been raised from a beggar to be sovereign over 2,600,000 people, and monarch of a territory so fertile that it is called the garden of Gujerat, and Gujerat is the garden of India. There, standing beside his sage prime minister, is the tiny Prince, with hands so diminutive that they can scarcely encircle the handle of his jewelled sword, and with a dress flashing with a plenitude of diamonds. Whether the little fellow felt that the visit of this guest would tend to establish him more than anything else in his government, or whether, during His Highness's stay in Bombay, he had learned to like the Prince of Wales, I cannot say; but his impetuosity to greet the royal visitor while the carriages were being brought to a standstill was most manifest, and was as pleasant a sight to the eyes as it was novel, coming from one of a race who are usually most sombre and dignified at State interviews. His Highness bowed low several times, covering up his handsome face with his hands in front of the royal carriage; and when the Prince of Wales stepped down to the crimson and gold

carpet, the Guikwar put out his right hand, and in a gladsome, child-like way led him to a seat. A conversation, lasting some minutes, passed between the Prince and the Guikwar (Sir Madhav Rao translating). Then the Guikwar, rising, conducted him to the edge of the carpeting outside the walls of the station, and then, having pointed to the magnificent stud of elephants which were to take the suite to the Residency, took his seat beside His Royal Highness in the howdah of the biggest animal there.

An unusually large number of troops were present. In addition to the guard of honour furnished by our own 83rd Regiment, under Captain Wakefield, there were a guard of the Guikwar's Highlanders, very curious looking soldiers, regiments of infantry in buff uniforms, a squadron of the 3rd Hussars (English), a squadron of the Poona Lancers, and two-thirds (four guns) of a battery of English Artillery, under the command of Lieutenant Georges. The officials present included Mr. Melvill, Colonel Thompson, brigadier of the district; and Colonel Nuttall, 22nd Native Infantry. The first salute fired in honour of the Prince's arrival was that of the railway authorities, who had so managed that twenty-one fog signals popped off as the train moved into the station. When the Prince was emerging from the platform the Artillery thundered forth their welcome. There was no cheering whatever: but as the royal procession started for the Residency an almost deafening noise, caused by the clanging of bells, the beating of tom-toms, and the rattling of the chains and trappings of the jaunty elephants rose into the air.

One of the arches was not quite finished as the outriders of the procession hove in sight of the town. There was an active lad on the top adjusting to the rich drapery of palms the coat-of-arms of the young Maharajah. With native foresight he saw that he never could fasten to the arch His Highness's quarterings in good time, so with both arms he held them aloft, hiding his body the while behind the foliage.

Quickly as the achievement was performed, however, his evolution was detected, and the poor boy was overwhelmed with confusion at the laughter he had elicited. The arch over the Residency gate was so hurriedly constructed that no one noticed till too late that the inscription ran thus, "Welcome E. A.," instead of "Welcome A. E."

Baroda is like a town one would expect to meet in China. Pagodas, tiled roofs, painted house fronts, and brass hall-doors. The principal street is divided in the centre by a construction like Temple Bar, only that it is made of lath and plaster, and is painted blue and yellow.

In the afternoon, a series of entertainments, recalling to our minds the chronicles of Mount Olympus, and replete with most of the worst features of that half-civilised time when gods and goddesses still hovered over the Western world, were enacted before the Prince of Wales. The Guikwar keeps a menagerie of animals, all trained and fed for the sole purpose of fighting. He also maintains a body of men who wrestle violently with each other. On this particular afternoon, before an immense concourse of sightseers, including the Prince, the Guikwar, and several English ladies, both men and animals fought long and fiercely. The arena where the combats were carried out is styled the Pance ke Durwaza, or water gate. It is situated at the rear of the old curiosity shop known as the City Palace of the Guikwar. The high walls of the enclosure have seats on the top for the sightseers, whose dresses form a crimson and purple fringe above the mural whiteness. In one corner there is a pagoda for the more important spectators, and it was in one of the broad verandahs of this that the Prince of Wales sat. The high banks facing the palace and beyond the far side of the enclosure were thronged with natives. Still further away was a lake all glittering with the vivid colours of the dresses and bright green trees. Without the other sides of the arena were the dens of the wild beasts, whose impatience under restraint while the combats were going on was manifested by con-

tinual roars. A line of twenty tame elephants, the Guikwar's riding stud, all gaily caparisoned, was drawn up as the Prince's carriage came upon the ground. His Royal Highness having admired them, the animals were sent off to their stables, gambolling like a band of released schoolboys. The first fight was between men. There were eight wrestlers in the ring at the same time. The gladiators were powerful in body. The skin was clear, and the muscle stood out conspicuously, testifying with what earnestness they trained themselves for their work. The victor was the man who first succeeded in putting his opponent fairly on his back. During the whole struggle only one wrestler triumphed, and he was permitted to make a salaam to the Prince, and had his hands kissed and shaken by hosts of friends as he withdrew. After this victory the fighting of the other combatants grew more fierce, until at length three couples were struggling like savages in the choking dust. At this crisis the Prince of Wales must have declared he had seen enough, for a shout was raised, and the men left the ground amid rounds of flopping caused by the beating of breasts. It is in this way the inhabitants of Baroda applaud. A terrific combat between two elephants was now enacted, and during its progress, the monsters, roaring, and plunging in clouds of dust, threatened to dash down the walls and even the palace itself, with the force of their mad charges. At the close of the struggle, a man riding a white pony and wearing a dress like that of Robin Hood, showed by his skilful horsemanship that he could elude all the attempts of a frantic elephant to dismount him.

The most amusing conflict of the day was between two rhinosceri. The beasts, who were made still more hideous than they naturally are, by being blotched over with red paint, were loth to fight at all. The greater coward of the two elicited roars of laughter by sneaking and dodging all round the ring, apparently with a desire to preserve some dignity in the midst of his panic. Rams were subsequently led into the battle-field,

and they presented a pleasant contrast by their courage. They ran at each other from long distances, making loud noises with the concussions of their foreheads. They did not, however, exhibit any bad effects from the collisions; indeed, throughout the conflicts of the afternoon no animal was wounded, save a buffalo which lost its horn and retired after the first charge with its head covered with gore. The programme of the day ended with an exhibition of all the pets of the far-famed menagerie. There were birds of beautiful plumage, tigers as docile as household cats, and cream-white antelopes reined and bridled, which bore along in a hurried course dainty carriages of gold and silver.

When I was at Bombay I was taken to visit an institute a sight of which would have raised a throb of pleasure in the heart of our gracious Lady Bountiful in England—it was the Home for Sick Animals. The place was filled with inmates; for I was told the Hindoos could not bear to see anything suffer pain without making an effort to alleviate it. As if in confirmation of the statement, while I was at the asylum several men, their faces streaming with perspiration from the sweltering sun, bearing in baskets on their heads moaning goats or shrieking puppies, entered. Stories were rife that if a Hindoo were to see a bird captured in the street he would go up to the captor, pay an anna for the ransom of the pretty chirping thing, and let it go free. It was also said that were a horse to be taken into the hospital sick of an incurable disease, our plan of showing mercy and sympathy—namely, shooting him at once—would not be adopted. While there was life there was hope; and every animal, such was the order of the asylum, should be left to breathe its life away slowly but naturally. With the memory of the home* still fresh in my mind, it was difficult when

* At this Bombay lazar-house, the animals I most pitied were the dogs. Healthy dogs who had lost their way, were trotted in here and placed in a large den with other dogs suffering from disease, the result being, that all the animals became in time afflicted by the malady. The poor brutes could not bear this captivity, and shrieked pitifully all day long.

at Baroda to put trust in Hindoo commiseration with dumb animals any longer. The scenes were revolting. There was, however, so much novelty in the spectacle, and the surroundings of the active business were so characteristic of Eastern customs and Eastern splendour, that they kept the visitors from England waiting and watching to the end.

In the evening the officers of the 9th Native Infantry entertained His Royal Highness at dinner; and the toast of his health was proposed during the evening by Colonel Thompson. Before daybreak His Royal Highness was up and dressed and making his way to the station with his attachés through roadways covered (happy sight in India) with a white dew. For the first time the Prince and staff were dressed in hunting attire. The dress of His Royal Highness—a grey solar topee or sun hat, a light grey lounge coat, very wide white trousers, and yellow riding-boots—was as usual so unostentatious that none who had not particularly looked to see exactly what the Prince wore would have observed the costume instead of the man. In the crisp air of the early day, scarcely distinguishable from a hunting morning in England, the face of the Prince was radiant and cheerful. Since his landing his spirits had not been more buoyant than they now were. The day was to be devoted to a cheeta hunt in the Guikwar's well-stocked preserves at Dekha, ten miles north-east of Baroda. Cheetas—some of your readers may not be cognisant of the fact—are leopards, and the Guikwar has a pack trained for hunting the antelope, just as stag-hounds in England are trained. The movements of the cheeta, however, are far swifter than that of a dog, just as his clutch, always at the throat, is far more fatal; and consequently the run of a leopard, from the time he is loosed from the bullock cart till his victim is overthrown, is at most not more than one hundred yards. At Dekha, black buck antelopes are thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, and when the cheeta is loosed upon them they start off at such a terrible

pace through the long grass that the whirr thus caused is like the rush of a mighty wind. Probably the greatest fun of the day is the excitement caused by the strange character of the journey to the hunting-ground. The Prince of Wales had with him that veteran cheeta hunter, Captain Westmacott, the Duke of Sutherland, Colonel Williams, Major-General Probyn, Lord Carington, General Browne, Dr. Fayrer, and Dr. Russell. Experience had taught "The Doctor" that it was not wise to come into the hunting-field unprepared for emergencies, and so he wore a broad belt, from which dangled all sorts of steel appliances, including a knife, a corkscrew, and a compass. It was in fact a regular *chatelaine* of articles. This party went by special train down the line towards Bombay, until a level crossing within two miles of the palace of Mukur Poora was reached. Here they alighted, and horses were in waiting which conveyed the Prince and suite by eight o'clock to a bridge thrown across a ravine at the entrance of the Dekha hunting-fields. At this point a procession of bullock carts was drawn up. The leading cart, with shafts and body of silver, and drawn by two gigantic milk-white bullocks, had been sent by the Guikwar for the special use of the Prince. As the sun was every moment becoming more powerful, a transfer to the bullock carts was hastily made, and the procession, including five carts with cheetas strapped upon inclines, followed by several huge camels bearing ice and provisions, got under weigh for the jolt across a jungly plain to the thick of the preserves. It was a funny picture—the heir-apparent of England and India and a band of aristocratic followers taking their places in the rough waggons, and jogging up and down over jungle land and ditches, or swishing carelessly through the tall dank Indian grass.

The company formed themselves into two parties for the hunting; the Prince taking three cheetas with him, and General Browne, as good a rider, by-the-bye, notwithstanding the loss of an arm, of an Arab horse as there is in

India, two. The animals were hungry over their ventures, but a ladleful of blood of the killed antelopes usually given them before an attempt was made to draw them off, all but vanquished their ardour. I can fancy what fears English mothers would have had on this day, were they to have known that their sons were hunting not with dogs but with ravenous leopards, but, in truth, the cheetas attended only to business, and having throttled an antelope or two, lay down and went asleep in the sun. A casualty did occur in the upsetting of a bullock cart, and Horsley* of the *Graphic* had the skin peeled completely from his nose.

General Browne's party returned to the rendezvous before the Prince, and fears were generally expressed that His Royal Highness was remaining too long exposed to the fiery sun. When he did appear, however, he was in excellent spirits, and gave a graphic account beneath the shadows of the trees of the effort, alas! in vain, which he and his companions, Lord Carington and Mr. Grey, had made to bring down the antelope with the rifle.

Tiffin had been prepared at the palace of Mukur Poora (Place of Alligators), and thither in a partially closed carriage the Prince was driven. The floors within this palace are of marble. From the ceilings of all the chambers droop in rich profusion glass chandeliers, the crystal brightness of which imparts a cool effect to apartments surrounded by wainscotings and supported by columns of the blackest ebony. While the guests were within the palace, eight deer, the spoil of the day, were laid on the sandy space in front, and Sydney Hall made an interesting sketch of them. In the evening the 22nd Native Infantry had the Prince as their guest at dinner. Their mess-room is situated amid thick groves of Orient shrubs and scented thorns. The evening was exceedingly hot, and punkahs had to be kept going. The coolies who pulled the strings of these appliances, have a habit of

* Son of the Royal Academician.

falling asleep, but even in a dormant state they are good pullers. In some European bungalows my English friends make the cooly stand upon a stool, and the fellow is then careful not to slumber, knowing that he will get an ugly tumble if he does. The Prince of Wales acted wisely in taking but a portion of his suite to Baroda, for there is no hotel in the Guikwar's capital, there is not even a cake shop, and the Residency is so diminutive that the resources would have been swamped by the advent of anything beyond a small party. Under the circumstances the correspondents made a shift to provide comforts for themselves, and took up with them preserved meats, wine, medicines, and beds. On Sunday, November 21st, the Prince of Wales had a rest—Heaven knows he deserved it—but in the evening he was obliged to attend a banquet at Moti Bagh (the Bijou Palace). The building is the old curiosity shop already mentioned. It is filled with odd-looking clocks, speaking birds, and wonderful armour and china. Without, in the court-yard, are the gold and silver cannon, the possession of which causes the natives to boast that their prince is different from, and by reason of these guns, superior to any other sovereign under the sun. The Guikwar was the host, but the rules of his caste forbid his eating with a Christian, and accordingly, although he sat near the Prince of Wales while speeches were being made, he did not come to the table.

The Prime Minister of Baroda, a gentleman who very much regrets that his high Brahmin caste prohibits him from ever visiting Great Britain, addressed the company in reply to the toast of the Maharajah :

“His Highness the Maharajah and Her Highness the Maharanee (he said) have requested me to offer you, in your own language, their most grateful thanks for the cordial manner in which their health has been proposed and responded to. They justly regard this as the happiest moment of their lives. We had long been gazing upon no more than

photographs of English Royalty. It is now our felicity to be confronted with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales himself—the heir to a sceptre whose beneficent power is felt in every quarter of the globe, which, like a magic wand, dispels darkness, diffuses light, paralyses the tyrant's hand, shivers the manacles of the slave, extends the bounds of freedom, and increases the happiness and elevates the dignity of the human race. We are grateful that His Royal Highness has come from his distant northern home, traversing seas and oceans, the gracious messenger of a gracious Queen. He has come to inspect for himself the empire founded by England, and sustained by its noble statesmanship. He has come to witness the spectacle of indigenous principalities, relying more securely on British justice than mighty nations on their embattled hosts. His Royal Highness will be everywhere greeted with enthusiastic loyalty and fervent devotion equally on account of his illustrious mother, on account of his own exalted position, on account of the benevolent motives that have prompted his visit, and on account of his own personal right royal affability and graciousness. This visit to Baroda can never fade in our memory. The occasion will be justly commemorated by history, and will ever be associated with our renewed vitality and renovated strength. I have only to add the fervent prayers of the Maharajah and of the Maharanee, in which all are sure to join, that our royal guest may complete his progress to his utmost satisfaction, that he may have every reason to regard with special favour the weighty interests of the princes and people of India, that he may be enabled to carry back to his Empress mother and to the British nation in general the most gratifying messages of loyalty and attachment on the part of divers nations, professing different creeds, speaking different tongues, differing even in colour and costume, but united in gratitude for the benefit of British rule and British influence.”

The Maharanee, to whom reference was made, is the widow

of Gunput Rao, brother of the lately deposed Guikwar, and at one time himself sovereign of Guzerat. The British Government reinstated this lady on her undertaking to adopt the little Guikwar, and in every respect possible act towards him as a mother. I dare say my readers think she is an old and an ugly woman. She is not only young, but beautiful. In accordance with the Hindoo custom she was barely twelve when she married, and at this moment the Maharanee is only seven-and-twenty. A few days before this banquet Her Highness, whose intellect is as sharp as that of any woman of her age in the East, broke through one of the absurd laws regulating the seclusion of her sex, and privately went to a photographer in Bombay and had her likeness taken. Two of the photographs were presented to the Prince, and His Royal Highness sent them away to the Princess of Wales, telling the Maharanee that he was sure Her Royal Highness would be glad to receive them. She was pleased beyond measure at learning that her picture would be placed in a royal album in England.

Sir Madhav Rao, K.C.S.I., was formerly Dewan of Travancore, in the Madras Presidency, a country which he so altered and improved that every Madrassee one meets speaks his name with pride and respect. With paramount earnestness he is striving not only to develop the power to govern ably and honestly in the Guikwar himself, but also to renovate and Anglicise the kingdom of Surat. Sir Madhav gave a private audience to Mr. Meason and myself, at which he presented us both with portraits of the Guikwar. He told us with no ordinary glee that he had just appointed an English tutor, Mr. Elliott, for some years the superintendent of public education in the Berar districts, as companion to the little Guikwar. A new State college, in which there would be English professors, was being built. A jail on the radiating system, and a marble palace had also been commenced in the present reign.

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It speaks well for the tolerant spirit of this Hindoo prime minister that he has acting with him a Mahomedan chancellor of the exchequer, Kazi Shahabudin, a gentleman who at one time resided at Richmond, in Surrey.

Towards midnight the Prince left Baroda *en route* to Momedabad, where he intended to have some shooting on the following day (Monday). The roadways to the terminus appeared flanked with walls of fire, so elaborate was the illumination. The native buttees, or saucer lamps, were fixed by thousands in the trees, so that even the slenderest branches seemed on fire. There was a bridge, on the buttresses of which rough and gastly effigies of angels were made to dance and wave their wings amid a suffocating atmosphere of cloud and fire. The din from the drummers and the cymbal players stationed behind the lines of fire was awful and brain-racking.

The Prince's train arrived at Neriad at 1.15 A.M.; the occupants of the carriages were all sound asleep, and the thoughtful station-master prolonged their repose by commanding a tomb-like silence to be observed in the station. By daybreak, however (5 o'clock), the Prince, guided by Mr. Sheppard, collector of Kaira, started off for the Watruck river. Here he had tea in a tent, and afterwards the party mounted on horses and camels and plunged into the jungle. When they returned to Baroda the baskets were filled with thirty-six brace of quail and partridges, several brace of hares, and one immense cyrus or crane, which it was said would be shipped for England.

The Duke of Sutherland did not accompany the sportsmen. Having borrowed an engine from the railway company, he drove himself to the ancient city of Ahmedabad.

Finding that circumstances would preclude his making a journey to Surat (the first town in India which belonged to the English), the Prince expressed a wish to receive a deputation from that city. Several of the native merchants accordingly

came to Baroda and read an address to His Royal Highness. It was in this way that they expressed their sentiments :

“ Whilst we lay no claim to prominence in geographical position, in wealth, or in magnificence, we look back with pride to historical traditions, which begin with the landing at Surat of the first British Ambassador to Hindostan more than two and a half centuries ago, and we can challenge any city in India to show a longer or more intimate connexion with the British Government.”

The address concluded with a declaration that under the “benign rule” of the Queen, Surat was enjoying peace and prosperity, and the benefits of improved institutions.

During our stay here, a party started for Dupkah to scour the country for wild pigs. His Royal Highness passed the night in the jungle, his bed being laid in an open carriage. The pig-sticking was a signal failure ; for although the riders dashed up hill and down dale, not a grunter betrayed himself.

XIV.

CRUISING IN SINDBAD'S SEA.

THE PLEASURE OF THE SEA—"THE POOR UNDAUNTED"—
A WONDERFUL DOG—SPIRITUAL WELFARE OF THE TARS
—THE GROG LOCKER—THE PORTUGUESE CATHOLICS—
UNDER THE NEILGHERRIES—NEWS FROM ENGLAND—THE
THEATRE IN A STORM—THE MISERY OF THE SEA.

IN the midst of a State ceremony similar to that which graced the arrival of the Prince in India, His Royal Highness, on Thursday, Nov. 25th, took leave of the Bombay Presidency.

One of his last acts on shore was to pay a visit to Sir Munguldhias Nuthoobhoy, who was at the time presiding over the wedding festivities of his son. In India the ceremony lasts for several days, during which time receptions, nautch dances, the presentation of bouquets, and the lavish distribution of *utter* and *pan*,* follow each other by night and by day in rapid succession.

At five o'clock the *Serapis*, escorted by the *Undaunted* (flagship of Admiral Macdonald, Commander-in-Chief of the Navy in the East), and the *Raleigh*, and followed by the yacht *Osborne*, steamed away from the harbour of Bombay for the crisp blue ocean. Within an hour we experienced a change of climate. The sea air, bracing and invigorat-

* Sweetmeats and betel nut.

ing, gave every one an appetite for dinner. The freedom from the worries of State receptions, and the possibility of a rest upon the exhilarating waters of the Indian seas, must have yielded comfort not only to the Prince himself, but to the many anxious friends who watched over him.

Some little consternation occurred on board the four ships at about nine o'clock at night, in consequence of the discovery that we had got in among a swarm of frail fishing-boats. Some of the vessels, including the Raleigh, were stopped for a few moments, and in the end by careful steering, the ironclads and yacht got clear without a collision. A little later, as the splendid phosphorescence of the Indian Ocean began to outrival in its luxuriance the sparkling heavens, we parted company from the Undaunted. The Raleigh, on board of which we correspondents were guests, can, notwithstanding an armament of thirty-four guns, steam as fast as fifteen knots an hour. The Serapis was going at a rate of ten and a half knots, and, as the Prince's ship, she dictated the progress of the convoy. The Undaunted, although the flagship, could never fly before an enemy; she soon found the speed too much for her old sides, and so, reluctantly, we had to leave her to toddle on alone.

On board our frigate there was a huge black dog, the property of the commander, Captain George Tryon, C.B. This animal was more excited over the departure of the Prince of Wales than any citizen of Bombay. As the guns on shore went off, the alert dog stood, with ears cocked and eyes brightening with intelligence, upon the poop, watching till the Prince's barge reached the Serapis. At this moment it bounded round, and gazing at the captain, threw its head on one side, and looked for all the world as if making the inquiry, "And pray, sir, when do you salute?" In a moment the Raleigh's artillery, all new twelve-ton guns, thundered forth, making each of the six special correspondents on board deaf with their terrific boomings. The dog was delighted.

It walked round and round the poop, in and out, among officers and men, with slow step and majestic curlings of the tail, as if to convey that this reminded him of the day when there was no such thing as truckling under, and when war was war. The animal was gifted with faculties like a human being. He constantly went ashore with shipmates and got lost, but sure as fate he was aboard again by night time, safe and sound. He slipped away from shore, like a stowaway, in *any* boat. Sometimes the craft he chose was going straight to his ship—sometimes only near it—but he knew when swimming was necessary, and boarded the man-of-war without parley or commotion.

Before we had been twenty-four hours upon the Raleigh that vessel had secured for herself a lasting claim upon our affection. The regularity of the proceedings one morning, when all the manœuvres to be executed in a battle—getting out the guns, ramming, boarding, &c.—were carried out, was so splendidly impressive, that it drove the writers of the *Temps* and *Independance Belge*, who were on board, into raptures, and they at once sat down to write off a full description of the operations for their respective journals. The Raleigh has been, in a sense, a greater martyr to circumstances than other ships. She has not only been as long away from England as any of the vessels of the Detached Squadron, but she has had to make a special journey across heavy seas to take Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff to Natal. While at Bombay she lost her chaplain, Mr. Mac Ilwaine, who died from acute inflammation of the lungs, and the gloom which fell over the ship at the decease of an affectionately esteemed young clergyman did not soon pass away. The officers and men are as cheery a company as there is afloat. The *esprit de corps* among these hardy companions keeps from each heart despondent feelings, and hope in the happy future runs high.

Captain Tryon, the skipper, an officer who was once officially connected with the Admiralty, has spared himself

no trouble in treating the correspondents hospitably. On our first night at sea he had us as his guests in his own snug cabin. He had a particular quarter of the vessel rigged up with canvas screens and Union Jacks, in which we could write our letters, and such comfortable means of subsistence and living were, by his order, put into force for the benefit of our native servants, that we looked forward to their conduct in future less luxurious journeyings with no little apprehension. One other unexpected labour fell to the share of this gallant sailor. In consequence of the want of a chaplain, the care of a ship's company, in a spiritual sense, devolved upon him. Every morning, as impressively as any clergyman, *he offered up* in the midst of his men the prayer that God might bless the fleet in which they served, and bring them back in safety to our island to enjoy the blessings of the land. The church is arranged, curiously enough, in the fighting portion of the vessel, down among the guns.

There are particular features of interest attaching to those who form the crew of this ship of war, from a Japanese midshipman—a prince in his own country—who is permitted for a time to study the art of navigation in our navy, down to the chubby, clumpy little sailor who looks after the lifebuoys, and who, on exposing his chest, reveals the full length figure of his cousin Sal, with hat and feather and broad crinoline, tattooed in Indian ink upon its brawny surface.

The physical strength of the sailors we had a full opportunity of inspecting every day. At the mystic hour known as seven bells, the bronzed tars were piped down the main deck. Almost involuntarily they formed a circle round a big yellow cask—a cask enriched with brass hoops, and bearing on its front, in raised golden letters, the word "grog." The distribution of this soul-stirring beverage goes on at the same hour every day in every ship in the navy, and no diminution is made in the quantity served out because the sailor happens to be in the Indian seas instead of in colder waters.

In accordance with the spirit of inquiry which is so marked a characteristic of the Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness determined to anchor off Goa, the head-quarters of the Portuguese in India.* The locality is still the seat of a Catholic archbishop, who styles himself the Primate of all the Indies. It was once famous as the great mart on the Malabar coast between Europe and Hindostan; and although now it is little else than a melancholy heap of ruins, these old ecclesiastical buildings are of the greatest historical interest. The palaces and chapels are, it is true, crumbling away pillar by pillar and stone by stone, and no one seems anxious to restore them. We on board ship would have liked to have landed before the royal salutes were fired, for there was no assurance that after one *feu de joie* was discharged there would be anything left in Goa save bricks and dust.

Had the Prince of Wales returned to England without visiting the settlement, a valuable experience relating to that vast portion of the people of India, the Portuguese Catholics, would have been denied him.

We cast anchor in Goa Bay on Friday night, November 26th, and a Portuguese galley, with oarsmen, wearing peaked hats with silver plates upon them, after the fashion of those used by the soldiers in the French revolution, brought off the Governor. His Excellency and the Prince, at this friendly unofficial interview, arranged the programme for next morning.

On Saturday His Royal Highness went ashore in the May Frere yacht, which was in waiting, and on landing was received by the Governor, General John de Taveres de Almeda,

* In 1497 King Emanuel of Portugal appointed Vasco de Gama to command an expedition to sail round the Cape of Good Hope to the East Indies. He landed at Calicut. At the close of a third expedition in 1524, he was declared Viceroy of the Portuguese settlements in the East. He lived only one year afterwards, and died at Goa. The "Apostle of the Indies," St. Francis Xavier, left his native country (Spain) for Goa, in 1541. He subsequently went to China, and died in sight of the Indian coast in December, 1552. His body was also left at Goa.

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the municipal and civil authorities and guards of honour. His Excellency escorted the Prince to the yellow building known as Government House. Each side of the quay was lined with native Portuguese, who looked far more soldier-like than our own native troops at Bombay. After a brief palaver the Prince and his suite left in the steam barge of the *Serapis* for old Goa, about twelve miles higher up the river, rendered famous by the landing of the first Portuguese general (Vasco de Gama) in India. The Prince, who was carried from the landing-place to the centre of the old town in a palanquin, was much struck with the quaint picturesqueness of the archway which has been raised in commemoration of the arrival of De Gama. The figure of the burly hidalgo, revelling in all the glory of fresh paint, was conspicuous in an alcove above the white gates of the ancient town. The Prince of Wales wandered, apparently with the greatest interest, through the aisles of the three magnificent cathedral-like edifices here. One of these contains a silver coffin, within which reposes the body of St. Francis Xavier. The coffin rests on a richly carved marble pedestal. It is the most splendid shrine in the whole world.

The principal cathedral is a model of St. Peter's at Rome. Attached to it there is a dark-visaged brotherhood of priests, a dean, archdeacon, ten canons, twelve chaplains, and other officers of the church, wearing long black gowns, scapulas and rosaries, just as the Catholic clergy do in England; and within its precincts there are windows of mother-o'-pearl, paintings by Murillo, golden images, and tapestry work of the most beautiful texture. Mr. Yorke, chaplain of the *Serapis*, Count D'Alviella, the ever-venturous correspondent of the *Independance Belge*, and I, chartered the only carriage in the place to take us to old Goa. It had just been renovated, in expectation of festivities, and our clothes became covered with fresh green paint as we made the journey. When half-way up the hills the horse bolted with the shafts, and

as the vehicle began to roll backwards down the incline we had considerable difficulty in escaping from our seats without injury. The animal was brought back later on, and we did manage to catch a glimpse of the town founded by the first of European explorers in India. We were greatly struck with the strength of the Catholic church, still visible in this antiquated and decaying province. We all brought away with us ivory crosses, and carved figures of the Virgin and the infant Jesus, which we had purchased from the coloured Portuguese.

At midnight, when the Prince was bidding the guests from the Raleigh and Osborne good night at the gangway of the Serapis, a shore boat ran alongside. It conveyed a telegraph announcing that our Government had purchased the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal. A feeling of keen satisfaction pervaded the ships in consequence of the international "bunderbuss." One cynical naval officer observed that it was silly of England to pay four millions for what she might easily have taken for nothing.

Nov. 29th, Monday.—We anchored off Beypore at ten this morning, and almost immediately a white steam yacht, her lines covered with little flags, put out from the beach. This contained Mr. Robinson, member of the Legislative Council of Madras, and lately Acting Governor, Colonel Michael, who hoped even at the eleventh hour the proposal to shoot in the Neilgherries would be adopted, several gentlemen forming a deputation from Beypore, Mrs. Robinson, and one or two other ladies. The Duke of Buckingham, the newly-arrived Governor, did not put in an appearance. The visitors were entertained at "tiffin" on board the Prince's ship.

The Prince of Wales and the suite subsequently went off in a barge, and made an excursion up the misty river in hope of being able to kill a crocodile. There were no alligators to

be seen, but the expedition was not a void one, for the Prince shot an otter and some paddy birds.

At the point where the river joined with the sea the water was clear, and on looking into the depths we saw many kinds of big sea fish waiting for trout and other such tender morsels straying down from the mountains with the fresh stream. They were very patient, but when the prey did come, they swallowed it in a tasteless fashion as a dog does a crust.

The three ships weighed anchor at five o'clock for Colombo. From our brief stay and hasty departure it was inferred that the cholera was still raging with some violence on shore.

From the sea view the country looked most salubrious and enticing. For some distance inland there is a flat sandy plain. Behind this are forests of cocoa-trees, and the Western Ghauts and peaks of the Neilgherries rise in their proud splendour hindermost of all. Beypore itself, though the terminus of the Madras Railway, has had a great disappointment in life, and the shade of its sorrow hangs round it still. It was once thought that the railway would make it a flourishing town, but such hopes were vainless. There is no harbour, and the tide is so low near shore, that large ships cannot go within two miles of the beach. The inhabitants are not numerous—they never were, and so it is the old dreams have not had a chance of being realised.

When crossing the Gulf of Manaar, we experienced one of those terrific gales which at times whistle down the channel which divides Ceylon from India with noisy and relentless vigour. On this discomforting night it occurred to the officers that they might amuse their guests with one of their far-famed theatrical performances. A stage and scenery were fitted up, and after dinner we scrambled (the weather was too boisterous for us to be genteel) to the "reserved seats" on the main deck.

The programme handed to us here was illuminated with many artistic dashes of red ink, and ran as follows :

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!! TO-NIGHT!!!

By the Kind Permission, and under the Distinguished Patronage, of
CAPTAIN GEORGE TRYON, C.B.

The Amateurs of H.M.S. Raleigh beg to announce that they intend giving a Dramatic Entertainment in the
HALL OF AMUSEMENT, QUARTER-DECK TERRACE,
This Evening, November 30, 1875.

To commence with a Comic Drama called

T H E J A C O B I T E .

After which,

A MISCELLANEOUS MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

To conclude with a Domestic Drama called

T H E T O O D L E S .

The Band of H.M.S. Raleigh, under the able Conductorship of
Signer Tesso, will be in attendance.

Doors open at 7; to commence at 7:30 precisely.

Hammocks may be ordered beforehand.

Manager,
T. S. A. ST. JOHN, Esq.

Stage Manager,
Mr. E. HAMM.

W. H. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Alas for the heaving, and the cleaving, and the swelling, and the pitching of the sea, we became too ill to follow with easy calmness the fortunes of the "Jacobite." There was one awful moment, when holding on with desperate tenacity to a twelve-ton gun, I beheld the principal scene blow

from the actors and stage with a terror-striking bang. I really cannot tell how many of the audience turned summer-saults, chairs and all, in the neighbourhood of the dress circle; but I do know that stern orders to brace up this, and to let go that, rose above the howling of the storm. The ingredients of the prostrate theatre were rapidly put away. The actors were hastily summoned to serious duty, and the guests hid themselves in bed.

Our frigate rode through the gale with all sails set, steadily and swiftly. Her equilibrium never wavered. Her stately conduct made one bold enough to say she could stand the brunt of any storm, yet there were men on board who took an unseasonable delight in expounding Mr. Froude's theory, that any iron ship will capsize if she only meets the wave suited to such capsizing. The little Osborne bounded over the foaming sea like a magic toy, with hatches battened down and ports closed; the white craft seemed safe enough for anything. The Serapis rolled frightfully. We on board the Raleigh were scarcely two cable lengths away from her, yet the seas were at times so high, and she dipped so deeply in the furrows, that we now and again saw only her lights. Notwithstanding the severity of the storm, in the yet early evening a signal was made to us that the Prince was presiding over a dinner party, to which every officer on board the Serapis was invited. The entertainment was in honour of Lord Charles Beresford's promotion to a commandership in the navy. Just before we started from Beypore, the intelligence of this officer's elevation had reached the ships.

The Prince of Wales proposed the health of Lord Charles and also the toast of "the press." Lord Charles's speech referred chiefly to the navy, saying it was every day becoming more popular. He might tell the Prince that while the two squadrons were at Bombay, the two thousand sailors went ashore, tasted all the sweets of hospitality and all the novel charms of Indian life, yet there was not a single desertion

from Her Majesty's ships. Dr. Russell responded for the press, and in doing so, with his usual kind thoughtfulness, paid a compliment to his brothers of the pen who were on board the "black snake," cruising in their rear.

You can scarcely guess the pleasure which this trip in the Indian Ocean afforded to us all. Night time on the quiet phosphorescent waters was especially charming. The music of the bands on the Serapis and the Raleigh continued till a late hour, enlivening the most cheerless members of the ships' companies. Even in the night a peep from the cabin revealed an attractive picture not all darkened by the heavy clouds, for slowly moving over the silver tide was the Serapis, illuminated so splendidly in her every window from deck to keel that she appeared like a miniature city.* Every now and then one heard the tinkling of the bells, denoting the expiration of the watches—watches made most short and sweet this cruise, lest a tedious, vigilant turn of duty in this trying climate should over-weary the officers. In the daytime, on all the ships, drill and study are proceeded with as if we were bent chiefly on instruction instead of amusement. It was the boast of the captains that their men were never so healthy, never so ready and fit in every respect for any tussle in which the aggressive spirit of any European power might embroil us.

* Two hundred candles were consumed on board at night time.

XV.

THE PEARL ISLAND.

COLOMBO—"WHICH ARE MEN AND WHICH ARE WOMEN?"—CINGHALESE DESCRIPTION OF THE PRINCE—SIR MUTTU COMARASWAMY AND HIS ENGLISH WIFE—A SWIFT FLOTILLA—UP THE HILLS TO KANDY—SENSATION ROCK—THE RAILWAY REGULATIONS—KANDYAN CHIEFS AND VEDDAHS—THE PEREHARRA FESTIVAL—"RISE UP SIR WILLIAM?"—A BIG TOOTH—RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.

AT NOON on Wednesday, December 1st., our voyage was over, and we were at anchor off Colombo, within lines of ironclads. The salutes were fired by the *Undaunted*, the *Narcissus*, the *Newcastle*, and the *Immortalité*. These over, a signal comes from the *Serapis* reminding all the ships that this is the birthday of the Princess of Wales, and that at 1.20 His Royal Highness desired that a general volley should be fired in her honour.

Ceylon, famed for coffee and cinnamon, appears to us far more beautiful than any part of Western India. The Cinghalèse are so far an improvement on the natives of India in that they wear clothes. Their heads, however, are protected from the sun by umbrellas only. The English girls who lined the seats at the land side of the pier, as the Prince stepped ashore (December 1st.), delighted us by their healthy-

looking and happy countenances. The Governor—Mr. W. H. Gregory, formerly member for Galway—welcomed his guest with every manifestation of pleasure. His rubicund face was covered with dimples; his coat was one blaze of gold. No wonder the little man should feel elated. The strange boats in the harbour and the arches over the pier, revealed as picturesque a spectacle as anything upon which eyes have ever fallen. The awnings and masts of almost every vessel were draped with ferns and palms of varying shades of green. Similarly flagstaffs and pillars were decked. The effect of the fresh vernal leaves from which waved flags of crimson and blue and gold, in luxuriant abundance, was most refreshing. The Prince came ashore (his barge having no little difficulty in steering a straight course through the fearful surf) as he had appointed, at four, and for the first time in the East he was greeted with prolonged cheers. To use the words of Lord Alfred Paget, the people threatened to shout their hearts away. His Royal Highness having been introduced to the members of the Legislative Council and the Municipal Corporation, proceeded through the lines of the guard of honour, furnished by the 57th European Regiment, to a crimson and green canopy, where, seated in a chair of carved ebony, he listened to addresses from the public bodies.

The Prince has seldom looked better or more pleased. No doubt his healthy appearance was due to the climate, which in Ceylon is most tolerable. He has never seen such rich vegetation or such luxuriant forests of flowers as are visible everywhere. Not only in the flat town itself, but also up among the neighbouring hills, whose peaks are shrouded in clouds, does one find the fullest justification for the exclamation of Prince Soltykoff that Colombo is no more than a botanic garden of the loveliest kind, and on the most gigantic scale. Between the flowers and fruits, and the odd, strangely bright attire of the people, the traveller on landing knows not where to rest his eyes first. •

We could not help laughing outright as we saw that the unskilled Cinghalese ladies had come to the landing-place in low-bodied ball-dresses of gauze and muslin, being under the sweet impression that this was the attire which would be worn by the ladies of England on receiving their Prince in the afternoon. But if the women amused us the dress of the men led to our utter bewilderment. The distinct native characteristic was that they had their hair dressed as women usually dress it—chignon fashion. In every case a comb was worn; and as each man also had a beard, my readers will imagine how ridiculous the head looked. In the clothing of the body it was evident that they had attempted to steer near the English fashion. A white collar and necktie were equalled in their orthodox character by dark-blue reefing jackets. The similitude to European costume was not so exact from the body downwards. The legs and feet were certainly covered, but instead of trousers the extremities were wrapped in a piece of thick cloth of many colours, for all the world in shape and pattern like a hearthrug.

It is a little fearful to conjecture in what way this visit of the Prince to Ceylon will be productive of changes in dress. A Colombo paper gave a description of him, "for the benefit" of that great body of their readers who could not be privileged to gaze upon His Royal Highness for themselves. The perusal of the sketch by the native mind may result in the ambitious Cinghalese of the future turning out a very grotesque figure indeed. This is the portrait:—"The face, so pleasing and frank, first attracts attention, and then the light-blue eyes fascinated and delighted the gazer. There was no shyness or aversion in that face. It looked boldly forward with no stare, however, but with a kindliness of expression that was most winning. One could understand how it was that Sir Salar Jung and the native Princes of India were enchanted with such pleasant features, to which courtesy of demeanour seemed naturally wedded. Take a

full glance, for there is time to do this before His Royal Highness sits down, and the form is seen to be that of a gentleman of full middle height, with a tendency to a thick-settedness, just the John Bull of Tenniel, without top-boots and the jingling fob chain. A field-marshal coat is worn, and the right breast is decorated with, it seems at a short distance, seven Orders, of which the Star of India appears most noticeable. White trousers are worn, with a profusion of white feathers. Altogether the figure is thoroughly English, of the type of which we are most proud."

Among the many ladies who were spectators of the Prince's landing was Lady Muttu Comaraswamy, formerly Miss Beeby, a young lady from London. Sir Muttu Comaraswamy is a man of good family, a knight, a member of the Legislative Council, and he has one great advantage over his colleagues in the Chamber in that he has visited England. The obelisks, towers, and arches reared in the streets of Colombo appeared to us most novel in their construction. You can fancy the extreme beauty that would be presented by a turreted gateway all covered with long green grass, and from the pinnacles of which crimson and blue banners were waving; or again, imagination may bring before you a four-sided Gothic arched castle, each side of which is formed of trellis work clothed with the bright yellow leaves of the young cocoa-nut trees. The structure appears made of chased gold, so effulgent is the yellow texture woven round it. If your carriage were to pass beneath the fresco dome of this pandahl, as it is called, you would detect that the sweetest perfumes fill the air. They come from bunches of cinnamon, nutmegs, citrons, limes, and many other luscious fruits, which are suspended from the embrasures and amid groupings of palms. Nothing is clearer than that we have come among an artistic and intelligent people. We are not in the town one hour before we discover that most Cinghalese (a far greater portion than the natives of

a similar large town in India) can speak the English language.

English enterprise develops itself remarkably in Colombo. There are factories for the manufacture of brushes and of ice. There is a luxurious hotel under the management of a limited company, as West-end hotels are in London. There is a botanic garden; and houses are houses, not bungalows.

The shore boats at the Cinghalese ports are the swiftest in the world. They are, as it were, two canoes fastened by shafts of bamboo, and carry from their one mast an enormous sheet of canvas; the second canoe serves as a balance in keeping the sail perpendicular. Old yachtsmen like Mr. Ashbury opened their eyes in amazement at the extraordinary fleetness of this style of craft; and if the day comes when they shall be introduced in English waters, no more interesting regatta could be provided than that in which these wonderful vessels took part. The great fault of regattas at home now is, that they grow tedious before they end. I know but few people who wait for that end.

On Thursday morning, December 2nd, the Prince bade a temporary adieu to Queen's House, Colombo, and travelling by the only railway in the island, ascended the mountains to the once famous capital of the Kandyan kings. The journey is most interesting. After fifty miles through a flat country, in which cinnamon plantations abound, the train begins to make the ascent of the hills, surmounting in its progress the very steep incline of one in forty-five. The sensation as we emerge from the flat country is most exhilarating. We pass through a forest of palms, the famous talipot tree in full flower being often conspicuous among the others. What a text on life and living the beautiful tree affords, for it is said that it grows richer in size and verdure year by year, never blooming until it gains the age of sixty, at which crisis, and for once only, the buds open, and the deliciously-perfumed white flowers droop peacefully over the

edges of the branches. Then the tree suddenly and rapidly dies. There is a range of mountains in Japan made so beautiful by precipices and cataracts, purple rocks and green jungle, that the land stretching from peak to peak is called the Plain of Heaven. The scenery which opens out at every curve and ravine on the Kandy Railway is, however, infinitely more lovely than the hills of Japan. About half-way up the line there is an immense headland, known as Sensation Rock, so called from the cold shiver one feels in looking downwards from a height of 1000 feet.

The train passes along a gallery carved round the summit of the mountain. The precipice, sweeping away below, is robed with vegetation; it is not jagged rock and rifted boulder that meets the eye as it surveys the depths beneath, but arches of moss, castles of palm, clusters of roses, bread-fruit, nutmeg and coffee-berries all thrown together in sweet confusion. The Prince of Wales thought the view so lovely, that he left his carriage that he might more thoroughly enjoy it, and rode in company with the Duke of Sutherland on the engine until the abyss was left behind.

On this unique railway there are manners and customs in force which are certainly not borrowed from England. How much more inviting would a trip by rail be to struggling mothers with large families at home, if the Ceylon rule were adopted, that "children under four feet in height will be charged half-fare."

The poverty of coolies even is taken into consideration here, for these humble labourers can travel for a farthing a mile. A glance at the railway regulations would lead one to suppose that sick persons and dogs are the only objects whose lot is hard. "Persons discovered whilst travelling" to be affected with an infectious disease—cholera, for instance—"will be removed from the railway premises at the first opportunity." Travelling dogs must present the appearance of being laden down with ironmongery, for none are conveyed

in the trains unless they are "furnished with chains, collars, and muzzles."

Upon arrival at Kandy His Royal Highness saw for the first time two new orders of human beings—one a group of chiefs descended from the kings of the country. The attire of the chiefs made the Prince smile. The men were like so many Vandyks, with gold four-cornered pincushion hats. Each man had a dress of scarlet and gold covering a mass of rotundity, stuffed to such excess as to outrival the stomach of any ancient burgomaster. The hose was of coloured silk, and all over the body were suspended medals, daggers, and chains of antique gold. The second group of strangers were the veddahs, or wild men of the woods, whose black bodies were adorned with a single rag, whose hair fell in unkempt disarrangement over the faces and breasts, and who carried in their hands bows and arrows of the most fatal type. It was interesting to watch the demeanour of those untaught men as the Prince alighted from the train. They stood up when they saw the crowd stand, peered forward to catch a peep of the great Rajah Kumaraya, never once smiled or exhibited the slightest manifestation of pleasure, and when cheering burst upon the air they became fearfully agitated, looked at each other with horror, and waved aloft their bows and arrows as if entreating for a peaceful solution to the ebullition. Savages though they are, the men (about twenty in number) and women (two) were well aware that they were in the hands of a power which they dare not disobey, and while at Kandy had the sense to be docile, and to allow themselves to be driven about like dumb cattle. The veddahs watched the arrival of the royal train from the top of a railway carriage, and much amusement was caused by a clergyman belonging to the Portuguese Christians clambering up the sides and taking a place beside his uncouth brethren. He was apparently desirous of not

losing an opportunity of instilling a truth or two into the minds of the heathen.

Kandy, which has been called one of the seven heavens, so diversified and beautiful is the lake and mountain scenery in its midst, was not behind Colombo in the cordiality of her welcome. The "old die hards," the gallant 57th under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, were drawn up at the railway station, and the route to Government House was decorated with pandahls and barricades of flowers and foliage. After a state dinner party, at which visitors from all the surrounding districts were guests, the Prince of Wales witnessed the spectacle of the Pereharra. It is held every year in honour of Buddha; but this was a special performance, the place selected for the celebration being the grounds of Government House.

Sir Bartle Frere sagely observed that a fair description of the weird but gorgeous ceremonial would baffle the powers of any writer.

The procession, which was led by the Kandyan chiefs, consisted of forty elephants, each one of which carried a howdah; then there were cymbals, which woke the echoes of the night for miles away; but the oddest sight of all was furnished by the devil dancers, who followed somewhat incongruously after the priests of the Temple of Buddha. The men were clothed, from their ankles to the head, in plates of silver, which created deafening jinglings at each somersault or grotesque pirouette. It seemed to us that the dancers flung away all thought of their religion and the sacred character of the dance in their efforts to eclipse each other in the astounding acrobatic feats which they performed. Frequently the Prince had the procession stopped so that he might admire this or that particular section, or delight the hearts of mahouts by handing bunches of sugar-cane to their elephants. His Royal Highness was so delighted with the

diminutive Cinghalese elephants, that one of them was afterwards, at his desire, shipped for England.

Upon each side of the procession there were hundreds of picturesquely clothed natives, who bore golden shields or lofty fans and standards, and without these again were bearers of torches, the light from which revealed vividly the beauty of the colours in this Oriental pageant.

On the following evening the Governor of Ceylon received the honour of knighthood, in the "audience hall" attached to Government House. The chamber, formerly the throne-room of the kings of Kandy, is supported by exquisitely carved columns of the famed jackwood of Ceylon. Previous to the investiture the descendants of the Kandyan chiefs were introduced, and the Prince placed round the neck of their leader, Dewe Nilime, a blue and white ribbon to which was pendent a gold medal. When Mr. Gregory came forward, conducted by Lord Suffield, and supported by General Probyn and Colonel Ellis, there was much cheering. The ladies, European and Oriental, who were spectators, waved bouquets and handkerchiefs, and altogether it was a proud moment for the dapper little governor.

When the most auspicious portion of the ceremony came, Lord Charles Beresford, standing behind the Prince, drew the long knightly sword from its sheath so rapidly that it flashed like lightning. Lord Charles was in Ceylon with the Duke of Edinburgh, and therefore on this occasion was all the more valuable a companion. When he was here in 1870, a Chinese servant, with a very long pigtail, accompanied him. This man was in Ceylon again now, and the natives grinned with delight whenever they saw him, or an equally illustrious personage—the Highland piper of the Prince of Wales, McAlister—promenading in the bazaars.

Sir William Gregory came out as Governor of Ceylon in March, 1872, and accordingly has only a few months to serve before his period for retirement arrives. The distinguished

post which he holds has been filled by Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, and by Sir Henry Ward, afterwards Governor of Madras. The value of the appointment amounts to 7000*l.* a year, but there is no retiring pension. Just before leaving London for Ceylon, Sir William married, and the small but brilliant court, of which his wife was the hospitable central figure, created pleasant memories which will not soon be forgotten. Unhappily, while making the circuit of Ceylon with her husband in 1873, this amiable woman was stricken with disease, and before she could be hurried away from this too often deadly climate, she died.

During Sir William Gregory's government, telegraphic communication between Colombo and Australia has been established; postal cards have been introduced; a post-office money-order system has sprung into existence; a tax on dogs (unknown in India) has been imposed; local militia expenditure has been reduced; State grants to religion have been abolished; and surveys for several new railways have been made. It is little wonder, therefore, that the Prince of Wales, in conferring the Order of St. Michael and St. George upon Mr. Gregory, did not fail to allude to Her Majesty's high sense of the manner in which the duties entrusted to him had been performed for the good of the State. The Prince is not the only noted personage who has been the guest of Governor Gregory. Princes Philip and Augustus, of Saxe-Coburg, were here in November, 1872; and in the following year, the Burmese Ambassadors, who also visited England, came to Ceylon to see the Sacred Temple of the Tooth.

There is one great undertaking which remains to be started by some energetic governor, if the island is to prosper, and the Europeans are to become as contented as it is possible to be so far away from home. The postal communication with India stands in need of great improvement. When one considers that only a stretch of sea, scarcely twelve miles long

at one point, divides the two countries, it is difficult to see what excuse the authorities can make for the fact that a fortnight is occupied in the transmission of a letter from Colombo to Bombay.

At the close of the investiture, the ceremony of *Pereharra* was repeated. The general public on this occasion were spectators, and the Prince himself watched the procession from the octagon tower of the far-famed Temple of the Tooth of Buddha. The rain came down in tropical torrents, but the misty effect of the shower added, if anything, to the supernatural character of the scene. In spite of the rain, the gables of the temple, and the beautiful lake hard by, were every moment suffused with light from showers of rockets.

