

A EL

# THE AUSTRALIAN ABROAD.

BRANCHES FROM THE MAIN ROUTES  
ROUND THE WORLD.

SERIES II.

## CEYLON, INDIA, AND EGYPT.

By JAMES HINGSTON.

(“*J. H.*” of the “*Melbourne Argus.*”)



A SYRIAN CARPENTER.

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, AND RIVINGTON,

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1880.

[All rights reserved.]

242.763 - B. New -

LONDON :  
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,  
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.



## PREFACE.

---

IN some prefatory remarks to the first volume, the author stated that he had not, in any part of the travel therein detailed, had any enlightenment from books.

It has been but little otherwise with most of the travel of which the present volume tells. In Ceylon, India, and Egypt, he depended upon local information only. The experienced dragoman engaged at Alexandria for the Palestine and Syrian part of the journey rendered all references unnecessary save to the pages of a marginally-annotated Bible. The toilsome journey of six weeks through those countries was relieved only by nightly studies of that Book of books, aided by such help as the handbooks carried by fellow-travellers happened to afford. But for such occupation, varied by writing down notes of the day's impressions, such time of tent-life would have been far more wearisome than the same time at sea.

Books of travel in the Holy Land are plenteous enough, but it is a great advantage to the traveller to have read none of them. Such was the case with the author, who, in ignorance of the opinions of others, gained his ideas only from what he personally saw and heard.

# CONTENTS.

---

## CEYLON.

### CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
GALLE AND WAKHWELLA . . . . .	1

### CHAPTER II.

COLOMBO AND KANDY . . . . .	14
-----------------------------	----

### CHAPTER III.

PERADINIA AND PUSILLAWA . . . . .	25
-----------------------------------	----

### CHAPTER IV.

NEWERA ELIYA TO DONDERA . . . . .	37
-----------------------------------	----

---

## INDIA.

### CHAPTER V.

AT MADRAS . . . . .	51
---------------------	----

### CHAPTER VI.

ON THE HOOGLHY . . . . .	62
--------------------------	----

### CHAPTER VII.

IN CALCUTTA . . . . .	73
-----------------------	----

CHAPTER VIII.	
THE "HOLY CITY" OF INDIA . . . . .	PAGE 85
CHAPTER IX.	
THE PALACE CITY OF INDIA . . . . .	98
CHAPTER X.	
INDIA'S MOHAMMEDAN CAPITAL . . . . .	111
CHAPTER XI.	
THE TOMB CITY OF HINDOOSTAN . . . . .	124
CHAPTER XII.	
THE WHITE WONDER OF INDIA . . . . .	136
CHAPTER XIII.	
HINDOOSTAN'S "CITY OF GOD" . . . . .	150
CHAPTER XIV.	
WITH THE THUGS . . . . .	163
CHAPTER XV.	
INDIA'S CAVE-TEMPLES . . . . .	174
CHAPTER XVI.	
INDIA'S METROPOLIS . . . . .	186
CHAPTER XVII.	
AT APOLLO BUNDER . . . . .	199
<hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/>	
EGYPT.	
CHAPTER XVIII.	
'TWINX AFRICA AND ARABIA . . . . .	215
CHAPTER XIX.	
IN LOWER EGYPT . . . . .	227

*Contents.*

ix

CHAPTER XX.

	PAGE
THE KHEDIVE'S CITY . . . . .	240

CHAPTER XXI.

OLD-WORLD WONDERS . . . . .	254
-----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

UP THE NILE BY RAIL . . . . .	268
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN AWAKENED CITY . . . . .	282
----------------------------	-----

---

PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LAND OF THE CROSS AND CURSE . . . . .	297
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

IN STEPS OF CRUSADERS . . . . .	311
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAMPED ON MOUNT ZION . . . . .	326
--------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CITY OF SHRINES . . . . .	342
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON JORDAN'S HARD ROAD . . . . .	359
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

BY THE DEAD SEA SHORE . . . . .	375
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXX.

STRANGE HOLY LAND LIFE . . . . .	390
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON MOUNT CARMEL . . . . .	405
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXII.	
THE PEARL OF THE EAST . . . . .	PAGE 417
CHAPTER XXXIII.	
THE OLDEST OF CITIES . . . . .	431
CHAPTER XXXIV.	
ACROSS THE LEBANON . . . . .	448
CHAPTER XXXV.	
AT A SYRIAN SEA-PORT. . . . .	462
CHAPTER XXXVI.	
WESTWARD HO! . . . . .	474

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Interior of Palace, Delhi . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Road from Colombo to Kandy . . . . .	19
Ruins of Anaradhapura, Ceylon . . . . .	41
An Indian Tomb-Palace, Agra . . . . .	144
Cave Temple of Ajanta . . . . .	174
The Banyan Tree . . . . .	204
Cloth-Vendors . . . . .	210
Sphinx and Pyramid . . . . .	264
Valley of Jehoshaphat . . . . .	330
Siloam at the foot of Olivet . . . . .	333
Bethany . . . . .	337
A Jew's Store, Jerusalem . . . . .	345
Lepers outside the City Gates . . . . .	359
Bethlehem . . . . .	363
Jordan's Hard Road . . . . .	368
The Baptismal Place, Jordan . . . . .	383
A Bedouin . . . . .	386
Rock-cut Monastery of Mar Saba . . . . .	398
Bedouin Camp . . . . .	412
A Syrian Carpenter . . . . .	439
Syrian Camel-leader . . . . .	440
Syrian Women . . . . .	454



# THE AUSTRALIAN ABROAD.

## BRANCHES FROM THE MAIN ROUTES ROUND THE WORLD.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### GALLE AND WAKHWELLA (CEYLON).

CEYLON, "India's utmost isle," is a pleasant surprise to the Western-world man who may land at Galle after a wearying time at sea. Passing the "Promontory of Birds," which marked for ancient mariners the entrance to the harbour, he glides into its dancing waters and looks with delight at pleasant novelties all around. The general knowledge about Ceylon is that it is an English Crown colony, having a name for coffee, rice, and spices—chief among which is cinnamon; that the Portuguese had it from 1505, when they were the great maritime folks of the world, and kept it until a greater than they came in the shape of the Dutch, who, after eighteen years' war, took it from them in 1658, and kept it until 1796, when the greatest of all came, who then took it away from the Dutch, and under whose care it continues thriving and prospering, as do all places under British rule—the only protection needful to success.

This "pearl drop on the brow of India," as Ceylon is called in Eastern figurative language, is of pearlliform or lobe shape, 270 miles long by 140 broad. Its length is reckoned from the Galle district on its south to Jaffnapatam on its northern

end, and its breadth from Colombo on its western to Koemary on its eastern shore—a goodly possession of a place that one is not surprised to find has been a great one, a surprisingly great one, indeed, in its time, and has left indications that endure to testify to it.

This pleasant land has had a further advantage that neither the greatness of its ancient capital, large as London, nor its Portuguese or Dutch owners could give to it. Its merits and failings have been sung by a poet who has told us that—

“Spicy breezes blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle,  
Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.”

About the latter part of the statement it must be remembered that the poet was also a bishop, and so had a professional as well as a poetical licence to sit thus in judgment on his fellow-men. They were, I afterwards found, very decent folk indeed—these condemned ones of Ceylon, and as good in all their religious observances as any reasonable bishop could desire—one liberal enough to admit that the New Jerusalem, like to the old, has many means of entrance.

It is to be supposed that Bishop Heber meant the Cingalese only when saying that all men were vile in Ceylon’s isle, but the anathematized natives may claim that the stigma attaches to the resident whites also, and very justly, was my humble opinion before leaving the island. They have in return the satisfaction, black, brown, and white alike, that the poet has saved their land and themselves to the knowledge of future ages. Other nations that had no poets have vainly sought to keep a name in the world’s story—

“Vainly for fame all arts they tried,  
They had no poet and they died,  
In vain they fought, in vain they bled,  
They had no poet and they are dead.”

The view of the pretty harbour of Galle, and fantastical-looking native boats, engages one’s immediate attention and retains it for some time. In these queer-looking logs—just hewn out sufficiently for two thin men to sit in *dos-à-dos*—the natives actually ask one to trust one’s self to the shore. It is

true that the insecure looking craft—the narrowest of all floating boats—is really the most secure of all, being kept from overturning by an outlying log of the same length as the boat that floats alongside, about five or six feet distant, and is secured to the head and tail of the boat by two bamboos. In these craft the natives go outside the harbour, and away to sea, fishing, and always come safely back, subject to what sharks may do. As passenger-boats they are, however, susceptible of improvement. There is no possibility of turning round in one when a seat is once taken. My hands then hung over the sides of the boat, and could have been used, if need be and there were no sharks about, to help paddle it to the shore. As one travels for novel sensations, nothing but one of these “catamarans” served to take me to land.

Not all of these catamarans came for passengers. The Cingalee has ideas of trade, and brings out his fruits and vegetables. He peddles also, and has a variety of novel and tempting tortoise-shell goods to offer to strangers. Jewellery is, however, his strong point—and his weak one too. He is so short of gold for manufacturing his goods, that he is unceasingly anxious to purchase, at premium, any gold coins that travellers may have. He wants the sovereigns, half-sovereigns, and napoleons, for melting-pot purposes, and to the melted gold he adds something that will eke it out. That is, however, done all over the world. His land produces many gems. Its surrounding seas are famous also for their pearls. Of the gems the blue sapphires and the rubies stand first. There are also moonstones, cinnamon stones, cat’s eyes, and zircon diamonds, as also a garnet, so common as to be the pebble found in almost every streamlet.

The Cingalee offers the stones in set and unset forms, but I grieve to say that he cannot be trusted—that is to say, not more than any other man. The imitation stones that he has on hand are more numerous than the real ones, and quite as good-looking. It is in this hasty taking the good-looking for good that we get so swindled in other things than Cingalese gewgaws. I am here offered a handsome-looking sapphire,

from the gem-pits of Birmingham, for half-a-crown, and I cannot for the life of me tell it from another, born of this island, for which 20*l.* is asked. The Cingalee has got altogether a bad name as a peddler of jewellery that goes much against himself and his goods. Bishop Heber must, I think, have been got at in that way. "We learn in suffering what we teach in song." Had the vendors of blue glass sapphires and imitation emeralds never got the best of the bishop, he might not have penned the poetry which so glorifies Ceylon and stigmatizes its people.

Looking about the primitive sort of boat that I am in, I see that its fastenings are all of cocoanut cordage. The sculls are secured in rings of the same material, and when a glance around can be spared, the approaching shores are to be seen all thickly fringed with the tall cocoanut-trees. In Ceylon's isle the cocoanut-tree is king. It is all around its shores. The nearer to the salt water the better for the growth of this tree. It is a singular-looking and not a graceful production—this common cocoanut palm. It won't grow straight, but inclines with a queer twist of its trunk much to one side. It carries all its branches and leaves, its flowers and fruit, up some forty to sixty feet or more in the air, and so has an ungainly look in the bare length of its notched, scaffold-pole-looking trunk—always gouty about the foot.

It is "from information received" on this passage over the harbour that I learn that Ceylon is only divided from the land of India by a channel of some sixty miles. It has in fact been washed off from that continent, as England has from the continent of Europe. The rocks that still abound in that passage have got the name of "Adam's Bridge." This channel was no doubt a good ford in his time, and legend has it that Adam lived in Ceylon. His footstep is shown in the interior to this day. I may again allude to it, but remark here that it was, from the print of it, just the sized foot of one who could have used the rocks of this channel for stepping-stones. *Apropos* of narrow channels, my informant tells me that the way here from England by way of the Suez Canal is

but 6000 miles, as against a journey of 15,000 by the old way of the Cape.

The town of Galle, which name means "rock," has been a fortified place, and has its old walls and other defences still standing. It is quite oriental-like in its narrow streets and high-walled houses and gardens. Many of the inhabitants are Portuguese, descendants of the old stock that lived here when the town belonged to their nation with the rest of the island. It is unlike, is this Galle, to any other town in Ceylon in the matter of narrow streets and crooked ones. It is, however, all the more of a curio to the visitor, who has soon some one at his elbow offering to take him through its intricacies. This is sure to be a Cingalee, who talks the usual smattering of English that guides, all the world over, appear only to know. I take a good look at the man, whom I find to be attired like the rest of the Cingalese that I see, and one sees but little else in Ceylon—so largely do the natives outnumber the foreigners.

A tall and graceful-looking man is the Cingalee. He is in features a coffee-coloured European—the coffee slightly tinged with milk, and not of a dark brown. His black hair is kept backwards by a tortoise-shell comb of semi-circular form, similar to that often seen on the heads of young European girls. When this long black hair is curly and parted in the middle, he gets a feminine appearance that his features do not altogether belie. So little variation in costume is there between the Cingalee and his sister, that one cannot always be sure to which of them one is speaking. A white or blue blouse tied around the waist is the usual body covering, and a kind of printed table-cover suffices for wrapping around the hips, from whence it hangs down to the knees or a little below. Stockings and shoes are not wanted in so warm a climate.

With my volunteer guide I have soon rambled all over the quaint little town, and find a choice of hotels offered. I have by this caught sight of outlying country that looks very tempting, and arrange for a vehicle to take me around after

tiffin time. I have begun to have an idea that there is something worth staying to see in this pretty place, and all that I do see supports that suspicion. One thing is quite certain—I must get out of my Australian clothing as quickly as possible, and into some of the zephyr-like things that I see other folks wearing—that is if I wish to avoid much trouble; and it is troublesome to wring out wet tweeds and other woollen clothing, which must be done occasionally if one will wear such things in Ceylon and move about in them.

So after tiffin I go out for a drive to Wakhwellah, and find myself, as it were, in fairyland. All things are surpassingly novel and pretty, as seen on this four hours' drive. The eyes of an Australian are delighted with the abundance of vegetation all around, and all of it so new to him. Interspersed with the ever-present cocoanut-tree he sees the banana, the pine-apple, the nutmeg, the bread-fruit, the orange, citron, and lime; as also the mango, the custard apple, and a large green pumpkin-looking thing that grows from the trunk, and not the branches of the tree, and is known as the Jack fruit—about as palatable as is the mangold-wurzel, and only a larger edition of the mispraised bread-fruit. The tree that supplies it, unlike most fruit-trees, has a wood that rivals cedar among cabinet-makers.

All the low-lying parts of Ceylon are redolent of the cocoanut. Its smell soon becomes the recognized characteristic of the country. The first sniff of it is got from the oil, with which all the Cingalese brighten their beautiful hair. Other sniffs are obtained from the oil-mills, which abound, and others again from the burning shells from which the fibre for our cocoanut-matting has been stripped. To strip that easily, the shell lies in soak for some time, and, like all dead vegetable matter in water, soon gives notice of its presence. Of wonderful use is this tree and all its belongings. All the cordage used in the island is of cocoanut-fibre. It affords food and drink, and makes both cups and saucers, and oil and matting, also house-covering and fences, and fire-wood to boot. It is to the Cingalese in usefulness what the

reindeer is to the Esquimaux, or the date and dome palms to the natives of Egypt. All parts of it are utilised in some way or another which I may not have noted, but I must note that a spirit called *arrack* is distilled by Cingalese from this source—a liquor of which one may take too much and regret it next day.

At one stage of the drive—after Wakhwellah has been passed, and the pretty things there to be seen, including the windings of the Gindura River, have been admired—a stoppage is made in a delightful plantation, that might have passed as a complete botanical garden, save that nothing needed glass coverings here which I had always seen so covered elsewhere. A volunteer goes up the nearest tree to get me a drink. It was the first time that a drink had ever been so far reached down for me. It was to be noticed that the climber placed his feet in a ring of cocoanut-cordage that held his ankles and heels together, and gave the soles of his feet firmer grasp of the tree-trunk. He jerked himself up the tree in a caterpillar fashion, arching his back and jerking his feet upwards. It looked very easy work as he did it, but all things well done have that look. The cocoanuts grow in clumps of from twenty to a hundred at the tree-top. Having selected one, it is pulled off and thrown down, and the thrower is down again almost as quickly as the nut. He breaks a hole through its three covers with a tomahawk, and one's drink is then ready. One wonders where it came from, and how it got into its thrice-coated cup of silver, amber, and green.

All these cocoanut-trees are carefully counted and taxed. They take five years to come to full growth, and continue fruit-bearing for some twenty more years. The value of one of them to its owner is estimated at a pound sterling yearly. The wealth of the owner of a plantation can, therefore, be easily counted. An ingenious way is adopted of covering the trunk of the tree until the fruit has ripened, so as to detect any attempt at robbing its produce.

The “spicy breezes” of Ceylon are not nasally perceptible

The cinnamon gives out nothing that breezes can distribute until its stalks are bruised. Among the beauties of nature, so abundant, I go, with some reluctance, out of the road to visit a work of art in shape of a temple for the worship of Buddha, of whose religion this land is head-quarters. Further up the country, at Kandy, I shall see the temple of his sacred tooth; and further up still, up atop of a mountain, his sacred footprint. In this island, at Matella, the doctrines of Buddhism were first reduced to writing more than a century before the Christian era.

Buddha's figure, as I now see it in this temple, is prepossessing—the face being that of one who was seemingly good as well as great. The attitude is a sitting one. The hands lie on the lap, with the palms upwards, as if for something to be put into them—a way of using the hands much copied by the natives. The eyes are downcast, and the look one of contemplation—a brown study. The attendant showman enlightens me. Buddha, he says, was the son of a king in the neighbouring India. His name was not Buddha, but Gautama, which he bore in addition to the family name of "Sakya Mouni." He was called Buddha or "the enlightened" by his disciples after his decease.

He took serious views of life at an early age—occasioned probably by a youthful marriage that brought him to his senses, and showed him the vanity and vexation of this world. He noticed that the church took rank before the state. He saw at last his object in life, and what he really wanted in the world, more clearly than do most of us. To be a king was greatness, but then few kings made their names known in the story. The large majority were forgotten. Religions, he perceived, better perpetuated their prophets. There were so many religions, he noticed, in so many years—the faiths changing oftener than the Eastern fashions. He determined to found a new one, and resigned his right of succession to the throne. For months—hundreds of years before our era—he sat under a tree, "the tree of intelligence," sacred as the "bo-tree" thenceforward to



those of his faith. He thoroughly thought out his ideas there by sheer force of continuous thinking, and proceeded then to expound them. Like to the founder of Christianity, he wrote nothing. Stated in outline, his doctrine was that our individuality ended with this life. Transmigration of the soul then took place into the form of any created thing. Evildoers served a purgatory in that way. The good might become divine, and so exist for long periods. The chief good then followed of being absorbed into *Nirvana*—the universal spirit. By that the created became part of Nature the creator, and partook of its powers.

The new faith spread and prospered, doing great good. It weaned the Hindoos from the worship of idols and holy cows and bulls—from Brahminism and Gentoicism, serving also to abolish caste and all the evils that attend it from the Brahmin to the Pariah. Buddhism has now the greatest number of followers of all the religions in the world. It is the faith of a third of the whole of the human race, having spread from India to Burmah, Siam, Japan, Thibet, and China. The latter it divides with Confucius, taking two-thirds share of China's hundreds of millions. I never learnt so much about the founding of a religion until I came, later, to listen to one of the elders of the Mormon Church at Utah, telling me the history of Joseph Smith, who has in our time initiated, as its prophet, a faith now held by over 100,000 souls. The priestly showman held out his hand to me at parting, which I shook in all due courtesy. As he followed me onwards, my guide explained that the outstretched hand was for shaking silver. I apologized, and paid.

In the botanical plantation, in which I find myself after leaving the temple, are a variety of palms, all more or less remarkable; but chief among them is that called the traveller's palm. Its branch-like leaves join the trunk at eight or ten feet from the ground. If at the junction of any of these leaves with the trunk an incision be made, there is then to be seen a surprise like to that seen when the prophet smote the rock; a stream of water issues out from the cut part—good,

sweet, drinkable water too. I am banquetted upon fruit here, and eat, for the first time, of mangoes; also of custard-apples and undried nutmegs, which vegetable diet is properly enough washed down with the vegetable waters magically distilled from the limbecks of the cocoanut and the traveller's palm.

Wherever the traveller stops, a group of admiring natives soon surrounds him. If they have had any work to do, they leave it for a time to gratify their inquiring minds. Things seem to be very leisurely done in this place. I saw no one in any particular hurry anywhere. In appearance the men seemed to be better-looking than the women. A plain-looking woman is a form of misery for which I always had much pity. When any of these natives begged, and I had anything to give, I always preferred the feminine beggar. I could not blame any of them for holding out their hands for coin. They had seen the Buddhist gentleman up at the temple, of which I have spoken, do likewise, and were thereby justified.

The Cingalese, I learn, think husbandry to be the most honourable of occupations. Its class, the Vellales, claim pre-eminence in Ceylon. Though their religion of Buddhism does not encourage caste, there is enough of the old leaven in them to make them rise to some recognition of it. Agriculture is therefore placed among these people as even a higher occupation than politics. They seemed surprised when I told them that the latter took first place with people of my nation. They thought it actually a low thing. Next to the agriculturist's the fisherman's calling is most esteemed, and then comes the carpenter's. All occupations are thus graded until the lowest is reached, which is that of the distiller and brewer, whose denomination is that of "Jaggery."

The low-classed men who make intoxicating drinks in Ceylon never rise to the positions there which the distillers of gin and brewers of beer obtain in other lands. In Ceylon these manufacturers of intoxicants are kept in the place where, elsewhere, are kept the pimps and panders, and such like who

minister to the gross appetites of animal nature. These jagers collect from the palms the juice that makes the "toddy," and that which is also distilled into "arrack," and occasionally turned into a coarse sugar called by the name of the class of its producers—"jaggery."

In the house of a friend here I see specimens of some strange fishes of this land—or its waters. Here is one that lived in the hot-water springs near to Trincomalee, on the eastern coast of which the temperature is little below 125°. It has no appearance, as it ought to have, of being half-boiled. The Providence that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb arranges things similarly for this equally unprotected fish. It cannot be called a cold-blooded thing to the touch when landed, and must in fact be a hot thing to handle. Its dietary, also, must be different to that of other fish in other waters. Here are also mud fishes that only live while half-buried, and die in clean water; also perches that make their way across country all unaided by legs or serpentine powers.

The youth of the Cingalese population are not much encumbered with clothing at any time, but up to five or six years of age appear to go about in Garden of Eden condition. Looking at all surroundings they are to be excused for doing so. The eternally blue sky, the warm air, and the abundance of fig-leaves, justify an attire of a scanty kind. One's eyes are shocked at first at the nakedness of the land, but soon grow philosophic and less prudish. I saw the Cingalese often when washing their clothing, of which they appear to keep only one suit, and thought that they looked best in the gracefulness of an all unadorned nature. Oftentimes, when too warm, I wished to imitate their customs. I could have parted with flesh as well as clothing at times, to have got the cool sensation of sitting in one's bones only.

A Cingalee can sleep anywhere. Unlike a sailor, he does not even look out for a soft plank. In front of my hotel is a verandah paved with glazed tiles. This is the favourite dormitory of the native servants. They lie out here on the tiles all night by the dozen, and justify their taste for this very

hard bed on account of its superior coolness. It is very late when I get back here ; and not knowing the customs of the country, I stumble over the prostrate forms of these sleepers. As I fall atop of them, however, no particular damage is done to either of us. I soon greatly envy their sound sleep, as this first night in Ceylon is much too sultry for my getting any. I wished now that I had stopped longer at the native house, in which was music to listen to, dancing to look at, and handy jugs of arrack and cocoanut-milk.

The departing steamer of the next morning is to take all my fellow-passengers away with it, but it will leave me behind, and that for a long day. There is a grand coach-ride of seventy miles to be had to Colombo, and a further ride from there to Kandy—a city that once had resident kings. There are excursions to be made thence, through acres of coffee and tea plantations, away up the hill by way of Gampola to Pusillawa, Rambodda, and Newera Eliya, and a cool climate. Altogether there are attractions sufficient to keep any one away for a time from the monotonous noise of a screw propeller. So strong is that feeling that I do not trust myself to go on board for luggage, fearing that the ship might take me away by accident. A Cingalee fetches all that for me, and early next morning I have secured the box-seat for the journey—a bit of old travellers' experience.

My fellow-voyagers have, I find, mostly invested largely in the pedlar's wares. Every one seems to have a big, blue-stoned ring, and some have three or four of these ornaments all worn at once. They are all bargains, of course, and to be worth in distant parts ever so much more than was here paid for them. Little packets of gems, unset, have also been invested in, as presents for those who may wish to have—in tailoring language—their own materials made up. As a good excuse to those who cannot understand one's reasons for stopping behind, I say that I am going up to Ratnapoora, where the jewel-pits are, to get my sapphires direct from the mines. It does not, however, seem to be understood why that which satisfies others should not do for me.

The short stay that is usually made at Galle is like to that which voyagers by the American route from Australia to England make at Honolulu—there to-day and gone to-morrow. It has one advantage as a compensation. The most pleasant recollections must always remain of the two places. There is no time for the sweets to cloy, or one to weary—as most of us do of all things—of the pleasant and pretty surroundings. That little corner of Ceylon is therefore to most travellers between Australasia and Europe all that is ever seen of the eastern world and its endless wonders.

## CHAPTER II.

### COLOMBO AND KANDY (CEYLON).

COLOMBO, the capital of Ceylon, is reached by a seaside ride of some seventy miles from Galle. It is done in a small stage-coach, the horses being changed every seven miles. The ostler, having harnessed and started the cattle on their journey, runs beside them to the next stage, and so takes trouble off the driver. This running-footman business is common throughout Ceylon. The up-country mails are all thus carried, the runners balancing on their heads the heavy mail bags. The whole road down to Colombo lies within a hundred feet or less of the sea, and is nearly a grove of cocoanut, banana, and pineapple-trees for the full length of the journey. In respect of prettiness it is a long way ahead of the Shoobra-road, at Cairo, which the visitor to Egypt is sure to be told to visit, and is nearly as picturesque as that grandest of drives that begins an hour before the traveller reaches the chief of the seven gates of Damascus. The Possillipo drive out of Naples is fine enough, but then it is European in character, and lacking in the eastern novelties that this stretch of road at Ceylon presents to English eyes.

Advantage is taken of the change of horses to obtain drinks from the cocoanuts, and to trade for fruits that the villagers bring to one. The whole road is dotted with the huts of the natives—put up wherever the cocoanut-trees leave space. The tree is everything and the house nothing. Miles of cinnamon gardens—the property of a wealthy Portuguese—

are passed through. On one side of the road the Cingalee is at work on the cocoanuts, and on the other he is attending to his boats and nêts, and starting, or returning from fishing. He oftentimes does the fishing with rod and line, seated on the outstretching rocks, out of reach of the sharks.

At the end of a ten-hours' drive Colombo is reached, and one is glad of it after that long sitting. The fortifications of the place have been removed, though its inhabitants are still spoken of as living within the fort. It consists of a native and a foreign town, which in the proportion of their inhabitants are like to a stout blackamoor with a white infant on her back. Colombo, in its white quarter, is a straggling place, with its public buildings far apart. It is altogether a dull sort of place, and its non-progressive character is fully admitted by those who live in it. It will be different, they say, when the breakwater is built, and the harbour brought into use. The hotels appear to be three in number, and distant from each other. Distance appears wearisome, from the sultry character of the climate. The street conveyances—a sort of brougham—do not much help the traveller, as the drivers never move off the stand, even to go to the next street, under a rupee fare. No concert-room or theatre seems to exist. Private theatricals are sometimes given in barracks, and the dissipations of the place appear to consist in an evening drive to hear the military band play on the beach.

Ceylon being a Crown colony, British folks do not incline to it as they do to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. One cannot in Ceylon get into Parliament, and pass an Act for paying one's self three hundred a year for sitting there. Neither has one there the chance of rising to be Chief Secretary, and getting knighted for a few months' service in that character, at a couple of thousands a year pay. Such is not for Ceylon. The whites must there sow their fields and build their cots, and be satisfied therewith. In planting on the hill sides, in importing and distributing European produce, and exporting the tea, coffee, and spices, lies the white man's part in Ceylon. The planter gets native assis-

tance, but the merchant obtains the help of Europeans. These, with the civil service folk and the soldiery, make up the society of the colony. The planters take the place in Ceylon that the squatters do in Australia and New Zealand. A most hospitable people they are, too—to the white stranger, and glad of his company at their bungalows.

The white population of Ceylon favours the press. In Colombo I found no less than three newspapers issued. The *Observer* is the leading one. This encouragement of literature is a great fact in their favour, and all the more so considering the small and slow place that it is. "It was nae to be expekkit," as the Scotch say. A small public library exists, and also a museum. The number of the whites will never be great enough to warrant their applying for a constitution and the management of their affairs as a free colony. The want of it keeps them out of public debt, and also heavy taxes. But it is not a cheap place to live in after all, this Colombo. Its hotel drinks are all a shilling—or half a rupee. It has nothing to speak of as beef or mutton, and its oysters are wretched things, as are also its miserable little balls of yellow wax called potatoes. The milk is a sad watery stuff of a bluey colour—even before it has been pumped upon. The eggs might go with the potatoes for size and quality. The town of Colombo can be visited once and remembered, but the traveller is not likely to stay long nor to hurry his return to it. Any inducements to settle there are not apparent to a casual visitor.

The European residents in the lowlands of the island have to make periodical visits to its hill country in search of health and free-breathing quarters. "Liver" is, as it is all over the neighbouring mainland of India, the trouble of the whites. It bends some of its victims nearly double, and swells others out most disagreeably, racking them meanwhile with headaches and a complication of other pains. Hereabout in Colombo and the neighbourhood it is as warm by night as by day, but among the hills it is a case of fireside in the evening and a pair of blankets at night—70 deg. only while the sun is



up, and not more than 50 deg. afterwards. Before leaving Colombo mention must be made of its crows. They are the most sociable of birds. Before I became accustomed to their intrusions, I often missed fruits, fish, and perhaps a mutton chop that had been before me a minute ago. This friendly crow hops about the door and bides its opportunities. It is greatly favoured in its audacious thievings by the necessity that exists for keeping open doors and windows. Numerous small birds follow the crow's example, and fly about in one's room, and use it, too, in ways not always agreeable.

Ceylon, it must be remembered, has been washed off from the mainland of India at some distant geological date. The waters between the two are impracticable for sea-going vessels. The passage is encumbered with low-lying rocks that have been some thousands of years washing down, and will take similar thousands before their obliteration is completed. One has to remember this former connexion with India in seeing how many different native races there are in Ceylon—Cingalese, Malays, Hindoos, Tamils, Arabs, Moors, and other brown skins, in addition to the white and whitey-brown ones, that become better known on a longer acquaintanceship than I had with the place. The difference between the races is not easily distinguishable at first. They are all dark-skinned alike to European eyes. To the initiated the shades of brown are, however, as plain as is the national dress of each race. Though the clothing is scanty, the habit suffices, as Shakespeare says, "to bespeak the man," and in Eastern nations the fashion of clothing never alters.

The closely-shaved heads that I see about are those of the believers in Brahma. The fine Cingalese heads of hair look far better than these shaved polls, but then those with shaved heads are forbidden by their religion to kill anything whatever, and so keep down a growth of hair for—sufficient reasons. The little caps of the Malays and the turbans of the Arabs make a pretty diversity among the shaved heads of the Hindoos and the tortoise-shell combs of the Cingalese men. For foot wear, one sees here and there a sandal, but

Nature's shoe-leather is that generally used. The Tamils, from among whom the running footmen are usually chosen, wear the simplest dress—merely a rag around the loins. Of the races visible in Ceylon the Veddah claims first place—in the order of arrival. He is the real aboriginal—the oldest inhabitant in every sense. He is the primeval man, and a veritable wild man of the woods. His abode is a cave, and he shoots birds and monkeys with a bow which he draws with his toes. He is nearly as untamable as the gorilla, and must be somewhere near to that missing link between the two of which Darwinians are in search.

On the road out of Colombo towards Kandy lies the pretty suburb of Colpetty, on the shore of the still prettier Lake of Colombo. Here it can be seen in all the beauty of its many islands, covered with palm-trees. Around the lake nestle desirable-looking dwellings among the tropical foliage. Ceylon, being an island, has a moisture in its climate unknown to that continent of India of which it was once a part. This humidity promotes greatly the growth of all its vegetation, and especially that of its lemon-grass.

Near to the Kadaganawa station on this journey, is a village in which exist a strange tribe of Pariahs called "Rodiyas"—a name that signifies outcast, or offal. For some inexplicable reason these people have, like to the lepers and *cagots* of other countries, been ostracised by all Cingalese humanity. Of old they were forbidden, as they are now, part or lot with their fellow-men in anything. All trades and occupations followed by others were forbidden them. Prohibitions did not stop at that. They were not allowed to cultivate land, build houses, enter any town or village, cross any running stream, or clothe their persons.

In the climate of Ceylon, forbidding clothing to one is no hardship; but the next restriction, that forbade these people even to beg, took from them the dearest privilege that Asiatics cleave to. They are not allowed to enter any place of worship, and, if they pray at all, must stand afar off from such. I think of one who, in olden time, prayed "afar off"



from a feeling of unworthiness that was more acceptable, and so accounted to him, than the worship of the Pharisee. I hope that these "despised and rejected of men" may find similar favour when all shall get their deserts. Their humility here has eaten into their very souls. They kneel when speaking to any one not of their race, and make noises that warn others of their objectionable propinquity.

From Colombo to Kandy the road is all around the hills, out of which it is cut, and winds about some very alarming precipices—much like to that romantic Otira Gorge road that takes the traveller through the best scenery of New Zealand, from Hokitika to the Cass. It is a forty-mile journey, all uphill, however, and so leads to a cooler atmosphere. Some of the views are certainly fine, if the traveller is not too nervous, or troubled with vertigo, to admire them. Instead of looking at this or that in the valley that lies so far below, he prefers to turn his head and look at the lizard that runs on the wall of rock on the other side of him. The coffee plantations are begun hereabout, but are nothing to notice as yet. Rice cultivation seems to be most followed, and the irrigated fields that it requires lie about, like the squares of a chess-board in appearance, in the depths of the valleys around.

The difficulties of the journey are repaid, however, by the sight of Kandy. It is well worth coming to see, and coming a long way to see—all is so thoroughly eastern. White faces and European costumes are scarcely to be seen. It is a compact city, and a crowded one also. Men of every shade of brown down to black are seen about in all varieties of clothing—most of which are gay-coloured. The head-dressings that I have mentioned are here seen varied by the occasional tall hat of the Parsee; and now and again a being wholly enveloped in yellow serge is pointed out as a Buddhist priest. The town is laid out admirably for the visitor. Its situation is prettily picturesque, on the edge of a lake overhung all around by hills. The streets are at right angles and of good width. From the easily accessible sides of the surrounding heights all the city can be taken in at a glance.

The European stores scarcely count in the large number of Cingalese "boutiques," or trading-stalls, that are squeezed together in the ever-crowded streets, the two leading ones of which appear to be those called Trincomalee and Colombo. Here I am shown the large house of one De Soyza, the millionaire of Ceylon, to whom belonged the cinnamon gardens that the road of Galle had passed through for miles. His father had begun the world in one of the small boutiques that I see around. He is said afterwards to have discovered the buried treasures of one of the former native kings, who had hidden the same from the incursions of Tamils or Portuguese. Such deposits were common in troublesome times of the past, and a De Soyza, similarly to a Monte Christo, may perhaps have lighted upon them. In this Arabian-Nights-looking town of Kandy, all that is romantic and improbable seems quite in place.

That large temple—the "Maligawa" before me—at the top of Colombo-street, was erected to hold the sacred tooth of Buddha. It is covered up there by seven jewelled covers, shaped like sugar-loaves. The key of each of these caskets is kept by the hands of a different priest. The "Dalada"—such is its name—is only shown on certain occasions, and to such as princes or governors. I am allowed to see the outer of the jewelled covers, decorated with rubies, pearls, sapphires, diamonds, emeralds, gold, ivory, and silver, and feel a proper respect for a tooth so grandly guarded. I am unable to learn any particulars about it, except that it is the biggest tooth ever seen, or why it came to be so revered, but am told that the King of Siam had offered a million sterling for it. This tooth is to Kandy what Mahomet's tomb is to Mecca—the fortunes of the place rest upon it. The original tooth was taken away with other plunder by the Portuguese. Its substitute is in fact no tooth at all, but a discoloured piece of ivory that at one time formed part of an elephant. I am wrong to speak in that way, perhaps, of religious relics. Every religion has some to show. It were well that they were all kept from sight as much as the holy tooth of Buddha.

More believers might be thereby obtained. I have read that that which is seen is temporal, and therefore false, and that which is unseen is spiritual, and therefore true. This specially applies to all such relics.

The palace of the kings of Kandy that were adjoins this temple of the tooth. They were emperors, in fact, acting apart from the advice of Parliaments, and executing their decrees—and a hundred or so of their subjects now and then—according to their whims. The descendants of these subjects I see in crowds beneath, as I look from the palace windows, and I think them much better off under the present Government than their forefathers were. In the grand audience-hall of this palace—a regal-looking place indeed—the English Governor of Ceylon had lately received a British prince. The palace fronts to a large artificially-made lake of some extent. Over its edge is built a palatial pavilion in which Haroun al Raschid might have sat with Scheherezade. It has now fallen to the common use of an Athenæum—a reading-room for papers and magazines. The tooth in the neighbouring temple might ache at the sight of what it now sees—with the memories of what it has seen.

In an adjoining temple to the palace I am shown curious writings in scroll fashion, beautifully written on the leaves of the talipat palm. Some of it is tastefully illuminated in fine colours. These treasures are preserved in handsomely-carved ivory covers, and put away in a dainty depository like the tables of the law in a synagogue.

Though the sacred relic cannot be shown to me, a kindly Buddhist who sees me looking over the illuminated scrolls, and who is probably one of their custodians, gives me, in good English, great information. He explains "The Three Caskets" into which the doctrines and teachings of Buddhism are divided. They were thrown into this form by the disciples of the Buddha after his death, when Buddhism was formulated and reduced to a system in which theology and metaphysics appear to be united. This wondrously popular faith, it is to be noticed, was not initiated by revelation nor verified by

miracles. It is solely founded on man's reason, of which it is the greatest existing effort. No sacrifices are made, nor any deity worshipped, by its followers, unless the creative power, the great first cause, may be so called. The figures of Buddha seen about are not for worship, but for remembrance, as we see crosses and crucifixes regarded elsewhere.