Later on in the night, the priests, ancient friars with shaven heads, and wearing the orthodox girdles round their yellow robes, conducted the visitors to the interior of the temple; here we caught a glimpse of the great Buddhist relic—the so-called tooth of the founder of a religion which, even in this day, has more followers than any other. To me it appeared more like the back molar of an elephant than anything else, the length being nearly two inches. Some of the Cinghalese books say that the tooth is a clumsy substitute, and that the original was destroyed by the Portuguese in 1560. The relic lies beneath a *dagoba*, a curiously-shaped shrine of glass and gold, encrusted with gems, and festooned with jewelled chains. The *Wihara* chamber, in which the shrine is placed, is so small that it is difficult to move about; and the closeness of the air is rendered more intense by the fetid smell of decaying flowers everywhere strewn over the floor by worshippers. The chief priest told me that Buddha was a man twenty-seven feet high, so perhaps two inches of ivory in his mouth was not, after all, uncomfortable. An ex-“die-hard,” Captain Byrde, brought the correspondents to the temple on Sunday,

that we might make a careful examination of the various symbols.

While we were there a wave of music from the organ of an English church, not a hundred yards away, penetrated the ancient building. It was not a little singular also to observe that the whole of the ancient shrine was lighted up by the large "Silber" lamps which have only recently been introduced in England. It is surprising to find how many Cinghalese are Christians—chiefly Catholic Christians. One morning I saw a crowd of Malays and Cinghalese listening to a Tamil, or native of Malabar. I found on inquiry that he was a Christian, preaching here in the very city most dedicated to the memory of Buddha.

XVI.

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

ON THE TRACK—"THE OLD INVINCIBLE"—"THERE IS AN ELEPHANT KILLED"—THE BALL AT COLOMBO—THE NEW BREAKWATER—A NATIVE FAIR—COCOA-NUT OIL AND BRUSH FACTORIES—THE PRESENT CONDITION OF CEYLON.

At dawn on Saturday, December 4th, a special train conveyed the Prince and other sportsmen to Nawala Pitaya, one hour's journey from Kandy. Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Birch, C.M.G., Capt. Fitz-George, General Probyn, Dr. Russell, and Lord Aylesford were included in the party.

The Duke of Sutherland and Lord Alfred Paget started at the same moment for Nuwerelia, the sanitarium of Ceylon, six thousand feet above the level of the sea, where they subsequently enjoyed good shooting.*

The Prince and his companions on reaching Nawala Pitaya, were driven in carriages thence to Kittulgala, where they breakfasted. At noon the rain came down in torrents, and as the party had penetrated to a mountainous district with no immediate prospect of comfort, the chances in favour of elephant hunting, the sport upon which the Prince was intent, were not bright. By evening the expedition had pushed on to the old fort of Ruanwella, where a camp was prepared. At this

* Lord Alfred Paget has described the misery they endured in making the ascent. "We had to climb the mountains. The torrent of rain was so continuous, that when we reached Mr. Downall's hospitable bungalow all our baggage was saturated, and we had to dine in pyjamas." Lord Carington and Captain Glyn rode up the pass. Captain Durrant was also in the party.

time His Royal Highness was thoroughly drenched, and the ground around the bungalow where he was to sleep was covered with deep mud and slush. The spirits of the sportsmen did not sink utterly however, for a message arrived from the "drive" that several elephants had been seen. A tusker upon whose head there was a considerable amount of blood money, he having killed several native beaters, was among them. There were two herds, and it was arranged that as many elephants as possible should be driven forward by the beaters into a kraal through a gorge where the Prince would be stationed. If no shot brought down an elephant there would still be left a chance of securing one in the kraal itself. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Varian, two well-known elephant hunters, were, with Lord Beresford, specially chosen to protect His Royal Highness in the very possible event of an ugly charge. Sunday morning broke fine, and the Governor having heard the Prince say he would certainly not leave Ruanwella till he had discharged at least one shot at an elephant, took leave of him, and proceeded towards Colombo, making arrangements *en route* for His Royal Highness's speedy and comfortable return.

The day was spent by the explorers in viewing the wild scenery which stretches far and wide over these spicy hills, culminating in the solemn citadel of the faith of the land, the black sharp mountain where Buddha is said to have left the impress of a large and very ugly foot when he landed in Ceylon. Curiously enough the mountain is known as Adam's Peak, a name given by the Mahomedans, who believed the footmark to be that of the earth's first father.

On Monday morning at six, there being every prospect of a sunny day, the party started for the Dewiwitte jungle, a forest thick with stout trees and matted brushwood. The hunting-ground was reached by nine. It was a well-chosen spot, with a hill over which the palisades leading to the kraal ran. At the summit also were trees in which afterwards the

Prince, with Sydney Hall and others, seated themselves. It was understood that Mr. Hall should, if possible, make a drawing of the hunt. The jungle was shaded by a circle of hills, and there was a cool and convenient brook running down a grassy crevasse where the camp was pitched. Within a few minutes the native bearers had constructed a picturesque refreshment house out of bamboos and palms. His Royal Highness, wearing thick stockings and gaiters as protection against the tiny leeches which overrun Ceylon, and armed with a Henry double-express rifle, waited long and patiently for the advent of the driven elephants. News at length reached him on the hill that the renowned tusker had forced a breach through the stockades, and had plunged far away from his pursuers down into the valleys. The old invincible was once again at large. Attention was thenceforth directed to the second herd, and these were successfully hunted towards of the kraal. Up to this the Prince had eaten no luncheon, having refused to leave the hill until he got a shot. A few minutes after two, Mr. Varian, who had ventured down the jungle for a few yards, cried out that he saw the back of an elephant, and that His Royal Highness would probably be able to attack him if he descended. Mr. Varian bitterly repented afterwards of having encouraged the Prince to move, for he entered the jungle with alacrity, and at one moment was so exposed to danger that Mr. Varian declared that he would have given all he possessed in this world to have seen him safe back on his perch.

At last a brute, which had already been wounded by one of the other sportsmen, came bounding through the tangled stakes, making a noise like the blast of a bassoon, and causing the earth to quiver with his plunges. His Royal Highness fired, and instantly there was heard a crash as if a house had fallen on the cracking brushwood. The catastrophe was witnessed by excited natives hid away in the trees, who shouted out, "There is an elephant killed—there is an

elephant killed!’ A moment later and a second smaller elephant was observed warily forging a way for himself through the stakes. The animal reached close quarters before there was a thought of firing, and then throwing up his head he made a running plunge towards the Prince. It was at this moment Mr. Varian felt so horror-stricken as to the position of his charge. Mr. Fisher and His Royal Highness fired their rifles simultaneously, and the elephant rolled over, dying without a kick or a wriggle; and his opportune decease was signalled by hearty cheers from all of the hunters. The other sportsmen, who had not taken a part in the fray, clambered over the palisades, and joined in congratulating the Prince, who had by this time scarcely a rag left on his back. Fully an hour before he had lost his hat, and once in the thick of the jungle it was difficult to keep your skin, let alone your clothes, from being torn. His Royal Highness cut off the tail of the first elephant which he had undoubtedly killed himself; he was not for claiming the second, but Mr. Fisher said that in this case too it was the Prince’s bullet which had been the fatal one. There was a third elephant shot, the body of which was not recovered when the return to Colombo began. While they were passing through the village of Avishabella, the carriage of the Prince, an old mail cart, was overturned in a rut through the restlessness of one of the Australian horses yoked beneath it. No one was hurt nor even frightened.

Previous to his departure from Kandy the Prince had a morning’s shooting in the preserves attached to the botanic garden. “Nothing in Ceylon,” Sir Emerson Tennent has observed, “so forcibly impresses a traveller with the glory of tropical vegetation as the luxuriant and unrivalled display of rare flowers and shrubs collected here.” One of the strange incidents connected with the visit to the gardens* was the dis-

* Flying foxes, but as large as crows, were swinging with their heads down, in great abundance, from the trees. The Prince shot several.

covery that many of the best plants are those which have made a journey to England. The very finest pineapples in Ceylon are of a species which had been taken to London, and altered completely in nature under the admirable system of Mr. Hooker.

We had an opportunity while in the old capital of meeting the cotton planters; they are as a rule gentlemen of birth, means, and education. A good-hearted, hospitable lot, riding the wildest of horses, and wearing great broad-brimmed hats and jack-boots, and thinking nothing of a fifty miles gallop across the jungle to obtain the last number of a London magazine for their solitary reading hours. One planter out here is a son of the famous Scotch divine, Norman Macleod, and another is son of that General Stokes, R.E., who went to Egypt as commissioner with reference to the purchase of the Suez Canal shares.

On the day of his return to Colombo the Prince was present at an Oriental fair held near the far-famed cinnamon gardens, the features of which were an exhibition of the products of the island, of all kinds of snakes and reptiles, and performances by jugglers and acrobats. The veddahs displayed their skill with bow and arrow, but the shooting was not as good as expected, the poor men being nervous. There was a Cinghalese wedding ceremony going on in the grounds. The bride and bridegroom were dressed up in fantastic attire, and were surrounded by a number of women who beat an immense drum frantically, and sang a monotonous chant.

At night the ball of the Colombo Club took place. Not only were all the ordinary rooms fitted up for this occasion, but there had been specially constructed a magnificent tropical pavilion for the dancing. It was unfortunately a wet night, and as there are not many conveyances in this hilly island, ladies, admirals, soldiers, and Kandyan princes had to trip in their gorgeous dresses through the slush to the club-house. His Royal Highness, for the first time in the East, wore a

colonel's uniform of the 10th Hussars, and one of his partners during the evening was a young lady aged twelve, the daughter of General Street, the brigadier of the district.

The first stone of the breakwater so long needed to restrain the terrible surf which rolls up along the shore at Colombo was laid on Thursday, December 8th. The Prince in his speech expressed his conviction that the work was one of great utility, and he was glad that his visit to Ceylon enabled him to be connected with its inauguration.

The breakwater will cost three-quarters of a million; and when it is completed the largest steamers employed in the Eastern trade will find a haven here. Mr. Ryle, the chief engineer, was introduced to the Prince.

At the present moment trade with Colombo is next to impossible, owing to the danger of communicating with the shore. His Royal Highness subsequently inspected the cocoa-nut oil manufactory of Messrs. Leechman, and the coffee-drying mills of Wall and Co. Here he saw the seed, in its rough state, winnowed and assorted, and even packed in cases for transhipment to England. Sir William Gregory dined on board the *Serapis* on this His Royal Highness's last evening in the pearl island, and at midnight the little port and all the ships in harbour were illuminated.

The Cinghalese believe that their country is the most important colony of the English Crown, and with unwavering dignity they refuse to even listen to the sinister proposal to annex it to India. The complex difficulty now experienced by the Government of India would be increased if the administration was extended over Ceylon; whereas the island standing alone is well managed, contented, and prosperous. In the year 1874 no less than 18,000 fresh acres of coffee plantation were put under cultivation. The value of the coffee exported from Ceylon in 1875 reached four millions sterling, and there are planters sanguine enough to anticipate a return of five millions before 1880. At the

present moment about 2,000,000 only of the 12,000,000 acreage in the colony is estimated to be under cultivation. It is clear, therefore, that there is abundance of room for extension. The future, however, is not all bright in relation to this flourishing trade in Ceylon. Notwithstanding the adoption of every possible suggestion for improving the methods of planting, it is most difficult to suppress diseases in the leaf caused by the rapid propagation of yellow fungus. Again, it is not to be forgotten that in the Mysore districts of India, coffee growing is now being carried on under the fairest auspices, and Ceylon can scarcely dare in a few years' time to expect the enjoyment of the monopoly in the sale which has hitherto fallen to her lot. It is only on the summits of the loftiest hills that coffee-trees can be made to flourish. An elevation of less than 3000 feet above the level of the sea is next to useless. When a farm is started, the sides of the hill are completely bared of trees and herbage, the land is overturned and thoroughly drained, and then the trees are planted in regular rows, just as the vines are in Italy.

There is no more picturesque sight than that afforded by a Ceylon coffee farm. The climate, so splendid always in these lofty peaks, gives to everything a fresh and hardy appearance. The trees, of no greater height than goose-berry bushes, are vivid green, and their bright cherry-coloured berries run in rills round and round and in and out amongst them. Below the fields are deep vast wildernesses of bamboo, lantana, and citron trees, so dense in some parts that men dare not, for fear of wild beasts, attempt to find a path through the sweet-scenting ambushes. The labourers, everywhere moving amidst the coffee plants, heighten the bright and diversified character of the picture; for their bodies, naked save at the waist, are copper coloured, and their turbans are of the deepest scarlet. These men are not Cinghalese, but Tamils, or poor natives of Southern India.

In the same way as the Irish reapers cross St. George's Channel every autumn to make a harvest in English corn fields, so the Tamils every year traverse the Palk Straits to eke out a livelihood in Ceylon.

But it is not in coffee alone that the productions of the island still remain unrivalled. There is no country in the world in which the cocoa-nut tree flourishes in such rich luxuriance, and in no other country have the blessings conferred by this inestimable palm been so splendidly turned to account.

A busy industry is maintained by the manufacture of combs of tortoiseshell; and last, but not least, there are the periodical cruises in the Cinghalese seas for pearls—cruises which usually result in gains amounting in their value to twenty or thirty thousand pounds being secured.

Ceylon has been altogether so favoured by fortune in late years, that one hears without extraordinary astonishment that the recommendation made by Viscount, then Mr. Cardwell, in 1864, in which that gentleman urged that the colony should henceforth seek to pay its own military expenditure, has been found possible of adoption. It will be recollected that the ground upon which it was argued that the Home Government should be relieved of this tax was, that the colony was then without debt, with the exception of liability being incurred just at the crisis, in the construction by the Government of the first railway.

In the week before the Prince's arrival Mr. Frank Mitchell, C.E., was engaged in starting the works for a new railway from Morotto to Colombo—a line which will place the provinces in which arrack juice, a staple liquid of the country, is produced, and in which also the casks for the coffee are made, in direct communication with the capital.

The Prince of Wales purchased some hundreds of photographs of places in and about Colombo and Kandy, to keep in memory of his visit.

XVII.

IN THE WILD SOUTH, TAMIL LAND.

AN INVALID FROM FEVER—THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS OF THE SOUTH—A NEW RAILWAY—THE ATHENS OF INDIA—“TRICHINOPOLY IS OVERJOYED”—A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE—THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS IN PERIL.

THE Prince of Wales landed at Tuticorin, the principal port for the pearl fishing trade, on Friday, December 10th. The shore lies low, and the water is so shallow that vessels have to anchor two miles and a half out from land. Now that the Great Southern of India Railway has been extended to the extreme south, the advisability of deepening the entrance to the natural harbour at Ramnad, known to English sailors as Port Lorne, may again become the subject of discussion. This splendid stretch of water, sheltered by reefs and islands, is near Tuticorin, and would form a harbour infinitely superior to the present landing-place for shipping the rich produce of the Tamil States.

The Prince was taken ashore in his steam barge, and was introduced by Mr. William Robinson to the native authorities beneath a pandahl or shed, the roof of which was one mass of palms and banners.

For the first time His Royal Highness saw the famed Tamil pillars, white columns in imitation of stonework, which are made by lashing strips of cocoa-nut bark round the trunk of a tree so neatly that the surface of the outer covering of plaster is as smooth as marble.

The town is one which Miss Thackeray would delight in describing. Beyond the rugged shore line over which the sea bursts in small mountains of foam, are many white churches and chapels, yellow houses and dusty roads, alive with black and scarlet figures. The railway station, as yet a small one with a single platform, is built of granite, and though the rudest, is the most substantial structure in the town.

The Prince having been presented with some pearls—some of the famous chank shells*—a casket, and address, sped away in the first train to traverse the line to Madura, the Athens of Southern India. The railway is remarkable as having the exceedingly narrow gauge of three feet three inches. The carriages used are far more comfortable than those which we have upon the four-and-a-half footway in England, and the speed attained was good.

Whilst the Prince was making the journey to Madura, the Serapis sailed from Tuticorin for Madras, leaving behind her in the mud another of her anchors. The vessel took with her Mr. Albert Grey, the young private secretary of Sir Bartle Frere, who was slightly ill—the only sufferer so far from an attack of Indian fever. There were also on board two midshipmen—Grimston and Walsh, from the *Undaunted*, who were going to Calcutta to act as pages of honour, and to hold up the Prince's robes when the great day of investiture arrived.

At a place called Maniachi the train stopped for several minutes, so that His Royal Highness might hear an ode sung in his honour, by a considerable gathering of native Christians.† It was in Tamil, but we were provided with this translation :

“Through the grace of the blessed Lord of Heaven, O son of our victorious Queen, mayest thou ever enjoy all prosperity !

* In Northern India a high price is given for these, as they make excellent for the heralds in a religious procession.

† Chiefly, if not all, of the Catholic Church.

“It is our peculiar happiness to be subject to a sceptre under which the deer and the leopard continually drink at the same stream.

“Crossing seas and crossing mountains thou hast visited this southernmost region, and granted to those who live under the shadow of thy royal umbrella, a sight of thy benign countenance.

“May thy realm, in which sun and moon never set, become from generation to generation more and more illustrious!

“May the lion-flag of the British nation wave gloriously far and wide, and wherever it waves may the cross-flag of Jesus Christ fly with it harmoniously!

“God preserve thee and regard thee with an eye of grace, and grant thee long life and victory, and bless thee for evermore!

“Obeisance to thee! Obeisance to thee! O wise King that art to be. Safely mayest thou reach again the capital of thy realm, O thou whom all men justly praise.”

At Madura station, three miles from the town, the Prince was received by Mr. H. W. Bliss, collector of the district. A little time was spent here while His Royal Highness christened the engine the “Alexandra,” and formally declared the line open.

The city of Madura lies in the route of the pilgrims to the sacred island of Rameshwaram, and possesses several splendid temples, the most remarkable being that built by Trimal Naik, the famous Nayak of Madura. There is a story that one of his wives, a princess of Tanjore, having in her something of that spirit which prompted the spouse of Dr. Johnson to tell the worthy philosopher that all of his fine speeches were put on paper, declared that this temple was nothing better than her father's stables. Being of a less tender disposition than Dr. Johnson, Trimal Naik revenged his wife's insults by killing her.

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The Prince could not fail to admire the extreme beauty of the inner pagoda of the temple* dedicated to Shiva and his wife Parvali. A number of lamps suspended from the arched roofs give a weird effect to the richly-carved enclosure. Beyond the pagoda is the celebrated tank of the Golden Lotus—the lily emblematic of Shiva ; and beside the tank there is a magic seat, upon which the candidates for places in the Council of the University of Madura, formerly resorted to by students from every part of India, were made to sit. It is said that, if really worthy of the honour to be conferred upon him, the candidate, on sitting down, would find that the bench extended so as to accommodate him. If, on the other hand, he was not qualified, the bench contracted, and the unfortunate aspirant, after coming to the ground, was flung into the water.

On Friday evening—the only night spent at Madura by His Royal Highness—the tank was illuminated, and a procession of elephants, and a dance by the nautch girls attached to the temple, were the prominent features of the entertainment.

The tents for the special correspondents were pitched in the vicinity of the railway station. We went to bed very late, and were clear out of the place very early the next morning, for a sepoy belonging to the 19th Madras Native Infantry, in the neighbouring lines, was seized with cholera, and we thought it wise not to wait for the atmosphere there to speed the parting guests. The royal camp near the collector's residence was furnished in sumptuous style. We heard that the plate, &c., had been lent for the occasion by the Governor of Madras.

Like that chivalrous hero in the fairy legends who travelled over many thousand leagues of land and sea to bring back a hair out of the head of King Pluto to place at the feet of the

* We were not permitted to do more than peep into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the god Shiva ; but there were many images of him and of his wife made of silver and gold in the corridors. Twenty painted elephants were drawn up at the entrance gates.

princess whom he loved, so the Prince of Wales, though wearied of continual journeyings, stopped at Trichinopoly on Saturday (Dec. 11th), and selected from the far-famed treasure houses of the goldworkers the most delicately-chased gems for the Princess Alexandra. The town ought to be made a shrine for the veneration of both sexes of all mankind, for the people are not only famed for their exquisite skill in the manufacture of gold ornaments, but the country produces cheroots the fragrance and aroma of which are the joy of most Indian smokers.

It was one of the towns which in the first days of the Prince's travels in India was said to be affected with cholera, and was struck out of the list of places to be visited. By the strenuous efforts of the citizens the disease was stamped out, and the Prince, hearing this, insisted at the eleventh hour that he should not be satisfied unless he saw the chief town of the Carnatic—the town where most of the great battles between the French and English in India were fought out. That the people of Trichinopoly were grateful for the visit, was manifest in many ways. For hours thousands and thousands of excited people waited beneath the blaze of a fierce sun till the Prince came. Then they screamed themselves hoarse, and ran for miles in a wild crowd after the carriages, hoping to obtain one more glimpse at the face of their "Great Father." The inscriptions on the arches were almost childish in their interpretation. One ran thus—"His Royal Highness did come after all—Trichinopoly is overjoyed." Another told that "Trichinopoly was now happy." Here more than anywhere else probably the lesson has been brought before us how perfectly native India reverences the Heir-Apparent. One of the Dewans, writing to me since I left Trichinopoly, thus expresses himself, and I believe his sentiments are those which the visit has evoked in many a native breast: "The Prince told me that the illumination of the rock was splendid and beautiful, and that he had never seen anything so effective. I am really very

happy, and feel thankful to Heaven for the success of the illumination. It was indeed very lucky of me to be spoken to in such terms by our future Emperor."

The youthful Judge Webster welcomed his illustrious guest, who, on alighting, asked particularly to be introduced to the Catholic bishop. The prelate was dressed in purple vesture, and standing with his clergy, who wore scarlet vestments, looked exceedingly imposing. A large portion of the community at Trichinopoly are Christians (French and Portuguese Catholics as a rule). Those who are not, are either Hindoos or Mahomedans. It is a strange fact that all the Hindoos here have perpendicular caste marks on their foreheads, showing that they are followers of Vishnu, the preserving god—a people who are never guilty of assassination, as the worshippers of Shiva, the god of destruction, are. There was a time when the Mahomedans were a great power in Tamil Land. They are, to a certain extent, still, and hence we were not surprised to see the green flag of the Prophet waving in many of the streets.

It was a busy day for the Prince. Shortly after his arrival, he was driven to the Island of Seringham, the most sacred shrine of the Hindoos in Southern India. At one of the extremities of this beautiful island is an immense pagoda, dedicated to Shiva. Within one of the courts, a series of fantastically-shaped jewels was strewn upon a table for inspection, and the trustees of the temple handed the Prince an address of welcome written on a sheet of gold. There is a remarkable building adjoining the pagoda, which rests on one thousand columns. The pillars are scarcely two yards apart, and the hall in which they are reared is the oddest-looking stone jungle imaginable.

The Prince ascended the Mautapan, as the structure is called, to gaze over the panorama which it commands, and then, after the customary nautch dance, he went back to the town to visit the old palace of the Nabobs of Tanjore—a

building now used as a jail. The Rajahs of Tanjore became extinct in 1855, and the representative of the royal line is now a princess. This lady* sent a deputation to the Nabob's palace to meet the Prince of Wales, a matter which was not altogether convenient, for a deputation of natives of Trichinopoly, whose leader was silly enough to faint just before the Prince entered, had already decided to present an address here.

The question of precedence ended in an arrangement of compromise. Trichinopoly was to present their address first; but Tanjore was to take the lead in placing garlands round the Prince's neck, and in laying at his feet presents. One of these was a belt of chased gold, intended by the Princess of Tanjore as a gift to the Princess of Wales.

After as many lowly obeisances as the Hindoos make before a god, the chiefs of the deputation read their addresses, using excellent English as they spoke.

This sketch of Trichinopoly formed the principal passage of the first address read:

“This town, small as it is, was the seat of the Cholah dynasty, one of the three great powers of the Deccan. It was this town that first passed into the hands of the Tilingana Naikhars dynasty; it was this town that the Mahomedan kings selected for their residence; it was in this town that the French made several attempts to establish their supremacy in India; and it was in this town where those great men, Clive and Lawrence, laid the first foundation of the British Empire.”

But there is a greater sight at Trichinopoly than either the pagoda at Seringham, or the flat palace of the Deccan kings, and this is the Fort, an immense stronghold of solid masonry built upon the summit of a great rock, with walls so thick, and battlements so regular, that the architecture, considered

* Her Highness was subsequently introduced to the Prince at Madras, but she did not come from beneath her muslin palanquin; so His Royal Highness did not see her face.

as Oriental, strikes every stranger with astonishment and admiration. The white walls gleaming in the sunshine can be seen rising from a forest line of palms, from far distant places in the country. They look as if no enemy could batter them down; and the broad Union Jack, which is waving from the staff upon the airy summit, reminds the population, far and near, that all the power of the place belongs to England.

On Saturday evening the fort and the rock were enveloped in flame, emitted from thousands of jets of light. The Prince of Wales witnessed the illumination from a building divided from the base of the fortress by a lake. Upon this silver sheet of water there were boats, from which showers of rockets ascended. There was a canopy above the chamber where the Prince sat, the splendid tinting of which, in scarlet and blue and gold, had only been completed after many weeks of arduous toil on the part of the native artists.

Behind the Prince, upon a rich black and crimson carpet, stood the native dignitaries, in dresses of white and green, gold and scarlet. The military staff of Trichinopoly, and many ladies in evening costumes, were also in the brilliant group. His Royal Highness was much impressed as he watched the rockets wreathing round the pinnacles and towers of the citadel, and the coloured fires rolling in clouds down the pallid battlements.

On each side of the square lake, beyond lines of fixed lights, were masses of natives, whose peering dark faces, alive with excitement, and picturesque dresses, gave a mystic appearance to the roadways.

Outside of the crowd again were troops—native lancers, in light blue, and the attendants of Rajahs, in black and red, all of whom held aloft either bannered spear-heads or flashing sabres. Above the whole of the earthly revelry, a pale full moon sailed on her course in the misty heaven.

The Prince was deeply impressed, and made no secret of

his admiration. Every now and then he would turn to Sydney Hall, and beg him to observe this and that particular feature closely when filling in the drawing of the strange and vivid scene he was engaged in making.

The weather was very hot at Trichinopoly—far less pleasant than in Ceylon—and we were not sorry to leave on Sunday for the more northern latitude of Madras. I have not told you half the interesting sights to be seen in the ancient town; but I certainly must not forget to mention the old English church dedicated to St. John. It was here that Bishop Heber, the historian of India, the best beloved of all Indian missionaries, preached his last sermon. It is within these walls, far away from his family but in the midst of his friends, that his body lies interred.

Nothing can be said in favour of the native domiciles. As a rule, the bare homesteads are low and dirty—far meaner in aspect than the most dilapidated Irish cabins. No one can wonder that the town is sometimes visited with a plague.

As we were leaving Trichinopoly the agreeable announcement was made that the week which we were about to spend at Madras would be one of comparative rest. There were to be no hunting expeditions, no meanderings up colossal railways, and but a small number of state ceremonies.

To the special correspondents this news came with a peculiar and a gracious sweetness, for thirteen of us had just passed through an adventure the recollection of which will never fade from our memory, and even for days afterwards our bones ached from the fatigues and horrors we were obliged to undergo. Without being absolutely lost at sea, we endured the anxieties and troubles of a dozen shipwrecks. Our troubles arose in this way. On the Wednesday that the Prince was to leave Colombo for Tuticorin, a journey across the Gulf of Manaar, estimated in length at from 130 to 160 miles, Sir William Gregory sent for the special correspondents. We went to Queen's House, and after saying that he hoped we were

taking away as pleasant reminiscences of Ceylon as the Prince himself, Sir William announced that as no man of war would accompany the *Serapis* to India he had ordered the steamer *Nagotna*, at present used by the Cinghalese Government for coast service, to convey us to Tuticorin. Far be it from me to utter one word of blame against the amiable Governor of Ceylon. A difficulty in relation to the transit of the correspondents presented itself, and he did his best to meet that difficulty by lending us the only steamer that he had at disposal. The *Nagotna*, however, though good as a river and coasting vessel, was never built to combat against the waves and the winds of the north-east monsoon; and accordingly, when we were fairly out from the shore, and one of the nastiest seas ever experienced off the coast of India involved us in its remorseless embraces; when waves swished across the decks at the rate of six to the minute, and when the captain began to bellow at his crew for permitting the sea to come down into the boiler-room, and threaten each instant to extinguish the fires, our position became pitiable in the extreme. In the midst of our thirty-six hours of agony (the *Serapis* made her passage in thirteen) matters became so awful, the wretched flat-bottomed rotten craft of 160 tons burthen gave such terrible evidence that little less than a miracle would keep her from turning clean over like a turtle and yielding us up a prey to the million sharks which prowl about ever thirsting for human blood in these waters, that even the stoutest veterans amongst us began to quail and to expostulate determinedly with the captain. But this old sea-dog was a lion who needed something more than the tickling of a straw to move him to any course of action otherwise than that already laid down in the chart of his own Highland mind. In words more doggedly resolute than eloquent he declined to let the boat sail only with the wind, a suggestion he made in hope of getting out of the cross-seas. Again, on its being pleaded that we were in undoubted peril, he told us a cheerful story

of how the steamer had come out round the Cape, had gone wholly beneath the waters in one particularly violent outburst of the elements, and had—wonderful to relate—come up again with every soul on board still alive. The *Nagotna* had weathered the storm then, and she was bound to weather it again now. Face to face though we were with a death by drowning, we soon grew tired of attempting to impress this adamant navigator. In the kingdom of the blind the man with one eye was king, and the hope that even though our Cyclops might have but poor knowledge of how to act in a typhoon, he yet, being a mariner, might keep us from destruction, we struggled back to the black hole called a cabin. There was something additionally cheerless and exasperating in the fact that the remainder of the crew were natives who did not speak English, and who only exhibited sympathy either by joining us in becoming very ill, or by repudiating all recognition of our inquiries or our signs. There were many scenes occurred during the voyage of an exceedingly painful character. Men spoke of little ones at home, and of wives who would be left destitute should the ship really go down. Matters reached such a crisis that the coolest hands looked about for buoyant articles to rest their last hopes upon, and one correspondent deliberately attached himself to two hencoops. Our native servants screamed piteously as they were driven from bulkhead to bulkhead on the deck. One or two poor fellows, believing they were dying, made their masters residuary legatees, and left all their store to their keeping. To the most courageous it was serious to find that when you grasped the fixtures in the cabin they came away from their rotten foundations in your hands, and to discover that there was not a single life-buoy or belt on board the vessel. The time came at last when the commander, after admitting that he had never experienced a worse storm, announced that he was fairly mastered by the winds. He could make out no lights from the shore

which he had believed he was nearing. The only course open to him was to cruise in a circle. He really knew not where we were, and it would therefore be dangerous to advance in the direction indicated in the compass as that where Tuticorin was until morning light came. Accordingly our ship, at one moment deluged with rain, at another with the waves, plunged about dangerously and noiselessly through the dark hours. We could hear the captain give his orders, loud and frequent, above the roar of the elements. At last, for the second time since we left Ceylon, the grey dawn broke, flashing like a great surf over an abated sea, and we saw not the land, but the masts of the *Serapis* ahead, pleasant augury of our safety, happy beacon of our destination. Soon we sighted the shore line, and two vessels having put off to receive us—one the trim pearl fishing steamer *Margaret Northcote*—we heard that our protracted passage had caused general anxiety at Tuticorin.

XVIII.

THE BENIGHTED CITY.

AN ORIENTAL HASTINGS—THE DRAWBACKS TO MADRAS—
 THE BATTLE FIELDS OF ARCOT—REMINISCENCES OF
 CLIVE—THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S BODY-GUARD—
 AT THE RACES—THE PROPOSED NEW HARBOUR—BALL
 AT THE CLUB—MADRAS CURRIES—THE DANGERS OF
 INDIA—NAUTCH DANCERS—ILLUMINATION OF THE SURF
 —EXTRAORDINARY SWIMMERS—A RUN FOR JACKALS.

WITH apparently no symptom of fatigue, after a tortuous journey of six hundred miles from Colombo, His Royal Highness entered Madras on Monday morning, December 13th, arriving before the sun rose over the freshest and, it would seem, the healthiest Eastern city we have yet visited. Madras has a sandy beach twice as long as that at Hastings, over which the salt breezes of the Bay of Bengal break and flutter. There are no high hills near to retard the bracing essences in their healthful pilgrimage over a densely-peopled town. There is a public park, so gifted with foliage by nature that it is a paradise of perfumed trees and flowers. A river as broad and as clear as the Thames at Windsor winds through the town, and there are regular streets lined with low terraces of houses, and avenues shaded with palms and creepers, all of which combine in making Madras picturesque and for a city, exceedingly rural.'

There are drawbacks. The Prince while here is to place in position the first stone of a harbour, which is to be made so expansive that the large steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental line can find an anchorage within it, but at this moment the beach being wholly open to the sea, emigrants from passing steamers can only land in surf boats, always at the risk of a drenching, often at the risk of their lives. Then again, owing to the extreme flatness of the town and the bulkiness of the population, the drainage system can be conducted only in an imperfect way, and consequently very often the aspect of the fairest thoroughfare is damaged by channels of slime running along by the footpaths, and otherwise pure atmospheres are poisoned by rank exhalations from the sewers. At night time the city wears a gloomy appearance. No gas is made here, and only dim oil-lights are provided in the streets. It is pleasant to learn that things have been mending, and that Madrassesees live in hope of one day obliterating every alloy to the wholesomeness and magnificence of their city.

No one who has travelled so far with the Prince can have a doubt that it gave him pleasure to find that he was taken to a homely English mansion in the midst of a capacious park, and that his host was to be his old and easy-going friend the Duke of Buckingham—a stranger, like himself, to India.

As the Prince travelled to Madras, his train passed through the flat rice fields, which are famous as the battle fields of Arcot. It was here that Clive, with a tiny force of Europeans and Sipahis marched against ten thousand soldiers of Chunda Sahib and the French, and repelled the assault on Arcot—thus laying the foundation of his military renown. It was here that the Sipahis exhibited that devotion to a young commander which Macaulay has declared outshone the magnanimous deeds of even the 10th Legion, or the Old Guard. My readers need not be reminded how these faithful troops, wretched and weakened though they were after the

battle, besought Clive to feed the starving Europeans with grain rations, impressing it upon him that they needed more solid food than the Asiatics, and saying that they themselves would be contented with the thin gruel strained from the rice.

The reception of the Prince at Perumpore, a station some three miles landward of Madras, was of course, gorgeous. The Duke of Buckingham, in political uniform of blue and gold, was there, surrounded by his suite. There was a large assemblage of native princes and functionaries, including the chiefs of Travancore, Cochin, Arcot, and Vizianagram. The Prince was escorted to a carriage over which was reared an umbrella covered with gold, the magnificence of which would make the renowned one from Ashantee pale into utter insignificance. The procession passed beneath ivy-clad castles and Mahomedan mosques, all specially reared in the streets for the royal entry, and was led by scarlet squadrons of the 16th Lancers. These were followed by the mounted body-guard of the Governor, soldiers with blue coats and white braid of hussar pattern, and black helmets, shaped like the saucepan hats of the Crusaders. Next to the Prince's carriage came the members of Council, and after these again the clergy, the military, and the civilians, all wearing European uniform and attire, so that were it not for the black and purple, and white, yellow, and scarlet multitude shouting and surging behind the barriers put up in every thoroughfare of the long straggling city, one might imagine the pageant was in England.

At one portion of the route fourteen thousand native and European children sang "God bless the Prince of Wales" as His Royal Highness's carriage went slowly past them.

The Prince is delighted with the city, and little wonder, for not only is the weather temperate and even exhilarating, but many new sights have been shown to him. There has been an exhibition of snake charmers, who make a dozen snakes bound from tiny baskets as he blows discordant music

from a little pipe. The far-famed, dirty and unkempt, but wonderfully-skilled jugglers of Madras have swallowed long swords, brought up from their throats paving stones, and by other equally startling performances, excited more dismay in the mind of the Prince than any wizard that has ever starred it in Europe. Then there was an exhibition by female acrobats, who climbed up on each other's shoulders, forming a column of graceful women, or made somersaults in the air with the agility of cats.

The descendants of an ancient race of warriors called the Uryas, were also brought to Madras to perform a portion of a play with which they delight their native villages. They were boys with sweet voices, and graceful in their movements, but their attire was strangely grotesque. His Royal Highness accepted from the Uryas a present of an immense wooden figure intended to represent the heroine "Sita," of their famous drama.*

December 14th being the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales passed the day in retirement at Guindy Park, a suburban residence belonging to the Governor, in the grounds of which are quantities of antelopes and spotted deer.

Society at Madras were obliged to get up at five A.M. on Wednesday to attend the races. The roads were covered with dew, and the heavy clouds of night were slowly moving away into obscurity as carriages, with fair occupants in pink and white satin dresses and hats of straw-colour and mauve, were being hurried along the five miles' journey to St. Thomas's Mount. Here, at the base of the hill, where St. Thomas Aquinas is said to have been martyred, the course—some two miles in circumference—had been made.

* Rama, or Vishnu, married Sita, but the festivities were scarcely over when she was carried off by the demon king of Ceylon, one Ravana. The adventures of Rama in searching for his wife and at length recovering her constitute the plot of the play.

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The turf exhaled a sweet, fresh, earthy perfume, and fitful breezes chased away from young faces the pallor of the morning light. The racecourse, viewed from the stand, was—as the Prince himself described it—altogether European, save for the tropical sky, and the presence of a crowd dressed in bright, instead of sombre raiment. There was a grand stand, filled tier above tier with ladies, military men, and yellow-gloved dandies, who are understood to form the Jockey Club of India. The riders are nearly all English, wearing caps and silk just as jockeys do at Epsom, and the course itself is marked out in the orthodox way. The one or two native riders included an Arab horsedealer named Apparow, who came upon the course clad in a costume of blue and red, as much like that worn by Punch as possible, only that the man had no hump and his head-dress was a turban. There was much deliberation as to whether Apparow, who had entered two horses for distinct races in the proper way, should be permitted to ride in such a grotesque and irregular dress. He pleaded eloquently, however, that he might, and a sanction was given, but roars of laughter burst over the field when it was seen that the ambitious Arab could not lash his chestnut horse out of the very last place. There were five races, all fairly good fields. Speed good, and not a single fall or accident of any kind marred sport, which was brought to a close before eleven in the forenoon. The races were named in compliment to the Prince: The *Rothesay*, the *Denmark*, the *Prince of Wales*, and *Alexandra Plates*, and the *Sandringham Steeplechase*. The last-named was most exciting, Mr. Taaffe, of the 16th Lancers, an excellent rider, winning easily with his horse *Artaxerxes*. Some of the nine animals entered came back to the paddock in a white lather. In the *Alexandra Plate*, Colonel *Beresford*, of the same regiment, rode the favourite, *Chieftain*, a pony which was picked up in the mountains by a *Zemindar*, who in a moment of happy inspiration discovered

his good qualities. The animal, it is said, became so popular that in one fortnight the price fixed upon him rose by three thousand rupees. Chieftain did not, however, carry off the laurels now. They were left for Colonel Leslie's Glenshaw, as plucky a horse as ever ambled over a greensward. By some melancholy inaptitude in estimating the wishes of His Royal Highness, a compartment had been railed off for his use, but the ladies of high rank in Madras, and all other spectators, were excluded from his company. This, for a time, led to much chagrin and vexation of spirit, but the Prince—with characteristic foresight—put an end to it by marching out of his own quarters down into the paddock, and up into the galleries, everywhere. In the front row of the grand stand—conspicuous by his dress of gold—sat the fierce-visaged, but good-natured, Rajah of Cochin, who, coming from a very wild part of the country, has been playfully nicknamed “the noble savage.” The Prince of Wales was dressed as he would have been had the races been at Newmarket, instead of in the tropics.

The cups were presented by the Rajah of Carvairnugger, the Rajah of Cochin, the Rajah of Vencaragherry, the Maharajah of Vizianagram, the Rajah Sukaram Row, Sahib of Tanjore, and the Maharajah of Jeypore in Vizagapatam.

It was eleven when the meeting was brought to an end, and the heat by this time had become intolerable.

The siesta made necessary by the fatigue of witnessing the races being over, His Royal Highness drove down to the beach, and, with but little ceremony, laid the first stone for the new harbour, which, if pushed to completion, ought to make Madras one of the finest marts in the world. The stone was very large, and had the Prince's plumes carved deeply upon its surface, so that it will always form a conspicuous object in the sea walls. The Duke of Buckingham was on the ground before His Royal Highness, and received the Prince. We being behind the scenes watched with

amusement how different was the greeting His Grace gave the more exalted nobles to that extended to chiefs less distinguished. One of the principal visitors was the Governor of the five French settlements in India, Monsieur Tallard, who came from Pondicherry in a special steamer to pay his respects to the Prince.

The proposed harbour has been designed by Mr. William Parkes, of London. It is intended to be formed by piers running out from the shore 500 yards north and south respectively of the screw pile pier now existing, enclosing a rectangular space of 1000 yards long by 830 yards wide, or 170 acres. There will be a depth at low water of from three to seven fathoms in the greater portion of the harbour. It will consequently be available for ships of all sizes. The further space of a quarter of the area named will have a depth of less than three fathoms, and this will be used as an anchorage for native boats.

From time immemorial the system of landing and embarking passengers and cargo has been, as I have said, by means of native Massulah boats, constructed of mango wood, caulked with straw, and sewn together with cocoa-nut fibre. The ships drop their anchors in the roads half a mile from the shore, the Massulah boat pulls off alongside, receives its cargo at the gangway, and is then beached through the surf. It is no uncommon circumstance for the boat alongside, assisted by the rolling of the ship, to rise and fall twenty-five feet relatively to the height of the ship's deck at each undulation. Ladies are lashed into chairs and lowered into the boat from the ship's yard-arm. In 1860 some improvement was made in the operation of landing by the construction of the present iron pier, projecting three hundred yards into the sea opposite the Custom House. The pier is twenty feet above the sea, is provided with stairs down to the water, cranes for cargo, and a tramway leading to the Custom House for the conveyance of goods.

On Wednesday evening the Duke gave a reception and

State concert at the Government Palace. This building, and most of the large houses and places of business in the city, were illuminated. Among the guests at the reception was the Prince of Arcot, who takes pride in showing every one who has the pleasure of being introduced to him a gold watch presented by the Duke of Edinburgh. The popular and intelligent Maharajah of Travancore and the Rajah of Vizianagram, who is the donor of the silver cups to the winners of the Lords and Commons match at Wimbledon, were also present, with suites gorgeously apparelled in silks and cloth of gold.

The Governor's own band and the band of the 89th European Regiment were in attendance. The former played a new ode, "India's Welcome to the Prince of Wales," the composition of the conductor, M. Stradiot, and the words of which were sung by the members of the Madras Philharmonic Society. Dan Godfrey's far-famed "Reminiscences of England" were played by the gallant 89th.

Fourteen thousand native children were collected in the People's Park on Thursday, and the Prince came down, as all castes and creeds mingled together at a feast. He afterwards reviewed the troops.

When the Duke of Edinburgh visited India in 1870, the Madras Club entertained His Royal Highness at a dance, and he left saying he had not been present at any better ball in the East. It was thought, therefore, that the Prince of Wales would express himself similarly; but it would be a libel to say that the particular *fête* held in Madras on the night of December 16th, equalled in splendour the Tumasha given by the Byculla Club at Bombay, or in magnitude the gathering at Colombo. The gentlemen of Madras did their best, extending their buildings where they could, notably by the construction of a new entrance and reception hall; and there was no question about the success of the entertainment, or the abundant liberality of the club.

In one respect Madras stands paramount—a lovelier collection of women have not been seen together anywhere else in India. We all know that “even a maypole, crowned and flowered and tastefully ribboned, is a pleasing object;” but we had few maypoles at this ball. The young and beautiful women, with soft fresh faces, lighted by dimples that twinkled like stars, brought together out here in life-trying tropical regions, astonished us. It was a delicious treat, full of sweet English memories, to stand near one of the mirrors which were suspended from the white walls of the building, and watch as they passed on the many graceful figures, and the exquisite satin dresses which were ordered from France many months ago specially for this ball. There were forms which were beautiful for their stateliness, others for eyes which sparkled with exultation, others for their sweet smile; but all, or nearly all, for their youthfulness and the taste of their attire.

Among the dancers, there was no man who so enjoyed himself as the Prince, and between eleven and three he had selected as partners the following ladies:—Mrs. Shaw Stewart, wife of the president of the club; Mrs. Wilkieson, wife of Colonel Wilkieson, Royal Engineers; Miss Robinson, daughter of the late Acting-Governor; Lady Mary Grenville, Mrs. Elmhirst, Mrs. Smith, wife of Captain Smith, Royal Engineers, and her sister, and Miss Crawford. Before he left, the Prince told Mr. Hamilton Holmes, the secretary of the club, that the whole of the arrangements had been admirably planned, and had given him every pleasure.

On the following afternoon the club was again honoured with his presence, this time at luncheon. It was a day for “curries,” for the making of which the institution has gained a reputation. The Prince remained two hours and a quarter within the building, during which time nine different curries and fifteen chutnees were set before the guests. His Royal Highness’s *chef de cuisine*, Monsieur Bonne-

main, went into the club kitchen to see how the native Consamas made their famous dishes. Mr. Hamilton Holmes wrote to me to say that he did so at the special desire of his royal master, who is anxious to introduce, if possible, the system of making chutnees from green herbs into England.

But it was not the curries and chutnees alone which made the Madras dinners so palatable. I never tasted such delicate snipe as were provided here. After the hard tasteless meat we had been eating for weeks before, the dainty piquant flavour of these birds gave a zest to our appetites to which none of us failed to do honour.

During the Prince's stay the members of Council kept open houses, and we were honoured with invitations to one or other of them every evening. I recollect meeting the Commissioner of Mysore, Mr. Dalyell, at one particular dinner party—it was at the residence of Mr. Ellis, C.B. Mr. Dalyell had come down to Madras to try—alas! in vain—to get the Prince to visit Bangalore. There was a conversation about the condition of Ireland over the walnuts and the wine, and Mr. Dalyell, who has an estate in Kildare, was very unhappy at being designated an absentee landlord while serving the Queen under a burning sun out here.

We all agree that the dangers of the East dwelt upon by old Indian travellers in English drawing-rooms are almost myths. After travelling some thousands of miles in the west and south not one of us has yet seen a wild tiger, and we are forced to believe that these beasts are only as plentiful as wolves are in France. Snakes you do meet here and there. I helped to kill one myself at Elephanta. The cobra is oftenest seen, chiefly in the custody of snake charmers; but these men assert that they have to pay large sums to secure them. They are by no means to be expected on every high road, or upon the drawing-room carpet.

Then, again, the risks said to be incurred from semi-savage natives have been exaggerated in a shameful way. The terri-

tory of the Deccan is reported to be the most lawless in India. Baroda, being somewhat uncivilised, comes under the same stigma, yet we have seen no attempt whatever at molestation. The Duke of Sutherland said he would as soon dread walking down Regent-street at night as through the streets of Hyderabad.

The natives every hour excited our pity more and more. They are, or appear to be, the mildest, most humiliated people in creation. If they are beaten by a white Sahib, they never retort with words, much less blows; and everywhere, in crowded cities or on quiet country roads, men and women move respectfully away, or carts are pulled aside, to let the English pass. A volume might be written on these poor creatures, who are scarcely ever seen to laugh, who nourish themselves only with herbs, whose greatest pleasure is to be partakers of any ceremony; who, as a rule, seem merely anxious to live without aspiring to anything higher than that position which birth and caste have given them. Their very humility moves one to wish that they were not so much treated like cattle as they are.

The native entertainment held at the old railway station of Royapooram on Friday evening, December 17th, was one of singular beauty and picturesqueness. Native artists of Southern India had been employed to sheath the interior roofing with sparkling tinsel; so that, shining as it did in the radiance produced by many hundreds of lime-lights, the graceful curves and rafters looked as if jewelled with rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. From the ceilings drooped glass chandeliers, one immense one being placed immediately over the Prince's chair. Behind his seat of gold were two richly appalled servants, who wafted in the Prince's face a gentle breeze with gold and emerald fans, shaped like shells. The hall, nearly two hundred yards long, was filled with princes, the Madras staff, and hundreds of ladies. His Royal Highness, who wore his scarlet uniform of field-marshal, was presented with a casket

and address when he entered the building. The most enchanting portion of the scene was the stage with the groups of black-haired dancing girls, attired in dresses of white and gold, with shoulder-sashes of yellow and purple and scarlet, and armlets and bracelets of diamonds and all manner of precious stones. In their ears and noses there were rings, which were simply constellations of diamonds. These ladies and their male accompanists with tom-toms, fiddles, and zithers, sang songs and shared in grotesque dances. It was a picture the strange beauty of which could not be eclipsed.

In the nautch dances there are sometimes two or three performers ; sometimes, as on this occasion, only one. They are always young, and frequently beautiful. The dancer clashes together the silver bands worn on the feet above the ankles, and raises her arms, jingling with bangles, in alternate movements above her head, to a droning accompaniment from the musicians ; now and again she bursts into a twangy song with apparently no distinct air or meaning, and which always ends abruptly. The character of the dance itself is wearily changeless, with the exception of an occasional turn which loosens the gauze scarf and reveals for an instant the figure of the still well-clothed chest. There is nothing lively, graceful, or attractive about it. No one cares to see a nautch twice unless the dancers have very pretty faces and very pretty dresses. The worst feature of the whole proceeding is that the girls become entranced in their own accomplishments, and sometimes a hand less tender than violent has to be stretched out to remove them from the small piece of carpet which they have already worn into brightness by the pattering of their bare feet.

The Prince of Wales was obliged to yield to native prejudices and witness the nautches ; but long before he reached Madras His Royal Highness, like every one else with the expedition, seemed to have become thoroughly tired of the stupid spectacle.

There are Hindoo nautch girls and Mahomedan nautch girls all over India, and everywhere they seem to awaken the same veneration in the native mind and to receive abundant presents and remuneration for their services. Perhaps the prettiest execution of this evening was the Kôlâttram, or plait dance, round a maypole, to the air of "Bonnie Dundee," rather differently rendered from the way we are accustomed to hear it in Scotland. A dozen girls of splendid physique took part in the dance; they had castanets in their hands, and their dress, bloomer fashion, was of muslin trimmed with long gold fringe and tassels; their slight waists were encircled with belts of solid gold. During this dance the lime-light was thrown with full fervency upon the waltzers, and the little muster of fairylike costumes and dark but animated faces was one of unparalleled beauty.

My readers have no doubt often heard of the peculiarity of the Madras surf. It forms into rollers a mile away from the shore. Even at this distance from land the water is only ten fathoms in depth; a fact which perhaps accounts for the phenomena displayed by the waves. Gaining in size and momentum each instant, these surging masses of water at length crash on the sandy beach, casting upwards immense sheets of green and foaming spray. The continuous roar of the waters is like the fusillades of infantry.

It was a happy thought illuminating the surf with lime-light and coloured fires on the night of this festival. The wonderful feats of the native catamaran men, descendants from a race of swimmers, as they plunged about heedless of danger amongst the green billows, was like a spectacle borrowed from a supernatural world. These extraordinary mortals, who were more at home at sea than on land, astonished every European by their long-continued antics and perfect immunity from fear.*

* Lord Alfred Paget considered this one of the most interesting sights he saw in India. He writes: "As the waves rolled in the men were enveloped in and

The gentlemen of Madras maintain a pack of English hounds; they are not used for hunting foxes, but subtler game—the jackal. The Prince had a run with them one morning. The chase was lively enough, but not so exhilarating in this enervating climate as a cross country spin at home. The hounds killed three jackals, and the brushes were ordered to be preserved. A veteran huntsman named Squires had charge of the pack. This man has had considerable experience in all sorts of countries, having hunted the West Norfolk and the Pytchley, and the St. Petersburg and Count Esterhazy's on the Continent.