In these writings, "The Three Caskets," a code of morality exists similar to that of Christianity, which Buddhism preceded by some centuries. In the "Sins of the Body," the "Sins of Speech," and the "Sins of the Mind," are to be found condemned all that our Ten Commandments forbid. The transgressor pays the penalty for wrong-doing by transmigration after this life into that of degraded beings, or of suffering in one, many, or all of the hundred and thirty-six specified means of misery set forth in these caskets.

In "The Four Verities" is demonstrated the evils of existence and the great good of attaining *Nirvana*—the absorption of separate existence into the creative essence whence it emanated. "The Eight Means" to that great end are set forth as being right faith, judgment, language, purposes, practice, obedience, memories, and meditation. The simple life that the true Buddhist leads can be traced to the "Five Precepts," that forbid luxuries in meals, dress, and amusements, as also those of "luxurious beds" and taking bribes, which last prohibition I take to be the correct interpretation of that language which forbids "receiving money." It may be susceptible of other interpretation, but I leave it at that.

I am grateful to the intelligent and zealous official who thus spends time on my enlightenment. He sees probably that I am, in Tennysonian language, "an infant crying in the night, an infant crying for the light," and so patiently talks to me in a way that has with it the power of an apostle. As we talk, I look through the open window on the placid lake below and on the silent hills beyond, and think that the scene is appropriate to the matter of learning what one-third of the people of this world believe relative to the world to come.

He tells me in different words that 'tis not the whole of

life to live, nor all of death to die ;" that life, like to all created things, is indestructible, and that death but changes its form. That it animates the body as electricity does that on which it for a time operates, and then leaves it to rejoin the source whence it came, or to animate another form. Buddha's views of the life hereafter, thus fully recognized, are worth noting. That existence has its evils has been largely admitted. Buddhism gave to it, in its doctrine of the transmigration of the spirit, every conceivable form hereafter, including those imagined by Claudio in *Measure for Measure*:—

" To bathe in fiery floods or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbèd ice ;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world."

Claudio says that he " has hopes to live, but is prepared to die." The Duke, a true Buddhist, bids him to " be absolute for death"—that in life, in any shape, the odds are so much against happiness that the ending of it is to be welcomed, " that makes these odds all even." We are all taught that " He giveth His beloved rest," and, says Shakspeare, " The best of rest is sleep !"

Goethe says, " Life is a disease of the spirit." Buddha, " the enlightened," saw that in whatever form the spirit lived, such disease must follow it. Disease is an incident of life—twinned with it at its birth—that " grows with its growth, and strengthens with its strength"—even if we are one of the ten thousand who suffer but from that old age, with its attendant troubles, which Boerhave said was our only natural disease. There are many besides Buddha and Hamlet who in the great question of " To be or not to be ?" have thought that from all the things they had been it must be something better not to be ! It was the dread of the future existence, not of extinction, that made Hamlet shrink from leaving this life. The existence of the evil-doer, says Buddha, is to be continued ; and our modern teacher, Browning, is entirely a Buddhist in his



remark that "There may be heaven, there must be hell." To the good Buddhism promises an extinction from the evils of separate existence, and the absorption into that greater body of life which all separate existences spring from, and from which Buddhism excluded evil-doers as sheep shut out from the fold.

## CHAPTER III.

### PERADINIA AND PUSILLAWA (CEYLON).

THE chief trouble to Ceylon was caused in former times by the incursions of the Tamils from the neighbouring Indian continent, who drove the Cingalese out of the cities of the lowlands to this settlement of Kandy amongst the hills. Its kings had, however, but little peace in it, and very short reigns. These Tamils are in numbers next to the Cingalese at present in the island. To Tamil troubles were added Portuguese ones from 1500 to 1656, and then Dutch ones from that up to 1795. The English then came, and with them an end of all further trouble for Kandy. Its last native King, Wikrama Rajah Singha, left for Madras, at British suggestion, in 1816. There had been a scrimmage prior to his leaving, and he had good reasons for going. He has not returned. Sir Robert Browning then took his place as governor, and no royal foot had trodden the palace floor of Kandy until British royalty came thither some few years back.

One may sit about in the streets of Kandy and do much curious observation. The half-clothed figures that pass one are tall and graceful: many of them are fine-looking folk, and walk well and with a proud bearing. Here are a string of natives passing by on their way to pick berries on a coffee estate. They are led by one who will be all through recognized as headman and leader. Around are for sale those jars in brass, bronze, and earthenware called "chatties," with the shape of which pictures of the East have made us so well acquainted. Aladdin has just passed with a lamp recently

bought, and is taking it home to his mother. Horace Vernet's Rebecca goes by with her chatty on her head in which to fetch water from the well, as the like of her did thousands of years ago, and will do for thousands to come. Such prophesying is quite proper in this eastern part of the world. She looks a grand girl, this Rebecca, and her polished brass chatty is as a golden crown to her stately form and proudly carried head. Her large flashing eyes return my gaze and squelch me, similarly as the eyes of Sir Simon Simple affected Mould. "He knows the Latin grammar and French, and I can't stand his heye!" I felt that this woman, or one of her counterpart great-grandmothers, knew the Eastern world in all its grandeur, and all the great men and glories of the wonderful olden time;—knew the East before it had gone to its sleep, and so let the white men of the Western world emerge from their yet uncleared forests and swamps to have their feverish day and to die as other nations have done—while this enduring East of unalterable fashions sleeps for its time. She glanced towards me as I sat by the road-side, as an oak of centuries old might regard the fungi about its feet. "Forty centuries looked down" upon me more effectively from her eyes than they did from the pyramids upon Bonaparte.

These Eastern women wear ornaments of all metals, anklets and necklets, earrings, bracelets, and bangles, as also a ring upon the great toe, and well indeed do they become what they wear—

"In place as fitting as for place 'tis fit,  
Worthy the owner and the owner it."

Their *al fresco* existence, a semi-outdoor life, has its benefits and drawbacks. As all trades and every art is practised in full view of all passers, one might serve an apprenticeship to any of them free of premium. I watch a working jeweller here as he elaborates some delicate ornament with the rudest, roughest tools, that he would not change for those of the finest finish. Further on a smith is blowing the sparks of his primitive little forge into one's face. A comb-maker is at work on his doorstep with his tortoiseshell in all stages of its

manufacture around him. Beggars are everywhere met with, but their form of Eastern manners is not pleasant. It is imitated, however, very much in the Western world, but begging has there become more artistic, and has received the aid of talent and been adopted by gentility.

Of the two hotels at Kandy, I stay at the one kept by a native. As it is not the fashionable one it is less crowded, and one can get more attention, and, what is as much wanted, information. Breakfast is served at half-past ten. A "chota hazra" of coffee and toast served at six a.m. is supposed to suffice until then. Tiffin comes at two, and dinner at half-past seven. Poultry, fish, and rice are the ingredients of tiffin and dinner, with the ever-present curries. Ceylon is proud of its curries, and, I am informed, is allowed pre-eminence in that abomination. For me, it is quite welcome to it. A newspaper printed in Cingalese character is here to be seen, which I secure as a souvenir, as also a printed notice in queer English that hung in the bedroom, and was browned with age.

The legal profession who are not "rushed" with business might take a leaf out of Eastern customs in the way of promoting a practice. Here, in the market-place at Kandy, are two stalls, to which boards are temporarily affixed announcing that a lawyer may be consulted within. Folks bringing goods to market have not much time to run about over the town, nor can they wait at a lawyer's office until the day is, with them, half done, and it pleases Mr. Legality to put in an appearance. He is handy here, at market, for everybody to consult, and seems to profit by it, judging by those who are with him within, and the others waiting without. As a novelty in our market-places, a legal gentleman, equal to early rising, would, no doubt, find patronage and pay. Market-gardeners are not the poorest of men. Judging by Dick Swiveller's account of the reckless way in which they marry, and the useless things they take for wives, they are of the sort most likely to be good clients.

Passing through the market, where one might stay an hour or two with interest, I make way on a four-mile walk to the

Peradina Gardens, as one of the sights of Kandy's neighbourhood. This botanical collection is a compression of the larger one that the whole island offers for study. Here are forest-trees that bear flowers, the talipat palm in glorious bloom, the graceful areca-tree, and slender-bending bamboos, that are now unsheathing their stalks, and show a wonderful effect of delicate green colour. In these gardens one thing was especially noticeable. There was no greenhouse—a remarkable thing *that*, to have no hothouse in a botanical garden. Hereabout grow wild all that one sees in hothouses elsewhere. Over one's head flew tropical birds and crowds of flying foxes. A grand clump of sugar-cane showed this plant's appearance at different ages, and here was a Botree—the sacred tree of the Buddhists. This particular tree was planted here by British royalty, on a late visit, as the obliging curator took care to inform me. Something of the fauna of the island is kept at one end of this collection of its flora. Here is a native porcupine, and one of the pretty *bijou* bullocks that run about here in horse fashion with vehicles; also a native deer, which is as toy-like as the bullock. The birds were of great variety, and such as one sees only on show in stuffed state in all the museums of the world. One never expected to see such birds alive, having got the idea that the stuffed condition was their natural one.

It is all a great garden, this island of Ceylon, and spoils one for ever afterwards for all botanical collections elsewhere. Who could see with any interest that under glass which has been seen growing wild? This is the land of the ebony and the satin-woods that our cabinet-makers so prize, and also of the calamander—the queen of all decorative woods. Cinnamon and other spices have grown here from the time of creation. So has rice, though it is a matter of doubt whether the cocoanut is indigenous or not; but then botanists, like doctors, must disagree in some things. All the swampy places are sought by the mangrove, nor are the seaweeds much less beautiful than the productions of the land. Of the

flora of the whole world, this one island can show nearly a fourth part.

“Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland,  
Droops the trailer from the crag ;  
Droops the heavy-blossom'd flower ;  
Hangs the heavy-fruited tree.”

The vine will not grow here, nor would it, I found, in India or Java. I had thought that wanting little of water, and finding its nourishment in stony soil, it was well adapted for such countries. But it is not so. She that “weareth the hundred rings” requires for her sap a winter's sleep, and that repose necessary to resuscitation which is not to be found in lands of eternal summer.

One of the special industries of Ceylon is to be noticed at every street corner alike in Galle, Colombo, and Kandy. It consists of a particular mess rolled up in a green leaf, and sold for chewing purposes at the current rate of four to the equivalent of a penny. It produces, when put into the mouth, a fine red saliva in a few minutes. Before I was better acquainted with matters, I took it that the Cingalese were all spitting blood, though it seemed impossible that diseased lungs could be so general. That which is wrapped up in the betel leaf is a piece of the nut of the areca palm, a little tobacco, and some fine lime-like stuff called “chunamb.” Like all our bad habits, this disgusting one brings its own special retribution. It destroys the teeth of the chewers of it. It is rare to see a dark-skinned race so soon lose their teeth as do most of these Cingalese.

The Government-house is situated in a pretty park at the foot of one of the pleasant hills that enclose Kandy as in a basin. The Residency looks as if of marble, but is neither that nor alabaster, but of a compound that looks equally well, and as white, and takes a higher polish. It is made, I find, of the aforesaid chunamb, a lime composed of the calcined shells of the pearl oyster, for which Ceylon's surrounding seas are so famous. It dries and hardens, does this lime, to a whiteness like that of a sugared wedding-cake, or to those blocks of

coral with which the Bermudians and other coral-islanders build. Leading up from these Government grounds is "Horton's Walk," which every visitor to Kandy is told to take. It is well worth taking, too, and winds round the hill side to the top, from which is obtainable a magnificent view of the country, and the scenery peculiar to a tropical clime.

Leaving Kandy by coach for the hill country, I go to see the plantations of coffee, tea, and cinchona, which latter produces that useful drug quinine. With the native races the cocoanut is everything in Ceylon, but with the whites it is coffee, which is to the island what sheep and cattle are in Australia and New Zealand. The tea and the cinchona are a long way behind coffee in relation to the quantities cultivated. It is all coffee plantations for miles after leaving Kandy. The tea and cinchona will not appear until I near Newara Elia, when I shall be on ground fully seven thousand feet above Colombo, and distant about two hundred miles from Galle.

The coffee bush is a sort of laurel in appearance—having a shining green leaf, a white flower, and berries that from green become red. When in their white bloom these bushes give to the hillsides a pretty appearance, and diffuse a nice aroma—the best taste to be got of the "spicy breezes" of the island. The plant will endure neither frost nor wind. In Ceylon it only grows well at an elevation of from one to five thousand feet above the sea level—a delicacy that would not be expected from its sturdy appearance. The coffee of this island has to fight the products of Mocha and Java in the market. The Arabian is the most esteemed, but Mocha produces so small a quantity compared with that of the two islands that it is necessary to meet the demand for it by re-christening much of the products of Ceylon and Java. In that way does commerce kindly supply the wants of the public. In old Middlewick's words, they cry for the moon, and are appeased with a Cheshire cheese.

The coffee estates of Ceylon are well worth a visit, and the travelling amongst them is pleasant in the freshness of

the mountain breezes. The hill sides have been mostly cleared of jungle all around. Parts of it are being so served now by the natives, who are burning up the bush that has been cut. The jungle inhabitants—elephants, monkeys, leopards, and serpents—have to migrate further afield. Sterile land that grows no jungle will grow no coffee. Fortunately for the native animals, the size of a coffee estate is not like in size to a sheep station. Only hundreds, and not thousands of acres, are needed. Plantations of two, three, or four hundred acres are common. Some are of larger size—the Rothschild estate, at Pusillawa, having nine hundred acres. One planter has five estates in different spots, of a total of sixteen hundred acres. His 1876 profits amounted to fifty thousand pounds net. Only one or two others of the coffee planters ever do so disgustingly well as that.

It would appear easier and cheaper to become a coffee planter here than a station-owner elsewhere. Two or three thousand pounds will, I am told, make a good beginning. The land chosen is first selected and then surveyed and sold by auction by the Government. It is then cleared and planted. The first crop is expected at the end of two years, or three at the outside. If a good crop, it is proof that the land has been well selected. The number of deserted estates passed on the journey told, however, of mistakes in that way and consequent losses. Huts on the estates shelter the natives who look after the plantation. The gathering of the berries is like to a Kentish hop-picking—calling together for a time a crowd of native hands. The berries are placed in bags and sent down on bullocks to Colombo, there to undergo some skinning process previous to shipment and subsequent baking and grinding.

The mountain road begins to narrow and to pass around many precipitous places that show awful depths. I almost wish to walk the rest of the journey, and envy the running natives, with their heavy mail bags, who have to fear no coach accidents, with possible coroner's inquests to follow, on nothing to speak of in the way of remains. A strange stillness



—a dead quietude—reigns all around. The hillsides echo the noise of our wheels and the sound of the driver's whip. Such quiet and solitude may be sublime, but the taste for it does not always come with it. None of the coffee-planters are to be found on their estates—nor, indeed, in all Ceylon—and there seemed reasons in plenty for attending to the work by deputy. Somebody must live in London to receive the coffee cargoes—and the cash.

The coach comes to a stop at Rambodda Pass. I am told that there is an end of the journey on wheels. The rest of the travelling would be on horseback. In this coach ride, begun at six a.m., I had stopped at Pusillawa at two p.m. for breakfast—a long, hungry, and thirsty stretch of eight hours in the freshness of mountain air. This Pusillawa rest-house is to one a sort of oasis in the desert. It is, like others established throughout the island, a Government affair. The tariff is printed and signed by authority. “Guest-house” would be a better-sounding name, but names are nothing when one is famishing. Here, at Rambodda, is another rest-house. I appropriate its printed tariff as a *souvenir* of the place. It is signed “H. O. Russell, Government Agent.”

As this is a *menu* issued by the Imperial Government of Great Britain, it may be worth attention, as showing the care that can be paid to little wants by great minds. The power which rules the hundreds of millions of neighbouring India should be judged as much by small as by large matters. The wonders revealed by the microscope are equal evidence of power to those shown by the telescope. The elephantine trunk that uproots trees also picks up pins—all which is sufficient reason for my copying the Rambodda Rest-house bill of fare, the only royal bill of fare I ever saw:—

*V. R.*

TARIFF FOR REST-HOUSE : RAMBODDA.

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For a sofa or couch, with bedding . . . . .	2	0
Ditto, without bedding . . . . .	1	0
For a bed, first night . . . . .	4	0

	s.	d.
For a bed, for every succeeding night . . . . .	2	0
Halting, for more than three hours, including lights after dark . . . . .	2	0
Stabling horse for twenty-four hours, including straw	2	0
For a night-light . . . . .	0	6
For an ordinary breakfast . . . . .	3	0
For ditto dinner . . . . .	4	0
For a cold tiffin . . . . .	2	0
Cup of tea or coffee . . . . .	0	6
Beer, per pint . . . . .	1	0

N.B.—An ordinary breakfast consists of beefsteak and potatoes, ham and eggs, rice and curry.

An ordinary dinner will be meat, fowl, and two dishes of vegetables, one side-dish, curry and rice, bread and cheese.

H. O. RUSSELL, Govt. Agent.

I felt, on paying the score here, that I had dined at the table of the Empress of neighbouring India, and was so flustered at the idea that I nearly realized it to a fuller extent by forgetting to “remember the waiter.”

There is a shrub much seen hereabout that has got for itself the name of “The Planter’s Curse.” It is not indigenous but imported by some one of kith and kin to him who took the Cape weed, the rabbit, and the wrong sparrow to Australia. It spreads here with great rapidity, getting as much anathematized by the Cingalese as the Scotch thistle is by Australians.

It is all coffee, and talk of coffee, that is around me now. I learn that there are two hundred thousand acres of it cultivated in Ceylon. Though not indigenous, the climate is most favourable to its growth. It will, in some sort, grow anywhere in the island, even down to the hut-gardens by the sea-shore. That sort of coffee may be classed, however, with “husband’s tea” for inferiority. The good kind is only found from fifteen hundred to five thousand feet up the hills, and the pick of it, the *crème de la crème*, is gathered only at an elevation of between two and three thousand feet.

The rice grows only up to the point where the good coffee begins. Where that ceases, tea commences and goes on. Beyond the line of that—at seven thousand feet—begins that

cinchona from which quinine is made. The coffee is, however, the best paying thing to Europeans, and the stock of it was valued at the time of my visit at six or seven millions sterling.

Other industries of the island are the distillation of citronella, cinnamon, and that lemon-grass with which the place abounds. I am shown here wasps' nests, over five feet in length, hanging from the trees. There is a moth shown to me from which silk is made of a quality known as Tussa. The cicada is heard all about grinding its knives, and here are curious things in the insect world not seen elsewhere. Of spiders and butterflies, as well as Buddhists, Ceylon is headquarters.

Those who travel in the East must, I find to my trouble, learn to like curries, and to eat them whether they like them or not. The yellow-looking messes only tempted me when nothing else was to be got, and that was too often the case. Along with the curry stuff there is given to one some fish—like a sprat dried to a chip. This abominable thing smells as bad, or worse, than it looks. It is called, in playful humour I suppose, "Bombay duck." It is so nasty that I prefer not only leaving it personally untouched, but also, for half an hour after the meal, not to talk with any one who has eaten of it. If necessary to do so, I take care to keep to the windward of the speaker. There are several queer things offered to the traveller in different parts of the world. Notably on the American overland route, at some of the out-of-the-way stoppages in the desert, there is given to one a hash called "flummadiddle," and a mixture of tea and coffee named "slumgullion," but neither of them were so nasty as this breath-perfuming Bombay duck. There are folks who like it, however, much as George the Second was pleased with the stalest oysters.

The rest-houses of Ceylon are wooden buildings of one story, and under charge of an attendant called an "appoo," and several native servants, all answering to the call of "boy." A broken English is jabbered by all of them. Leaving

Rambodda by the light of the rising moon, I go on horseback for fourteen miles, and then reach Newera Eliya (Neuralia), the sanitorium of Ceylon, over which hangs Pedrotallagalla—the top of which mountain is the highest land in Ceylon. Next to that lion of the place, the only show is the farm and brewery at which Sir Samuel Baker (Pasha Baker now, and Mr. Baker then) lived and worked for years, before beginning those travels which got him fame and knighthood.

Travellers who wish to get on with their work of seeing the world must avoid company. It seems sad to say so, but much that is true is not pleasant. I was always getting companions here and there, and strangely found them to be very encumbering. The fact was that they were more or less invalids, and mostly more so. Folks don't usually appear to go abroad until they are only fit for the infirmary. The world is seen by them with sickly eyes, and they travel only on the doctor's orders. The object of life is, of course, only to grind a purseful of money out of the world, and then to die and leave it for the benefit of others. Leaving business merely to see the world one lives in before leaving it is, of course, an idle waste of precious time. Only the sick are, therefore, to be found travelling. I was inveigled in that way by one staying here, who volunteered to go up Pedrotallagalla mountain with me. Taken off my guard, I rashly took him as companion, and thought that I should never have got him to the top. Sinbad's old man of the mountain could not have been a greater encumbrance to him. He afterwards told me that he had had no sleep to speak of for two years. As sleeplessness is the beginning of madness, I was glad that our short acquaintanceship was near its end. Of half-a-dozen that I might have similarly associated with, not one of them was fit for travel, save with a nurse. There are exceptions, of course, but I found by experience what the rule was.

Since leaving Rambodda the journey had been through the tea and cinchona plantations. The coffee has been all left behind now. About Newera Eliya and the neighbouring hills

the tracks of the elephant are often seen. He is considered to be Government property, and a tax of 25*l.* per head is charged by the revenue collector on each one that is exported. The price of one delivered on shipboard is 75*l.* They make nice presents for friends at a distance, so that the information thus detailed may be useful. Sixteen hundred of them have been exported, chiefly to India, in the last five years.

## CHAPTER IV.

### NEWERA ELIYA TO DONDERA (CEYLON).

NOT a horse is to be got when I am ready to leave Newera Eliya and its coolness, but being happily unencumbered with luggage, I start in the early morning for the walk back to Rambodda. Although I fail to get a horse for this journey, I get something that occupies my thoughts during greater part of it. There is an antiquated maxim about the care to be taken of what we speak, to whom we speak, and where, and how, and when, that would be v<sup>ery</sup> objectionable in practice, if possible to carry out. I am sadly reminded of it here, where I go to get the horse for the leaving of this locality. The horse-owner is not within, but his daughter, of womanly age, asks me to wait his early coming, which I do, talking with her meanwhile. She wishes to learn much about Australia, as soon as she catches from my conversation that I have been lately in that quarter. All other places seem suddenly to lose their interest when that land is touched upon. It is well that I know something about it, from the eagerness with which she questions me.

Is it a nice place? she wishes to know, and one where an Englishman would like to settle? That being asked in the year 1876, I feel on the side of truth in answering in the affirmative, and likewise in adding a few adjectives that are superlative on the subject. Is it a better place than Ceylon? and did I think that a young mercantile man going to Melbourne for a holiday would be likely to stop there? I am always as desirous to give information as to get it, and

object to no one questioning me in return for the curious interrogatories I am always putting to others. Speaking my opinions, I reply that as a free colony is better for enterprise than is a Crown one, so is Australia to be preferred to Ceylon ; that Melbourne is a great city, and that the climate alone would determine its choice in preference to any town in this quarter. I am somewhat in hopes that I am promoting emigration to the better land we talk of, and little think the harm I am really doing in my good efforts.

The real question, to which all the others had been quietly leading up, was now put—Were the ladies of Australia nice-looking? Perhaps it was by contrast with the black and brown skinned ones that I had seen so much of lately, or perhaps it was from the long absence from Australia and its great distance, that my memory brought back to me a bright picture of Australia's people. May I be forgiven if I answered too enthusiastically to that delicate question! My replies brought an anxious look to the face of my querist, and then a sigh came from her that she could not repress, and with that she hastily left me. I saw that something was wrong, and soon learnt all about it from her father, who presently returned. His son-in-law, the young lady's husband, had been some time in Australia, and was staying unconscionably long—ever so much longer than could have been expected. I had been extolling the land that he so lingered in, and the sirens that might be thought to help to detain him! Had I only known it all, how easily I could have avoided adding to the trouble of this wearily-waiting one, to whom all nature spoke but on one theme—

“Whose heart was told a message  
None else could hear beside,  
He will come!—soft breezes whisper'd ;  
He'll come no more!—the wild winds sigh'd.”

He is but a poor observer, and at best a wasted traveller, who gives all his observation to works of art and wonders of inanimate nature ; who neglects, as he journeys, to notice the

sounds to be heard from that human harp of a thousand strings that responds everywhere in similar notes, but upon which circumstances play such ever-changing variations.

Nothing passed me on the road down to Rambodda but two running mail-men, each carrying in his hand a long staff with a tinkling bell at the top of it. They did the fourteen miles in two hours and three-quarters, laden as they were with mail-bags, but they went as the crow flies, caring nothing for the road. The way these men dash down the hillsides is something to wonder at. They are Tamils, as also are the majority of the coffee-pickers, a hardier and tougher race than are the Cingalese. These fellows do most of the labour of the island now. Formerly, as invaders, they did their best to destroy the place.

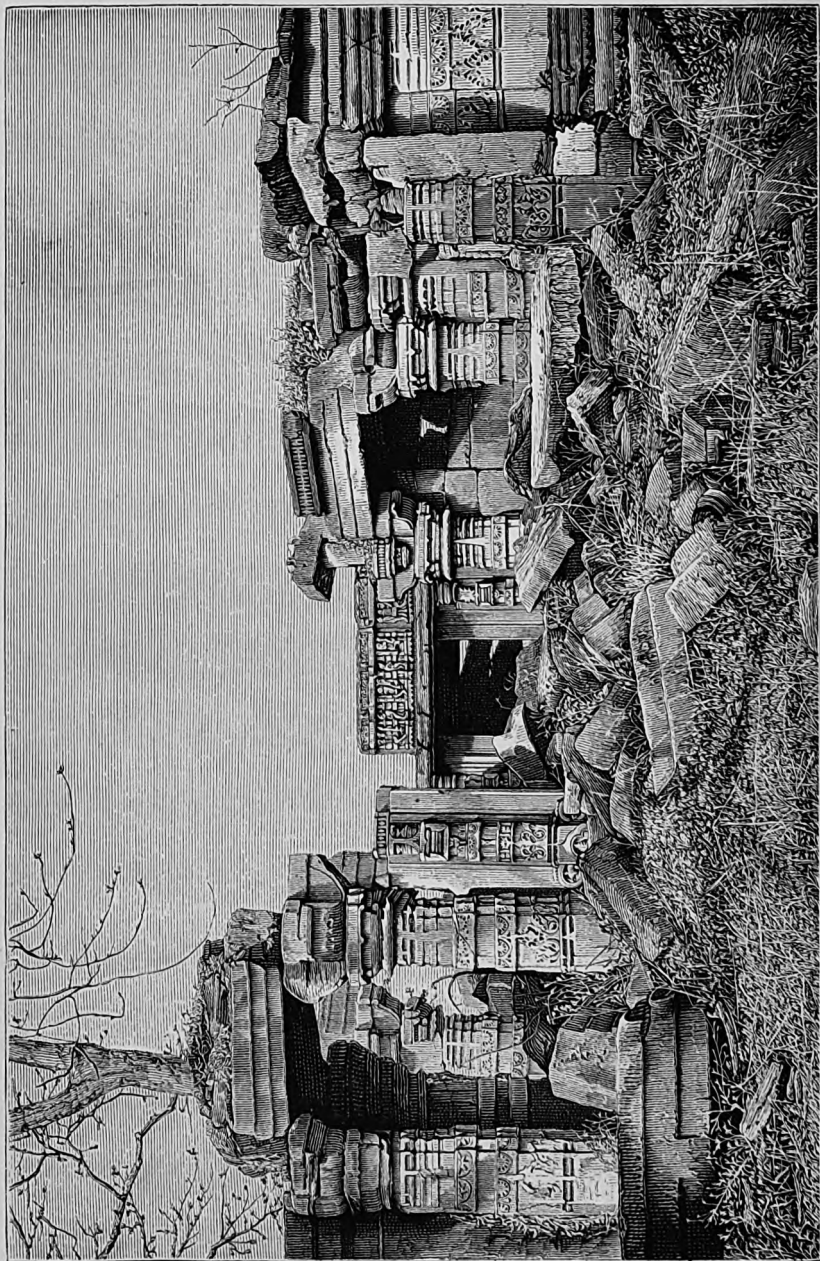
And what destruction has been in Ceylon! It has quite a show of ruined cities, chief among which is the ninety kings' city, for such is the meaning of "Anaradhapura." There is Pollanarua also, another grand city of the past. So great was the first-named of these places that, judging from what remains of its towering walls, it must have been over fifty miles in circumference! A goodly city that—quite a second Babylon, in which a straight walk could be taken for nearly seventeen miles within the walls. It is said to have been founded nearly three thousand years ago by a king whose translated name is "Delight of the Gods," and deserted through a Tamil invasion twelve hundred years ago. A learned German (Dr. Goldschmidt) is said to be doing for it what another learned explorer (Dr. Schliemann) has done for the site of Troy. The ruins of this ancient city are now in a forest of jungle, but there are standing, amongst other wonders of the place, sixteen hundred granite pillars, in forty lines of forty pillars each, that sustained in their time a palace of burnished brass. These pillars are each of one piece of granite, twelve feet high and two feet and a half thick.

This city of the past was built upon a plain, and surrounded with rice-fields. These had to be irrigated, and were, for that purpose, terraced and supplied with intersecting water-courses,



that were sloping only to engineering eyes. It is greatly noticeable, as I saw in China and India, what Eastern surveyors have done in the way of finding or making water levels, and causing streams to flow apparently just where they pleased. Of that skill they have left evidences all over the East in an unmistakable and enduring way. Here is to be seen the oldest of trees extant, and the holiest—a bo-tree, planted two hundred and eighty-eight years before our era began. There is nothing very sturdy-looking about a bo-tree that it should be so enduring. It is not of the banyan sort, that roots its branches as soon as they touch the ground. The leaf of the bo-tree, as I have it pasted on a card, reminds me only of the ace of spades. It is of that shape, and has a tendril two inches long pendant from its acute end. There is no doubt of the antiquity of this tree, of nearly two thousand two hundred years old, and also that it is, by several centuries, the oldest tree extant. The Government of Ceylon, being British, is careful of such things as this tree, and it is too far in the wilds for tourists to get at easily and take it away in pieces, as they certainly would do.

Here are to be seen among the mass of ruins many vast bell-shaped erections called "Dagobas," which are something between a pagoda and a pyramid. These are coverings for something sacred or great, and are probably monuments to kings that await there, in the jungle, the Belzoni who will yet reveal their contents to the world. One of these, that is supposed to cover some relic of Buddha, is no less than two hundred and fifty feet high, and a mile and three-quarters in circumference at the base. It is overgrown with vegetation, but the spire at its top is plainly discernible. It has a name over an inch in length of small type. A parallel to this ancient wonder of a city is to be seen at Mitrahenny, near to Memphis, on the right bank of the Nile, twenty miles from Cairo. There lies an immense statue in limestone, one stone only, of Rameses the Great. It is forty-three feet in height, or rather length, considering its position. Here at Anaradhapura lies a similar monolithic granite statue that is sixty-



RUINS OF ANARADHAPURA, CEYLON.

five feet long. It is the figure of some one whose name is lost to the world, though such Titanic labour as this hewn stone was given to keeping it in remembrance. It is evidence, however, that the men of this old city of Ceylon were similar slaves to those of old Memphis, and that there was no better way found of occupying time and the population than by such labours.

This ancient city affords fine scope for the explorer. It has the additional advantage of being situated in a land belonging to Great Britain, and in one in which labour is plentiful and cheap. The difficulty is in the way of cutting away the jungle, and clearing off the immense mass of vegetably-deposited crust with which everything is overgrown and encumbered. In Java temples were unearthed in that way during the time that Britain had possession of that land. Similar enterprise might, further than it has been, be extended to Ceylon. If it be alleged that it will be no aid to history to uncover places of which there are no records, then the same might have been said of the temples of Java, which look worth any labour taken upon the bringing of them again to the light of day. My information as to Anaradhapura was furnished by a fellow-traveller to Rambodda, a clergyman, who had the previous year visited and sketched the stupendous ruins of this once mighty city of the ninety monarchs. To them and to their fate the lines of an English poet are, by mere transposition of the tense, most applicable,—

“All ye as a wind have gone by, as a fire are ye gone and are past ;  
Ye were gods, and behold ye are dead, and the earth is upon you at last ;  
In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years, in the changes of  
things,  
Ye now sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world has forgot you as  
kings.”

It is as well, perhaps, that their names should be forgotten, if they were like to some of those that history has let live. One of them, who reigned three hundred years before our era, whose reign is remembered only as that in which Buddha's sacred tooth came to Kandy, has the highly euphonious name

of "Kirtisrimeghawarna." There are other similar ones, which it would be an insult to orthography to copy.

Rolling down the hills in the coach from Rambodda, I find a passenger alongside who has lately visited another lion of Ceylon, the famous Adam's Peak, on which is to be seen the footprint of our first forefather. Adam's interest in it has, however, been much neglected. The mountain has been appropriated by the Buddhists, who have made it a holy one, and claim the footprint thereon as that of Buddha. They have covered that footmark, like to the holy tooth at Kandy, with a jewelled covering, and have erected a temple over it, and established a resident priest for the usual collection. The temple has been more than once blown away. The present one is secured with stones and chain-work. The journey and the ascent are toilsome, but are accomplished by numbers of faithful Buddhists at a certain season. Footsteps have had to be cut in many places on the mountain, and chains secured to it to assist the traveller against the winds, which have blown more than one from its side. As the mountain is, however, a holy one, any death on it or from it includes the certainty of salvation. The top of the peak has a surface of seventy feet by thirty, and is walled around to the height of five feet. Near to the centre is the "Sdree Pada," or sacred footstep, impressed on a rock that is covered by a temple supported on open pillars. To see the footstep the metallic covering has to be lifted, which rests upon a raised border of cement placed around it. This cement work greatly helps to make out that the large-looking splotch is really foot-shaped. It is between five and six feet long, by two-and-a-half feet broad. One may lie at full length in it. The explanation is that there were giants on the earth in the early days, and that they had extensive feet. In like manner I was shown on the summit of the Mount of Olives an indentation in a stone there, which is said to be the last footstep upon earth of One who thence ascended from it; and elsewhere two of the last footprints of Mahomet's were also shown to me. There is a disagreement, however, as to

Adam's size, which I recalled when looking at his tomb, shown to me in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. By that he would not seem to have been much larger altogether when he died than is this footprint of his on the peak. Perhaps the great ages to which these ancients of the earth lived shrivelled them up, so that they died of the size of modern men at last.

Though personally Buddha did not claim to work miracles, nor sought their aid in support of his teachings, his successors and adherents have not been so scrupulous. This stone-mark upon the mountain top is not only said to be his foot-step, but a pool of water a little lower down is said to be efficacious for various matters, because he had washed in it. Legend, that grows about everything great as creepers do around a tree, has it that Buddha stepped from this mountain to the Indian continent when leaving this favoured land of his to return to that which gave him birth. There has been an attempt made to cut a figure of him on one part of this peak, in the manner in which large figures have been similarly cut on the hill-sides in England. The first ascent of this Adam's Peak by an Englishman was in 1827. In difficulty it is said to equal the Peak of Teneriffe and the Peter Botte Mountain together ; but surrounded as it is on three sides by plains, the view from the summit is said to repay all the toil.

Sabbath observance is conspicuous by its absence in Ceylon and all over the East. The bazaars, as the streets of native shops are called, are all open, and business done all the seven days of the week. I asked a Scotch merchant, whom I met, about this matter. He said that the missionaries would set it all right in time, that it was their business, and he helped to pay them for doing it. It is to be hoped that he will not be disappointed, but it will require immense missionary power to do the work, judging by what has been effected already. Among the Mahometans nothing has been done. It is said that the Society for the Conversion of the Jews to Christianity have, after years of labour and the expenditure of many tens of thousands, one convert and a half

to show for it. That missions do not succeed much better with the Buddhists and Brahmins is what the traveller will conclude when he has been over the scenes of their labours. They succeed best among savage nations—the Maories and South Sea Islanders. I once travelled on the west coast of New Zealand with a Maori woman, who smoked a pipe all through the journey. She carried a small Bible in her bosom, and, I found, fully believed that it was a talisman—that while she held to that no harm could happen to her. Looking at these small results from great efforts, one can but think that perhaps after all it may be true that “God never made His work for man to mend.”

A reflective European who goes about in such Eastern places as Ceylon, must come to the conclusion that he has not got the best thing in the way of hats or other head-coverings. Also that coat, waistcoat, and trousers do not set him off to the best advantage. He becomes as miserable about it, if he be proper minded, as a girl who sees another girl better dressed than herself—or looking so. It is a sort of clean clothes day among most of the native races that I am now looking at, and many of them appear to be really lustrous in their attire. Some white linen, or cotton, is wrapped tastefully about them from the shoulders to the knees. A coloured bandana kerchief is twisted around the waist, and a pretty shawl is made up as a turban. Sometimes this head-wrap is wholly of one colour, red or white, blue or green, as the wearer may fancy most suited to his coffee complexion. In these three articles of dress these men look grandly arrayed, and one's eyes turn in disgust from any Europeanly-dressed, and consequently gawky-looking, creature that may happen to pass.