The Prince left Madras on Saturday, December 18th, for Calcutta. The wind was high, and the shore was covered with sand and spray blown up by the monsoon. There was not a cheery prospect of a fair passage to the City of Palaces. The Duke of Buckingham accompanied the Prince from the shore to the Serapis in the Government catamaran, or surf boat, and there was a procession of canoes.

During the past five days excitement has never flagged. When the sun was high, the streets—a confused view of long lines of palm branches, flags, ivy-clad arches, and Mahomedan towers—have been alive with carriages conveying ladies in satin, and soldiers in scarlet uniforms, to this garden-party or that reception.

At night, the flat town and the long sombre fort have been illuminated with cupolas of lamps and lines of coloured fires. On one particular evening the rockets alone cost the corporation 1000*l.*

On leaving His Royal Highness gave 1000*l.* for distribution amongst the poor. It was scarcely fair for this, as well as every other large city he visited, to expect him to supplement

fairly went under the breaking waves. Often they were swept off the boats, but regained them with the greatest ease. The petroleum lights were as extraordinary as the swimmers, for they also dived and dived under the surf, yet were not extinguished."

the presents to the leading chiefs by making donations to all kinds of Anglo-Indian charities.

The visit to the Madras Presidency was in every sense successful, as His Royal Highness himself expressed it. He was everywhere welcomed by crowds, whose appearance notified prosperity and contentment. He had visited some most magnificent monuments of ancient art, and he had traversed plains rendered famous by the labour of our soldiers in former wars, fertilised by the science of engineers in ancient as well as modern days, and now sustaining a vast, industrious, and peaceful population.

XIX.

PALATIAL CALCUTTA.

THE ARRIVAL IN THE HOOGLHY — REJOICINGS IN THE CAPITAL — THREE THOUSAND RAJAHS — THE MAHARAJAH OF PUTTIALA — THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S JEWELS — "HERE HE COMES; I SEE HIS LEGS" — CHARLES MATHEWS.

ON Thursday, December 23rd, the most splendid episode in its eventful history was enacted upon the waters of the busiest river in India, the Hooghly. Before the chill air of the morning had been vanquished by the overwhelming radiance of the tropical sun, signal guns discharged from distant places along the hundred miles which separate Calcutta from the sea announced to the capital of India that the Prince of Wales was within the limits of her Presidency. Thereupon, hearts which had been palpitating at high speed for many hours before, beat faster—fresh impetus was infused into gangs of soldiers and native workmen toiling at the work of decoration. The captains of the ships lying at anchor athwart the bridge and along the quays went down to their cabins to pick and choose among the flags.

Heated and anxious groups of natives, running to take up positions by the river sides, made their appearance in the

streets, and a thrill—the vibration of which did not die away for many hours—quivered over the beautiful city. The excitement was at its highest pitch when the Serapis, towering like an immense swan above the slim hulks of the Canal liners, drifted with almost imperceptible motion to her anchorage, and there lay—

“Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,
While round it swarm’d the proa’s flitting chain,
Like summer bees that hum around his mane.”

Indeed, the many tiny sail, flitting hither and thither over the dappling waters, and trooping into sight only when the Serapis came, like fairies issuing suddenly from the sea, lent a liveliness and a charm to the picture which no eyes on shore, however bewildered already by the newness and gaiety of the festivities in general, could fail to notice. The glistening oars, flapping sails, and fluttering ensigns made the waters dance with colour, until the Prince’s ship seemed to be encircled with floating bouquets.

The ordinary shipping was anchored to the right of the river in lines five deep between Prinseps Ghaut, the point where the Prince made his landing, and the long wooden bridge which in the heart of Calcutta spans the Hooghly. A perfect forest of masts accordingly sprang up from the side of the Hooghly above where the pontoon and pier for the landing were.

The opposite shore, shelving towards the water, was clear before our view, and its general appearance resembled Chelsea; for there were old wharfs, rows of dilapidated warehouses, and here and there tall black chimneys pierced the white atmosphere. The sparkling purple waters between were not wholly taken up by the Serapis and the miniature and oddly-fashioned navy of Calcutta; for the yacht Osborne and three ironclads—the *Immortalité*, the *Topaze*, and the *Doris*—had contrived to escape treacherous “James” and “Mary,” the

mudbanks of the Hooghly, and were now at anchor in regular situations about the royal vessel.

Lord Northbrook had despatched the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Richard Temple,* down the river in the steam yacht *Rhotas* to ascertain the wishes of His Royal Highness as to the hour of landing. The time fixed by the Prince was half-past four. At four, however, the city was in that quiet, tremulous condition usual before State ceremonies and processions. The street from the Ghaut to Government House, a distance of about a mile and a half, was lined with troops.

The carriages of three thousand Rajahs and of the European population had all been told off to their places. The crowd had been driven behind the barriers, and the lofty white and scarlet canopy, or rather series of canopies, beneath which the Prince was to be officially made acquainted with Bengal society, was filled with the most honoured spectators.

It was made clear early in the afternoon that the reception of His Royal Highness in the metropolis of India would differ from that accorded him in the other presidencies. The glory of the day's splendour, every one could see, would centre itself in the Rajahs, and the interest which was created in Bombay by the strange mixture of Parsees, Mahomedans, and Hindoos, and in Madras by the immense concourse of picturesquely-attired women and children (nowhere else in India was there visible so fanciful and so attractive a multitude as lined the roadways in Madras), would in Calcutta give place to wonder at the abundance and magnificence of the carriages. Calcutta, moreover, in her streets was different from any city previously visited by the Prince; for, relying on that singularly fine character of her architecture which caused Bishop Heber to

* Sir Richard Temple has been honoured with a baronetcy since we were at Calcutta.

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compare the city to St. Petersburg, and some one else to christen her the City of Palaces, but little was done to ornament the thoroughfares on this auspicious occasion. There was but one handsome arch, and there were no continuous strings of palm-leaves, tinsel, and lanterns hitherto so observable along the Prince's routes. The decorative artists seemed to have devoted themselves wholly to the embellishment of the landing-place, and the result of their efforts was that the Prince, on stepping ashore from his barge, found himself on a crimson platform which led into a sort of low-roofed palace, the white pillars supporting which were encircled with wreathings of roses and garlands of green leaves. From the drooping roof of scarlet canvas were suspended immense bouquets of perfumed flowers, and clusterings of banners, among which, by-the-bye, some of the flags of regiments disbanded during the Mutiny were made to do duty. In the centre of the canopied structure were couches, ranged upon a carpet of extraordinary proportions, and of the richest texture. These were laid down indiscriminately, and it was given out that the Rajahs might choose which seats they pleased, so that no man might complain he was more honoured than another. Over a space of fifty yards in width, extending from each side of the central enclosure, were tiers of seats, all of which were filled with ladies, military men, and civilians, hours before the Prince touched land. Then beyond these seats, on either side of the landing platform, and reaching down to the end of it, were drawn up lines of native troops, wearing dresses and gaiters like French Zouaves. There were also present here groups of stalwart Scinde policemen and scarlet-clothed servants of the Viceroy.

How shall I attempt to describe the native princes who were in waiting for the Prince of Wales? Such an effort would, were justice done, involve the whole story of our bitterest struggles and noblest victories in the East; for almost

every name notorious in Bengal annals may be heard in whispers here.

If the effect of the Prince of Wales's visit to India is to be estimated, let the judgment be made in this arena. Holkar and Scindia, heretofore deadly enemies, are not the only ones who are bowing to each other with what grace a rice-engendered portliness will permit. Fraternising is general. If any one doubts the interest the Rajahs of India feel in the Prince, let him see the way in which these splendidly-dressed Nabobs forsake their seats and suffer themselves to be wrenched and tossed about in the crowd, so that only they may catch one glimpse at the pensive and yet smiling English face. Let him throw a glance yonder—at a figure loitering beneath the shade of the huge beam across which is written in letters formed by flowers the expression, "Welcome to India." That sickly Prince with his face smudged completely with red paint is the Rajah of Rewha, an incurable leper, who has left his sick chamber and travelled hundreds of miles to pay his respects to the future Emperor. Not far away is standing the leading chief of all the Sikhs, the proud and ambitious Maharajah of Puttiala.* Wearing a long coat of the richest purple satin and a lofty turban, spangled all over with diamonds and pearls and emeralds, he is not only the most exquisitely attired of all the princes present, but he has upon him the greatest wealth of jewels. A portion of his jewels have been the envy of all the courtly ladies of Europe, for these are the gems of the Empress Eugenie purchased only a few weeks before by His Highness. Mr. Westfield, the engineer of the chief's do-

* The Maharajah died in April, from a combined attack of liver disease and epilepsy. He was a great sportsman; and it was while shooting in the jungle that his last serious illness visited him. He was particularly free from prejudices of race or religion, was fond of European society, and was liberal in his charities. The affairs of the state are now administered by a council of regency. The late Maharajah left a son, but he is only five years old. The father of the deceased Maharajah did excellent service during the Mutiny, by keeping open the Grand Trunk Road for the passage of our troops.

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minions, who had just now in his keeping a magnificent sword and a massive shield depicting the best workmanship of the Punjab, intended as presents from the Maharajah to the Prince, whispered to me that the worth of the jewels upon His Highness's person was one and a half lacs of rupees, or fifteen thousand pounds. The pearl of greatest value, he added, was the prismatic stone of Sassi, two hundred years old, which had to be cut out of the stomach of one of Puttali's ancestors, who, fearing to part from the charms it possessed, swallowed it when he was dying.

The old man leaning on the thick gnarled and knotted stick, in converse over the way with the governor elect of the troops in the Mediterranean—the first soldier in the world, Lord Napier of Magdala—is the Maharajah from the holy city of Benares. His dress is also of satin (purple trimmed with gold), and his tiara a constellation of diamonds. The prince with the quaintly-curved whiskers is Scindia, the most powerful of Indian legislators; and the younger but more portly prince in purple near him, who carries his sword muffled in a cloth, and whose restless and somewhat undignified desire to see the Prince shows him to be a man whose worldly way does not torment him very much, is Holkar. The dress of Scindia, I ought to say, is of pink silk, with flowers embroidered on it, a real triumph of the weaver's art.

Three members of a new embassy from Burmah, in high gold hats and dresses of gold and purple, and wearing, like all the native potentates, patent leather boots, are here. So also is an embassy from the Nepaul territory. The great Maharajahs of Cashmere and Jeypore, themselves pillars of glitter and wealth, brought with them regular processions of attendants whose costumes were most costly and picturesque.

The Viceroy, in his political dress, surrounded by his aides-de-camp, including his son, is moving down the crimson pier. A native band has struck up "Highland Laddie," and looking out riverwards we see that the keynote for the supreme

moment of excitement is also sounding there, for sailors are rushing wildly up the ladders to the yards. There are some half a dozen Victoria Cross men moving about, including Captain Bythesca, Naval Secretary to the Government of India, and that gallant Irishman, Mr. Kavanagh, lately Commissioner for Oude, who has won the Cross twice over, once when a civilian, and secondly as a soldier. Law is represented by Sir Richard Garth, Chief Justice of Bengal.

Several ladies screamed when the guns of the three iron-clads boomed across the river. Verily it was a thrilling time, and ships rocked in the air, so great was the concussion. Meanwhile over the silver tide came the royal barge swiftly, and a few strokes only were needed to traverse the space between the Serapis and the pontoon pier. Mr. Hogg, now Sir Stuart Hogg, the Chief Commissioner of Police, read the address.

"Here he comes; I see his legs," screams a young lady in a costume of purple and white. A sage military friend behind asks, stoically, "Well, what are they like?" But the girl was right. The Prince was coming, looking strangely pleased at the cheering from the sailors, and the waving of bouquets from hundreds of ladies which greeted him. He remained at the Ghaut about ten minutes, shaking hands with the members of the Council, conversing with the native princes, and bowing now and again as he recognised an old friend. A new national air was chanted from the road by some thousands of school children as the Prince left for Government House.

The multitudes who had collected on the Maidan or open park to see His Royal Highness pass were on several occasions stricken with panic as the chargers of the troops plunged or bolted. Mr. Younan, a superintendent of police, was thrown from his saddle and cut seriously about the face, and a carriage was smashed to pieces through the alarm of the horses.

The Prince paid a high compliment to Mr. Mathews by

attending Mrs. English's Theatre on the first evening of his stay in Calcutta. At the close of the piece, "Used Up," the Rajahs and the public went beyond bounds in their enthusiasm when they saw the Prince in his box shaking hands with a peasant boy. The happy boy was Mr. Charles Mathews. He had come straight off the stage in his dress as "Joe," in response to a summons from the Prince.

His Royal Highness, after telling Mr. Mathews that he was as blithe and charming as ever on the stage, added :

"It is many years ago since I first saw you playing 'Used Up.'"

"Yes, sir," said the actor; "I remember the time well. It was at Windsor Castle; but *you* were but a boy then."

The answer was, as usual, made in the Prince's happy manner :

"After nearly thirty years we seem to have changed places. To-night, you are the boy."

Mr. Mathews was staying at the Great Eastern Hotel, where the correspondents also were lodged. I remember his making us laugh one morning by telling us that he found the Hindustani which he had learned useless to him.

Opening his "conversation book," he read out the vernacular for this expression: "See that there are no reptiles in my boots."

"Now what is the use of that," he said. "Every waiter would laugh at the absurdity of my fears if I employed that utterance."

XX.

CHRISTMAS IN THE EAST.

CHRISTMAS EVE—THE ILLUMINATIONS—THE EX-KING OF OUDE—THE ORIGINAL PLAYERS OF POLO—CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE CATHEDRAL—BISHOP MILMAN—MEMENTOES OF THE BRAVE—MONUMENT OF LADY CANNING—THE FRENCH IN CHANDANAGORE—THE VICEROY'S BALL.

CHRISTMAS EVE and the visit of the Prince of Wales were celebrated in Calcutta by a display of illuminations more beautiful, more universal than anything one has ever seen in a European city. The tropical nights are so serene that the oil lights are not extinguished by cruel blasts of wind, and the taste of the natives has developed many means of lighting up a town unknown in the Western world. The Maidan and its statues were enchased with dazzling wreaths of gas-jets, and lines of fire diverging hither and thither over the grass and by the sides of the streets lent considerable picturesqueness to the general view. There were pillars and pyramids of fire, several delicate arches—the colours in which shone out brilliantly in the transparency—and the fronts of the houses were so ablaze with stars, and friezes, and pictures, that going down any street seemed like promenading between walls of flame. In the olden days when East India Company's servants came out to pass their lives in India, they built large houses in the midst of neat gardens all over Cal-

cutta. In colour like the buildings at Bath, and in shape similar to villas in Italy, they have caused the metropolis of India to be designated the City of Palaces.

The interior of these residences are certainly luxurious, for they each of them contain a billiard-room (often a gymnasium as well), and there are marble floors, thermantidotes, punkahs, and, in fact, every means for keeping the various apartments cool. There is a tropical garden outside of each block, which at all times renders the air fragrant.

These houses were, almost without exception, illuminated; and, as nearly all of them have square flat roofs to resist the fury of cyclones, their bright outlines, which sparkled above the sombre trees, gave them the appearance of so many large golden caskets. The illuminated paintings represented not only scenes in the history of India, but all the more recent portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales. We saw the Prince in Freemasonry uniform frequently looking down upon us, and more than once the Princess, in the character of Mary Queen of Scots, drew admiring glances from dusky crowds.

The directors of the new Museum of Arts and Sciences made a bold effort to turn the season of rejoicing to good account. For some time past they have found a difficulty in getting funds to place a roof upon it; they accordingly raised temporary girders and towers, and had these lighted up so as to depict what the proposed roof would look like when completed. The effect was so charming that none but the most unpatriotic of citizens could any longer refuse contributions.

Wajid Ali, ex-King of Oude, still lives to occupy a palace on the banks of the Hooghly. Like Frederick the Second, Emperor of Germany, his great weakness is to maintain a menagerie; here, even in his prison-house, he is surrounded with cages, which contain tigers, pythons, and hawks, and pigeons of every breed.

The inventors of the game of polo, natives of Manipuri, on the north-east frontier, have come down from the

hills at the command of their Rajah, to show the Prince how they play the game. You who have watched polo in England can have but a poor idea of the perfection with which the skill and daring of these players have endowed it; two sides, seven each, one set of riders wearing green, the other white jackets, have had a series of games on the Maidan. The hitting was splendid, and goals were won in quite an electrical way. The ponies are of a particular hill breed, not so high as English polo ponies, and their hair and tails are allowed to remain long and shaggy.* They are, however, picturesquely habited, having tassels all over them like those used on Spanish mules. Large zinc plates are placed between the pony and the leg of the rider on either side, to protect the animal's flanks, and the saddles are of military pattern, with supports of wood before and behind the riders. The players plunge after the ball at terrific speed, and they have a system of letting the reins drop over a peg, and thus leaving both hands free to drive the ball, which enables them to send it over great distances. The stick used is of cane, very pliable, and the little cross-piece is fixed to the end at a sharper angle than with English players. Although the contests were swift and fierce, there was none of the awkward and sometimes brutal roughness visible in the polo fields at home. There was just one jostle, which sent two ponies and their riders flat upon the ground, but all of the unfortunates got up instantly, apparently quite unhurt, and went on with the pursuit.

In addition to this exhibition, we have witnessed war dances with shields and spears, performed not only by Manipuris but by Looshais, Goorkhas, and other tribes from the hills. One lanky spearsman danced a jig in so lively and jocund a style, that a spectator beside the Prince declared he must be an Irishman in disguise. There were men and women musicians among these odd people, who sang melan-

* The swift and hardy animals recalled to the memory the "little mares" of the Scinde warriors in whose praise Sir Charles Napier has spoken so warmly. "They were," he writes in his book, "so fleet that English cavalry could not come up with them, and so enduring that the desert could not destroy them."

choly chants, descriptive of the gallantry of their Rajahs, to accompaniments derived from fiddles with a single string. All the last-named pastimes were witnessed at a garden-party given by Sir Richard Temple at Belvedere, the Lieutenant-Governor's residence in Calcutta.

We all wish each other "A merry Christmas" beneath the radiance of the blazing Eastern sun, in the streets where bouquets of roses are sold. Every window is open to catch any stray breeze, and our wishes have a ludicrously odd ring about them. Everything has been arranged in English fashion, including anthems at the cathedral and roast beef and plum-puddings at the dinner-table.

The sudden death of Lord Hastings cast a shade over the festivities of the day. His lordship was as well and as strong as it was possible he could be, a few weeks since, at Bombay. It had been arranged that, if His Royal Highness went shooting on the Allemanny Hills, he should go with him. The trip, however, having been abandoned, and Lord Hastings being most desirous of getting at some really difficult shooting station, started off for Tanjore. His companion was Lord Ebrington, who left England with the intention of making a tour to Australia, taking India on his way. The death of Lord Hastings is another proof of the fatality of jungle fever, which it would seem is well-nigh as prevalent in the cold as in the hot seasons.

In the orthodox fashion at the orthodox hour, eleven, the Prince of Wales, the Viceroy, and, indeed, the whole of the English community, attended the Christmas Day service in the cathedral. It was a lovely morning, and Providence had, as it were, tempered the atmosphere, so that all might take part in devotion without exhaustion. The cathedral is of grey stone, with a large flamboyant stained window above the altar; from this a flood of light of varied shades scatters itself over the marble floors and walls richly embossed with memorials of heroes. At each side of the altar are niches,

in which—the only sign that it is Christmas—bunches of flowers have been placed. As you glance at the congregation, the thought rises in your mind, “Is missionary labour futile?” If not, how is it that here, in the great Protestant cathedral of India, at this interesting service, on the most hallowed of mornings, not a single native dress is visible?

The aspect of the Europeans who have come is the same as it would be in St. Paul’s, the ladies wearing velvet ribands and flowers, and the gentlemen black coats. Old men are leaning over their sticks listening to the preacher, and little children are standing up in the pews. As Lord Northbrook’s carriages dashed up to the entrance, one was reminded of the flowered days of the French Empire; for upon their panels were painted large “N’s” and coronets.

Bishop Milman,* a brother of the lamented Dean of St. Paul’s stands in front of the altar, and in an extraordinary loud voice reads parts of the service. He is like a captain giving orders, whose articulation is heard in the most distant corners of his ship. “The collection made that day,” he said, “would be given to the poorer classes of Anglo-Indians in Calcutta.”

At the close of the service the strangers lingered to examine the interior of the building. It is a Westminster Abbey in a distant land. There are no grey monuments here, for the sun clothes the statues and tablets in absolute whiteness. No ancient columns blurred with the dust of ages, for all are comparatively new, but the whole of the plain yet beautiful fabric is consecrated by memorials of heroes. Here are piled their arms, and here the wreaths are entwined upon the heads of warriors. Standing evidence is this church of the truth of Kingsley’s words—“No wind

* Bishop Milman died in the Hills in April, scarcely a month after the Prince left India, from liver disease and dysentery. The Prince heard of his death with deep regret. The bishop’s predecessor, Dr. Cotton, was drowned in the Hooghly, by falling from a plank when he was about to visit a dying sailor. His body floated down the river, and was never recovered. There is a monument to his memory in the cathedral.

can sweep the earth which does not bear the echoes of an English voice." Standing evidence is it also of the might, and the willingness, and gallantry and self-denyingness of that voice wherever it is raised by the noblest minded of England's children.

Let us give one glance at the mementoes of the brave. Here before us is the monument of Sir Henry Lawrence. "In the Punjab, Rajpootana, and Oude Service he taught how kindly, subject races should be ruled; a Christian statesman, philanthropist, and soldier, he founded the Lawrence Memorial Asylum for soldiers' children in the Hills," &c.

A little further away there is a tablet to the memory of the English officers of the 68th Native Infantry. They died during the Mutiny, "some on the field of battle, some by the hands of their followers, others from disease, all doing their duty."

Another monument in the cluster right before us, again brings back these terrible days in Indian history. Colonel Yule, "a modest and accomplished soldier, and as brave as ever drew a sword, fell gallantly (I quote the record) at the head of his regiment—the 9th Lancers—during an encounter in rear of the camp at Delhi."

While we loiter here Lord Northbrook has taken the Prince of Wales into the south wing of the cathedral to show him what is the most beautiful memorial in all India. It is a square marble sepulchre with a tall carved cross, raised by Lord Canning to the memory of his wife. The lamented peer, who survived her loss by only seven months, had written this inscription before he left India for England: "Honour and praise written on a tomb are at best but a plain glory, but that her charity, humility, meekness, and watchful faith in her Saviour will, for that Saviour's sake, be accepted of God, and be to her a glory everlasting, is the firm trust of those who knew her best and most dearly loved her in life, and who cherish the memory of her departed."

One thought of the pleasure it would have given his father, who planned the visit to India, had he seen the Prince of Wales standing in this cathedral, the conspicuous figure in a flood of sunshine, letting his eyes wander from statue to statue, from slab to slab, reading there the sad history of the darkest days of our Indian Empire. His looks showed that he was deeply interested, and it seemed that with his interest there was mingled a feeling of pride and sadness. He could not pass through the building without elation, nor without sorrow.

Chandanagore, one of the five districts in India still in the hands of the French, received the Prince on Sunday, St. Stephen's Day. It has been a French settlement since 1700, the year in which Calcutta was first declared to belong to England. Chandanagore is now almost in ruins, and the garrison consists—so Chowringhees* say—of two and a half soldiers. The city reached its highest point of prosperity and opulence about one hundred and twenty years ago, when Clive captured it. Subsequently the town was restored to the French, and again captured and finally restored once more at the general peace of 1816. The Prince was received with a salute of twenty-one, not guns, but bangs upon boxes, for there is no artillery in the place, and all the bells in the little province were rung. The Governor, Mr. Poysot, acted as host, and having conducted him to a collation laid out at the embassy, proposed his health amid ringing cheers.

We special correspondents had dined together on Christmas Day at the Great Eastern Hotel. The walls of the room were draped with yellow marigolds instead of holly and ivy, and we had a plum-pudding which the landlord assured us had come from England. It was not encircled in the usual way with fire, because the day was so depressingly hot, that even the ices which followed the pudding melted into water on our plates before we could swallow them.

* Chowringhee was the old name of Calcutta.

The Prince dined at Barrackpore, a charming residence situated in a pretty park some miles away. After dinner fourteen half-savage natives of Assam danced by torchlight before His Royal Highness.

The next morning he attended the church at Barrackpore, after which he drove to see the elephant stables of the Government. The stud consisted of ninety-four animals, including several baby elephants not three months old.

It seemed farcical, however, inviting the Prince to a zoological exhibition at which the only beast visible was a bear; indeed the appearance of this animal led one to infer that *he* had belonged to the performing order.

Some of the empty cages were ornamented with ridiculous inscriptions, such as this, "Site for eagles and other wild birds." Among the visitors was Mr. Jamrach, whose collection of birds and beasts at Whitechapel is world-renowned. How he must have inwardly laughed; but perhaps it is the intention of the directors to get him to ship his show to Calcutta.

The Viceroy gave a ball in the evening. The dancing-rooms are at the top of Government House, and a long climb up a steep staircase, wearisome work in this hot climate, had to be accomplished before they were reached. When the guests, after much dallying upon each flight, at length arrived at the summit, they found the rooms terribly over-crowded. The first quadrille danced at the suggestion of the Prince along the whole length of the chief ball-room, and embracing no less than sixty pairs of partners, was the most successful terpsichorean achievement of the night. Among the guests were some charming Armenian Jewesses, who wore black velvet jackets and straight skirts of gold. Four American generals, who came here purposely to view the Delhi manoeuvres for the United States Government, were also present in handsome uniforms.

XXI.

HOLLAND HOUSE IN INDIA.

"Dwarkanath Tagore, a very rich native, had asked us to go and see his villa. He is a follower of Rammohun Roy; speaks excellent English; has built a regular English villa, with billiard-room, &c., and fitted it up with statues and pictures, and Copley Fieldings, and Prouts, and French china, &c., and he asked us to name a day on which to see it. George was delighted, and named Monday, upon which all Calcutta got greatly excited, because the Governor-General was going to dine with a native. The fact of a native dining with a Governor-General is much more remarkable, and Dwarkanath is one of the very few that would even sit by while we were eating. However, we only went to see the place, and went in particular state, in order to please the poor, fussy people, with carriages-and-four and guards, and Fanny in his phaeton, and Major —— in his cab, and Captain —— in his, and even the Doctor in his, and George and I in the Government coach, and quantities of servants."—"*Letters from India*," by *Emily Eden, Sister of Lord Auckland.*

STREETS OF FIRE—CHORUS OF NATIVE MUSIC—A SINGULAR PIPE PLAYER—"I HAVE SEEN VAUXHALL"—"THE CARRIAGES WILL BE UP DIRECTLY"—THE CALCUTTA DERBY—THE VICEROY'S CUP—A FASTIDIOUS MAHARAJAH.

THE leading natives of Bengal invited the Prince to a *fête* at the Belgatchia Villa on Tuesday evening, December 26th, and His Royal Highness decided to drive thither in state.

For fully seven miles the carriages passed along roads which were abundantly illuminated, not only by stands of fire placed at intervals by the sides of the pathways, but by lines of gas

jets swung from tall flagstaffs, by transparent temples and arches, and by gaudy devices on the façades of the houses. A thick mist which was falling added to the mystical and novel appearance presented by these sheets of fire and densely packed rows of animated and quaintly-attired spectators.

The villa, which is a repository of masterpieces of modern art in sculpture as well as painting, lies in the centre of a capacious park, rich with groves of cedar and palms, and beds of larkspur and roses. A clear river—the Muttyjheel—meandering through the pretty enclosure, wears upon its fantastic curves the impress of the best skill of engineers and gardeners, for delicate suspension bridges reach across from bank to bank, and islets, profuse in sweet-smelling flowers, diadem the stream.

As the Prince entered, native minstrels, stationed in pavilions, played the national anthem, and marble fountains saturated thirsty shrubberies with pillars of glittering spray. His Royal Highness is received at the crimson steps of the pandahl or open palace, raised in the gardens purposely for the entertainment of this particular night, by a gorgeously apparelled committee, one of whom hands him a card upon which the history of this much revered rendezvous is inscribed.

The villa and grounds were once the property of Baboo Dwarkanath Tagore, a man of wealth and talent, an admirer of the arts, and of Englishmen and English habits. Here for many years he held receptions of Europeans and natives constituting a circle “numerous without confusion, modest without restraint, learned without pride, and polished without affectation.”

The music which the bandsmen cajole from tin whistles, tom-toms, and zithers like scooped-out cucumbers, can claim no kinship with those strains of which Milton speaks, sweet enough to create a soul beneath the ribs of death. The

chords are fluty, and the airs abrupt and chaotic. Outbursts of wild and sweet melody and

“Dying notes
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly,”

appear never to have entered into the imagination of Indian composers. Whatever, therefore, may be thought of the poetic character of the hymn of welcome, a Bengali version of which was chanted as the Prince stepped along the carpeted passage to the daïs, the musical accompaniment could command no English sympathy or admiration. These were the verses :

“Hail, noble Prince ! All hail to thee !
With joyous voice we welcome sing,
As bursting into festive glee
Bengala greets her future King,

“Though humble our reception be,
And though our strains may halting run,
The loyal heart we bring to thee
Is warmer than the Eastern sun.”

The spectacle was supremely beautiful. Outside the pandahl, standing in the shadow of the light emitted from a hundred crystal chandeliers within, were lines of the Scinde Zouaves, the finest soldiers in India, the gallant 38th Regiment. Nearer still the way was flanked by Jemadars, in red, holding aloft huge fans and tasselled halberts, spears of steel, and shields like immense nuggets of gold. From the violet arabesque roof, which glittered with tinsel stars, trailed wreaths of the Christmas flowers—simple spicy marigolds ; and the pillars on which the circled ceiling rested, were sheathed like the legs of a gipsy king, in bands of green and black and yellow.

The master of the ceremonies, Christodos Paul, a Hindoo whose eyes beam with pleasure and excitement at the dis-

tinguished part he has to play, conducts the Prince to the dais. Walking at the opposite side of His Royal Highness is Mr. Manickjee Rustumjee, the leader of the small band of Parsees—sixty altogether—who have houses in Calcutta. A well known pundit* now holds before the Prince a gold plate containing a cocoa-nut, a quantity of 'paddy or rice, a few blades of dub grass, a gold coin, and flowers, as the national emblems of fertility, plenty, and wealth. Three students of the Vedas, or Bibles of the Hindoos, not yet elevated to the rank of pundits, bless the Prince in a Yajur Vedic mautra, and the festivities begin in real earnest.

A Baboo, whose garb strongly reminds one of Cardinal Richelieu, is led forward to within a few feet of the Prince. Here he plays a tune on two tin flutes, and the odd part of the performance is that the man places the mouths of the instruments against his neck, and the gods are understood to have endowed him with the power of blowing through his skin instead of from the lips. Many of the spectators, including the Prince, have a suspicion that the player is deceiving them, that the juxtaposition of the pipe to the neck is simply a blind, and that the slow musical hum proceeds from the mouth. A close scrutiny failed to unravel the mystery, and I am bound to add that after a private *séance* given for the special amusement of the correspondents, we were obliged to let Nasataranga depart with a more solid claim than ever to the prestige of being the cleverest blower of a pipe in all India.

Vocal music, from a bright-eyed, slim-looking artist, with the sweet name of Chuckerbutty, came next; and then the big Indian fiddles, zithers, horns, and cymbals, joined together in the execution of that passionate love melody which is supposed to have the power of tickling the sternest parent into

* A learned man. It is only a pundit who can translate the religious books of the Hindoos. They are not numerous, and it is chiefly on their authority that the religious opinions of the people are founded. •

smiles, and known as Taza Bataza Nuba Nu. The dancing girls, in a cloud of green and gold drapery, now burst upon the scene; but as the small hours were approaching, their slow and wearisome entertainment was curtailed. At this crisis Christodos announced supper, and the visitors began to move from the pandhal to the villa itself. Meanwhile the banks of the river were illuminated with coloured fires, produced by lanterns and lime-light. The trees suddenly became encircled in garlands of flame, and boats, trimmed with lights, moved to the accompaniment of village music over the golden water.

“I have seen Vauxhall,” exclaimed Lord Alfred Paget, as he looked from the verandah. Well, if Vauxhall was anything like this entrancing scene, what a loss it must have been to prosaic London!

As the festivities were planned solely by native connoisseurs, we for a short time thought that the supper would rival that delicious Oriental repast at which Lady Mary Montagu was once a guest. Speaking of her hostess, Lady Mary has written, “She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which after their fashion were placed on the table one at a time. The magnificence of her table answered well to her dress. The knives were of gold, and the hafts set with diamonds. But the pieces of luxury which most startled my eyes were the table-cloths and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silk and gold, and worked with flowers, as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs. The sherbet was served in china bowls, but the covers and the salvers were of massy gold. After dinner water was brought in gold basins, and towels of the same kind as the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon.”

Disappointment was, however, in store for us. The supper was an attempt at an English one and of the plainest kind—tasteless jellies, salt hams, hard beef, hastily baked bread, and wretched wines; not a single native deigned to eat with us.

Indeed, from this period of the night, when it ought to have begun, enjoyment ceased. There was an "Eruption of Mount Etna" performed in the sultry grounds, which half suffocated everybody, and nearly reduced Belgatchia to ruins. Those with strong lungs laughed at the grim truism of the set piece which followed, declaring "All's Well that Ends Well."

The good ending was a long time coming. The delay in getting at our carriages fairly drove the guests mad. At one A.M. the strings of equipages—miles long—began to take up at the pandahl, and people then waiting, waited for two hours more, relying on the words of the half-caste policemen that their particular vehicles would be "up directly." At three A.M. impatience would suffer no further restraint, and several groups walked down the avenues for a mile or so. Here, drawn up on a sort of common, were found long-missing carriages. The horses had been taken out of the shafts, and were calmly browsing on the short grass, and the nigger coachmen were stretched on the sward fast asleep, with no more idea of coming "up directly" to the pandahl than they had of being there that day week.

The Calcutta races were held on Saturday, and the Prince met with the most enthusiastic reception. The cheering he was greeted with on the course made up for the silence manifested in less modernised India. Seeing how genuine was the welcome accorded, the drivers proceeded between the lines of people at a slow pace, and the way in which the Prince was obliged to bow reminded many of the great thanksgiving day in London. In the grand stand was a splendid array of pretty faces, silks and satins, and jewellery. The colours in the costumes of the ladies was only equalled by the diversity in the dresses of the Rajahs. Fabulous prices were charged for seats, yet every place was filled.

The racing was excellent. Lord William Beresford (brother of Lord Charles), habited in a most becoming cherry silk jacket and cap, won a race by sheer good riding, beating the favourite

(Red Gauntlet) and a large field in masterly style. A cup presented by the Viceroy, valued at one thousand rupees (100*l.*), and which it was whispered had in its early days done duty at Goodwood, was won by a gentleman who signed himself on the race card simply as K. A. O. The chief feature of the race was that all sorts of Australian and country-bred horses were allowed to compete. The Prince was very much pleased when later on he was called upon to present a prize—a purse of two thousand rupees—to a native Baboo. The name of his horse was Anarchy.

There was a good story told in the stand about the Maharajah of Scindia. It was said that he was grumbling because as a knight he would have to wear a blue cloak at the approaching investiture, his own wish was that he might wear red, as blue, he contended, was a colour only meant for women.

XXII.

THE STAR OF INDIA—THE ROYAL INVESTITURE.

AN EXCITING MORNING—HONOUR FOR THE “JACKS”—THE LADIES’ DRESSES AND THE DRESSES OF THE RAJAHS—THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL—THE GIVING OF THE STAR—AN UNCOURTLY RAJAH—THE TOUCH WITH THE SWORD—LORD MAYO’S STATUE—A CURE FOR SNAKE BITE—CHOLERA ON THE SERAPIS.

THE happy world of Calcutta slept not at all on Friday night. Never before in India was the old year ushered out and the new year heralded in with such rosy splendours:* for, first, there was a ball—given at the principal public building of the town, and dainty feet were dancing till the dawn. Then—as if the feverish enchantments of this festival had not all unhinged young nerves, or wearied older frames—as the birds were twittering their sweet welcomes to the morning air, the most magnificent of ceremonies, the investiture of Knights of the Order of the Star of India, was celebrated upon the Maidan. Within that brief exciting time left for supplanting satin bodices by silken donalmas, and sweeping dolimans

* Not only were all the bells in the city set ringing, but punctually at the hour of twelve, the doors of the ball-room were thrown open as if to admit the new year, and twelve guns boomed over the silent capital.

by knightly armour, the trumpets were summoning the citizens to a gay quadrangle of pavilions, where banners were fluttering and cavaliers attired in gilt and jewelled raiment were mustering. The encampment was pitched within two miles of the Government House, upon a very flat space in the Maidan. Several roads, with ornamental stone railings, and continuous tanks shutting them off from the grass, converge near here. From earliest dawn the carriages of the Rajahs, with their escorts of horse, some of them barbaric specimens of cavalry, were dashing along those thoroughfares. The principal road from Government House was lined with native Zouaves, whose brawny shoulders and tall bodies were a theme for universal admiration. The encampment was almost square in shape. At the north side of the Maidan, farthest from the Government House, was the pavilion, beneath which the knighting was to take place. On either flank were a dozen smaller tents, from which the cavaliers were to be summoned by sound of bugle; and the end facing the chief pavilion, and nearest the Viceroy's residence, was occupied by groups of soldiers, horse and foot, knights and attendants, gathered at a temporary gateway. Here the visitors of greatest distinction entered, the bands of the different Rajahs, stationed outside, playing separate airs as their chiefs alighted from splendid equipages. The roof of the large pavilion was of canvas, in ribs of white and blue. It was supported by several white poles, round which were planted banners of pale blue satin.

The throne on which the Prince and the Viceroy sat, was canopied also with blue satin, trimmed on all sides with broad fringes of silver. The fluted pillars supporting the canopy were of whitest silver. Looking down the whole length of the enclosure from this point, the eyes lighted upon a vista of unparalleled beauty. On either side of the throne were tiers of seats, not yet fully occupied, but already endowed with a dazzling splendour produced by diademed head-

dresses, and thousands of costumes different in character and colour. Side by side with tiaras blazing with pearls and emeralds were hats of English ladies with broad sweeping shades and feathers, and in remarkable contrast to the robes of the Zemindars and Baboos were the tight-fitting corsets of the European women. The ladies, led by Miss Baring, as a rule wore the colour of the knightly Order—pale blue satin and white—but the diverse ways in which these colours were used prevented all possibility of monotony. Many other charming toilettes were, however, made up of crimson and grey, and yellow and pink silks. On the left side of the quadrangle, nearest to the seats of the spectators, were drawn up some companies of the 109th European Regiment, with their band and colours, and facing these and accompanied by the famous band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, were the “Jacks” from the Serapis and Osborne. The sailors were dressed in white, and marched on to the rallying point in thoroughly effective style. Their appearance was very refreshing, and it gave general pleasure when it was seen that the several branches of our army drooped their colours and saluted as the tars proceeded to their station. The men of the 40th Regiment were drawn up in line in front of the knights’ tents, their red uniforms and flashing bayonets adding much to the grandeur of the distant view. No native troops were employed within the enclosure. It was so different, with all its rare pomp and magnificence, from the picture of a knightly pageant which might have been conjured up in one’s mind.

When the array was complete, there were no casques, no faces of ribbed steel, no coats of mail, no chain harness, no coal-black chargers. Over the heads of the knights were the banners of their chivalry, borne by men who assumed the character of champions or companions. No doubt they all deserved the honour. The swords of knights were worn, and knightly mantles with large silver stars and ribands; but here the resemblance in attire with mediæval cavaliers ceased alto-

gether, and indeed the appearance of our new knights verged upon the ridiculous, when we saw some of them wearing sombre, plain helmets, and others approaching the principal tent beneath umbrellas, as if any one ever was a hero who was afraid of the sun!

The sun, so it seemed to me, but others thought quite differently, took from the scene much weird beauty. I would have wished to see vestments, the glittering spears, and the gay lance flash before the eyes beneath a solemn and a darkened atmosphere, if the ceremony were not actually celebrated in long grey cloisters or the dim aisles of an abbey. There were no clouds, however, but instead there was a glare over everything which so dazzled the eyes that they could not fairly distinguish all the wealth of colours; and constellations of the rarest gems were robbed of much of the admiration they deserved.

I have already said that the ladies' dresses were charming. We all know that for this particular festival costumes had been brought from Paris and London of latest fashion, and of most delicate and tasteful material; but it needed the innate tact and knowledge of the artistic which the fair wearers themselves possessed to add, as they did, to the principal attire, scarfs of tiffany from Thibet, shawls from Cashmere, silken laces from Delhi, and the far-famed jewellery from the South, with results so entrancing and astonishing. Of the more distinguished guests, the first to arrive at the Postern Gate was Sir William Gregory, the Governor of Ceylon. He wore a political dress, but the gold upon the front of the little man's body appeared almost superabundant. If, however, His Excellency was wanting in grace, the deficiency was amply compensated for in the stateliness and proud behaviour of his companion, the Viceroy's daughter. Soon after His Excellency, came the Burmese ambassadors, with thick chains of gold about their necks, and gold hats surmounted with pinnacles, and tinkling bells upon their heads. Several stout

natives in green, who looked like trussed frogs, were followed by a deputation of officers of the Nepaulese army. These swarthy *militaires* were dressed exactly like English infantry officers, with the exception of the head-dress, which with them consisted of a tiara of pearls and emeralds, with a curved white plume in the centre.

The members of the Prince's suite, led by the Duke of Sutherland, wearing Highland uniform, with green and black plaid, now began to come upon the ground. The unknightly appearance of Mr. Albert Grey, clad as he was in a long light-coloured Ulster coat, and carrying an umbrella, elicited many a rebukeful expression, until the public informed themselves in whispers that he was suffering from fever.

A smile or two was also indulged in at the expense of the bishop (Dr. Milman), for his coat, clerical though it was in shape, was in colour one of indigo blue. In view of the balls, there was, no doubt, recently in Calcutta a great demand for black cloth, and possibly the bishop ordered this particular coat when black was all exhausted. His lordship took his seat very near an officer whose whole uniform, including his Indian peaked helmet, was of black. He belonged to the Rifle Brigade, and in India, at all events, their dress resembles that of the Black Brunswickers. Next came Baboos, who wear no caps, notwithstanding the fierceness of the sun; consuls in dresses of blue and silver, and the American generals, with gorgeous plumes and an abundance of buttons.

It was a few minutes past nine when we saw in the distance, fully four hundred yards away, the Viceroy's splendid body-guard dash past the entrance gate. Then, amid strains from several bands, of "God save the Queen," His Royal Highness stepped from his carriage and was escorted forthwith to one of the tents where the old knights were robing. Hard by the throne, within the pavilion, a table is placed, and on it are laid the cloaks and stars for the men who are

to receive honours. Sitting at one side of the table is a young lady in blue and white, who, if she has not been officially sworn in as of the Order, seems to be custodian of the insignia. The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Aitchison, who is also secretary to the Chapter, is here, robed and ready to receive the new brethren; and near him stands Captain R. H. Grant, R.A., the master of the encampment, and the Foreign Under-Secretary—to-day a sort of master of ceremonies—Mr. F. Hervey.

At a given signal the band of the 109th begins to play an enlivening march, and simultaneously the procession of knights is formed, each comes from his tent accompanied by attendants and by an officer bearing the banner. Preceding the knights is a cluster of the viceregal servants, holding aloft immense gold fans and silver ornaments like horns of plenty.

Curious to say, the first knight to reach the Chapter tent, under royal salute and a flourish of trumpets, is a woman—the only woman in all the world who is knighted—the little Begum of Bhopal. In the year of the Mutiny the administration of Bhopal was carried on with great vigour and ability by Sikander Begum. This good lady's services were esteemed so important by the English Government that she was granted new territories and the right of adoption. The present Begum succeeded Sikander in 1863, and having given fair proof that she inherited her mother's best qualities, she was in 1872 decorated with the Star of India, and declared entitled to a salute of nineteen guns. Her Highness's appearance on the present occasion resembled that of the Mayo statue. From the crown of her head to her feet she was muffled up, and no one could judge of her charms. She was a walking bundle, far from prepossessing, notwithstanding that she has a fortune of nearly 150,000*l.* a year. A tall, intelligent, stately knight follows—Sir Salar Jung—sad and serious, like that other knight who thirsted in a land

of sand and thorns. Dressed as he was in his cloak of blue, he looked sadder and calmer than I had ever seen him before, as if he knew full well that the might and maintenance of the Nizam's great and glorious territory rested on his shoulders, and that while they did so it was his duty to tower above the common herd in pride and consequence as well as stature. The skirts of his train were held up by a little boy with ebony skin and dress of the plainest kind. His easy confidence revealed that he and his master were on the most friendly terms. A knight now approaches, whose coronet is transparent with diamonds. His feet keep excellent time with the music, his frame is stiffened to its tallest, his head is thrown back, and the whole bearing of the man testifies that he feels the eyes of the world are upon him. Little wonder that this prince should feel elated. He is the Maharajah of Puttiala, the most wealthy of the Sikh sovereigns, with the rare power of life and death left in his hands. It was this man's father who gave Simla, the garden of India, and the principal sanitary station in the hills, to the English. For his aid in the Nepalese war the same Rajah received an award of several fresh possessions, and the Government gave up all claim to tribute or to any share of the Puttiala revenue for ever. Maharajah Mahindar Sing, the present knight (since deceased), succeeded his father in 1862, when he was but ten years of age.

Lord Napier of Magdala, with a plume of red and white feathers above his helmet, looks every inch a valiant cavalier. Beneath the flowing cloak of the Order, the bright red of his uniform as Commander-in-Chief and rows of medals are conspicuous. Hale and strong, with a good-humoured face full of smiles at the odd nature of the ceremonies, he strides over to his place beside Sir Salar Jung. These famous men, as they shake each other's hands warmly, are objects of general interest, and people cannot help thinking how much the destiny of India depends upon them. The band

now plays a faster air, for people are getting very hot and very hungry. Within a few moments the Maharajah of Travancore, walking very like a priest in his nether gown of black ; Sir Bartle Frere ; the Maharajah of Rewah, with a head-dress of emeralds ; the Maharajah of Jeypore, a little sovereign, with a plain skull-cap ; the Maharajah of Cashmere, the richest of all the Indian princes ; and Holkar and Scindia, the greatest sovereigns of the north, have moved in with their esquires and pages to their seats. The front places on both sides of the rich round carpet of crimson, embroidered with flowers, are now filled with knights. The seats nearest the Prince's throne on the right are occupied by the Maharajah Holkar, and the great Emir of Scindia, the founder of whose family was a carrier of slippers to the Peishwa. At the time of the Mutiny, Scindia's troops mutinied. His Highness, however, remained loyal, and fled to Agra in safety. The Maharajah now rules over more territory than ever, and is on the best of terms with our Viceroy. He is a stalwart prince, and is passionately fond of the profession of the army. Two years ago there was held a great camp of exercise at Gwalior, when he commanded the attacking force, and shared the bivouac with his men.

There is now visible in the distance a cloud of umbrellas, green, gold, and scarlet in colour, and as the sailors and soldiers are dressing up we know the Prince is coming to the Chapter.

The officer who is leading the procession is broad-shouldered Major Sartorius, V.C., the hero of Coomassie, in the blue and gold uniform of the 6th Bengal Cavalry. The Prince looks pale, and no one wonders at it, for few who were up dancing till three can still retain a very bright complexion ; much less the Prince, who before this ball had already undergone weeks of wearying ceremonial. The ladies, however, say the Prince looks charming, and that it is the becoming blue cloak which makes him seem a little pale.

Their utterances are in whispers, for this investiture is after all a most solemn affair, and Heaven only knows how a titter, much more the fluttering of a handkerchief, might be punished. The attendants of His Royal Highness are the members of his suite, with the addition of Captain Durrant, of the Osborne. His banner—the flag of England, with the Heir-Apparent's label in the centre—is carried by Major-General Probyn, C.B., V.C. Behind the Prince are two pages—Messrs. Grimston and Walsh, midshipmen from the *Undaunted*. These are dressed in blue satin, with Joshua Reynolds' hats and wigs of the King Charles pattern. The Grand Master of the Order, Lord Northbrook, closes the procession. His pages are mere infants; and yet the little bundles of lace truffles and satin act their parts bravely. His Excellency's escort consists simply of his standard-bearer, and his private and military secretaries. The national anthem is again played, and a salute of guns is fired when the Prince and Viceroy reach the silver chairs.

Mr. Aitchison now calls the roll of the Order, and as the name of each member is uttered he bows to the Throne and then resumes his seat. The native knights were profuse in their salaams, and many of them kissed hands to the Prince over and over again. After some further preliminary business, the ceremony of summoning the men who are about to be admitted to the distinguished Order is commenced. In each instance when knights-elect were honoured, the secretary, bowing himself off the carpet backwards, would proceed to the tent where the cavalier was, and taking a place before him, would conduct him to the Chapter. At the edge of the circular carpet, Mr. Aitchison, advancing, would bow to the Prince and the Viceroy; the knight-elect following, would be then introduced by two senior knights (Sir Douglas Forsyth and Sir A. Arbuthnot), and after the reading of the Queen's grant of knighthood, the robing took place at a side table. The new knight had the Order placed round his neck

by the Prince, and then withdrew, escorted by the secretary, to join the general company of his peers.

The Maharajah of Jodhpore was the first recipient of the ribband and star. During the investiture, the sun was blazing fiercely, and the Prince seeing that the sailors were still holding their rifles at their shoulders, despatched Prince Louis of Battenberg to direct them to lower their weapons and stand at ease. Ten trumpeters, Royal Artillerymen and native buglers, sounded a loud blast, and a salute of seventeen guns announced to Calcutta that India owned another knight. The Rajah of Jheend, who has more odd titles than the King of the Cannibal Islands, was knighted next. He is a fine old man with a patriarchal beard. His turban was of green, with a plume sparkling with diamonds. His Highness is popular among the English in India, he having been the first to march against the mutineers of Delhi. The Jheend troops were, indeed, the vanguard of the English army, and they remained fighting outside Delhi until the gates fell. The old gentleman is not used to the courtly society he was now amongst, for his legs, covered with stockings only, crossed themselves several times as he struggled to walk backwards. Just as His Highness was making his final bow, the stately secretary and he nearly came down together, so tantalisingly unsteady were the thin shanks and the long sword. After the investiture of the two Knights Grand Commanders, Mr. William Robinson, so long the Acting-Governor (in the absence of the Duke of Buckingham) of the Madras Presidency, was led forward as the first of the Knights Commanders. This knight has been the dragoman of the Prince in Southern India, and was honoured with a shake of the hand. The Maharajah of Punna, the Rajah of Nahun, Rao Kasee Dada, Sahib of Indore, Major-General the Honourable Henry Ramsay, C.B., who won his spurs in the Punjaub campaign of 1848, General Bahadur, Commander-in-Chief of the Nepaulese army, and an aide-de-camp

to the Prince of Wales ; Rao Kirke and Nawab Khan Bahadur were also invested with the Star of the Order as Knights Commanders. The Prince touched Sir William Robinson and Sir Henry Ramsay on the shoulders with a sword, but this feature of the ceremony was omitted in the case of the natives, as they object, perhaps wisely, to have contact with anything like a blade. Simple as was the investiture of Knights Commanders, the ceremony of decorating the new companions of the Order—Mr. Robert Barclay Chapman, B.C.S., Secretary to the Government of India in the Financial Department ; Mr. James Richard Bullen Smith, member of the Council, a well-known Calcutta merchant ; and Baboo Degumber Mitter—was still less complicated or tedious. The Prince simply handled the ivory star, and it was left for the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office to adjust it to the coat of the companion.

Every one would have regretted it had they not been spectators at this rare and splendid ceremony ; but, on the other hand, no one was sorry when it was brought to a close. A meeting of the knights with all their gorgeous apparel cannot charm away the pangs of hunger nor instil fresh vigour into worn-out nerves. The moment the Chapter was declared closed, and the princely knight moved from the throne, there was a rush for carriages, and in a quarter of an hour the whole assemblage had gone home, and those who were not at breakfast were in bed.

So busy a New Year's Day never fell to the lot of the Prince before. In the afternoon he uncovered Foley's statue of Lord Mayo, the third statue by this lamented sculptor, now adorning the Calcutta parks. Like all his works it is full of grace and beauty, but the figure is too slim, if not too tall, for the unfortunate Viceroy. It represents him, moreover, in political uniform, probably the last dress in which the bold rider and gay-hearted sportsman would himself have chosen for his effigy.

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We often smiled as we crossed the Maidan at observing that the heads of all the statues have no covering. It seems anomalous that even though these heads are of bronze they should be doomed to suffer from the peril of the sun.

Later on the Prince attended a polo match, and inspected the General Hospital. In the books of the institution he wrote: "I am very much pleased with the hospital, which I find in good order and well ventilated." In one of the rooms here there was a collection of 118 snakes, including cobras, pythons, and the long and venomous ophiophagus. Doctor Fayrer made some experiments for the purpose of proving the value of his new antidote against snake bites, from which twenty thousand natives die annually in India, and in the case of a dog, it was shown that if the antidote was applied within five minutes after the bite a cure was certain. Some days later we saw the poor dog again, and although the fatal effect of the bite had been retarded the wound had extended over the whole of his side, and kept him in a state of great uneasiness. Eventually he got well.

At night there was a State dinner party at Government House, and after this the Prince went to the theatre to see Mr. Mathews play "My Awful Dad." The Begum of Bhopal and several Rajahs paid one hundred guineas each for boxes to witness the performance.

During the visit to Calcutta a petty officer died on board the Serapis from cholera, and His Royal Highness, with a view possibly of keeping the rest of the crew in good heart, lunched on board the ship two days afterwards. Perhaps he had heard of the custom observed in European regiments in India, with a view of guarding against panic or the effect of fright during cholera epidemics. When a soldier is attacked with the disease, it is considered the duty of every officer in his corps to enter the tent and say a cheering word to him.

XXIII.

HYDERABAD—A HOLY CITY.

A RUN THROUGH THE DECCAN—A RIVAL TO CHAT MOSS—
FORTIFIED RAILWAY STATIONS—NATIVES WHO COMB
THEIR HAIR—BENARES AND THE GANGES—CLEANLINESS
NOT NEXT TO GODLINESS—EQUIVOCAL PURIFICATION—
ORNAMENTS OF BRASS.

WHILE the Prince was proceeding from Madras to Calcutta by sea, the correspondents made their way to the City of Palaces by land. The railway officials placed special carriages, which were furnished with shower-baths and tables, at our disposal. Their generous offer of this accommodation afforded us an opportunity of seeing the immense dominions of the Deccan—which is exceedingly flat, with here and there a mound upon which there are forts falling to decay—standing proofs of the internecine struggles that have agitated the kingdom. The policemen at the railway stations appeared to be picked men, and they were all armed with swords. We saw a procession of elephants and men returning from a native fair. There did not appear to be the least disorder in the picturesque mass. There certainly was no approach to intoxication.

The territory is traversed by two rivers, the Godavari and the Krishna, and occupies the central plateau of the Peninsula.

The population is nearly eleven millions. The country appears exceedingly fertile, and is well cultivated; but owing to the different races who have settled down in the Deccan, the administration of the government is most embarrassing. The troops alone are composed of Arabs, Beloochees, Rohillas, and Sikhs. The only feudatory of the Nizam is the Rajah Gudwal, who is not interfered with so long as he pays 11,500*l.* a year as tribute. When we reached Shahbad, the junction on the Madras and Bombay line, from whence the branch railway goes to Hyderabad, we picked up the Duke of Sutherland, who had been exploring this part of India, and who now intended joining the Prince at Calcutta. Sir Richard Meade, the Resident in the Nizam's capital, had accompanied His Grace thus far on his journey.

At Callian, in the Bombay Presidency, we changed trains for Calcutta. At this period (the end of December), we felt the cold during the night severely; yet, in the daytime, the heat in the railway carriages was most exasperating. We lived in hope of becoming each day more able to resist the trying alterations in the weather.*

“For Nature also, cold and warm
And moist and dry, devising long
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the Individual form.”

Leaving Callian, we passed through the jungle of Assayeghur, and we thought the difficulties the engineers must have had, cutting a railway through the forests and the rough country hereabouts, placed the feat of throwing a railway across Chat Moss entirely in the shade.

All the larger stations were turreted and fortified, in case of another mutiny. The refreshment rooms—which were managed by caterers, some natives, and some Europeans—

* The thermometer in the day rose to 90 degrees in the shade; during the night it went down to 40.

were quite as gay as those in England. And we were astonished to see boys upon the platform offering for sale tonic water, matches, cigars, and novels.

As we approached Calcutta, the superior intelligence and civilisation of the natives at work in the fields were most observable—fine, tall, smart-eyed fellows they were, and having sufficient appreciation for the value of appearances to wear plenty of clothes and to comb their hair.

* * * * *

His Royal Highness left Calcutta, a city of which he cannot fail hereafter to have the pleasantest recollections, on Monday evening, January 3rd, on which day he received the degree of Doctor of Laws at the University. The streets were lined with troops and illuminated, and Lord Northbrook and his body-guard escorted him to the terminus. The train started within five minutes, the Viceroy waving his hat, and a cordial cheer being given as the carriages moved away.

On Tuesday morning the Prince arrived at Bankipore, the centre of the district where the famine of 1874 raged with greatest violence. The country round about is exceedingly flat and ugly. Now and then there are patches of vivid green in the desert, and workmen were constructing dykes in odd places to improve the irrigation, but there did not appear to be that shelving of the land anywhere which is essential to the successful growth of rice. People who abused the Conacre system of land-holdings in Ireland in 1870 would smile if they saw how the greater part of the ground is parcelled out here into fragments scarcely sixty yards square. Every tract belongs to a different owner, and liquidation is always going on between the proprietors on the score of aggression. We saw some black and very hairy pigs plunging wildly over the stubble. They were as frisky as their brothers in the West, but were covered with long bristling hair, and have a hump on the shoulders. The pigs are

under a ban in this country. The Hindoos will not eat them, and the Mahomedans have a saying, that wherever a pig is an angel cannot enter. They are most valuable, however, as removers of carrion.

The Prince had his chota hazaree, and dressed at the red brick station of Bankipore. A guard of the Railway Servants Volunteers, in light-grey uniforms, red facings, and puggeries, were drawn up on the platform. An escort of the Behar Mounted Riflemen, also volunteers, led the way for the royal carriages along the dusty roads to the pavilion, where the durbar of men, English and natives, who had rendered aid in the famine, was to be held. More than three hundred elephants, covered with handsome umbadees, collected from all parts of the country round, lined the roadways near the reception pandahl. The largest elephant we had yet seen in India was here, an immense dark beast with tusks covered at the tips with solid gold. The howdah was of burnished gold, and the umbadee spread over the animal's loins was of kincob.

The natives who crouched at the sides of the roads to see the Prince pass were neither numerous nor demonstrative. There was no cheering until His Royal Highness alighted at the pandahl. Several hundred gentlemen, chiefly planters, were introduced by the Commissioner at a daïs, and then there was a champagne breakfast. Before leaving the Prince accepted some presents, including a painted palanquin and a pair of stout but diminutive bullocks, which were yoked to a cart. The time passed at Bankipore was three hours. The Prince expressed his pleasure and astonishment at finding the Railway Volunteers, most of whom are English, so strong and serviceable-looking a corps.

The shades of a misty evening were falling when the desolate out-of-the-way terminus of Benares was reached. The Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, Sir

John Strachey, was in waiting to conduct the Prince to his camp. The road—a dusty, and at this hour of the night a very chilly one—brought the travellers across the Ganges by a ricketty, rotten bridge of boats. The river front of the town, with its terraces of old temples and mosques, and tiers of steps staring out through the pale mist, was magnificent. It reminded one of Turner's picture of Ancient Italy, and was infinitely superior to the universally admired view from the sea at Venice.

The charm which this sacred town has for Hindoos in no sense impresses the European. Benares is a city of mud, a heap of utterly ruined and cheerless hovels. The inhabitants of the shops and groups of filthy goats are in the same pitiable condition, huddled together to avoid the cold, themselves infested with vermin, and surrounded by pools of turgid water and mounds of decaying vegetables.

The European suburb has a more salutary appearance; there is a college like the Queen's College at Cork in its midst, round which are extensive gardens. The English church and a few other isolated buildings at least look clean. The Prince laid the stone of a new hospital, and opened a town-hall, both of which will add to the architectural importance of the place.

That part of the town near the river, where terraces of temples slope down along broad flights of steps to the water's edge, is undoubtedly beautiful. The appearance of the domes, the lofty pinnacled roofs, the carved oriel windows, the long balconies thronged with animated faces, and the majestic white steps was perfectly entrancing, when on the following evening lights burst out from thousands of places, illuminating the labyrinth of palaces and the way which the royal barge was to take upon the river. One of the oddest sights is witnessed at a particular temple dedicated to the Goddess Durga, where thousands of monkeys are permitted to wander about through the cloisters and court-yards unmolested, and

to make the whole neighbourhood hideous and awful with their yells.

How the Anglicised Maharajah of Vizianagram, who has a palace here, endures this shrieking I cannot guess.

The principal temple for pilgrims has a cupola of solid gold towering above the roof. Within the precincts there is a cavity of enormous depth, into which one of the gods either jumped or was thrown, and the pavements near are thronged with worshippers bearing flowers and water to cast therein. As a matter of course, the European who tries to have a peep down starts back with horror produced by the vile stench oozing from the tons of decayed flowers below. Each devotee who casts a flower in, is handed a spoonful of Ganges water by an attendant priest, and with this he laves his lips and face, and then returns with renewed spirits to his ordinary duties.

On Tuesday the Prince journeyed down the Ganges to pay a visit to the palace of the Maharajah of Benares; he was towed thither in a barge, at the bows of which were wooden representations of prancing steeds, painted lavishly with white and gold pigments. The chair in which the Prince sat was covered with blue silk encircled with golden lotus leaves.

A vast phalanx of ancient warriors on horses, of elephants and camels, were drawn up at Ramnugger to receive him. On his return to the city, the river and the far-famed Ghauts were bathed in coloured fire.

Benares is still esteemed to be the only place of purification on earth. The deluded sensualist, the murderer, and the thief, make desperate efforts to reach this hallowed town; and once they have looked upon the muddy river, and tasted of the waters in which the dead and living are momentarily being washed, they feel they have shaken off their sins and are again fit to be receivers of happiness.

Somewhere in the sixth century, B.C., Buddha Gautama, travelling from Gaya to Benares, announced the change that

had come over him in his religious views, and here he began to preach the earliest known lessons in Hindooism. It is in honour of this that Benares is so revered, and that worshippers who have journeyed hither from before the time when Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, have esteemed it a duty and a pride to add to the number of its shrines.

My native body-servant made my stay in Benares very uncomfortable. We had scarcely arrived in the place when he informed me that as the desire of his life had been granted, namely, to see the Holy City, it was incumbent upon him to wash himself in the sacred river. I allowed him to go, and for several hours I saw no more of him; and, as all our transactions with the native tradesmen are carried on through our servants, it will be understood what inconvenient results followed from his absence. At length he was brought back in a shocking condition of intoxication. I was assured that he had made his devotions at the temple, for the wreaths of yellow flowers which the priests give to the penitent were round his neck in folds.

If the profusion of flowers which he carried denoted the amount of purification which had been found necessary in his case, the man must have been a very wicked Hindoo. I had never known him, however, to give way to drink, and so on the following morning I only threatened him with dismissal. His appeal against his sentence was, "Mister no angry with me, me drunk; but mister will find no other sin left in this body." It then transpired that on his return from purification he fell in with some sinful members of his own caste, who, before going to the Ganges, had determined to have one last "blow out," and he being at that moment light of heart, foolishly joined them.

You can purchase very beautifully finished specimens of brasswork at Benares. In no other city is the manufacture of articles in this metal brought to such perfection. The brass,

moreover, retains its brilliancy ; and if you are not wealthy enough to ornament your sideboard with gold, the very best thing you can do is to furnish it with trays and flagons from the Holy City.

A luxurious camp was spread for the Prince here, everything being arranged as if a long visit was to be paid, yet he passed only one night in Benares.

XXIV.

THE DEFENDERS OF LUCKNOW.

“DOWN THE RINGING ‘GROOVES OF CHANGE’—HAVE-LOCK’S WIT—THE LUCKNOW ANTS—LORD NORTH-BROOK’S OBELISK FOR THE FAITHFUL SEPOYS—“THE LAST MUSTER”—SIR GEORGE COUPER AND FIDELITY TO SALT—THE BARONS OF OUDE—GALLANT HODSON—A CLUB FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

“ALL changed, all changed.” The utterances were made by Dr. Russell, who after the ceremonies of our first day in Lucknow had stolen away from his tent to study quietly his old campaigning ground.

There is the Baillie Guard.* There the battered walls of the President’s banqueting-hall. Here the underground cellars where the women hid away their children—out of the rain of shot and shell. The crumbling watch-tower, from

* The term “Baillie Guard” owes its origin to a resident of the Court of Oude, Colonel Baillie, whose official escort of troops used to be located at the gate leading to the Residency. During the siege this gate was blocked up with sandbags, and barricades were erected behind it: it was then called a “post,” or point of defence, and was placed in charge of Lieutenant Aitkin of the 13th Native Infantry. A few men of his corps remained loyal, and cast in their lot, for good or for evil, along with him; with their help, he defended the position most gallantly throughout, performing acts of incredible bravery. He was rewarded with the Victoria Cross, and is now Colonel and Inspector-General of Police, Oude, a recognition which he well deserves.—*Lucknow Album.*

whence Outram signalled to Sir Colin Campbell "Come," on that memorable November evening, is still standing. Here are the raths and earthworks of the "Cawnpore Battery," the post most perilous of all, and which volunteers only were asked to defend. There, the hospital where the brave Sir Henry breathed his last, and there, the Redan Battery, commanding the iron bridge across the Goomtee, which was held throughout the siege by young Lawrence of the 32nd Foot.

But once look away from these hallowed memorials of the thrilling three months' war, and your eyes will lose themselves in great breadths of flowers. Scattered over the ground every foot of which was drained with human blood, every foot of which was consecrated by a noble privation, or a gallant action, are now visible—smiling in their profusion and beauty—bowers of roses, beds of pansies, and groves of laurels. These and the shaven lawns, and the British churchyard (filled with monuments), and the marble slabs on the Residency walls, telling you that here this or that Horatius Cocles of our times, Fayrer, or Gubbins, or Polehampton, or Ommanney, or Radcliffe, guarded their honour and their ground to the death—are all new. So are the high trees which rock and wave in the breeze without the grand old gates. Where they stand, the cannon of the enemy opened their relentless fire, and they have grown rapidly and luxuriantly as if trying to blot away the recollection of atrocities without the walls, just as flowers and marble monuments serve to recall the memory of heroic sufferings and valiant deeds within.

"It is for the better," my companion went on to say, "but the change is so startling I scarcely recognise the place." So saying he went round the zigzag paths, telling me all his recollections of the havoc and misery of long ago. It was pleasant to have him there—eloquent and instructive as he always is—but, before or since, I never knew the Doctor to be so serious or so perplexed.

At the pleasant Lucknow Club, I heard a story about Havelock ; I think it is an old one, but as I was told it for the first time here, my readers will forgive me if it smacks of dotage. When the two generals were fighting their way in through the city, Outram asked Havelock what he thought of the situation.

The witty reply was, " We have sinned (Scinde) " (alluding to the proclaimed loyalty of the Maharajah Scindia). " Can we expect Luck now ? "

When the Prince entered the city, the inhabitants placed at his feet a quantity of the gold and steel jewellery, for the manufacture of which Lucknow is so famous. " We approach your royal presence," they said, " with this humble offering—a present so insignificant that it may be justly likened to the present of the ants to King Solomon ; but our unbounded confidence in the grace and condescension of your Royal Highness impresses us with the hope that it will meet with your most gracious acceptance."

The Celtic cross, which is a distinguishing feature within the Residency garden, was raised in memory of Sir Henry Lawrence* and the *European* officers and men who fell in the defence. In all the years which have elapsed since the Mutiny, no one before Lord Northbrook has come forward to promote the erection of a monument in honour of the native soldiery. And yet these men in fighting for us exhibited extraordinary devotion in that they took up arms against their kinsmen, and forsook all the ties of caste and blood in their courage in keeping true. Many months ago Lord Northbrook declared his intention of paying from his own pocket the cost of a monument to these brave troops, and on Tuesday, January 7th, the Prince of Wales laid the first stone of

* There is also a slab within the Residency walls at the point where the bed on which he died was placed. There is written upon it the inscription Sir Henry himself dictated : " He tried to do his duty."

this memorial. For some reason which I cannot quite understand the obelisk is to be raised on a mound of grass outside the Residency, on the very ground occupied in 1857 by the rebels.

It was the most impressive ceremony in which the Prince took part in India. Without, the battered and shot-torn walls of the old Residency, the red ensign of England was solemnly saluted with blast of trumpets, raised arms, the rolling of the drums, and the firing of cannon. Both European and native troops were present and formed themselves in three sides of a square before joining in the salute. This effective mark of the power and dignity of England, lasted for several moments. It was a spectacle calculated to fill the European mind, much more the mind of a people who had revolted against that power, with a feeling of the deepest awe.

The salute over, the Prince desired that all the survivors of the defence might be presented to him. The picture which followed reminded one of Thomas's painting of the Queen reviewing the wounded soldiers after the Crimea—it was touching in the extreme. Some two hundred old warriors filed past. First came the officers, including Major Cubitt, V.C., and Major Birch, the gallant aide-de-camp to Brigadier Inglis, who personally led three sorties from the Residency. They were followed by sixteen native officers and non-commissioned officers who had taken part in the special duty of defending the Baillie Guard; with them were Lieutenant Mean, formerly of the 32nd of the Line, but who now wears the scarlet coat of the Indian Commissariat Service. Ungood, the scout, who carried despatches secreted in his ears and in his arm-pits from General Inglis to Havelock; and lastly, and on which all eyes turned, was a mixed band of decrepit warriors, and young men who, as mere boys,* had done their duty nobly within the walls. Some of these soldiers had been

* The pupils of the school of La Martinière were brought for shelter into the Residency, and when the siege began had to undertake their share of labour in the same way as regular troops.

taken from their sick-beds to have their swords touched now by the Prince of Wales. In some cases their bodies were supported by friends, and their palsied arms were with difficulty made to give a last salute. There was one man with a single leg, another so paralysed that he saluted the Prince from his crawling position on the ground, and many who looked mere bags of bones—so shrunken was their flesh with age. Nearly all the poorer looking survivors brought petitions to the Prince, and one man was so overjoyed to see His Royal Highness, that he stooped down to touch the Prince's clothes, not satisfied that he had previously placed his hand across their swords. Several veterans came forward in the old stiff uniforms of the East India Company's service, and having swords covered with the rust of twenty years. During the scene, many ladies, some of whom had lost sons in the relief, were in tears. Every one was affected.

Before the ceremony was brought to a close, Sir George Couper, the Chief Commissioner for Oude, read this interesting address to His Royal Highness :

“ May it please your Royal Highness,

“ We are assembled here to-day in honour of the memory of the native officers and soldiers who fell in defence of the place the ruins of which we see around us.

“ It is said by some that the natives of this country are deficient in personal courage and in the qualities of truth and fidelity. I cite the conduct of these men in refutation of these opinions, and I care not if it be replied that the many are not to be judged by the standard of the few. For the nation that could produce such men only wants the training to produce others like them, and by their example the whole mass can, and will hereafter, assuredly be leavened.

“ I believe the behaviour of the Sepoys of Lucknow was simply without a parallel in the annals of the world. The men under Clive at Arcot did indeed fight heroically, and

voluntarily underwent great privations in order that their European comrades might benefit thereby. But, Sir, their fidelity was not tested like that of these men, who had only the watchword, 'Fidelity to salt,' to sustain them during that period of trial. For not fifty yards off, by day and by night, for days and weeks, their own relations, fellow caste-men, and former comrades, adjured them, by name, to save their religion, their race, and all that was dear to them, by deserting the infidel alien, whose aim was to subject them all to caste degradation, and thereby destroy their well-being in this life and their hopes of a future. And over and over again have some of those now present heard these splendid fellows refute their assertions, deride their arguments, and defy them to come, in their thousands, and take the post committed to their charge.

"Nor is it only as an example of noble fidelity and self-devotion that the conduct of these men is worthy of commemoration. It had its effect upon the fortunes of the time. For it is certain that had they deserted us, Lucknow must have fallen, and the fall of Lucknow would have set free thousands of trained soldiers to march on Delhi. And I need not say that so large a reinforcement to the ranks of the rebel army would have added enormously to the dangers and difficulties of the matchless handful who held the Ridge.

"Less distinguished services, I think, have been commemorated at the cost of the nation. But it is at his own expense that the illustrious nobleman, who represents your Royal Highness's Imperial Mother in the Government of Her Eastern dominions, has directed the erection of the monument of which I am now commissioned respectfully to request your Royal Highness to be pleased to lay the foundation stone. Your Royal Highness has already taken part, and will hereafter take part, in more conspicuous proceedings than these during your stay in the East; but when your Royal Highness's visit is over, I would fain hope that the part which

you have condescended to take on this spot, consecrated as it is by the blood of the truest and bravest of England and of India, will not occupy the lowest place in your recollections. It will at least be historical. For this monument to Indian fidelity, and bravery, and worth, will stand as a memento of your Royal Highness's presence here when splendid pageants, and their attendant ceremonies, will have been forgotten. And when it is completed, the Asiatic and the Englishman will alike regard it with national pride. The Englishman, because the deeds of the devoted though humble few, to whom his country owes so much, have been redeemed from undeserved oblivion by the thoughtful generosity of His Excellency the Viceroy, and by the gracious and kindly aid of your Royal Highness; and the Asiatic at the thought that your Royal Highness, the Heir of Britain and of Hindostan, has done a lasting honour to the memory of the bravest and best of his race."

The Prince did not make a long reply, chiefly dwelling on the pleasure it gave the Viceroy to promote the erection of the monument.

In the evening the landed aristocracy of Oude, the Talookdars, entertained His Royal Highness in the Kaiser Bagh, an immense palace, which was one of the strongest positions the British troops had to seize on their march to the Residency. The palace, which cost more than a million sterling, is one of surpassing grandeur. It was built by Wajid Ali, ex-King of Oude, now an exile at Calcutta. The magnitude of the building may be imagined when I say that there are apartments within the walls sufficient to accommodate a thousand ladies. It is a significant circumstance that the Talookdars, in the very hall of their ancient kings, presented the Prince with a crown. In the terrible days of the Mutiny, almost all the Zemindars in Oude were against the British name, and were the most fierce and cruel of our antagonists.

In their address to His Royal Highness they called themselves "Faithful subjects of the Empress of India," and thus expressed themselves :

"Although we have owed allegiance to the British Crown for the comparatively brief period of a score of years, we can assure your Royal Highness that our fealty is as firmly established as if it had been handed down to us through a long succession of dynasties."

Mr. Kavanagh,* who was decorated with the Victoria Cross for carrying despatches while disguised as a native through the enemy's lines to Sir Colin Campbell, was present during the evening, and the Prince expressed his pleasure at being able to shake hands with him. His wife and two daughters were with Mr. Kavanagh at the time.

I cannot imagine any pleasanter city for a visit during the cold season than Lucknow. It has more palaces than any other town in the world, and the parks and charming river scenery render it an interesting rendezvous for invalids and explorers. The many ancient tombs which abound in the city, and the numerous battle-fields concentrated in the province, are sufficient to attract the interest of all antiquarians and historians. Even at this day when you enter the English club, located in one of the palaces, you are reminded by many members of the perilous times of '57. Next to the club there is a ladies' reading-room, which, by-the-by, is supplied with every modern book and magazine of importance, and in both buildings you meet women and soldiers who give accounts, which make the stranger's blood thrill, of their hairbreadth escape from death during the Mutiny.

In the drive through "Wingfield Park" to the Secunderbagh, the garden in which nearly two thousand rebels fell victims to the 93rd Highlanders, we came across a score of monuments placed by the sides of the road, in memory of

* One of the natives who paraded before the Prince in front of the Residency was the guide of Kavanagh when he undertook his perilous mission.

English officers. On one of these, a square grey tomb with a shelving stone on the top, there was this inscription, now scarcely legible through the havoc caused by the sun and the rain :

.. "Here lieth all that could die of William Stephen Raikes Hodson, Captain and Brevet-Major 1st E.B. Fusiliers, and Commandant of Hodson's Horse, son of the venerable George Hodson, Archdeacon of Stafford, born March 17th, 1821, fell in the final assault at Lucknow, March 11th, 1858. 'A little while.'—2 Cor. chap. iv. 12."

This was the gallant officer who took the King of Delhi prisoner, and who, with his own carbine, shot down His Majesty's two sons, as an infuriated populace were commencing attempts for their rescue.

Before leaving Lucknow, the Prince of Wales handed new colours to the 1st battalion of the 14th Regiment, which has been eight years in India. The other European regiment in this garrison was the 65th. Both have the royal tiger for service in India on their standards.

There was a day's pig-sticking at Oona on Saturday, January 8th, when Lord Carington, for the second time in his life, had the misfortune to break his collar-bone.

XXV.

THE MOGUL CAPITAL—THE REVIEW OF THE
ARMY AT DELHI.

BROKEN COLLAR-BONES—HOURS AT CAWNPORE—POMP AND
CIRCUMSTANCE AT DELHI—THE MEN WHO HELD THE
RIDGE—THE CROWD AT THE JUMMA MUSJID—REVIEW
OF TWENTY THOUSAND TROOPS—AMERICAN GENERALS.

LORD CARINGTON was sufficiently recovered to join the Prince of Wales as His Royal Highness's train passed through Oona on his way for Cawnpore and Delhi.

His Royal Highness stayed at Cawnpore two hours examining the memorial (the Angel of Pity, by the sculptor Marochetti), raised over the well into which the bodies of some two hundred British victims were thrown. He also inspected the Memorial Gardens and Church. The church, which has just been finished, is a very beautiful structure in the form of a cross.

Captain Wheeler, son of the general who was so foully betrayed by Nana Sahib at the time of the Mutiny, is now stationed at Cawnpore, and was present while all that is left of his father's entrenchment was being pointed out to the Prince. His Royal Highness examined with deep interest the various monuments in the church and in the graveyards, and was especially pleased with the rich beauty of the

gardens, for which so much lasting credit is due to Colonel Yule, R.E. No natives are allowed to set foot upon these hallowed enclosures. Many commissions from friends in England to gather a leaf or a flower from some dear one's grave were silently and with a melancholy sadness, fulfilled by the travellers before they took their last look at this God's acre in a distant land.

Cawnpore is situated on the western side of the Ganges, and in coming from Lucknow you have to cross the magnificent iron railway bridge constructed since the Mutiny. The Slaughter Ghaut, where the soldiers were butchered, is the only green patch along the desolate-looking shore. Higher up the river there is another bridge of boats, which was in existence in 1857. "The white walls pierced with black shot-holes" are entirely disappearing; and Cawnpore, with its wide streets and plenitude of neat bungalows, wears the aspect of a modern English settlement. The railway station is as large as that of the Metropolitan Railway at South Kensington, and is provided with excellent refreshment-rooms. Colonel De la Fosse and Mowbray Thomson, the only Englishmen who, at the time of the massacre, escaped in a boat down the Ganges, still live in India. And it was hoped that during the Prince's visit some distinction would have been conferred upon them. Colonel De la Fosse was recommended for the Victoria Cross, but has not yet received it.

In entering the city of Delhi on horseback (Tuesday, January 11th), the Prince paid the citizens a compliment, which stands alone in the history of his travels in the East. It seemed meet that as the main object of his visit was to review an immense army of our forces in India, His Royal Highness should enter the city as a field-marshal equipped for active service. It seemed appropriate also that the troops, of which the great army of exercise was composed, should line the streets and welcome their greatest general upon his arrival. The place of honour in the line—the famous Ridge—

was kept by the 2nd Goorkha Regiment, who at this very place protected the women and children hidden away in the flagstaff tower, on its summit, when all Europeans had to fly from the Delhi murderers.

The Prince arrived at Delhi at nine in the morning, and was received by Sir Henry Davies, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, and Lord Napier of Magdala, and the army head-quarter staff. His lordship had smashed his collar-bone at parade on the Sunday, and had left his sick-bed to welcome the Prince. The procession through the streets was long and splendid. The most effective sight of all was that witnessed on the lofty steps of the Jumma Musjid, the greatest Mahomedan citadel in the East. These were thronged with thousands of excited natives, rich and poor being commingled together in one eager and expectant multitude.

The Prince passed down the celebrated street of silver, the Chandni Choak, where all the jewellers of the city dwell, and thence out of Delhi by the Lahore Gate to his camp. As he rode along he saw his own banner fluttering over the Palace of the Moguls. The royal camp had been pitched about a mile and a half from the city, and in the immediate vicinity of the ground occupied by the general army. Guards of honour from the 4th battalion Rifle Brigade and the 8th Native Infantry were on duty in front of His Royal Highness's pavilion.

The camp was a more luxurious bivouac than any monarch sleeping in the tented field has ever enjoyed. It was situated almost on the verge of those sandy plains—which alone of all the quarters round the present city is left unadorned with majestic tombs and ancient palaces.

When the Prince of Wales was at Calcutta, Lord Napier of Magdala sent him an unofficial letter from head-quarters camp, declaring that he as Commander-in-Chief looked with no ordinary pride upon the efficient and powerful army then collected on the plains near Delhi. The native

cavalry his lordship felt no hesitation in describing as "the finest in the world;" and although the infantry was formed chiefly of battalions which had been stopped at Delhi without selection, just as they were carrying out their regular winter "moves" up and down the country, it appeared strong and most soldierlike.

The idea of concentrating a force of twenty thousand men almost beneath the walls of the city which was the keystone of our triumphs in the Mutiny, seemed to every loyal mind peculiarly appropriate. The army paraded for the review on Wednesday, January 12th, upon level ground two miles further away from the gates of Delhi than the royal pavilion. Splendidly impressive though it was, its strength equal to that only of a single *corps d'armée* on the Continent, it was but a tenth of the force now disciplined by us in India. The army, however, was the most formidable ever collected together in the country save when, in the earlier years of the Queen's reign, the combined force of Pollock and Nott marched into Afghanistan to destroy Cabul, and quell the disturbances of Dost Mahomed.

The remark as to the proportion of the Delhi army with that in all India, is founded on statistics given in a document published in 1874 by the Government. Here it was stated that the established military forces of British India number over 193,000 men, including officers, "of whom about 128,447 are natives, and 60,613 are English, exclusive of officers."

Only three of the regiments on the ground may be said to have been brought specially to Delhi for the parade. The 10th Hussars were here because the Prince of Wales is their colonel. The 11th Bengal Lancers, a magnificently drilled and equipped body, were commanded during the Mutiny by Major-General Probyn, one of the most amiable as well as spirited members of the Prince's staff during the visit

to India. The regiment is composed wholly of Sikhs and Afghans, and is best known by the title of "Probyn's Horse." The expectation that while they were at Delhi they would make an impression by the daring of their charges, and by their unparalleled prowess in tent-pegging, was not left unfulfilled. The Bersaglieri of India—the invincible 2d Goorkhas—the bravest of the assailants of Delhi in 1857, were the last of the troops specially summoned to this memorable muster.

The total force for the review consisted of heavy mountain, field, and horse artillery, thirteen regiments of cavalry, of which four were English hussars, and twenty-four battalions of infantry, ten being regulars. With so many troops the lines, both of horse and foot, were very long, and from the flagstaff in the centre the eyes could scarcely distinguish the soldiers occupying positions at either end. The place of honour, the right flank, was held in the cavalry by the 10th Hussars, and in the infantry by the 73d Scotch Regiment, whose nationality was only made known by the Perthshire tartan puggeries round their helmets.

The infantry regiment which was at the extreme left—the 5th Punjaubees—had four companies of Afghans, standing evidence of how the comforts of the native army have tempted even the irreconcilables of the hills to enter its ranks. Her Majesty's 85th Foot were placed with the 8th, opposite the saluting point, and next to these was one of the most serviceable of Indian corps, the 32nd Native Infantry, all of whom are Musbies, or low caste Punjaubees, who act as pioneers, engineers, or transport coolies. These dapper little men can, in fact, turn their hand to anything. Their rig is singular in appearance, as each soldier carries a pickaxe, fastened by new leathern straps upon his back. The 6th Warwickshire, who are stationed in the left line, are remarkable as having very tattered colours—they are literally strings—and the regiment looked far more in need of new

ensigns than the 11th Native Infantry, who later in the day were presented with them by His Royal Highness. The native cavalry were a most imposing addition to the magnificent spectacle, mounted as they were on Arabs, which, unlike the horses of the Rajahs, were carefully groomed, and having dresses thoroughly Eastern in form and colour. These fine fellows might justly wear the proud air they did, standing there in rivalry with the very cream of English hussars. In some of the regiments—the Bengal Lancers for instance—the Eastern dress was worn by all officers, and many a pleasant laugh was raised at the expense of the ruddy English complexions and yellow moustaches which were surmounted by peaked turbans and trailing puggeries of blue and gold. No one can have a doubt about the advantage shared in only by some of the regiments of having something like a common uniform for all ranks. As the officers so the men are, and when the sowars or privates see that their officers keep their blouses trim, and their long boots and spurs burnished almost to flashing point, the example is not lost upon them. In not a few cases the dress of cavalry officers in India is handsomer than any orthodox English uniform. A squadron of Madras cavalry, in light blue and silver, dashing over vivid green fields, is like an episode in a dream, but the bright beauty of even this dress pales when it is compared with the splendour of a squadron of riders with tunics of canary colour, and mounted on chestnut horses, which I have met with in another part of the Asiatic Empire. There was one corps in the picturesque ranks at the review which was perfect in its combination of smartness and seriousness. This was the Punjaub cavalry, the “Corps of Guides,” the uniform of which is of buff, with a helmet of maroon velvet ornamented with silver and spiked with steel. Their tunics fitted tightly, and the slouching aspect which the horsemen who wear trousers simply

always possess, was overcome by the use of high boots like those of the German Uhlans.

The regiment of "Guides" have a strange history. At the time of our trials on the Afghan frontier, a number of English sergeants and pioneers were selected to enter the mountain passes, in advance of the main army. Later on these "Guides" were banded together with the special duty allotted them of teaching native troops the art of mountain warfare. As years went by and the troubles in the Debateable Land did not cease, the corps became stronger, and its energetic resistance against hardships became so conspicuous and made its existence so valuable, that at length the band was properly officered and horsed, and uniformly dressed and accoutred.

Outside the ropes at Delhi there were many Rajahs with guards of the cavalry they themselves maintain collected round their persons and their equipages. We were thus afforded an opportunity of perceiving how our native horse soldiers out-rivalled those of the independent chiefs of India. With them, all the glitter is above the saddle, and you may often see a dragoon with a fine coat of scarlet or gold, whose legs are wrapped with filthy rags, and his boots caked with the mud of ages.

The mornings here are bitterly cold, and it was in the face of what in England we should call a March wind that the Prince, wearing a thick military cloak over his field-marshal's uniform and rugs about his knees, drove to the review ground. The variation of climate from what we endured in Bombay two months before was marvellous, and we had to bring regular winter outfits into requisition, not only for our own use, but doubly so for the native servants we brought with us—whose livers knock them over at the first icy whiff. The Prince left his pavilion at ten o'clock, a period of the day at which it would have been positively dangerous to leave the shadow of your house when we first landed in India.

Lord Napier got into the saddle in spite of the surgeon's order, and is on the ground early, with his military secretary, the gallant "Martin" Dillon, a colleague in China, India, and Abyssinia. "I don't see the use of collar-bones at all," his lordship says in reply to a question about his health; "mine give me no trouble broken or unbroken."

His lordship is mounted on a light grey Arab; his arm, over which he has got his coat sleeve, he keeps bent, using the breast of his tunic for a sling. He is more serious than usual, and his efforts to prevent the horse from moving, tend to confirm the fear that the arm is only too susceptible of pain. "It is an odd thing," one of the staff observes, "it is an odd thing how much liked, almost beloved, the General is in India. Since his accident his tent has been covered with telegrams from Princes in every part of the country, expressing sorrow and making inquiries." News permeates very slowly over straggling India. Not one tenth of the Rajahs yet knew that the Commander-in-Chief was to leave them probably for ever in April. I told one of them that the "Lord Sahib" was really going, and the gloom with which His Highness's face and conversation were overcast was, I feel sure, not the outgrowth alone of the strongly cherished belief that there is no power in India like that of a good Commander-in-Chief, but that personally Lord Napier is esteemed for his brave deeds in the past, and for his steady but amiable rule of purpose, exemplified not only in his generalship, but in his administrative conduct towards the natives as an extraordinary member of the Council of India.

The road to the camp was enveloped in clouds of sand and dust, the accumulation of the dry season loosed and stirred up by the traffic and the wind, so blinding that we fancied that even if we did reach the saluting point we should never be able to see the movements. The roadways more-

over were dreadfully uneven, notwithstanding a covering of rice straw which had been laid down in the deeper furrows, and horses were plunging madly and traces were being snapped in every direction. But if the route had its perils, it was most diversifying, and the sights we witnessed were so wonderful that recollections of the Derby Day sank away into insignificance beside them. More than eighty elephants, each having bells and trappings, and howdahs crowded with English children, passed us, making the ground quake and the horses to bolt as they pounded rapidly along. Then there were troops of tiny ponies, struggling on with hundreds of the uncomfortable gharries or carriages of the country behind them, looking like a long line of tea-caddies on wheels. Here and there springless bamboo gigs dashed by, across dykes and over banks and hillocks, the drivers heedless of danger; but the strangest objects of all in the chaos of moving animals and vehicles were immense chariots pulled by teams of camels. There was one four-in-hand drag owned by the wealthiest Eurasian in India, Mr. Skinner, who has the reputation of being a good whip as well as a genial and hospitable host. He is still a very young man, and lives in hope of one day turning his talents to good account, as an officer in our army.

The carriages, as they arrive, are ranged in line by riders dressed like officers of the Rifle Brigade, but who are really Indian constabulary. The Prince, having driven to the flagstaff, mounted his well-known black charger, Coomassie, the envy of every Rajah. An escort of the 10th Hussars, wearing Indian helmets, but otherwise attired as they would have been at an Aldershot parade, rode behind the carriage. His Royal Highness's personal staff was increased by one—a native officer—the only native in the country who has been exalted to the dignity of a major. This was Major Hedayat Ali Bahadour, of the 45th Native Infantry, who had been invited to become aide-de-camp only that morning. The

artillery having fired a salute, His Royal Highness immediately commenced to inspect the several brigades.

The Prince of Wales, as usual, sat his horse admirably. Behind His Royal Highness and the Commander-in-Chief came a brilliant cavalcade consisting of the head-quarter's and umpire staffs, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, and the aides-de-camp.

As the Prince was riding about beneath the shadow of the Moguls' palaces he left himself an open mark for the bullet of any vindictive sepoy maddened by the memories of the last conquest of Delhi. No one dreamt of tragedy, however, and the only desire which seemed uppermost in the thoughts of the dusky soldiers was that they might look as stiff, and tramp as heavily, as the Feringhees.

Count Seckendorff was among the foreign critics present. He evidently is a painstaking scrutineer, though not altogether a silent one, for I heard him myself remark with a laugh, that our maps for the Indian manœuvres were "far too easy."

Four generals of the United States Government, who make it known even on their visiting cards that they are at present inspecting the world, were on the field in neat blue uniforms. They scorned to wear helmets, and their persistence in donning black and gold cocked-hats beneath a blazing sun gave much anxiety to their friends.

General Forsyth chatted pleasantly over the day's proceedings. He told me they had been treated most courteously by Lord Napier (who, at Delhi, has not?). "These horses are his," said the general, "and we are feasted with all the delicacies of India in his tents."

In dwelling upon the lessons of the review, the general said, "I tell you what it is, the officers of these native regiments know well what they're about. Why don't your Government give them a chance of exchanging into battalions

at home? If you have a war in Europe, and your regiments in England are unofficered, you can supply the deficiency with the best 'stuff' here in the Indian market."

Immediately in rear of His Royal Highness at the saluting point was the Maharajah of Scindia, dressed in a coat of black velvet, embroidered with gold, and mounted on a restless Arab. Seeing that His Highness is possessed of the smartest of the independent armies in India—that of the Gwalior State—it was fitting he should watch events at Delhi. Frank and generous Lord Alfred Paget also occupied a position behind his "Master," as he modestly calls the Prince, and beside his lordship rode the Rajahs of Ulwar and Bhurtpore. Numbers of carriages, filled for the most part with ladies, were in the background; the most striking features of which was the strong muster of elephants, caparisoned in cloths of as many colours as the coat of Joseph.

The troops marched past in four divisions, the respective commanding officers being Sir Charles Reid, the hero of Kis-sengunge, at the taking of Delhi, Major-Generals Alexander Macdonell, Hardinge, and D. M. Stewart.

The rules were the same as those observed at all reviews. The artillery, cavalry, and infantry went by first. At the tail of the horse artillery came the elephant batteries. Two gigantic elephants were yoked, tandem fashion, to every gun, and as they moved along majestically, the ponderous cannon seemed no more to oppress them than the draught of a tiny wooden carriage would trouble a child. When passing the Prince, the elephants simultaneously raised their trunks and gave His Royal Highness a graceful salute. Behind the elephants came a corps of clean and well-groomed mules, carrying mountain guns upon their backs.

The various infantry regiments, with one exception, marched well, and were followed by the gallant little Goorkhas, whose bearing and smart black uniforms excited universal approval.

The artillery and cavalry then trotted and galloped past the flagstaff to the music of their united bands. A clever charge was made by the 10th Hussars, who, under command of Lord Ralph Kerr, came last in the line.

The review having been brought to an end,* the 11th

* The troops engaged in the manœuvres at Delhi were as follows :

ARTILLERY.

Royal Horse Artillery.—A. Battery, A. Brigade, Major F. G. Ravenhill ; C. Battery, A. Brigade, Major F. A. Whinyates ; D. Battery, A. Brigade, Major P. E. Hill ; and A. Battery, C. Brigade, Major M. M. Fitz-Gerald.

Field Artillery.—A. Battery, 8th Brigade, Major W. J. Finch ; B. Battery, 8th Brigade, Major A. Dixon ; F. Battery, 8th Brigade, Major D. S. Pemberton ; A. Battery, 19th Brigade, Major A. H. Davidson ; C. Battery, 19th Brigade, Major E. H. Dyke ; and F. Battery, 19th Brigade, Major W. Manderson.

Mountain Battery.—6th Battery, 13th Brigade, Major H. A. Tracey.

Heavy Battery.—No. 1 Battery, 23rd Brigade, Major P. H. Harcourt.

CAVALRY.

10th Hussars, Major Lord Ralph Kerr ; 4th Bengal Cavalry (Hindoostanees—general mixture of various classes), Colonel G. C. Hankin ; 10th Bengal Lancers (Sikhs, Pathans, &c., class troop system), Major O. Barnes ; 2nd Punjaub Cavalry (Punjaub Frontier Force, class troop system), Captain F. Lance ; 11th Hussars, Lieut.-Colonel A. L. Annesley ; 5th Bengal Cavalry (general mixture of various classes), Major H. R. Osborn ; 1st Regiment Central India Horse, Captain H. M. Buller ; 13th Hussars, Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Russell, C.B. ; 6th Bengal Cavalry (Hindoostanees, Sikhs, Jats, &c., class troop system), Major G. A. A. Baker ; 15th Bengal Cavalry, “Mooltanee Horse” (men from the banks of the Indus and the Deyra Jat, under their own hereditary chiefs), Major G. A. Prendergast ; 15th Hussars, Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Swindley ; 7th Bengal Cavalry (general mixture of various classes), Captain H. C. Creak ; and 11th Bengal Lancers, “Probyn’s Horse,” (Sikhs and Afghans, class troop system), Major R. E. Boyle.

ENGINEERS.

Bengal Sappers and Miners, Colonel F. R. Maunsell, C.B.

INFANTRY.

73rd Regiment, Major J. W. Barnes ; 11th Native Infantry (general mixture of various classes), Major P. H. F. Harris ; 33rd Native Infantry (general mixture of various classes), Lieut.-Colonel J. T. Harris ; 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade, Lieut.-Colonel H. R. L. Newdigate ; 3rd Goorkhas (class regiment), Colonel A. Paterson ; 4th Goorkhas (class regiment), Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Turton ; 2nd

Bengal Infantry, under Major Harris, were formed into three sides of a square facing the Prince, and were presented with new colours. They had their last colours in 1845.

On the outbreak of the Mutiny this regiment marched up country against the rebels, and were personally thanked by Lord Canning for their loyalty. During the height of the revolt, the Viceroy addressed the regiment at Barrackpore, telling them that they had another duty to perform in addition to being themselves loyal, this was, to tell their brothers in arms that the authority of the Queen of England extended into every quarter of the globe, and over people of every creed, and that it had never used violence to the conscience of any man. One of the officers, Lieutenant Daunt, won the Victoria Cross during the disturbances. The regiment has since seen active service in China and in Bhotan, where they suffered severe losses in both officers and men. It took part in all the ceremonies held in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh at Calcutta and Delhi.

But the 11th was not the only regiment honoured by His

Battalion, 6th Rifles, Lieut.-Colonel H. P. Montgomery; 2nd Goorkhas, Sirmoor Battalion (class regiment) Lieut.-Colonel D. Macintyre, V. C.; 1st Punjaub Infantry (Punjaub Frontier Force), Major F. J. Keen; 39th Regiment, Colonel R. H. Currie; 51st Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel C. Acton; 8th Native Infantry (Rajpoots, Hindoostanees, Pathans, Sikhs, &c., class company system), Colonel T. A. Carey; 1st Battalion, 8th Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Cochrane; 85th Regiment, Major W. Hallowes; 32nd Native Infantry "Pioneers" (Muzbee Sikhs, class regiment) Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Williams; 2nd Battalion, 12th Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel J. McKay; 15th Native Infantry (the Loodianah Regiment, Sikhs, &c., general mixture), Colonel G. H. Thompson; 45th Native Infantry (Rattray's Sikhs, class regiment), Major F. M. Armstrong; 62nd Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel S. G. Carter; 28th Native Infantry (Punjaubees, class company system), Lieut.-Colonel W. C. Hamilton; 31st Native Infantry (Punjaubees, class company system), Major H. L. C. Bernard; 1st Battalion, 6th Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel T. L. Bell; 26th Native Infantry (Punjaubees, class company system), Lieut.-Colonel C. M. Longmore; and 5th Punjaub Infantry (Punjaub Frontier Force, class company system), Major J. W. McQueen, Commanders.

Royal Highness during the morning, for he directed the Goorkhas to be marched up to the flagstaff, and he then told their commanding officer, Colonel Macintyre, V.C., how proud the Queen was of them, and how glad he was that he had seen them at Delhi.

XXVI.

THE DELHI BALL—THE MANŒUVRES OF THE
ARMY.

THE BALL IN THE PALACE OF THE MOGULS—IF THERE IS A PARADISE ON EARTH IT IS THIS—A BAD SUPPER—THE BLAST OF WAR—EQUAL ARMIES—THE PUMP-ROOM AT DELHI—THE CLEVEREST DIVERS IN THE WORLD—TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY—NICHOLSON'S BREACH.

THE Prince had luncheon with the 11th Hussars after the review, Colonel Annesley, who subsequently came home in the *Serapis* to England, being the host.

In the evening, Lord Napier of Magdala and the officers of the Delhi garrison gave a ball in the ancient and beautiful Palace of the Moguls. The whole of the walls of the various apartments are of marble, covered with mosaic designs—formed by precious stones—of the choicest birds, flowers, and fruit.

The Prince danced in the great hall in which the King of Delhi was tried by a court-martial composed of English officers. This hall of audience is a low building resting on massive moresque arches, the ceiling of which is emblazoned in exquisite filigree work of gold and silver. It was in this building that the celebrated peacock throne, afterwards taken to Persia, formerly stood.

The guests at the ball were chiefly officers, and you can imagine how effective they looked as they waltzed about over these marble floors, or wandered with their graceful partners through corridors lurid with crystal, or amidst the palace

gardens, where birds were twittering sweet music in the fragrant trees.

There were several apartments (also of marble), in the centre of which fountains were playing; these had formerly been used as the royal baths. On an arch in one of the aisles in the Hall of Audience was the inscription, at which the Prince and all the guests gazed with interest :

“ Agar Firdos bar rue zamín ast
Hamín ast o, hamín ast o, hamín ast.”

“ If there be a Paradise upon earth,
It is this, it is this, it is this !”

There were so many historical objects and attractive chambers to be explored, that it was little wonder if the guests abandoned even the enchantment of light music and motion, in order that they might stroll away to examine them. The relics of the costly and extravagant splendour of the Empire under the Moguls presented itself to the eyes everywhere. The veteran Commander-in-Chief, notwithstanding that he wore his arm in a sling, danced through some of the quadrilles. Considering that 4*l.* for each person present was paid to the caterer by the Ball Committee for supper, this part of the festivities was a failure.

As the *Les Adieux* waltz was being danced, soldiers began to buckle on their swords hurriedly, for the trumpets were sounding for a long march. Even while the dawn was breaking, the second and fourth divisions, under command of Major-Generals Hardinge and Stewart, were sent out across country to a distance of ten miles north of Delhi. Instructions were given that the force—ten thousand men—were to advance from this point in towards the capital, and to gain possession of the Ridge, with a view to further operations against the city.

On the following morning, January 14th, the army of defence, consisting of the first and third divisions, under Sir

Charles Reid and Major-General Macdonell, set out to a line of country five miles away from camp in the same direction. Here they awaited the enemy, who drove them backwards towards the city for a mile, until they almost reached the first divisions of the reserve forces.

It was not until the morning of the 15th (Saturday) that the battle between the two armies became hot and general. The greater portion of the attacking battalions was concentrated in the wood at Badlee-ke-Serai, and from this it could not be dislodged by the front ranks of the defence. Notwithstanding that all arms were engaged, no result could be achieved by either side, and the umpires at length declared that the defensive army had carried out their tactics so successfully that it was impossible to overthrow them, and so operations were brought summarily to a close.

Towards the conclusion of the fighting all the flanks of the defensive forces were protected by reserve regiments, many of whom—knowing full well the strength of the position of the army—were quietly taking luncheon from well-packed hampers in the trenches, while the main body were blazing away at the enemy. One particular feature of these manœuvres, which made them different from our English ones, was that, for climatic reasons, fighting was allowed to go on only from ten to four each day. There were in early morning no sorties, when troops are supposed to be fresh, neither were there any romantic midnight marches. This was in direct opposition to the system carried on during the Indian Mutiny, when the troops marched at night and fought as often as possible before the sun became oppressive.