It is really all in the turban—the head-dress does it all. The Hindoos and the Arabs may claim it as the chief secret of the East. This fashion has stood the approval of all the ages, and so may be accepted as correct in taste. The value of the turban in putting a crown upon its wearer, and so almost transforming him, is seen at once if the wearer be noticed with head unadorned. The difference is as “Hyperion to a

Satyr ;” the noble-looking creature has now, denuded of his turban, become a mean and vulgar being in appearance. Some, to avoid the trouble of turban-folding, wear a tall, smoking-cap-shaped headgear, the sides of which are stiff, and interlaced and embossed with cording and braiding, silvered and gilt. I felt a shabby sort of thing by the side of these holiday-dressed children of the sun, and it was a long day before I got reconciled to my stove-pipe hat again. As a variation to the decorations of the smoking-cap, a red silk sash, such as is worn by Californian diggers around the waist, is tastefully twisted about the sides of the cap, and the tasselled ends of the sash then hang gracefully upon the shoulder. These may not be proper head-dresses for the climate of the East, but they carry all to nothing in their favour the question of improving the wearer’s appearance.

In “Sam Slick” a shrewd observer of the world has said that, however well we may dress, we look but badly attired if the hat be not good. If that be so, it atones, he says, for all shabbiness in other parts of the dress. Some one may yet bring a turban hat into fashion, for the stove-pipe adornment can scarcely be such a work of genius as to last for all time. We have lived to see the prison-crop become the fashion of wearing what little hair is left to us—a style of head-dressing, or rather nakedness, that would have necessitated the wearing of a wig thirty years ago. We see ladies also adopting the style of the stage mad women, going about with their hair adown their backs, like to the crazed Ophelia, or like to the distant appearance of the pretty waterfalls that one catches glimpses of among the hills that I have been visiting.

Waterfalls suggest rivers, in which particular Ceylon is not famous. Its chief one, with a name devised to annoy printers, runs from its source for about one hundred and fifty miles to its double mouth near Trincomalee. The rivers of Ceylon are only about as navigable as those of New Zealand. They are, however, highly ornamental, which makes up for many deficiencies in more things than rivers.

On the road between Kandy and Colombo I stay again at

the locality of the Rodiyas—those expatriated pariahs whom I have previously mentioned, for I have personally no caste prejudices, and am not afraid of being contaminated. They live, I find, much in the inscrutable way that gipsies do elsewhere. The British Government treats all alike, brahmins and pariahs, so that these poor despised ones have in that way the like rights as the rest of the Cingalese. They go in a body, in the season, coffee-picking ; keeping, however, to themselves. They have got some mud hovels, thatched, and some cattle, that wear a particular badge to mark Rodiyan ownership. It is, of course, a badge of the commonest sort, and, therefore, a cocoanut-shell. The women are very gipsy-like in being graceful, good-looking, and adepts at hanky-panky sleight-of-hand business. In that and in their one article of clothing I was reminded of them by the miserable folks that now occupy a few huts on the site of Jericho, by the Dead Sea. I could no more make out their means of living than that of these Rodiyas ; but then I could never understand how gipsies lived. If it comes to that, there are many others who assume to be in a higher circle, as they call it, whose means of living are equally mysterious. I heard the wife of one such—these folk always have wives—remark once that “ Providence provided for all.”

The customs of Eastern races are, like to their fashions, of the ancient and unalterable—the Levitical-antique—stamp. Of large number are those to whom it is an essential that only those of their faith should kill that which they eat. Their mode of killing is unfortunately of the cruellest, but they would sooner be killed themselves than alter it. They will not eat with strangers, nor off a platter from which another may have eaten, nor drink from any vessel that may perchance have been defiled by other lips. One hand only must serve the mouth, and one man only must do this, and one that, and one the other, until I come to the conclusion that it takes nine Eastern men to make up in usefulness one Western one.

Work can thus go on only in Eastern fashion, that is to say, slowly, with such hindrances of usage. Separate cookings,



different sittings to eat; and such divisions of duties, so rigidly observed, make an uncomfortable household for those who have ill-assorted native attendants. They cleave to their customs more than to their lives. Canvas piping has to be substituted for leathern to please those who are forbidden to sacrifice animals, and therefore to handle anything of animal origin, and for the like reason a greased cartridge cannot be carried by a native soldier, as it is an insult to expect him to give it the needful bite, and so let his lips touch the grease.

The bankers of the Eastern world sit about in primitive fashion, with their little stalls covered with coinage, in the olden fashion of money-changers. Among the rupees and their silver subdivisions, and the copper cents that form the coinage of Ceylon, there is a strange coin, of smallest value, that seems to have got astray, and to be out of place in its company. It is, I am told, a remnant of the Dutch occupation of Ceylon, and has been adopted and continued in circulation by the British. There is evidence of that in the medallion head of the third of the Georges that figures on one side of it. On the other is an elephant, and beneath it the words, "One Stiver." This coin, of little value, and its name, recall and explain the old expression, "not worth a stiver," that was common in days long past.

I return to Galle to leave "the gateways of the day" for the neighbouring India. The steamer that will take me does not leave for two days, so I have a pleasant excursion to Dondera, the southernmost point of Ceylon, where the Portugese landed. In the way of maritime discovery there may be greater names than that of James Cook. In that way Marco Polo, Magellan, Bartholomew Diaz, Vasco di Gama, Tasman, Van Diemen, and Columbus may dispute honours with him. Yet his name stands out well in relief as having always behaved to the honour of England, and to himself as a man. That he did good wherever he landed, and where he could not, did no evil, is what can be credited to few discoverers.

Of all that I have thought at many scenes of wreck in this fair island, and especially here at Dondera, where are to be

seen ruins and remains of a once fine place and a grand temple which were sacked and sacrificed by the Portuguese. They were, as the discoverers of the Cape route to India, the first Europeans to land in Ceylon, and disgraced their name and civilization generally in all that they did here, especially in 1587. That was their way of returning thanks for a safe voyage so far. They then recklessly destroyed this Dondera, and ruthlessly murdered its people. Nemesis follows such deeds, and never follows in vain, as witness the poor position to which Portugal has sunk in its present, compared with its prosperous past.

This Dondera was an especially fine place, and its great temple was the wonder of Ceylon. It was built after the fashion of the one at Rangoon, that is so conspicuous from the sea. Dondera stood partly on a promontory, on which prominently stood this temple, on a foundation of arches. As seen from afar, it glittered as a golden glory, its exterior being covered with gilded metal. Within it were a thousand statues of stone and bronze, something like, probably, what I saw in the "Temple of the Five Hundred Genii," at Canton. They were all destroyed, and Dondera, thus sacked, was then burnt. Such of its men, women, and children as survived the sword were thrown into the fire. After that butchery and unlimited robbery, immense treasure was taken away for the enrichment of Portugal. Thinking of all this and the like, I further think that the Frenchman who condemned mankind as an unredeemed scoundrel had probably been much about the world, and saw reasons, as I do, for what he said.

INDIA.

## CHAPTER V.

### AT MADRAS.

WHILE awaiting the arrival of the steamer at Galle for passage to Madras, a vessel came in with a great surprise on board. It had brought back from the grave, as it were, one half of the survivors of a New-Zealand-bound vessel that had been a whole twelvemonth unheard of. Those passengers of the ill-fated "Strathmore" who were now landed at Ceylon had been for nine months on the Crozet Islands, or one of that group. Subsisting there for so long mainly upon the eggs of sea-birds, the hair of most of them had become of a yellowish colour. That it had got of this fashionable tint without the aid of expensive dyes they attributed solely to their late dietary. A passing vessel had at last noticed their flag of distress and taken away the survivors. Being too many for this vessel's larder, one half of the number had been taken on board a barque bound for Rangoon. Ceylon was the first land these people had seen, other than the cold and sterile Crozets, since they had, a year before, left England. It must have been to them as if they had achieved Paradise. What little clothing could be mustered had been distributed among them, and these misfitting things, and their ragged beards and queer-coloured heads of hair, made them the strangest-looking of scarecrows. A few hours afterwards they were in other outfits, and, by barbers' help, scarcely recognizable.

On the morning of the next day the "Poonah" drops anchor off Madras, and I get a first view of the shores of India.

It is not a very prepossessing one at this part. The city, which lies a good half-mile away, stands on a low, level site, and there is little to invite one in its appearance. This city by the sea stands all unsheltered by breakwater or harbour, the long rolling billows breaking for ever on its beach in a mist of surfy spray. There is much of head-shaking and doubtful looks at this rolling surf by those who are for the shore. No great eagerness is shown in getting luggage ready, nor is there the hurry, scurry, and bustle to be seen, such as is usual after letting go the anchor. Various black-looking objects are to be noticed now and again on the crests of the surf, and these soon prove to be a crowd of boats, which are coming, energetically enough, for the apathetic passengers.

In half an hour we are surrounded by about twenty of what are seen to be large surf-boats, each requiring the services of ten boatmen. The men and their boats and belongings are really novelties in every way—but that which is pleasing. These are the famous surf-boats and boatmen of Madras, about whom one had read and heard, now and again, from childhood. This much may be said, that, unlike many sights, the surf, the boats, and their owners, were beyond expectation. As for the surf, the general opinion among us seemed to be that Madras in its present position was a great mistake, and that those who built on such an unprotected shore should have come to the watery grave that they have caused to so many others. It will never be known how many have been drowned in landing at or leaving Madras.

These surf-boats are rudely-built little barges, having several sticks of bamboo stretched from side to side as seats for the rowers. As the boatmen have no clothing, this sort of seat looks especially uncomfortable, and yet it must be stuck to, as five feet or so below is a pool of bilgewater awaiting them. The primitive fastening of cocoanut-fibre cordage has been used instead of nails to secure plank to plank in these boats, which have at the stern a place set apart for passengers. Here a screen of much-used canvas is rigged up, should any lady happen to be taken on board. The oars in

use are bamboo sticks, having triangular pieces of the size of a ship's log fastened with cordage to the end. The boat's sides are so high that, although the bamboo sculls are lengthy, the water is only touched by the little addition so made to the end of them. It was noticeable that, when the first officer made for the shore, the ship's boat was not put to use, nor the ship's men. It was to one of these surf-boats that he trusted himself, and to the care of its ten boatmen.

Ah, those boatmen! will one ever forget them? They swarmed up the sides of the ship and invaded its poop in their competition for passengers. They frightened even the ship's cat from the deck—they were so rough-looking and so noisy, and so much in want of clothing. The smallest of dirty rags, secured by a piece of string, served as an apology for an apron, and that was folded up at one corner to hold tin tickets, which it is the object of these demoniacal-looking beings to get one to take. These badges bear numbers on them corresponding with the particular boat that you are supposed to be booked for, if you take the ticket. The rough, dangerous life these men lead seems to make them regardless of all manners, and quite unconscious of blows and kicks. These they get in plenty from the ship's people, in staying their endeavours to seize and carry down to their boats any article of luggage about the deck. To get the luggage was, in their ideas, to get the passenger to follow. Yet these men do not value their lives a pin's fee, and dare all the dangers encountered by the adventurous Deal lifeboat men, and that daily. Any mistake they may make is corrected by an enormous billow of heaving water, twenty feet or so high, that washes them off their bamboo perches altogether. Their stick of a bamboo oar, and their skill in swimming, can then alone save them, if their strength should serve to fight their way through the surf to the shore—and no shark be too quick for them.

The boat that I get into has three other passengers. The very getting into it was perilous matter enough, so rough is the water on this coast. The mass of boats, and crowd of

black fellows at the ship's side, who yelled at us, each claiming us as theirs, made it a pandemonium sight altogether. The shouting so boisterously may have been caused by the universal idea that it is necessary to talk loudly to foreigners. We get out from among the mass of boats at last, and then our ten boatmen give play to their sculls, breaking out also into a chorus of yells that was as discord gone mad. These unclad black demons and their strange screeches, added to the watery terrors around, likened the journey to crossing the Styx with half a score of devils as ferrymen. It was easily perceived that nothing too much had been said about the dangerous surf of Madras. Yet, with all their noise, it was to be noticed how well these fellows managed their boat, and fought the billows, and timed the strokes of their spoon-like sculls. Any missing the water on the part of either of them must have led to his immediate descent from his perch to the bilge-water below. As we rise on these billows, and descend with them, we get a sensible notion of our helplessness, and wish to have with us the misguiding being who wrote about "a home on the rolling deep."

Several jetties have been erected different times at Madras. Some morning the jetty is missed, as it was in the year before my getting there, and after a time another is commenced with the same fate, for a certainty, before it. The boatmen are, however, quite independent of landing-places, and beach the boat in clever manner, half-a-dozen of them throwing themselves over the side to drag it up with the aid of the next roll of surf. The passenger is then handed down by one boatman to the arms of another below, who takes him, pickaback, to the far-lying dry beach. One is not likely to forget going ashore at Madras, there is so much of the sensational by which to recall it.

A fine and very novel effect was produced in the way of illumination when royalty was last at Madras. As the surf is the most memorable feature of the place, it was suggested by some genius to light it up. This *outré* idea was actually carried out, and successfully too. All the surf boatmen were

provided with lights, and directed to keep their boats and their lights in a line at so many hundred feet from the shore. This dancing line of lights, as it rose and fell with the surf, had a picturesque effect, and when low down in the trough of the waves, shone well through the wall of water in front of it, thus illuminating the surf.

The sands at Madras are as much a sight as those at Margate in full season. I am surrounded by hawkers, who offer lace, needleworked muslin, and sandalwood ornaments. There is a crowd of folks about, who appear all to have something to do there, in one way or another, some in selling puzzles in wood and metal work. The idle element of the Margate beach is wanting, and so are the bathing-machines. No boatman here, however, would be so imaginative as to suggest to a straggler that it was "a nice smooth day for a sail, sir."

The public buildings belonging to the Government are mostly on the strand, and the length of this cannot be taken in at a glance. Madras is a long straggling place, and either a gharry—as the brougham-like vehicles are called—or an umbrella covering, is necessary to the traveller who will go much about. As these conveyances seem unlikely things from which to look when inside, I prefer the shelter of the umbrella, and a walk upon the red dust that covers the roads and streets of the city. Engaging a guide, who, lyingly, said that he knew English, I start on my perambulation.

A car of Juggernaut that stands alone under a thatch of palm-leaves in a fenced-off piece of land between two buildings, brings me to a standstill. There is no need to be told what it is, though my guide volunteers a long description. It was so like what one had seen in pictures of this barbarous crushing-machine—covered with carvings, bosses of metal, and spiky cannon-balls hung round from top to bottom. Its use is prohibited now, so that it lies here as a reminder of the past—like to an old stage-coach in a country inn yard. When looking at its huge, broad, and heavy wheels, one's thoughts would go to wondering how many human beings



they had crushed. I saw at Cairo, at Easter time, a holy sheikh, returned from Mecca, ride on horseback over the bodies of a hundred or more of Mahomedan believers. Few of those fanatics seemed to be hurt, but here, with this car of Juggernaut—or Jagannáth properly—the size of a Pickford's van, or a travelling menagerie waggon, and twice as heavy as either, the devotees could have had no chance—at least not for life in this world. Once a year these cars are brought out and dragged around by a crowd of devotees, who like hard work. Officials watch its progress, and snatch would-be suicides from the wheels. It occurred to me, on looking at it, that it would make a good show in some distant land—this Juggernaut car. Its strange appearance made it a fine curio, while the strength of its build guaranteed its standing wear and tear for centuries. Madras seemed to be the home of Juggernaut. I met with three of these cars thus laid by in Madras, and saw none others elsewhere in India.

A crowd of beggars surround me whenever I stop. When all small change is given away, my guide undertakes to satisfy their importunities with a walking-stick, but I suppress his benevolence in that way, as some of these mendicants were seemingly in need of help. The Oriental beggar has always something to show in the way of ailment that is far more speaking than any words or whining. They talked to me in an unknown tongue, but their deformities, sores, and sufferings spoke plain language. Next to these beggars sympathy was demanded for the miserable horses to be seen in the general run of vehicles. In any other place such wretched, scrubby, worn-out animals would not be allowed, and the want of India for horses from other lands is at once understood. I see an auction sale going on of a cargo of what are here called "Walers," that signifies horses from New South Wales. Good prices seem to be obtained, but I leave the yard with a feeling of pity for these Australian animals. I know that I should not like to have to live in Madras and to work there, and so can feel for other exiles.

In the verandah of a leading hotel in the principal street

(Popham's, Broadway) I stay at the sight of a group of jugglers, four in number, who seat themselves on the stone flooring. They have for clothing only the usual bit of rag around their loins, so that nothing can go up their sleeves or be concealed about their dress. Yet these men were the best of their kind that I ever saw. It was possible, also, looking at their black colour and unprepossessing features, to believe that their clever doings were really *diablerie* in all senses of the word. Among the things done by this quartette was the placing in the mouth a common pebble. The mouth was shown open—and very much open, too—before the stone was placed in it. The pebble was also passed around for testing. Yet from this pebble and otherwise empty mouth our dark friend, or fiend, blows first smoke, then sparks, and afterwards a jet of flame. This devilry being done, he reopens his mouth to show his white teeth and innocent red tongue, with the pebble, and nothing else, lying on it. Taking out the pebble, and throwing it away, he closes his mouth, and on reopening it proceeds to take three larger stones from it. There had been no previous motions of the throat visible outside to indicate that he had brought them up in ruminating fashion from the stomach. After that, it was no wonder to see him swallow a sword, as he appeared to do. One of these jugglers then laid a nut on the stones of the verandah, and covered it with two pieces of towelling. He raises these now and again to show the process that is going on. The nut is sprouting, and the sprout grows more each time it is covered, until it is, in ten minutes, a veritable little tree, the roots of which are shooting out of the other side of the nut. Another nut is then changed into a mouse or frog, while the said nut is held in a closed hand in front of our deceived eyes. The quick hand is closed again, and the mouse is gone and the nut there again when it is opened. Seeing should not be believing; that is quite evident here. Never believe what you see would be the right maxim. In one way or another we are all throughout life the fools of our senses, to which we so pin our poor faith. A flat basket is

now produced. The wickerwork is handed around to show that it is empty—which it is, and dirty and decayed also. It is then closed and placed on the floor. Some shibboleth is muttered over it, and the lid is then raised. With it rises a snake that stands on its tail, and spreads its hood and hisses—just to show its identity. The basket is again closed, and again opened to show that no snake is there, but in its place a scorpion. There was no apparatus about, and where the snake came from or went to is one of those things that no fellow could understand.

One of these high priests of deception shows that he derives no aid from anything around him in his tricks by mounting on a T-shaped cross-bar for his performances. It is the most awkward of seats for doing anything whatever upon, as it consists only of a couple of small poles, and requires dexterous, if not supernatural support, to keep it upright when a man is on the top of it. He balances both it and himself all through his tricks, one of which is the production of a snake from an egg, which he hands around for our inspection before he breaks the shell. It is to all appearance a common barn-door fowl's egg, but the snake had evidently been in the world before he emerged from it, and was, I am sure, not hatched there. Keeping brass balls flying about is a common performance if done with the hands, but our friend atop of the triangle struck them only with his elbows. He reserved his hands for tossing about a ball of granite weighing nearly twenty pounds, which seemed to fall naturally into the back of his neck, and not hurt him, each time he threw it aloft. At the end of the performance he danced on his perch, and then, stranger still, walked off on it, using it as a stilt.

It is unpleasantly warm work, I find, this rambling about beneath an Indian sky. The said sky is of a dark leaden-like blue, unlike to the blue of the skies of Italy and Australia. It is the cool season of the year, I am told, of which they have four months in India, and account that season as heavenly. The other eight months must give the whites a

notion of another place altogether. My boots and thence upward to my knees have got by this time discoloured with the red dust of the place, which, more or less, seems to tinge everything in Madras; the fields, trees, and houses, as also the surfaces of the lakes and tanks, and the mosques, churches, and temples. This brick-dusty effect has not a cleanly appearance nor a desirable one. The visitor will remember Madras by it, as he will recall Cincinnati or Newcastle-on-Tyne by the smoky, almost sooty, look of most of their houses. The shops are much crowded together in the streets of the old town, but it looks bad for the traders that the clothes of the natives are all as destitute of pockets as are the shrouds of our dead.

The city seems much neglected by its municipality—if such body exists here. Buildings appear in a very dilapidated state, and many lie in ruins, to the disfigurement of the streets and inconvenience of the pedestrians. The bricklayer and the mason, as also the whitewasher and the painter, seem to be greatly needed here. I am glad to get out of the uneven footways and neglected town into the tree-shaded high roads, and to visit the public gardens, and another which combines zoological and botanical specimens. The immense size of the elephants here is astonishing, making the smaller ones of Ceylon look but insignificant. The elephant is, however, at home in India, and is for work more than for show. In the fort and barracks numbers of them are kept by the Government. They look there as formidable as the cannons that they help to haul about. As engines of war they, however, need iron plating now against modern conical shot and Gatling guns. They did very well in the bygone days of bow-and-arrow warfare.

This Madras is quite the proper city to be first visited in India, as it was the first place in which a British settlement was made. It was also the ground on which the English and French fought their first Indian battle. The first fort—that of St. George—was built here by the English, and here was established the first of Indian Presidencies—the small begin-

nings, two hundred and eighty years ago, of the interest which Great Britain now has in India; an interest that is greater than ever acquired by the sword of its Baber, or ruled by the sceptre of its Akbar. One can look back on all its progress now from the day that the old East India Company invested their first thirty thousand pounds in this Indian adventure—the best that Englishmen ever undertook—to the other day, when they were displaced, and the Empress of India proclaimed.

The mere visitor will not wish to make a long stay in this Madras. It is a very satisfying place, which has a different meaning to its being a satisfactory one. It has railway communication now with Bombay overland, so that the unpleasantness of entering it by its water gateway may be avoided. By that way, however, myself and companions have to leave it, as our liberty days have expired. It is a worse day for leaving than was our day for landing, and really requires good courage to face the breakers that come dashing on the shore. This, however, is a secondary trouble to that of getting out of the hands of the boatmen who have no right to us, and finding those who have. If these men were unmannerly on board ship, they are outrageous now, with their feet upon their native sands. One of our number is a clergyman, and a particularly inoffensive man. With wonder I behold him illustrating the church militant in fighting his way out of the hands of these devils of black fellows. He has broken his umbrella to splinters in dealing blows right and left with it, and is glaring through his spectacles with only half the handle of it left in his hand. As it is the same fare to pay, whoever takes me, and there is variety in different boats and boatmen, I get peace and quietness, and am first off, by surrendering to the first captors who are content to start with one passenger. As a preliminary I tie myself to my seat, as a help to keeping it on the dangerous journey. That being done, the boat is run out to sea, and the half-dozen who have assisted at it cling to the sides, and come on board as wet as drowned rats. That ducking is pleasant in

the heat of this climate, and no damage is done to their clothing—in fact, the dirty rag that constitutes all of it gets the washing that it needs.

The aid of a boat-hook would, I feared, be necessary to get me up the ship's side. The big Poonah rolled from side to side in the swell of the surf, and from my little barge I obtained at high times full view of its deck, and next moment almost a view of the keel. Both sides of the vessel were tried in this endeavour to effect my shipment, which was at last done by the boatswain catching me as I rose to the level of his standing-place at the head of the steps. It is sometimes a fortunate thing to be a light weight, and this was an instance of it. If I ever visit Madras again, it will be on urgent business, and from the landward side by way of the railway, or any other way than that by which I last left it.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ON THE HOOGHLY.

THE waters of the Hooghly are entered upon soon after leaving Madras. They are one of the many divisions of the stream of the Ganges, that here finds its way for between one and two hundred miles into the Bay of Bengal. The sacred Ganges as it nears the sea makes the most of itself, and a mess of itself too, spreading and flooding about in a shallow, shifty, and marshy way, and in many streams, over the broad stretch that is called its Delta. This delta of the Ganges, of which the Hooghly, that I am now upon, is a western branch, is believed to be the hotbed, in every sense of the word, of malarious diseases and the birthplace of Asiatic cholera. Considering the number of the dead that this sacred stream is believed to float to salvation, whose remains in some shape must here lie in shallow water, the evil is not to be wondered at.

It is to be wished that the sacred waters were of a better colour, and that they were deeper and kept to one course after adopting it. For these great mistakes, and for its unhealthy behaviour at its outlets, this river should be execrated rather than deified. Therein is the behaviour of the Hindoos typical. They have ever bent where they should rebel. To that which ill-uses them they kneel. Their destroyer they worship. Of their trinity the favourite god is the destroying Shiva.

When the sea-voyager hither on the way to Calcutta has been brought, as he might suppose, to his journey's end, his

water-trouble really begins. It commences at "Sandheads" here. On reaching "heads" elsewhere one is soon thereafter at anchorage and debarkation. At these Sandheads of the Hooghly, however, I learn that it is yet two days and nights to Diamond Harbour and the landing-stairs at Calcutta. Folks accustomed to travel will know what can be done in that space of time, and will chafe, as I did, at the idea of dropping anchor each night, and dawdling along for fifty or sixty miles a day only. That is the mode of getting to Calcutta, as it always has been, and always will be—by its waterway. Worse things might happen, though, than this wearisomeness, which one gets over after the first day of it. I was detained once an equal time in a fog at the entrance to New York harbour, and another time for a longer period in that antiquated, exasperating torture called quarantine—an invention of the Evil One to promote profanity.

One passenger and his supplement have been added to our number at Madras, but he occupies as much attention as a whole dozen might. Some folks can make themselves felt—have a "presence," as it is called—and way is given to them accordingly. We could not have left Madras until we got this addition, and if by any mischance he had died or dropped overboard and drowned, we must have gone back again and waited—even if we waited a month—for his successor. The waters of the Hooghly are so shallow, its sands and currents so everlastingly shifting, and with new channels ever forming, that no sea captain dare take a ship up to Calcutta unassisted by an amphibious creature known as a Hooghly pilot.

Such is our new acquisition, and he proves to be quite a curio. All of us feel gauze clothing to be quite enough to satisfy the demands of the climate. We walk about also with umbrellas hoisted when away from beneath the ship's awning, bowing before that fierce sun that is the real Great Mogul ruler of India, in whose presence one must, like to an Hebrew taking an oath, not stand uncovered. Yet our pilot is resplendent in broadcloth uniform, a thick heavy cap, kid gloves, and patent leather boots! These articles of costume he never



varies. The amount of training that his system must have endured to qualify him for such self-torture as those gloves and boots would, otherwise applied, have qualified him for a martyr, or made him a holy fakir at least. He must have, as it is, something of the latter in his composition.

A gorgeous-looking being in a dazzling turban, white blouse, and sash of many colours, came as an addition to our pilot. He is ever at the elbow of the dapper little dandy, waits behind his chair at meal times, and sleeps on the mat at his cabin door at night. All power and dominion is now given up by the captain and officers, who, with the rest of the ship's folk, wait on the words and dumb motions of our new ruler. We hear from the captain that it takes twenty years to learn the art and mystery] of the Hooghly pilotage, and that our ruler in the patent leathers draws the appropriate ministerial salary of 1500*l.* a year, and a retiring pension of half that amount, at the end of a service which finishes at the early age of fifty. The amount of local knowledge he possesses ensures him respect from the helpless officers. The nature of his restricted life and its small sphere had also to be considered when regarding the mixture of fop, exquisite, and martinet that was to be seen in this little Eastern Long Tom Coffin.

They stand first among the pilots of the world in way of position, pension, and pay, do these men of the Hooghly. One wonders how ever they got the grand old East Indiamen up this river after the long six months' voyage in the olden days, when steam and steam tug-boats were not. The bigger steamers have now superseded the big sailing-vessels, and in that respect there is a change of style in the scene at Calcutta's port. There is a rat, however, at work, it is said, at every ship. The rodent that is gnawing at this port and its fortunes is the overland railway from Bombay—a port which is three days or more nearer to Europe.

That railway has helped to make the fortune of Bombay's port at the cost of that of Calcutta. All mails are now landed at the former place and brought across country to the latter, thereby saving five days or six days in the delivery. The

passengers follow the mails, and go by railway also. By-and-by the half-empty steamers will not saunter round to Calcutta with a few passengers and a little cargo, paying heavy pilotage for so doing, but will debark all at Bombay. By that course of events Calcutta will become the Edinburgh and Bombay be the Glasgow of India.

I lounge about the roomy "Poonah" and enjoy its emptiness and its deserted bath-rooms, watching meanwhile our slow progress up the Hooghly. The water is smooth and turbid in most places, scarcely in some parts seeming to flow—

"As if in grief for those whose sway  
Had ruled here in a bygone day,  
And left a charm on it impress'd,  
Its tide had wept itself to rest."

And what bygone grandeur have these waters not seen! Such reflections are very proper to an otherwise unoccupied mind. We have come to a do-nothing feeling that is quite in keeping with the climate, and are in no hurry about anything. "What will be will be," and if it takes a month or a year to get to Calcutta we shall be satisfied—as satisfied as are the listless folks on board the native boats that we pass by, which, by the help of a little wind and less rowing, will get up to Calcutta when Providence pleases. The waste of wide, greenish-yellow, sand-mixed waters stretches further on every side than the eye can follow, and no land is yet to be seen. The native boats that we pass in such plenty are crafts of from five to fifty tons, which, bringing up produce from the neighbouring coasts, and drawing but little water, get over the perils of the Hooghly passage without help from pilots. Fleets of fifty or more of these craft are seen sometimes in a bunch.

Birds from the land begin now to come near us, and at last we are visited by a stray butterfly, and soon see the land itself, and what of trees and verdure it has to show. But our water life is not yet finished. The windings and crossings that have to be taken are endless, as the ship dodges sandbank after sandbank, and finds channel after channel known only

to the little autocrat on the ship's bridge. The chart of this strange straggling river is a large-looking and bewildering affair, and bears the following remarks in bold print :—

“Caution—The navigation of the Hooghly cannot be at any time safely undertaken without a pilot. The various sandbanks indicated are always shifting, and no channel can be relied upon as here shown.”

It must be an awful responsibility to be an Hooghly pilot, and know always all that is going on beneath the water! I am glad when this Hooghly part of the voyage ends—for it does end at last—and the landing-place at Garden Reach is pointed out. Before reaching that, however, there is an attraction for our eyes in the water-side palace and gardens of the King of Oude. Why this monarch has been brought down from the interior and imprisoned here on the water's edge we do not learn, beyond that the East India Company wanted his possessions. Here, however, he is, the last of the native kings dethroned by the now dethroned company. It is said that his dethronement was the straw that broke the camel's back, and brought about that great mutiny of 1857, in which the yet uncaught Nana Sahib figured so conspicuously, and of which Cawnpore has so much that is sad to show.

For a full half-mile in length on the river bank stretch the gardens and buildings of this ex-king of Oude. At one part of the water frontage, in full view of all passers, his majesty has caged a magnificently large and very restless Bengal tiger. Perhaps the idea is that the captive condition of the animal is illustrative of that of his owner—that he has done by the tiger as John Company has done by him. It seems to be in bad taste to place this prison palace where it is. Such unpleasant features of the country should be set further back. It is now seen to have been a great error of the old company to have “annexed” this monarch's territory. The dreadful reprisals that followed are of the saddest pages in Indian history. They were followed by Parliament taking over all powers from the company, winding up its affairs, and proclaiming afterwards an Empress of India in place of old “John Company.”

Two vessels bound for China pass by. Chief among their cargoes figures that opium, the production of which has been for years the best paying of Indian exports. The Hindoos have no taste for smoking this drug. Its consumption is thoroughly a specialty of the Chinaman—a little fact that requires a physiological essay fully to account for. If the Hindoo seeks inspiration from exterior aid, he prefers hashish to opium, but he is not the epicure in that way that the Chinaman is. This opium-growing is to India what sheep are to Australia and coffee to Ceylon and Java. But sheep and coffee growing are respectable avocations compared with poppy cultivation and opium exporting. The deadly nature of this baneful drug is well known to those who grow rich on this disgraceful traffic. China once resented the importation of it, seeing what numbers of its people became imbecile and insane from its use. To force them to take it thus against the will of the Government was the cause of one of the wars of England with China. Instead of this horrible stuff being forced into the Chinese country at the end of British bayonets, trading in it should be suppressed as the slave-trade has been. It is about equally profitable, and equally disgraceful and demoralizing. Even the Dutch have never engaged in the opium-trade, and particularly search one's luggage to see that none of the stuff comes into Java. As there are nearly a million of Chinese settled there, a cargo might be sent down from India, and war be thus promoted with foemen more worthy of British steel than are the non-combatant Chinese.

It is to the credit of Great Britain that she does not enrich herself with these profits from opium, nor from the profits of any other Indian produce. Every penny that is raised from India is spent upon the Government and improvement of that country—in providing it with networks of railways, native schools, and courts. Every protection is afforded to the people, who cannot now, as in times past, be robbed by their rulers, and sacrificed to please their whims. The fifty millions of revenue yearly raised by Great Britain from India, are

within a few pounds, expended there in promoting protection, civilization, and the progress and bettering of its people.

Great Britain keeps tight hold of India as the brightest jewel in the British crown, and keeps it very much for the reason that all folks keep jewels—to show the world that they can afford to do so. We see people wear diamonds that might be sold, and the proceeds invested to yield a good income; but they prefer to show their power to earn the income otherwise, and keep the brilliants for mere pride, and what the Americans aptly express as “cussedness.” It is not too much to say, as a late authority on the subject has said, that the possession of this vast India alone places Britain in her foremost position among the powers of Europe. To lose it would be to sink to a second-rate place in the world’s regard.

Garden Reach at Calcutta is about the shabbiest landing-stairs that man was ever put ashore at. It is a dirty dust-heap of a place, with a wretched, rickety attempt at a jetty—not at all what one would expect as the water-gate to the so-called city of palaces. As an excuse for it, I am told that it is all in consequence of a great tidal wave, rightly enough termed a “Bore,” which periodically rushes up this swampy river, and damages everything upon its banks; so much so, that it is not a wise thing to do anything that this big wave may, as it will, surely undo. I wish it would undo the Custom-house and its officers for whom we have now to wait.

It is a Sunday morning, and the day for inspection of the ship’s staff and rank-and-file. This review of forty or fifty men takes place on the quarter-deck, to which each man, be he officer, engineer, steward, sailor, or stoker, comes in his holiday attire. They all look as they should do, but the Hindoos get ten glances to the one that is spared to the Europeans. These men have been all the week unnoticed in their work-a-day dirty drab and bluish cotton wraps, and uncovered heads and feet. All that has “suffered a sea change into something rich and strange” that is now here on view. Fine feathers have made fine birds. The dazzlingly white

cotton blouse, the bright bandanna or many-coloured shawl, worn as sash or girdle, and the gorgeous turban of every variety of pattern, obscure all notice of other costumes. Even the captain's uniform, as he passes up and down on this parade, looks but a mean thing.

The Custom-house folks come to us at last, and annoy us as much by their coming as they did by the time they made us wait for them. Everything that has been packed up has to be uncorded and opened out—no small matter, with the thermometer at 90°, and the heat of a moist quality. An Australian on board gets very huffy about it, and taunts the officials of this great India as being only the servants of “a Crown colony,” and having no discretionary powers or liberty to exercise them in favour of a free and independent colonist like himself. It was some satisfaction, no doubt, in return for the perspiring and useless trouble that was given, to call India a Crown colony, and so to snub its officials.

The landing-place is distant a good two miles from the hotel quarters, to which a gharry takes me—a vehicle that has venetian blind sides for admitting the air and excluding the sun. Tropical trees are plentifully about, as is also the omnipresent crow, with an occasional kite or two. The bird which Calcutta, however, might adopt for its crest is one called the “adjutant”—for some reason best known to military folks. It is really a scavenger, but has a very pronounced Pecksniffian appearance. It is a stuck-up creature in every sense, conspicuously perching itself about on one leg, and looking down on things generally with outswelled chest, and with an air of puffy importance quite Turveydroppish.

In my innocence and ignorance I am taken to the Great Eastern Hotel—a vast affair of endless floors and rooms, and distances that lend no enchantment in any way. Getting upstairs is real toil, and my room was located, I found, on the third floor. The lift of the American hotels would have been an unspeakable blessing. Wanting that, I thought several times of getting carried upstairs by the palanquin-bearers.

This palanquin is to Calcutta what the jinrikishaw is to

Jeddo—the conveyance that is most seen. Anything more cumbrous and unfitted for its purpose than the generality of these things could not be well devised. Its mere dead-weight of heavy wood is nearly ninety pounds. The thing might be made equally as strong of bamboo at one-fourth that weight. It is difficult, however, to alter any fashion of the East. When a fourteen-stone man is added to the burden, the two bearers of it have enough weight to break their collar-bones. They progress with it at a jog-trot. These palanquins are of one and two poles. If of one pole, the forward bearer supports it on the right shoulder and the backward man on his left, changing shoulders as they jog along. The two-poled one distributes the weight on each shoulder, but does not admit of a change. To a European it is at first not a nice sight to see men doing the work elsewhere done by animals. To parody Byron, one may say that after seeing it once or twice, the eye becomes more Indian and less nice. Some palanquins are shaped to hang between the poles, and admit of the “fare” taking a sitting position; but the most favoured fashion is that of a compressed brougham, in which one has to lie as on a sofa—quite an Asiatic attitude.

The drawback of this Great Eastern Hotel is that there is only one being in its height and depth who can talk English or understand it. It is unfortunate that he is on the lower of the four floors. He advises me to get a “boy”—he will get one for me—who smatters broken English, and will be always “within cooey,” as Australians say. It has to come to that at last, for white folks are few indeed compared with the multitude of Hindoos that are around one, and I might as well be in a deaf and dumb asylum.

Characteristic of all East Indian hotels are the “chits” or paper orders for whatever is wanted, that, with pencil by the side, are always on the table. Next for notice are the hot-water plates that come with every change of dish. India would seem to be the last place in which such things would be expected. Warming-pans would be just as likely. Rice and curries are the staple of all meals, save with the six a.m.

cup of tea and slice of toast. To follow that is the nine a.m. breakfast, the one p.m. tiffin, and the seven p.m. dinner. Finger bowls, having pink flowers floating in the centre, figure at every meal. The day's eating and drinking is then done; smoking, with most folks, now occupies the evening. Thereafter come the candles—always in wide glass envelopes—and the ascent to the big and bare-looking bedroom, with its huge lattice doors and windows. To get to that, one has to pick one's way among the native servants, one of whom, and often two, are lying outside the door of each room.