The Prince was present with the head-quarters of the force protecting Delhi on the third day of the fighting, and witnessed the final encounter.

On Monday, 17th January, there was a parade of all the European and native cavalry before His Royal Highness. This was succeeded by a series of sports, the chief of which

were intended to prove the skill of certain regiments in sword exercises and in tent-pegging.

That part of the camp where the games were held had all the appearance of a fair, and many privileged soldiers realised a small fortune by disguising themselves and acting as thimble-riggers, Aunt Sally men, custodians of roulette tables, Irish jig dancers, and negro melodists.

In the tent-pegging, General Probyn's regiment, the 11th Bengal Lancers, displayed their well-known skill. Yet it was satisfactory to find that in the long run, our Hussars carried away more pegs than even the inventors of the pastime. The Prince of Wales, wearing his dress as colonel, commanded the 10th Hussars, and gave the orders in person while the men of that regiment were accomplishing their evolutions.

One of Miss Elizabeth Thompson's latest pictures is a representation of a Bengal sowar reigning in his steed after a charge at a peg. The attitude of the soldier in the drawing does not represent the manner in which the soldiers skilled in this game, literally hug the necks of their horses during the time they are making their point at the peg; but the talented artist has skilfully depicted the vain struggles of the Sikh horseman to pull up his hard-mouthed, country-bred trooper after missing his aim. The bamboo spear painted by Miss Thompson is a stouter one than that handled by the swift riding competitors at Delhi.

It is worthy of note that the Rev. Mr. Gregson, the clergyman who has done so much in India to promote temperance in the army, had an encampment on the field of Delhi. He asserts that no less than 7025 European soldiers have joined the Total Abstinence Association. Of this number he claims for the 40th Foot 327, 65th Foot 323, 14th Foot 315, and the 7th Royal Fusiliers 309 members.

"The Institute" is the most fashionable rendezvous in the city; it is indeed something like what the pump-room at Bath

was formerly—a place of much attractiveness. For there is not only a library, a reading-room, and a visitors' book, but behind it there are charming botanic gardens, where the military bands play every evening, and games of lawn tennis are in full swing.

The Prince visited the tomb of Humaion, where the sons of the King of Delhi were captured by Hodson, as well as the Koutab Minar, the loftiest column in the world. Situated in the grounds near the Koutab Minar there is an immense square well, the depth of which from the surface is fully sixty feet. It made our blood run cold to see the native divers fling themselves feet first from the precipice into this abyss. On touching the water they went down another thirty feet through the force of their fall; happily they reappeared uninjured to claim the backshish which they expect. While writing this an extraordinary feat of diving is brought to my recollection. At Bombay, when leaving the pier in a steam launch, a naval officer dropped his purse into very deep water, about sixty yards from the shore. He called to the people standing on the pier and offered a rupee for the recovery of the purse. A native immediately jumped into the sea and soon disappeared; we waited so long for him to come to the surface that we all became alarmed, and thought some shark had made a meal of him. When he did appear he brought the purse with him, and thought nothing of the exploit, but grinned from ear to ear as he took the reward.

Round the present capital there are tombs and other memorials of eight different cities of Delhi which have flourished in the past. Every place of interest within their limits, and every point rendered famous by episodes of the Mutiny, was explored by His Royal Highness; and in order to better illustrate the capture of the city itself, the breach in the walls near the Cashmere Gate, through which the brave Nicholson forced his entrance, was reopened purposely before the Prince made his inspection. •

XXVII.

THE CAPITAL OF THE PUNJAUB.

THE CAPITAL OF THE PUNJAUB—JEALOUS RAJAHS—MONTGOMERY HALL—THE ARTS OF PEACE—AMONG THE SONS OF MARS—THE HOUSE OF JOY—THE IRISH CARMAN AT THE FANCY BALL—THE LAST PEG.

“THEY had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numerous, where Death appeared to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. . . . The Rajahs and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer the princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were worked in all the squares which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people; while the artisans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited badges of their respective trades through streets brilliant with life and pageantry. The palaces and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment.”

One could not help thinking of Lalla Rookh and Feramorz as the old city was entered once again by a royal traveller, on Tuesday, January 18th; nor is Lahore—which Milton also praises, declaring her to have been one of those seats

of mightiest empires upon whose rare beauties the eyes of penitent Adam gazed from Paradise—less charming, or less wonderful, than the sweet imaginings of the poets have pictured her. There are no minarets of gold, it is true, but there are domes of coloured porcelain. There are no artisans in chariots (poor fellows, they had to trudge it on foot to see the Prince, just as they have to do in London); but instead of the splendid equipages, and wholly forgotten by the lyrical Irishman, were scores of the most gorgeously appavelled elephants.

I looked in vain for “showers of confectionery,” for I was starving, and was beginning to think this part of the description at least an utter delusion, when the friendly hand of the Government Secretary, Mr. Thornton,* touched me on the shoulder, and I was led into a pavilion where perfumed fountains were playing, and where all kinds of dainty meats and delicate fruits, including the far-famed grapes from Cabul, were spread.

The terminus at Lahore is a capacious and handsome structure, built of red brick, and turreted and battlemented in case of mutiny, like the railway stations in Central India. As the Prince, who had breakfasted at Umritzur, alighted, the morning air was still piercingly cold, and His Royal Highness and the whole of his party wore cloaks. The 1st Royal Scots Regiment and the Lahore Rifle Volunteers furnished the guard of honour on the platform, and behind the troops there were many benches occupied by ladies.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab and several officers of his Government, the judges, chaplains of Lahore, and Mean Meer, and commissioners, received the Prince. The procession to Government House consisted of about half a dozen carriages, including the chariot of the Lieutenant-Governor, which was drawn by six very tall camels, and the

* Mr. Thornton was subsequently transferred to Calcutta to fill the important post of Foreign Secretary, as well as that of Secretary to the Chapter of the Star of India during the absence in England of Mr. Aitchison.

escorts were supplied by squadrons of the 4th Hussars and the Guides.

The artillery were firing their welcome as the Prince passed beneath the lofty walls of the fortifications. Rising from the midst of the city, the first triumphal arch, an exceedingly pretty structure, was made of bricks and plaster, but it was chiefly remarkable because the Municipal Corporation of Lahore—their dress revealing that harmonious mixture of grandeur and lugubriousness which appertains to an attire half Oriental and half English—were here assembled. Then His Royal Highness passed beneath an arch which was draped in nothing but gaudy shawls from Cashmere, not one of which was valued at less than 50*l.* sterling.

The principal spectacle of the morning's proceedings was now witnessed—namely, the assemblage of feudatory chiefs, twelve in number, on the Maidan. Each of the Rajahs brought his largest elephants, his smartest horse soldiers (some of them wore coats of mail and helmets with chain appendages for the face and neck), and his tallest infantry. They lined both sides of the roadway through which the Prince was to pass—the Nawab of Bahawalpur, the oldest and wealthiest Nabob, holding the first position on the right. There had been a rehearsal of the scene, so that every chief should know exactly where he was to place himself. In the centre of the line on the right, the Rajah of Kapurthalla held position. Almost at the last moment His Highness discovered that the splendid golden howdah in which he was seated would prevent him standing upright, like his colleagues, and the Europeans laughed quietly as they saw the Rajah with no little alacrity transfer himself to another meaner-looking elephant, with no howdah, so that, there, the Heir-Apparent might see him legs and all. But His Highness was conspicuous for another reason, namely, that in front of his stud of elephants, he had flying from a flagstaff the most magnificent banner of all those which flapped and floated

over the field. It was of light blue satin, with an elephant and unicorn as black supporters of a coat-of-arms embroidered in silver.

But envious as all other princes were of it, there were slanderers upon the ground who proclaimed that the flag was one which had belonged to Kapurthalla's father, a knight of the Star of India, and that the present Rajah was ornamenting his cavalcade with a banner which was not his. Be that as it may, the glory was taken from this and all other ensigns by a little episode which was executed in the plot of ground allotted to the Nawab of Bahawulpur as the Prince passed him by. His Highness's sepoy lowered his banner in sailor fashion until the Prince touched his hat in return for the salute. All the other chiefs witnessed this incident with deep chagrin; for, alas! none of their ensigns were movable. The Prince, however, soon smoothed down the ruffles of these Malachis, with their collars of gold, by his smile and friendly salutation.

When His Royal Highness reached Government House, he found that the Municipal Council who had greeted him a short time previously in the streets, had hurried here by back thoroughfares, and were congregated on the steps. Notwithstanding the weight of his corporation chains and heavy heating garments, their leader had breath enough left in him to read their address:

“May it please your Highness, on behalf of the citizens of Lahore, with deep respect, we bid your Royal Highness welcome to the capital of the Punjab. Though distant from the capital of England, and among the youngest sons of her great Empire, we claim, in common with our countrymen, a foremost rank among the loyal subjects of the Crown; for, placed at the north-western door of India, on the borders of regions untraversed by Europeans, and mindful of our own past history, we are in a position to appreciate even more than others the benefits of British rule. For those great

benefits we hope ever to evince in acts, as we express now in words, the gratitude of a faithful people.”

The Prince had no easy day of it. Having dismissed the town councillors, His Royal Highness held a levee, then there came a tedious reception of native chiefs, and later on he visited the gaols (where he released some prisoners),* and the tomb and palace of Runjeet Singh. There are some handsome enamel paintings on the walls of the palace, but it is otherwise a dirty and uninviting structure rapidly falling to decay. At night some hundreds of guests attended a ball given by Sir Henry Davies at Montgomery Hall. The building was erected in testimony of the esteem in which the second Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, Sir Robert Montgomery, whose cheery face is often to be met with at the Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, is held by the Punjaubees. It is rich in oil-paintings of north-western heroes, and from the windows you can see the silver curves of the river, the Ravee, which tradition declares marks the termination of the expedition of Alexander the Great into India.

Return visits to the Nawab of Bahawulpur and the Rajahs Kapurthalla and Nabha were paid by the Prince at noon on Wednesday. The climate we had here was the most delightful we enjoyed in India, and the sun at this period of the month was not dangerous at any hour of the day.

An excursion was afterwards made to Mean Meer, the sandy and cheerless military cantonment selected by Sir Charles Napier for the troops of the Lahore division. An exhibition of industrial objects made by the native and

* More than 2000 prisoners are confined within the gaol, most of the men for theft, and the women for murder of their husbands by poison, or adultery, a crime which in India is punished with five years imprisonment. In a distinct part of the gaol there about seventeen old men, “Thugs.” They turned informers and are allowed to live with their families under surveillance, and receive now and again a gift of a few rupees. We conversed with two men who had strangled from forty to fifty people each. They think it rather a feather in their caps, and simply believe it was their fate to become Thugs and so get their living.

European soldiers was opened, and nearly all the visitors made purchases of Goorkha knives and other curiosities. Sir Charles Reid, the general in command, delivered an address to the Prince, and, in reply, His Royal Highness dwelt upon the great benefits and the delight he felt in promoting institutions where the results of the soldier's industry and the good use of his leisure might be exhibited to his comrades and the public.

At night there was a *fête* in the garden of Shah Jehan, which is known to the natives as "Shalimâr," or "House of Joy." My readers will remember that it was within the saloons of this imperial palace that the bridal festivities of Lalla Rookh and the monarch of Bucharia are said to have been celebrated.

The trees were hung with Chinese lanterns, and several fountains, the water of which fell into marble tanks, ejected into the balmy air showers of refreshing spray. While the *fête* was in progress, the tribe of Cuttacks gave an exhibition of their wonderful sword dance round an immense bonfire. These men were all armed with old-fashioned flint lock pistols and tulwars, for in the country they come from, near the Khyber Pass, the frequent raids of the Afghan robbers make it necessary that every inhabitant should be prepared to protect himself.

We heard a story here about a fat colonel in one of the regiments, which caused some amusement.

A fancy ball, it appears, was about to be given, and the colonel being desirous of making the hit of the evening, secretly resolved to attend it in the garb of a sailor. At the eleventh hour he was astounded by hearing that six other officers had declared that they would assume the same attire.

"By the Lord Harry, this will never do!" he muttered.

By the time he had fumbled through the whole of his wardrobe in search for another costume, the ball was well ad-

vanced, and it was with no ordinary haste that he at length got into the tight knee-breeches and thick frieze coat of an Irish carman. The night was intensely hot, and when he had reached the festive saloons, what with the haste of his preparations, and the sultriness of the weather, he found himself in a fainting condition. His good-humoured face, and the singular nature of his dress, caused him to be whisked off for a dance in a moment by a somewhat stout lady. At the close of this performance the colonel was so overcome with the weight of the coat and shortness of breath, that he really did faint in the arms of his partner.

The first words he uttered on recovering were, "Merciful—heavens!—what—a—fool—I—have—been. Let some fellow take me home and get me out of these clothes."

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the colonel did make the hit of the evening. But he did not enjoy that ball, and he has foresworn fancy dresses for the rest of his days.

This reminds me of another anecdote I heard elsewhere in relation to an Irish major, who made a point of becoming unusually merry at the guest nights of his regiment.

"I tell you what it is, O'Reilly," remarked his colonel one evening as the veteran was pouring out some brandy for himself, "I'll let you have no more of this. Every glass you take is a peg in your coffin."

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the hilarious major, "as you have the hammer in your hand, you may as well drive in the last peg now."

XXVIII.

BENEATH THE HIMALAYAS.

TRAVELLING BY DAK—THE JOLT INTO CASHMERE—FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE HIMALAYAS—THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENT AT SEALCOTE—BOUNDLESS HOSPITALITY—“THIS ROAD FOR OUR ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE” — A MODEST MAHARAJAH.

THE guests invited to meet the Prince at the Palace of the Maharajah of Cashmere at Jummoo, drove to the terminus of the Northern State Railway,* Lahore, at midnight on Wednesday, January 19th. The streets of the ancient city were illuminated.

“ A thousand restless torches played
Through every grove and island shade ;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret ;
And fields and pathways far and near
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
That you could see, in wandering round,
The smallest roseleaf on the ground.”

And when we alighted at Wazirabad in the pale dawn, we found ourselves again surrounded by tokens of rejoicing.

From where the train stopped there was an avenue gay with the profusion of standards and festoons of flowers, which led to the old dāk bungalow of the station. This had been

* It is a single line of railway with a very narrow gauge and runs along the East-India military road to Peshawur for a considerable distance.

fitted up as a miniature palace by order of the Maharajah, and within the principal chamber there was laid out a breakfast, on which all the art of Indian pastrycooks had been lavished. The dāk carriages which were to carry the travellers through the plains of the Punjaub and across the frontier, were pulled up outside the verandahs, amid the blowing of horses and the shoutings of native postboys. The scene of the departure brought vividly before us the idea of a coaching morning in England in olden days. The crispness of the air and the lovely character of the country around us heightened the romance of our next adventures. A dāk gharry is a kind of box on four wheels, having a bed within. It is drawn usually by two country-bred horses. In charge of each vehicle there are three men. The beds inside the carriage are supplied with the soft, thick Indian quilts known as *resais*, and lots of pillows, and the springs are made of steel extracted and wrought by the natives from the Himalayas. Even John Scott, the whip of the Dorking coach, would have looked serious had he seen the ground we bounded over.

Now we had to be dragged through boggy places covered with reeds and straw, now to joggle through miles of boulders and shattered stone, again to plunge suddenly down deep ravines with noisy waters fretting far out of sight at the bottom.

The road, such as it was, across the jungle, had been laid down at considerable trouble and outlay specially for the entry of the Prince. So short, however, had been the time for preparation, levelling a whole plantation here, and filling up a valley there, that the work could not be brought to anything like a finished state. The consequence was, that sometimes horses plunged down steep declivities made by streams from the mountains; sometimes the way lay through soft meadows or plains of sand; and at others our creaking conveyance struggled over thick straw, a lesser evil to avoid

than the greater one of boulders. Through it all the dāk behaved well; not a spring was broken nor a sleeper capsized. The native horses went gallantly over every obstacle.

Throughout the whole journey the driver kept blowing his brass trumpet, emitting most musical notes. These always inspired the horses, but frequently started from a sound night's slumber broods of eagles. It was delightful being driven along at the rate of six miles an hour on a clear road with the fresh air of the morning sweeping down into our faces from the Himalayas. We met a few travellers also as we hurried on. A solitary horseman, muffled up in dirty blankets, his only weapon a spear; a slowly moving string of camels, with all the tools of a surveying party, wheelbarrows and picks and shovels slung over their backs; or a noisy bullock cart, with a pretty awning of red cashmere fringed with yellow to protect the occupants from the sun. At the sounding of our driver's horn they left the road, rolling into dykes or swishing through the long grass out of the way.

The first sight of the Himalayas, with their glittering summits sparkling under the Orient dawn, imparted a thrilling exhilaration to our minds and bodies. Though eighty miles away, they looked so very close at hand, that one thought it would be no difficult matter to bring down a basketful of pure white snow to the roasting men in the plains. The sun-burnt warriors at Sealcote find the view of these snow-capped pyramids very tantalising in hot weather, for at this station the thermometer often stands for weeks at 98 degrees within the bungalows, and 105 within the barracks. The horrors of this season are relieved occasionally by circular storms, which come from the hills, and which, with rain and icy breezes, bring down the thermometer from 105 to under 70 degrees.

We were met at this clean military and altogether English cantonment by the presiding genius of the place, that Colonel James Norgate who received the thanks of the Home Go-

vernment for having pursued the mutineers from Mooltan, and destroying five hundred of them at the end of his fifty-seven miles' march.

I have said Sealcote is English. There is a street called the "Strand" here, and a fashionable airing-place known as the "Strathnairn Drive." The Civil and Staff Club contains splendid billiard tables. The Duke of Albany's own Highlanders are moving about among the green lanes, and every one shakes your hand and greets you with cheery English words of welcome. We have breakfast at the club, and then Colonel Norgate points out the extreme beauty of the place, and relates what he knows of it.

Although here on the south side the snow line rises to an almost mean height of only thirteen thousand feet, the Himalayas present every feature of mountain grandeur—peak and precipice, gorge and glacier, rugged ravine and headlong waterfall, "a thousand shadowy pencilled valleys and snowy deeps in a golden air." The Prince often wished that we might get nearer the snow than we now are, and those who supported the desire of His Royal Highness, described Peshawur as a very comfortable English station, easily accessible, and so near the mountains that a ride of eighteen miles would bring one to the Khyber Pass. But even if there were time left to make such a visit, it might have been hazardous to do so at a moment when the frontier line was not altogether at peace. A short time back our Government announced its intention of claiming the right to use a certain pass, on the ground that our territory lay at both sides of it. The hill men resented what they thought was an aggression, and our troops then summarily stopped up the disputed way, thus interfering with the coveted trading and intercourse with us, which the mountain tribes had hitherto enjoyed.*

As the grey mist of dawn, tinged by the splendour of the

* Later on the Kohat Pass was again opened.

rising sun, roll down the rugged sides of the mountains, one sees with full vividness the majestic splendour of the peaks and crags of the Himalayas. They are the ramparts of the Empire, which none save an adventurous traveller now and then can pass over. They stretch away to an immense distance towards the north-east, without a single gap or fissure, all the way from the Khyber Pass to the great fortress of Cabul. Where the snow ends, a border of giant trees stretches down towards lower hills, matted with impenetrable jungle, and the home of hundreds of savage beasts. Beneath these again slope pastures as green as those of Ireland, divided by rills from the melting snow, like agitated threads of molten silver. These mountain rivulets are bordered deeply with broad belts of rhododendrons, blue, and white, and crimson, diversified with myriads of roses and other flowers.

Colonel Biddulph, V.C., the Commandant at Sealcote, is trying to induce the Government to establish a sanitarium in the Himalayas, opposite that station. It is true that the territory belongs to the Maharajah of Cashmere, but it is unlikely that His Highness would object to let us use it for this humane purpose. It is not so long ago since a much less enlightened Rajah made over the sanitarium at Dalhousie for the use of the British soldiers.

Standing on the parade ground at Sealcote, one might fancy himself again in Italy, for here are concentrated in a beautiful and fragrant landscape, orchards of oranges, and miles and miles of flat country like the plains of Lombardy, covered with rhododendrons, ilexes, and deodars instead of vineyards. There are four Protestant and Catholic churches at Sealcote, the largest and handsomest of which—a very cathedral in this unfrequented garden of the world—contains a remarkable monument. The inscription tells its own piteous yet romantic tale, in the simple language of a sorrowing widow and mother: “Sacred to the memory of Brigadier John Pennycuik, C.B.K.H., Lieutenant-Colonel in Her Majesty’s 74th Regi-

ment, who entered the army as ensign in the 78th Highlanders, fought in fourteen general engagements, and, after a service of forty-three years, fell at the head of his brigade in the battle of Chillianwallah, 18th January, 1849; and of Alexander, his son, of Her Majesty's 24th Regiment, who fell in the same engagement, while defending the body of his father. Sarah Pennycook, his widow, has erected this tablet."

Sir Richard Pollock, the Commissioner over our frontier districts, was one of the guests at the Sealcote breakfast; some of us were wanting eggs, and being ignorant how to ask for them in the native language, Sir Richard was guilty of a joke. "You may," he said, "always recollect the Hindustani for eggs, by remembering this curious fact—the Latin for eggs is (ova) over, the Hindustani is (unda) under."

Our carriage was soon upon the road again, driving through vivid green plantations, scattering clouds of sand over the waving plains of young rice, and stopping every now and then to let us have a peep at forsaken forts and castles by the wayside.

At the entrance to the Cashmere territory there was an arch inscribed with the words, "This road for our Illustrious Prince." As we passed on there appeared large forces journeying to Jummoo. The appearance of one regiment provoked considerable laughter. They wore dark green coats bound with yellow braid, and immense brass helmets, all of which fitted so badly, and looked so antique in shape and hue, that they must have descended from generations of soldiers. Little men had big uniforms, big men looked like school-boys who had outgrown their clothes. The men resembled veritable Jeremy Diddlers, with old blankets for their saddles, and ropes for reins and stirrups. They carried their lances in pig-sticking fashion, and not unfrequently speared their comrades before them in the rear. Their horses looked very Rosinantes, so cadaverous and dirty were they in aspect, and as little cared for as their riders. °

The distance from Wazirabad to Jummoo is between sixty and seventy miles. At the end of every fifth mile the horses of the different gharries were changed, the fresh animals being taken from relays tethered by the roadside.

A turn of the road brought Jummoo before our eyes, and we saw the scarlet banners dancing over the battlements, and spears flashing in the sunlight. But it seems as hard to enter the white gates of the city as to gain entrance into Paradise; *via ardua, via saxea, via infesta periculis* is our every-day life at home, and they who live longest know that when they approach the close of their pilgrimage they are most sorely beset. In this way the road to Jummoo is a picture of human life, for between us and it there is a broad river, whose banks consist of crags and boulders, and whose stream is rapid.

Just as we are wondering how we shall cross this and climb the mountain to the city, we are met by the Maharajah and Colonel Jenkins, his major-domo, with a phalanx of elephants. Colonel Jenkins introduced His Highness to us, a ceremony characterised only by salaams on each side, as the prince does not speak a word of English. He was mounted upon a tiny country-bred pony, and wore the simplest possible attire. Though the wealthiest Nabob in India, he wore no jewels. His turban and loose flowing robe were of green, the colour worn by the highest castes of Hindoos, with simple gold embroidery. Although expecting the Prince, the Maharajah was in no way excited. He looked complacently happy, aware that he was doing all things in the homely manner which the Prince likes best. He is a handsome man, with regular, pearly teeth, and conspicuously bright eyes. He pointed first proudly to his stately elephants advancing towards us, and then to his capital, which,

“ Sown in the wrinkle of a monstrous hill,
Sparkled e'en as a grain of salt.

If it were true that—

“ One impulse from the vernal wood
 Could teach him more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
 Than all the sages can,”

what a wise ruler should he be who lives among the ravishing scenes of nature here.

XXIX.

THE CAMP IN CASHMERE.

CROSSING THE TOWEE—BARBARIC SOLDIERS—STAMPEDE OF THE LANCERS—OUR TENTS AT JUMMOO—THE MAIDS OF CASHMERE—THE LAMAS OF THIBET—RETREAT BY TORCHLIGHT—THE ALEXANDRA BRIDGE OVER THE CHENAB—A TEMPLE OF GOLD.

On a green lawn at the Punjaub side of the river Towee, a tributary of the Chenab,* the Maharajah had erected a pavilion, and here the Prince of Wales alighted from his four-in-hand drag, and mounted the largest state elephant in the Cashmere stud. The huge tusker bore upon its back a howdah of solid gold, and the Maharajah and the Prince having taken their seats therein, the animal waded across the river while puffs of smoke from the distant green hills denoted the firing of salutes.

The elephants went through the rapids slowly, feeling with the greatest caution before they rested their feet anywhere. This tardy marching threw back the entry of the Prince into the capital later than was intended, and much of the splendid effect of the scene was lost in the evening gloom. The ele-

* The five great tributaries of the Punjaub are the Chenab, the Sutlej, the Bias, the Ravee, and the Jhelum.

phants had to ascend the pathways in the hills for nearly two miles before the principal gateway of the great white fort surrounding the town was reached.

The streets within the gates were lined with native troops, some wearing knickerbockers and busbies, with barbaric plumes of red hair, some with long black dressing-gowns, and blunderbusses. (It was probably because they were ashamed of their antiquity that several of the soldiers kept their weapons muffled up in cloths.) Others wore chain armour, and carried matchlocks about seven feet long.

There was a small body of troops in charge of some antique rifles fixed on tripod stands, which would be fired in much the same way as field pieces.

The cavalry, with the exception of a few corps, were well equipped, the most brilliant squadrons being those of the Life Guards, four hundred strong, who wore dark blue tunics and plumes, like the Carabineers. They had breastplates, sleeves of gold, and lances tipped with red and white pennons.

The shades of evening having fallen over the city, coloured fires were lighted on the flat roofs of the newly painted houses, and as the reflection fell upon the street, and brass and banners of the cavalcade, the spectacle, now mediæval now fairylike, presented by the approaching procession, became strangely beautiful. The Chief Prince of the modest nations of the West was entering this distant city with all the weird and mystic splendour associated with the advent of a monarch in the East.

The howdah in which the Prince sat was specially built at great cost for the occasion. Such a yellow gleam shot out from its sides through the trees that the natives on the battlements could easily distinguish the Prince. The squadrons of our 9th Lancers and the Maharajah's Life Guards led the way to the palace, and then came the procession of elephants, surrounded by innumerable servants, fan bearers, and spearsmen, all of them wearing a dress which was peculiar and antique.

An amusing incident marked the arrival at the palace. All horses, and especially English horses, are terrified at the sight of an elephant. Apparently, quite forgetful of this fact, the mounted band of the Lancers was drawn up at the terrace where the guests were to alight.

The minstrels had not played more than two bars of the national anthem when the horses caught sight of the elephants. An awful stampede followed, and in a moment the kettledrums, cornets, and bassoons were far asunder. One or two determined and powerful horsemen were able still to pipe their parts, but as a tune the musical welcome given to His Royal Highness became an indistinct and horrible failure. The site of the new palace of the Maharajah is probably the finest in the world, but the building itself is hideous, and resembles the goods store of a country railway station more than anything like a kingly residence.

The walls, like so many structures in the East, are only made of mud and plaster, and are so fragile, that they quivered in an alarming manner when the salutes were being fired from the neighbouring heights. Unfinished as the palace is, the Maharajah some weeks ago had a suite of apartments fitted up in a most gorgeous style. The walls were inlaid with thousands of pieces of green and gold glass, and the carpets and chandeliers were of the costliest quality. The Prince had the choice of taking up his quarters here, or in a camp hard by. He selected the camp, Dr. Fayerer having pronounced the palace too new to live in, the Maharajah himself remaining at his residence at the old Palace of Jummoo, about half a mile distant.

The one hundred and thirty guests of the Maharajah were provided for in tents placed in a square round the garden at the back of the mansion, and to these His Highness sent a present of a porcelain cup and saucer, a mirror, a comb, and a toothbrush. He also sent a quantity of lus-

cious fruit, more than any one dare eat in two days in such a climate as this is. We had a book given to us on "Cashmere Shawls"—but not the shawls themselves. Here was an omission, for the book by itself, some cynical people thought, looked as if His Highness desired to advertise the staple article made in his dominions.

Tent life in India is not by any means uncomfortable. The canvas is doubled to moderate the effects of the sun, and the interior is lined with calico or cashmere tapestry of a cheerful pattern. Attached to each small pavilion there are smaller tents, to be used by your servants or for your bath, and some of the larger ones have canvas verandahs, beneath which one can enjoy a cigar, and rest in the cool of the evening.

We had scarcely taken off our dusty clothes when we were summoned to watch an exhibition of fireworks in the expansive gardens facing the palace. Fully one thousand fire balloons were sent sailing into the air.

"Sometimes from a dark wood a display would break out so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might think he saw that grove in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, twisting into flame at the moment of his birth, while at other times a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon, like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the icy

”*

Miniature castles were blown up, the noise of the explosion being terrific, and stuffed tigers and elephants were set ablaze, and being made to move along strings of wire, fought and wrestled with each other until, like the Kilkenny cats, there was nothing left of them but ashes.

* Lalla Rookh.

A banquet in the chief saloon of the palace followed, at which viands and fruits were spread upon the tables in unlimited profusion, and with boundless extravagance.

Scarcely was this over, when the guests heard the strains of zithers and pipes inviting them to come to the verandah to witness a nautch dance, in which the renowned beauties of Cashmere were to be the performers.

“ If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think, what a heaven she must make of Cashmere,”

says the poet. But heaven won't be worth having if there is no sentiment there, and I don't think the belles of Cashmere have a particle. The girls were clad in clouds of muslin embroidered with gold, and wore across their buxom shoulders shawls of yellow or scarlet satin. Their head-dresses and their shoes were massed with pearls, and from their ears and noses drooped rings which glittered with precious stones. Their faces, rendered cream-colour by the use of henna, and their large coal-black eyes, would have made them entrancing had they only had the gift or the talent to infuse passion or feeling into them. But, alas! there was not even an approach to a smile or a glance betokening rivalry. Each and all appeared drowsy and careless, like the players in a country pantomime, who trip it upon the stage for the half-dozen and last time on the day of the village fair.

On the second day of the visit to Jummoo (Friday, January 21st) there was a shooting excursion amidst the recesses of the hills. There was also a polo match, and an exhibition of other native games of skill.

In the evening the Prince repaired to the ancient palace of the Maharajahs of Cashmere, where a magnificent banquet was held, and loyal and friendly toasts were proposed.

At the close, the company moved into another chamber where some of the long-haired Thibetan dogs, and one or two tame deer, very tall and very graceful animals, were brought in upon the rich Indian carpet for inspection.

The celebrated Buddhist priests or Lamas, who had been brought across the Himalayas specially to give a representation of their principal festival before the Prince, then entered the saloon. Had it not been for the overpowering odour of old clothes, one could have enjoyed, without any deprecatory feeling, their most amusing entertainment. It consisted chiefly of dancing, and the music which they elicited from brass horns, cymbals, and tom-toms, was of a melodramatic character. The appearance of the pirouettists was of an exceedingly grotesque description; they had their heads covered with the masks of animals, and wore long cloaks with green, red and yellow stripes, shaped like the pointed gowns of dervishes. Skulls were suspended both before and behind them.

One of the favoured doctrines of Buddhism is, that human souls pass into the bodies of animals, and from thence into those of more perfect men. This being so, the grandfathers of these Lamas must have been guilty of the most heinous crimes, if the hideous countenances represented in the masks bore any resemblance to the visages which subsequently were theirs.

The priests, we were told, were well paid for holding their ancestors up to ridicule in this manner, such is the facile character of their religion. In their hatred against the Cashmere rule, the priests refrained from exhibiting the chief rite of their performance. It was as well that royal eyes and dainty fingers were spared this portion of the ceremony, for it consists in the slaughter of an animal before the assembly. The business is not complete until the flesh is nipped into little bits, and these, while hot

and recking with blood, are handed to the audience, who keep them in token that the particular devil troubling them has been destroyed. It is said that no sum would induce the Lamas of Thibet to drive the devils out of Cashmere.

In the middle of the dark night, mounted on elephants, and escorted by natives bearing aloft flaring torches, the guests took their departure from the Maharajah's hospitable camp on their return to Lahore. It was a dangerous ride down the steep hills and across the rapids to the place where the dâk gharries were in waiting, but no casualty of any kind occurred to cast a shadow upon our memorable and pleasant stay at Jummoo.

The ceremony of opening a railway bridge is the same in all countries, and there is always a display of crimson cloth and of flags. The chief visitor of distinction portentously drives "the last rivet,"—generally a silver nail, which rivets nothing—into the girders. A brand new engine glides, amid considerable steaming and screaming, from one end of the newly-laid down rails to the other, and then, after plaudits and waving of handkerchiefs from the spectators, the iron thoroughfare is declared fit for the public traffic.

But the bridge across the river Chenab, which the Prince opened when returning from Jummoo, on Saturday, January 22nd, deserves a word of notice, if the ceremony to which its construction gave origin, does not. The Chenab is not only the largest of the five celebrated rivers of the Punjaub, but it is the most troublesome. The natives, who know that the river is traceable so far up as the Kitanka Pass in the Himalayas, thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, assert that the source must lie somewhere in the gardens of the moon. In the rainy season the floods are so disastrous that there is a song common among those who live upon its banks, a verse of which runs thus :

“ Within bounds we yearly hail thee ;
Our canals by thee are fed ;
But though nothing perhaps may ail thee,
We *wish* you'd keep your bed.”

The sands are always shifting, and an island that may be here one day disappears perhaps on the morrow, only to rise again somewhere else. Though now in the dry season but a limpid stream is visible, the river widens to something like a small ocean during the rains, causing the most lamentable floods.

Having mentioned these particulars, it will be understood that the construction of the massive highway to which the Prince gave the name of the Alexandra Bridge, is one of the triumphs of modern engineering, patience, and skill. The engineer is Mr. Lambert, an emigrant from Ireland, with twenty years of Indian experience. This gentleman received the Prince, telling him that the river was known by Alexander the Great as the Acesines, and that the bridge he was about to open was, with the exception of one across the Mississippi, the longest in the whole world. It is, indeed, a succession of bridges joined together, and resting on blocks of red sandstone.

These blocks or pillars have had to be reared on wells, and round many of them at this moment there is a confused mass of concrete stone, which in the next rainy season will sink into the sands, and form a solid bed about the foundations. “ I think we have them all secure at last,” Mr. Lambert observes, as he points to the pillars, “ but over and over again, since I began the work in 1871, have I been horrified at seeing the supports swept away by the torrent.” The Prince remarks that nothing could look stronger than the bridge does now, and adds, “ The last I opened was one at Montreal, in Canada.”

Thus ends the conversation, and the guests are driven back to Wazirabad, where a magnificent luncheon is given by the

directors of the Northern Punjaub State Railway Company, who manage the line, and built the bridge. The exact length of the new bridge is nine thousand three hundred yards. It will be of the greatest service in developing trade between our frontier and the three great Presidencies, in facilitating the transfer of troops to and from Peshawur, and in making the tours through Cashmere, and the hills, more easy of accomplishment.

On the evening of this day the Prince attended a *fête* given by the nobles of the Punjaub, in the new Government College at Lahore. Two full-length paintings of the Prince and Princess of Wales, purchased in London for the wealthy Rajah of Kapurthalla, in commemoration of the recovery of His Royal Highness in 1872, were suspended from the walls.

On Sunday the Prince paid a visit to the Museum of Lahore, where many interesting memorials of the Runjeet Singh family are preserved. Mr. Thornton, Secretary to the Government of the Punjaub, who has since been asked to undertake the duties of Foreign Secretary at Calcutta, pointed out the curiosities.

The model of the Koh-i-Noor diamond, shown at the 1851 Exhibition in Hyde Park, is one of the objects demanding attention here. The real diamond is said to have been found three thousand years before Christ in Southern India. It subsequently went to Persia, and was purchased for one of the Shahs in 1813 by the Maharajah Runjeet Singh. The diamond was worn by this Prince in the great battle of Seringapatam. In 1849 it was ceded by his successor to the Marquis of Dalhousie, and a year later the East India Company presented it to the Queen. Having had in this way a connexion with the political history of Northern India, Punjaubees now keep the model of this most valuable stone at Lahore, and evince no ordinary pride in the consciousness that the real gem, once their property, is now the most prized ornament of their Empress.

The tedious railway journey from Lahore to Agra was enlivened by a stay of a few hours at Umritzer, the holy city of the Sikhs, the principal market in the Punjab for the gold trade of Delhi and Agra, the cotton fabrics of Manchester, and the shawls of Cashmere. The streets were covered over in many parts by magnificent shawls of Cashmere manufacture. These also waved as banners from housetops and windows. One quite longed that they might fall. It would be almost better to steal them than to let them be destroyed up there in the burning sun.

The principal object of interest at Umritzer is the Golden Temple, within which, under a canopy of gold, fringed with lace, and sparkling with pearls, there is kept the sacred book of Ram Das, the spiritual guide of the Sikhs. The building, which is sheathed with plates of gold, rises from the centre of a lake called the Pool of Immortality. The Sikhs believe that a bath in this turbid water will purify them from all their sins.

The Prince of Wales did not inspect the temple. All Europeans who did so were told by the priests that they must take off their shoes before entering. There was a lady visitor who fought hard against this regulation, and in the end a compromise was effected by her consenting to put on, over her own shoes, a rather large-sized pair of boots, the property of a Sikh attendant.

At midnight the royal train stopped at Rajpoorah, and the Prince was there entertained at a magnificent supper by the Maharajah of Puttiala.

XXX.

A G R A.

CAVALCADE OF ELEPHANTS—NATIVE METHODS OF GIVING A WELCOME—EUROPEAN BUNGALOWS—A NECESSARY EVIL, THE INDIAN SERVANTS—THE RAJAHS AT THE EUROPEAN FÊTE—CALLING CARRIAGES BY TELEGRAPH—WELLS AND WATER CLOCKS—CHIEF SPORT OF THE AGRA CLUB.

Tuesday Afternoon, January 25th.—Two hundred elephants, carrying a score of Rajahs and political officers in uniform, were in waiting at the terminus as the Royal train from Lahore crossed the Jumna and entered the city built by the Emperor Akbar. Sir John Strachey, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, received His Royal Highness, and Mr. Edwards, the Commissioner, conducted him to his elephant—a most formidable looking animal from the Government stud. The procession, which then moved through the city to the plain whereon the Prince's camp was pitched, was escorted by the A Battery 19th Brigade Royal Artillery, the head-quarters, and one squadron of the 10th Hussars, and two squadrons of the 15th Bengal Cavalry. The last-named regiment was considered one of the smartest in the field at Delhi, and it was specially invited to march to Agra to take a part in the ceremonies.

The salutes were fired from the top of the red sandstone fort, next to the Taj—the chief glory of Agra. The walls

are very lofty, and being carved in pointed indentations round the summit, are dignified in appearance. Although the former capital of the North West is an Anglicised city, the natives were permitted to decorate it in their own fashion, and the result was that platforms were raised at many points, upon which primitive and uncouth representations were depicted. The strangest exhibitions delineated the Goddesses, or the Queens of the East, sitting on thrones of tinsel, with groupings of musicians and grotesque figures, half men and half animals, standing behind them.

But, indeed, when we left Southern India, we seemed to have said farewell to the regions where gods and goddesses are still most reverently idolised. Never afterwards, not even at Benares, were we made so cognisant—by the display of paintings in the streets, or the flocking of people round the various sacred tanks and shrines—of the religious sentiments of the Hindoos.

It was clear that the manner in which the native population of Agra expressed their welcome was the result of Government condescension; their display, though remarkable, not being in importance anything like the more sombre exhibition of curiosity and loyalty manifested by the Europeans and Eurasians, who thronged nearly a dozen stands reared at good positions along the line of march. The elephants were driven through the streets two abreast, and their gold and silver harness and the rich materials in the costumes of the chiefs, made the cavalcade one of rare splendour and imposing in the extreme. Among the native chiefs who followed the Prince's party to the camp, were the wealthy young Maharajah Dholepore, the Maharajah of Bhurtpore, the descendant of a freebooter, and the infant Nawab of Tonk, the only Mahomedan state in this part of India. The Nawab succeeded his father, who died of cholera during the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. The camp of His Royal Highness at Agra was as luxurious in its details as

any which he had occupied previously in the East. The plain upon which it was reared is on high ground, and is considered the healthiest part of the city; on all sides round the Prince's camp were the canvas settlements of the greater Nabobs. Here, as elsewhere in India, a camp was provided for the special correspondents; some of us however preferred putting up with friends, as by this time we had been for a lengthened period under canvas, and the opportunity of spending a few days in an Indian bungalow was not to be resisted. The friend with whom I stayed, Mr. J. M. Rutherford, was a somewhat remarkable man in the province, for he was not only one of the greatest sportsmen, but he possessed, what was the envy of the station, an Irish outside car. It was sensational awakening on your charpoy (Indian bed) in the morning to see the tusks of elephants, the skins of boars, the antlers of antelopes projecting from the walls, and all round you specimens of stuffed heads brightened up by spears, lances, rifles, and Indian shields. It was odd also to hear your host ordering that the loin of a deer killed at the dawn should be stewed for breakfast.

I was not sorry either to escape the worry of the many servants who attend upon you in camp. The very conditions of our Government in India necessitate our sanctioning an employment for every individual. The water for your bath is brought from a neighbouring well by a "bheestie"—your tent is kept clean by a "sweeper"—your food is cooked by a "consama"—your horses are cared for by "syces." Then there is the "dhobie," or washerman, and the "barber." The man whom you must have always with you, is your bearer or body servant. If in our rule in India we have given the Maharajahs power of life and death, we have also been considerate to the humble, for our body servants have the power of bringing us to the verge of ruin by theft. When you pay money for anything you pay it away through him, for he speaks the language, and knows the principles of native

barter. Moreover, he has by right of usage a claim to personal commission from both parties in the transaction. Whether they be Hindoos, Mahomedans, or Portuguese, these bearers are most useful fellows. It is such a comfort to have your things packed and prepared for you—to have even the studs put in your shirt—the temperature of your bath tested—and your store of cheroots and gloves never running dry. The very complications of coins, rupees, annas, pice, chowries, &c., make it necessary that your servant should be your purse-bearer. Blessed is that denizen in a sultry clime who has a “bearer” whose peculations are limited, doubly blessed is he whose servant is not only himself content with petty thefts, but who is so anxious that honour shall outlive honesty, that he tortures all other robbers with the full force of Eastern malignity.

On Wednesday (26th) His Royal Highness received an address from the municipality of Agra, and at night he attended the Lieutenant-Governor’s *fête* in the Palace of Akbar, where the Emperor Shah Jehan, the builder of the Taj, died in captivity. The guests were composed of natives as well as Europeans, and many chiefs, to whom the Prince of Wales had presented silver medals, wore them this evening on their silk jerkins. Some of the natives wore patent boots, but others came in stockings without other covering, and looked ridiculous. The Government will not permit them to approach Europeans of distinction in their native shoes for two reasons. They wear no stockings with them, and they scarcely ever clean the shoes. Besides, to the native mind it appears a great insult for any man to approach his superior with his sandals on. There was quite a fray at one of the Bombay receptions, in consequence of this regulation. When the Princes and retainers were entering the hall of audience, they left their slippers outside a particular door. The introduction over, they were ushered out by another, and could not return to where the heap of old shoes were. After con-

siderable grumbling and excitement, the sandals were let down from a window, and over an hour was spent by natives, not all friendly with each other, in claiming and fighting for their respective property.

An experiment in telegraphy was tried with fair success at the end of the night. The carriages were drawn up outside the fort, and from a shed there, a wire was laid which led into the palace. Within the shed the coachmen waited, and as their respective numbers were signalled from the fort, they drove in hastily and took away their particular set of guests. This system of bringing up carriages as they were wanted, was, I believe, suggested by the officers of the Government Telegraph Service, and reflected great credit on their ingenuity.

It was again adopted at a ball given in the same palace on another evening. The buildings and gardens of the Taj were illuminated by lamps and coloured fires on Thursday night, there being no moon. The marble pile is always majestic and beautiful, but it struck many that the lights were too insignificant and meagre to add any new dignity or grace to the monument.

On Saturday, artillery horses were once more brought into requisition to drive the Prince to a pic-nic at Futteh-pore Sikree, the "Windsor" of Agra, twenty-four miles away. This ancient city contains many noble residences, chief among which is the Palace, the favourite home of Akbar. The buildings are in good preservation, and very interesting, as you can trace much of the character of the Emperor's life and tastes from the details of the palace and grounds, and the paintings in fresco which enrich the walls. The loftiest minaret here (ninety feet) is said to have been erected over the grave of a favourite elephant.

Agra, on the whole, is rather disappointing; the roads are white and sandy, like those through the desert, and there is a general air of dreariness about the place, which is not dispelled by frequent European garden-parties or the gay

society of a most sociable little club. It is, in a commercial sense, a prosperous town, for it is not only the depôt for the salt which comes from Ajmeer, but the red sandstone, of which all substantial buildings in India are constructed, is brought from Futtehpoore Sikree, and finds a resting-place here until taken away by one or other of the railways. There is rather a remarkable Mahomedan temple of this substance opposite the fort, which, in a sense, may be said to have saved Agra from considerable devastation during the Mutiny. When the Sepoys were arranging their guns for an attack upon it, the English general declared his intention of levelling the temple to the ground the moment a native gun was fired. The warning had its effect, and the fort was not endangered.

There is an Indian proverb which says that "three things only make a man"—to have a son born to him, to plant a tree, and to dig a well. As to the last, the natives of Agra seem to have done their duty, for there are wells everywhere, although the water is not always fit to drink. These wells remind visitors of the scenes described in the Old Testament. They are dug down tolerably deep, and then round the upper rim a broad stone parapet is raised, always painted white. On these parapets, the women, young and old, sit in the cool of the evening, and retail to each other all the gossip of their village. They do not roof over the wells, and hence dust and leaves soon pollute the water, and the remedy adopted is the digging of a new one.

It is strange that although England has possessed India for two centuries, the use of pumps is by no means general. Cattle are employed to draw up the water by means of primitive machinery, and the poor beasts expect to have not only a good drink, but a copious splashing when they have done their task.

Government officers periodically inspect all wells, and fix up notices stating that the water is fit for "drinking," is for irrigation only, or is "poisonous." .

A very primitive notion is exemplified in the water clocks—an older notion than the sun-dial. Within a reservoir of water is placed a brass vessel, which, by means of a tiny hole in its bottom, becomes filled and sinks every hour. When the brass vessel touches the floor of the small reservoir, a noise is made telling the watchman on duty that another hour has gone, and there is a gong near, which he then strikes, apprising the busy world of the time. These clepsydræ are in every town in India, but if the public time was regulated by them alone, we should not know where we were at the end of a week, for very often the chokodar or watchman, being overcome by sleep, loses an hour or perhaps two. He always loses some seconds in raising the brass vessel and filling it again; and in order that he may keep pace with time, he has to run off now and then and consult a modern clock before he again hammers away at his gong.

The members of the club of which I have spoken, devote one day in each week to the pursuit of pig-sticking. Prince Louis of Battenberg went out with these daring horsemen on one occasion and had the ill-luck to break his collar-bone.

It is no doubt a very exciting pastime; there is something novel in eating your dinner in the jungle, and in dashing after wild beasts over a broken country, but it is exceedingly dangerous. Untrained horses will probably kill you, and even veterans cannot be trusted in the presence of a ferocious pig. A curious incident occurred at one of the meets of this club when we were in Agra. Captain Roberts, of the Indian Police; was riding after an old tusker when he suddenly disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up, horse and all. After some little difficulty he was discovered in a well about twenty feet deep. The horse was standing quietly at the bottom as if in his own stable. Captain Roberts was dragged out by his reins, and his horse brought to the surface in a novel manner, by earth being shovelled into the well. Trampling upon this the animal soon raised himself.

XXXI.

DAYS AT GWALIOR

SCINDIA'S LITTLE SPEECH—A ROMANTIC CAREER—THE FIGHTING MAHRATTAS—PICTURESQUE CAVALRY—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PALACE IN THE WORLD—PIANOS EVERYWHERE—THE GWALIOR STATE RAILWAY.

“MANY Scindias have gone before me, but none have had so great an honour conferred upon them as a visit from a Prince of Wales. I have nothing to recommend in myself, for I am an ignorant man without the advantages of society or the benefit of books, living most of my life in a remote territory so desolate that the wild earth seems to mimic there the wilder heart of man. Yet the Prince says he is charmed with Gwalior, with my army, my palace, my houses, and my city. Witness then, Rajahs of Central India, how overjoyed I am, The very proudest and happiest day of my life has come. I hope that the Prince will not forget to assure the Queen that among all Her Majesty's subjects in the Indian Empire, not one can consider himself a more devoted and loyal servant than Scindia.”

These are the words, translated as they passed from his lips by General Daly, in which the Maharajah of Gwalior declared before a solemn durbar of Mahratta chiefs, on Wednesday,

February 2nd, his appreciation of the Prince's visit. It is not to be wondered at that both Gwalior itself, and the Chief reigning over it, should be objects of especial interest to His Royal Highness, for among all the chapters of Indian history there are none more tinged with romance than those written in relation to this state. With the exception of the sudden elevation to the throne of the little Guikwar of Baroda, there is nothing more sensational in the stories describing the rise of Indian families than in the selection of the present Maharajah of Scindia.

Dowlut Rao Scindia, a short time before his death, in 1843, married Tara Bye, who found herself left a widow, without a regular heir, before she was thirteen. The cupidity of men grasping for distinction in India rendered it imperative that the little Maharanee should act quickly in the matter of the succession, and accordingly the body of her husband was scarcely cold before Her Highness made a declaration that she had adopted the present Maharajah—then a boy of eight—as the heir. The Governor-General of that time, Lord Ellenborough, sanctioned Her Highness's choice, and the clever girl held durbars every day for a long period, so that the chiefs might get to like the boy. Her troubles were not, however, over. It was impossible that the Governor-General could leave the administration of the first state of Central India to a pair of infants, and so a regent was appointed. This man turned out a bad bargain. He never was at peace with the Ranee, and at length Lord Ellenborough, in a letter which has become historical, dismissed him. "You have," wrote his lordship, "you have proved yourself unfit to manage men or women, and a minister at Gwalior must manage both." In the state of political confusion which followed, the army then maintained in Gwalior, numbering thirty thousand infantry and ten thousand horse, became overbearing and arrogant.

Lord Ellenborough in his efforts to trace the sources of the popular discontent, discovered that the Hereditary Chamberlain and Keeper of the Jewel Office, one Dada Khasjee, was employing all his talents to curry favour with the Gwalior army. As the days went on this man openly manifested his hostility to the Government of India by expelling from their posts all who were loyal to it. His lordship at length ordered the chamberlain to be dismissed from office and surrender himself to the Crown. He was horrified to find that the army not only treated his mandate with contempt, but that they detained the Ranee and her son from going to meet His Excellency in durbar. Then it was that a British force under Lord Gough—at this time simply Sir Hugh Gough—and General Grey, marched to the Chumbul river, and engaged in two dreadful battles with the enemy at Puniar and Maharajpoor. Lord Ellenborough himself witnessed the engagement, and won his spurs on the field, for he constantly penetrated, amid showers of bullets, to where the wounded were lying, to give what surgical aid he could, or to distribute oranges. But it was not the Governor-General alone who earned renown in the conflict. The Mahrattas exhibited the most extraordinary courage and the most wonderful discipline throughout the proceedings, and the fame they earned on the mud banks of the Chumbul is a byword in India to this day.

The English troops, we are told, fell into the usual error of despising the enemy. They considered them a contemptible rabble ready to take flight at the first shot. General Churchill, the Quarter-Master General, who was killed early in the conflict, had the day before declared that the only weapon he required was a horsewhip. The progress of the army was looked upon in the light of a military promenade.

Marshman, in his chronicles of the time, tells us that the Governor-General and the wives of the officers accompanied the troops on elephants, and gaily chatted about breakfasting

in triumph at Maharajpore. But before that point was nearly attained, the masked batteries of the Mahrattas opened a disastrous fire, and the infantry, with indomitable resolution, marched boldly out from their hiding-places. The fallow fields became a sea of blood, and before the fortunes of the day turned in favour of our army, a thousand English soldiers, who themselves displayed unflagging fortitude, were stretched dead or wounded on the plain. In this battle, the British force numbered twelve thousand men, and that of the enemy fourteen thousand.

We won the day, but all the historians who have chronicled the details of the fight agree that it was only by "the skin of our teeth" we did so. The administration of the kingdom was altered, and the dare-devil Gwalior army being thought too powerful for the maintenance of peace, was ordered to be disbanded. It was not long, however, before a body of troops was again trained in military Gwalior. This was the notorious British contingent of ten thousand men of all arms, with an admirable artillery. "In the splendour of its uniform, and the superiority of its discipline and its efficiency, this new army eclipsed every other corps, and was called the model force of India."

With the establishment of the contingent, however, the old feeling of deadly hatred towards English rule was not obliterated, and when the occasion came, in 1857, the sepoy mutinied and murdered their English officers, and subsequently marched to Cawnpore, and inflicted a severe reverse on our army. It was at this crisis that the present Maharajah showed that he had not forgotten the assistance the English had given to the cause of his boyhood. Having attempted by every means in his power to assuage the evil minds of his soldiers, he was at length obliged to abandon them to their pursuits, and fled with his loyal prime minister, Durkur Rao, to the British lines at Agra.

I should not have spoken at such length about the soldiers of Gwalior had it not been that the principal feature of the visit of the Prince of Wales was the holding of a review of the army—the last formed of many armies—now maintained in this State. His Royal Highness was so astonished at the conduct and generally soldier-like qualities and deportment of the men, that he issued a general order, as a field-marshal, speaking of the compact little force in most flattering terms. The strength of the Maharajah's army amounts to twenty-two thousand five hundred and thirty-nine officers and men, but not more than three thousand horse and foot were mustered on the ground for this particular review.

The Prince rode from the palace on a bay Arab. Those gathered behind him on the review ground—some on elephants, some on chargers, and others on foot—included the Chiefs of Mahratta, who, with their troops, had lined the streets when the Prince entered Gwalior. They were attired in suits of primrose, pink, green, and light blue, and wore the piquante Joshua Reynolds' style of turban, formed by twining many yards of red cord in a circle round the head, always the characteristic head-dress of their race. Lord Carington and Captain FitzGeorge attracted to themselves many sympathising glances, as each of these luckless spectators had an arm in a sling.

Scindia, wearing a gorgeous uniform of scarlet, and a black and gold cap, commanded the army in person, ever and again leaving his post in front of the regiments to ascertain the Prince's wishes. The troops, which were divided into two brigades, included two batteries of field artillery, the men (armed with cutlasses) being on foot, and the guns being drawn by bullocks. The gunners marched admirably. Two batteries of artillery—the gunners holding their whips down in English fashion—followed. Then came a regiment of heavy cavalry, with splendid horses,

and a regiment of Lancers, with blue jackets and tiny red caps, like Prussian Uhlans. The five regiments of infantry went by to the air of the "British Grenadiers," a graceful compliment to the sovereign power. The men, who were fine, broad-chested fellows, marched evenly, and with a firm tread. The men wore white helmets, and in every respect—save the colour of their faces—resembled an English corps. In many of the companies we observed differently coloured facings, giving one the idea that the uniforms had come to the Gwalior regiments after they had done service elsewhere, probably in our own army. The numbers on the caps were, however, all alike.

"Charge!" We heard the orders given in English, although there is not an English officer or soldier in the ranks. The cavalry showed not an instant's wavering; off they went—a plunging, clashing multitude—the horses striding as only Arabs can. The task was not, however, completed without disaster. Two corps unexpectedly came into collision, and half a score of Lancers were cannoned from their saddles. At the request of the Prince, a sham battle followed the proceedings of the morning. It was chiefly remarkable for the rapidity of fire which the artillery maintained, notwithstanding the fact that the ordnance employed was antique and cumbersome.

The sandy plains of India are not conducive to hard fighting. The movement of the troops caused the dust to rise in immense volumes, and it was only now and then throughout the exercises that a casual spectator could make out what particular evolutions were going on.

The chief glory of Gwalior is no longer the celebrated Hill Fortress, taken by us in 1779, and from the bastions of which British guns now peer down warningly upon the town, but a superb and stately palace. As you get into the Maharajah's capital, your first fancy is that you are approach-

ing the Tuileries, for this building bears a striking resemblance to it in the style of its architecture. When you are within the gold-tipped circular railings, and get a peep at the carving of the alcoves, the lines of spacious windows, the balconies, and the flower-perfumed court-yards, you find that the white Palace of Gwalior is even still more beautiful. It is encircled with gardens laid out in an enchanting and extravagant style.

Within these fragrant enclosures you may pluck luscious oranges and citrons from the trees. You can watch aristocratic fish darting beneath pleasure boats reclining on lakes clear as crystal, and you can choose seats of spotless marble wherever you like. The gardens are lovely, but the palace itself eclipses everything which one has ever dreamt of in relation to Eastern kingly abodes. The description even of that magnificent residence into which the Princess Schemselnihar tempted the Prince of Persia, falls short of the reality revealed here.

In each one of the spacious sitting-rooms there are the rarest gems in gold, and silver, and marble, and painted canvases, from all parts of the world. The most dazzling chandeliers of crystal (one of them is said to be the largest ever made) hang from the richly-coloured ceilings. The softest Indian carpets and hearth-rugs, embroidered with peacocks' feathers and bunches of roses, in red and white silk, are laid upon the floors. Odd sight enough—for no one usually here is a musician—there is in every reception-room a grand piano. The staircases are all of white marble, with balustrades of crystal.

In the apartments used by the Prince the bed and toilet services were of solid gold, and His Royal Highness's bath had been coined out of rupees. There are saloons and boudoirs, billiard-rooms and chess-rooms, and rooms made purposely to keep you cool in the hot weather and hot in the cold.

On one of the evenings of his stay at Gwalior, the Prince had introduced to him the designer of this sumptuous building, an Italian exile, now the major-domo of the Maharajah's establishment. The Prince simply said he thought the structure the most artistic and splendid palace he had seen in India.

His words so much enhanced the good opinion the Maharajah already had of his architect, that he made this gentleman a special gift of a lakh of rupees, or ten thousand pounds, to commemorate the Prince's satisfaction. It was with no ordinary pang that His Royal Highness, as he was being driven out of the town, turned round in his carriage, and with his eyes took farewell of the beautiful object—for ever.

The ordinary traveller from Agra to Gwalior at the present time must traverse the distance (seventy-six miles) between the two cities in a dâk gharry. The road is a bequest of John Company's administration, and like most bequests from the same source, is good. But within five years' time it is promised that the "tea caddies" and decayed ponies shall be swept from the road, and that commerce and transit will be carried on by a "State Railway."

Before the Prince left India, Messrs. Glover, who had just brought to a completion their construction of the Rajpootana State Railway, undertook to carry a broad gauge line into Gwalior. It was stated that the great difficulty to be surmounted was to bridge the Chumbul. The river during the rains rises seventy feet, and the force of the torrent is terrific. Messrs. Glover propose to make a viaduct in fourteen spans of two hundred feet each, and to place it on stone columns a hundred and fifteen feet high.

The young Rajah of Dholepore, whose territory lies between Agra and Gwalior, entertained the Prince at luncheon on each occasion that His Royal Highness passed through this country. The Rajah is a sharp and intelligent youth,

and speaks English fluently. During the lunch on the return journey, the Prince announced to Generals Probyn and Browne and Dr. Fayrer that the Queen had telegraphed her desire that they should be created knights of the Order of the Star of India. Intimation was made to other officers that they would be made companions.

XXXII.

THE CITY OF VICTORY.*

JEYPORE—CIVILISATION AND BEAUTY INSTEAD OF SAVAGES AND DESOLATION—THE RAJPOOTS—USEFUL BUFFALOES—THE NAGURS—AN EXTRAORDINARY CAVALCADE—A PROCESSION OF ARABS—DISLOYAL SQUIRRELS—THE PRINCE'S FIRST TIGER—THE MAHARAJAH EXHIBITS HIS GENEALOGICAL TREE—THE ANCIENT CITY OF AMBER—LORD MAYO'S MONUMENT IN RAJPOOTANA.

ONE of the Queens of Spain, in whose character Lord Bacon discovered many virtues on a memorable occasion, made use of the expression, that "to have good forms and ceremonies was, like perpetual letters, commendatory." During the time the Prince of Wales was in India the most wonderful ceremonies were enacted before his eyes in rapid succession, each having a meaning and representation as distinctly its own as the lines with which the immortal Florentine tells us every stair leading to purgatory is tinged or gilded.

It is in this way that the native Princes have, for thousands of years, loved to depict the magnificent diversity and wealth of their territories, and as many of the most ancient features of their mysterious and grotesque exhibitions are reproduced

* The Maharajah Jey Singh, the illustrious astronomer and statesman, founded Jeypore upon the ruins of an older settlement and called it the City of Victory.

in the ceremonies of the present day, it may be imagined how deeply interested modernised and cultured Englishmen are when witnesses for the first time of such spectacles.

The procession which accompanied the Prince of Wales into Jeypore, the new capital of that immense tract of land in Western India known as Rajpootana, on Friday evening, February 4th, was imbued with the most picturesque details, and the most extraordinary of Oriental characteristics. The strangest possible mixture of primitiveness and civilisation everywhere visible, surrounded the reception with romance and brilliancy, and made it more weird and beautiful than any other picture hitherto arranged for the honour and delight of the Prince.

The traditions about the Rajpoots are not favourable. In our wanderings in the south whenever a chief with unkempt hair, red eyes, ill-fitting clothes, and a shaggy horse crossed our path, the all-knowing would pass him by with the observation, "Another Rajpoot," and the inference we drew was that these men of the west were still barbarians.

The histories, too, confirmed our fears. They were old certainly, but the only ones procurable, and their compilers said there would be found in the Rajpootana capital "an empty treasury, desolate palaces, stagnating commerce, a ferocious populace, and a rabble army."

There are people in these days who may tell you that the rows of houses, neat and pretty as they look, are really only made of sticks and mud, and that a Krupp shell discharged in their midst would level the toy dwellings as if they were made of cards.

But Jeypore, as it presented itself to us, appeared simply the daintiest and most classical native city in India. The streets are broad and regular. The pavements of stone are as wide and far whiter than those in the Regent Quadrant. There is an abundance of handsome street lamps for gas—the gas certainly has not yet come, but the gasometers have been set

in their places, and the lighting of Jeypore in modern style is a question only of days.*

There are two public squares fragrant with flowers. In the centre of these are marble fountains, which are always diffusing copious crystal spray on the thirsty shrubs. The houses are the chief ornaments of the miniature city, built in regular lines and regular blocks, with boat-shaped pagodas, perforated screens and kiosks, fantastic mouldings, and trellised balconies. The plaster fronts are painted pink, and upon this groundwork are drawn, in lines of white, figures and fishes and designs of flowers.

The Prince of Wales came into the city at twilight, and the houses stood out in the gloom like so many large exquisitely carved boxes of cedar wood. Beneath the upper storeys are the bazaars—roomy and clean—all bright with woollen goods, brass ware, and armour. Here and there along the pavements are trees—the never-dying peepul trees, on the knotted clumps of which scarlet and white figures are ever resting in the sacred shadow. Many handsome clocks, some of them placed in lofty towers, toll the busy hours, just as in England. There is a “Mayo” hospital, with English surgeons, erected in token of the cordial friendship which existed between the Rajpoot King and the murdered Viceroy; a “Maharajah’s college,” kept alive by the chattering of a couple of hundred little baboos; and, lastly, there is a school of art.

At ordinary times pariah dogs—to strike one of which is sacrilege—wander aimlessly about the sunny streets, now and then stirred into activity by a chase after a leopard from the hills. The dogs were, however, behind the scenes on Friday. That particular dog which usually runs headlong between the lines of a crowd was not even there. Instead, however, there appeared an exploring buffalo. It is not roared at nor stoned by the rainbow ranks of people. A policeman with

* The city is now (June, 1876) lighted with gas.

a red coat and yellow trousers, steps quietly and slouchingly out from the line, takes a grip of one of the horns, and gently leads the black form into a vacant place made for it, without a grumble, by the spectators.

The tame buffaloes are valuable animals in India; the butter chiefly used in the country—a white and tasteless substance—is made from the milk which they supply. Tins of very yellow butter, sent out by a company at Copenhagen, are found on many breakfast tables, but the preparation is scarcely more inviting than the buffalo lard. I often think our British milk condensing firms, and especially that company at Mallow, in the dairy-famed county of Cork, might attempt to supply India with a better concomitant.

The army of Jeypore is irregular—most irregular. Some infantry regiments have red coats and black trousers. They wear no stockings, sometimes no boots, and the guns they carry are of every pattern. The great strength of the Maharajah's army, however, rests with the Nagurs, a wild body of men, six thousand strong, who are sworn to celibacy, and who recruit their ranks by kidnapping little boys. These soldiers have always been faithful to the Princes they serve. Their enemies say that their courage in hard battles is the result of drams of opium, and not from inherent valour, and that in the desperation of conflict they are as likely to slaughter their friends as their foes. In any case they have won a name for self-denial and bravery in Western India, and like the Scottish clans in days gone by they are permitted by their chiefs to support themselves by pillage. But the Nagurs are not all riflemen. There are in their ranks professors of the art of long-sword fencing, jugglers, dancers, crack shots with bows and arrows, and men who twirl enormous leaden-topped shillelaghs over their heads, and round their bodies, with a facility which would make a Tipperary backwoodsman relinquish his pet achievement " 'wid his bit of a sthick" for ever. These military ascetics wander where they like, live as they

choose, and select their own particular weapons—an unbridled and barbarous soldiery. Like their life their dress is varied. Some have bare heads, while others wear turbans, and others again enormous plumes of green feathers. Some have their bodies enveloped in white clothes; others are almost nude. Some wear bright-coloured bodices, with the back shaped like the hinder part of an antique chair; others carry shields; others nothing. I had nearly forgotten the musicians. There are men who play alike skilfully on wooden whistles and on shells; broad-chested savages who elicit from brazen trumpets, of immense weight and size, noises like the joint roar of many menageries; and lanky armed men who would drown a whole company of British tattooers with the batter and the clamour of a single drum. In addition to the cavalry, and the infantry, and the Nagurs, there were the artillery forces, the sight of whom revived all the pleasant memories of those tinder-box soldiers with which we fought so many mimic battles in our nurseries. For here again were the tall black shakos with the long peaks, and the coats with the high collars. Here again the toy cannons, with blue bodies and wheels of red and yellow, the only difference being that in the Eastern cavalcade the guns were dragged along by stately cattle with a harness of silver and with horns painted green.

It was through a glittering jumble of all these Forces, moving along in front of a double line of elephants, whose many bells clashed a music of their own into the air, that the Prince rode on Friday. The position immediately in front of the royal elephant was filled by the spearsmen and shield-holders of the Nagurs. These grotesque warriors never grew tired of brandishing and crossing their swords as if fighting a way for the Prince throughout the whole journey to the Residency. But there were many other remarkable sights visible in the weird torch-light, which, from a thousand flambeaux, burst over the densely crowded thoroughfares, just after the starting of the procession. We see such a general swooping of eagles

and vultures in the dark night as we never saw before. They have been startled by the cannon from their nests in the mountains. Possibly fancying that a battle had been raging, they are on the look out for prey. One cannot count the number of camels in the procession, some carrying small mountain guns sideways on their backs, others—the riding camels of the Court—draped in cloths of green and purple embroidered with gold, picking their steps gracefully, as befits a State promenade. Before these, moving in bodies twenty deep, are the bowmen, or Robin Hoods of the Maharajah's establishment, in costumes of dark green, with crimson head-dresses. In front of these, again, are the retainers, some with suits of yellow, and others with suits made of bright Manchester calicoes. The leading place of all in the splendid pageant has been allotted to the State horses—beautiful arch-necked Arabs of fairest symmetry, and purest blood. Some were led, some carried horsemen, but all had garters of jingling silver spangles, and very bright ribbons encircling their knees. All had broad necklaces of coloured beads or real pearls. The reins were studded with knobs of silver, and the saddle-cloths were trimmed with gold.

Jeypore is surrounded with very high castellated ramparts of red sandstone, and, as in other Indian cities, the entrance is made through handsome gates, each of which has turrets and bastions, and is far more like a castle or keep than a mere portico. The doors of these gates are studded with iron spikes, used in former days to prevent the elephants of the Mahrattas from forcing a passage with their heads. At the principal gate the Prince and all the guests mounted elephants (about sixty altogether), and the procession—the most fantastically beautiful collection of strange sights I have ever witnessed—was marshalled and set moving. The pathways from this point through the whole town are covered with a crowd of people fifteen or twenty deep. Flights of tiny green parrots are startled by the general excitement, and whirl down

the thoroughfares or from parapet to parapet screeching, and hundreds of disloyal Indian squirrels are nibbling at the inscriptions, "Rule Britannia, Rule," and "Our Loyalty to the Queen," which, printed on pink paper, have been posted round the trunks of the trees.

Arrived at the Residency, a terraced bungalow surrounded by pretty gardens, the Prince of Wales was conducted within doors by the agent of the Viceroy and Colonel Beynon, the Commissioner. Most of the staff were accommodated with tents in the grounds—domiciles little sought after in Jeypore, which at night time is always visited by screaming jackals; sometimes by an exploring tiger.

On Saturday, February 5th, the Prince shot his first tiger in India. The pioneers of the shooting party were the two Jhodpore Princes, who were afterwards decorated with silver medals in remembrance of the achievement of the day. The Prince of Wales with Lord Alfred Paget and Lord Aylesford acting as his immediate guardians, left the city very early in the morning for the hills which overlook the borders of the great Rajpootana desert. It was known that there were several tigers in this district, for they had evinced their strength and appetite by eating no less than sixty bullocks—so it was said—which had been let loose as decoys from time to time in the month previous to the royal visit. The whole expedition was planned with a due regard for the safety of His Royal Highness. There was a low nudee, or ancient fort, in the jungle about five miles from the city, and in this the sportsmen stationed themselves awaiting the time when the tigers—now being driven forward by the beaters—should pass. Lord Carington and Colonel Rose and the Maharajah were with the Prince in the upper storey of the house. At the end of about two hours the Jhodpore Princes signalled that a tiger was approaching, and it very shortly appeared on the scene, coming along at an ambling trot. When it was at a distance of scarcely twenty yards away, the Prince fired twice, hitting

the animal in the neck, but the tiger though wounded struggled out of sight into the bush within a moment. Dr. Fayer's elephant was now brought forward from the back of the nudee, and the Prince having mounted upon the pad hastened in the direction the beaters had taken, down a neighbouring gorge.

When it was next seen it was dying, and the Prince now lodged a final bullet in the carcase. The animal was found to be a tigress of magnificent proportions, measuring eight and a half feet long.

She had a large pair of tusks which might in a few seconds have robbed the future Emperor of India of his crown for ever, even if he possessed the strength of Hercules. The beast appeared larger and altogether more terrible than any one of the seven tigers which the Maharajah keeps in captivity in his menageries as evidence of the extraordinary tigers Rajpootana can produce. It was brought into the Residency grounds slung across the back of an elephant, and was there photographed, most of those who had been in the nudee with the Prince being taken in the group.

The members of the Prince's staff who were not at the tiger hunt, including Captain Glyn, started in another direction for pig-sticking, and no less than fourteen pigs were speared. The proceedings in the evening were characterised by many interesting details.

First, there was a durbar within a spacious marble hall of the Palace, at which three hundred of the great thakurs or nobles of Rajpootana, most of whom wore stiff petticoats like nautch girls, were introduced. The Maharajah then made several presents to His Royal Highness, including the rifle with which the tiger was killed, a richly-jewelled bracelet for the Princess of Wales, dishes enamelled with gold, a sword with a hilt of diamonds, and an Arab horse and trappings. I do not know whether it was with a view of enhancing the value of the gifts, or merely to amuse the Prince, that the Maharajah subsequently exhibited his genealogical tree, in

which it is made clear that His Highness springs in an almost direct line from the dynasty of the sun.

At a dinner-party which followed, the Prince referred to the wonderful spirit of progress which marked the reign of the Maharajah, but apparently forgot when congratulating His Highness on the long and uninterrupted loyalty of his family that a Rajah of Jeypore was the last of the Rajpoot chiefs to yield to an alliance with England. Later on, the Prince went round the tables and said a cheering word to all those whose faces he knew, this being possibly the last of the great public dinners in India, and then, as if to show the Maharajah how much at home he felt in Jeypore, he smoked a hookah. The streets were brilliant with their lamps and Chinese lanterns as the royal carriages were driven from the Palace to the Residency, and along the side of the highest of the Jeypore mountains was written, in lines of fire, the words, "Welcome here."

The Maharajah of Jeypore alluded to the Prince's journey to India in very hopeful terms. One or two sentences of his speech have been thus translated :

"It has caused me unbounded pleasure to learn of the joyous acclamations and enthusiastic receptions which have been manifested by princes and people, and which have attended every step of your Royal Highness's progress from the moment of landing on these shores ; and I should respectfully express a hope that the rejoicings, festivities, and diversions which have accompanied that progress, may have gratified your Royal Highness as manifestations of love and loyal regard, and as tokens of fond attachment to your royal person. I hope it will not be presumption on my part to state on this occasion that your Royal Highness's happy temperament and vast sympathy for native chiefs and people of India generally, have made a deep impression on our minds, and it gives me unspeakable pleasure to be able to say that all of my brother chiefs and native gentlemen I happened to meet with in these

days have, one and all, expressed similar feelings regarding your Royal Highness. I would devoutly express a prayer that the presence on India's soil of the heir to England's throne may be productive of the richest blessings to princes and people, and may have issues promotive of the highest welfare of this great country. May God, the Father of us all, protect your Royal Highness; may He shower upon you every blessing, and aid you with His almighty power to perform the arduous duties of your exalted station, and sustain you in the lofty position to which, in His divine wisdom, He has called you."

On Sunday the Prince had tiffin in the marble palace, which is sequestered in the grey hills overlooking the City of Amber, the ancient capital of Jeypore, and now wealthy in the possession of uninhabited palaces and ruined temples. The party drove to the base of the hill in carriages, and then made the ascent upon elephants. The scenery about here is classical and beautiful. At every few yards fresh points of interest revealed themselves. The first stage in the landscape was composed of a forest of vivid green trees, above this towered the brown ruins of the ancient city, and on the highest pinnacles waving broadly under the blue vault of heaven, were the scarlet ensigns of England.

The Prince, in returning, visited the neatly laid out public gardens, the preparation of which gave employment to hundreds of natives in the famine of 1868. In these grounds there has recently been placed upon its pedestal the only statue in all Rajpootana. It is one erected to the memory of Lord Mayo, and from the inscription one learns that it is a tribute "To the memory of his most esteemed and lamented friend," from the present Maharajah. The writing goes on to say, Lord Mayo's "able administration and brilliant career, from '69 to '72, were marked by wisdom, justice, and benevolence, and his affable conduct, kind disposition, and earnest endeavours to do good to the millions of Her Majesty's subjects in

India, won for him the sincere regard and affection of the people. Indefatigable in the performance of his duties, he personally visited all distant parts of Her Majesty's Indian Empire, not forgetting even the territories of the native Princes, whose interest he always had at heart. He signalised his tour through Rajpootana, in 1870, by many an act of benevolence, and endeared his name to every one connected with this part of India."

Before taking his departure for Agra, the Prince laid the foundation-stone of a new town-hall, to be called after his own name.

Though many of us admired the docile and splendid elephants of Jeypore, we could not help feeling, as we took our last look at them, that we could forego elephant riding for the rest of our lives, so weak were we in the legs, and so generally shaken was the condition of our bodies.

XXXIII.

THE TAJ MAHAL.

“ Or to see it by moonlight, when mellowly shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;
 When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
 From the cool shining walks where the young people meet.”

“ THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM, THE SWEET NOURMAHAL”—
 THE TAJ AND YORK MINSTER—BENEATH THE MARBLE
 ROOFS—THE COOLEST RETREAT IN AGRA—SHAH JEHAN'S
 LIFE, AND MISERABLE END. ”

AFTER dinner on the evening the Prince left Jeypore, some one suggested, that as the moon was nearly at its full, His Royal Highness ought to see the Taj. “ It is by moonlight that the monument looks loveliest,” they said ; and so the Prince went and was delighted.

All the world has heard of the Taj at Agra. It was built by Shah Jehan, when Charles the First reigned in England, in honour of his wife, the protector of the poor, and the most famous of all the Queens of Hindostan. You get lost in admiration and reveries as you gaze upon this monument, the most superb of all earthly memorials. It rises from beautiful gardens straight up to heaven, in solitary but sublime grandeur. The majestic pile of snow-white marble is as fresh and glistening as if only finished yesterday.

The spectacle always fills you with awe, but more especially does it affect you when it is bathed in the flooding light of the Eastern moon—when all human kind are asleep but yourself and the sentinels, and not a sound is heard but the bark of flying foxes, or the shrill cry of the jackal. The undisturbed and melancholy silence insensibly oppresses you. You are alone, looking upon this magnificent memorial of the dead, and you must think on what is to come when your own work is nearly done. The Taj Mahal impresses you with a dreamy notion that it is the “Beautiful Gate” which leads to Paradise.

Many have had this feeling as they looked from the edge of Helmsley Moor upon the three grand towers of York Minster, looking white and lustrous, like the full sails of a barque at sea, under the moonlight. The rays do not fall, but ripple, like living threads of molten silver upon the dome and cupolas, cornices, and delicate fretwork of the Taj Mahal. It seems as if the light of life flowed still over the dead; as if the steadfast spirit of its founder kept ever watchful guard over the tomb, warding off the strokes of Time and forbidding the great destroyer to touch the beautiful monument of earthly love.

When the sun's heat is fiercest, when gasping invalids are praying that the day, if not their lives, may speedily end, this Taj Mahal is a blessed asylum. Beneath its dome is a cool resting-place, where the shade is dense, and the soft music of plashing fountains murmurs around, wooing coy repose.

There are no windows in the Taj, and sable attendants are always to be found within, who, by the aid of lanterns, point out to you the delicate tracing of gems upon the walls. The interior is composed of two octagonal chambers, and it is in the lower one that the bodies of Shah Jehan and his wife were laid. Two blocks of marble, shaped like coffins, are placed above the tombs, and round them is a high trellised railing of marble, inlaid with precious stones representing flowers.

In the upper hall there is a railing as well as cenotaphs, all fac-similes of the work below.

Shah Jehan, the most skilful native administrator that ever ruled in India, was in truth an architect greater than Solomon. He it was who built the present city of Delhi, with its charming palaces and Jumma Musjid. Many other splendid edifices were raised by him in the plenitude of his power and the vastness of his wealth. Among them is this memorial of his sweet young queen, Mumtar Mahal. He it was who caused to be constructed the famous Peacock Throne of Delhi, at an expenditure of six million pounds.

At his death there were found in his treasury countless jewels, in addition to twenty-four millions of money. Till after the prime of his life the rule of this Emperor was blameless, his treatment of his subjects was patient and benevolent. His wife was then to him the protector and the talisman of his life; when she died, hope and dignity died within the Emperor.

As you gaze from the marble terraces of the Taj across the river Jumna, you see a desolate landscape full of sand-hills. Over these the hot winds, charged with sand from the great desert, sweep until they break upon the pure steps of the mausoleum.

It seems an allegory of Shah Jehan's life. Remember him when you look at the majestic tomb, the cypress-trees, and the fountains, for they represent the best epoch of his manhood. Once look away at the miserable country beyond, and you will be reminded of the barrenness of his latter years, when he was driven from his throne, his only excuse for his drunken and indolent career being that he was utterly lonely.

XXXIV.

LIFE IN THE TERAÏ.

PREPARING FOR THE MARCH—RUTHERFORD'S CAMP AT HELAK—SUNSET AT NYNEE TAL—THE ELEPHANTS IN THE NULLAHS—THE AFTER DINNER PIPER—THE GOORKHA BAND—THE MORASSES IN THE TERAÏ—CAMP FOLLOWERS—THE SPORT ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—HOW TO SHOOT A TIGER—APPROACHING THE SARDA.

THE Prince of Wales appeared to esteem very highly the kind of art which is the distinguishing feature of the Taj, for he purchased so many marble tables at Agra, that it was jokingly said the Serapis could never safely carry them to England.

While we were still at Jeypore, the Prince learning that the difficulties of taking a large camp into the Terai would be enormous, selected particular members of his staff only to accompany him, and courteously requested the correspondents to remain behind on the border; at the same time, it was understood that anything of importance that did occur should be despatched to us with all the speed possible. The narrative of the adventures in the Terai now given is therefore, in the main, collected from the diaries of members of the staff and officers who did enter Nepaul.

Lord Alfred Paget, 'among others, kept an interesting journal of the whole tour in India, and his lordship, with that gracious generosity which is so marked a characteristic in his nature, has permitted me to see and to use this.

I have had, moreover, some personal experience of life in the jungle, which enables me to speak of its vicissitudes and dangers, for in company with Captain Corbett, late 62nd Regiment, and Mr. J. M. Rutherford, of the Government Telegraph Service, we formed a camp of our own at Helak, in Rajpootana, and on several days enjoyed considerable success in the pursuit of large game.

On February 7th the Prince left Jeypore by rail *en route* for the Terai, and arrived at Moradabad, the last station of the railway, at 7.30 A.M. on the 8th.

It may be said that he here took leave of modern civilisation, and casting off all the gilded burden of a royal journey, commenced the enjoyment of a regular shooting tour in the best preserves in the world, aided by every effort of man and all the sagacity of the elephant. Between the railway and the shooting grounds there were many weary miles of road to be got over, which were, however, made as short and as pleasant as possible. To the ordinary traveller a journey into any part of the Terai would have been abominable. He would have seen before him all the horrors of a dāk gharry. Relays of horses there certainly would have been; but what horses! long, ragged, three-quarter starved animals; horses, with vicious eyes, capable of being turned in every direction, with ribs looking like the strings of a Welsh harp, and hides showing the deep scars gained in many a struggle against man's command. These are certainly the dāk horses, and native ingenuity alone could either harness them or get them to start when required. What struggles I have seen with such animals as these! they all seem to have taken honours in the academy of vice.° Some render their legs as immovable as iron posts, others stand on their hind legs better

than any circus dog ; others again lie down and refuse to get up. The natives, as a rule, are equal to them. The stiff-legged animals they pull along by ropes attached to their fore-legs ; the dancing ones they render obedient by nearly screwing their noses off, or wrenching their ears out. Those which lie down they get to move by quietly lighting a fire under or near them.

The Prince, of course, had not to endure the amiable tempers of the dâk animals. A battery of artillery sent their horses along the road, and established relays every six miles, by means of which the royal party travelled quickly and comfortably.

The first hunting camp of the Prince's was pitched by Sir Henry Ramsay, at Barhinee, about thirty-nine miles from Moradabad, on the road to Nynee Tal. It was a curious canvas town in which a stranger could easily lose himself. The tents were arranged in parallel lines, the tent-pegs being dressed like a line of infantry, while mess tents, guard tents, and all had their proper places carefully laid down as if by geometry.

The Prince breakfasted, and the party then mounted ponies and rode sixteen miles up to Nynee Tal, one of the hill-stations in the Terai, eight thousand feet above the plains. This commands views of the higher ranges of the Himalayas forty miles distant, and which are some of them twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The Prince witnessed a sunset over the snowy heights under the most favourable circumstances. The white pinnacles of the lofty ranges being gilded by the last rays of the sun as he bids good night to the land of his choice ; the shades of evening slowly creeping up the sides of the mountains, filling up the valleys and softening the rugged nature of the precipices, while up above the most gorgeous colours of the rainbow were being reflected from one summit to another. Every rock and crag covered with the same snowy mantle

glistened in roseate hues, until one after the other the advancing gloom enwrapped them, and night—dark gloomy night—with its dangers, its roving beasts of prey, its loneliness, settled upon all the country round, the lofty mountains, the thick jungle, and the royal camp.

On the following morning the Prince went to see the sun rise from the same spot, but was disappointed, as a thick fog hid the mountains. On his return, however, he proceeded, under General Ramsay's direction, to look for tigers. He killed a leopard and some deer, but did not get a shot at the nobler game. It must not be concluded that because the Prince failed to get good tiger shooting at this time the sport was therefore bad. The Terai, as I have said, affords some of the finest shooting in the world, different from the backwoods and prairies of America, and from the forests of Ceylon, but swarming with game. Besides tigers, there are leopards, cheetas, deer, pigs, wolves, jackals, and smaller animals, and as for birds, there are peacocks, partridges, quail, snipe, geese, duck, and other water-fowl. From such a list of game the most careless of sportsmen could make good bags, and when added to this the healthy life of the hunter is taken into consideration, all must come to the conclusion that a stay here in the cold season must be exciting and delightful, even if the whole race of tigers should depart.

Seen from a height the Terai seems to be a vast plain covered with tall reeds and feathered grasses waving like a sea, but the broad belt is undulating and seamed with nullahs, beds of ancient torrents, pits where angry waters had torn away the soil, streams full of dark water, heaps of huge boulders left by an unrecorded deluge, and chasms where intense heat had reft the earth. It is the reservoir of all the streams which flow from a range of hills fringing it on the north. The soil is black, and water spurts up under the feet of elephants as it would from the wettest of Irish bogs. Your progress is frequently interrupted by clumps of great trees

matted together by ropes of creepers. Your elephant levels many of these himself by twisting his trunk round them and then butting against them slowly with his head and knee until they crack and fall.

Life was always romantic, sometimes it was sensational. The royal party camped out in the forest upon a space cleared of jungle by fire two or three hours before their arrival. The shikars, directed by Sir Henry Ramsay in person, ran up in an incredibly short space of time a village of tents, or of picturesque huts formed of tropical foliage interlaced with boughs of fragrant shrubs. These tents were, as a rule, luxurious. There were canvas dining-rooms, and tell it not in Gath, delightful canteens, where every sparkling and cooling beverage was distributed to thirsty souls. There was a cooking apparatus of the most scientific description, and a cook who could, I verily believe, manufacture fresh salmon cutlets from steaks of man-eating tigers.

For my part, I prefer the gipsy mode of cooking—three straight poles tied together at the top, a pot hung from the apex by a chain, and a glowing fire of wood beneath. The contents of that gipsy pot is never questioned, and whether it is our long days in the air, or the sublime quality of the spices and pickles used, the savour borne by the blue smoke among the trees is enough to make the most dyspeptic man mad with hunger.

Writing on February 10th, one of the hunters says, "Went out with the Prince on elephants into the jungle. We managed to slay a leopard and small game, and returned to camp by dark. I find that there are no less than 4000 camp followers, 600 camels, 163 elephants."

On this day several nullahs had to be traversed, and so much as eight minutes were often spent in getting across these, as the elephants moved cautiously and slowly, and constantly sank into the mud up to their necks. It was no unusual thing in the Terai for three elephants to be employed

in dragging an unfortunate brother pad out of the quagmire. When this plan did not succeed, the shikars cut down trees, and let them fall over the nullah near the sinking elephant, and he soon made a support of them, and by the aid thus afforded, worked his way out.

Tiffin was laid for the Prince in a charmingly wild part of the jungle. All round you were delicious masses of the semel trees, with their scarlet and orange blossoms, and their weighty, transparent wax-like leaves. Before dinner a general order was issued that there was to be no full dress during the expedition, accordingly the staff took their places before the Prince attired just as they had been in their hunting exploits. The moon was shining, and the Goorkha band kept playing during the repast. It was a very pleasant picture, notwithstanding that the explorers were plunged in the midst of a wild and uninhabited desert.

At the close of dinner the Prince of Wales proposed the toast of "the Queen," and Peter Robertson, His Royal Highness's gillie, came in, dressed in full Highland uniform, and marched twice round the tent, playing the bagpipes. This plan of honouring the Queen's name was adopted at every subsequent dinner in the jungle.

In the evening the camp fire was lighted, and the Prince, with his friends, sat before it, either listening to, or relating exciting scenes of hunting life. After dinner, when the hard day's work is done, and when the nights are cold, then camp fires are the centre of sociable intercourse, all crowd round them, and the brightness of the flames renders the darkness outside the circle of light doubly dark.

In the forest around various sounds are heard—the roar of the tiger, or the shrill cry of some stricken deer, the laugh of the hyena, or the snarl of the leopard; while above all rises the startling call of the jackal, now heard singly, as if challenging, then answered by a chorus. While these sounds proceed from the darkness around, and some story is being

told within the bright circle, the smallest movement in the leaves of the forest sends a sudden thrill through one's veins, and makes one's back somewhat chilly.

Then there is the stumbling walk to find one's tent, the strong language used as numerous falls are made over the pegs, the difficulty of finding a light, and the heap of invectives cast upon the devoted "bearer's" head if the candles or tent-lamps are not lighted.

Deep indeed is the sleep which visits the hunter, and seldom does he stir until "Sahib, Sahib!" a hundred times repeated by a patient native, rouses him to another day of sport. The early cup of tea is delightful as the half-asleep hunter listens to the morning call of the black partridge, and of a dozen other denizens of the forests.

On the 11th and 12th the Prince's camp was moved on to Tandah, but although a wide circuit was made through the jungle on their way to the next halting-place, no tiger was shot. Other game was found in great varieties, including a wild cat, and good bags were made.

"There are generally four or five pad elephants to beat and pick up the game between each gun. The shooting is very wild and bad, as it is impossible to take any sure aim in a howdah with your elephant moving.

"On our way we passed through miles of tangled forest, and frequently witnessed the very extraordinary sight of a forest of dead trees. The elephants were timorous of the fires which constantly broke out in the long grass, to which sparks from the camps or howdahs penetrated. These fires now and then assumed the character of a conflagration, and reminded one of the sweeping fires of the American prairies. We had some fun in camp to-day with tent-pegging, General Probyn, as usual, going through his wonderful exploits. The native aides-de-camp to the Prince also displayed considerable expertness with the lance.

"A day or two ago, one or two of the staff expressed a hope

that their favourite game of Badminton might not be denied them in the Terai, and accordingly, about five hundred coolies are employed each morning clearing the jungle in the neighbourhood of the royal camp, and flattening the grass. They are getting so clever at this style of gardening that they are no time transforming the most confused clump of brushwood into a lawn as smooth as any in England. It seems absurd, however, making these neat spaces, when perhaps only an hour is spent in play at any one of them before the camp moves on again. The future explorer in the Nepaul jungle will find amid the wild expanse, tracts betokening the pastimes of civilised society, which will fill him with pleased amazement.

“There was some idea to-day that we were approaching a part of the country where malaria might still be lurking, and Dr. Fayerer accordingly dosed us all with quinine.”

Sunday, February 13th.—The Prince and party remained in camp, and service was celebrated.

On February the 14th (St. Valentine's Day), the Prince and his army of beaters went to Nuglah, a small place on the borders of the forest, which is scarcely worthy of bearing a name, being, like some of the hamlets of England, represented only by one or two structures. The sport on this day as regards the tiger shooting was *nil*; two fine bears and some deer were, however, bagged by the party.

Tiger shooting cannot be considered altogether a pleasure. It is exciting to a degree, but it is hard, laborious work, requiring the patience of Job with the temper of a saint. The hunter must be self-denying, and have perfect command over his nerves. Fine buck may spring up on all sides of him, but he must keep his rifle silent. Black partridge may whirl by him, but he may not raise his gun. The stealthy leopard may tempt him, or the bear may offer every inducement for him to try his skill, but the royal tiger demands silence, and all other attractions must be given up to insure it. It is wearying work indeed, plodding on hour after hour, even on

the most successful of days, but when an empty bag is brought home in the evening it requires the best of dinners and a "peg" or two over the camp fire to drown the disappointment.

February 15th.—The hunting beat must have extended over ten miles, although the march to Ooncha Gong was not more than five. A large sloth bear was shot before sunset by Mr. Colvin, brother of the Secretary to the North-West Government, and two cubs were found near the body, which were with some difficulty captured and brought into camp. (One of these afterwards reached England in safety.)

After lunch the hunters entered a thicker covert than usual, the reeds and vegetation of which was even higher than the howdahs on the elephants' backs. In some places the grass was fully twenty-five feet long. As the sportsmen penetrated slowly into this dense tract, a deer, apparently pursued by some animal, darted past the line of hunters. It had not proceeded many lengths when it appeared to sink to the earth with a sharp cry of pain. On going to the spot a fine tigress was discovered making preparations to commence her evening meal. At the unwelcome intrusion of so many uninvited guests she appeared to be more astonished than frightened. It was some little time before she awoke to the conviction that the frightened elephants she saw around her, and the excited men on their backs, were the bitterest enemies she had. She rushed to the centre of the jungle, and quickly received numerous bullets. Lord Carington, Dr. Fayrer, and General Probyn each had a shot before the Prince. Lord Carington is supposed to have given the death blow. At all events the tigress, before the excitement had half passed away, was lying on her side dying amidst her family of three little tigers of between one or two months old. This concluded the sport for the day, and the bag, although not very encouraging, was at least more important than any made before.

A marksman who squats on the ground after the most

approved fashion of the Rifle Association, and aims at a target half a mile away, no doubt thinks that shooting at a tiger at a distance of fifty to sixty yards, must be about as easy sport as firing at St. Paul's from Fleet-street. It is a far different thing in reality than what it appears to be when reading about it in an easy-chair by a warm fireside. The first time you see a wild animal before you in its native forest, your nerves almost seem to be beyond control. You find the utmost difficulty in holding your rifle still; it will, in spite of you, shake when you aim, until, in desperation, you fire without aiming at all. I have seen good marksmen, who have taken prizes in rifle contests, miss bear after bear at less than fifty yards' distance, when, if the animals had only been stuffed, they could have sent bullets with deadly certainty into any part they thought proper. When it is considered that in addition to this natural excitement, the jungles of the Terai are so dense that it is seldom a steady, careful aim can be taken, it is no wonder that frequently many shots were fired in vain, and that some animals were able to run the gauntlet of the whole line, and get off in the end.

The beat between Ooncha Gong and Sussoona was very extensive, and lay through a thick marshy jungle. The elephants found difficulty in getting through it, walking half-way up their legs in water, and proceeding but slowly for fear of holes or dangerous places.

During the early days of this march there was jungle everywhere but few tigers. It seemed as if the glories of the royal advance were too much for the kings of the Terai.

By slow marches the Prince proceeded to the banks of the Sarda, which divides Nepaul from the British territory, to meet Sir Jung Bahadoor, the Prime Minister, in fact the Governor of the country, for the Maharajah, who lives at Khatmandu, does not often show himself.

Sport on the way was not at all good; the party killed

one day two cub tigers, and on another (Friday, 18th) a large tiger, which measured nearly ten feet. In the attempt to fell this animal, the Prince, General Probyn, Mr. Macdonald, and Lord Alfred Paget took part. The animal was driven by over one hundred elephants and twenty guns to the end of the jungle, and, like all tigers, refusing to face the open, he was there shot.

As the Prince approached the Sarda, which really looks like a series of rivers all side by side with one another, so divided and varied is it in its course, rather than a broad single stream, the scenery became most picturesque. There were thousands of very ancient trees, suffused with the scarlet blossoms of graceful creepers. In some places the creepers were like lacework, in others they formed festoons from tree to tree. It was a most interesting sight to see the long caravan of camels and elephants, bearing tents and all the paraphernalia of the camp, wending their way along aisles and avenues formed in this fashion.

XXXV

CAMPAIGNING IN NEPAUL.

SIR JUNG BAHADOOR—ENTERING NEPAUL—THE SEALED REGIONS OF THIBET—THE MAHARAJAH WHOSE LIGHT IS UNDER A BUSHEL—A DURBAR IN THE FOREST—THE PRINCE AS A SPORTSMAN—MAN-EATING TIGERS—THE GREAT ELEPHANT HUNT OF THE CAMPAIGN—TURKEY, NOTHING BUT TURKEY—A NOBLE QUARRY—TWENTY-THREE TIGERS—FACING HOME.

ON the banks of the Sarda the directorship of the Prince's march passed from Sir Henry Ramsay, Commissioner of Kumaon, to the care of Sir Jung Bahadoor and Mr. Girdlestone, our Commissioner in Nepaul.

Sir Jung is virtual ruler over a territory which until now few Europeans have been permitted to visit. Yet the country is a most interesting one, and destined probably to attain great importance as the stand-point from which English armaments or English commercial caravans will pass on the north to the now sealed regions of Thibet, or on the east to the fresh provinces of Western China. A little more than a century since the Goorkhas, having mastered Nepaul, dashed into Thibet, spread terror and devastation through that country, and plundered of its fabulous wealth the ancient temples of Digarchy.

But at that time even the wild and brave Goorkhas dreaded the power of the Great Khan of Cathay, and since the onward sweep through Central India, which led the Tartars even beyond Badakshan, the Rajah of Nepaul sends every fifth year presents or tribute for the Chinese Emperor to Peking. One often hears it whispered here, "Where the Gookhas have gone, and the Chinese have marched there and by the same road, British soldiers and British merchants can march also."

The East India Company had not much intercourse with the Sovereign of Nepaul until 1846, when, on a popular rising, and the massacre of thirty-one chiefs, Sir Jung Bahadoor became the Prime Minister over the country. Sir Jung has ever proved himself to be the loyal friend of the British Government. During the terrible time of the Indian Mutiny he stood faithful to us, and his lion-hearted little soldiers did great service at Delhi, and generally through Northern India.

As an acknowledgment of his fidelity, Sir Jung Bahadoor was made a K.C.B., and K.C.S.I., and obtained the material reward of the Oude Terai. Sir Jung has three wives and several brothers.

The Nepaul Terai is a vast land of jungle interspersed with woods of great trees, and broken by hills, ravines, nullahs, and sluggish streams. It is the rearing home for wild beasts, and birds of every known and unknown kind. The streams which flow from the watershed of the Gundra ridge on the south, and from the snows of the Himalayas, here the highest peaks in the world, enter into the beautiful valley of Nepaul, and form three great tributaries of the Ganges. Eastward of Nepaul lies Sikkim, to which the Darjeeling Valley (famous for its teas) belonged before it was purchased from the Rajah for a rental of 300*l*. Subsequently raised to 600*l* a year, this allowance was stopped in 1850, and the Rajah was deprived at the same time of the lower course of the Tista and the Sikkim Terai, as a punishment for his seizure of Dr. Campbell and Dr. Hooker, C.B., then searching for plants

for the Botanic Garden at Kew. This Rajah also has a close connexion with the Chinese Emperor, from whom he receives an allowance of 200*l.* a year, doubtless as a bribe to prevent the passage of travellers across the frontier into China.

But he receives a stipend six times that amount from the British on the express condition "that travellers will be protected, and that every facility will be given to trade with Thibet." The Prime Minister of Sikkim, Chonred Kabboo, recently assured Sir George Campbell that "the local officers would gladly facilitate a direct trade between India and Thibet through Sikkim, but they were prohibited by orders from Peking."

It is a curious coincidence that the British Commissioners sent to exact retribution for the treacherous murder of Mr. Margary should have reached the eastern side of the mountain ranges which hem in the province of Yunnan, at the same time that the Prince of Wales and his followers should be hunting wild elephants on the western.

The sport up to this had been good, except in the case of tigers, which in the British territory were by no means so numerous as in Nepal, owing to the advancement of the country in clearing the land and in agriculture—a good fault, which even sportsmen must recognise.

The meeting between the Prince and Sir Jung on Saturday, February 19th, was most cordial. A durbar was held on the British side of the Sarda, at which the native Prince presented a kureeta or letter from the Maharajah, welcoming His Royal Highness, and assuring him of his friendship. The natives of high distinction with Sir Jung were dressed in the most gorgeous of costumes, glistening with precious stones, and contrasting in a marked degree with the simple dress of the future Emperor of India.

"He neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his knightlihood,
But rode a simple knight among his knights,
And many of these in richer arms than he."

The Nepaulese troops were dressed very much like the native soldiers of India, with red tunics and dark trousers. The covering of the head was different, inasmuch as these soldiers wore a skull-cap, with the crescent and sun of the Nepaul sovereign conspicuous upon the front.

When the official durbar was concluded, every one was relieved, and looked forward to the sport which Sir Jung would be sure to show them. The Prime Minister is slight and diminutive in stature, his face is marked with deep lines, but his quick, restless eyes palliate his otherwise plain expression. He had with him a number of coolies whose especial function it was to carry the little man about from place to place on their backs—"men-horses" they were called in camp.

It was not long before the expectations of excellent sport under Sir Jung's conductorship were realised, for on February the 21st the Prince made the best bag of tigers that had perhaps ever been secured in one day. For weeks before, Sir Jung Bahadoor, who has taken his degree in tiger hunting, had strictly preserved the most likely coverts within the district near the Sarda. He had surrounded these coverts by men, who kept large fires burning to insure the tigers being inclosed within a certain radius. And as there was plenty of water and numerous deer, the beasts had no reason to complain of their quarters.

A little after eight o'clock in the morning the sportsmen moved out from camp. The Prince rode up to where the elephants had been previously sent on. Having handed their horses over to the native grooms, all mounted elephants and prepared for an attack. No less than seven hundred elephants formed line round the particular part of the jungle where the tigers were known to be lying, offering a barrier against any escape.

After some little progress had been made, a tiger was sighted at not more than thirty yards' distance from the

hunters, but the Prince could not get a shot at him before he concealed himself in the long grass. Being frightened and maddened by the cries of men and elephants, he leaped out again within easy range of the Prince, who fired both barrels at him, and evidently wounded him severely. The tiger turned immediately for safety to the jungle, and crouching down, no doubt thought he was secure; but his flank was, unfortunately for him, still exposed to view. This offered a fair mark to the Prince, who, after firing two more shots, had the satisfaction of seeing his first Nepaul tiger stretch himself out and fall dead.

After luncheon, Sir Jung led the whole column of elephants over a branch of the river to a large tract of deep thick jungle on the banks of the Sarda. This passage of elephants, which was so well drawn by Mr. Herbert Johnson, of the *Graphic**—one of the historical artists of the Indian tour—formed such a spectacle as men see but once in a lifetime. It could not be witnessed in any other country, and fully shows what great power the natives possess over these unwieldy animals, and the wild sort of discipline they must preserve amongst themselves.