Ere I sleep I have to rise and cover the venetian-blind-like door-windows that admit the starry brightness of the night equally with the air. It seems to me that stars must be more about than usual—I never saw them in such quantity, and looking so bright. It is the leaden, not light, blue of the skies which so helps to the reflection. These be the stars of which poets have sung—

“ Eastward roll the stars of heaven,  
Westward tend the thoughts of men ;  
Let the man to Nature given  
Wander eastward now and then.”

I dream of the great empire into which I have thus wandered—an empire that is as large as all Europe, if we omit the European Russia; that runs through twenty-eight degrees of latitude, and has more square miles of land than I know how to write without help; that has two hundred and fifty millions of souls, including the Mohammedan women, about whose possession of souls there is a doubt that is yet unsettled—one of the many branches of the “Eastern question.” Of this vast country, stretching from the sea that I have left to-day right away to Persia on the far west, and from Thibet and Tartary in the north to the Indian Ocean in the south, the little island of Britain with its small thirty-three millions is really the owner. It is one of those things that only seems real in dreams! When I say “really the owner,” I look upon the ownership of nearly four-fifths as the greater term that includes the lesser. The independent native states that number



fifty-three millions of people are only semi-independent, and that only because it is policy to keep them so. As the possessions here of the French at Pondicherry and Portuguese at Goa do not number more than a quarter of a million, they can be looked upon only as girls are in some families in which their brothers do not count them.

Is it anything but a dream—all that relates to such romance of a land that has had every great nation of the past at some time for its owner—that belonged alike for a time to Egyptians, Bactrians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, Syrians, Turks, Tartars, and Mongols, and in which the Portuguese, Dutch, and French have effected a footing? None of those great nations of the past have held greater power in it than little England, and none have held it longer. It is something wonderful to obtain of such a land even the bald and barren idea that writing can only convey. To *see* it is to satisfy one that there is an object in life.

## CHAPTER VII.

### IN CALCUTTA.

ONE'S earliest recollection of India's head-quarters is, I think, connected with the story of its "Black Hole." That fearful narrative gives to most folk an unpleasant impression of the place. It is sometimes read of as the "City of Palaces." It will be never talked of as such by those who have seen it. That name might be appropriately given to Lucknow, the late capital of that King of Oude whose prison palace is seen near to the landing-stairs of Diamond Harbour, but palaces are no distinguishing mark of Calcutta.

It consists of a European and a native town. The houses in the European part are roomy, and give room to each other. Those of the native town called the Upper and the Lower Bazaars are small and much crowded together. The European part has wide streets and spacious reserves. The native town has very narrow streets, and dirty ones too, and no greens or gardens are to be seen about it. The houses here are black or brown with dirt, smoke, and age, while those of the European town are resplendent in stucco and whitewash. There is more of plaster than of palaces as its characteristic.

There is a sort of Hyde Park between the city and the wharfs, which is known as the Maidann. The side furthest from the water is built over with lofty white stuccoed mansions that stand fifty feet or more apart, and are set back in their gardens. They are the residences of rich native and European merchants, and look to best advantage when seen from the other side of this greenswarded Maidann. The brilliant sun

lends a glittering appearance as of marble to these whited walls—save where the stucco has fallen off them, and left the plain brown brickwork exposed.

This European quarter is known as "Chowringhee." In its centre are the law courts, from the high tower of which a fine view of the city can be obtained by those who care nothing for the trouble of climbing, and the aches that follow it. All beyond the European part has a squalid look of decay and dirt. The two towns so closely adjoin that it is but a step from the white houses and broad streets to the narrow and tumble-down-looking Hindoo quarter. It is as if a Londoner stepped from Bond Street into Field Lane—from fine Parisian-looking shops, grand public buildings, banks, hotels, and warehouses, to a back-ground of lanes, huts, and sheds, where dirt and dinginess are everywhere seen.

In spite of its smut and squalor, the Hindoo quarter has most attraction for the traveller. He has seen Dalhousie Square to better advantage elsewhere, and more attractive streets and buildings than Chowringhee has to show, but Chitpore Road and Burra Bazaar are streets that he cannot see everywhere. They are two of the many streets of the native Bazaars, as the Hindoo shop quarter is called. I walk in the roadway there, the sidewalk being too crowded, and dodge the vehicles and palanquins. The place is busy as an ant-hill, though from the nature of the articles on sale and the size of the shops, business must be restricted to small profits and rapid returns. That accounted, perhaps, for its being so much spread. The dwellings in this Bazaar street appeared to consist of a room behind the shop, and seldom more than two above it, out of one of the windows of which there was mostly a face to be seen gazing on the crowd below. Much shopping might be done here at a small outlay.

There is little, however, that a European can find to purchase in these shops of the Hindoos. The whole stock of most of them might seemingly be bought for twenty shillings. Watching it, sits the proprietor cross-legged, or stretched at full length, or in some other unbusiness-like attitude, whiling

or dozing away the day. To help him to that end he will occasionally take to tobacco-smoking, but he appears to prefer chewing the mixture of betel-leaf, areca-nut, and lime, which, twisted together in a small ball, he puts into his mouth, where it produces a blood-red juice that is occasionally squirted abroad. Great sale of this chewing material appears to be made in this native quarter. The little balls of it are sold at six a penny. No white man, that I could meet with, had learnt to like this Indian quid. One trial of it is enough to satisfy those whose mouths may water for it. That mouth will water much more after it—so irritating is its effect.

In Chitpore Road no vehicle can well get along, so crowded did I always find it. Palanquin folks do not get along there so quickly as they would on foot. Two of the narrow bullock waggons which are common in this native quarter make quite a deadlock for a time if they meet. To let them pass, myself and native guide have to go into one of the neighbouring shops, of which there is then time to make further note. Mud walls and floors, a tiled roof and no chimney, make up the style of most of them. The fires are lighted outside the buildings, and so smoke-colour the houses and irritate the eyes and noses of passengers. Publicity not only applies to the cooking, but to all of the Hindoo's domestic affairs. He is to be seen cleaning his teeth with a brush made of shredded bamboo, combing his hair, and making an apparently phrenological examination of the heads of his family. As a race these men are well-featured, but have smaller and narrower chests than Europeans, and but slim arms and legs.

The Hindoos are of temperate habits. The way of life of the majority, wretched as it may seem, no doubt best suits them. There can be no question that they are better off under British rule than their forefathers have ever been under any of the many rulers that India has had, and a change in ownership appears to have been very often made. All the powerful nations of the past seem to have had for a time India's possession, and to have kept it only until a stronger than they came—and the stronger always did come. The

Hindoos, however, never had under any of their conquerors the chances that the British give them of educating themselves, and so advancing to position, place, and wealth by the development of any talent they may possess. Schools abound at which the education is free, and four cheap and excellent daily papers are here published—which is something better than Akbar the Mighty, or Shah Jehan the Magnificent, ever did for the general good of this land.

Other nations than the British have feared to educate the people, dreading that knowledge would emancipate them; much as ecclesiastics in former days locked up the Scriptures, fearing to lose that power over the public mind which further acquaintance with them might occasion. Great Britain boldly sets such fears at defiance. We are wiser than those of pre-printing days. We have been taught also by one of our best teachers that “by education men become easy to lead, but difficult to drive—easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.” Britain enslaves none of the hundred of millions so liberally governed by her, and finds it all to her advantage to have the schoolmaster abroad.

One hundred and fifty thousand Europeans to two hundred and forty-two millions of the native races is the return given by the last census of India. Not one perhaps of the adult Europeans had a father living who was born there. India can never be colonized by a European race. The climate decides that. No white children are reared and educated here, but are packed off to Europe, to which their parents are soon glad to follow them—if they live long enough. The climate is not bearable elsewhere than in the hill country for more than five months in the year. It says something for good government, that one hundred and fifty thousand should dwell so peaceably, as a governing people, among two hundred and forty millions. Government by some foreign power or other has become natural, however, to the Hindoo, and will remain so until “caste” is abolished, and the different races combine. That, in the unchanging East, appears unlikely. The white population, though it cannot be increased

by native growth, will be kept up until health is valued before wealth—which is another unlikely thing.

Purchasing an umbrella, with green interior and white exterior coverings supported on split cane ribs, I am prepared to perambulate for the afternoon. At that time it is rare to see Europeans walking. They are then generally having their two or three hours of sleep, after which comes an hour or so of business, and then the Maidann drive. I find the day-sleep so much interferes with that wanted by night that I prefer the exercise that brings it. Accompanied by the native guide I go out, though he expresses strong reasons against walking. He wants to ride in Asiatic ease, but has to accommodate his feelings to circumstances, which he does with a grace beyond the reach of most guides. Where the post-office stands, in Dalhousie Square, is, he tells me, the site of the famous "Black Hole" of the old days. This square is a great business place in the European quarter. It is surrounded by tall four and five story houses, having large doors and windows in French fashion. I get up the steps of the post-office, and under its verandah, out of the sunlight, and look around. I am surrounded at once by a swarm of pedlars, vendors of cocoa-nuts and bananas, and the omnipresent beggars. Strange-looking little delicacies are offered me by the sweetmeat sellers, compounded seemingly of flour, sugar, and kitchen grease. The sight of them satisfies one.

My Hindoo, who has heard me complain to the beggars of shortness of cash as a reason for non-contributions, takes the statement literally, and guides me to an adjoining bank in this populous square. He takes off his shoes as he enters it, as he does when he enters the hotel and any other building. One reason for so doing may be that the pavement outside has been too hot for his feet—it would be, I know, for mine. This uncovering the feet and keeping the head covered indoors is a noticeable reversal of usual fashions. In the bank I find Hindoos doing all the clerky work—acting as receiving and paying tellers and ledger-keepers. The clerk who reckons my exchange is called a "shroff," or something of that sound,

and gives me a written note of the amount I am to get from another coffee-coloured gentleman at a distant counter.

It is very satisfactory to get change for English money in this place. As much as 28*l.* and 16*s.* is handed to me in exchange for twenty-five sovereigns. The cash is, of course, in rupees and in five-rupee notes. I can have it all in which of these currencies I like, but there is no gold to be had. Mohurs are, like to guineas, things of the past, and Sicca rupees are talked of and read about, but not seen.

The native boy who has me in hand brings me an open carriage at about five o'clock or half-past. He considers it a matter of course that I will join in the fashionable and customary evening drive around the Maidann, which is to Calcutta what Rotten Row is to the West-end of London. I find there great show of everybody, white or brown, who can keep any sort of vehicle. The parade lasts about an hour, and is worth visiting. There is something like it about the same hour at Naples, on the Posillippo Road. To prove the force of fashion, Europeans appear on this drive in tall chimney-pot hats, like to Londoners, and in London fashions of latest dates to hand. The crowd is mixed, of colours of all shades, and stretches in continuous line for a good two miles. Behind the better sort of vehicles are two turbaned native servants, who stand where they can find a foothold. My guide scorned the idea of dispensing with these ornaments. On the score that they added nothing to the hire of the carriage, I let them come. Had it not been for these native servants behind so many vehicles, the affair would have resembled the road to Epsom on a race day, and especially so in the queer appearance of some of the many conveyances—mere donkey-carts and costermongers' barrows.

For evening amusements three theatres are to be found in Calcutta, one of which number is generally open. Two were so at this time, one having an Australian opera company, and the other some spiritualistic impostors from America. More attraction is found nearer home in a Hindoo entertainment that is going on close to my big barracks of a lodging.

Hitherto I had but a half belief in miracles, but I retired that night convinced that there was more in heaven and earth to understand than he thinks for who sits in the seat of the scorner.

My conversion, like to that of Bishop Colenso by the pensive and inquiring Zulu, was accomplished by three nearly-naked Hindoos who, I am convinced, were nothing but human beings. One of them threw up in the air numbered balls, which I was allowed first to handle and to mark. I am prepared to swear that I saw these balls go up and get smaller to the sight as they ascended—making an apotheosis—as it were—and so going out of sight. They remained thus until a spectator specified which number he wanted back. In response to the Hindoo's call, No. 7 came bouncing down to his feet with but little delay, and No. 5 also when I asked for it. At a *séance* of any spiritualists, such a performance would have stamped out scepticism, and crushed all scoffers. Who can question that "the viewless spirits of the air" assisted in this little swindle, leaving for a time their recognized occupations of rapping tables, and writing meaningless messages in execrable English?

Following upon this exhibition came another, which knocked away the last frail supports of materialism, and would have converted the densest dunderhead of an unbeliever—even if German or French. One of the trio came to me for a coin, and got a good English half-crown, which I afterwards desired him to keep—to avoid giving him ten times the amount, which he really deserved. The coin was handed around for show, in conjuror fashion, and then offered to any one to hold, which a Frenchman at my side kindly consented to do. Before he closed his hand upon it I saw that it was my half-crown. Doubt there could be none.

Hankee Pankee then asked me, in broken English, into what other country's coin I would like the half-crown to be changed. I mentioned Hindoostan, upon which the Frenchman was asked to open his hand, and there lay a rupee and no English half-crown! The Frenchman declared that he



had felt no invisible fingers at work, and that nothing to his knowledge had gone through his skin. I had seen a scarce coin in Ceylon made of copper, and having an elephant stamped upon one side, and the head of the third of the Georges upon the other, already described as a "stiver." I requested the dusky supernaturalist to change the rupee into that coin, when the Frenchman had again closed his hand upon it. On his again opening it at the conjuror's command, the change had been made, and from that it was again changed to the half-crown now offered to me. It was free from all smell of brimstone, but it was such a "kittle" or uncanny coin that I bade Hankee to keep it as a reward.

Other wonders followed. One of the trinity now swallowed a blue powder, then a red one, and afterwards one of a yellowish colour. These were all taken out of small papers as if bought of a neighbouring chemist. The three powders were then washed down, as it seemed, with copious drinks from a big brazen chatty, which must have held a good pailful of water. That large quantity seemed to be actually all swallowed by this drinker, whose divine, or devilish, thirst might have been envied by any bacchanalian or common toper. To one's bewildered eyes the drinker's body seemed to be swollen by his imbibitions. Presently, all the water was ejected in a series of jets from his mouth, from which came then the wonder of the three powders. They were spat out in the reverse order to which they had been swallowed, but they came out all dry and unmixed, were caught on papers, and so shown around!

Such jugglery may be called the poetry of illusion, and, like to the imaginative faculty and the poetic genius, makes "the thing that is not seem as though it were." A "local habitation" had seemingly been given in the "airy nothingness" to the numbered balls. Such art is a specialty of Hindoostan. Practised for ages, and handed down from father to son, it has reached that fine finish that takes from it all semblance of art. In that way, the world has not its equal to show.

My Hindoo guardian gets me to go early next morning to the Calcutta market—a large and finely-built place, and well divided and adapted to its different uses. A strange sort of English is used here—like to the pigeon-English of the Chinese. “Europe meat,” “Europe groceries,” do not look or sound well to English eyes and ears, but I am told to be satisfied with the customs of the country, in which any one who sells English goods is said to keep a “Europe shop.” The things most attractive are the various fruits, chief and best among which stands the mango.

Three faiths are prominent in India. There are probably a larger number of beliefs, and as many sects here as elsewhere. The Buddhist, the Brahmin, and the Mohammedan are, however, the three that have the most prominent places of worship. I am allowed to go into the Buddhist and Brahminical temples, but not into the Mohammedan. One might mistake the interior of most of these Brahminical temples for small museums, they are so full of carvings and curiosities. The gilt and ungilt figures of the gods sit and stand about all around, much as one had seen them in home exhibitions of rarities. At the entrance of some of these temples it was necessary to take off one’s boots, and so walk the marble pavement in stockinged feet. Not knowing the ways of the people sufficiently, I preferred not to leave the boots outside, and so carried them about, as I have seen some folks doing with their shoes in Ireland, where it is a fashion to wear them inside only, and not as here, outside of the places of worship.

In one walk on the outskirts of the native town I was sensible, distinctly, of the smell of roast pork. Following my nose, and led by my native boy, I found myself in a brick enclosure, near to the water-side. It was one of the native “crematories,” if I may coin a word to express the substitutes for cemeteries, or the place in which cremations take place. The Hindoos burn their dead. It is done in the afternoon if the death takes place in the morning, but if in the evening, or during the night, then on the next morning.

Nothing was to be seen in this crematory but a few smouldering ashes and particles of burnt bones. A fierce fire of burning wood had reduced to this a dead Hindoo in twenty minutes. The actions of the just, we are told, smell sweet, and blossom in their dust, but the aroma left about by the dust of a burnt Hindoo, just or unjust, is as nearly as possible that of roast pig.

A print which hangs framed in my bedroom so perplexes me that I take it down to my general referee on the ground floor to get it explained, and so off my mind. He tells me that it illustrates the "Choruk pooja," a Calcutta festival in honour of the goddess Cali, which was abolished by the British about the time of the abolition of the "Suttee," or burning of widows. This print represents a machine like to a merry-go-round used at English fairs, and similarly worked. At the end of each horizontal spoke, elevated twenty feet from the ground, swung a devotee, hooked thereto by iron hooks through the fleshy parts of his shoulders. They were thus swung round, as by a whirlwind, until the supporting flesh gave way, and they fell to the ground. Their screeches were deadened by the beating of tom-tom drums. I am glad that I am some years too late to see this ceremony.

Conspicuously in the European quarter of Calcutta stands Government House—the gates and steps guarded by native soldiery. Those of "The Honourable East India Company's Service," to which all white soldiers here once belonged, are but seldom seen about. Like to the whites generally, they are but a mere handful to the number of natives employed as military. As a soldier the Hindoo looks well. Soldiers generally do, but the clothing which is here worn by these guards becomes them more than ordinarily, or they become it. A kind of sandal is worn by them, which has a strap running up between the great toe and its neighbour. A grating of straps, so to call it, secures this sandal over the instep.

After some days I get courage to go into a palanquin—when nobody seems to be looking. I lie there as in a coffin, and, coffin-like, am hoisted on to the shoulders of two men.

They carry me away at that jog-trot pace in which a pauper's funeral is generally conducted in Christian countries. It is not the pleasantest mode of conveyance, nor does it give rise to any pleasant thoughts. If my grunting carriers, or one of them, had slipped one of his bare feet, I seemed to stand a good chance of being picked up insensible. My head must, in the fall, have been necessarily bumped much on the top and sides of this thick wooden box. It would, all things considered, have been safer to have been carried on a hospital stretcher, and to have occupied the time by holding up an umbrella to keep off the sunshine. There is an old story of an Irishman who, being in London for the first time, was anxious to ride in the then fashionable sedan chairs. He was placed in one in which the essentials of seat and flooring were omitted. It was started before he could get any explanation. As it was, he wanted none—merely saying, when he was taking off his battered head-covering and bespattered dress, that but for the look of the thing he would much rather have walked. To a lesser extent I had the same feeling on leaving this mounted shelf. The palanquin is not so nice a mode of conveyance as is the Japanese wheeled perambulator, which, with that nation, has in seven years quite superseded the cumbrous thing still used throughout India. A good thing awaits the innovator who will introduce the jinrikishaw of Japan into Hindoostan.

It is possible to leave Calcutta with but little regret, judging by my experiences in what is termed its cool season. The name of the city is derived from the goddess Cali, the Hindoostanee aforesaid deity, who was propitiated by human sacrifices. These were rendered to her by a sect called Thugs, who have been wrongly represented as murderous. They had, however, no malice towards their victims. Nought did they "in hate, but all in honour" of their deity. Her temple and effigy I shall no doubt see in Benares, the city of gods and goddesses, if the British Government have not abolished it—as they have done with the Thugs.

Meanwhile, I have seen something of the city of this Cali,

to whom, I soon find, that human sacrifices are still made in a less direct but equally sure manner. It is a sacrifice of health and life to stop long in Calcutta. A year spent in it would, I think, be my last. At the conclusion of it one's liver would be enlarged like to that of a Strasburg goose, and by the same process—the living for months in an oven's atmosphere.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE "HOLY CITY" OF INDIA.

THE capital cities of India are—Calcutta, the political one ; Benares, the Hindoo one ; Delhi, the Mohammedan one ; and Bombay, the commercial one. A glance has been given at Calcutta, on leaving which a journey of four hundred miles, made through indigo and opium-fields, brings one to the Holy City of India, and also one of the oldest of existing cities.

The arrival of the train occurs late in the evening, which adds to the impressiveness of the approach to this semi-sacred place. Such approach extends yet over four miles, for Benares is as much out of the line of the rail as it is out of the ways of the world generally. No vehicles are waiting for us. They will be only found on the other side of the Ganges, to cross which is forbidden to them, and if it were not, there is no bridge, save one of boats, to take them over ; to use which would compel payment of a heavy toll. A crowd of natives come around us, however, each anxious to do porter's work. They will conduct us in the twilight to the river side, a mile or so distant, and carry the luggage for us.

The distribution of labour among these men is very general. One article is all that each wants to carry, and that, of whatever weight it may be, is always carried on the head, and there balanced. I might carry my travelling-bag myself, for all the load that it is, but the road is not good, and it is only a trifle of cost to have it carried, and looks more the thing to have it so done. These lanky light porters form, therefore,

quite a procession—each one carrying a lantern. As they went along in that Indian file, of which I now saw an illustration, on the winding road to the river, I stepped aside more than once to admire the strange parade of which I formed a part. It was a very picturesque, not to say grotesque, affair. Thirty at least of the natives marched along barefooted, noiselessly, and nearly naked. They walked bolt upright, each carrying balanced on his head some article of luggage that made him look more or less ridiculous. One man carrying a portable bath looked, so surmounted, particularly comical.

We reached, at last, the bridge of boats, and found it to be a very primitive one—as quaint and queer as the city to which it leads, and seemingly as ancient. The bridge was more than half a mile in length, and at the other end of it lay a State barge, built for a late royal British visitor, to avoid his walking over our bridge. The gilt gingerbread-looking thing seemed quite out of place where everything else appeared so antiquated. It is yet some three miles to Benares, but we have done with the walking part of the business, and our procession now breaks up. Each head now resigns its burden to the waiting vehicles, and the dark hands take the annas, or coppers, given in payment. We now journey onwards on wheels, through the darkness, and enter what looks to us, in that light, as a conglomeration of old cathedral cities. Such is Benares, where I find an hotel kept by an asthmatic Englishman, who is a welcome sight indeed to me. Here I get supper, and serve as such for a crowd of mosquitoes afterwards.

I am up early indeed next morning to take a look at the sacred city, but cannot find a guide, nor can get one until mine host is astir, at a late hour. I learn some information about Benares from other sources, the getting of which helps to fill up time. It is, I find, of the most ancient of all habitations of men in this world. It might divide honours in that respect with Tyre, Tangier, or Joppa, if not with Damascus itself. Its antiquity, so far as I can learn, is the chief ingredient in that sanctity to which its crowds of temples only help.

It has thus a hallowed halo cast around it by the sanctifying touch of time. It has always been the head-quarters of the ancient faith—that Hindooism, or the Brahminical form of worship, which has now resumed its sway over India, and nearly driven out from thence the reformed faith which Buddha, the Luther of India, introduced.

Of this faith called Hindooism there is no known founder or prophet, as there is of Christianity, Mohammedanism, or Buddhism. It has been described as the natural religion of humanity, and as the outcome of our ordinary devotional instincts, unguided by any revelation. In its origin it was the worship of the elements, and, through them, of their Creator. Gradually, forms were given to the powers worshipped, and so gods and their images were added as the ages rolled on and teachers of the faith multiplied. Professor Max Müller's lectures on the origin of religion, as illustrated by the religions of India, trace in this Hindoo faith the earliest efforts at forms of worship beyond those of the primitive savage.

The worship of "the Great Spirit" was the original idea of the faith, but Hindooism has become now but a mere confused worship of many gods and goddesses, whose temples are all here at Benares. Of such are Agni, the fire-god ; Kama, the god of love ; Surya, the sun-god ; Ganesa, the god of wisdom, and a hundred others. To the gods, as also to Vishnu and Shiva—two of the supreme trinity—are given wives, who are worshipped as goddesses. In coming to Benares, I am come to a bewildering city of worship, in which is to be seen all that idolatry and grovelling to graven images of which we read such denunciation in the Scriptures, and are so apt to think as a thing of a bygone period ; and not, as it is, the form of religious worship followed by over one hundred millions of the inhabitants of Hindoostan.

To this state of things came Buddha, two thousand six hundred years ago, as a reformer. Here, at Sarnath, an out-skirt of Benares, was erected the first Buddhist temples, from which spread out over India, and thence over the world, that faith, which, taught at first by him, has now elsewhere the



largest number of followers. The grosser superstition has been, however, too strong in Hindoostan, and the Buddhist temples of Benares are now nearly all converted into Brahminical ones—to shrines for the worship of those idols of whom, in Benares, that of Shiva is the most prominent. The purer faith of Buddha, the reformer, has nearly disappeared from that India which was its birthplace, to find acceptance with millions of believers in other Eastern lands. Of Buddhism I have seen something, and at what has replaced it here a look around has now to be taken.

The Ganges has made Benares! The city clings to its shore, and to one shore only, the left bank—and that but for some four miles in extent. On that side of the river, and for the distance of two miles out of the four, the Holy City pushes itself everywhere into that sacred stream. Temples jostle temples, and the grand mansions of those who could afford to buy and build on such a specially sought-for site. The mansions of the wealthy, and the palaces of princes of the past, have, like the temples, all of them, stone stairs, called ghauts, that run adown the river bank, and into the water, and beneath it. The Ganges swells up, in the rainy season, for forty feet or more above low-water mark, covers the ghauts, and reaches to the lower floors of these buildings. Hence the necessity for the stone stairs when the flood subsides.

On these ghauts the bathers walk down into the water in great throngs throughout the day, and there the faithful wash, and believe themselves to be sanctified by so doing. The followers of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, and the hundred lesser representative deities, believe in this sanctifying power of the Ganges with a strength of faith that we, born of a cold northern hemisphere, scarcely comprehend. On ascending the steps and leaving the sacred stream, each believer goes to his priest, here seated under matting-made sun-shades, the size of a large parlour table-cover. Still wet with the holy water, he has now red and white paint marks placed by the priest upon his forehead. They will be worn throughout the day, and tell to all who see him whence he has come, and what he

has that morning done. The red and white paint is not always used, but in their place a whitish dust, made of the burnt droppings of the holy cows and bulls, which walk undisturbed in this sacred city. It is a city sacred in its waters, in its shrines, its priests, its monkeys, its bulls, its cows, and its fakirs—a class of fanatical beggars peculiarly holy and filthy.

Benares is now a grand old ruin from end to end, and makes no effort at "restoration" or repairs of any kind. Much of it has been going to ruin since our antiquity began, and is going to further decay daily. The city is so sacred that all seems left to fate and to supernatural power to provide what municipal bodies attend to elsewhere. The stones lie about as they fall. They are stepped over and around, and not removed. The stitch in time, that saves the additional eight, is never given here. The sinking foundation is not impeded, and, by-and-by, the house follows its supports. For such events the Benarians wait, and when it happens they sit about upon the ruins, and get blessed by the priest, and have their faces smeared and painted with holy pigments.

Half of the inhabitants of the city are pilgrims from distant places in this and in other lands—here sojourning for a time for purifying purposes. Those who can do so, stay here to die, for so to do is what it would be for a Jew to lie in Abraham's bosom. They worship, meantime, in the thousand temples which are around, and to the thousands of symbols of their faith that stand in little shrines at the street corners. The population is calculated at a quarter of a million, and it is told me that half of that number have come hither strangers, like myself, and as to a city of sanctity and sanctifying power. Here they find, to their minds, the relief found elsewhere by Christian in Bunyan's wondrous tale. The load of sin which has troubled the mind is removed, and those aweary of this world are now, all unburdened, ready to leave it—happy in the assurance of a better one. The phenomena of faith can be well studied here—in this its head-quarters. Crowds are around me working out their salvation in the waters and in the temples; the priests ever at their elbows—and pockets.

And am I to have no part or lot in the matter, and to stand as a scoffer at it all? These people may all be right, for what I know, and for what Tennyson knows also, if he believes, as he tells us, that Death is

“ That figure cloak'd from head to foot,  
Which keeps the keys of all the creeds.”

So I follow example, and do here as others do—bathing in the Ganges with the rest. My guide points out to me the most sacred spot, which is also the most crowded; and there I wash as vigorously as any of the believers. I feel, for different reasons to theirs, all the better for it, as one always does after a bath in this climate. Then, to be all in order, I turn to one of the priests for anointment, and receive the mark on the forehead, like the rest of them. It is, in this case, literally the “mark of the beast,” being made, as it is, of the white powder of burnt cow-droppings. I paid a half-rupee for such priestly care, and carried the mark about Benares, until perspiration and the necessary handkerchief took it off—a result that soon followed in this warm region.

I had bathed in the Ganges—a pilgrim who had come further, so to do, than had any of those around me. Often as I had read of this river, of this city, and these devotees, it had never entered my mind that I should one day stand here to do as they did. Not all, however, was yet done. My good guide smiles on my zeal, or it may be that he laughs at my folly, Hindoo as he is. He tells me of two other waters, one of which is to be inwardly applied, and not outwardly, as is that of the Ganges. These are the Well of Knowledge and the Well of Purification. The Ganges has washed away sin. The Well of Knowledge will give me wisdom, and that of Purification keep me holy for ever. I feel faith growing strongly upon me, and bid my guide to lead on while I follow him, much in the fashion of my prototype Sadak, in search of the Waters of Oblivion.

The Well of Intelligence is, I find, situated, as it should be, under a golden dome, where are a crowd waiting around the fount. Its high priest is lading the water of knowledge into

the open palms of the devotees, from a huge jar of it which stands at his side. I have my doubts about this jar and its contents, and wish to have my drink of water as I see it drawn up from the well. This well is some thirty feet or more deep. It has over it the before-mentioned gilded canopy, around it are gilded railings, and coming up from its water is the scent of a cesspool. Such water was brown-looking and stagnant stuff, strewn over its surface with flowers, thrown thereon as offerings by devotees. Such vegetable matter, as it decayed, gave to the water the peculiar aroma alluded to. As flowers for such offerings were on sale hereabout, I contributed my quota before drinking, as so to do seemed part of the ritual.

I thought indeed that some supernatural assistance was really wanted to the drinking of this water. The smell would have deterred most people from taking it, but faith is worthless if it can be stunk out of believers. We all know that it cannot even be burnt out of some, who have so died for its sake. Fortifying myself with the scriptural advice to "try all things," I got a handful of water—it is all drinking from the hand here—from a bucket pulled up for that purpose, and, holding my nose meanwhile, gulped it down as I would a black draught. I had to pay black draught price—half a rupee—for it. I had now drunk of the water of the Well of Knowledge, and certainly knew more than I did before. I expected further knowledge within an hour or so, if that nasty mixture did not meantime act upon me as an emetic. Why we do such things those can well answer who risk their lives in climbing to dangerous peaks which have proved already fatal to many adventurers. No knowledge is to be gained by doing such risky climbing, but here the case was different; and I followed only the example of thousands whom I have no right to say were less wise than myself. If we learn in travelling what fools there are in this world, we also learn how we have been equally befooled in other ways.

The Well of Purification—the famous Manikarnika, as it is called—was my next destination. With that my course of

the waters of Benares would be complete, and I should be sanctified, purified, and made perfect in knowledge. The water of this well is purgatorial in its effect. It can whiten the red hand of murder, and purge the guilty soul of the parricide. Its effects are also permanent, and those washed by it can no more be dirtied by sin in their way through this soul-soiling world. I find the desired fount of such a balm on a terrace, at the top of one of the ghauts. It is railed all round, and has but one gate to it, at which stand two guardians. Fifty or so of steps lead down to its dirty, disgusting-looking water. I tender a rupee to the gatekeeper priest, without consulting the guide about it, and find my offering refused. My guide explains the phenomenon of the refusal of money by priestly hands.

“The water is only for Hindoos—you cannot go down to it. You must be one of the faith to get any benefit from it.”

“Tell him that I am one of the faith, and have washed in the Ganges, and drunk of the Well of Knowledge. Say that I have come from the ends of the earth—both ends of it—to wash in this water, and also, that the doctor orders it.”

A long colloquy now ensued between my guide and the attendants, ending in his saying to me, “He still says, ‘No! You will not be allowed to go down—even a Mohammedan is not allowed to go down, but only those of the Hindoo faith.’”

I urged that he should try again, but he only repeated that so to do would avail nothing, and might lead to unpleasantness. I reconsidered the position, and remembered that all men have been said by a wise man to have their price. Fifty pounds should be spent over this business ere I failed.

“Ask them how many rupees they want to let me go down and wash my hands in the water—say that I will give anything!” He went, and made such liberal offer, and returned reporting thus:—

“He says that you cannot go down for a thousand rupees, or ten thousand!” Another resource now occurred to me—the money one having failed.

“Ask him, then, to let you fill this phial with the water,” I said, producing one that I had that morning filled with the water of the Ganges, which I now emptied out, as being easily replaced. The offer was made, as I suggested, but the answer was,—

“He says, ‘No.’ You cannot touch the water, or take any of it away, on any account, or for any money. It is too precious!”

“I got water from the Well of Knowledge, and why not from this?” I expostulated.

“The water from the Well of Knowledge is but water, but this liquid is the perspiration of the God Vishnu, who dug this well, and so filled it, as the result of his labour!”

I began now to perceive that the matter was far weightier than I had supposed, and required consideration. A devotee now came up, who paid his fees, and was led down the steps by one of the priests to the water’s edge. He was a tottering old man, who had, probably, made great effort to get here ere death overtook him. It was a sight to remember, that of this poor old sinner, supported by the attendant, and undressed by him at the water’s edge. He thence descended into it, until the nauseous-looking stuff reached his waist, and then stooped to lave it over his head and shoulders. At the bidding of the priest, who shouted into his deaf ears, he repeated this laving three times, the exertion seeming to quite exhaust him, and the smell of the water half choking him. About the latter there could be little wonder. Thousands of devotees have washed in this water for years without number, until it has become foul and thickened by such washing. I must evidently, I saw, get the hand-washing I wanted at second-hand, and one, like myself, with the water of the Well of Knowledge within him, might be expected to know how to surmount all obstacles.

“You go down to the well,” I said to my Hindoo guide,

“and bathe your hands in the water, that I may do by deputy what I am not allowed to do personally! Here is a rupee for the fee.” I had only told him half of my intention.

He did as desired, paid the fee, descended the steps, and bared his hands to the wrists, returning at once up the steps to me. When he came, I had the pleasure of grasping both his hands, and so getting mine as wet as his own! The full benefit of the water might not have been so obtained, but it would go for what it was worth, and the good intention added to it might make up for much. The idea, let me say, was not original. I once saw a sleeping negro robbed of his hair-oil while he slept, by another, who, rubbing his hands on the sleeping one's head, so transferred the grease to his own hair.

Sending the guide down the ghaut to refill the phial with Ganges water, to be preserved as a talisman, we went, on his return, to the Cow Temple. Here a dozen or more of pampered cows were wandering over a marble floor, and occasionally fouling it. Devotees were kneeling about, but whether in worship of the cows, or of an image which was stuck up at one end of the temple, could not easily be determined. The guide seemed also uncertain about it. I gave the cows the benefit of the doubt, as they at least were living things, and the work of a greater Creator than the graven image.

The Temple of the Sacred Monkeys, and Hanuman the monkey-god, was a still more curious exhibition. In it were at least a hundred monkeys considered as holy things and pampered here like spoilt children. Sellers of sweatmeats crowded the steps of this temple. The purchases made are used as the buns are with the bears in the Zoological Gardens. One could thus buy something for the monkeys, though not for the cows. On looking about at the interior carvings of the temple, monkeys were to be seen perched about everywhere. The traveller must leave this temple with the idea that Darwin has been there before him. Monkey on the

brain might in one sense be got here to a certainty. On that point I speak with authority, as, in their unchecked frolics and sacred fearlessness, a younger one of the family jumped upon my head.

For the rest of the day I patrol the narrow streets of Benares, seldom of more than seven feet in width, and look at the pigeon-hole-like shops in the walls. No vehicle traverses these streets. The barefooted palanquin-carriers are the only burden-bearers, and they never seem to slip on the smooth cobble-stones, that would certainly bring a shod horse down. Here I see at work the celebrated brass-workers of the place, turning out those dishes, cups, and vases curious for the handicraft and carving shown in them. Here are images of many of their gods, and I buy, as curios for my own enlightened land, half-a-dozen different idols, the worship of which I innocently thought had long since died out. Here, too, is made the famous "kinkob," a cloth of golden threads interwoven with woollen ones. Great care is taken of this cloth by the traders. Half-a-dozen locks and bars shield the cupboard in which it is kept, and a high price is asked for it. For about enough to make a waistcoat I was asked 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  sterling. The cloth, equally with its price, seemed too heavy for me. The diamond dealers are another class among the Benares merchants; but diamonds are things I never could appreciate, save in their useful capacity of drilling rocks and assisting glaziers.

On a second visit to the waterside next morning, I saw my first cremation—the most impressive sight, next to a hanging, that I ever saw! The burning ghaut here is the favourite one for all India, as the ashes of the cremated one are thrown in the Ganges at the Holy of Holies, as it were. Several cremations are now taking place. There are five piles of wood blazing at one time, but I give my attention all to one. The ceremony of burning the dead is superintended by a priest, and watched by the relatives of the deceased. The chief mourner in this case is the widow. The body of her late husband is brought down thinly covered with muslin net. A wood pile is built in a few minutes, to the height of four feet,



by dried logs laid at right angles. On that height being reached, the body is laid along upon it, the back of the head and soles of the feet protruding at either side. The wood-pile is then built up to a further height of three feet, and is all the work of five minutes only. It looks, when finished, nearly square.

The young widow has been sitting, dressed in white, among the mourners, with averted head, awaiting the finishing of the pile. It is her sad duty to light it. A handful of straw is handed to her, on which the priest drops some oil. The fire is supplied by another attendant, who has brought it from some sacred source, where it ever burns, and is heavily charged for. No other fire but this sacred flame must light the funeral pile. Before lighting the straw, the miserable woman—for such she is in other sense than being only a widow—walks three times around the pile, each time touching the head of the deceased. The pile is then lighted at the foot upon the side facing the river—probably from the breeze being strongest in that quarter. The dry wood ignites quickly, and crackles in the flames, which soon reach the dead body. That swells greatly with the heat, and the skin bursting causes a strong smoke, that for a time struggles with the flames. They soon gain the mastery, however, and as I see the wood falling inwards, all around, I know that the fierce fire has done its work. In twenty minutes, nothing but a pile of ashes remain. The protruding head and toes have fallen in towards the centre, as the wood burnt away, and there is not so much as a bit of bone to be found. The burning-up has been complete.