Sir Jung Bahadoor wished the quarry to be for the Prince alone, so no one else fired, but all carried pistols in case of attack. Before the day's sport was brought to a close seven tigers had fallen, five if not six of which were shot by the Prince himself.

Two of the tigers were killed by single bullets, and the sportsman who can bring down a tiger with one barrel has certainly done something of which he may always afterwards speak with pride. Wonderful shots such as these have certainly been put on record, but it does not often happen

* The Prince asked Mr. Johnston to take up his position at a certain point when he began to make his drawing, and every one who witnessed the spectacle and the subsequent sketch of it admitted that His Royal Highness had shown no ordinary skill in placing the artist where he did.

that the sportsman is so favoured by fortune as to be able to make them.

While writing about single shots I may mention that a friend of mine tells me that when he was elephant shooting in Ceylon some years ago, he was one day following a wary clever old rogue which, after taking him for a long dance of many hours, in a hot sun, without giving him a chance of firing, led him into a high jungle where he could not see more than a few yards before him. Keeping on the beast's track, he was suspicious of some deep laid manœuvre, and so kept his eyes about him. Suddenly he heard a crashing noise, and then saw through the grass and reeds that the huge animal was charging down upon him with up-lifted trunk, and within a few feet of him. To raise his rifle and fire, taking a snap shot between his enemy's eyes, was the work of an instant. To his bewilderment the elephant fell as if struck by lightning, stone dead, his trunk hitting the ground within a few inches of the hunter's feet.

Out of the seven tigers which formed the Prince's quarry of this day, two of them were unmistakably man-eaters. Long, lean, dark-looking, unwholesome brutes, giving one the idea that they had some internal disease which was rotting away their insides. They are the dread of the natives, and the horror of sportsmen. If a tiger is either old or sickly, unable to chase the deer or contend with his equals in the forest, he will pitch upon human flesh, which he can obtain without much exertion, and without any contest. He lies concealed by the side of the well where women and children draw water. He is hid by the roadside where the weary husbandman is driving his yoke of oxen home after the day's work. He crouches and crawls around villages at night to cut off some unwary boy who in the excitement of playing may stray into the jungle. He is not often absent where the weak and inexperienced are to be found, but he is seldom present when the hunters are abroad. There is in the human breast

an, undefined sense of pity when the hunter sees a fine, healthy looking tiger lying dead before him, but when the beast is evidently a man-eater a contemptuous kick of the foot is the only acknowledgment the carcase receives. This famous bag of the Prince's will be remembered in Nepal for many long years to come.

Sir Jung Bahadoor could not bear the idea of His Royal Highness being disappointed in his exploits, and on this particular evening was immensely pleased. He had a custom on unsuccessful days of making very handsome presents, usually trophies of former expeditions, to the Prince of Wales. On successful days he did not make any other offerings than flowers.

On February 22nd, when at the Camp Jamao on the banks of the Sarda, the Prince was made acquainted with a new description of sport much practised and enjoyed in Nepal, that is, the hunting and capture of wild elephants by means of tame ones. The largest and most ferocious of tame elephants are kept and trained as fighting elephants, or "hathies." They are looked after and fed as carefully as prizefighters used to be in England.

When an opportunity arises they hasten to meet the foe with as much alacrity as a gladiator of old. They love fighting, and can never have too much of it. But as these immense animals are not quick enough to chase their enemies, this part of the performance has to be done for them. Fast running elephants, called pad elephants, because instead of a howdah they carry on their backs a pad, are therefore employed in large numbers in most of the hunting expeditions.

To prevent himself from being swept off by the branches of the trees as he is carried through the forest at the rate of from six to seven miles an hour, a strap is fastened to the pad, by which the hunter holds on. By means of these fast pad elephants, the wild ones are chased until brought to bay, when hathies are sent for to make the attack. The animals cannot

work at all without plenty of water; the consequence is, that when these pad elephants give chase they supply themselves at every pool or nullah they pass through, and throw it with their trunks over their head and sides. The beater, therefore, while holding on for bare life to his pad, has the pleasure of a shower bath repeated at intervals during the run.

The actual fight is carried on by means of tusks, trunk, head and sides. Blows are given and received of force enough to upset a church, heads are rammed together with such crushing as to make us wonder how anything made of bone could stand the shock, and thick powerful tusks are often wrenched off in the struggle. When the victory is gained, the conqueror shows his nobility of character; he looks after and tends his late foe, taking care at the same time he does not escape, until he delivers him captive into the hands of his master. With these remarks the proceedings of the two days upon which the Prince enjoyed this novel method of elephant hunting will be easily understood.

"*Tuesday, February 22nd.*—We rode to-day on elephants into the jungle of trees, and soon discovered a herd of between four and five wild elephants. We followed them for no less than twenty-five miles, at the end of which we became exhausted, having had no breakfast, and the sun being intensely hot. Happily mahouts came up soon afterwards with supplies. Our movements to-day were chiefly important in that we were afforded a lesson in pursuing such game, which was of service afterwards. The pad elephants were sent forward by daylight, just in the same manner as hunters are sent forward to the meets of hounds at home, to await the arrival of their masters."

"The Prince started at about 8 A.M., and rode to where his hunting elephant awaited him. Upon this animal he mounted, holding on to the strap. Upon the neck of the animal sat the mahout, armed with a heavy hooked knife, called a 'kukeree,' to cut away the branches or underwood. Behind clung a

native armed with a heavy piece of wood, which he used as a goad for the purpose of getting the elephant to its highest rate of speed. Many hours were spent in racing after the wild herds over very difficult and dangerous ground, but without success."

Fortune was against the Prince, for while he was lying in wait for the wild ones to come up, they were sure to break away in some other part of the ravine.

I may mention that the "kukeree" is a weapon much used by the Goorkha troops; it is, in fact, their national one. A skilful man with a well-balanced "kukeree" can, it is said, cut off the head of a cow with one blow.

On the following day the Prince was out for tiger shooting all day, but only managed to kill one. Many were reported to be near, but with their usual foresight they kept out of the way.

While pursuing the march on the 24th, the Prince (unaided) killed a small tiger and a leopard.

The 25th was no doubt the most exciting day His Royal Highness enjoyed during his trip in the Terai. Sir Jung, smarting under his late disappointment at not being successful in showing the Prince the manner in which his fighting elephants contend with and capture the tame ones, took the first opportunity of tempting fortune a second time. When, therefore, news came to the camp on the evening of the 24th that a regular old warrior, with his ladies, had taken up his abode in a thick jungle a few miles from the camp, every preparation was made for an exciting chase on the morrow.

The Prince and staff started between eight and nine o'clock, and after two hours' riding over very rough ground, they received information that the enemy was descending from the hills, and was not very far off. The fighting elephants were immediately sent for, and a good position was taken up by the hunters in the dry bed of a large stream, down which Sir Jung expected the elephants would come. Long and anxiously they waited for either the enemy or for the

fighting elephants, which were slowly dragging their huge, well-trained bodies through the jungle, quite indifferent to the impatient vocabulary of the excited party. This delay was getting beyond endurance, when Sir Jung ascertained that the wild elephants were descending by another nullah not far off. To this they all galloped, and so great did the natives consider the danger, that the Prince and his friends climbed up into a tree and awaited the result.

After remaining some time in their uncomfortable position without seeing any signs of the wild one, natives went forward to find out what he was doing, and, much to their disgust, discovered that he had crossed the ravine further up, and was making for some soft marshy ground. Horses were immediately mounted, and a regular hunt commenced over nasty broken ground.

The clattering of the safe-footed Arabs* over the rocks and stones, the trumpeting of the pad elephants, the extraordinary invectives of the natives seemed, at the time, more exciting than the music of the Pytchley. A regular view halloo is given by some horseman in front; it is carried on and repeated by all the party, making the woods resound with cries never heard there before. No wonder the immense old fellow stopped his weary flight, and gazed round in astonishment at his pursuers. To see only a party of men on horses galloping after him was too much for his pride; he therefore charged full tilt at the leaders, and scattered them in all directions. He humiliated the Prince in a similar manner, and very nearly succeeded in making Royalty not only fly before him, but also bite the dust at his feet. Here were huntsmen then without dogs; the stag was at bay but they could not pull him down; there was nothing to be done except wait patiently for the slow fighting elephants to come up.

* The Arab which the Prince rode on this occasion, a bay stallion named Jung Bahadoor, won the first prize in the competition for Arabs at the Islington Horse Show, in June, 1876.

We could easily tell when they were approaching, for they had large bells swinging from their necks. The fighting hathies are, it seems, as likely to attack pad elephants when their blood is up as wild ones, and accordingly the bells are used so that the tame animals may make themselves scarce when they are coming. The fighting elephants, even in the heat of the fray, carry men upon their backs. These daring fellows usually stand upon the pads like the riders in a circus. They are more excited than anybody else when the contest begins.

The wild one thought that he might make the most of his time, and went into the swamp to take a bath and rest. After some delay the most famous of the Nepaul fighting elephants, named Jung Pershaud, the "Offspring of War," appeared on the scene, and with the greatest pleasure walked into the swamp to commence the combat. It was but a short one, for Jung Pershaud possesses both strength and science, and the wild one was not well up in the noble art, and was besides somewhat tired from his day's exertions. He therefore fled, and the whole party on horseback gave chase again to drive him from the wood to the more open country beyond. They succeeded in doing this at last, and the wild one found, when too late, that his quarters were hotter than ever, for the famous fighter Bijli Pershaud, "Offspring of Lightning," had now been brought upon the scene to assist Jung Pershaud, and stood straight before him. There was no help for him, so he picked up his spirits and advanced to the fray. Such a hammering and poking the old fellow got. His head was so beaten about that his bumps stood out more conspicuous than ever. His trunk was so bruised that it hung like the tail of a mountain sheep. The skin covering his ribs was swollen and sorely frayed, and Bijli gave him no time to rest until he threw up the sponge.

Other fighting elephants now came forward, and as the vanquished one was backed by them towards the trees, the beaters wound a brand new cable of great thickness round

his legs, and by means of this he was fastened to an immense tree. The animal's life was spared, but his one large tusk, nearly three feet long, was sawed off and presented to the Prince that evening after dinner.

Mr. Rose of the 10th Hussars had, I believe, the best view of the final encounter of the elephants, and he stated that the unfortunate tusker was bowled over three times in the mud by his opponents. The wild elephants held their heads and trunks high in the air while they pranced about the jungle, a custom which induced Mr. Johnson to express an opinion that it was the weight of the mahouts which depressed the heads of all their tame brethren.

"26th February.—Two parties went out to-day; that of the Prince was unsuccessful, but the other secured two tigers and half a dozen small deer. At night-time, after dinner, there was much excitement in our little camp, in consequence of the arrival of the English mail. The Prince, who was sitting with the smokers round the fire in the centre of the line of tents, called for a lamp, and read his numerous letters while standing beneath the light. It was a weird picture, the fascination of which was much heightened by the delicious music of the Nepaulese band. These wonderful natives astonished every one on this particular evening by singing English words as they played the 'Curragh Camp' galop. One can imagine what an amount of drilling this required!"

Letters for India and England were regularly despatched from the Prince's camp by sowars, mounted on camels. When His Royal Highness was in the British Terai, the destination of the sowars was the railway, at Moradabad. When Nepal was entered, Bareilly became the nearer station.

"A quiet day in camp. The Rev. Julian Robinson, wearing a plain, black frock-coat instead of canonicals, read divine service."

"Monday, 28th.—The Prince, accompanied by Lord Alfred Paget and a large party, were out shooting to-day, and shot

four tigers, one of which was Lord Alfred Paget's exclusive kill. Mr. Rose executed the extraordinary feat of killing a tiger with a single shot. Five or six jungle deer also fell before the various rifles. The camp was moved further on into Nepaul, a distance of three miles, and the tents were pitched in a grove of dák trees which blazed with delicious orange blossoms.

"At about this period there was considerable grumbling over the supply of food. At nearly every meal roast turkey was produced by the caterer, and as turkey in India is a tasteless bird, the wanderers grew heartily sick of it. A mess committee was accordingly appointed, and through their energy palatable dishes, such as Irish stew or good soup, took the place of turkey at the Prince's table."

The Prince was much interested in witnessing a review of the Nepaulese troops, who went through the bayonet exercise admirably, not by word of command, but to the beat of a tune on the drums.

The first three days in March were spent in shooting over the plains from pad elephants, the exertions of the riflemen being rewarded by good quarries of black partridge, teal, snipe, six small deer, and three pigs. On March 3rd, the stakes were planted in the final camping ground in Nepaul.

Although, fortunately, no serious accident happened to any of those who were with the Prince in his hunting tour, yet on the day following the great elephant chase, the Rev. Julian Robinson, special correspondent of the *Pioneer*, had a very narrow escape. The party of which he was a member went out in charge of Mr. Moore, magistrate of Bareilly; they came upon a fine tiger in the open jungle, which Mr. Moore succeeded in wounding. The animal bounded away through the long grass, and was followed by the sportsmen. When they were close up to it, the tiger sprang at the elephant's head, placing one paw on Mr. Robinson's rifle, and the other on the door of the howdah. Happily, the door opened with

its weight, and the beast fell to the ground, tearing the mahout's leg as he went down. It leaped a second time upon the head of Colonel Ellis's elephant, but this quick-witted soldier, leaning from his howdah, shot the animal dead. Judging from the paleness of the skin, and the size of the tusks, this tiger was the oldest one of all those killed in the Terai.

After the celebrated elephant chase, the sporting was not so good as to be worth special notice. During the tour twenty-three tigers had been shot, besides large bags of other game, and many wild elephants were also captured.

On the 4th of March, the Prince shot his last tiger (a very large one) in Nepaul, and crossed back again on the 5th into British territory. Before leaving, he handed several presents to Sir Jung Bahadoor and his chiefs, who assured him of their great attachment to the Royal Family in England, and of their friendly relations with the Indian Government. The Prince gave a letter to Sir Jung for the Maharajah, in answer to the kureeta he had received upon his arrival at the Sarda river.

The Prince in this interesting expedition proved himself a sportsman capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. He did not go into the Terai to be a Prince, but to be a hunter, in the true sense of the word—to meet the fiercest animals in their native jungles, to follow and to conquer them. He trusted the natives fully, and was almost always completely in their power. Seated in his howdah, or clinging to a pad, he was as much with them alone as if he had been a young subaltern upon his first hunting tour.

With whatever pleasing recollections in future years His Royal Highness looks back upon his journey to India, the brightest, freest, and most jovial of them all, will be this excursion, with its hazardous and exciting pleasures by day and the cheerful rest around the evening fires.

As a rule, the weather was delightful—fresh and balmy,

and never once becoming sultry or unpleasantly warm—and when the tour was over, the Prince's face was so bronzed that many of his suite, who were anxious to prove to friends in England that they were in truth genuine tropical travellers, felt most envious of his Titian-like tints.

“*March 6th, Monday.*—Left camp finally, and drove in carriages to Bareilly, stopping at Phillebeet to luncheon. The Prince dined with the 18th Royal Irish, at a station on the line to Lucknow and Cawnpore.”

XXXVI.

ALLAHABAD AND INDORE.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT IN THE NORTH WEST—ROTTEN ROW IN INDIA—A NATIVE BARBER WITH OXFORD PRINCIPLES—CHAPTER OF THE ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA—HONOURS TO INDIAN REGIMENTS—THE PLAGUE OF THE COUNTRY, FEVER—THE MARBLE ROCKS—UP THE VINDHYAN HILLS—HOLKAR'S SON AND HEIR—PRESENTS FOR THE PRINCESS—THE FAITHFUL FEW AT INDORE—A DANCE BY THE BHEELS.

ALLAHABAD of to-day is a new English city, the picture of prosperity and beauty. The Governor of the North-West Provinces—a tract of country which represents nearly the whole of old Hindostan—has a comfortable residence here which among European domiciles in India stands second only to Government House, Calcutta. It is a double-storied white building with spacious verandahs and Italian balconies. There are green Venetian blinds shading the windows. There is a perfect forest of verdant perfumed trees behind, and from a very high flagstaff on the trim lawn in front a Union Jack is waving. This furnishes the crowning touch to a little scene wealthy in bright and harmonising colours.

Not far away is a new People's Garden, with an enclosure

stocked with graceful antelopes, a marble band-stand, sanded carriage drives, groves of luscious oranges, and parterres of delicious flowers. In the very centre of this spacious park there is an elevated circular patch of Eastern roses, heliotropes, and oleanders, so strong, and plentiful, and lovely in their growth that people who have once seen it think of it as the queen of all the clusterings of flowers in the wide world.

Take a glance over the surrounding country from this pleasant stand-point, and you will see how like an English landscape the scene is. There are visible two sharp spires of churches rising above the trees east and west, a majestic stone building—the nucleus of a college, to be called after the ex-Lieutenant-Governor, Sir William Muir. On a piece of hard ground yonder, in front of the Public Library and Museum, bands of laughing boys are playing with kites and peg-tops.

Look along the flanks of the gardens, and see the English carriages dashing past the Hyde Park railings over broad tree bordered roads, named after Prince Albert, Earl Canning, and the Queen. When you plunge into the tortuous and narrow streets of the town you are almost overcome by the perfume of garlic and ghee which pervades them like a fog. But even here you are comforted and amused by the spectacle of English progress. There is a spacious Medical Hall, with cool tiled floors and blocks of ice on the counter. Like the apothecaries' shops in the fashionable cities of Italy, it is a great lounging place, only now and then it happens that a man, suddenly taken with illness which looks alarming if not contagious, rushes in for a remedy, and there is a sudden and hasty stampede of all the hypochondriacs.

Officers are driving tandem through the serried crowds of citizens preliminary to a "dawdle" at the excellent North-West Provinces Club House, or a turn of duty in the still malarious fort. The following inscription in bold English capitals meets your gaze in the widest of many streets in the town ;

“HEADS SHAVED, WASHED, AND SHAMPOOED BY TOM THE BARBER ON OXFORD PRINCIPLES.”

There were no Piccadilly weepers in the windows, or rather in the receptacles where windows would have been had Tom been living in colder climates, but there was outside the shop and half-way down the fetid thoroughfare the strongest aroma of pomatum—about the St. Giles’s origin of which no Englishman could be in doubt. Some of the citizens appeared less acquainted than the barber with the exact nature of our little weaknesses. “Koodee Bukkish,” for instance, giving himself out as a “soda water and castor-oil merchant,” seems only to have glanced half-way into the question of either our trading or bibifying mixtures.

Men are hawking about baskets of cheap London toys, to which they give all sorts of outlandish native names, and here and there you meet with tenements which you might fancy had been transplanted direct from Houndsditch, so abundant and baggy is the display of mariners’ clothing suspended from pegs in front. The relics of ancient Allahabad are not numerous. Partly by our Vandalism at the Mutiny, partly by time, they are yielding room for healthy barracks, airy Government offices and tidy thatched bungalows.

With the decay of old temples the customs of more superstitious days have also fallen into desuetude. It is not often now that men hasten to the Vale of Avoca of India, where the swift Ganges and the turbid and slothful Jumna mingle their waters, to take part in bathing pilgrimages, to show off their wives and their jewels in the sacred fairs, or to purchase eternity by having their heads shaved over holy rivulets. Of course, the principal of all the ancient objects of interest is the fort, described by one of India’s past historians as a *bastioned quinquangle*. It is nearly a mile and a half in circuit, has a very handsome gateway, and is entered by two portcullis bridges, one of which—the outer one—is kept by natives, and the other, by European troops. Within the

enclosure there is the largest arsenal in India, as well as a wonderful pillar, the hieroglyphics on which tell that it was raised by King Asoka in honour of Buddhism. The monument is chiefly remarkable in this day for the strange-looking animal which we have placed at the top. It is said to be typical of the British Lion; but spectators with the most vivid imagination have declared that they cannot trace in it resemblance to anything more majestic or ferocious than a stuffed poodle.

On Tuesday, March 7th, the Prince of Wales arrived at Allahabad from the Terai, and was received at the railway station by the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook,* by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Strachey, and Lord Napier of Magdala.† He at once proceeded to Government House, and after breakfast held a Chapter of the Order of the Star of India. Major-General Samuel Browne, V.C., Dr. Fayrer, and Major-General Dighton Probyn, V.C., were made knights of the Order, while Colonel Michael (now Military Secretary to the Governor of Madras), Captain Glyn, Colonel Earle (Military Secretary to the Viceroy), Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, and Majors Henderson and Bradford were invested with the insignia of commanders.

Among the brilliant company who stood behind His Royal Highness's chair at the investiture, were two native captains or rahsildars, Mahomed Afzul and Annoop Sing, of Probyn's Horse, who subsequently at the request of the Prince of Wales came in the Serapis to England. Both officers had exhibited much devotion to the English cause during the Mutiny, and one of them has received a medal for distinguished bravery in China.

* This was the last public ceremony in which his lordship took part before he was relieved in the Viceroyalty by Lord Lytton.

† Lord Napier was at this time on his way home to Europe, having been appointed Governor of Gibraltar. The new Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army is Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Haines, K.C.B.

The *Gazette of India* announced at this period that His Royal Highness had consented to become Honorary Colonel of the following regiments in India: The 11th Bengal Lancers (Probyn's Horse), 2nd Bengal Light Infantry, 2nd Goorkhas (defenders of the Ridge), Corps of Guides, Madras Sappers and Miners, 4th Madras Light Cavalry, 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, and 2nd Bombay Native Infantry. The two last-named regiments served in Abyssinia. The 2nd Bengal Light Infantry, 2nd Goorkhas, Corps of Guides, Madras Sappers and Miners, and 3rd Bombay Cavalry are henceforth to be named Queen's Own, the other four Prince of Wales's Own Regiments.*

Canon Duckworth, who with Sir Bartle Frere went up to Peshawur during the Terai expedition, was taken seriously ill with fever at Lahore, and three weeks elapsed before he became convalescent.

From Allahabad to Jubbulpore, the half-way station between Calcutta and Bombay, I travelled with some officers of the 55th, who were *en route* to Aden, to take the place of the 25th, ordered to England. The men of the regiment were in high spirits at turning their steps once more towards home, and I was astonished at the menagerie of pets—talking parrots, loquacious minars, and immense Himalayan dogs—they were taking with them.

As is the case with every European regiment moving down country, there were many invalids, bearing in their ghastly and worn faces, staring eyes, and wasted bodies, the impress of the terrible plague of the country—fever. One of the sick men, Lieutenant Lee, has, I am grieved to say, died since the day of our journey. His wife joined his comrades in following him to his grave at Aden. The young soldier, with other officers of his corps, exhibited conspicuous bravery in the

* Shortly afterwards the *London Gazette* announced that the 14th European Regiment, to which the Prince presented new ensigns at Lucknow, should henceforth be styled "Prince of Wales's Own."

memorable Bhotan expedition of 1865. When the poor fellow became ill, he was in daily expectation of obtaining his captaincy.

The railway station at Jubbulpore is palatial. It has long refreshment rooms, gay with plate and flowers, splendid baths, and very lofty waiting-rooms. The far-famed Marble Rocks, the great feature of interest near Jubbulpore, are situated eleven miles away from the cantonments.

The geologists say that every formation of granite is to be found in the Jubbulpore hills, and some confess themselves puzzled in respect to the composition of the rocks. It is more brittle than marble, they fancy, and may be a species of gneiss, or hornblende, or dolomite. All I can say is, that the stone looks like marble, and that it is beautiful. If a sick traveller journeying along the great Indian Peninsular Railway were to be taken from the train and placed in a chair to look at the collection of natural beauties here, one exclamation only would be possible to him as he breathed the strong pure air and looked down into the crystal abyss, "Surely," he would say, "this is no longer scorching, life-slaying India, but the verge of heaven." During the day the sunlight dances over the marble, producing coruscations of tints which the boiling river reflects with myriads of other dazzling streaks of colour. Rays of purple and gold and grey and silver shoot after one another like flashes of light over the pinnacles and down into the volcanic chasms. The eye never wearies of the infinite variety, neither does the body tire of watching these phenomena, for the ever freshening water makes the air temperate, and even crisp in its pacifying influence. Far away beyond the gorge, looking deeper down than a hundred feet from the plateau, are rice-fields, the bright green of which also contributes to the revivifying property of the water and the protecting shadow of the cliffs.

His Royal Highness was received at the Jubbulpore station by the 16th Madras Native Infantry and part of the 11th

Regiment. An artificial avenue of flowers and flags led to the Residency. Here the Prince remained one hour, as the guest of Mr. Morris, the Chief Commissioner, and then left by train for Khundwa, on his route for Indore. Seeing that the sickening hot wind had begun to sweep the plains, the visit to the Maharajah of Holkar's lofty and cool capital, in the Vindhya mountains, was an agreeable diversity in the journey towards Bombay.

Tokajee Mulkerjee Rao Holkar, whose elevation to power in 1844 was not in virtue of either adoption or hereditary claim, but of the express nomination of the Indian Government, has proved himself an exemplary ruler, with a great capacity for public business, and a keen love of all progressive measures. The Indore State Railway, one of the most difficult enterprises in Central India, owes its origin to His Highness. His army is larger by five thousand men than the admirable little force of his old rival, Scindia, and has been equipped and drilled by European officers. His only son has been taught to speak English fluently, and to study English tastes and customs, under English tutors.

This youthful chief was at Gwalior, and one day the Prince of Wales asked him how his father was. The poor lad for a moment hesitated, wondering how he ought to frame his answer. At last the reply came :

“ May it please your Royal Highness, by the grace of God, my father is quite well.”

The railway terminus is at Chowral, twenty-four miles from Indore, and the drive from thence through the passes of a steep ghaut up to the plateau, two thousand feet above the level of the sea, upon which the Maharajah's palace stands, is rich in wild yet beautiful scenery.

The Prince reached Chowral at eight, and was conveyed up the hills in a carriage drawn by artillery horses. The Maharajah, with squadrons of the 3rd Hussars and the Central India Horse—a crack cavalry regiment, in which the Prince's

three friends, General Browne, General Probyn, and Major Bradford, have all served as officers—was in waiting, at a point five miles distant from the capital.

Although the visit was made in compliment to Holkar, His Royal Highness took up his quarters at the old Residency, and here most of the ceremonies were enacted. The city was ornamented with a number of Moorish arches, and there was one peculiar structure which was altogether covered with brass articles, of Indore manufacture. The day being exceedingly sultry, and the Prince being wearied with continuous travelling, he took a rest until the cool breeze of the afternoon began to blow. His Royal Highness then drove to the various camps of the Central India Rajahs. One of these, the Rajah of Dhar, requested him to take a present of an elephant, but as this animal could not be brought to Bombay rapidly, the Prince accepted a cheeta instead.

Later on, escorted by the Hussars, he paid a visit to the Maharajah, at the new iron hall, which he has had constructed, at a cost of 3500*l.*, on a cheerless plain outside the city. It is of corrugated iron, with a pretty interior, painted in French grey and chocolate, and intended as the principal section of a new State palace. It was used for the first time now for the reception of the Prince.

The Rajahs were subsequently received by the Prince of Wales and the Maharajah at a durbar, held in the Lall Bagh, the same place in which Lord Northbrook held a levee, and was well-nigh stifled with the heat, when he first arrived in India. In one of the saloons of the Lall Bagh were the presents intended for the Prince and Princess of Wales. They included a diamond necklace, diamond bracelets, silver-mounted trappings for a horse, a magnificent collection of Indore swords and guns, and cloths, made at the Maharajah's cotton mills.

At night, the bazaars, mosques, thick shrubberies, and the ornamental waters of the Lall Bagh, were illumi-

nated. The principal entertainment of the night, however, was a banquet, given by the Maharajah, in the Residency grounds. This banquet was followed by a ball, to which four hundred European guests, chiefly residents at Mhow, the military station thirteen miles away, had been invited.

The pavilion for these festivities was erected on ground occupied by the rebels in 1857. The band of the 108th European Regiment played during dinner, and the Maharajah was present for some time. His Highness dictated to General Daly, the Viceroy's agent, the words he should use in proposing the toasts of the Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. His Royal Highness, in responding, said he should never forget the kindness and hospitality he had met with from the native Princes during his visit to India. He afterwards proposed the health of his host. The Prince opened the ball held in the dining-hall of the Residency, at half-past ten, his first partner being Mrs. Montgomery, wife of the general commanding the Mhow division.

On Friday but little space was afforded for rest, as a great deal had to be accomplished before the departure. The proceedings began with a touching incident—this was the presentation at the Residency of several soldiers, who had defended that mansion, under Lieutenant-General James Travers, Bengal Infantry, in July, 1857. My readers may not remember that the Victoria Cross was awarded to General Travers for signal gallantry on the occasion. "He charged the guns," so says the record, "by which Holkar's soldiers attacked the Residency, having only five men to support him. This gallant soldier succeeded in driving the gunners from the guns, an act which saved the lives of many fugitives to the Residency. Travers's horse was shot in three places, and his accoutrements were pierced by bullets in various places."

No less than seventeen Rajahs now came up in splendid carriages, and escorted by bodies of their own troops, to pay

their respects; and at three o'clock the Maharajah and his two sons arrived, to witness, with the Prince of Wales, the performances of a party of the aboriginal Bheels—wild tribes from the wild depths of the valleys between the Vindhyan range and the Aravali Hills, in Rajpootana. Like the Veddahs, in Ceylon, their only arms were bows and arrows, and knives. The Bheel women are, however, more civilised than their wild sisters further south, for they wore a picturesque costume, in which copper bangles were largely introduced, and they had learnt the art of dancing.

XXXVII.

DEPARTURE FROM INDIA.

“A consciousness remains that it has left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images, and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.”

MARCH 10TH, '63-'76—THE DESCENT OF THE GHAUTS—
LETTER TO LORD NORTHBROOK—THE TITLE OF EM-
PRESS—INDIAN SENTIMENT ON THE SUBJECT—ONCE
AGAIN AT BOMBAY—PRESENTS FROM THE NIZAM—A
SILVER MEDAL FOR THE CHAIRMAN—GOOD-BYE, GOOD-
BYE.

THE Maharajah accompanied the Prince of Wales part of the way out of his territory, and the train left Khundwa at about six o'clock. The run to Bombay was accomplished in eleven hours. Dinner was provided at a wayside station, and as the day was the anniversary of the wedding of the Prince and Princess, speeches were made in honour of the event.

Creeping down the ghauts seems to be a realisation of the descent to Avernus. The brown loam mountains hem you in on every side, and each additional mile brings you into a more suffocating atmosphere. Once at the bottom, however, the country spreads out in fertile fields to the sea, and if the salt breeze, which is always refreshing, happens to be blowing you may fancy that instead of Avernus fortune has drifted you into Paradise.

Sir Philip Wodehouse and Sir Frank Souter received His Royal Highness at the Churchgate-street station. As the small-pox was raging in Bombay, the Prince proceeded at once to the harbour and went on board the *Serapis*. The native cavalry who had the honour of acting as the escort to the Prince for the last time in India were the Poona Lancers. The streets were lined with soldiers, and salutes were fired from thirteen ships of war. Major-General Hardinge, C.B., Colonel Annesley, 11th Hussars, and Captain Hartopp, 10th Hussars, were specially invited to join the party for the return journey to England.

In the course of the day His Royal Highness despatched this letter to the Viceroy at Calcutta:

“H.M.S. *Serapis*, Bombay.

“MY DEAR LORD NORTHBROOK,

“I cannot leave India without expressing to you, as the Queen’s representative of this vast Empire, the sincere pleasure and the deep interest with which I have visited this great and wonderful country. As you are aware, it has been my hope and intention for some years past to see India, with a view to become more intimately acquainted with the Queen’s subjects in this distant part of her Empire, and to examine for myself those objects of interest which have always had so great an attraction for travellers. I may candidly say that my expectations have been more than realised by what I have witnessed, so that I return to my native country most deeply impressed with all I have seen and heard. The information I have gained will, I am confident, be of the greatest value to me, and will form a useful foundation for much that I hope hereafter to acquire. The reception I have met with from the Princes and Chiefs and from the native population at large is most gratifying to me; as the evidence of loyalty thus manifested shows an attachment to the Queen and to the Throne which, I trust, will be made every year more and more lasting. It is my earnest hope that the many millions of the Queen’s

Indian subjects may daily become more convinced of the advantages of British rule, and that they may realise more fully that the Sovereign and the Government of England have the interests and well-being of India very sincerely at heart. I have had frequent opportunities of seeing native troops of all branches of the service, and I cannot withhold my opinion that they constitute an army of which we may feel justly proud. The 'march past' at Delhi of so many distinguished officers and of such highly-disciplined troops was a most impressive sight, and one which I shall not easily forget. I wish also to state my high appreciation of the Civil Service; and I feel assured that the manner in which their arduous duties are performed tends greatly to the prosperity and the contentment of all classes of the community. I cannot conclude without thanking you, and all those in authority, for the facilities which have enabled me to traverse so rapidly so large an extent of country; and rest assured I shall ever retain a grateful memory of the hospitality tendered by yourself and by others who have so kindly received me.

"Believe me, my dear Lord Northbrook,

"Yours very sincerely,

"ALBERT EDWARD."

About this period we saw from the papers arriving from England what an unhappy agitation had arisen in that country in consequence of the announcement that the Queen was about to assume legally the title of Empress of India. There was but one sentiment in the East on the subject, and that was that Her Majesty in ratifying the use of the name Empress was paying a compliment to her Indian possessions at a most auspicious moment.

In the Peninsula there is a multiplicity of kings, and it was well at a time when these kings expressed their devoted loyalty to the Prince of Wales that there should henceforth be one central loadstone greater than kings—

an Empress—to whom they should all unite in paying homage.

There was nothing revolutionistic in the promulgation of the title in the Peninsula, for since Lord Lawrence proclaimed Her Majesty Empress at Lucknow on the abolition of the East India Company, the Queen has been *de facto* though not *de jure* Empress. Since that eventful time the title has been used everywhere over the country, and even the Government coins represented on their face Her Majesty clothed in an Indian shawl, and wearing an Imperial crown. It is moreover true that the inscriptions welcoming the Prince in all the Indian cities through which we have travelled described him as “our future Emperor,” or the “Son of the Empress,” and in most of the addresses—notably in the case of the Talookdars of Oude—the chiefs who presented them, though frequently mentioning the Sovereign, made obeisance to Her Majesty only as the Empress of India.

On Saturday evening, March 11th, the Prince went ashore and dined with Sir Philip Wodehouse, and on Sunday evening he honoured Admiral Macdonald on board the *Undaunted*, by becoming his guest. On Monday morning the three ships, forming the royal fleet, all of which had been newly painted and trimmed, presented a most animated appearance. Lighters and steam launches, conveying stores* and animals on board, swarmed round the *Osborne* and *Raleigh*, while a succession of gaily decorated barges conveyed officials, who desired to say farewell, to the *Serapis*.

* These included a vast quantity of purchases made by His Royal Highness and the suite in India, as well as the very numerous and costly presents made by the chiefs in the different states to the Prince. Although the Nizam of the Deccan did not come to Bombay to see His Royal Highness, he despatched thither a large collection of souvenirs before the *Serapis* left for home. Among other articles His Highness gave the Prince shields studded with rubies and emeralds, about twenty swords inlaid with gold and silver, several muskets and matchlocks with enamelled stocks, some Aurungabad carpets and trays, walking canes, Hookah mats and punkahs, the manufacture of different towns in his dominions.

The old quarters of the special correspondents on the Raleigh were occupied by panthers and tigers, but all three ships had their complement of animals. The collection on the Serapis included Arab horses, cream-coloured antelopes, two baby elephants, and several dogs from Thibet, far handsomer and woollier than St. Bernard's.

Two native gentlemen who were honoured with special interviews on this last day were Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy and Sir Munguldass Nuthoobhoy.

At one o'clock the Corporation of Bombay proceeded to the Serapis in state, their journey thither being made rather uncomfortable by the roughness of the sea. The Prince and his staff received the deputation on the lower main deck, and the chairman, Dosabhoy Framjee Karaka read an address, in which a hope was expressed that the Prince's expectations of the pleasure and advantage to be derived from a trip to India had not been disappointed, that he would carry away agreeable recollections of the country, and that in future years he would think kindly of its patient, industrious, and loyal people. It concluded with these words :

“We rejoice to know that your Royal Highness's health, far from being impaired, has been invigorated by your Indian tour, and we hope that this expedition, hitherto marred by not one untoward incident, will be crowned with a safe, speedy, and prosperous voyage to your native land, and a happy meeting with the Princess of Wales and your Royal Highness's children.”

The Prince, in his answer, said :

“I feel sincerely grateful for having been permitted to carry out my purpose in visiting so much of the widely-extended Indian Empire. If, as I trust, my visit has tended to brighten, even for one day, the lives of so many of the Queen's subjects, to strengthen their goodwill, and to confirm their

loyalty to the Throne, I shall feel that my work has not been without a useful result.

“I am not likely to forget the great and varied personal pleasure my visit has afforded me. The uniform kindness with which I have been everywhere received by all classes has more than gratified me, and it has left recollections which can never be effaced.”

The Prince of Wales, at the close of his speech, handed the chairman a large silver medal and blue riband in remembrance of the visit.

Governor Wodehouse, Admiral Macdonald, General Browne, and Majors Sartorius, Bradford, and Henderson then took hasty farewells of His Royal Highness and the genial officers who had been their companions in so many adventures.

As near as possible to four o'clock the anchors were weighed amid merry tunes from each of the ships. The men-of-war manned their yards, and, encircled by roll after roll of smoke from saluting batteries, the royal ship turned her head to sea. The sun was shining with its full power upon as splendid a spectacle as ever was witnessed in this magnificent harbour.

XXXVIII.

LAST WORDS—THE NATIVE SIDE.

WILL THE VISIT BE FORGOTTEN?—EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE RAJAHS AND THE POOR—THE EXUBERANT LOYALTY OF THE SOUTH—THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE SIKHS—CASTE BARRIERS—FROM THE SAME RACE AS OURSELVES—THE EXAMPLE OF THE PRINCE.

IF the saying of Macchiavelli, "The jealousy of sects doth extinguish the memory of things," finds no unhappy fulfilment, there may come a day when bright episodes in the history of India will be traced back to the visit of the Prince of Wales.

It would be necessary for me to have the hundred eyes of Argus and the hundred hands of Briareus to watch for and to describe the tintillations which for the past four months have vibrated in the ranks of native society.

I can only speak of what I have seen.

The contented state of India is evidence that the boughs of the tree of England's greatness are not too weighted and do not threaten to make her anxious, let alone uproot her. The Government is being carried on with the greatest care and policy—with the most peaceful issues—by a little army of Englishmen, many of whom, in fulfilment of their

oaths of allegiance, have unhappily had to become strangers unto their brethren and aliens to their mothers' children.

At this time of contentment and good government the Prince of Wales makes a triumphal passage through the land. The whole face of the country is illumined with joyfulness. He has the greatest confidence in his subjects, riding almost without a guard into the midst of dense multitudes, and through cities where treachery has in times gone by been manifest. Natives of high caste and poor caste have been alike recipients of the fair round dealing prompted by his generous impulses. He has gossiped pleasantly in the same elephant car beside the most odoriferous of Rajahs, and he has with evident satisfaction joined them in the hunting field. In his own gentle way he has walked amongst the chiefs, and he has exhibited to them the amiable remembrance he extends to all old friends. By his dress, his modest following, and his life, he teaches the lesson that though England is prosperous, the virtue of her prosperity and of all prosperity is temperance.

The Prince has left a streak of sunshine in his path by gracious acts. He has striven everywhere to sow goodwill, but it is too soon yet to tell if the seeds have taken root. You cannot sow and reap at the same time. Not a harsh note can be raised against the sincerity of the welcome everywhere accorded. The advent of the Prince is likely to be remembered by everybody; but it is only when the radiance of all the recent pleasure has faded from India, that one can justly dare to sum up its real and permanent blessings. This follows from the variety of races and peoples with whom we have to deal. The great chiefs of India declare themselves almost crazed with delight when the Prince, uncomplainingly, allows himself to be jolted over many miles of rough and ugly road to pay them a special visit. They shower gifts upon him, and found hospitals, town-halls, and other useful memorials of this festive time. While we are

lavishing praise upon all this rejoicing, wondering at the capacity these Princes have for making you happy, men who have lived long in India and watched the native character well, tell us to be warned.

Dead Sea fruit, they say, is abundant. The great aim of many of the Rajahs is to eclipse each other in pomp and magnificence. There is very little heart in most of this rejoicing. They quote that old saying of a fanciful writer, "You have not yet seen the back windows of this man's dwelling. The rear of a house only is sincere." In proportion as certain chiefs have made a show of their greatness, they will by-and-bye look for favours, either in the bestowal of lands and honours, or in the reduction of their tribute money.

We also hear that it is not improbable but that in some territories taxes may be imposed by the reigning prince upon his already too hard pressed subjects, in order to recoup the losses from his treasury which the recent tamashas entailed. This is the draft of the opinions one hears from most Anglo-Indians, but if I am to speak from my own brief observation, I can only say my forecast falls over lines different from theirs. I do not cease to hope that in the case of the greater body of the Rajahs in India, it may be found that the glory of their welcome stands the test of age untarnished, if it does not absolutely blossom into fresh beauty as the years roll on.

The poor have in their own way shown as general a desire to strew flowers in the paths of the Prince as the nobles. No lassitude characterised their labours at the triumphal arches, or in the elaborate preparations for their tasteful *roshnis*.* For the Prince's coming, men felt they must wear clean linen and bright turbans, and a busy trade consequently added to the cheerfulness of the bazaars. Men would not

be behind their neighbours in the amount of paint, or in the character of the art employed in embellishing the fronts of their houses.

They spend, some of them, all their present fortunes in the purchase of colours, trellissed woodwork, and buttees. The family elephant is not forgotten. It is painted in pink, and blue, and yellow, from trunk to tail, and its trappings are made to look fresh with gilt braids and new brass bells.

The most sardonic souls are wakened up from their usual lethargies by the general excitement, and hasten out to the fields uncomplainingly, to take their share almost with gusto in digging memorial wells.

It has seemed to me that the exuberance of the poor in Southern India, where there was no mutiny, where there is little civilisation, was more unrestrained than in the North. The multitudes who flocked from distant villages to every town where the Prince was expected, displayed every token of rejoicing possible with their crude notions. In the cool morning or damp night there were always crowds to line the dusty roads along which he was to pass; children were held aloft to flourish their little arms at their future king, naked boys risked trouncings from policemen by rushing wildly about with bushes and tom-toms.

In the less benighted regions of the North, the tall, impressive-looking Sikh soldiers held themselves stiffly, and the equally tall and stiff crowds were cold and silent. The long years of relationship we have had with them have taught them to dress better, to be more independent, and less easily moved. It seemed to them a wise policy not to pay too much homage.

The native poor, North and South, have their critics, as well as the Rajahs, and when I seek by many questionings to discover what end the visit of the Prince will produce or consummate with them, the answer is again a doubtful one.

There are a few progressive spirits, but it is almost futile to speak of individuals in a country possessing two hundred mil-

lions of people. I am reminded that neither the Mahomedans nor the Hindoos have ever succeeded in "introducing a uniform system or in evolving a homogeneous nation."

These poor men, it is said, have spent their little all in display, but it was only on account of their love of ceremony. As a ceremony only will they cherish the memory of the Prince's visit. It brings them little good, they will still have to draw water and to hew wood—they will not have their worst habits interfered with by Europeans, and they will still be kept apart, not only from the governing classes, but from all sections of their own countrymen above them in worldly station.

Dr. Hunter, in his admirable books about India, reminds the world that the term modern civilisation merely means the civilisation of the western families of the Aryan race. It does not apply to Hindostan. People in England who expect immediate beneficent results from the journeyings of the Prince, forget that we at home are only thirty millions strong, and yet that it has taken centuries to obliterate superstition and primitiveness.

In India there are nearly a hundred millions of people who still kneel down before trees and stones. There are thousands of ignorant, abject men, who, under the pretext of being holy, parade the streets naked, with their bodies painted, their hair unkempt, and their whole appearance that of the wildest and dirtiest savages.* There are filthy yards surrounding temples in every city, where sacred cows and men wallow in the same mire, and from whence exhalations polluting the whole town proceed. Then there are the great barriers of caste distinctions. Five million barriers in themselves. The hatred of Hindoos to permit Europeans to see what their home life is even like,—their belief that even our shadow would bring a curse upon their food.

With such a people as this, when we have no power, either

* The Fakheers.

by love or law, to dash to pieces sad prejudices and abominable customs, is it to be expected that any sudden transformations can take place in India ?

The people are not in themselves reforming. The country is like a great lion, but one which is sleeping in the sun, and not rampant and roaring. Most men are so delicately framed that they cannot study, and only a single instance can be pointed out of their having produced an intellect powerful enough to fathom the mysteries of the stars. They have little passion—little ambition. Worst of all, they have no power of imitation. They are in bondage, not so much to Europeans as to one another, and to themselves.

But if the Indian sky appear to us special observers obscured and gloomy, there are rifts of silver which may yet burst into areas of radiance. There may be no sudden effulgence, but the universities and the schools of art, and tolerant good-hearted native legislators may do much as years roll on, to teach what have been, and what are, the blessings of patriotism and progress, of thought and of unity. The people may have drifted into indolence and apathy, but they come from the same undaunted ever-flourishing Aryan stock as ourselves. "The emigrants"—we learn from one of the best written histories on this wonderfully prolific race—"radiated from Central Asia to the extremities of the ancient world. One branch established a powerful state and a highly spiritual creed on the borders of China ; another founded the Persian dynasty, a third built Athens and Lacedæmon, a fourth the city of the Seven Hills. A distant colony of the same race excavated silver ore in prehistoric Spain, and the earliest glimpse we get at our own England discloses an Aryan settlement fishing in its willow canoes and working in the mines of Cornwall."

Surely, then, there exist the bulwarks for a great self-developing empire. The Aryans of Hindostan are not for

ever to inherit the blessing of Issachar when they belong to the race of Judah.

The great pleasure to be derived from the visit of the Prince, is that the chiefs and people are aware of the extraordinary self-denial which His Royal Highness has practised in leaving behind him a pleasant life in dear domestic England, to come out to a dangerous climate and explore its utmost limits. In this they know he has discharged a great personal as well as a national duty. When he ascends the throne, they are aware that he will feel himself acquainted with most of the dispositions and desires of the people over whom he has to rule in India. He goes home with his head stored with that knowledge of their eccentricities, which nothing but personal inspection could have taught him.

It is to their honour that they have, apparently at least, been made very happy by his coming, and that nothing was left unattempted to speed him in safety and in comfort on his way. In this lies the great promise of good ends.

XXXIX.

LAST WORDS—THE EUROPEAN SIDE.

IS IT ALL ELYSIUM?—HIGH SALARIES BUT GREAT SUFFERINGS—HOUSES DIVIDED—ÆNEAS IN INDIA—BADMINTON AND THE CLUBS—ENGLISH SPORTSMEN ABROAD—THE SENTIMENTS OF THE PRINCE.

I THINK it was Mr. Disraeli who once made the observation that we could not part even from those things which we hated without a feeling of melancholy at the parting. Another writer of treasured sayings has enjoined his readers to baptise "last words," whenever uttered, in sweetness, for in so doing, we shall rejoice in years to come at finding the fragrance of the parting still lingering in the memories of the parted.

Impressed with these expressive utterances as well as with the many bright features in India herself, which undoubtedly have yielded pleasure to us, we are now taking farewell of the East with all the grace and all the fairness of speech we have at command.

But while re-echoing the sentiment that India, with her entrancingly lovely valleys and rivers, mighty mountains, picturesque people, her primitive chieftainships, her old and beautiful ruins, her snakes, demons, and frisky monkeys will ever claim from us pleasant recollections, there are urgent

reasons why we, even in the dying hours of our stay here, refuse to be altogether dazzled by her rare magnificence and her comeliness.

The poor Europeans who came out years ago, and will yet have to live on for many more in India, in pitiful language ask that we shall not paint the country with too bright a colouring. The Prince of Wales, they say, has been here in the cold season, and everything he has seen has been purposely clothed in its best attire. How then is he—how then are you—to know the darkness and the drawbacks visible in the country at all ordinary periods? How is it possible that you can tell what we English suffer from the heat at that time when even the birds have to sit in the trees gasping for air and life? How can you, who have had everything explained to you as you move up and down the country, gauge the difficulty we experience in making known our wishes, for their own development to a vast people, who, for the most part, will not learn our language, and whose tastes are wholly opposed to our own? “The use of spoken language,” they remind us, “which so gloriously distinguishes man from the beasts that perish, is the primary means of introducing and increasing knowledge in infant communities.”

To all this it need only be said that we admit their grievances. If it is hotter in India in June than it was in Bombay early last October, high salaries are but a slight recompense for the sufferings Englishmen and women must undergo. Our friends who have weathered out an Indian “mid-summer” in the plains tell us that the temperature is far higher. The eager way in which punkahs and thermantidotes and tatties were being set up in many a bungalow when we left in March—convince the stranger that every means has to be put in force to keep families from being baked alive.

There has been no epidemic of cholera or fever in the five months we were in India, but sporadic cases did occur before

our eyes. When the Prince was in Ceylon and at Madura, and in Calcutta, men died from cholera. At the latter place a petty officer on the royal ship itself was one of the victims. Fatal cases of fever from the time Lord Hastings died to the demise, more recently still, of poor Pollen, seven years ago one of the stars of Dublin University, have been incessant in their occurrence. Among the personal staff of the Prince, not only fever, but that other curse of tropical countries—dysentery—has manifested itself. There have been no instances of sunstroke, nor of heat apoplexy, which are said to be characteristic of the very hottest season, but altogether there have been as many trying and perplexing illnesses as warrant the casual visitor to India in saying that every man carries his life in his hand; no one knows the hour he may be stricken down.

There is always present to a man's mind moreover, whether he be interested about his wife, his children, or himself, the depressing knowledge of the fact, that in India, once illness sets in, the progress of all maladies is terribly swift, and that the chances of recovery are far less in favour of the invalid than would be the case in England.

Then there is in every house another miserable skeleton who appears at meal times—in the quiet watches of the night—or in the hours of happiest enjoyment. It reminds the exiles that they are separated by three immense seas, from friends, or wives, or little ones. If any of these be ill, how greatly augmented is their misery. What amount of pay it is fairly asked is an equivalent for ruptures like these in a family? And yet with all their anxieties the little English world in India goes on working cheerily. They think we are blind to their sorrows. Instead of which we look upon them somewhat in the light of heroes and heroines.

Happily existence is not monotonous and unfriendly as well as anxious. To the cloud there is a silver lining, the rays of which spread throughout the length and breadth of the

country. It is a custom, I find, to establish in each of the settlements a confederacy of ranks and classes. Some Æneas of the community generally takes the lead and provides all sorts of agreeable meetings, teaching the immigrants that Tyre is only a resting-place and a sweet pleasant shore after all if you only look at it with a good face and a large heart. Bear up and live for happier days he says to every friend.

“Cheer your souls your fears forget,
This suffering will yield you yet
A pleasant tale to tell.”

A club house is provided. In some places ladies as well as gentlemen are members; in others there is a book club, used chiefly by the gentler sex. There are occasional scratch dances, no end of tiffins and kettledrums, and morning gallops (in no railed in narrow space here, but over a great sweep of desert). Badminton, which can only be played at home when there is little or no wind, is brought to perfection on Indian lawns over which even zephyrs come like angels' visits, few and far between. Then, if it is a military station, there are delicious band days at which promenading in satin flounces and mirrored boots is not so much the order of the day as sipping claret,

“Sub tegmine fici,”

or chatting in horrible sun hats beneath verandahs.