The widow, who lighted the fire, had meanwhile withdrawn with her friends, and sat afar off, with face averted. The scene was a solemn and impressive one. My first sight of cremation in the holy city of Benares, on the banks of the sacred Ganges, will be a life-long recollection—one of the most enduring that all India leaves with me. The British Government did not do wholly a kindness to the Hindoo widow when they abolished the custom of her burning herself with her

dead husband. The customs of the Hindoos are as unalterable as all customs of the East ; and this practice was founded on others, which should have been also altered at the same time. A widow is not permitted to marry again. Her parents are, for many reasons, and all reasonable ones, forbidden again to receive her ; she has, therefore, unless left a wealthy woman, no refuge whatever but to become the slave of her mother-in-law ! Much has been said about mothers-in-law, but no one knows so much of the matter as the poor Hindoo widow—thenceforth, and for the rest of her life, the most miserable of all womankind.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PALACE-CITY OF INDIA.

I AM kindly advised, before starting on my overland journey through India, of the wants I shall find by the way. In addition to the railway ticket, I have to purchase a pillow, a towel, and some soap ; the pillow is to go as a head-rest, at the end of the stuffed leathern carriage seat which will be my sleeping sofa for the night ; the soap and towel are for use in the little closet adjoining the carriage. The pace of the train is slow, and the country is flat, and looks hot and uninteresting to those who have only eyes for scenery. Among the indigo and the poppies are now and again seen the heads of the natives, and here and there an occasional hill breaks the dead level of the far-stretching plain. The villages on the line of road are merely collections of mud-hovels, but one degree better than those seen on the banks of the Nile. The labourers are, I fear, but little better off, to judge by the wretched appearance of their dwellings. Those who in Egypt are called "fellahs," are here "ryots."

The opium-fields are mostly white when the poppies are in flower. Of those grown for this produce, the white is the favourite, though red and purple patches are to be seen about. Fifty years or so ago, opium was heard of and used mostly as a medicine. The use as a stimulant has steadily increased since, and here in India is the greatest field for its manufacture. The poppy, that we know of only in the wheat-fields and in the druggists' shops, takes here the place that potatoes do in Ireland, and tobacco in the Southern States

of America. This district through which I come, from Calcutta, is about the largest in which it is cultivated and is a plain of 600 miles by 200 or thereabouts broad. It was ceded to England less than a century ago. One end of it runs to Patna, and the other is taken charge of as a district of Benares. The whole plain is divided thus into two districts, of which the cities named are the head-quarters. Patna had a name once for rice, which she has not maintained in the market, finding opium-growing more profitable. The heads of the poppies are, when on the stem, probed in the early morning, and then left for the juice to trickle out during the day. It is next morning scraped off in a gummy state and deposited in a jar, carried by the labourer. By him it is then transferred to other jars, and in that state collected from his hands by the officials of his district. So many jars make a chest, and the value of a chest is 150*l*.

When it is added that eight or a hundred thousand chests are a year's product for India, it will be seen by heads not much given to cyphering what a source of revenue opium is to India! When it is further considered that one-half of this produce is forced upon the Chinese market by the British, it will be perceived how little creditable opium-growing is to Great Britain. There are spots in the sun, and this opium-producing business is, from beginning to end, a dark spot on the lustre of England's commerce and means of wealth. The opium is grown by little better than slave labour, and its great profit is only realized from those Chinese, who have to take it, or a war is the penalty of their refusal. Let a spade be called a spade; and this opium business is but little less disgraceful than was the slave-trade of old!

The world, though large, is, in one sense, small. It is difficult for those who wish to get away altogether from a recognition to find the seclusion they seek. I think of that when finding, as a station-master at one of the out-of-the-way stations on this line, an old Australian acquaintance. He tells me that he is not so happy as when in that land from which he was one morning suddenly missed, and in which he

now much wished himself back. The heat here made life, he said, unbearable, and he could well understand why the devisers of punishments to come had made extra heat the chief one awaiting the sinner. He hoped, for himself, that he was here doing a semi-purgatorial course, that might be carried to his credit when he, like the rest of us, should have to answer hereafter to the great "roll-call."

It is on this journey, and this evening, my first effort at getting a night's rest in a railway train. Like most first attempts, it is a failure. I must get accustomed to it, however, as I have, in the far distance before me, long rides upon the rail to do, over other continents. Sleeping over the screw, in the after part of a steamer, is not learnt at once. I thought at one time that I should never get used to the thumping noise, until at last I found sleep difficult to get without that monotonous lullaby. The rattle of the wheels in a railway-carriage tell in the same way in time, and even the shrill steam-whistle does not, at last awaken me. We are more adaptable to circumstances than we think for. Somebody said, "We are wiser than we know," and, perhaps, that is equally true, and we are not all the fools that we look.

The railway from Benares to Lucknow is called the Oude and Rohilcund line, and is about the worst to be found in India. To make up for the discomforts of dirty old carriages, and other objectionable things that are noticeable on long journeys, I happen upon good company. There is a silver lining to every cloud, and such here appears in the form of three Americans, who are travelling with no better reason for doing so than I have. In the long journey from Calcutta to Benares I had but Hindoos for company, and conversation therefore rather flagged; that is a mild way of saying that I could not understand a word that I heard said by those around me. I once met with a man of defective articulation, but exceedingly given to talking. He never expected any reply or remark to be made to him, and that fortunately, as scarcely a word of his long utterances was understood by any one. The like of him could have travelled comfortably

for a day among these Hindoos, and have talked all the time, or for such part of the time as passengers could have been got to stay in the carriage with him.

It is in the early morning that I reach Lucknow, the "City Beautiful" of Hindoostan. Taking the usual cup of tea and slice of toast which are served at five a. m. at Hill's Imperial Hotel, I go out to have a three or four hours perambulation of the city before breakfast, and in the great advantage of the morning coolness. It is, I find, the real "City of Palaces" of India, to which title Calcutta has, in comparison with it, no pretensions whatever. Something of all the best parts of other Indian cities is to be seen here in Lucknow. To those attractions have to be added half-a-dozen or more of palaces of novel construction and highly pleasing appearance. Some of them are coloured in yellow, blue, and white, in the fashion in which Owen Jones tricked out the Crystal Palace in 1851. Surmounting such buildings are gilded towers, spires, and other novelties, to which allusion will be made.

This Lucknow, that was so grand-looking but awhile ago, is the capital of the kingdom of Oude, and is in the very garden of Hindoostan. Hence its troubles! The late East India Company set their eyes upon it, and then followed their acquisitive hands. Such occurred as lately only as 1856. It was the last of the "annexations" made during their reign, and the "hottest" in its results. Following the deposition of Wadi Ali Shah, the late King of Oude, came that mutiny of 1857—events which those with whom I talked in India looked upon as cause and effect. The native soldiery at Lucknow, Cawnpore, Benares, Delhi, and other places, were by some means, only to be guessed, instigated to mutiny and to the massacre of the British. Though the promoters have never been fully discovered, the organization was complete, and terribly effective for a time.

The visitor sees in Lucknow, in addition to its many palaces, some of the finest mosques to be seen in Hindoostan; for Lucknow, like Delhi, was of Mohammedan faith. Here, too

are also to be seen those "Gardens of Delight," to which a lifetime of good taste seems to have been devoted. Here also are buildings that are not to be classified to English understandings—the palace tombs of ex-kings and their wives and mothers, most of such edifices having gilded domes. And here is the grand "Kaiser Bagh," or Cæsar's Garden, a magnificent quadrangle of palatial buildings, erected as lately as 1850, at a cost of a million sterling. They enclose a vast garden of over fifty acres. In its area are bowers, marble garden-temples, fantastically-built arches, and other bewildering prettinesses. This was the work of the last of Lucknow's kings—he who now lives in the prison-palace on the Hooghly at Calcutta. It was this extravagance on his part, in this Cæsar's Garden, that led, among other things, to the coveting of his kingdom. Cæsar he has been of a verity, and is nothing now.

All the fine palaces are now perverted to base uses, save the Kaiser Bagh, which is left to the dominion of desolation and dust. Several of them are used as Government offices. Papers, books, and red tape, with smudgy-fingered scribes, fill these halls of the Haroun Alraschids and Scheherezades. In the Kaiser Bagh Garden Palace there must be, I think, between one and two thousand rooms, all now empty and falling to that decay that in all buildings seems so quickly to follow upon desertion. From a central building, the Barah-dara, the solid silver flooring has been taken up. All the surrounding buildings of these gardens are coloured in yellow, white, and blue, in a highly tasteful way. But the gay sight looks a very sad one now—as would a painted beauty in silks, flowers, and feathers appear who was crying her heart out, reddening her eyes, and besmearing her face.

The whole scene presented by Lucknow—desolated as it is in every way in which it is looked upon—forcibly recalls that prophecy of the fall of Venice, which Byron puts so effectively in the mouth of Marino Faliero when upon the scaffold :—

"Then, when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,  
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek

Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his ;  
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread  
In narrow streets, and in their shameful need  
Make their nobility a plea for pity ;  
Then, when the few who still retain a wreck  
Of their great father's heritage shall fawn  
Round a barbarian Vice of Kings Vice-gerent  
Even in the Palace where they swayed as Sovereigns."

Every image, so forcibly presented in those nervous lines, is here realized in Lucknow, or in what remains of that once magnificent city. There is enough of the nature of the Hebrew, the Hun, and the Greek in all of us, and certainly so in all the Europeans whom I see here, to support the full meaning of the words of the dying Doge.

From the Kaiser Bagh, but a short distance, is another palace of rainbow colours, showing two fine towers at its sides. These towers are overhung by semi-domes, in umbrella fashion. This is the famous "Chutter Munzil," or Umbrella Palace ; so-called from such decorations. It was formerly a harem, but is now desecrated to the uses of a club. Hairy-faced beings are smoking and drinking, where dark-eyed houris only once smiled and fanned themselves. Seen in the sunshine, this Chutter Munzil long detains one's gaze. Its glittering towers, and their golden coverings—the latter seemingly hung high in the air—have their full effect as architectural novelties. It is an effect that remains with the traveller as a pleasant memory, in which respect the building has been admirably planned for its original purpose. Should a design for a harem be desired by any millionaire, that of this Chutter Munzil, at Lucknow, had better be followed. It is a building that, in a sort, invites the visitor and woos him to visit it.

Many days may be well spent in seeing the "lions" of Lucknow, and to that list each of its kings seem to have added. And not alone the kings! Here is "Constantia"—the Martini Palace—an architectural phantasy of one Claude Martin, a French soldier, who rose from the ranks to riches and greatness under favour of one of the Kings of



Oude. Martin was offered by his king a crore of rupees—the equal of a million sterling—for this palace, when finished, but refused the offer. The building was his architectural pet, and built alike for a dwelling and a tomb; he lies buried in the basement. As an amateur architect he made blunders, and appears to have forgotten the staircases, which had to be afterwards run round outside the building. By night this palace was lighted up by lanterns, formed of monsters' faces, the flame of the lamp within showing from their eyes and mouths.

A grand mosque, indeed, is the neighbouring great Jumna Musjid, and all the grander for standing on high ground. Such, added to its majestic breadth, and the great height of its minarets, renders it visible from all points of view. A splendid outlook over Lucknow is to be had from these minarets, but the architect has omitted to enclose the tops, which renders standing on the summit a troublesome matter to those of unseamanlike heads. This magnificent mosque is now used as a jail—a desecration greater than using the harem for a club-house. It was on the staircase of this building that I met the only volunteer guide I ever had in India, and, altogether, the best one. Two could not pass on that narrow way, and he insisted on retracing his steps upwards to save my going down. He was an educated Hindoo, a Baboo, or writer, and kindly attached himself to me for my time in Lucknow—a suit and service for which he would take no pay.

This Lucknow the magnificent has much the appearance of a man-of-war after a hard battle, or “the pet of the fancy” on the day after the fight. It has seen many masters, and its buildings have been put to many uses. Several of them have stood siege, and been garrisoned alternately by British and Hindoo troops. Any citizen can imagine what his town hall, cathedral, public library, and post-office would be in appearance after standing siege-assaults for days. Some such have suffered here beyond hope of repair. Here is “Dil Koosha,” or Heart's-delight, all riddled and in ruins, and here

is the Residency in which dwelt the British Agent or Ambassador previously to 1857, with only bits of the walls now standing. This building appears to have been the very focus of siege operations, and to have been shattered by shell after shell, until scarcely any stones of it are left standing.

That the buildings were not all that suffered is evident in the neighbouring monuments. On those I read names that are familiar to all readers—if only those who read nothing beyond the daily press. They are names which I had never thought to read out of the pages of that history in which they will live. Of such is the inscription—

“To the memory of Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. Interred here (date) 1857.”

To that simple record of Sir Henry Lawrence I might add those of Sir Henry Havelock, General Neill, Major Banks, and half a score of others, who fell at the siege of Lucknow. One monument records the names of several officers, and adds:—“Also of 324 of the rank and file of that regiment.” Such record as that was not singular, for the rank and file of the world are lumped together in death as they are in life.

In one of the deserted palace gardens I “interview” my first Fakir—a holy hermit of a man dwelling in a solitary garden-house. It was in a small marble-built garden-temple that I found this most gruesome, grimy creature. His hair, beard, and finger-nails had apparently been untrimmed for years, nor had he seemingly for that time been scraped or washed. His godliness was certainly not next to cleanliness, and very far from it. This make-up of a maniac and a wild man of the woods wore nothing but a ragged cloth, secured about his waist by some substitute for string. In that deserted garden he represented fitly the spirit of the despoiled place. Previously to the spoliation of Lucknow he had lived here up a tree, and sought to get immovably grown around by the branches. That peculiar way of getting into a fix was frustrated by the British soldiers, who fetched him down. I

wanted to give him money, but Baboo said that he would not take other offering than food, and that all my attempts to shake hands with him would be futile—the length of his nails alone would have much hindered that effort.

Of these Fakirs I met many on the journey through India, though they are not now seen as often as formerly. They are looked upon by the Brahminical sect only as superior beings. One, who had slung on to the lobe of each ear a thin brick common in Indian buildings, was looked upon, in these horrible earrings, as particularly saintly. His ears had become dragged down, and seemed to have grown as tough as leather. Women touched his ragged attire, that they might thereby be blessed. The disfigurements and punishments to which some of these fanatics put themselves are very disgusting. A favourite one is the holding of an arm above the head until it becomes there rigidly fixed, and the nails grow either to a great length, or through the palm of the hand when clenched.

The Chowk, or native town of Lucknow, shows a better appearance and wider streets than those seen in Benares or Calcutta; the reason being, probably, that Lucknow is a more modern city. Here, also, the natives seemed to dress to a greater extent, using about half a white sheet instead of a quarter-one, and keeping it something nearer to its original colour. More elephants and camels are to be seen about in strings of five or six—loaded up with what seems to European eyes crushing weights. These were the first camels I had seen out of a menagerie, save only those that I saw starting on a certain Australian exploring expedition, twenty or more years ago—an expedition whence one only returned of the many which I saw depart.

Lucknow boasts, as curios in the building way, of two things that are largest of their kind—the largest room or hall, and the largest well in the world. The large room is the "Great Imambara," or House of the Prophet. This whim is said to have cost a million sterling. It is told me by Baboo that it was the result of a competitive challenge to the

architects of the time, requiring them to surpass in size and magnificence all existing efforts, and to produce an original design. The name of the successful competitor has seven syllables in it—a name becoming to one with such large ideas. This House of the Prophet is now used by the British as an arsenal, and strewn with cannon, cannon-balls, and conical shot.

In the building of this sacred house no woodwork was permitted, nor any pillars or supports beyond the walls. What the builders had to do was to build a hall of a hundred and sixty-five feet by a breadth of fifty-five and a height of seventy. The walls are the only supports allowed for the roof of this leviathan room ; they are of the vast thickness of sixteen feet. The building has been just a hundred years finished. The roof, as I look up at it from below, and walk about afterwards upon its outside, seems quite flat. To make it a holy building in Hindoo eyes, some Grand Vizier has been buried beneath the centre of the floor. A gallery runs around this great hall that, though of a respectable size, looks from the floor but a mere shelf. The whole affair oppresses the mind with its immensity. No scaffolding was, Baboo says, used in the building of this biggest of rooms. A mound of earth of the exact size of it, was first raised. Over and around that was the building laid, and the earth was afterwards excavated from the interior.

The largest well in the world was next inspected. Great doors are unlocked, and an immense rotunda so opened to view. At one side is a twenty-foot wide flight of very broad steps, that appear to lead down only to darkness. Facing these stairs is what reminds one of the interior of a theatre, and a tier of private boxes. Those sitting therein, and looking down, might have seen, sixty feet below, a circle of water forty feet in diameter, and two hundred feet deep, to which led the staircase told of. Baboo cannot tell me what all this means—wherefore the well, and why the staircase and auditorium ; some king, it is to be supposed, had a whim to have the largest well in the world, as another had to have the

largest hall, and for that alone the people's time and money were expended.

After two days of hard work in sight-seeing, I rest for the morning of the third, and have time to watch a native snake-charmer, who has nothing with him but a cotton wrapper around his loins, and two black bags, for what, in theatrical language would be called "properties." He takes from out one bag, a cobra snake, which, to a tune he pipes on a reed, stands on its tail, and moves about to the music. We make nothing of snakes; but in India, to the jugglers at Madras, and this new performer at Lucknow, the snake is a valuable adjunct. This one lies at full length, and shams death at the word of command—stiffens itself out when bidden, and can then be lifted from one end like a stick. In an instant, and at a word, it is up and dancing again, or making a knot of itself round its owner's neck. Snake-dancing is an unnatural sight—as is also what most recalls it, a one-legged dance. I once saw in Japan a gamecock walking on stilts, and thought it a melancholy exhibition; and the proud-spirited bird seemed, by its looks, to think similarly about it. What is unnatural is mostly painful.

The other bag carried by this snake-charmer contained the snake's natural enemy—a mongoose. This animal is like a ferret to the casual observer, and has the like feeling towards snakes that ferrets have to rats. The finish of the exhibition was to set the two fighting. The snake darted its head again and again at its enemy, but the move was always met and dodged. Each of the combatants had proper respect for the other. They had probably set-to in this fashion scores of times. Not a chance was thrown away. Mongoose wished to seize cobra by the back of the neck, and cobra knew it. He got a slight hold at last, however, and swung there bulldog-like, drawing blood as the snake tried to catch his body in the folds of his own, and so to squeeze it to death. If mongoose got deep hold enough to bite through cobra's spine, then the snake must die; but if cobra could get a turn round mongoose, the squeeze that would follow would finish the battle

the other way. Cobra, in this case, won the day, as announced by the squealing of the mongoose, who was immediately liberated by the exhibitor, and each of the combatants restored to its bag. With an untrained snake the mongoose would have been more successful. I am offered the snake as a purchase for a reasonable sum, but it was an awkward thing to carry about as a curio, and I could not stay to learn the music that was necessary to doing business with it.

Birds are very cleverly trained by these Hindoos. An exhibition in that way followed on that of the snake and mongoose. I see a canary pick from out of a dozen slips of paper thrown together one on which I had made a mark; known, as I thought, only to myself. How the bird also knew it is one of those mysteries that I put away with the wonders I had seen done by the jugglers in Madras and Calcutta.

Lucknow will remain in memory as a dream of desolated grandeur—gay-looking palaces, gilded domes, and gardens of delight. Zobeide, in the “Arabian nights,” offers to bet her “garden of delights” against the Caliph’s palace of pictures. The stake might have been one of these Lucknow gardens. The memory of the visitor will recall also its architectural wonders and curiosities—its desecrated temples, deserted halls, and siege-battered buildings—the glory that has gone, “leaving doors and windows wide.” Here are the “cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples” disappearing all “like the baseless fabric of a vision,” and leaving but wrecks behind. Such is the lesson of Lucknow!

The journey onwards, that is now resumed, is fortunately with my American friends. In the next stage it will be again necessary to sleep in the train *en route*. To do that in a horizontal position, all of the carriage is wanted by the four of us, and one of that number is a lady! She must have a side of the carriage to herself, and one of us must lie on the shelf above, which is secured by straps at each end, and now holds luggage and hats and umbrellas. It was necessary to divide the carriage at night into two compartments, by hang-

ing a travelling-rug across its width from top to bottom. At this piece of upholstery my Americans were very effective, and also at another device which had equally to be thought about. We found that we could not secure the carriage to ourselves, and might have others thrust in upon us who would discompose our arrangements. My Americans are fertile of resource. A small-pox epidemic had been spreading a scare throughout Hindoostan and of that they now took advantage. One of them feigns to be sick of it, and lies at full length on a seat—his head wrapped in a white handkerchief, whenever the train comes to a stoppage at a station. Those who would come into the carriage are asked not to sit too near the sick one, and informed of the sad state of the matter, and that our friend is on his way to the hospital. As there is an hospital in every city, that is not far from the truth. The end is said to justify the means used, and it is by such bamboozling that my lively friends gain their end, and “Hold the Fort,” as they term it, against all comers.

## CHAPTER X.

### INDIA'S MOHAMMEDAN CAPITAL.

"TIMOUR the Tartar" and "The great Mogul" are historic characters, of whom every one has heard. The next stage in my Hindoostan journey introduces me to that Delhi—the Mohammedan capital of India, which they made as famous in the world as themselves. I am in such haste to see Delhi that I overrun another city by the way, to which I must return, as it has a name in the story lately made more prominent even than this great Delhi, though from other and sadder causes. I had heard of the Mogul's city in early youth, however, and of Cawnpore not until recently. Youthful impressions being of the strongest, Delhi so draws me to it, irresistibly. Literature has helped to its great fame. Many of the scenes of Lalla Rookh are laid there, and Moore's pleasant imagery and word-painting take hold of the reader, and remain in the memory—thus giving to Delhi a poetical, equally with an historical, interest.

In Indian names particularly are the changes observable that we see in all earthly things—Delhi is here spelled "Dehli," and Mogul is now modernized into "Mughul" and "Mughal." The famous city is some thousand miles from Calcutta, nearly as far from Bombay, and on the west bank of the Jumna River. A fine high level bridge, the grandest in India, of lattice girder form, iron build, and twelve spans of two hundred feet, is a good introduction to the greatness of the city it leads to. The Delhi of to-day is but one of many Delhis, the remains of which lie round about. It is the one,



however, that was taken by Lake at the siege of it by the English in 1803. After fifty years' possession, it had to be again besieged and retaken, after a far greater tussle, in 1857, when the mutineers of that fatal year in India held it, well garrisoned, for several months. Its greatness, even now, is testified by its selection for the public proclamation of its last Empress.

It is a wonder of a city in the mere outside sight of it, and still more wonderful in those surroundings which remain of its predecessors—the Delhis of the past. A massive stone wall stretches for some seven miles around three sides of it—the river guarding its fourth side. Ten or eleven gates can be counted in the walk round, which takes up half a day—so many things are there to detain one by the way, and so very warm is the climate. The many conquerors that Delhi has had from times to which history runs appear to have considered a new city indispensable. The conquered one was therefore abandoned, and its people set to work, as slaves, to build a new one. Hence the remains of Delhis of the past, the ruins of which I shall see, after a look of what remain of the present one. It is only the “remains” of the present Delhi that I can see after all. I should have been here in the last century—about 1738—to have seen Delhi in all its glory, ere the Persians then despoiled it. There are things better worth seeing, however, in the present, as there will be yet better ones in the future. The best sights that the world has ever had to show its people are to be seen now.

The fine Shalimar Gardens are one of the exterior sights, and one that has got a name of which the world has heard. Like the interior Great Mosque, and that wonderful Kootub-Minar column that I shall yet see at one of the old Delhis, these gardens are kept in a fit state. The present ruling power in India thus acknowledges throughout the land the great worth of the works of genius and talent of which it seems rightly enough to look upon itself as but a trustee. Thus I shall find the grand Taj Mahal at Agra in as well-kept state as it was in the lifetime of its builder.

Entering by the Lahore gate, and that by accident only, I come at once upon Delhi's chief street, the fine Chandni Chouk, or "street of silver." This goodly thoroughfare is of about a hundred feet broad, and nearly a mile in length, with a double row of trees adown the centre, between which is a raised walk. The city has another street, less given to business, but of about the same noble proportions and minus the central tree avenue. Madras, Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, and Delhi, as I have seen them, are all on the ascending scale in the traveller's estimation, and for that reason he is glad that his curiosity has led him onwards.

The Chandni Chouk alluded to, is the combined Cheapside and Regent Street of the city. Here are found the stores of the leading dealers, and those merchants whose presence is not so publicly announced, but who have to be found in first floors, and away in back buildings. More prominent are the dealers in Cashmere shawls and caps, and those labours of the needle called "chicken work." Also, the vendors of gold, silver, and silk embroidered work, and the gold and silversmiths, whose delicate efforts, "filagree work," are of world-wide note. It is impossible for the most determined economist not to purchase cashmere caps, and something in the way of this delicate jewellery, as also some of the carved ivory work, which is another of Delhi's industries. Such purchases would fail to impoverish the smallest purse—so cheap is all Hindoo labour.

I invade the warehouses of the merchants in out-of-the-way holes and corners, and have unlocked for me safes, boxes, and chests, in which everything appears to be kept from, instead of for, show. It has all a very antique air—this way of doing business; but I forget that Eastern fashions are as they ever were and will be. A concession has been made, however, in that respect in Delhi, by most of the traders putting up their names and specialities of their wares in more languages than one. The like is done with the names of the streets. It shows thoughtfulness for the world generally to see this, and but reminds one of the many foreigners with whom Delhi has changed hands.

“With whom Delhi has changed hands!” The first Delhi that one reads of existed nearly two thousand years before our era. It was Hindoo then, and afterwards Afghan, till the Tartar Timour came in 1398 and destroyed that Delhi, and its population also. His descendant, Baber, built a new one, and made a great place, indeed, of it; and a greater still was made of it by his descendants, until Nadir Shah, the Persian, came in 1739 and drove out the Tartar dynasty, repeating then that sacking of the city and the massacre of its people which the Tartars made three hundred and forty years before. To that succeeded a Mahratta dynasty, which was displaced by the British in 1803. Delhi is the centre of a rich province in India, that has been always an attraction to some invader or other who has not been so successful as England in obtaining more extended possessions in the land.

Half of the city is of busy and business character, with the usual contracted streets and huddled-up appearance that Eastern cities generally show. The other half is of a “West End” and open character, to which public gardens contribute their share. The Delhi that I am now looking at was begun by Shah Jehan the Magnificent in 1631; he who built the world-famous tomb at Agra, as a monument to his Queen. His famous palace is now known as the Fort, to which purpose the red granite walls with which it is surrounded greatly help. Shah Jehan was a sort of Louis the Fourteenth in his magnificent ideas and doings, and this Delhi Palace of his was meant for a Hindoostanee Versailles. Of that there can be no doubt, as the visitor reads, as I do, at each end of one of its halls the well-known inscription that Moore’s “Lalla Rookh” tells of—here lettered in gold in the Persian language—

“If there is Paradise upon Earth,  
It is here, it is here.”

What idea this descendant of the great Mogul had of Paradise is all around to be seen in whitest marble and finest alabaster. I enter through the hall of public audience, and pass to the private one; thence I am led to the music-

hall, in which a ball was given to English Royalty when lately represented here ; after that several pavilions, and a short of throne-room and judgment-hall are visited. The walls of most of these halls are inlaid with rich mosaic work representing flowers, fruits, and birds of India—all of such work being in rare stones. The ceilings, once figured in silver filagree work, are supported on elegant pillars that have between some of them richly wrought alabaster screens, reaching half-way up from the floor. It is all a bare, empty, and unfurnished scene now, and a desolate one to boot. The most valuable of the rare stones have been picked from out the wall decorations, and the silver work has been pulled out from the ceilings.

Enough is left to show that it must all hereabout have once approached that barbaric splendour which is so thoroughly Eastern. When the furnishings were here in the days of the golden throne and the ivory and jewelled ones, the sight presented can be well imagined. It can be better imagined if the absent lamps are included, as also the dark-eyed houris who go so far to make up Asiatic notions of heaven. Of the treasures taken hence by Nadir Shah, in the Persian invasion of the last century, was a parrot constructed of one emerald—the largest stone of that rarest of gems that the world has seen. The golden throne and the Queen's peacock one, made all of jewels and ivory and valued at six millions sterling, were also part of the spoil. From a picture of that last valuable, it is to be seen that the peacock's tail blazed with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, and was likely enough of the immense value stated. The Persian despoiler probably thought such luxuries to be unnecessary to the furnishing of a Paradise, and differed therein from the more sensuous, but less sensual, Hindoo. We know, on Byron's authority, that a Persian's heaven is easily made, being summed up, he said, in the simple ideas of "black eyes and lemonade."

That Persian despoilment of Delhi is said to have robbed it of a hundred millions sterling in value. After such a frightful extent of robbery, followed the massacre of the people and

their personal plunder by the troops. The vitality of the city is in nothing more shown than its rallying after such tremendous and repeated crushings. Other cities have been left, after the like calamities, to crumble to that more complete ruin which comes from the hand of Time—gentlest of all destroyers. The jewelled mosaic work has been partly restored by paste, cement, and putty. Some foil-leaf and Dutch metal have been used to represent the silver and gold once present. A Sepoy soldier here on guard replaces the Mogul; while an old woman, carrying a broom, a slop-pail, and a house-flannel, is all that is feminine now left of the thousand and one houris, the Lalla Rookh beauties, of “the earthly paradise.”

The traveller through India thus finds here that he is a day after the fair, and must see Delhi in all its glory in the mind's eye only. The grandeur that was so shorn by the invaders cannot be estimated in money. The emerald parrot, and the jewelled peacock, and golden thrones, were but a part of what made a paradise of Delhi's palace. The rest can be filled in by the imagination of those who look now upon that which is left. I do so as one who stands by the empty tables after the feast is cleared away and the company have gone, taking music, song, and dance with them. Even that picture does not wholly represent the sad state of things here seen, which is as the condition of a mansion not only after the feast but after a sale of furniture and fixtures by a hostile creditor, who tears away cornices, mantelpieces, sideboards, and grates, in a desire to despoil for his own profit.

In that idea of the state of Delhi, I walk about its deserted palace, into the throne-room and up the steps that lead to a marble throne still there. I notice now other decorative work on the walls and pillars, one of which is a complete picture in mosaic, representing the old fable of Orpheus charming the beasts—the masterpiece, I am told, of a great European artist, imported for the special decorating of this palace. I step over the low marble railings, and rest for a while on the throne of the Great Mogul! Such presumption on my part took

place at seven a.m., when there was no one about but the sepoy guard and the old woman laundress to constitute a court. It was not easy to get up the feelings proper to an absolute monarch under those circumstances, otherwise I might have given orders after the olden style of things here. Such would have been caricatured in my bidding the soldier to strike off the old woman's head, or to bowstring her and throw her, tied in a sack, into the Jumna. So to do would have been realizing one's proper position—seated as I was.

As it is only once in a lifetime that one gets to a place accredited on such high authority as being Paradise, I am loath to leave it. We have to take some one's word for everything, and the Mogul's word stood for much indeed in his day. Save the present Empress, he was the most powerful ruler who was ever in Hindoostan. In that way I must respect his earthly paradise, so called in the words that are still as plain as when here first inlaid. That they have been so preserved is due to their being in black and valueless stone. In green, bloodstone, or lapis lazuli, they would have been probably half effaced by the stones being picked out from their inlaying. I pass into the deserted seraglio and imperial baths in which water and mirrors make fantastic effects—the sides being lined with reflecting glass. From here, if I bathed, and were a Mohammedan, I might next pass into the "Pearl Mosque"—a wonder of white stone and exquisite taste, and quite the place of worship fit for a paradise. A chapel built of white satin or bride-cake sugar is the nearest approach that western-world ideas could get of this palace of prayer.

Passing from this Pearl Mosque, I depart from the scene, and, for the sake of contrast, proceed to the largest mosque existing in India, and which may dispute supremacy with that of St. Sophia at Constantinople, or that of Hassan at Cairo. This Jumna Musjid of Delhi is all of red stone and marble throughout, the three white domes having lately been renovated by order of the British Government. Its minarets are 150 feet high, and give one, from their summits, a goodly

outlook over Delhi. Seen as I see it, the morning sun lighting up its trio of glistening cupolas, it looks a king and a glory of a mosque, as it is. This costly edifice, like the more costly palace, was the work of slave labour, as was likewise the wondrous tomb that I shall see at Agra. Slave labour is the secret of the wonders of architectural India, and the secret how the builder's dynasty came to an end in Hindoostan, and how he himself came to lack all sympathy when his son imprisoned and, it is believed, poisoned him in order to gain his throne—such being the end of Shah Jehan the Magnificent.

Passing outwards through one of the half-score of gates, my notice is called to marks upon it and upon the adjoining walls of that terrible mutiny of 1857, of which I have seen so many traces at Lucknow. The mutinous Sepoys made a resort and a stronghold of Delhi, and those in garrison there joined them, shut the gates, and massacred those of the Europeans who failed to escape. The native reigning king was a pensioner of England, drawing a hundred and twenty thousand a year. He was under British protection, but, perhaps compulsorily, turned traitor and sided with the rebels. When reprisals came about, himself and his two sons were shot; and, since that time, the representative of the Great Mogul, Shah Jehan the Magnificent, and the Grand Aurungzebe, has been a resident commissioner and revenue collector. He lives in a plain house, and uses a common chair instead of a throne of gold. Such seat is safer of the two.

Delhi, when so held by sixty thousand of native mutineer soldiery, was besieged by a force of seven thousand. They worked long, and at great loss, to make a breach at the Cashmere Gate, and in the neighbouring wall. Such breach was at last made, and those who would be first to dare death poured through it to what was as certain destruction. It proved so to eleven hundred men and sixty-six officers; but they died, knowing that Delhi was taken. General John Nicholson, who led the attack, has a tomb near to this point, and another records that it is to the memory of those of the British army who were killed between May and September, 1857. The

assault told of was on the 13th of the last-named month. Delhi, it seems, in that four months, cost the British 186 officers, and a total of nearly 4000, whom this monument records as being killed.

In the Northbrook Hotel, at which I am housed, my sleep is disturbed nightly by a mongoose, which ferret-like thing pushes away the screen that stands in the doorway, and comes around in search of rats and snakes. The animal is as useful, but not as quiet, as a cat. I get alarmed at the noise for the first and second nights, until I complain of the matter, and learn the customs of the country. I notice one custom that I think might be mended. I hear a heavy fall just outside the bathroom one morning, and looking out see two Hindoos engaged on the ground in an earnest and silent fight; no effort is made to rise, the hair of one is clasped in the fist of the other, and he is chewing away at the knuckles of the other's hand. I notice that no passer-by interferes in the matter, and so adjudge it to be all right, though it looks to English eyes an unfair way of fighting.

Journeying out from the city for several miles, I pass the ruins of the previous cities. The first seen are the vestiges of the earliest known Delhi, the remains of which are said to be thirty miles in circuit. The Delhi of a later date has something more distinguishable to show, and again that of a still more recent period shows fine tombs and buildings still standing. These claim the traveller's attention as much as anything within the Delhi of to-day, and are, in some respects which I shall now name, of infinitely more interest. About four miles from the city two kings of the Mogul dynasty have magnificent tombs of red stone and white, facing each other, at the ends of a grand avenue of trees. One is the Taj, or tomb, of the father of the famous Akbar, and near to him are smaller mausoleums of those whom Hindoostan delights to honour. One of these is pointed out to me by my guide as that of the author of the "Arabian Nights." His tomb records him as being "Amir Khusroo, first among the Persian poets of India."

I had thought that the authorship of the famous entertainer



of our youth was unknown, but we travel to learn. Khusroo's position in India is like that of Chaucer in England, his *Bagh o Bahar*, or Garden of Delights, being the best remembered of his writings. My guide appeals to the custodian of the place as to his statements, and gets them confirmed. I am satisfied any way, and the author of the famous story-book may have been Khusroo as likely as not. By his name he is of a Persian descent, and presumably a Mohammedan. The "Thousand and One Stories" tell us clearly enough about a Mohammedan people, and of their morals, manners, and observances, which are in favour of the claim made for Khusroo's authorship.

Here, also, is one tomb most notable among all the grand ones in the land of India. A railing surrounds it, and nothing but grass covers it. It might be taken for the grave of a pauper, did not the headstone tell one that it is that of a princess. I may say, looking at it, that the two grandest tombs in Hindoostan cover those of the family of Shah Jehan. The marble wonder which I shall see at Agra memorializes his queen, and this equally great wonder, in another way, his daughter. Where display in tombs seems to be, as in India, the one thing desired, such disregard of it as here shown by one of womankind, and a princess to boot, is beyond all expectation. The record on the headstone reads, translated, thus :—

" Let no rich canopy cover my tomb,  
The grass is the proper covering for the grave of the poor in spirit.  
The humble, the transitory Jehanara,  
Daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan."

None reading this but must think of what is promised to "the poor in spirit" in a certain Sermon on the Mount, by One of whom this meek princess knew nothing! Who can but hope that, notwithstanding her ignorance of the promise, she yet found herself to be included in it, as also in the blessing and the kingdom?

I leave unnoticed the grand towering tombs of the kings that attracted me hither, and inquire about Khusroo and Jehanara. She had, I find, sad cause for the broken-hearted-

ness that may be inferred from her self-written epitaph. She saw her younger brother cause the imprisonment of her father and the death of his brothers, that he might gain the throne he then usurped! Melancholy at that event had seized upon her, much as it did upon Hamlet for like cause. She left the court of the blood-stained fratricide, and secluded herself from a world that recognized brothers' murders and the imprisonment of a father as of the ways to its highest honours. The monstrous murderer who caused all this misery is known to the world as the great Emperor Aurungzebe.