With the surveyors and Civil Servants the case, it must be conceded, is sometimes very hard. But even these public servants who have to leave all soft feelings behind them in town and take to camp beds, bad water, and long marches—going sometimes hundreds of miles away from the busy haunts of men, are not wholly without periods of enjoyment, between tasks.

The successful sinking of a telegraph pole is often commemorated by a journey after the horned multitude of citizen

deer. The peasantry of wild boars have frequently had to yield up their lives after the triumph of a fair spell at "irrigation."

Then, when the traveller comes again to the merry circle of his regimental mess (with perhaps the head of a tawny tiger for the sideboard) or to the "Civil lines" of thatched and lively bungalows, are there not "yarns" to tell which wake up the whole Residency with new fire and freshness? Every one has a congratulatory word for his safe return and the beauty of his trophies.

" Among the Indians he had fought,
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear—
Such tales as told to any maid
By such a youth in the green shade
Were perilous to hear."

And so it happens that in spite of all the discouragements, fears, and griefs of living in India, people make friendships which are tender and true, and so lasting that they lend a cheering glow to all their future existence. The hope paramount in every breast of soon going home (with these many novel enjoyments) make people forget the sun, the terrors of malarious earth, and the possible trials of the absent.

In India the brave dogged nature of the English shows its true nobility. Their struggle they know is one of noble objects. With all the odds of climate against them, and all the sorrows of separation from kith and kin and homely England falling to their share, they yet heroically sacrifice comfort and their youth in carrying out the duties of civilising a still primitive people, transforming wastes into scenes of usefulness and helping to make as universal as the winds of heaven what Douglas Jerrold called the strong deep earnest music of the English tongue.

Among the travellers now taking leave of this magnificent Empire the least likely of all to be unjust to his own country-

men is the Prince of Wales himself. When His Royal Highness was but four years old, the Honourable Mrs. Norton wrote a poem entitled the "Child of the Islands," the object of which was stated to be "to draw the attention of the Prince of Wales, when he is old enough, to attend to social questions, to the condition of the people over whom he is yet to rule, at a time wherein there is too little communication between classes and too little expression of sympathy on the part of the rich towards the poor."

Mrs. Norton had hit upon the text already chosen by the Prince Consort as that which should guide through life the whole education of his son. Namely, that he must seek to study the condition of every class of his future subjects at home and abroad. In the present enterprise the loyal and cordial welcome the English in India have given to him and his own ardent affection for home will prevent the Prince from failing to observe the circumstances against which Anglo-Indians have to contend, while he admires the fortunes of the Indians and the glory of the East.

XL.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

SOUVENIRS TO THE OFFICERS—NEARER AND NEARER HOME
 —A NOBLE VESSEL—ON THE QUIET SEAS—EGYPT—FES-
 TIVITIES ON THE RUSSIAN YACHT—LOOKING AFTER THE
 LIGHTHOUSES IN THE RED SEA—MY OWN JOURNEY—
 WEIGHING THE ANCHOR—A VARIETY OF PASSENGERS—
 INVALIDED SOLDIERS—CLARET OF THE COMET YEAR
 —LEAVE FROM INDIA—THE ISLAND OF SOCOTRA—
 FUNERAL AT SEA—THE FOOD ON THE PENINSULAR AND
 ORIENTAL STEAMERS—THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK.

THE narrative of the journey of the Prince to England is compiled from the diaries of officers.

“In the first twenty-four hours after leaving the coast of Hindostan, we steamed at a speed of ten and a half knots, leaving the Raleigh behind. She recovered her station, however, being an exceedingly fast frigate. We shall not easily forget the inward joy we feel each moment, as the old screw keeps going round, bringing us nearer home.”

“*March 15th.*—We are able to cover a distance of two hundred and seventy-two nautical miles in the twenty-four hours, which is as fast as the best of the Peninsular and Oriental boats go. To-day the Prince presented all the officers of the Serapis and Osborne, and Captain Tryon and

Lieutenant Joscelyn, of the Raleigh, with silver medals, in commemoration of the trip to India."

Later on, the Prince gave similar souvenirs to the special correspondents. The medals are of silver, and are oval in shape, having the badge designed for the tour on one side, and this inscription on the other, "H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, India, 1875-6."

"17th.—This being St. Patrick's Day, the anniversary was celebrated by the Prince and suite and the ship's officers. Woke up with the same feelings of gratitude at getting home, although we have a long way yet to go."

"18th.—At noon the Osborne steamed on to Aden to coal, and to have the barges ready with coal for the Serapis."

"19th, Sunday, 8 P.M.—We are now at anchor off Aden. We are taking in two hundred tons of coals, and three large ostriches have been brought on board. There was considerable difficulty in getting these long-legged animals up the ladder."

The ostriches at Aden are not nearly so fine as at the Cape of Good Hope, nevertheless, the sale of the feathers is a staple trade here. You get four long feathers for two pounds.

"3 A.M., Monday.—The Serapis gets under weigh. The Prince did not go ashore, although invited to do so by the officers—General Penn and others—who came on board. The Raleigh was left behind, coaling, but she again overtakes us."

"Monday, Noon.—Onward, onward! Nearer and nearer! The heat to-day is intense, and many of the deck hands had to go down to relieve the stokers. His Royal Highness continues in excellent health. The animals, nearly eighty of which are on board the Serapis, continue to flourish, with one or two exceptions. The greatest amusement is caused when there is a walk round of the small elephants, the young tigers, and the antelopes. It seems almost a sin to be in this noble vessel upon a sea without a ripple."

"21st, Tuesday.—There was a little curl on the waters to-day.

It seems, however, as if every wave sent us nearer the shore we love. The Peninsular and Oriental steamer from Bombay, bound for home, passed us at 9 A.M., much to the annoyance of our engineers."

"*Suez, 25th March.*—We moored here at eight this morning, and found the weather delightful."

"*Cairo, Saturday, 25th March.*—The Prince of Wales, on arriving at Suez, received Lord and Lady Lytton on board the *Serapis*, his lordship being on the way out to India to relieve Lord Northbrook. General Stanton, M. Lesseps, and several officers of the Khedive's staff, also came on board. His Royal Highness had a long conversation with the new Viceroy, and did not leave for Cairo until one o'clock. The Khedive, Prince Tewfik (Crown Prince), and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, were present on the platform in the Egyptian capital.

"The band having played the English national anthem, the Prince and his suite drove to the Ghezireh Palace, the whole of which had been prepared specially for his reception. The Khedive accompanied the Prince to the palace.

"There was a dinner party, at which the Grand Duke Alexis was a guest; and later on, His Royal Highness attended the Opera, to witness a performance of the French Comedy Company.

"Although at several places in Cairo there were English newspapers which deplored the financial condition of Egypt, there was no symptom of embarrassment visible to the newly-arrived visitors. It is true that the Khedive intended to have given a ball, and that for some reason it did not take place. People were, indeed, saying that His Highness intended to prove to the Prince that the real centre of Oriental splendour was at the half-way house between England and India; but although these prophecies were scarcely fulfilled, the welcome in Egypt was exceedingly hospitable and brilliant.

"The Grand Duke Alexis gave a dinner-party at another palace, the *Kahar-el-Noussa*, at which the Prince was present."

Monday was spent in receiving and returning visits, and subsequently the whole of the travellers and all the society of Cairo were entertained at a splendid banquet given in the Palace of Abdin by the Khedive. His Highness had also made arrangements for a concert and a play to be performed at the close of the banquet in the conservatory attached to the building. On this evening Captain Tryon of the Raleigh was decorated with the Order of the Medjidie of the Third Class. He had previously won the Order of the Fourth Class. Lord Alfred Paget (who had attended the Viceroy when he visited England) and others had previously received the insignia of the higher degrees of the Osmanlie Order.

The Prince spent the interim between this and the following Saturday in excursions in the neighbourhood of Cairo, reaping all the benefit he could from the change to this ever pleasant climate.

On Saturday, April 1st, he bade good-bye to the Khedive, his two sons, the consuls-general, the principal Pashas, and other distinguished personages, and on arrival at Alexandria went on board the Serapis, where the Grand Duke Alexis became his guest at dinner.

On Sunday evening he inspected the Russian frigate Soetlane, on board of which the Russian Prince gave a dinner-party, and toasts were proposed.

On Monday, April 3rd, the Serapis, accompanied by the Raleigh, took her departure for Malta, salutes being fired by Her Majesty's ships Invincible and Research, and the batteries on shore. The Osborne had proceeded to Brindisi with Lord Charles Beresford, who carried despatches for the Queen.

Mr. Case, the chief officer of one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, has been appointed superintendent of light-houses in the Red Sea by the Viceroy; the appointment was much needed, and no one is more fitted to discharge the

duties of this post than an officer who has been many years travelling up and down this treacherous channel.

* * * * *

On Monday evenings the English world at Bombay have a practice of going out to the mail steamer bound for England to say good-bye to their friends. The decks of the steamers on these occasions, for two hours previous to the start, give one the idea of a garden-party at sea. Men and women are in their best attire in order that last impressions may be favourable, and every one's spirits are high; some because they are going home, and the others because they wish those going home to announce how well and jolly they were last looking.

When the sailors begin to weigh the anchor, the most exciting moment arrives; girls in silks and muslins are bundled down the ladders into frail skiffs which are bumping alongside the steamer; hasty farewells are being made on all sides, then the bell rings, there is a cheer raised, and the stately ship, shaking herself out from the gay flotilla around her, steams away into the black night.

No sooner is the steamer started than you, the passenger, look around at the miscellaneous company who are about to make the voyage. If you are wise you will go down and select a place at the saloon table where you are likely to get your meat hot and stewards handy; but in this selection you must be careful—very careful as to who are your next-door neighbours, for to choose a companion for life is scarcely less serious to some people than choosing one for fourteen days. On the very steamer in which I came home, there was a friend of mine driven almost to distraction by an old gentleman who sat at his right-hand; not only was he very deaf, but he was terribly fond of bread, and the very first thing he did, whenever he took his seat at table, was to secure all the rolls of bread within his range, and pile them up beside him for his particular use. A very greedy old man!

Coming from India in our vessel, the Peshawur, we had a most interesting company of voyageurs. There were young ladies, pale with the Indian climate, whose colour and spirits rose as we penetrated more and more into the region of bracing winds. There were old soldiers going home for good, who played whist all day and all night too—at least until the lamps were put out, and who kept a score of their winnings, each and all of them, until the last—the settling day—of the voyage should arrive. Then there were adolescent soldiers, invalids with liver-complaint and fever, who were said to be very ill, but who, wonderful to relate, were sprightliest of all in their conversation, most athletic in their pursuits, and nattiest in their dress. These were the fellows who induced the fathers to enter the lists for a game at “Bull,” while they themselves took the daughters off to the piano. Then we had some missionaries, who enjoyed a cigar and a good song as well as the worst of us. The captain, however, did not allow these gentlemen to grow rusty, for certain services are held on the Peninsular and Oriental steamships just as they are on board a man-of-war, and the missionary passenger is the chaplain. We had some indigo planters from Bengal with us, and a party of Australians coming home now for the first time since their boyhood. They had set sail to make a fortune in the diggings, and were now about to revisit their native heath and to replenish the coffers of their friends.

Lastly, we had foreigners, some of whom grow cotton, while others make fortunes by exporting claret from Bordeaux. I remember a particularly gay dinner-party at Calcutta on Christmas Eve, when one of the last-named gentlemen gave his guests nothing but claret during the entertainment. “I make no excuse,” he said, “for putting only one beverage before you, but the claret you are drinking was made in the year of the last great comet, and everybody knows that such claret was never made before or since as was extracted from the vintage then.”

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Among all these different classes of passengers there was one set who were ever grumbling, the unfortunate men who were going home on leave. The leave system in India requires to be re-arranged. You can take three months' leave which will give you only six weeks in England, at the end of so many years, or, if you like, you can forego this particular privilege, and save up your leave, period after period, until at length you have the long term of two years to spend at home. One would fancy that in a country so well stocked with Civil Servants as India, some arrangement might be made whereby men could be spared from the country every second or at latest every third year for the whole of the hot season.

When a man comes home for six weeks in the hot season he goes back broken-hearted at leaving his friends just in a condition and just in time to be affected by all the evils of the Indian rains.

One of our passengers who allowed himself to fancy he was returning for good was Captain Arthur Wilson, the commander of the *Raleigh*, who had just been appointed assistant-superintendent of torpedoes at Portsmouth. Captain Fisher, brother of the great elephant hunter who shikaried for the Prince in Ceylon, is Captain Wilson's chief. The post of assistant-superintendent is quite a new one, necessitated by the vast increase in the manufacture of torpedoes now being sanctioned by our Government. Mr. Whitehead, the inventor, still keeps the secret of the composition between himself and some half-dozen trusted officers. He has already made two fortunes, having obtained 20,000*l.* from the Austrian Government, and 17,000*l.*, including 3000*l.* for expenses, from ours, and as he is not bound to give his invention exclusively to any Government he is in a fair way of making many more. A crew of middies rowed Captain Wilson over to the mail boat on the night we left, and gave a ringing cheer—the sailor's tribute of affection, as he disappeared behind the shrouds and bulwarks.

The day before we reached Aden the captain pointed out the direction of Socotra, the island in the Indian Ocean to which it is thought England may at no distant day lay claim. It is within a few hours' sail of Aden, and is sighted by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers when they take the wide course to India, which they are obliged to follow during the monsoons. The island is about a thousand square miles in extent, and formerly belonged to the Portuguese, but is now peopled with Bedouin and other Arabs. The climate is reported to be more equable and more healthy altogether than at Perim, and the country is fertile. It is especially suitable for the growth of cotton and aloes.

The day we entered Aden was a very sad one, for a lady had died on board the night before, and we had to witness all the melancholy details of a funeral at sea. The lamentable failure of efforts to put a good face on matters added to the discomfiture of the slowly passing hours. When the moment arrives for slipping the coffin from beneath a Union Jack on the gangway into the water, the ceremony is particularly solemn. The ship is stopped and the bell is tolled, the sound being like that issuing from a quiet churchyard in England, and then in the final moments all is still save the clergyman's voice.

When people die on board ship, the corpse is lowered into the sea—never landed—as all sorts of trouble, registering death, digging grave, procession of ship's officers, &c., is entailed by the latter proceeding.

When we anchored off Suez bugles were sounding, and stalwart bronzed troops in white linen uniforms, were moving about in all directions. The sandy plains in the vicinity of the pier were dotted abundantly with tents, and cannons and horses were being lowered into troopships. We soon learned that the spectacle of military agitation was caused by a demand for instant reinforcements from Prince Hassan, formerly of Oxford, and then commanding the Vice-

roy's army in Abyssinia. One of the vessels into which soldiers were moving, after brief farewell words to relations on the pier, was the Khedive's own steam yacht, a red vessel with cream-coloured chimneys, resembling in size and beauty the Victoria and Albert. The news of the rout of King John reached Europe the day after we witnessed the embarkation, so if the troops actually started they must have reached their destination (Massowa) to find they were no longer needed.

The food supplied on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamers is, as a rule, excellent, except when now and then a too aspiring cook takes it into his head to set pastry of a particularly fanciful kind on the table.

There was a gentleman on board who had in his charge a young French lady, a connoisseur, as all people from her country are in cookery.

One morning the lady did not appear at breakfast, and fate had so decided that an extremely hard omelette was set before her friend. He knowing her fastidiousness turned round to me and remarked *sotto voce* :

"Gad, it's as well Mademoiselle is *not* here, for if they had put *that* on her plate and called it an omelette, she'd have had a fit!"

We landed in Alexandria on Sunday, and as it was too near Europe to wear a helmet any longer, I went into a shop to buy a hat. Seeing the man was English, I asked him how it was he so forgot his national proclivities as to open on Sunday. His reply was :

"When I first came here it was my intention to close up on a Sunday, but I found there was a Mahomedan Sunday, a Jewish Sunday, and a Christian Sunday, and if I observed one I should observe all. To shut my shop three days each week would ruin me."

XLI.

MALTA AND GIB.

THE FIRST GLANCE AT MALTA—KNIGHTS FROM THE EAST
 —A MUSIC-LOVING PEOPLE—A FAMOUS OPERA-HOUSE—
 THE GALLANT 98TH—LENT—THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT
 —FREEMASONS AT GIB—THE CALPE FOX-HOUNDS—OFF
 FOR CADIZ.

WHEN the *Serapis* had safely crossed the Alexandria bar, the Asiatic tour of the Prince of Wales came to an end. But still, on his homeward journey, he had places of great interest to visit—the famous strongholds of England in the Mediterranean, where he was already known, Malta and Gibraltar; Spain, just taking breath after her bloody turmoil and pastime of king-making, yet withal luxurious and indolent; Portugal, with her mountains and valleys, well known in British history, her windmills, and her industry.

The Prince reached Malta on the morning of the 6th of April, and was met off Valetta by the admiral's steam yacht *Helicon*, which showed the little squadron the way into harbour. It was an interesting sight for the Prince, the restless ocean, the well-worn cliffs, the plungings of the sea-fowl, all contrasting with the frowning batteries heaped one upon another, the straight-cut embrasures, the hard lines of the fortifications, and the correct angles of the slopes. On

the one hand, the wild havoc and free work of nature ; on the other, the stiff labour of man.

Malta had been in a state of excitement for some weeks before, and officials, both civil and military, had been overwhelmed with the task of preparing all things suitable for the reception of the Prince, and for the maintenance of the ancient honour of the island. Many spirits of heroes, long passed away and forgotten, may have hovered over their ancient stronghold at this welcoming of the Prince of Wales. There were bones of warriors resting in the old church of the "Knights of Malta," who, when endowed with life, had also returned from the East, covered with glory and wounds, proud of battle-fields won and gallant knights conquered. Yet, among them all, there was no conqueror equal to the Prince now standing on these shores, no champion who, in the space of a few weeks, had won the hearts of millions—before whom the children of Mahomet had bowed down, and owned that their crescent was overshadowed by the cross of civilisation and power.

There they are, lying in their grand old church, their bones beneath the stones, their arms and relics neatly arranged above. Proud swords, which had cut their way through ranks of fierce Saracens, are hanging against the wall now, mere props from which spiders may weave their webs.

The lance of this grand-master here, the helmet of another, with its nodding plumes there ; each belonged to men who vainly, perhaps, thought their fame would live for ever. Curious relics, recalling to the mind the struggles of our ancestors against Islam, whilst our ears are startled by the thundering salutes which welcome this Prince of England, the future Emperor of so many millions of the Prophet's descendants.

The ships which were saluting might be considered as virgins in warfare, while the batteries on the land had, in times gone by, often been engaged in deadly fight.

His Royal Highness was received on landing by the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, Sir Charles Van Straubenzee, and by other officials. An address was presented by the members of the Council, to which the Prince briefly replied. The different regiments composing the garrison were drawn up, and lined the streets. A procession was formed according to strict military etiquette, which slowly wended its way to Government House.

The day was set apart as a general holiday. Venetian masts were thickly erected throughout Valetta, flags were hoisted at every available spot, and the whole energies of the island seemed to have been deeply engaged in forming different bands of music, which perambulated the streets from early morning until late at night.

Malta is a musical island—it boasts of an opera house, which is thought a great deal more of there than Covent Garden or Drury Lane is in London. Everybody goes to the opera at Malta; the garrison swarm there night after night, until their brains must be ready to compose a musical field exercise. Passengers on their way to India and the East, bitten by the mania, are to be found spending at the opera the few hours allowed them while their steamers are receiving coal.

As for the civil population, they seem lost beyond recovery; there is scarcely a shopkeeper who does not consider himself equal to Mario or Santley. It is no wonder, then, that upon such an island as this, bands of music spring up as naturally as potatoes in Ireland. They inundated the place, and the Prince's ears must have become pretty well hardened against the strains of harmony, to say nothing of those of discord.

There was a banquet at the Governor's on the night of arrival—fifty covers were laid. After dinner the Prince watched a pyrotechnic display and an illumination of the ships of war. In the square beneath his balcony, several representations were given during the evening, of the suc-

cessive governments of Malta during the last eight centuries. One depicted the conquest of Malta by Count Roger, of Normandy; the second showed the Emperor Charles the Fifth, conferring the island on the Knights of Jerusalem; the third, the surrender of Malta to the French Republic; and in the fourth, the island is handed over to Great Britain.

The illuminations in the streets were very poor, compared with what we have witnessed in the East, but the lighting-up of the ships and of the fortifications was most effective.

A review of the troops took place on the following day, at the close of which His Royal Highness presented new colours to the 98th Foot, commanded by Colonel Lloyd, a man who has seen considerable active service in India since the Mutiny.

The Bishop of Gibraltar blessed the new colours. Throughout the day the Prince rode his charger, Coomassie, which seemed in perfect health and condition, notwithstanding its late journeys by land and sea. After the ceremony His Royal Highness lunched with the regiment.

As the time of the Prince's visit was Lent, the inhabitants of the island could not give those splendid entertainments and festivals so dear to an Italian mind. Besides this, some of the nobility of Malta felt themselves aggrieved at the manner in which they had been treated by the Reception Committee, and consequently refused to take part in the ceremonies. The Prince visited the Lunatic Asylum, and studied with much interest the working of so important an institution. He was, however, with much regret, obliged to refuse to lay the foundation-stone of a large conservatoire, founded by Chevalier Vincenzo Bujega, one of the richest men in Malta, as it was to be a purely Roman Catholic institution.

His Royal Highness marked his appreciation of Mr. Bujega's munificence by conferring upon him the Companionship of St. Michael and St. George. The object of

the establishment is to feed, clothe, train, and educate fifty female orphan children, and the cost will amount to about 40,000*l.*, the largest sum ever bestowed in behalf of a philanthropic object in Malta.

A sham fight took place, on Saturday April 8th, between the sea batteries and some vessels which represented an enemy entering the harbour. Military and naval critics did not think that the batteries showed by any means the overwhelming power they should have done; that, in fact, the Government must be prepared to spend heavy sums in money upon the defences before they could bid defiance to the navies of the world. It was a grand sight to witness the opening of the contest, but the smoke soon hid everything from view, and one's ears grew tired of the monotonous thunder. Before departure the Prince entertained the Governor, admirals, military, naval, and civil representatives on board the *Serapis* at dinner.

On landing at Gibraltar on Saturday, April 15th, he was welcomed with salutes from the forts and from the shipping.

His brother, the Duke of Connaught, met him here, the first of his family to congratulate him upon his safe return. The Duke for some time had been stationed at Gibraltar on the military staff, learning the duties of his profession at perhaps the best school England possesses. This grim fortress, the guardian of the British power in the Mediterranean, the first watch-tower on the road to India, is a fitting home for soldiers. The town itself is merely a handmaid to the fortress, and the civil population appear as if sent by Providence to administer to the wants of the military. The royal landing at such a place could not therefore be anything else but guards of honour, lining of streets by the troops, military bands, deafening rolls of heavy ordnance, and that joyful welcome which is supposed to be fully displayed by "presenting arms."

As in Malta, the Prince was called upon to listen patiently to an address. In the evening he was entertained by the Governor at a banquet.

On Monday the Prince, in his capacity as Grand-Master of the Freemasons, laid the foundation stone of a new public market. There was a very large attendance of the brethren, and the ceremony was throughout most successful. In the afternoon a review of the troops was held, all Gibraltar turning out to meet the illustrious visitor, and in the evening there were illuminations of the town and harbour, the Prince giving a dinner on board the *Serapis*.

On the day following the Duke of Connaught entertained his brother at a pic-nic in the Cork woods, famous for woodcock, and where the hard riders of the shires may sometimes have an opportunity of tasting a weak solution of their favourite sport during the season when the Calpe Hunt Foxhounds meet. This hunt, I may mention, has been in existence since 1817, when it was started by Admiral Fleming.

On the Wednesday the Prince witnessed the athletic sports, and attended a ball in the armoury of the Ordnance Store Department. His Royal Highness exhibited much energy in the dancing, and did not leave until four o'clock next morning, when he set sail for Cadiz.

XLII.

WITH THE YOUNG KING AT MADRID.

IRISHMEN IN SPAIN—ANCIENT AND MODERN CADIZ—
 THE RACES AT SEVILLE—THE MUSEUM—ARISTOCRATIC
 CORDOVA—THE ENTRY INTO MADRID—THE HALBER-
 DIERS OF THE GUARD—THE GREAT PICTURE GALLERY
 OF SPAIN—CAPTURED BRITISH COLOURS—WILL YOU SEE
 A BULL FIGHT? NO!—TOLEDO—THE HOSPITAL OF THE
 CROSS—SPANISH SWORDS—PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL—
 THE TOMB OF ALPHONSO THE 12TH.

ON Thursday, April 20th, the Prince of Wales and his brother arrived at Cadiz.

The town looked gay and modern as they passed through its streets, thanks to the energetic exertions of an Irish Governor, who about ninety years ago insisted upon the introduction of modern improvements and of cleanliness. How many memories of by-gone ages suggested themselves as the town opened its gates to receive an English Prince. Shades of the ancient Phœnicians perhaps kept their invisible guards around their old haunts, where hundreds of years before Rome was built, they established their markets of tin with the barbarian inhabitants of those distant isles of the Atlantic, now called Great Britain.* Eleven hundred years before the Christian era Cadiz was in existence. It possesses a history

none can ever write, and has witnessed events which have never been chronicled. How astonished indeed must have been those invisible sentinels if they really did witness the entry amidst the acclamations of the people of a Prince who is to be the King of those barbarous islands with which they were accustomed to carry on their precarious trade.

It is now famous for its guitars, for a particular kind of soft matting, and for sweetmeats. The Prince unfortunately had no time to spare to visit the depôts of commerce, but proceeded without delay, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, to Seville, and was received there by the Marquis of Mirasol, and two other noblemen whom the King of Spain sent to meet him.

On the 21st the royal party visited the famous Cathedral of Seville, the grandest one in Spain, with its seven marble paved aisles, and numerous chapels.

A volume alone might be written upon this cathedral and the wonderful pictures it contains by Murillo and other old masters, which if put up for sale at "Christie's," would take London by storm. Its tombs, sculptures, medallions, excite the admiration of all who behold them, and the jealousy of not a few.

Wandering among its aisles and columns, examining its tombs, Spain returns to the mind in all her ancient greatness, when with outstretched arms she stood between the old and the new worlds and grasped them both—to fall by the dizzy height of her own magnificence—to fall, as we have recently seen her, wounded by her children, a pitiable spectacle to the eyes of Europe.

The Prince of Wales could not devote much time to examine the priceless relics of the past which are to be found within this stupendous treasure-house. He went to witness the race meeting at Seville, which had been postponed in order that he might be present.

Fifty English and Spanish horses took part, and some good

aces were contested. On this day the Museum was also surveyed. It contains among many valuable works of art, pictures by Murillo, who was born and buried in this city. The people of Seville are justly proud of their great master, and show his memory at least becoming honour, whatever may have been the manner in which they treated him when alive. In the evening he attended the theatre.

On the 24th the royal party visited Cordova, which has been the seat of the highest aristocracy of Spain since it was destroyed by Julius Cæsar, and repopled by the pauper nobles of Rome.

“It is,” says an old writer, “a fine city to be born in, but a bad one to live in.” As it was in his day so it is now. The height of its prosperity was reached when the Moors took possession of the town and made it their capital, when Abderame made it the rival of Asia, the centre of heathen civilisation—a bright star amidst the darkness of Europe—a city of beautiful Moorish temples, and sumptuous baths, and containing nearly a million of inhabitants. When the Moors’ rule passed away Cordova returned to its former estate, like a high-born aristocrat with an empty stomach and a patched cloak. The suburbs are beautiful, although the city is wretched, and distance in reality lends enchantment to the view, when the visitor first catches sight of the ancient city.

After visiting the many objects of interest in Cordova the Prince started by special train for Madrid. He was met at the Southern Railway station by the King of Spain and his suite. Mr. Layard, the British Minister, was there, and other high officials.

The Princes were warmly received by the people in the streets. On reaching the palace they were much struck by the appearance of the halberdiers of the old Spanish Guards, in gorgeous uniforms, who lined the staircases. In the afternoon the famous Museum was visited by the Prince, accompanied by the King. It contains, perhaps, the finest gallery of

pictures in the world, among which are many *chef-d'œuvres* of the old masters, Raphael, Titian, Claude, Caracci, Rubens—each worth a prince's ransom.

To the Emperor Charles V. and Philip II. the world is indebted for having commenced this fine collection, and in placing it under the royal protection. After many vicissitudes and plunderings by both friends and foes, there were still, when last catalogued some few years ago, nearly two thousand paintings. The preservation of some of the old pictures appears almost marvellous; the dryness of the climate, together with the thick coating of dirt and dust allowed to accumulate upon them, have guarded these treasures of art and rendered them almost impervious to the ravishes of time.

On the 26th the Prince paid a private visit to the picture-gallery, while the Duke of Connaught went to see the Museum of Artillery. The Duke examined many objects of interest, including the armour of both Charles V. and Philip II., with that also of Columbus. He had, however, the mortification of seeing three stands of English colours hung upon the walls, taken from our regiments in some of those miserable contests, when, either through the imbecility of commanders, or the overpowering weight of numbers, even British regiments have lost—or rather say, lent—those ensigns, around which every corps considers its honour entwined. These colours have been gained back again and again during the bloody battles of the Peninsula. When the Spaniards were driven like sheep by French bayonets from one stricken field to another, these very regiments have helped to save them from utter destruction, and have sheltered them from the vengeance of their enemies.

In the bloody fields of the Punjaub, where hordes of Sikh cavalry were hovering upon their flanks, where armed fanatics, sheltered behind intrenchments, waited to receive them in

front, lost standards were more than regained. By the fields of Alma and Inkerman, by the fiery battle-grounds of the Indian Mutiny, these standards, hanging on walls in Madrid, have been encircled by a halo of glory which even the young Duke of Connaught must have admitted, as the figures still traceable upon the well-worn silk recall to his memory the episodes of these most victorious wars of Great Britain.*

King Alphonso was anxious that his guests should witness the spectacle of a bull-fight, but the Prince of Wales, in deference to the feeling which his countrymen bear against such exhibitions, declined to be present.

In the afternoon a review of a large body of Spanish soldiers took place. The visitors regarded these troops with more interest, as they formed part of the army which had just terminated, at least for a time, the miserable Carlist war. No one was permitted to forget this either, for the wretched victims of these mountain struggles were to be seen on every side. Limbs among the heroes were at a discount, but perhaps the poor fellows enjoyed some consolation in the medals and crosses they could now boast of wearing.

The Prince of Wales was especially pleased with the light cavalry regiment, and also considered that some part of the infantry were very serviceable troops, inured to fatigue, and well disciplined. A State banquet was given by the King in the evening, at which the foreign representatives, with numerous ladies, were present, after which there was a reception, which was attended by one thousand persons of distinction.

Next day the Prince visited Toledo, the ancient city of the Jews, spoken of in many an old romance. It is perched on a

* Madrid is not the only city in which captured trophies of English military array are displayed. In one of the temples in Ceylon there are drums which were taken from English bandsmen, and there is a stand of British colours helping to ornament the tomb of the great Napoleon in Paris.

lofty hill, whose base is washed by the river Tagus. Its hundred towers upon the ancient walls speak of glory long departed—recall a history well-nigh forgotten—when Spanish chivalry almost ruled the world. It bore once the name of Empire, and Alonzo was its Emperor and King.

The distance from Madrid to Toledo by rail is about forty miles, and the Prince arrived at this most old-fashioned of cities about eleven o'clock in the morning. The usual military honours greeted the guests at the railway-station, and it must have been a novelty for the Princes to find themselves threading the narrow, curious streets, in carriages drawn by some very fine Spanish mules.

The celebrated Hospital of the Cross merited their careful examination. It was built in the commencement of the sixteenth century, in white stone, and its sculptured gateways and porticos remain unrivalled at this day. There is, of course, a picture-gallery in it, which contains many works of interest—among them a portrait of the founder.

More entertaining still was the celebrated manufactory of arms, which, in years gone by, has done more to bring Toledo into a world-wide notoriety than anything else. From this factory came the valuable swords which were presented to Henry the Eighth when he chose a daughter of Spain in all the splendour of his youthful power.

From the earliest ages this city has been remarkable for the extraordinary quality of her gold and steel. The Romans, the Goths, and the Moors, and afterwards the Spaniards, all kept up these manufactures. During the Dark Ages the Spanish sword was as dear to a warrior as his own honour. He called it by a name of his own, and if we may believe old writers, it was very often dearer to him than his children. The Moors, perhaps, did most to establish the reputation of the Toledo blade. Now, of course, the steel is seldom used for any better purpose than that of a knife or a small rapier to arm the banditti. The cathedral—said to

be more endowed with wealth than any other in the world—was also well worthy of study. They can show silver plate many centuries older than any that can be traced in England, and it is surprising that amidst all the ravages and robberies which have been committed in the ecclesiastical buildings of Spain such very ancient and valuable service has been preserved. It must either have been very well hid away, or Napoleon's soldiers must have paid far more respect to the sacred edifices in Spain than the revolutionists did to their own in France some few years before. A good deal of the treasure was no doubt rescued from the French by the soldiers of Wellington after some of their great victories in the Peninsula, and some may have been returned years afterwards to the clergy of the ravished cathedrals by conscience-stricken men, who found that the loot thus gained did not prosper in their hands. The visit to the cathedral was but a short one, as the guests were obliged to leave for Madrid, at which place they arrived in time to dine at the palace and afterwards visit the opera. At the termination of the performance the Prince's labours were not yet completed. He proceeded then to a ball given by Duke Fernar Nunez.

On April 29th, at the special invitation of the King, the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the Escorial, a fitting monument of the gloomy mind of Philip the Second, who planned and built this palace. Five years after the death of his English queen, whom he so heartlessly neglected, he laid the foundation stone of the Escorial, intending it to be at once a royal palace, mausoleum, convent, chapel, and college.

It was at the terrible battle of St. Quentin against the French (1557) fought on St. Laurence's Day, that Philip, in a moment of panic, registered a vow that he would raise a structure to the honour of the saint if victory blessed the Spanish arms. This vow was fulfilled, and it

was built in the form of a gridiron, upon which St. Laurence suffered martyrdom. In planning the building, Philip also wished to carry out his father's (Charles the Fifth's) desire to found a royal burying-place for the kings of Spain. Hence its threefold character as a palace, a religious house, and a burying-ground. Enormous sums of money were necessarily spent in raising this splendid pile, but as at that time Spain had half Europe, besides America, in her grasp, Philip had not much difficulty in procuring the requisite funds.

In fresco in many parts of the building may be seen various representations of the battle, and there is also a likeness of Philip designing the Escorial. On each side of the high altar are figures of the King and his three *Spanish* wives, also of Charles the Fifth and his family. There is also a museum, which was altogether suitable for the intolerable bigotry of Philip the Second. It was here that he kept all the holy relics he could procure. Bones, teeth, and pieces of the garments of the saints were treasured up in great quantities. Men who, when alive, were not even thought sufficiently well of by their neighbours to be kept from starvation, had their bones, when dead, carefully guarded by this self-aggrandised king. It was here that His Majesty felt at home among the emblems of mortality, yet the study did not appear to render him more careful of human life, or more watchful over the interests of his subjects. The Prince of Wales also visited the room where Philip lived for fourteen years, and the crypt where he died a lingering death, with his couch so placed that his dying glance might lie on the high altar. The young King afterwards led his guests into the mausoleum where the bones of many Spanish monarchs are lying. Kings and mothers of kings only are now permitted to find a last resting-place in these dismal courts.

Whilst standing there many gloomy thoughts of the utter frailty of all human distinctions must have passed through

the royal minds, and it was with an air of sadness that the young king pointed out to the Prince of Wales the spot where he himself will lie when he joins the great majority.

In the afternoon they returned to Madrid, and after bidding the Duke of Connaught farewell, on his departure for England, the King and Prince dined with Mr. Layard, the British minister. There was a ball before the entertainments of the evening were brought to a close.

At the minister's banquet, an innovation from ancient Spanish custom was made, almost sufficient to bring the spirit of Philip from the Escorial. The Spanish king sat in plain clothes at the dinner-table of a foreign ambassador. Such a thing had never been heard of even during the reigns of the most liberal and good-tempered of Spanish sovereigns; but the young king, with the sanction of his Council, actually did this, and received the approval of the best men of the country for his conduct.

On Sunday, the 30th, the Prince started for Lisbon—the second Prince of Wales who has left Madrid, but in rather a different manner from his predecessor. The first made a secret stay, hoping to learn something of his bride elect. The second came openly on a visit, which the acclamations of the people proved was most welcome. The first left for Paris, a tedious journey undertaken with horses over a broken country. The second was whirled with bewildering speed on his way to Lisbon, over an iron road.

The Prince was not accompanied into Spain by all the members of his Indian suite. Lord Alfred Paget, for instance, branched off at Alexandria, with the intention of meeting Lady Paget at Genoa. Lord Aylesford and Sir Bartle Frere also proceeded thence to London. Lord Suffield, Lord Carington, Sir Dighton Probyn, Colonel Ellis, Captain FitzGeorge, and Dr. Russell still gave His Royal Highness the pleasure of their companionship. So also did Mr. Knollys, whose presence seems ever indispensable. Those who wonder at the energy which

enables the Prince of Wales, whether at home or abroad, to be for ever accepting duties and engagements which will give pleasure to the people, may guess what a life of labour is entailed upon his secretary. In India, the amount of correspondence which passed through Mr. Knolly's hands, and the multitudinous arrangements which he had to carry out, led every one who watched this attentive and genial member of the staff to sympathise with him as well as to admire him. The places of the absent on board the *Serapis* were filled by the members of the Duke of Connaught's suite and one newly invited guest of the Prince of Wales—Colonel Macdonell, of the 71st Highland Light Infantry.

XLIII.

THE LAST HALT—PORTUGAL.

LA MANCHA—THE SIEGE OF BADAJOS—KATHLEEN MA-
VOURNEEN—THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM OF PORTUGAL—
EIGHT BALL ROOMS—THE VERSAILLES OF LISBON—
KRUPP'S GUNS—THE KING'S GALLEON—THE TRIPLE
TOAST OF THE KING—AN ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE
PENINSULA.

THE Prince passed through Ciudad Real, and La Mancha its capital, a place rendered famous by the extraordinary revels of Don Quixote. He also saw Badajos, ever to be kept in remembrance by Britain and stamped upon the mind of our army, for here one of the greatest sieges which has taken place in the whole of the Peninsula was carried through with perfect success by our soldiers, who fell in, one and all, and dashed through what seemed a forlorn hope, encouraged by the gallantry of Picton, and the fighting Third Division. The mines that were exploded hurling half the storming party into the air; the deep ditch which nearly baffled the calculations of Wellington, and the terrible suspense on the night when the storming parties were told to creep forward; all these details of this remarkable siege has rendered Badajos as well known to the Prince as it is to military men in general.

The Prince arrived at Lisbon on Monday, the 1st of May,

and was met at the Entroncamento Junction by the King Don Luis, His Majesty's father, King Ferdinand, the members of the ministry, public officials, and the staff of the British Legation.

Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills in the form of an amphitheatre, and is divided by her old walls into east and west dioceses. The magnificent harbour is capable of containing a thousand vessels of war.

The Belem Palace, which is within an easy drive of the city, was prepared for the reception of the Prince.

On the 3rd of May the Prince walked over in the morning and paid a visit to the convent which is under the superintendence of Irish nuns. These ladies devote their lives to the education of the young, the visiting of the poor, and other charitable purposes. Where sickness is to be found there they take their stand, and no haunt is so wretched or miserable as to be beneath their notice. They sang with great taste and feeling the old plaintive Irish ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen," which must have recalled to the mind of the Prince, as well as to themselves, sweet memories of home.

The people of Judah in their exile beside the waters of Babylon refused to sing the songs of their native land, but these voluntary exiles, elevated by the sacrifices they had made, were only too happy to recall scenes of the West, when they had before them the future King of their country.

The Prince invited King Luis to a luncheon on board the *Serapis*, and afterwards they visited the Black Prince and Minotaur, when, of course, the usual salutes were fired and some nautical exercises were gone through, which His Majesty said were admirable.

The Prince returned to dinner at the Belem Palace, a structure which has a famous monastery attached to it wherein it is customary to inter the bodies of the kings and queens of Portugal. In the evening he went to the State

ball which was, of course, a splendid affair, but after the gorgeous entertainments of the kind he had witnessed in the East, such scenes of festivity must have nearly palled upon him. He stopped, however, until nearly four o'clock the following morning, a very good sign that he enjoyed himself.

There were no less than eight ball-rooms all brilliantly lighted, and the walls were hung with pictures. The English and Portuguese fleets were numerously represented among the dancers.

On the 4th of May the Serapis was thrown open for the sight-seeing public. The state apartments of the palace were also on view. The King accompanied the Prince to Cintra, about fifteen miles from Lisbon, which may be considered the Versailles of Portugal. Here amidst the vegetation of the tropics as well as of Europe, the wearied people of Lisbon are able to recruit themselves after the heat and dust of the narrow streets of the town. The visitors later on joined an excursion to the mountains on donkeys, obtaining extensive views of the beautiful country around, and of the old Moorish castles that are found there. They returned to Belem in the afternoon, and in the evening went out to see the illumination of the fleet, which owing to the fineness of the weather, were very successful.

The following day a review took place, when upwards of ten thousand men and one hundred and eight of Krupp's guns passed before the Prince of Wales. He was rowed from his palace to the arsenal on his way to the review ground in the ancient royal barge of Portugal, which is manned by two hundred sailors. This craft is much the same as that used by the Maharajah of Cashmere, upon the river Jhelum. In the cool of the evening his long vessel is paddled by a numerous crew, who sing a native boat-song, keeping time with their strokes. A leader sits in the bow, who gives a signal for every movement of the paddles. The song has a soothing effect as it echoes over the silvery waters.

The bands at the review played English airs only, and the marching of some of the troops was excellent. There are thirty-four thousand troops in the army in the time of peace, but should a war break out, Portugal, without drawing on her colonies, could send eighty thousand into the field.

After the review, Admiral Seymour gave a dinner-party, in honour of the Prince and the King, on board H.M.S. *Minotaur*, at which there was a large assemblage of Portuguese society, with a few of the higher officers of the British squadrons. When the Queen's health was drank, the Black Prince fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The Prince of Wales having proposed the health of the King of Portugal, the Resistance performed the same ceremony. The Black Prince taking its turn again when the Prince of Wales's health was honoured. On His Royal Highness leaving the *Minotaur*, the squadrons were illuminated, and showers of rockets exploded in the air.

On Saturday, May 6th, the King and Queen of Portugal entertained the Prince at a banquet at the Palace of Ajuda. It was past nine o'clock in the evening when the Prince took the Queen (Maria Pia, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel) into dinner. After the dessert the King made a felicitous speech in French. He observed that he had three healths to propose, as he could not separate them—the Queen of England, the Prince of Wales, and the English people.

There is an English Protestant church in Lisbon, and thither the Prince repaired to attend the service on Sunday.

Immediately after the celebration, His Royal Highness embarked on board the *Serapis*, and prepared to take his leave of Portugal. The Queen, King, and Royal Family came on board and wished him good-bye; and as the hour of departure drew near, the yards of the English and Portuguese squadrons were manned, salutes were fired, the anchor of the *Serapis* was weighed, and the stately vessel carefully threaded her way

down the Tagus, *en route* for England, bearing home the first Prince of Wales that has ever visited Portugal.

The Prince's visit to Portugal, as well as to India and Spain, will cause a deep interest to be taken in all these countries; and, indeed, no kingdom is more deserving of such an interest than the European Peninsula. Portugal has had days of splendour and days of poverty, and she has always been romantic. It was the poet Southey who said that it was the highest ambition of his life to write a history which should do justice to this beautiful country.

In these days one does not hear as much of Portugal as of other European countries, the men, half mountaineers, half sailors, devote themselves chiefly to the cultivation of vines and olives, and are apparently too careless or unambitious to covet the rich prizes of intellectual ardour or commercial enterprise; while the women, it is said, pass away their lives in love, knitting, and religion. Nevertheless the Portuguese, though simple-minded, are virtuous, and, in the past at least, have exhibited all the elements which tend to make fearless soldiers, wondrous navigators, and natural actors.

The desire of the Prince of Wales to see Portugal on this occasion was eminently gratifying to the Portuguese—for he is not only a first cousin of their King,* and owed him a visit in return for the journey His Majesty made to London in 1865—but he also came opportunely amongst them at the close of his travels through the Eastern Empire, the first European explorers in which belonged to their nation.

* The late Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria II., married Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, brother of Prince Albert. King Luis is that Queen's son.

XLIV.

PORTSMOUTH, MAY 11TH, 1876.

“I can look proudly in thy face,
 Fair daughter of a hardier race,
 And feel thy winning well-known grace
 Without my old misgiving,
 And as I kneel upon the strand,
 And kiss thy once unvalued hand,
 Proclaim earth has no lovelier land
 Where life is worth the living.”

McCARTHY.

“ALONG THE LINE THE SIGNAL RAN”—NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN CHEERS—THE BULWARKS OF THE SERAPIS—THE DEPARTURE OF THE ENCHANTRESS—“KING OF ALL ENGLISH HEARTS, BONNIE PRINCE EDWARD”—A PEAN OF WELCOME—“HOME SWEET HOME.”

THE return of the Prince of Wales to England to-day was a fit subject for an heroic poem. Upon the shore of the Solent were massed together personages holding the highest position in the land, and thousands on thousands of the humbler classes, as the Thessalian's of all ranks in ancient days may have gathered to welcome the Argo and the adventurous Prince who had gone with gallant comrades in search of the Golden Fleece. Many hours before the Serapis could have been expected at her anchorage, all England knew that the treacherous Bay of Biscay had been safely passed, and that the ship was gracing the friendly Downs by her stately presence.

At eleven o'clock the news was flashed from Portland Head, and ten minutes later warm-hearted Admiral Elliott, proud that it fell to him to announce the tidings, telegraphed to the Queen—"The Prince has arrived. All well." Every second of time seemed to be a minute now, but when the Serapis did round the Needles, followed by the Raleigh and the Osborne, and when the cannon thundered, and peals of joy-bells rang out from lofty steeples, and the muffled roar of distant cheers rolled over the waters, the ship, all white and gold, slackened her speed, as if she hesitated and yet longed to embrace the shore. What a cheer was that which the seamen of the old Victory, the sailors of the Helicon, the crew of the Duke of Wellington, and the sharp-voiced boys of the St. Vincent poured out high up in the air from masts and yards, the clear treble harmonising with deep diapason! Such cheers surging on at sea can never be heard unmoved, but far mightier were the shouts borne on the wind from the shore. In the voices of all, whether mariners or people, prayers and gratitude were commingled, and down the withered cheek of many a veteran there trickled unbidden tears. There is one spot the cynosure of all eyes, for there the Prince and Princess, with all their little boys and girls, were leaning over the vessel's side. The travellers were as delighted to see the dear old healthy shore and the hearty people, as the people were delighted to see them.

The Princess of Wales, with her children, had come down the night before from London. Any one visiting the dockyard next morning so early as seven o'clock would have seen Her Royal Highness, warmly clad, on the deck of the little vessel, fitly named Enchantress, since it carried so fair a Princess. The yacht glided away to sea, through the mist of the dawn, to meet the Serapis. Who, from this English shore should welcome the Prince before his Princess?

By two o'clock the picture presented at the dockyard jetty and through the quaint old town of Portsmouth, was most

impressive. Right and left of the jetty, platforms had been erected, and these were filled with brilliantly attired ladies. On the level space between the platforms stood the Lords of the Admiralty, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Alfred Paget, General Sir Hastings Doyle, the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth in their crimson robes of office. The guard of honour was formed of blue-jackets, Sir Julius Benedict was there with a choir of young girls tastefully arrayed in blue and white. These and bands of musicians were ready to strike up the new national ode the moment the Prince touched English ground.

“ Glad welcome comes the wide world o’er,
 As free as sunlight’s beam,
 From Canada’s far western shore
 To Ganges’ sacred stream :—
 It comes from every distant land,
 It comes across the sea,
 Where’er the flag in England’s hand
 Proclaims a people free.

“ The words with earnest fervour spring
 From love that never fails,
 And heart and voice a welcome bring
 To hail our Prince of Wales :—
 While myriad-voiced with joyful cheer
 The loyal greetings come,
 How sweet from wife and children dear
 Must be his welcome home !”*

Far away through the streets of the town, those who looked down from the Semaphore Tower could see a double line, formed of five thousand soldiers, endeavouring to keep back an excited and enthusiastic multitude. The houses were hidden in a blaze of flags, banners, and inscriptions. Arches, constructed with the fancy and skill of gardeners and engineers, spanned the roads, strewn with silver sand. A thrill moved every heart at the moment when, as the Serapis touched

* The words of the ode were written by Mr. Frederick Enoch, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

the jetty, all the musicians united in playing that universally loved and suggestive melody, "Home, sweet Home." Then, as Captain Glyn, turning round with a hearty exclamation, conveyed to his officers his gratitude that the work was so happily accomplished, another naval officer on shore, Captain Sullivan, took off his cocked hat, waved it above his head, and in a moment of profound silence called upon the shore to give the Prince three cheers. Who will ever hear the rolling thunder of such cheers again ?

But there were some matters of ceremony yet to be gone through on board the *Serapis*. There was a valedictory speech, short and to the point, to be made by the Prince to his shipmates. When that was over, His Royal Highness, tenderly putting the children and then the Princess before him, came down the gangway to the land. Then ensued an indescribable, because overwhelming ebullition of feeling. Cheers were repeated over and over again, handkerchiefs waved, bouquets were flung wildly about, as if they had a chance of being touched by the foot of the Prince or Princess. The significance of this storm of enthusiasm was that England was welcoming in her arms once again her favoured child. The encircling multitude was the living circlet of loyal love, which must have moved the heart of the Prince. He never looked more noble or more deeply touched than when, a few moments later, replying to an address, he said :

"However interesting the lands have been through which I have travelled, I am delighted to find myself once more at home."

And thus my simple narrative is ended, and on looking back into what is now the past, I can say most truly that, in spite of natural anxieties and unbidden doubts, the journey of the Prince has been gone through, by all who had the privilege of sharing in it, as if the special blessing of Providence rested upon every stage. There is not one who undertook the journey who will not feel permanently grateful that he has

enabled to see India as she is, to visit her wondrous sites, to tread on the soil enriched by the blood of British heroes, to trace out the lines of camps and forts where a handful of brave men hurled back a multitude of foes. The terrible and yet glorious scenes at Delhi, Lucknow, or Cawnpore, rose from these sites before the visitor as in a diorama. We can never forget what we have seen and heard, and never be unmindful that we have been specially favoured. The Queen and the Prince have expressed their gratitude to Heaven, and the thanksgiving of the nation rose up in unison with theirs for all that has been so safely and so prosperously accomplished. To the Prince all others are personally thankful, for the privileges he sanctioned, and for his genial courtesy and unceasing acts of kindness. His Royal Highness himself took care that all in his train should be enabled not merely to glance at, but to study the noble Empire of India and its people. He it was who, by a word, made travelling through the vast and magnificent territory not only easy, but delightful. It is with a feeling akin to sadness that I close this narrative. I feel as if I were letting fall from my hands the last link of a long chain of happy circumstances. My pen would fain go on, but, like the heart, it moves, stops . . . moves . . . stops again, and once more moving stops at last.

THE END