I am beckoned away from these amazing tombs by the lofty tower of the Kootub Minar, that is growing nearer to the view. Progressing towards it, the guide draws me aside to a large and deep tank, surrounded by old decaying buildings. One is a mosque, on the dome of which several Hindoos are standing. Their purpose is to jump therefrom into the pool below for my surprise—on proper payment. A rupee each suffices for that, which the guide arranges. Two Hindoos then run down the rounded surface of the dome, and jump, flinging their legs widely apart when doing so. It looks a fearful fall to my eyes, and of fully sixty feet. The legs are brought rapidly close together just before they touch the water. The terrible jump can be done, I am told, in no other way. The extension of the legs keeps the body from turning over, and the bringing them together at the water's surface saves the diver from injury there.

The Kootub Minar is a sight to remember for a lifetime. It is simply the largest shaft, the grandest pillar, the tallest and most costly column, that the world can show! It is an architectural wonder as regard labour, art, elegance, and strength; built, it is told me, for a muezzin, or prayer-saying tower, or minaret, by the first Mohammedan king of Delhi, Kootubredin, in 1190. It is of red stone for the three lower storeys, and of red stone and marble for the two upper ones. All, however, looks as fresh, and its endless carvings as clearly cut, as if but done last year. This glory of a pillar is cherished

by the British Government, who spent lately 2000*l.* in arrangements for its permanent preservation. Its height is 250 feet, the diameter at the base 48 feet, tapering away to 9 feet only at the summit. Everything is both great and graceful about this pillar.

Each of the five storeys is surrounded with a stone-railed balcony, of a design appropriate to the architecture of that portion. Such differs for each of the storeys—differently shaped pillars, all richly carved and capped, being the idea seen in the first three storeys of this tower. In the two upper ones, the perpendicular pillars are, as it were, laid horizontally, and appear as bands or belts of stonework. Scrolls or inscriptions in that most tasteful-looking of all writing, the Arabic character, appear at intervals, and in that way I am told that the Koran is pretty well reproduced in stone lettering around this astonishing column.

The whole is a great study, as a grand combination of architectural ideas, in all of which elegance is allied with great strength. The effect on the visitor is according to temperament ; the excitable are full of loud admiration ; but others seem dazed and subdued to quietude by a majesty that approaches the sublime, as far as stonework can represent it. Hours are spent in wandering around and sitting about at different points of view to gaze at what so fascinates one. The ascent is, from the large size of the pillar, made with the greatest ease—the four hundred steps leading one around to the summit with scarcely a feeling of fatigue. The view from that position is over a scene of desolation and ruined greatness that is quite deplorable, amid which the two palacetombs of the great kings and this wondrous column stand prominent.

Descending from this Minar or minaret, I walk amid the trees, shrubs, and scattered stonework, amongst which it stands. Go where I will, however, my eyes wander back to the one thing, which is everything in the scene here—the grand tower that one never tires of gazing upon, and to see which alone is worth the journey to Hindoostan. Near to

the Kootub column is the strange Iron Pillar, of which twice as much is below the surface as the twenty feet that now appear above it. It is a solid shaft of metal, a foot and a half in circumference, that was made with a sharp point and driven into the earth.

One Pithoora, the last of the dynasty of the Hindoo kings of Delhi, consulted the priests as to the preservation of his throne. When such folks are consulted, they must say something in compliment for the advice asked. The priests consulted, and made the matter inquired about quite clear to the king. Dynasties are changed by the agency of the god Lishay, who dwells underground, lying low and keeping dark for such purpose. It was known where his head lay, just hereabout, and this pillar was to pierce it and pin him down. Pithoora doubted its having done so, and had it pulled up—an operation at which the priests were careful to attend. The end was, of course, found covered with blood, but the king was advised that his want of faith had lost the kingdom to his successors. Lishay had been now let loose to do more mischief. It happened accordingly, as prophesied, and is all a great lesson to doubters.

India is the land of the wonderful, and the proper home of all that is imaginative, fantastic, sensuous, and extravagant. Its past has been as the transformation scene of an extravaganza. It is something, I think as I leave Delhi, to have, in so seeing it, realized "Lalla Rookh."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE TOMB-CITY OF HINDOOSTAN.

BETWEEN the glories of Delhi and those of Agra the traveller in India comes upon the gloom of a city, that, to British ears, has a name as notable as either of them. Such is Cawnpore—which I now reach—famous for the sufferings of its people in the year '57. The massacres and martyrdoms here memorialized have made the city quite a monumental one. It is with British visitors remembered only by some such title as that by which I have headed this chapter: "Cawnpore!" I heard one such afterwards remark; "that's where we saw all the tombstone inscriptions!"

The visitors to this city of sad interest go there as one would to a battle-field, or to the grounds of Père-la-Chaise when at Paris. It is impossible to ignore the great interest of that which is tragic; and tragedy is to many minds more humanizing in its influence than comedy. Life cannot be all laughter. The clouds follow the sunshine, and bring the rain; and grief follows joy, and brings tears with it. We go to see Cawnpore as we would see Hamlet or Macbeth. The dark blue sky of India has been terribly clouded for humanity, at many times, ancient and modern; but, for Great Britain and her family, never more so than in '57.

At Agra I shall see but the Taj Mahal—that one tomb which is the grandest that the world can show. At Cawnpore I shall see many—a whole cityful—that are more of personal interest to an Englishman than any monument to an Indian Queen. We visit Westminster Abbey as we do the

Crystal Palace, and the sombre sight of the mural tablets is found to be of more lasting interest than the glittering attractions of the gayer scene. All the East is full of wells, from which water is drawn daily, after the fashion we have seen from youth illustrated in familiar prints. I had never looked upon any of these wells but thoughts would come of one well at Cawnpore, of its contents and of its covering, with particulars of which history has made us sadly familiar.

Travellers in India become intimately acquainted with these wayside wells. The water-carriers, here called "Bheestis," are always going or coming to them, with their goat-skins full or empty. From them I drink by the handful, as I must do also at the wells, common drinking from one cup not being the fashion of the land. This well-water, in a thirsty land, is entirely that for which Keats so wished:—

"A draught of vintage, that had been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth."

If water could be ever said to taste of those qualities, this well-water of India must have a claim to such titles, and to the "sunburnt" mirth especially. It is a water that is used only for drinking and cooking purposes, being far too hard for personal washing or for use by the laundress. For such uses river water is resorted to, of which there is evidence at every stream. The water of no Eastern river seems to be sought for drinking. The Ganges and the Jordan are sacred streams, but they are muddy ones as well—of the yellowish colour of the Tiber, and look as little drinkable. The laundress of India is always of masculine gender, and known as the "Dhobee." He is to be seen at work at the river side, surrounded with smooth stones, on and between which he is always dabbing and beating the article to be washed,—which is his idea of cleaning it. Such is the custom of the country, and the linen so treated comes back to one in strange fashion indeed. It looks dingier than when sent away, seems to be only rough-dried, and has half the buttons smashed that are

not knocked or washed off. Between the Hindoo and the Chinese are all the points of gradation in laundry work ; the Chinaman is best of all laundresses, and the Hindoo simply the worst.

One attraction that the wells have to the traveller, beyond the draught of water which he seeks, is found in the company there assembled. Mounting the three or four steps leading to the platforms around these wells, I always find there, besides the professional water-carriers, many amateurs. These are always young women, who carry now, as seen in the Bible pictures of old, their pitchers in hand when empty and on the head when full. They linger at the well to talk, as did the woman we have read of at the well of Samaria. To the sides of the wells are wooden uprights, and a transverse beam, to which is suspended a long pole. To one end of that is a goat-skin bag that serves as a bucket, and to the other end of the pole is a bag of stones. The bucket, or long end of the lever, is pulled downwards to the water, and when filled, the weight at the other end assists in raising it, as also to keeping the bucket elevated when not in use.

The goat-skins of water carried about everywhere, and used even to the watering of the streets, are made of the entire skin of a large goat. It has been ripped down the under side and sewn up again. The leg skins are shortened by tying up, and this receptacle is filled and emptied from the neck part. When full and carried about, the skins look in the distance like the distended body of a goat that has been for some time in the water, and is not, therefore, a pleasant sight. When I first saw a Bheesti and his water-pack, he was engaged filling that "tub" used all over India for the morning bath. I scarcely fancied the water from such a queer-looking, not to say disgusting, conveyance ; but when seen daily in common use such delicacy of taste is deadened, and one becomes less nice about it.

At Cawnpore I find the usual large and strongly-built station that distinguishes Indian railways. These stations look out of all proportion to the requirements of the towns to

which they are attached. The thought grows upon one that they are intended to serve other purposes, and hence their fort-like strength of building. With the network of railways throughout Hindoostan a series of forts have been thus built that may one day be wanted. The public buildings had, as already seen, often served for defence purposes, as these might yet do ; and so here were walls of three feet in thickness, to carry roofs for which less would have sufficed. The city that I have now reached is on a plain, and has from fifty to a hundred thousand or so of inhabitants. Lying on the right bank of the Ganges, it is watered by a canal from that river, which runs through the town. Around it are large plantations of sugar-cane, which seem here to take the place that indigo and opium occupied between Calcutta and Benares.

On the principle of shutting the stable door when, &c., one-half of Cawnpore appears to be in military occupation—so large is the barrack accommodation that I see about. The city has, to the traveller's eye, a barren and straggling appearance, compared with walled Delhi, and is altogether, as a city, not worth coming out of the way to look at. Its great canal is of British formation, as I might have guessed from the usefulness of it. It was not the policy of India's other rulers to do anything of a useful sort for the people. In the way of a great work it is second only to the railways, and to that grand bridge over the Jumna seen at Delhi. The gorgeous edifices of slave labour are what India's previous owners have left as evidence of their occupation. England's efforts in the building way throughout India are seen in schools, mission houses, "quiet residences," and other Civil Service buildings of the useful and non-ornamental kind.

A drive around the European, or "foreign," part of the city occupies the morning until tiffin time. I find quarters at a bungalow-looking hotel, known as "Germany's." The landlord, whom I want to see because I am told he speaks English, is not to be seen. The reason thereof is one quite in keeping with one's thoughts of Cawnpore. He had been stabbed the day previously, in a quarrel with a native, and



was now under surgical treatment. The gentleman who had been so handy with the knife had been locked up—after whom I inquired, fearing he might be “running-a-muck,” as the Malays will do. It was not such a case of madness, I was told, but merely one of jealousy. Like most quarrels between men, a daughter of Eve,—a dusky one of this land,—had been the cause of it. Of that reason I was glad to hear, as I had never, here or elsewhere, found any one in the slightest way jealous of me. The cause for that, so far as I ever learnt, was not complimentary, but here I reap the benefit of it, in travelling India without a fear of the fate of my host.

My eyes are opened, however, to the full meaning of a notice that hangs on the wall of my bedroom, which is very suggestive when Cawnpore’s name is thought of, as likewise my stabbed host. Such notice reads thus :—

“Visitors will be good enough not to kick or strike the hotel servants, but to complain of any misconduct to the proprietor ; also to lock up their bedrooms (but not the bath-room) before going out.”

The reference so made to ill-treating the natives is not a pleasant reminder to me of the habits of Britons when abroad. I take it as rather rude that I need be reminded in this way how to behave myself. Any want of good manners would not be likely to be shown by me in this quarter. I am about to see, after tiffin, how the vengeance of the natives was wreaked on a host of people who did not personally deserve it. I need little telling, therefore, not to bring any such deservedly upon myself. I am particularly careful to give no trouble to any attendant at Germany’s, or elsewhere in this peculiar place.

A second perambulation of the city takes me into the “chowk,” or native town, in the characteristics of which there is nothing to be seen of any note. I pass through its long and narrow streets to what lies beyond, much as the traveller in Belgium hurries through the two conjoined villages that lie on the road from Brussels and Fleur de Lis, to those fields and farms away at the other end, known to the world

as the scene of Waterloo. On that field a huge mound, that might for size be built of the bones of the slain collected from the neighbourhood, is surmounted by the stone figure of an angry lion. That to which I make my way, turns out to be a well-planted garden—iron-railed around. A well within—now and for ever closed—takes the place of the mound seen at Waterloo; and the finely-sculptured figure of a winged angel looks pityingly upon the scene.

Situated in this garden are many enclosures. The principal one—that inclosing the well—is surrounded by a freestone wall, having cut interspaces, through which the interior can be viewed. The mouth of the well has been surrounded by masonry, and closed by heavy slabs cemented in their places. On this stands Baron Marochetti's sculptured figure, so often pictured—the angel with clasped hands and downcast eyes, a look of contemplation and sadness. In the clasped hands are held two large palm leaves, the stalks of which cross each other over the figure's breast, and bend over either shoulder. These emblems of peace add greatly to the solemnity and sadness with which it is intended the spectator should be impressed.

The one fault of the monument lies with the architect—either the Gothic stonework screen is too high, or the figure of the angel is placed too low. It should show above the surrounding stonework, and be raised to sufficient height for such purpose by additional slabs laid for its foundation. Looked at, as it must be now, through the cut screenwork, it is seen to disadvantage. Photographers have sought to mend what the architect has failed in, by placing their cameras at a low elevation, and so apparently raising the figure of the angel half way above the surrounding stonework—in which position it shows to advantage. In the pictured representations this monument therefore appears to better effect than it does here, to the visitor's eyes. The pedestal on which the figure stands, has this inscription—seldom correctly copied:—

“Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly

massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoodopval, of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th July, 1857."

It is said that this well contains many hundred bodies—calculated only by those who have been missed. Their remains were never disturbed; and never it is to be hoped will be so, until the "great company of Christian people chiefly women and children," shall be raised by another angel than the symbolical one that now so patiently watches above them. When thought is given to whom this monument is raised, how blamelessly they suffered, and how dreadful such sufferings were, the hope that I have endeavoured to express will be shared by every pitying spirit.

In this monumental garden another stone-cut record tells further how the innocent suffered through the savagery of Asiatic nature, running riot. It reads—

"Sacred to the memory of the women and children of the late ill-fated 1st Company of the 6th Battalion of Bengal Artillery, who were massacred near to this spot by the mutineers, on the 18th July, 1857."

Seldom is it that the wives and families of soldiers so share the fate, and find a similar grave to those of their husbands and fathers.

Not all of the graves have records above them. Many nameless mounds stand in little groves of tropical shrubs and flowering trees, the occupants of which are only mentioned on the walls of the Memorial Church. The monuments are too plentiful, however, and all bear inscriptions that detain attention. I copy from one inscription:—

"To the memory of the women and children of Her Majesty's 52nd Regiment, who were slaughtered near to this spot on the 16th of July, 1857. This memorial was raised to their memory by twenty men of the same regiment, who passed through Cawnpore, November 20, 1857."

Such record shows that these monuments were not all erected at Government cost. The soldiers of the regiment named were in pursuit of those who had done this work of massacre, when they so stayed for a while to subscribe to this memorial. It will be noted on these three monuments,

that they are to women and children only ; also, it will be seen by the dates—the 15th, 16th, and 18th—that this massacre of the innocents continued for days. I come now to a monument on which the name of a man is recorded, who seems, however, to have been only included as one of his murdered family :—

“To the memory of Judge R. B. Thornhill, Mary his wife, and their two children, who were massacred on the 15th July, 1857.”

The graves of the men who fell in this uprising of the natives are in another part of Cawnpore. Leaving these memorial gardens, in which it is seemingly fit should grow only the cypress and mournful yew, and that rue which Ophelia tells us is for remembrance, I passed to another quarter of the town, where men murdered men, and not women and children. The enclosure here railed off marks the place of “Wheeler’s Entrenchment,” in which General Wheeler, his regiment, and some European civilians, defended themselves for three weeks. They held their own for that time under the fire of the mutinous Sepoy troops, who outnumbered the besieged British as twenty to one. A fine and large memorial cross here covers another well, that has also served for tomb purposes. This well, during the three weeks’ warfare, was that from which Wheeler and his men daily drew supplies, under the fire of the enemy. The inscription above its now banked-up mouth reads :—

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

Those who escaped from Cawnpore at the time of its surprise by the mutineers, do not seem to have had better fortune than those who remained. They fell into the hands of the enemy elsewhere, by the evidence that other raised mounds, and a monument, here offer.

“In three graves within this enclosure lie the remains of Major Edward Vibart, 2nd Bengal Light Cavalry, and above 70 officers and soldiers, who

were on the 1st July, 1857, murdered by the rebels at Sheerajpore, after escaping from Cawnpore on 27th June, 1857."

With Macbeth, when the witches in the fourth act show him the apparitions, I feel inclined to say,—

"What ! will the list stretch out to the crack of doom ?  
Another and another yet ?—I'll see no more !"

I must yet do so, however, if I visit the Memorial Church of Cawnpore, which is but a great collection of gravestones, set in tablet fashion on the walls. Pages might be filled with copies of the sad records that here appear, only one of which I transfer to my notes. I do so, closing the book, and vowing to copy nothing more in the way of memorabilia of this city of sad memories :—

" In memory of Colonel Berkeley ; Captains Mansfield, Stevens, Moore, and Power ; and Lieutenants Case (eight others mentioned) ; also 448 non-commissioned officers ; also Mrs. Moore, Miss Wainwright, Mrs. Hill, 43 soldiers' wives, and 55 children of the 32nd Regiment Light Infantry, killed A.D. 1857.

What a record ! The 448 non-commissioned officers are particularly conspicuous, and equally so are the fifty-five children, in this tombstone inscription, that reads in its miscellaneous enumeration like a ship's list of passengers. Captain Moore's wife seems to have met her husband's fate and that of those forty-three other soldiers' wives who, dying in the same cause, share in some unnamed spot probably the same sepulchre.

I read again at Germany's, with now renewed interest, that notice about kicking or striking the native servants. I come back also to mine host, who lies groaning from neglect of his own notice. I shall be civil enough, and indeed feel as bound over, after to-day, to keep the peace towards all Hindoostan. Two jugglers who come to the hotel verandah that afternoon are treated by me with a courtesy only due to operatic prima donnas. I dread even to insult them by the offer of the rupee given amongst others of their class seen elsewhere, and so give these performers one apiece. As

it can hardly be an insult to offer terms of purchase to an Asiatic, I propound terms to one of them, through the agency of Bunda, who has been my guide for the day.

The object of the offer is to learn at what price, if any, I can buy the secret of taking six stones, each of the size of a bantam's egg, one after another, out of a mouth apparently empty on a previous inspection. The bland-looking, smiling Hindoo who does this miracle before me, shows me, between the taking from out of his mouth of each stone, that the said mouth is quite empty. I see that it is so, and also a goodly length of his throat. To satisfy me that nothing sticks by the way there, he drinks down half a pint of water at a draught. He then rubs his chest three times, in place of muttering a three-worded incantation, or of marching three times round a cauldron, after the witch fashion in "Macbeth." That being done, he opens his mouth to show me a large dark-looking stone lying on his tongue. It is a veritable pebble, as the noise of its fall on the floor fully testifies. He brings forth separately five more in the same way, and seems to have a large reserve somewhere.

Terms of purchase, and all bribery, are scouted. The professor of magic will keep his secrets. He persists in that, though I get Bunda to offer him an undertaking in writing not to go into business as a magician within a thousand miles of his circuit. He won't either take me as an apprentice at any premium, nor as a partner. His wonderful art has descended to him as an heirloom, and he will keep it as such, and pass it downwards to son or nephew, who will astonish travellers of another generation as much as this one does me. He will not, therefore, part with this birthright of his for any mess of pottage that I can offer him.

Mention of mess of pottage reminds me that this conservative Hindoo declines to drink bottled beer, or anything else that I offer him in the way of refreshment. Bunda tells me that such refusal by one who sits humbly on the floor would be equally made to the Viceroy himself. On that shines out the strength of the customs of the East! That

old Hebrew, Shylock, would, he says, "buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, but will not eat with you." This other man of the East, who deals with stones easily as an ostrich would, goes further than Shylock, and will not deal any more than drink with me. It is not true of all men of the Eastern world, as Walpole said, that "every man has his price!" He learnt much of the world's ways as a politician only, and not as a traveller.

The mention of that bottled beer offered to the wizard recalls to me the difficulty I often found in getting it. The few hotels are far apart, and only in the European quarters of Indian cities. To drink water out of one's hands as poured from the goat-skins of the carriers is tiresome, and water is not always satisfying to thirst. A red Indian taken to London thought it a blessed place indeed, "where a man could eat when he was hungry." I can in another way among these sooty Indians comprehend that red one's thoughts. I can understand also what large fortunes Bass and Allsopp have made in exports of Indian pale ale. The surest way to fortune is to supply a great want; and light beer, and that by the bucketful, is what the thirsty souls long for in the land of India.

In all the scenes of present and past Indian grandeur—in Dalhousie Square, Calcutta; in the ancient temples of Benares, and in the palaces of Lucknow—the traveller feels that he could give, about mid-day, any one or half a dozen of the gilded things around him for a drink of British beer. If it be a confession of weakness so to say, then it must be remembered that open confessions are good. The climate of Hindoostan is hot and enervating; the temples have steep steps and tall, tiring minarets; and the palaces have endless apartments, and all dusty. What wonder then that the traveller feels very much in the way the Scotch call "drouthy!"

By the end of some weeks of Hindoostanee travel the tourist begins to get acquainted with the troubles of the coinage. Indian coinage begins very low indeed. Eight clumsy little bits of copper, called "pice," make up an "anna," of a third

more in value than a penny. A lower representative of value even than the pice is found in "cowries," small sea shells, of which I forget the exact number that make up the equivalent of the smallest coin. Eight annas go to the half-rupee, a silver piece of the size of a shilling. The rupee is the coin of commerce, and is to India what the dollar is to America. It is of the size, and of little more than the value of our florin, and has its silver divisions into half, quarter, and eight pieces. Gold coins are never seen. The mohur is out of circulation, like the English guinea, though the fees of barristers and physicians are still reckoned in it. All circulations and accounts are kept in rupees and annas, as they are in the States in dollars and cents, A "lac" is a hundred thousand, and a "crore" is a million.

Five, ten, and twenty-rupee notes of the "Government of India" are issued, and in circulation throughout the land. They do very well for Europeans, but are not favoured by the natives. The Hindoo of the lower orders does not understand paper money, and therefore it is, perhaps, that he has never any change to give me for it. To get them to take the notes, endorsements are asked for of one's name and last and present address, and that even to a five-rupee note. As the recipients cannot read English, strange indeed is some of the nonsense found written on these notes.

Before leaving Cawnpore, one naturally inquires as to one who, in connexion with it, occupies the place that Satan does in "Paradise Lost," of which he has been said to be the hero. I allude to Nana Dhoodopval of Bithoor, named on the "Well Monument." He acted as chief agent in the many miseries by which Cawnpore is memorable, and made good his escape. It is the general opinion that Nana Sahib, as he is generally called, has long been dead. Now and again some fanatical claimant to his blood-stained name arises and gives trouble. It is not likely, with so large a reward for his capture as the British Government have long offered, that he would remain with life and liberty and his hiding-place unknown, for more than twenty years.



## CHAPTER XII.

### THE WHITE WONDER OF INDIA.

THE world has two tombs that are grander as palaces of the dead than any that now exist for the living! Of all those who have lived and died, and left any record thereof, none lived in such costly dwellings as are the two wonder-tombs of the world. One of these is that built by King Cheops, the Egyptian, and known as his Pyramid, on the sands of the desert, outside of Cairo; the other is in India, and seen at Agra, as the tomb of Muntaz Mahal, the Queen of Emperor Shah Jehan, grandson of the Great Mogul.

The tomb of the Egyptian king is better known to the world from its antiquity, and its near neighbourhood to Europe. The Taj Mahal at Agra is in the centre of Hindoostan, and, before the late introduction of railways to that country, was not easily accessible to the world of travellers. The Agra tomb is but two hundred and fifty years old, but as fair-looking today as it ever was. Strength of building has ensured for four thousand years the preservation of the Pyramid of Cheops. Beauty alone has preserved, as it ever will preserve, the Taj Mahal. It is the crowning glory of vast India, and under whatever rule that land may fall will be always as carefully preserved as any kohinoor, moonstone, or other wondrous gem that may have formed other part of Hindoostanee treasures.

My arrival in Agra is on a March evening, and made ominous and most memorable by a gorgeous Eastern sunset of unusual splendour. At a good hotel, kept by two Euro-

peans—the Spiers and Pond of India—and known by name as Laurie and Staten, I find comfortable quarters. Conversation is opened as usual by a reference to the weather, and how pleasant it is to travel in India in February and March. I am told that it would have been pleasanter still in December and January, and that I must hasten through with my journey and be away before April, if I wish to carry away my good opinions of the climate. To my inquiries if it will be much worse then, a look of pity at my ignorance is, for me, enough answer.

In case it should not be enough, I am enlightened by words, and told that I shall find it as introductory to a reading of Dante's "Inferno," and to the better understanding of the punishments of purgatorial fires. Europeans like myself will be glad then of the coolness of underground cellars, and find sleep difficult to get except under continual fanning and punkah work. I have hitherto seen the unused punkahs hanging in all the rooms, and regard them much as we do mosquito curtains during the winter time. When those days come in which, according to Laurie and Staten, I shall find no pleasure, these punkahs will work day and night, and only by the cheapness of Hindoo labour at such work is life so made worth the living. The "punkah-wallah," as he is called, is then more necessary to European life than the "bawarch," as the Hindoo cook is called.

Passing from the weather to local topics, my host tells me of the removal from Agra to Allahabad of the Government offices and courts. The latter place is a day's journey further on towards Bombay, and thus favoured because it is a meeting place for many lines of rail—a central depôt. Agra, so deprived of its pride of place, suffers like brilliant Naples and Florence, from which the seat of Italian Government was removed to more centrally situated Rome. I console my suffering informant by saying that the attractions of the Taj will alone sustain Agra, and that the railways will facilitate the visits of travellers. He tells me thereupon that he will arrange after dinner for my being called at three a.m., when

the moon will be up ; travellers, he says, always visiting the Taj by moonlight as well as by day, and many thinking it as best so seen. Scott had similar ideas, I remember, about rightly seeing Melrose Abbey.

Agra's history is shortly told, and learned by me while dinner is preparing. The Great Mogul had built this city as a supplement to Delhi. "They left his dust in Agra, where he died," and where I shall see his tomb at a little distance from the town next day. His grandson, Shah Jehan, inherited his immense wealth, and became a sort of Louis the Magnificent, in his way. His grandfather had done the fighting and conquering, as also the wealth-acquiring, and the grandson obeyed that law of nature which keeps things in order by making the spendthrift to succeed the miser. Shah Jehan was the distributor of wealth, rebuilding Delhi, and the palace there, that "Earthly Paradise" to which allusion has been made. He lived much here with his favourite wife, Muntaz Mahal, who had borne him eight children, and died in giving birth to a ninth. When dying she made two requests, the fulfilment of both of which was promised ; that he would not take another wife, and would give to her a grander burial than others—than any other had had. That Shah Jehan kept one promise is evident enough in the Taj Mahal. Begun in 1630, twenty years were taken in its building, and millions sterling expended on it. Twenty thousand men, more properly to be called slaves, were always engaged on the work. Slave labour alone could have done this, as it has done all the other great works of the Eastern world.

The tomb of Egyptian Cheops is of dark sandstone, in huge, roughly-cut blocks, which were originally cemented over ; the Taj of Agra is of finest, whitest marble, and of the most elaborate workmanship that the world can show. The Pyramid represents masculine character—strength, solidity, and stability—the force and coarseness of man. The Taj fitly expresses all that should pertain to our best thoughts of womankind, and such is well shown in its elegance, pure taste, and wondrous grace. Of the two, the Taj will ever

command the greater admiration, and thus show Beauty as superior to Strength. As Cleopatra subdued Antony, thus conquering the conqueror, so will this most queenly of tombs subdue the world's admiration for that kingly one of Cheops, and divert it to itself. No rival to either of them can be built now, or henceforward! Irrespective of the necessary slave labour, the millions of money have to be found, and the Eastern world is no longer rich. If both labour and money could be found for such purpose, there would remain to be found the woman who could inspire the thought of such expenditure! The converse might be put thus. Women worthy of such honour exist as often as do the millions and their owners; but then—to find the man who could so estimate woman's worth?

The traveller in India has the sight of this wonder-tomb in his mind throughout the journey. It is ever illustrated before him in drawings and paintings, and is to Hindoostan in that way what the volcanic Fusi-yama is to Japan—the best known of all things in the land. In that way it is always brought before one until it is seen, and then it is with one for evermore, and never to be forgotten! In the mind's picture-gallery it remains as the chief ornament of all that is artistic in this world, as the best idea that one has yet got of what may be found in a better world. If it be possible for man to imagine a house “not built with hands,” the Taj Mahal is the grandest aid to such imagination.

I am awakened, as per promise, at three a.m., and with my three American companions, driven out for some two miles to the famous tomb. The moonlight has its full effect on the white “wonder of a building” that is so lighted, but partly seen. It is as something in the clouds—a mirage, or such a reflection of distant buildings, as is said to be sometimes seen at sea when the reflected objects are themselves invisible. The dark red sandstone platform on which stands the Taj is not seen in the moonlight, which illumines only its domes, towers, and pinnacles of whitest marble. In the stillness of night, aided by the magic of moonlight, the scene is a

memorable one indeed. The one or two Hindoos who have come with us are silent guides, and we are all silent also. The scene is an Eastern land, night, silence, the queen of night above one, and the queen's tomb and queen of all tombs before one. The feeling is of being in another world—of having got to the land of Beulah and the city Beautiful, where we are to find the porphyry pavement and jewelled side-walks, and where no sunlight shall be needed. The indistinct light helps to the illusion, and the shadows of the clouds crossing the moon give, for a time, a cloud-like appearance to the building, which then seems veritably to float before one's eyes. In that way it is a novel sensation indeed, among all sights hitherto had of architectural wonders.

Seen thus has been all that we can see of the Taj Mahal by moonlight. For the sight of the interior, we must come by day. Then will be seen also the exterior, glistening in the sunlight, and, as my host tells me, dazzling the eyesight. Meantime, I can go back to bed, and dream of it, as I do. What I thought of on the return journey was how King Cheops in Egypt, and Shah Jehan in India, have managed to make their names so famous, and so far beyond all their deserts. In their lives they did nothing that can be called great, or good, or any approach to it. Yet they have, by two tombs, the building of which was a robbery on their people, and a great political crime, enshrined their worthless names in fame and popularity. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," but the barbarous builders of these mausoleums, by their oppression and wrongs on the miserable races they enslaved, survive in the story, and the world goes admiringly to look upon the stupendous result of their crimes!

I find myself wishing to see the smaller things of Agra on the following morning, before going again to Muntaz Mahal's tomb. Everything will suffer greatly as sights of interest seen after that. Akbar's palace is one of those lesser lions, but the care taken of the tomb is nowise visible there. All the decorations are gone, and it is left to dirt, cobwebs, and decay. The marble walls still remain, but they are stained and

chipped, and that in some places beyond repair. The British Government are restoring a curious part of this palace, and one that we should least expect to see restored by such hands. It is the "Shish Mahal," or palace of glass—two marble bathing-rooms, having sunken baths in them, to which steps lead down. The walls of each of these rooms are adorned with hundreds upon hundreds of small concave, convex, and plane-surfaced mirrors of smallest size. These are disposed in various ways and designs. The effect, when these bath-rooms were lighted up must have been very fantastic. It is these mirrors that the workmen are restoring—where curiosity has prompted rude visitors to pick them, in various places, from the plaster. Who is to bathé in this grotesquely luxurious place when all is done, is a question. By side of each bath are elegant fountain jets, and the whole is illustrative of Oriental luxury.

In the great hall of this palace are still the empty seats that once were thrones. Outside in the court-yard are yet the black and white marble squares, on which live chessmen, appropriately disfigured, did duty as bishops, rooks, knights, and pawns. Here, also, is the enormous tank, now empty, in which the king angled when fishingly inclined. The benches, used as judgment-seats in civil and criminal cases, yet remain. That on which civil cases were decided is white; and the other, appropriately, black. The latter, it was sad to notice, was most worn. No great stretch of imagination is necessary, here upon the scene, to produce a sketch of a morning sitting—three hundred years ago.

Present—the Emperor (after a bad night), the Grand Vizier, cook, barber, chief eunuch, physician, treasurer, and Court creatures generally. The report of the sitting might have been of this fashion:—

Emperor (*loq.*).—"Let 5000 slaves empty the tank in one hour. Fill it then in another with other water, and different fish. It quite exhausted our patience yesterday—never a nibble in five minutes."

Vizier.—"It shall be done, most mighty lord of light."

Emperor.—“And let all the women that are, by the chief eunuch’s register, now over twenty-one, be taken from the Zenana, tied in sacks, and thrown into the Jumna. Let twenty eunuchs then accompany their chief, with fifty camels and ten elephants, to Cashmere, there to buy, and in three days to bring down, a hundred of the best beauties there. Thy head and that of the chief eunuch shall be forfeited if one of these have a foot longer than our hand, eyes not as black as our beard, and be not also plump and moon faced!”

Vizier.—“It shall be done, O light of the world.”

Emperor.—“And another thing shall be also done. Our Zobeide’s poodle died last night. Let its white, curled carcase be carefully embalmed by our Court doctor, and let 5000 slaves work day and night in building a marble tomb for it. Our Court architect will produce the designs to-morrow. We will have a tomb for that pet such as dog never had before. Let it be completed within the year, at a cost of a million to our treasury!”

Vizier.—“Thy slave goes to see thy orders executed.”

Something very like that was the way in which the world of India went on in the days of old, if Court doings had been then reported.

Leaning against the walls of this Zenana are Lord Ellenborough’s celebrated “Gates of Somnauth,” about which the world heard so much when he brought them down here from the Afghan campaign that seems but of yesterday, but must be over forty years ago. These relics are tumbling to pieces now, being only of woodwork. There are three metallic bosses, however, on one of them, which should be taken care of, since they came, traditionally, from off the shield of Mahomet himself—which is as likely as many other things that we swallow as facts.

The Motsee Musjid, or Pearl of Mosques, is next visited—a religious temple of the Saracenic order, and of little or no ornament. There is nothing whatever to attract the eye—no altar or sculpturing of any kind. The Mohammedan was here left to his own thoughts and prayers, unaided nor dis-

turbed by any mummeries, kneeling on his carpet with his face towards Mecca. Such simple form of worship, and in a temple of such severe simplicity and pure taste, might be imitated in other religions, when theatrical shows in churches shall have become sickening. If the Taj did not draw to itself, and absorb, all admiration that can be brought to Agra, this mosque might get more of notice. It is, however, out of the race altogether in that respect.

Ascending the minaret of this mosque, I see from thence the Taj itself—two miles in the distance. It is so seen for the first time by daylight. Its great dome looks as a balloon of marble glowing in the sunlight, and it is a treat to the sight at this distance, and not the punishment it is to the eyes when near to it.

Now that one so sees it, there is no help but to go, as all further resistance to its fascination is ineffectual. It is as if Venus, fresh risen from the sea, had beckoned one to come. It has that veritable womanly power, this temple-tomb. When approached, it is found that on one side, and partly to the rear, flows the Jumna, and that it is all surrounded by a wall of red sandstone, and gardens of trees and flowering shrubs. In this wall is a superb gateway, which one stays long to gaze at, and which stops the way rather than leads to it—a gateway, marble-built, and surmounted by three marble domes—a gateway only fitting where it is, because it leads to greater grandeur within.

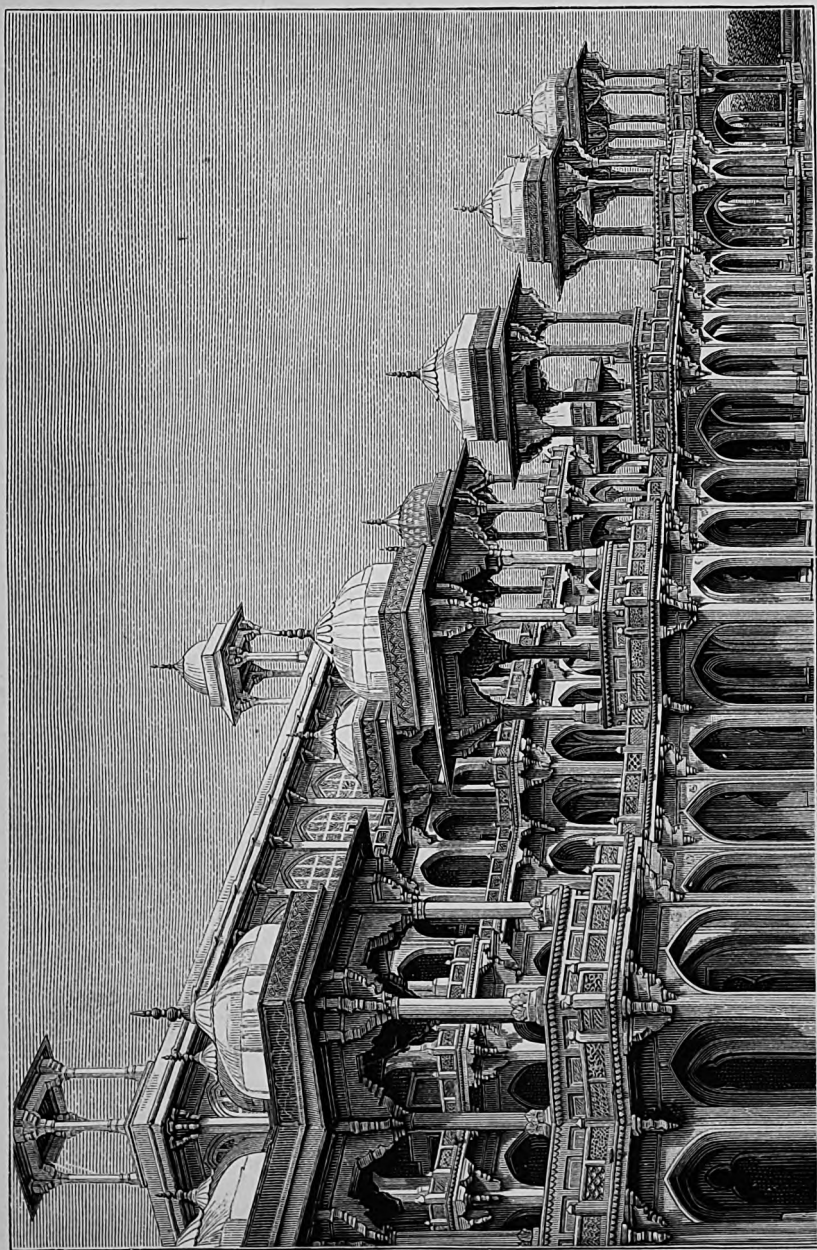
By this entrance I am led within the walls and up a long avenue, having a paved footpath down it, divided by ornamental water and flanked on either side by tall trees. This pathway leads to the Taj, of which, however, only the grand entrance door and central dome can yet be seen. Even that little satisfies those who have expected great things. Three hundred yards distant from the Taj, the avenue is broken by a flight of steps, ascending to a raised and paved platform, of many yards wide and broad. The side enclosure of trees here ceases, and the scene opens fully to view. The object of this platform seems to be the affording a full view from



it of the whole Taj, and its supporting mosques, which now burst upon one's astonished sight in all their great magnificence. The domes, towers, and pinnacles of the grand tomb, are all before one, in their dazzling whiteness; as also are the two red sandstone temples, that on either side so support it, and with their darker colour and picturesque minarets, help to the complete effect produced—the grandest sight of a lifetime.

There are three with me on this occasion, but we are each as if we were alone. The sight before us has silenced all, in the sense in which one's breath is commonly said to be taken away. Motion and the wish to move also cease, and we sit down upon that platform, as if agreeing to the need for a long stay there. So seated, every sense within one seems to run all to eyesight. I hear nothing that may be said to me—hearing is gone. No nudgings or shoulder-shakings have any effect—feeling is gone. No answer can be made to any question—the thought that forms speech is otherwise occupied. The enchanter architect who inspired this pile has waved his wand, and spell-bound one. He was a true Prospero, and one gazes as if one would never cease gazing at this “dainty Ariel” of a palace, which he has here called into existence.

A long look is given now to the majestic doorway, and at the inlaid black-marble work of Koran quotations in Persian language that is all around it. Postponing for a while the temptation to pass within this portal, a walk around the exterior is taken, and a glance given to the red sandstone mosques on either side. They are, though splendid indeed, but what are theatrically termed “side shows” to the central attraction. A look is given to the river on the one side, and to the gardens on the other, and to the stairs that lead to the roof. Longer flights of stairs are to be seen to each of the tall towers standing at the four corners of the broad pavement surrounding the Taj. That is in the shape of an irregular octagon, the sides facing the four cardinal points being each one hundred and thirty-



AN INDIAN TOMB PALACE.

three feet in length. The height of the gilt crescent surmounting the central dome is two hundred and sixty feet from this pavement. Flights of marble steps lead from the garden level to the red sandstone foundation. Other flights lead from that to the surrounding marble pavement from which springs the wondrous fairy fabric—the palace-tomb of Muntaz Mahal.

The grandeur that so dazes one is all grandeur and nothing gaudy! The purest, highest, imagination of the poet's City Beautiful can conceive nothing so heavenly as this white wonder of the world. As a pilgrim from lands afar, you may journey to this shrine—the grandest shrine of divine art that the world can show—illustrating, as it does, mighty artistic efforts in embodying the intellectual and imaginative, and rendering fancy into form by the brain and hand of man. For such reasons, and for others, which arise within you when here, and are all unexpressed and inexpressible, you could, if not feeling but a clod of earth, fall down and worship this glory which Shah Jehan the King has set up.

Entering at last within the doorway, I uncover, as I did when going through the gates of the Holy City—the city of shrines upon Mount Zion. All around, the polished marble walls are seen to be richly inlaid with precious stones to represent, with graceful taste, scrolls and flowers. Again appear, in similar work, inscriptions from the Koran in the most graceful of all writing—the Arabic character. The stones used for such ornamentation are—jasper, agate, cornelian, bloodstone, lapis lazuli, onyx, chalcedony, amethyst, garnet, rockspar, goldstone, greenstone, carbuncle, and a dozen others that have not English names.

Not the least of the effects of this wondrous interior of the Taj, is the light which the cunning of the architect has, so to speak, made for it. It is a dim and religious light that here pervades, and as such sensibly affects one. Until the eyes, dazzled by the exterior, have become accustomed to it, the splendid vault of the dome-roof cannot be studied. When such can be done all attention is taken by it. It carries the

spirit upwards equally with the eyes to something that one might imagine to be seen on the day when the heavens shall be opened. The singular echo which, like a spirit, has been caught and imprisoned there is in fitting concord with all around. The whisper made below is thus answered from above—as by an angel voice. Below this vaulted dome, and centrally situated on the floor, is a marble screenwork carved as never stone was seen before. Within its circuit, as within the holy of holies, is “the be all and the end all” of this marvellous building. Here, on a central platform slightly raised from the flooring, is a marble sarcophagus, elaborately covered with exquisitely inlaid devices in rare mosaic work. It is approached only with absolute awe and a reverence not felt at any other stranger’s tomb in this world. Such result has been worked up to all through, and is the secret of the great architect only. That sarcophagus—the finest the world can show—covers Muntaz Mahal, at whose dying request this Eastern dream of a tomb was raised by him who now rests in that other sarcophagus by her side.

For it has happened that Shah Jehan himself has been placed in this mausoleum also. He built it solely for the Queen, intending another for himself that he did not live to see built. His successor was of an economical spirit, or had not the respect for his predecessor that would prompt the expenditure. For those and other reasons the king is laid here with his wife, but he is scarcely thought of as an occupant. Her sarcophagus occupies exactly the centre of the floor. That of her husband, to one side of it, somewhat destroys uniformity, and the eye looks for a third one as wanting at the other side of the queen’s.

No inscription appears on the central sarcophagus, and none is wanting. On that of Shah Jehan, and in the Persian language is something that reads very poorly in the translation I get of it. “Illeeyn,” I learn, means “heaven;” “Firdos” signifies “paradise;” 1076 of the Hejira stands for A.D. 1665; with which preface now follows what is there so written:—

“The tomb of the King, inhabitant of the two paradises—Rizwan and Khuld. The most sublime sitter on the throne in Illeeyn. Dweller in Firdos. Shah Jehan Padishah I Gazee; peace be to him; bliss is for him. He died 26th day of Rajah, in the year 1076 of the Hejira. From this transitory world eternity has taken him to the next.”

If that is all that could be done in the way of epitaphs, I feel glad that nothing is written on the queen's sarcophagus. Language so bald and halting as that put upon the king's would have injured the grand effect that its absence leaves. Each visitor will for himself write such grand epitaph as he thinks fitting for one who has received the highest of all honours paid to any human being who has died upon this earth.

The effect of it all is such as no other of the sights of the world leaves with one. If you ever thought that the “Arabian Nights” was all nonsense and romance, and “Lalla Rookh” all imagination and fancy, what think you now?—now that you have looked around upon the scene that has filled the last four hours as if but a few minutes. You have looked upon Lucknow and its palaces—you have seen what Delhi and its surroundings have had to show—and have now come to this wonder of all wonders. Are your thoughts what they were; or what say you? You are silent, and silence is the all-sufficient answer. Speech from one would be as out of place as would be an inscription upon the queen's sarcophagus.

The sculptors and modellers of Agra devote their time to producing models of the Taj, which look very beautiful in glass cases in the way of sideboard ornaments. They are things, however, only for careful packing and shipment, and not for travelling portmanteaus. The temptation to take one along is great indeed, but sense tells one that it would be all in pieces and powder when unpacked. Spite of all that I bring one away with me, only to find it afterwards as I knew it must be, and to become quite a Niobe “all tears” in regarding my great loss.

Perhaps, after all, it were better so! The Taj Mahal is a

thing to be remembered, and if not remembered, all effigies of it would serve but little by which to recall it. One feels contented when Agra has been visited, and leaves there in a more peaceful frame of mind. Other worlds there may be, or may not—we may attain heaven or paradise, or fail to do so—in those worlds, or in such scenes of the Hereafter, there may be better things for our new eyes than is the Taj at Agra. It is, however, impossible for human imagination so to conceive. In that way Agra is quitted with the satisfied feeling that the glory, the splendour, of this world has been seen—so far as intellect, imagination, art, taste, talent, boundless labour, and limitless wealth could all help to such object. It is something to have such thorough conviction that nothing more marvellous, more beautiful, can be seen by the eyes of wondering humanity.

Some few miles out from Agra is what might be termed another city, rather than a suburb, full of deserted buildings of great pretensions. Here at Futtipore, as it is called, is the tomb of Akbar the Great—one who knew how to conquer and to govern, and when to stop in his conquests and consolidate his power. Under his rule the greatness of India seems to have begun, and in the wisdom, power, and glory of his line—the Mogul dynasty,—it appears to have culminated, and thereafter declined. Before the sarcophagus of Akbar—lying uncovered to the skies on the summit of its lofty mausoleum,—the traveller looks around on a scene of decaying temples, palaces, and tombs, and thinks of the utter vanity and wretched uselessness of all man's doings. None the less he must admit that the dust entombed here was that of a great king of men. Lord Northbrook, when Indian Viceroy, lately did that which testified to similar thoughts. He provided a golden kincob-cloth covering, at large cost, for the mound in the lower vault of the mausoleum, which contains all that may remain of his great predecessor in the government of Hindoostan. After 270 years' entombment, such mark of respect to the memory of the greatest of India's

emperors comes not unfitly from the representative of its new Empress.

It will be noticed that allusion is made to "the mound in the vault beneath the mausoleum." It is there, in all cases, that the body is interred. The sarcophagus on the floor above is there only in a representative character—the dust is with the dust below.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### HINDOSTAN'S "CITY OF GOD."

ALLAHABAD is, in English, "The City of God." It is so centrally situated with regard to British India, that it is being made a focus for Governmental purposes. For its north-western district, a lieutenant-governor is here resident, and to this city have been removed the Government offices, formerly at Agra. The extensive railway reticulation of Hindoostan, so lately perfected, has been also favourable to Allahabad's advancement as a central depôt. It is the grand junction of many completed lines, and of others now constructing. A grander junction than that is, however, made by Nature in the meeting here of those mighty rivers of India, the Ganges and the Jumna.

The Ganges, it will be remembered, is a sacred river. Its waters cleanse from sin, and its stream floats to salvation the spirits of those whose ashes are thrown into it. Such is an older faith than mine, and worthy of respect if only for that reason, and for this other, that it is the faith of twice as many human beings as all those professing Christianity. Such exordium is just necessary to my next statement, which is this, that a still grander junction than that of railways or geographically named rivers is made at this Allahabad. To the two streams already named a third here joins. It is visible however, only to the eyes of believers of the Hindoo faith, and not to those of infidels. The eye of faith sees many things, as does the eye of the lover, which Shakespeare tells us,

"Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt."



The third river here joining to the Jumna and the Ganges, so invisible to my eyes, is one that renders the city a pilgrimage shrine to Hindoos for purposes hereafter mentioned. Hindooism is not, however, the professed faith of Allahabad, which was built on a Mohammedan foundation. It was founded by Akbar some 300 years ago, and completed by his grandson, Shah Jehan. The faith of Mohammed has got great holding in India! Thirty-six millions of the worshippers of Allah, and believers in his one prophet, are to be found there—a number equal to the whole population of the British Isles. The new Empress of India therefore rules in India over as large a number of Mohammedans as make up the sum of her subjects in Britain! They probably read and apply her title, "Defender of the Faith," in their own way—that way in which one of old thought to pass muster as serving under either king when asked to say, "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die." Each conqueror of India brought his faith with him and has left it there. The Mohammedan faith was certainly a purer one than the worship of images and the belief in many gods, into which Brahminism or Hindooism, originally the worship of the elements, has now become debased. It brought to these caste-ridden people of Hindostan a doctrine that taught the equality of all men, and preached to them of the one and invisible God, and his one prophet and high priest. The name "Allah," by which the one God was so taught to them, is chief among the very many by which the Mohammedans designate the Deity. It is folly to travel in a country and see with outer eyes only. My inquiries as to the faith of the people of any land are as many as those made regarding more visible matters. This faith of Mohammedanism is but an off-shoot or bastard son of the Jewish creed. It recognizes the Old Testament, but substitutes the Koran for the new one, with Mohammed for its Messiah. It would be more proper to say, as its prophet, for no kinship with the Deity is claimed for him by the Mohammedan creed.

Allahabad is to be found somewhere halfway between Calcutta and Bombay, and some 400 miles from Delhi, with

which it has water communication. On the road from the railway station to Laurie and Staten's hotel, I notice that the Government recognize the trouble that the climate causes to those who have to exert themselves. For that reason the bicycle is here brought into general use for the postmen and telegraph messengers, called "peons," who thus travel about. Such mention of one name of native servants recalls the fact that a large number of them are Eurasians—the half-caste of the country, which is all of "caste" they can here in this conservative country ever claim. The mixture of white and native bloods has for ever shut them out from all connexion with the thoroughbreds, who are as strict in preserving their strain of blood in its purity as they are in observing the duties of their caste. In those matters they are as conservative as Jews, or Gipsies, or the Newhaven and Galway Claddagh fisher folk.

The advantage of carrying but little luggage becomes very evident to the traveller in India. A portmanteau is opened before me at the hotel here, which has been closed up and lying beneath a bedstead for some three weeks only. Everything within it proves to be covered with mildew, half an inch thick, and of all the colours of Stilton cheese. This stuff has terribly stained all articles of clothing within it. Such is, I am told, a climatic result, and no novelty. It certainly is an unexpected one by a stranger. In damp, foggy Holland, it might have been looked for, but hardly so in bright and sunny Hindostan. Spoilt clothing is, however, a matter that should be easily borne by sufferers, as but little covering is wanted here, and the loss is so cheaply replaced. A few shillings expended on a grasscloth jacket and coloured print pajamas is all of expense necessary in that way, in this very poor land for tailors.

In the matter of dress one of the Governors-General, not sufficiently considering the permanency of all Eastern fashions, tried to effect a reform. He wished the natives to dress to a further extent, and look less Adam and Eve-like. The nakedness of the land, shown in that form, somewhat shocked his

notions of decency, or more likely those of his family. No one was in future to be seen about Government House with shoeless feet, bare legs, or a deficiency anywhere in the matter of covering. Success, however, did not attend his efforts. The "one anna suit" which the Hindoo lower class wear, still continues the fashion, as it ever will. An old bed sheet, torn into strips, makes clothing and turbans for a whole family. As such clothing is often not washed until of the colour of the dingy surrounding skin, what there is of covering in this way sometimes passes notice; and it is, as often as not, as well that it does so.

This modern Allahabad has, quite in Indian fashion, replaced an older one. All about are the remains of the former city in antiquated temples and tombs that speak of thousands of years past. Of such is a stone column of sixty feet high, the inscriptions on which, so far as decipherable, tell of an age over two thousand years. Near to it I take a rest upon one of two red granite statues, of large size, now overthrown; the features of that representing a man are nearly obliterated, but time has been kinder to the feminine one, which shows still a pleasant-looking face; it was of the full-eyed, pulpy-lipped order of beauty, that had its day of admiration in times past, and will have its turn again in the revolving circle of fashion. On looking upon these remnants of the past, lying here upon the plain, one cannot but think of the apt imagery of Byron, who has told us that such as these will be all that shall be left of all man's doings, now and to come:—

"Two or three columns, and many a stone,  
Marble and granite with grass o'ergrown."

Outlying to this old city is an agricultural village, or collection of mud hovels, to which I pay a visit. These wretched dwellings have neither chimney nor window. The fuel used is dried buffalo droppings. A handful of dhol or rice twice a day, washed down with water, is all the sustenance that these villagers ever get. A life of hard labour and such poor fare make the men lean and haggard of look, and the women

stunted and hard-featured. Payments equivalent to a rupee per week are all that these labourers and their families have upon which to live. Nothing can therefore be saved, not for the rainy day, but for those more dreaded days in which no rain comes. When the windows of heaven are so closed, it is then that the grim genius of famine upraises its shrivelled hand. The rice crops then fail, and the wasted villagers waste daily further away to mere shadows, and so die. Such has occurred periodically, and will always do so—as that which has been will be.

Upon such utter wretchedness, such unhuman-like misery of the Hindoo race, it is pitiable indeed to look. The wretched existence is always too much of a struggle with starvation, in which the spare figure becomes more gaunt, skinny, and shrivelled, until death kindly removes it to the wood pile by the water side. None who see such a miserable struggle for life can grieve at the happy release brought by death. It can bring hardly a worse life, be the future what it may. These poorly paid "ryots," as the cultivators of the soil are called, are ground to death not only by heavy taxation, but also by the money-lender, from whose hands death alone relieves them. These "ryots" of India are but a reproduction of the "fellahs" of Egypt in the condition in which they live—if living it can be called. By any one with sympathetic feelings a visit to the quarters of these inexpressibly wretched people is to be avoided. I did not feel in usual spirits for the rest of the day, and wished I could have given away to these starving beings that for which I had now lost appetite.

Of the natural dignity of the Maori, the Kaffir, or the Red Indian, the majority of Hindoos have nothing. They are soft, feline, and cringing in their ways, and the most persuasive of beggars. As I came along from the railway station, one of them kept alongside the gharry, pleading there in broken English all the advantages of the hotel for which he acted as "runner." That he could run so fast and speak meanwhile was noticeable enough, but to speak as effectively as he did

was amazing. The intonations in which he urged his pleas for our going to his hotel, were timed and tuned to arrest attention, and well they did so. He monopolized all our observation, and, in theatrical language, filled the stage. All oratorical aids, gestures, attitudes, actions, eyes and hands were added to the persuasive tongue; and all that, as he ran at the rate of a trotting horse, with the thermometer meanwhile standing at 98°.

The gharry we occupied and its driver also were, of course, in the interest of an opposition hotel. The eloquent exponent of the superiority of another house had, therefore, to run between the lashes of our driver's whip, which he had always to dodge. When he occasionally got a taste of it, he turned it to account, like an accomplished rhetorician. "See sare!—See how I suffer for your good!—I am beaten for your sake For your good only I want you to come to the best hotel!" I was glad to see that he did not work wholly in vain. His eloquence and surprising perseverance overcame the lady-passenger who was with us, and her husband had to acquiesce and follow. He thoroughly deserved thus to divide the spoil. When he and they were gone, my remaining companion remarked, "That fellow could have talked over Satan himself."

It was festival time at Allahabad—the time of the pilgrims visiting the city. There are always pilgrimages going on somewhere, which do great good to business, and especially so to railroad receipts. At Cairo I witnessed the entry into the city of the pilgrims returning from Mahomet's tomb at Mecca; and saw, on the way up to Jerusalem, those returning from the Jordan who had been to bathe there at the spot where John baptized Jesus; I met in France a crowd from England going on a pilgrimage to some place—*Lourdes*, I believe—where a church has been newly erected in a lately used grazing paddock to commemorate the apparition there of the Virgin to a little shepherdess. We are all pilgrims, in fact, and our trouble is to know from whence and whither. Travel helps to make us very tolerant. Until the day comes when we shall know who and what is right, who is he that shall say

that others and their doings are wrong? With which proper thought I go to the river side to regard the doings of the Hindoos.

The pilgrims to Allahabad go to the junction of the rivers before told of. The Jumna, after its course of 800 miles from its rise in the Himalayas, here joins the Ganges, within sight of the city. The tongue of land where that takes place is crowded daily by devotees, among whom stalk Fakirs and Byragees, as are called two kinds of fanatics more fanatical than the rest that are here. The junction of the two rivers is as seen only by my infidel eyes; to the eyes of the Hindoos, however, it is the junction of three waters. The third river, that I cannot discern, runs direct, in their belief, from here to heaven. To bathe in these visible and invisible streams those are now preparing who sit upon the banks of the river, first there getting a clean shave of both head and body. The shaved hairs are for the water.

How wonderful is faith! For each hair so falling into these waters the Hindoo believes, on the promise of his sacred writings, and the teaching of his priests, that he will get a thousand years' tenure of Paradise. No wonder now at the completeness of the shearing. To insure that no hairs remain adhesive, the devotee then bathes, and returns to shore for a priestly blessing. There is much that is awe-striking in this strength of faith. I look with great respect upon one of these shaved believers—sure of his many thousands or millions of years in Paradise. He is happier in such faith, and readier for death than I am, and for that I envy him. His hairs are now floating away on the invisible river, to where they will in time be counted by recording angels, and carried to his credit in the book of remembrance.

The glory of faith continues to be thus shown at Allahabad, though that given to it by kings only has long departed. The palace of the Moguls—that built by Akbar—is now here used as a sort of marine store. It is full of cannon and cannon-balls, shells, sappers' tools, swords, guns, ropes, and shot-belts. All the wants of horse and foot soldiery, sappers and miners,

can be here supplied. Akbar was a great warrior, and his shade would not chafe perhaps to see the use to which is now put his palace—its grand halls and seraglio. The sentimental traveller may think it a shame so to convert a palace to a hardware store, and it is nothing better than that now, this palace of “Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay.”

In a vault of the old fort is another thing which the eyes of faith are feasted upon. It is the stump of a tree said to be 1500 years old, and yet to have life in it. Being a sacred tree for some reason or other, it was built around, and not rooted up, when the walls were erected. It is now shown to me by torchlight—for half a rupee. Around its roots are images of gods—wooden and metallic-made idols—that look as much out of place there as itself does. To one side of this vault is an opening, bricked around like the mouth of a sewer. My guide interpreted thus “That leads, the priests say, to the holy city of Benares”—a place distant many hundreds of miles from this city of Allah. The object of the tunnel, I am told, is as a channel for the sacred stream Sereswaiti; but what benefit is derived from it I could not learn. It is not good to ask too many questions on matters of faith. When young I was frequently reproved for so doing; but the spirit of inquiry survives a deal of snubbing.

Allahabad believes in the future, as it is proper a city so named should do. It looks, however, to a future in this world equally with the next. Commerce is to float it to fortune, as its invisible river carries its shaved hairs to heaven. The number of its hotels indicate its great expectations. It is a sort of Washington city at present, in its official, as also in its incomplete state. In seeking for matters by which to remember it, I am taken to some gardens here, named after one of Akbar's descendants. This poor man was the victim of a family quarrel, on account of which his father Jehangir laid siege to this place, of which the son made a stronghold. He was here subdued, and kept a prisoner until set free by death. Of his vanquished army, a hundred or so a day were impaled in a long line, and their imprisoned late ruler was then led

out for a time, and paraded up and down—made in fact to hold a horrible review of his soldiery thus served! These gardens are entered through an embattled stone wall, by a grand Saracenic gateway of fifty-five feet high, and of about the like thickness—a really noble portal. Inside are to be seen well-kept grounds, and three fine mausoleums, having lofty domes to them, the date of the building of which was 1620.

How blindly we blunder into trouble! It looks so easy to do things which others seem to do easily, that we never reflect upon their having practised what we have not. At the barracks here I am offered a seat on one of a string of camels going out for some two or three miles to bring in fodder. Without the forethought of him who doubted his untried ability to play the fiddle, I rashly accepted the offer, and a serious matter it proved to be, as those will find who try for the first time to ride a camel. It is necessary, as a preliminary thing, to get upon him—a by no means easy matter, as he stands too high to be reached. He has to come down to one, which he does gradually, until his stomach touches the ground. He descends in three sections. His legs being very long, nature provides for his pushing the hinder ones outwards from the body, so that they stick out behind like two tramrails. To my notice he is singular among animals, in that matter of pushing out his hind legs.

The camel, in bringing his body to the ground, descends first, however, to the knees of his front legs. Then he comes down on those of his hinder ones, and as they are situated near the junction of legs and body, the drop down that way is a great one. The third movement is that in which the front knees are thrown forward, and the whole camel comes to the ground. It is then seen that there is not space under the short body for all his long legs. Lying upon the ground so, waiting his load, and then to arise at word of command, we may take a good look at him. In the face, he is as mild and harmless-looking as is a sheep. He is not, however, to be touched by everybody, and is more snappish than appears



likely. His under-lip hangs down, showing thereby unpleasant looking teeth of a yellowish brown. A curious way is adopted for guiding him. A conically-shaped peg is pushed outwards through the side of the nostril, so that the larger end is, barb-like, left within. To the small and protruding end a string is attached, which, in the rider's hands, is all the guiding power used. To strangers it looks as only likely to be useful on one side, but then everything cannot be understood at once—and I never cared about a camel twice.

Even when he so lies on the ground the saddle on a camel's back is only to be reached by novices with aid of steps. On thus getting to it, I find it with crossed pieces of wood, rising to front and rear. Between these I seat myself, and when I do so, think that such fore and aft supports are very necessary. The like wooden fencing would be better, I surmise, if it went all round. The driver, as I may call him, mounts on a sort of crupper at the rear of the back fence, and pulls at the beast's nose, upon which serious business begins. There are no stirrups, nor any grip to be got with one's legs. The first upward movement of the camel is to his fore knees, throwing one suddenly backward. Then comes the movement of his long hind legs, and I think that I am about to be thrown over the cross-trees in front, and over his head and on to mine. The driver must, I think, have caught me somewhere about the waistband or below it, to prevent my so going over. The animal's third movement is to the feet of the fore legs, again throwing one backwards. In this backward movement, however, there are the front cross-pieces to which to hold on, which I do with a grip that quite cramps the fingers, of which I shall feel the full effect next day.

The height to which one is lifted on a tall camel's back is beyond expectation. The feeling of helplessness, however, quite equals that of astonishment. The throwing about, backward and forwards, is now succeeded by a rocking motion from side to side, as the animal rolls along. But for a vigorous clutch of the front woodwork, one would inevitably come to the ground. The camel does not move his legs as

the horse does, but is a relic of those antediluvian animals who moved the same side-legs together. It is a painful movement to the rider, and especially so when the height from the ground is considered—and there is plenty of time to consider it up where I am. Those not sailors, slaters, or otherwise used to regarding the earth from all heights, get often confused when elevated beyond that from which they have been accustomed to regard things in general. I had looked at matters usually from a height of five feet eight, and not from fifteen or eighteen feet.

My camel only walked. Not for dukedoms would I have had him trot! Had he gone that far the dukedoms would have been of little use to me. Any hardened criminal would flinch from such a punishment as that would be. It would shake his bones and nerves, and touch the heart of the most obdurate—and bring it into his mouth. That would only be for the day and the occasion, but the punishment for the following week or ten days would be something dreadful. After such a tremendous shaking, not a limb could be moved except in galling pain; and any attempt to get up or down stairs, or to dress or undress, would be to a groaning accompaniment or an incessant appeal to one's patron saint.

All the trouble attending the jerky ascent on the camel's rising up, is repeated in reverse order on his getting down again, and your doing the same. I thought that I had fallen through a window, and was going head foremost into the street, with such a sudden drop did the animal come to his knees. I never felt more glad to get out of any trouble than I did out of that saddle. That happened at end of the journey of two miles or more out of Allahabad. My guide told me that I could only avoid returning on camel-back by doing so on foot for the whole way. I said that I would gladly walk treble the distance. Go back again in that fashion! Ask the weary bird blown o'er the deep again to quit its shore!

I am wondering next day why the balls of my thumbs are so painful, and the fingers so stiff. Such is the effect, I now know, of the hard grip taken the day before of the cross-

pieces of that camel's saddle. I know now, and not until now, how strong had been the clutch, and how long and unrelaxed had been the strain upon the muscles. Camel-riding, to be enjoyed, should be commenced early in life, and its first lessons taken under careful superintendence. As a little of it goes a great way, not too much of it should be taken for the first effort. The novice may otherwise find himself, as I did, unable for nearly a week to move about with any degree of comfort, and feeling as if out of joint all over.

When in Syria I learnt that the dromedary riders laced themselves up in tight corsets, after the fashion of a modern belle, when going on their journeys, and I know the reason why. Much packing up is needed for a continuance of the fearful shaking the rider then gets. Brain fever has been known to follow it, and a loose tooth is removed without any aid from the forceps, before the ride is ended. No one in wig or spectacles, or wearing a chimney-pot hat, would keep those articles on him for two minutes after the camel's trot began. Yet I have read in books of travel of folks who wrote of riding upon a camel as if it were a thing of course. It is, in fact, as impossible to do so on a first effort, as it is to swim at a first attempt. Such people would tell of their adventures in snow-shoes, utterly overlooking the fact of the long practice that would be necessary to a successful use of them.

Our criminal code might be improved in some particulars, and other punishment than the lash be introduced. For heavy offenders a tall camel might be kept in the jail, and a ride round the exercise yard at full trot be inflicted now and again as heavy punishment. The Judge, in passing sentence on a criminal, would then, after specifying the term of confinement, proceed in some such terms as these:—"The sentence of the Court is, furthermore, that thrice during the term of your imprisonment you be placed on a camel's back and trotted, for half an hour at a time, around the prison yard, being placed on again each time that you shall fall off: and that you be forced to attend, as usual, to your stone-breaking on the days following."

Daily does it grow upon one as a wonder in this Hindoostanee travel that little Great Britain can be the master of this bigly big India ! Were all the natives of the caste-divided and non-combatant Hindoo faith, there might be same reason for it all in that ; but the fact is not so. The Mohammedan faith is a fighting one, and of that Church-militant sort that believes in adding to one's chance of salvation by sending others by the sword to heaven. Of these Mohammedans there are, as stated, 36,000,000 in India, all of whom believe in spreading their faith, and that by soldiery, in place of missionaries. Those of that faith are all of one,—or rather, of no—caste, and could therefore combine for one object. In this dilemma of doubt I have come to the conclusion, either that no native leader has arisen for these men to follow, or that the climate is inimical to patriotism.

Ere leaving Allahabad, I had serious thoughts of joining in the ceremonies going on there, as I had hitherto complied elsewhere with the customs of the country. To that end I would have had my hair cut on the river bank, and dropped a handful of the clippings into the water at the sacred junction. My host, however, dissuaded me. The Hindoos might take offence at it ; and not for anything would I cause that feeling, after seeing what I had seen of Hindoo vengeance at Cawnpore. It was a hard thing to tear one's self away without so investing in this "Allahabad Grand Junction Eternal Life Insurance ;" but I left without effecting the floating policy. We all have our remorse at the lost chances to be seen in looking back over a lifetime, and this uncompleted visit to India's City of God is one of such regrets. If, however, I saved choking a few fishes by such neglect, that may balance the account after all.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### WITH THE THUGS.

BETWEEN two and three hundred miles from Allahabad I get tired of the train, and stop at Jubbulpore. It is, perhaps, the grand-looking station that tempts me to do so; or maybe it is the changed character of the scenery, which has become most picturesque during the last hour or so now that I am come into the valley of the Nerbudda—a noble river of this land of India.

Jubbulpore has an admirably made railway to it. The Indian railways have been constructed by the help of British capitalists, to whom a certain percentage in the shape of dividend is guaranteed by the Government. I never saw such natty stations anywhere as there are on this line. At all those I have been lately passing there is printed the station's name, in pretty flowers, in their well-kept gardens, fronting the line of rails. I withstand all their fascinations, however, until I reach the handsome Jubbulpore terminus, and here I come to a dead stop. There may be better things ahead, but the attractions about here are very satisfactory.

My belief of there being anything to swear by in spelling gets a shock in this word "Jubbulpore." I never saw it spelt twice in the same way. I adopt the spelling I saw at this railway station, because everything here looks so fine that it must be correct. In the last published map I read it as "Jabalpar," and I can remember about fifty other forms of it. It is all like that. If I knew anything, I thought it was the spelling of "Juggernaut"—a deity of the Madras district,

celebrated for his triumphal car and its uses. I find this spelt now as "Jagannáth;" Cashmere is "Kashmir," Delhi is "Delli," or "Dehli," and Mogul is "Mughal." Any Eastern proper name can be used like to that of Mahomet, which you can spell how you like, and with the certainty of not being wrong: Mahmood, Mahmet, Mahmud, are all at choice, with other ninety variations. Spelling is altogether as changeable as fashions. Words have their Roman falls, Alexandrian limps, and Grecian bends—the fulness of crinoline at one time, and the contracted skimpiness of the pin-back mode at another.

Jubbulpore is under the Sautpore Hills or North Ghauts, which means a high table-land. It is a thousand feet above the level of Allahabad, to which the railway toils through cuttings, and the scenery is all the better for it. It is a city of some 60,000 folks, not reckoning the nine Thugs, the last of their race, who are here in gaol. There is something painfully interesting in the last of a race. How the "Last of the Mohicans" interests one for that reason! In Hobart Town I was shown the last of the Tasmanians—a poor old lubra, that looked as wretched as the last apteryx, a New Zealand wingless bird, believed to be extinct, that I saw exhibiting once in Melbourne, and which interested me as much as does Campbell's "Last Man."

I find this city to be a sort of Indian Cheltenham or Bath in its clean and highly respectable appearance. It' must have a good city council, I fancy, otherwise I cannot account for its fine and well-kept streets, its perfect drainage, pleasant distribution of greensward, gardens, and trees; also its fine shops and houses, tastily designed and well built. It is as well not to believe in the unnatural, and therefore maybe Jubbulpore has no city council at all, but has devised a better scheme of town management—supposing such to be possible. There has evidently been some master-mind here who has done for Jubbulpore in one way what Beau Nash did for Bath in another. Colonel Sleeman is credited with much of it, and if I knew other names to whom similar honour of mention is due, they should have it.

Out of evil springs good. The Jubbulpore School of Industry, now one of the sights of the place, and celebrated for its manufactures of carpets, canvas, and other like fabrics, was originally set up to provide occupation for the imprisoned Thugs and their wives and families. The families can still labour here, but the survivors of their fathers are beyond industrial work—old men living on the recollections of their past lives, and many murders. I will leave the busy scene of this school of industry, to which I can return, and go see these old murderers before they all die. My host of the hotel here inspires me to do so by saying that royalty, when lately here, specially visited these ancient martyrs, so that it must be the respectable thing to do, and settles for me the question that might so trouble the genteel—"Ought we to visit them?"

The sect of the Thugs was discovered about forty years ago, up to which time they had pursued their religious duties very quietly. They were not a numerous sect, which is well to be understood when the difficulties are all considered that lay in the way of their working out their salvation. It was attended with much fear and trembling, as their goddess, Calicut, was only to be propitiated by human sacrifices. A method of justification by such works as that led to constant dread of the hangman, and the necessity for secrecy. Every assassination of an unbeliever so made was believed to add his probability of life to that of the Thug's term in Paradise, the blood of the victim meanwhile cleansing the sins of the assassin. On the discovery of this exterminating creed, its believers were sought out by the Government of the time, and they were all taken to Jubbulpore, and there shut up for their lives. As they thus suffered for the faith to which they bore witness, they are really and truly martyrs—martyr-murderers!

The destruction of human beings for the propitiation of the Deity, is not, unfortunately, confined to the Thugs. More of poor humanity has been sacrificed on that score than any other. It is a grounded belief with the zealous sectarian

that those of another faith are better dead. The Moham-medans are especially of that way of thinking. For that cause only they murdered, but a few years ago, about 11,000 of the believers in Christianity dwelling in the villages I passed through in the Lebanon and in Damascus. The mistake of the Thugs was doing assassination in a retail way. Massacres on religious grounds, like those of the Huguenots, should be done, if done at all—which may be questionable—in a whole-sale manner. It is always in this mismanaged world the little criminal only who suffers punishment. Murders, swindles, and robberies 'on a large scale are called by other names, and recognized as legitimate doings.

The hanging of all these Thuggee believers was out of the question. There was no legal proof against them, and they might have been considered lunatics. They had not also any malice against their victims, which is an essential to the crime of murder. In Othello's words,

“Nought did they in hate, but all in honour,”

of their deity. Hence, shutting them up for life was considered the proper punishment for what they might have done in the past, and also a preventive against their future doings. As it was not their fashion to throttle each other, they were allowed to associate, and like to Goldsmith's old soldier, to sit at eve, and tell each other of their doughty deeds, patiently waiting the death that alone could set them free.

Imprisoned for forty years or so, nearly all of them have now been liberated by that aid. Of the original stock there are but the nine survivors whom I was allowed to interview. I looked upon these hoary-headed venerable old assassins, and hoped that there were no more of them about outside—overlooked by the Government. As I here learn of their system of sacrifice, I see that I might have been one of their victims as likely as not—might, in fact, have perished by the hands, the blood-red hands, of any of these old martyrs, had they



been loose. One of their guardians explains matters to me.

The Thug, I am told, paid periodical visits to the temple of his deity. His time there was spent in prostrations and prayers. He sought the sacrifices elsewhere. Various little things were considered bad omens, and if any such occurred, such as a bird flying into the temple during his worship, no sacrifice was to be sought. Several visits might be thus made before the Thug departed from the temple on the sacrificial mission. Supposing nothing to happen to stay his hand, what would then occur would be this:—

The sacrifice would be always selected from the male sex. To the Goddess Calicut none of her own sex could be offered. The first man met with on leaving the temple was preferred, if circumstances did not weigh against his selection. If so, another was chosen, and the intended victim closely watched for the fitting opportunity. No patience was too great in that pursuit. Weeks and months were given to it, and many schemes adopted and disguises made use of. The time came at last, as it always does to the diligent, and to those who wait and watch and hope unceasingly—as did these fanatics. On that happening the sacrifice was seized behind by the legs and thrown forward on his face. A looped cord was then slipped over his head and drawn at once tight round the neck, the Thug kneeling meanwhile on the victim's back. He was, in fact, garotted. If the intended sacrifice looked likely to give much trouble, two or three Thugs would join in the adventure, as it was one about which there must be no mistakes. An intended victim conquering his intended assassin, or allowed to escape, might have led, as it probably did lead, to the bursting up of the deadly little sect. If killed in his efforts at sacrifice, the Thug no doubt died, as he believed, in a good cause.

The Thugs drew the line at murder. The body of the victim was not plundered, but was buried secretly with its clothes and valuables, if any of the latter were upon it. Fifty years ago, and backwards, there must have been many missing friends

in Hindoostan for whom all inquiries and advertisements failed. Royalty, when lately visiting here, had proposed to set these old fellows at liberty, as, looking at their age and feebleness, there was no fear of their shedding much more blood. As they would have no refuge to which to go, and were too feeble to work, it was, however, thought best to let them be as they were until the short day that remained for them came to its close, and these sacrificers go to meet their sacrifices. If Calicut come not then to their aid, I have fears for their future. I recall, however, that pleasant idea of Burns, that the devil himself, would he but "take a thought and mend," might yet have a chance hereafter equal, say, to that of most of us.

As these were the only real martyrs I had ever met with, I thought at one time of getting their blessing as a thing of special efficacy, and also as a sort of supplement to the washing I had in the sacred Ganges and the water of purification I used at Benares; but the idea somehow evaporated, and I came away unblessed in that particular way.

The "chowk," or town for the natives, has been, in this Jubbulpore, built by the European, or from European plans and designs. It all looks very nice, clean, smart, and as it should be to European eyes, but the Hindoo seems out of his element in it, and not the man for the place. It is questionable if he will not leave it and build after his own fashion for himself, much as birds insist on constructing their own nests—excepting the vagabond cuckoo, and other such.

The materials for all these good buildings which I see around have been quarried from a neighbouring buried city that was a great one in its time. It was called Tripoori Poorum, or, rather, it is called so now. Who shall say what names it had, or how spelled? Its site is at a place designated Kurambel. The aborigines of this land were conquered, it is believed by the race of Gonds, who in their turn yielded to other conquerors, and those also in their turn. It is not rightly known, and no wonder, who built Tripoori Poorum. Its remains look as if the earth had been thousands of years

in covering them up. They are now turned to excellent account in building bridges, the viaducts over the broad Nerbudda, and the goodly stations all along the line of railway, besides what is seen of their use in Jubbulpore. Europe would not, however, like to see the Neapolitans so making use of the stones of Pompeii. Stone or its equivalent must be used everywhere here. The white ants of India are destroyers of all woodwork, and much besides that. They will not, for some questionable reason, touch the jarrah timber of Western Australia, which is accordingly imported for the railway sleepers. On this insect's account, also, all the telegraph posts are of stone or iron throughout the land. An unconquered race are these white ants, that have looked with equal disregard on all the many invaders and conquerors of their land.

Jubbulpore's neighbourhood is noticeable for the number of granite boulders which lie about at the foot of the hills and half up their height. At the summit of one of these hills a huge granite boulder has been left standing when the convulsion of nature toppled down all its companions. It has curiously enough been seized upon as the site for a Hindoo temple, which is here to be seen perched upon a boulder. The scriptural injunction to build upon a rock scarcely extended to those that, like this one, are loose. The Hindoos choose strange places for their temples. The out-of-the-way position of this one is not more peculiar than that of the many rock-cut temples of Hindoostan, some of which I have yet to visit on my way through this wonderful India.

The noble Nerbudda has its source in the range of mountains that run from east to west through India. Similarly as is to be seen in America, the rivers from this range all pursue one course, which is to the eastward, but, as in America, there is one exception—this beautiful Nerbudda. There is a legend connected with all Indian rivers, and one, of course to account for the Nerbudda flowing to the west. Another river, named the Soane, which rises near to the Nerbudda's source, proposed a junction with it at the foot of the moun-

tains, and that the two, so matrimonially united, should flow together, sharing the joys and troubles of river life until, undivided in death, they should be lost together in the eternity of ocean. It was not, however, to be so.

Another river, the Johilla, which starts in the same mountains as the Soane and the Nerbudda, and is an insignificant thing in the way of rivers compared with the other two, ran its stream, however, into that of the Soane before the contemplated alliance could be made. The queenly Nerbudda scornfully resented the intrusion. She would stand no such nonsense. Until the Johilla was utterly divorced she would not only refuse to join the Soane but would decline to travel the same road and look on their hateful company. She carried out this majestic threat by turning herself westward, and so flowing west in singleness and maiden pride, letting the other rivers and all rivers go their own way.

She got in difficulties in so separating, and by taking that headstrong course became pent up here among the "marble rocks," near to Jubbulpore, in a way of restraint that no feminine nature could endure. The difficulty, being one that could not be got through, was leaped over by the Nerbudda in a foaming fury, that is here to be seen in a waterfall of some forty feet, called the *Dhooan-dhar*, or *Misty Fall*. From thence the clear and sparkling stream has cut for itself a deep channel of some two miles through the walls of white rock which line its sides. It should be many hundred yards wide, but is here squeezed into a width of about sixty feet. The white walls, or marble rocks, are in many places over seventy feet in height.

The Nerbudda has a grandly striking appearance as she swiftly glides through these, her marble halls, sweeping along as a proud princess might descend the steps of her palace between a double file of silver-liveried attendants to where her chariot awaits her coming. The result of the sunlight and the reflection from the surface of the river is to make the white walls apparently visible for as many feet below the water as they are above it, and this helps to show its beauti-

ful blue tint with wonderful effect. There is a great surprise in store for the visitor to this spot—a very quiet and secluded one—one also that has a fascination about it that cannot be defined, but is distinctly to be felt—in which a sense of awe is mixed up with wonder and admiration that so make an enduring memory of the Nerbudda's scenery.

A note from the commissary-general procured for me the sensation of a ride upon an elephant. The mahout, who is keeper, groom, and special attendant on his elephant, is also the driver. An elephant is more a conveyance of many outside passengers than a carrier of one, and therefore requires a driver rather than a rider. At his word of warning the huge beast kneels or rises up, or does nearly anything else that can reasonably be expected. That is to say, he generally does so. The keeper of the cattle-yard explained to me that there comes a time—that is always watched—when the intelligent animal is seized with a sort of dangerous delirium, and in a Malay fashion "runs a muck," destroying everything if not killed at once, or, with great difficulty, secured.

This dangerous time with elephants is known to the mahout by a moist spot that makes its appearance between the eye and ear, which wet mark means mischief in a few days hence. The Russian moujik, or peasant servant, is subject to a similar affliction, which is not notified, however, by anything facial. He will go to bed in his senses, and have a bad dream, arising from which he will proceed to murder his master and mistress and all living beings in the mansion. That done, he sits down amidst the ruin he has caused, and awaits the result, which comes in soldiers, handcuffs, and irons. The elephant's first outbreak is to trample his mahout under foot, and similarly smash up anybody else who is handy. On the wet spot, however, being noticed, he is forthwith secured round the legs with large chains to a strong tree, and so kept until the brain fever subsides, and danger is past.

The mahout sits on the bare neck of the elephant—resting each foot behind an ear for both stirrups and guiding pur-

poses. The other controlling power used is a large iron hook, about five times the size of that which some Greenwich pensioners wear as a finish to their wooden arms. At the other end of it is a sharp point, with which the animal is prodded in the more vulnerable parts of its tough, encrusted skin. Prods with this instrument mean things which are understood only between the giver and receiver—a sort of pointed language of the arrow-headed character.

On the elephant squatting down, accustomed riders seize its tail, and by that aid alone surmount its hill-like back, and so, scrambling over the rough hide, get to the centrally-situated platform. There is no box-seat to be had beside the driver. This platform is about the size of a square parlour-table top, and is fenced all round, save only its one entrance. A dozen folks might stand here, but it is usual only to squat, for which purpose the floor is spread with a mattress. For those who cannot ascend from the rear, or object to taking such a liberty as it necessitates, a ladder is provided, by which the howdah can be reached from the side. It only wants a flagstaff run up for one to imagine oneself in that "look-out" with which the roofs of modern villas are often finished.

The Hindoostanee elephants are prodigious animals, the largest of their race. Those of Ceylon look like to pups, or pigs only, beside them. The sensation on the immense animal rising is that the earth moves beneath you—so great is the bulk of matter in motion. The mahout is away down a long way off on the elephant's neck, so that as I sit on the mattress I can see only the top of his turban. The height seems great indeed, much higher than when on a camel's back. Camels pass me on the road, and I can look down upon them. The elephant, however, has an endurable walk, and does not serve one's bones in the shambling, shaking, and swinging way that the camel does.

An elephant ride is not a thing to take *solus*. I felt as if left in an empty house—all alone in that howdah, with the earth, as it seemed, lumbering along below me. A whist party

would have been quite the thing for the place and the pace. I daresay that I was not the only one who has felt lonely when unexpectedly elevated in the world. But that was all the trouble. On the camel I wished I could have followed the street-boy's usual advice to unhappy riders, to get inside ; but there was no fear of falling off here, and no possibility of the elephant falling. An elephant, I should imagine, never did fall accidentally. The look of his legs and their motions preclude that idea. At the shuffling pace of his noiseless feet he goes nearly six miles an hour. They are used here for moving cannon, soldiers' baggage, and other cumbrous camp requisities.

With their war castles on their backs, as seen in the picture-books of one's youth, bristling with armed men, flags, and spears, the elephant must have looked in its full glory. The days of its use in that way may not be over yet. This gorgeous and great land, fought for so often, and so often conquered, may be fought for again whether conquered or not. That which has been shall be. The gates of Afghanistan, through which the Mongol Tamerlane entered five hundred years ago, are being daily neared by those Cossacks who are but latter-day Tartars. Having got to where they are by a long and half-silent course of wars and victories, the Russians may stay their onward march, and may not. The object of all that they have been doing does not seem to lie in what they have yet done in that direction.

## CHAPTER XV.

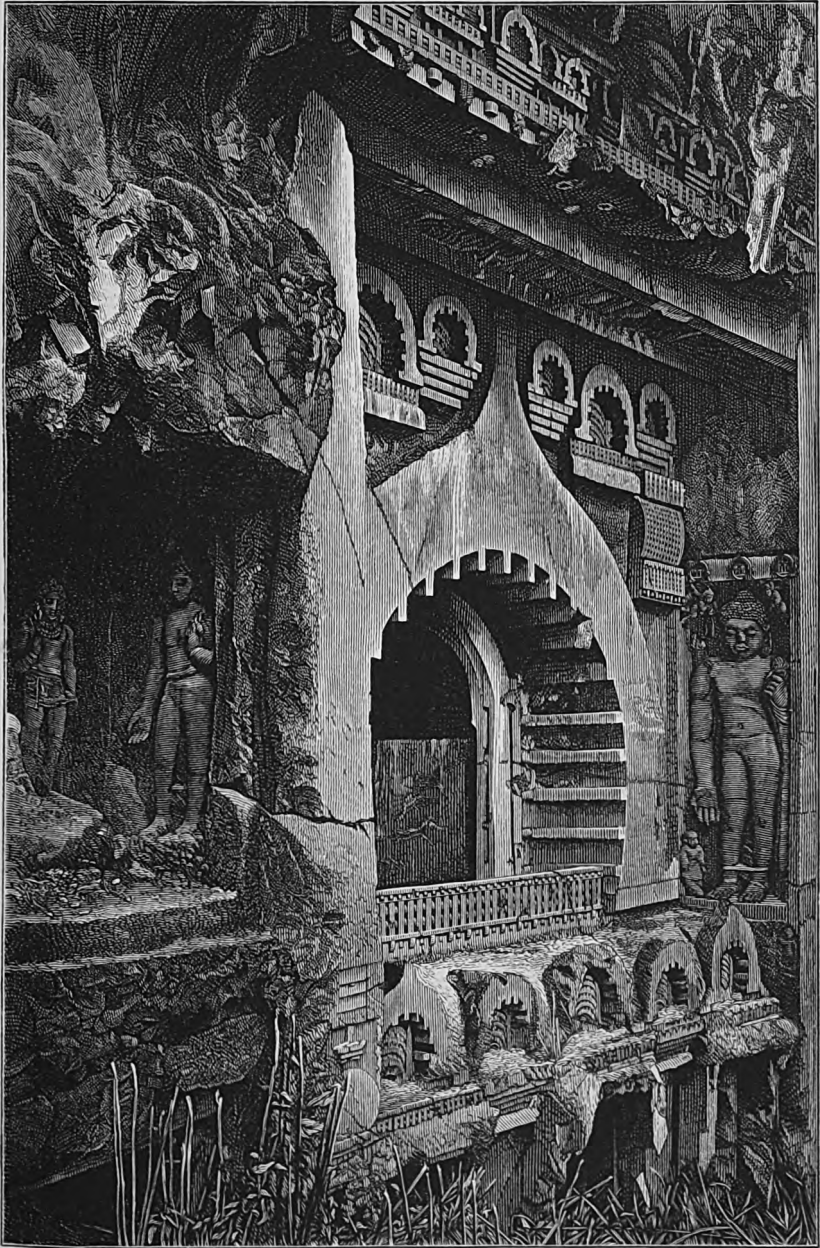
### INDIA'S CAVE-TEMPLES.

“DON'T omit, on your way to Bombay, to visit some of the cave temples—they are the great wonders of India.”

So spoke my host at Jubbulpore, in consideration for my pitiable ignorance of the country, and obvious desire for information about things worth seeing and knowing. I had heard nothing of what he so alluded to, and got him to enlighten me and give me a note of the localities of these special lions of the land. I learn that they are cavern-temples or temple-caves, as also terraced, hewn-out and carved rocks—vast affairs hollowed out of one stone. They are not to be called buildings or structures, as those terms imply the piling up of many stones, and not the honeycombing of one. They originated here with the followers of Hindooism, and the fashion was afterwards adopted by the Buddhists, and later by the dissenting Jains.

Situated in the most secluded places, they may not yet be all known, but there is a large choice for the traveller in what have been already discovered. The best of them lay off the road to Bombay, to which my travel now turns. The Ajanta caves are reached from the Pachora station, from which a cart ride leads to a wild glen in a lonely situation; where, in a ravine, in the side of a perpendicular rock, are some thirty caverns cut by the hands of skilled masons, having pillars and galleries and carved figures projecting from the walls, floors, and roofs. Light is in these temples admitted somewhere,





CAVE TEMPLE OF AJANTA.

so as to fall upon the shrine of the most esteemed of the gods, whose figures are here shown in strangest forms.

The Kenhary caves lie further on towards Bombay, and are larger in number than those of Ajanta. They are found in the sides of a great hill, and quite hidden by jungle. About a week is, I am told, necessary to visit them properly, which bespeaks a task rather for the antiquary than one who travels for the world generally, and has no special line. At Nassick I can visit the temple caverns of Pandar Lena and Chumar Lena, which might have great attraction to an Alpine climber. Unlike others, which are situated at the foot of the rocks out of which they are carved, those of Chumar Lena are purposely made almost inaccessible, by their great height in a cliff's side and the other difficulties in reaching them.

At Bedsa, and further on, at Badja, these peculiar temples are also to be found strangely situated at distances of many miles from all existing towns and villages, and from any traces of pre-existing ones. Where the people lived who worshipped in such places is quite enigmatical. Their faith is recognizable enough, but not their habitation. There are monasteries cut in the rocks in Palestine, dwellings in Nubia, and Petra is a rock-cut city altogether, and they are quite understandable things, which these temple-caves, situated as we see them, are not. As monasteries they could not have been well used, for lack of any indications of a habitable and domestic nature about them. But one group of them only is situated near to a fresh-water supply.

Those situated at Karlee, between Poonah and Bombay, are the ones of which Bishop Heber spoke in admiration; describing the larger one as "a temple fit for the worship of any faith." The temple of which the bishop thus spoke I am advised to visit, as being the best specimen of these wonders of a land in which men seem to have imitated rabbits, moles, and prairie-dogs in the situation of their temples, pelicans of the wilderness in the localities of them, and the teredo worm in the way in which they bored through and riddled the rocks.

The Ellora rock-cut temples are something of an exception

to that description. They are but a mile from the walls of a half-deserted and wholly decayed old town, and are a terrace of temples hewn out all around from the mount at their back, and not, as in other cases, burrowed into the mount in cavern fashion. They may be said to be hewn both without and within. If Karlee has the finest one to show in the way of these wonders, Ellora has many of such excellence as to make up for the prominence of its single rival. The Kailas, or Paradise cave, at Ellora, is considered by many travellers to surpass all others. Regarding the question of the cost of such immense labours, I am told that it is demonstrably more economical to cut a house out of a single stone than to build it up of many.

The interest of all such works as these temples is increased by the thought which occurs to the western-world man, that mankind have generally dealt with underground work either for gain and profit in minerals and precious stones, or as abodes for the dead only, and not as temples for worship by the living. The ancient Egyptians hollowed chambers in the rocks and the hills sides, but it was as receptacles for the sarcophagus of some sacred bull, or bird, or mummied mag-nate only. In these rock-cut temples, however, nothing was entombed.

Since the curious worship I saw at Benares, the religion of the Hindoos has greatly troubled me. I pick up particulars from some learned and communicative Parsees to whom I appeal for all Hindoo information. I am showing my igno-rance, of course, but I am always doing that, and especially in seeking to learn why people believe in things repugnant to the senses, and not to be established by reason. I find that the great bulk of the two hundreds of millions of India hold the faith called Brahminism, which appeals to the outward senses in deities, demi and semi-deities, their wives and trans-migrated forms, and in image worship, rites and ceremonies.

The rudiments of the Hindoo faith are found, I am told, in the Vedas, the sacred writings of its believers, the oldest of which, the Rig Veda, is the most ancient piece of literature in

the world. By that, however, the worship of the elements or elementary powers only is taught. Countless years before our era, before our antiquity in fact, these writings, in giving place to the elements worshipped, gave the first place to Deva, a name now interpreted as meaning God. The Vedas were to the Hindoos, so to speak, as their Old Testament. Their next sacred writings, the Upanishads, systematized the faith taught by both, and enlightened its believers in matters of worship and in the different qualities of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, or Creator, Sustainer, and Destroyer, the Trinity of Brahminism, as also of Krishna, its Messiah.

There came then, as there comes to all faiths, a breaking up of Brahminism into sects which occurred in what is called the Puranic period. The third series of sacred writings, known as the Puranas and the Tantras, are to Brahminism as the text-books of the Sectarians. On them are founded the faith of those who worship as distinct deities Shiva, Vishnu, Krishna, or any of their wives. The goddess Calicut, the deity of the Thugs, is, I find, one of the wives of Shiva. From these writings originated the worship of such deities as Indra, the god of the firmament; Agni, the fire-god; Kama, the god of love, Lishay, the serpent god; Surya, the sun-god; Ganesa, the god of wisdom; Hanuman, the monkey-god; Gunputti, of the elephant nose, and a hundred others. Thus the pure source of Brahminism became corrupted in its downward flow until it produced the idolatry I see all around throughout the land, and saw in fullest flood at Benares.

Buddha came, as a Luther, over two thousand years ago, to teach a purer and simpler faith as a great protest against such mixed and muddled idolatry. Buddhism, however, being only an appeal to the intellect and reason, and not to the senses, failed to get permanent hold on the Hindoo mind. In the worship of the one first great cause, and that in no personal form, it went back, in a sense, to the elementary worship taught by the Vedas, which was too philosophical for sensuous minds, who require a form and personality for that to which they pray. The Brahminical priests jesuitically dealt

with Buddhism by appropriating its teacher as a new incarnation of one of their gods—an ingenious idea, which helped perhaps to weaken a faith that might have strengthened and prospered, as faiths best do, by persecution.

I look around these temples of the rock-cutting faith, and see how it has removed mountains ; I gaze on the enormous pillars, elaborately carved, and on the paintings all around ; on the statues standing out from the sides, or up from above, or down from below, all part and parcel of the rocks around me. One cannot speak of floors, walls or roofs to these temples, for which reason it is so difficult to describe them. In traversing these great silent halls, rich all about in carvings, stone ornaments, and chiselled decorations, I could not but think of the fact that only labour had been requisite to it all. Not an anna had been spent here on material beyond the paint. Hammers, chisels, and brushes in the hands of slaves had done it all—a crowd of poor Hindoos, naked and starving, but rich in talent and full of the enthusiasm, diligence, taste, and industry of the true artist.

The cavern and rock-cut temples, in which hundreds of workmen burrowed, like moles, for their lifetime, paid only by daily doles of grain and by the lash, could not well be constructed by other means. Free and paid labour could not be so expended. The monstrous, fantastic, and cruel works of the older world cannot be repeated in the present era, in which the quarry slave no longer goes, in Bryant's language, "scourged to his dungeon" after his day of toil. The painted frescoes which are here to be seen keep brilliant in colour, probably from the exclusion of sunlight, or perhaps from the lost knowledge, which the Egyptians also possessed, of how to make paint resist the sun. They depict festival scenes, in which the feminine figures are gracefully draped and have olive complexions. These are temples adorned by Buddhist artists. In others, decorated by Brahminical ones, the subjects of the paintings are often anything but refined. The stone from which these temples are mostly cut is that called amygdaloid, not so hard as granite, but seemingly as durable.

The strangest forms are given to the deities with whose figures these temples are crowded. From the four-headed Brahma downwards all the complicated monstrosities had their significance. In these stone records are meanings that we may yet better understand. Strange among the forms is that given to Krishna, and it is curious, indeed, to learn how he got into Hindoo theology. Resemblances in religions are notable things. The precepts of Buddhism have great likeness to the Ten Commandments, and I am reminded of something analogous in hearing the origin and office of Krishna in the Hindoo faith. The legend runs that when one Kansa was in power here, the earth was troubled with many evils, and Vishnu was prayed for help. He promised in answer that Devaki, the wife of one Vasudeva, should immaculately conceive a child in whom he would himself be incarnated, and dwell upon earth. Devaki was thereupon carefully secluded, and the miraculous birth of Krishna came as promised. The mother and child had then to flee from Kansa, who, Herod-like, ordered the murder of all infants, in hopes of killing the Godchild. After years of absence the two returned safely. Krishna in his boyhood worked miracles, and of a greater kind in his later years. Whether he did all the good to the world that Vishnu promised is not clear, but he left to India when he left the world that Kamadeva, the god of love, to whom he gave life, and who is the most cherished of its deities. The learned Parsee who tells me this adds that such was a foreshadowing of the commandment to love one another left to the world in years long after Krishna's, and in another land.

In sending down Krishna upon earth Vishnu made what is called his eighth "avatar" or earthly appearance. He had appeared seven times previously in the world, in shapes of a fish, a tortoise, or some animal or other; but in Krishna this deity, the great one of the Hindoo trinity, made his first human incarnation. His ninth appearance was ingeniously said by the priesthood to be in the form of that Buddha, whom, as they could not ignore, they thus appropriated. He is to

appear once more, when he will destroy all unbelievers and the doers of evil, and bring about the millennium. In these appearances of Vishnu upon earth in curious forms I recognize the cause of much of the strange worship that I had seen in Benares. Each form in which he appeared became sacred.

The sight of the troglodyte terrace of temples at Ellora is quite appalling in the magnitude of the labour evidently expended upon them. The Hindoos go back as far as pre-Adamite age in dating some of them. They look certainly fit work for prehistoric men ignorant of bricks, mortar, stucco, whitewash, and leaseholds. If such men dwelt in caves they might have worshipped in them also, and gradually hewn, cut, carved, and developed them to that which is here to be seen. Supposing that one had any idea what a thing ought to look like when it was over six thousand years old, these temples might be thought to be of that age or of any other.

As there is not a joint or join throughout them, there is nothing at which decay can begin, and there is nothing that a traveller can tear off and take away, or an invader pull down. They might be mined and blown to pieces if gunpowder was not too valuable to be wasted by the hundredweight. Nothing short of an earthquake is likely to interfere with their looking much as they do now when the last of the human race shall look upon them, and that unit is more likely for many reasons to be found in India than elsewhere, when the final clearance shall come.

In looking at all this art wasted in the wilderness, any one not a philosopher would feel grieved that life and time and their proper uses have been so concealed from man. In working here for a lifetime at these temples to Monkey and Mumbo Jumbo gods, the pious Hindoo thought probably that he worked out his salvation much as the old monks did in painting and illuminating MS. missals. However it may be, I hope that as work it will be all accounted worship, and so credited to its doers.

India has not been so careful as China in keeping written history. It has, perhaps, like to Egypt, substituted stone work

as more enduring record, but none of it is inscribed with hieroglyphics. It had grown to be a mighty land when we get first word of it, and of Menu legislating for it at a date which is 5700 years before the Christian era. On that date historians differ to the extent of over two thousand years, which is as a trifle in the history of Hindoostan.

It is quite mythical by what stages the aboriginals developed to the high state of civilization that produced the Sanscrit Rig Veda, or gave place to the Aryan race that did so. My language and that of the natives of this land had the same origin, though I am paying the man at my elbow two rupees a day and his rice for translating to me. It gives us an excuse for getting hold of India, and keeping it, that it was the land of those who were our ancestors more certainly than others so credited.

The Menu of earliest Indian history represented, I find, the Indian Moses in character of lawgiver and father of the Vedic rites. These he stated to be of divine origin, and given by him to the Hindoos as from one commissioned by the deity. Some have thought to identify this Menu with that Menes, the Egyptians' first monarch, to whom Egypt looks back as the English do to King Arthur.

Much knowledge is credited to the Egyptians which they are thought to have monopolized in ancient days, but that suggestion of the oneness of Menu and Menes "gives us pause." There is greater likelihood, all things regarded, of Egypt learning from India, than India from Egypt. One may have been no better than the other, nor more deserving of fame, but the pride of place is always recognized, even down to the position given in our play-bills to the "first robber."

I am especially led to think thus about those two lands on regarding, in these cavern temples, obelisks that are larger than Cleopatra's needle, standing on the backs of elephants, all, obelisk and elephant, cut from stone which rises from the floor to the roof, so serving as supports. Many of these pillars, and similar work, at which one may gaze in awe, give one infinite respect for the prodigious labour of those workers of the years long past, who seem to have wrought for all years



to come. Here, in the temple of Indra, are colossal statues of that god and his goddess, which in size vie with any that Egypt can show.

In the temple-cave dedicated to the Mistree, which is not an inappropriate name for a strange god, the Deity is represented as sitting cross-legged, with a hand on each knee, and a puzzled expression of countenance. The Doorma cave, near to it, has an immense hall decorated with fresco work. The sculpture and frescoes in some of these temples could only be properly appreciated by such as Raphael or Michael Angelo. Artists alone know the difficulties of art. I feel the want of a skilled architect with me during the inspection, to point out wherein these great artists had shown their strength to lie.

The cavern temples of Elephanta are situated on an island about two hours' sailing distance from Bombay. I am taken there in the yacht of a kindly Australian, who has for many years been, theatrically, quite a potentate throughout Hindoostan. Two hills conjoined at their bases have been here burrowed out for temple purposes. I am introduced at once to rock-cutting where I land, by the sight of a projecting crag on which is carved a huge figure, now much time and tempest worn. A tiring ascent of steep stone stairs, over a hundred in number, lands me at a barrier, at which stands a money-taker. This gatekeeper is only a deputy, however, acting on behalf of the British Government, which in this matter plays the showman's part. For the rupee I pay here, I get a formal receipt, which I keep as carefully as I did the bill of fare at the Royal Rest-house at Rambodda. It reads thus—

“No. 236. Admit to Elephanta Caves J. H.  
G. Merewether, Major R.E., Bombay Defences.”

This prepayment and peep-show business had the comforting assurance about it that one was approaching more of European civilization than had been met with in the interior.

At this gate of the money-taker I found a Hindoo who offered for sale a leaf on which was the prettiest and most peculiar insect I had ever seen. In insect life it might have

taken the prize for beauty. On a circular plate, of apparently purest crystal, and of about the size of a silver threepenny piece, nature had inlaid a beetle's form that had body and legs of mixed gold and green. Its feet worked beneath the crystal disc in which it was so fancifully inserted. The head and wings were above the surface. The native who showed it to me—creeping on its native leaf—asked but half a rupee for the little treasure, which he got at once, with an offer to take more on the same terms. I found afterwards that when dead the amber-like surrounding dried up.

Passing another gate-keeper, who takes from me the commissary's ticket, I come to the entrance of the caves. These are of the Brahminical faith, and enshrine immense figures of the trinity of that creed—Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. Around the walls are bas-relief figures of other deities and their train of attendants, some of them of most grotesque shape. I notice that the figures of winged angels, so familiar to European eyes, never appear in any of the temples of the many faiths of Hindoostan. The principal shrine, situated in one of the anterooms to the central hall, is that to Shiva, the destroying deity, who seems throughout India to be ten to one more often propitiated in effigy and shrine than are the other two of the trinity.

In the anteroom, the great central hall, and the two side halls of the Elephanta temples, what is to be seen is well lighted by cuttings, so planned as to exclude rain, and appear as natural only. In the great hall of this temple a feast had been given to Royalty when on a visit here lately. Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva looked down then on the loaded tables as Gog and Magog do on the feasts in Guildhall. I did not hear how the Hindoos took such a desecration of this one of their temples. Eugene Aram is made to speak of the fear he had of a dead man's looks—

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone that could not do me ill,  
And yet I fear'd him all the more for lying there so still ;  
There was a manhood in his look that murder could not kill.”

These Hindoo sculptors have put great expression into the

stony eyes and features of their figures. You feel uneasy in the presence of some of them. I am not sure that I could have risen, glass in hand, to the toasts given at that banquet with the eyes of those three deities full upon me. That this rock-cut temple is nearest to Europe is evident in the chipped state of the figures and frescoes. Lips, noses, ears, hands, fingers, and toes, have been sacrificed all around by relic-hunting iconoclasts.

The insect-vendor at the gate fails to get me another gold, green, and crystal beetle, but brings other curios, of which one is the nest of the bottle-bird. It is shaped in appearance as a leathern bottle of the quart size, and made of woven grass fibre, to hang with the neck downwards. What I thus see is only, however, the outer case of the nest, which is itself daintily made of softest down in the shoulder of the hanging bottle. To my clumsy ideas the nest looks unnecessarily difficult to get into, and much as it would be to get into a cottage by the chimney if hung upside down by the foundation joists. This mild Hindoo has other natural curios also. These are peapods—the peas in which are of bright red colour, with black tops that would look pretty when strung as a necklace. Another novelty is a *petite* lobster of many colours, which has but one claw, and that seemingly of ivory. It would be the pet of a parlour aquarium, and show well in a gold-fish bowl. Prospero's isle was "full of noises," but this little isle of Elephanta seemed full of pretty things in a naturalist's way. For those attractions alone it repaid the visit as much as by its wonders of rock-cut temples. The right name of this island is, I find, *Garipuri*. It gets the name of Elephanta from a stone elephant of fourteen feet in length, that was considered its most conspicuous object, but which has now been removed to Bombay, to ornament a public garden there.

In this high-pressure age, those that run may, we are told, also read in their rapid pace. They may, with much better effect, leave the reading to their leisure, and look about them when on the run. On stopping to breathe, the time will come for making notes and inquiries as to what has been seen, and

of that kind is what I have been doing in this Indian travel. Much that I have learnt and detailed might be found by wading through many volumes in the search for it, but what I find to be novel I write of as such under that pleasant impression of the day—for a pleasant one it really is. The notes thus made may serve as suggestions for further queries at a future time. At the fountain head the water does but dribble, but the dribblings go to fill up the river that runs flowingly further onwards.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### INDIA'S METROPOLIS.

HAVING entered upon India by its sea gate of Madras on the eastern coast, I now reach that of Bombay on its west, and in the meantime have gone over about three thousand miles of its territory. I have come down from the Mofussil, as the "bush" is called here, and enter India's largest city. Bombay exceeds expectation. It is India's metropolis, and that far before Calcutta, in all senses in which that title should be understood. It has about seven hundred thousand denizens of various colours and creeds, and is, as the great seaport of Hindoostan, a lively, bustling place. Several advantages have tended to that result. The three most prominent ones are its fine harbour, its railway, and the opening of the Suez Canal. The harbour, and its greater nearness to Europe than other Indian ports, made much of Bombay before the railways and the canal ; but these greatly add to its good, and always will. Madras has no harbour whatever ; and Diamond Harbour, of Calcutta, can only be approached by a troublesome and tortuous river, that requires, even to a steam-vessel, careful and expensive pilotage, and two days' waste of time.

All the mails for India are landed at Bombay, and thence distributed through the land. Passengers follow that example, and so save time and voyaging round the coast. In this city I look upon fine wide streets and noble buildings. There is something French-like in the appearance of some parts of it. A large frontage of it is presented to the winding of the bay, and on its good hilly ground are private dwellings, which

thus get sea-breezes and fine views. The public buildings are of a light brownish-coloured stone—not so sombre in appearance as the brown stone buildings of the best parts of New York—and of a tasty appearance.

A tramway runs through the leading streets, and is much patronized—chiefly on account of the expense of other modes of locomotion, and the heat of the climate. The floor of these tram carriages is but a foot from the ground. Their sides and seats are of open woodwork, and both driver and conductor are mild Hindoos of obliging natures. The tramway is a speculation of Americans, and, I was told, paid very well. The fare from the Apollo Wharf to Byculla, or from one end of the city to the other, was two annas and a half—about twopence halfpenny. I perceive that a lottery—I beg pardon, a gift distribution—is added to the attraction of the ride on this rail. Passengers taking a ticket have also the chance of a money prize. My ticket reads thus :—

“012555.—Bombay Tramway Company (Limited). March.—Prize cheque—To be kept by passenger. For 2½ annas fare, 10 prizes of 5r. each.”

I quite forgot during my week in Bombay to inquire if my ticket had turned up anything. Perhaps this notification of its number may lead to something, besides giving a hint to an enterprising omnibus company. The driver is communicated with in these cars by passengers touching a bell-pull. There was no waste of time in talking to the man at the wheel, as neither driver nor conductor spoke English on my car—which saved them answering a world of questions. How the horses understood the strange language in which they were spoken to by the driver I could not understand, as they were, I was told, of Australian exportation, and therefore educated in English only.

There is only a single line of rail to some streets. At the corner of those a native is seen with a flag. When that is raised the approaching tram-car stops its progress, knowing that the rails are occupied by an up-coming car. The other public vehicles are gharries—brougham-like things—and

buggies ; in which latter, the fare sits beside the driver, and often—for reasons good—wishes that he didn't. These conveyances never move off their stands, on the shortest drive, for less than a rupee.

This great Bombay has belonged to the British since the days of Charles the Second. In that time—over two hundred years—it has had fifty English governors. The salary looks large at twelve thousand sterling ; but remembering the climate, and at what sum Dean Swift estimated “the sweat's worth of Serjeant Bettsworth,” it is not out of the way to look upon half of it as payment for perspiration. In that calculation, the difference between a governor and a serjeant has to be considered, as also that of the climates of Bombay and Dublin. In its early days the city was made over to the East India Company at the peppercorn rent of ten pounds a year. Between the rivalry of another settlement named Surat, and the intrusions of neighbouring Mahrattas, Bombay had for years a poor time of it. Soldiery were raised for its defence, and they remained there to conquer and annex much territory to the Bombay Presidency.

The city which I look upon was, in the last century, only a collection of dirty, swampy islands—a most pestiferous place. Surat was snuffed out, and the seat of the Presidency removed here in 1692. Good Governor Hornby attempted to shut out the sea from the swamps in 1784, but was recalled at once for such an effort to spend money that was wanted for the pockets of the Company in Leadenhall Street. Hornby, however, took the bit in his teeth, and kept the letter of recall in his pocket, or used it for a pipe-light. He did for Bombay the good work he had determined upon ; and then, and not till then, retired. The angry Company thenceforth allowed no Governor to open despatches, that might be used in like manner as that one to Governor Hornby.

Bombay progressed, more or less, until 1862-3-4-5, when the days of more than Eastern romance came to it—days that none of its folk will ever forget, or cease ever to talk about ; though dull, plodding people, like myself, listen incredulous.

lously. The minds of all men are not adapted for belief in miracles, and the history of those times has so much of the miraculous in it. The American war then breaking out stopped the exportation thence of cotton, of which trade India then secured almost a monopoly. In those years eighty-one millions sterling of extra profit over that usually realized was made on cotton shipped from Bombay! With the spring of 1865 came the close of the war, and then the reaction. Cotton fell here in one month to a third of its price, and Cræsus himself collapsed. The city generally went into liquidation, and its merchants have not recovered from the shock yet, and many never will.

Sir Bartle Frere was Governor in those halcyon days, and did all he could towards diverting the stream of wealth to the improvement of the city. He succeeded in getting six millions and a half sterling laid out in reclaiming land from the sea, filling up swamps, making wharves and jetties, and Bombay the handsome and healthy city that I see it now. It wants only an hospital for the white folks, a public library, and a decent theatre or two as further improvements—likewise another climate. The four theatres that are here are owned by Parsees, and seem to have been converted to their present purposes by an afterthought. The charges, too, are not those of ordinary theatres, but something far superior. Australia has been of late years the chief source of theatrical supplies to India, and in that way has left pleasant remembrance of good services.

The share-lists of the time of the mania are treasured by those who did not happen to burn their fingers in it. Few of these relics are consequently to be found. One which I got a sight of was so interesting that I made a copy of it. I must premise that no less than two hundred thousand adventurers "rushed" Bombay during its three-and-a-half mad years, in addition to its previous population. Nearly that number are said to have left it on the fitful fever subsiding. That large number of fortune-hunters accounts, perhaps, for much of what I read in the share-list from which I now extract.



Grabbing at a share of the eighty-one millions so set afloat appear in this list twenty-seven banks. The shares are all quoted at a high premium, though eight-tenths of them had no profits, and but one-third had begun business. Seven of these swindles stand at one hundred per cent. premium, and others range from that price to one hundred and ninety per cent. on their shares. I read the names also of seventeen semi-banks, called "Financial Associations"—all the shares in which are at high premiums on fancy profits. Eight Land companies are here notified as formed to reclaim land from the bay—like to the salt-marsh schemes of Sir Affable Hawk in "The Game of Speculation." One of the schemes professed to have only 400*l.* per share paid up, and yet its shares are here quoted at the price of three thousand pounds! Ten shipping companies are here advertised as floated, and no less than seventeen wool-pressing companies; as if India were as wool-producing as is Australia. I count next three railway companies, ten spinning and weaving ones, and twelve other projected schemes classified as "miscellaneous"—all of which are stated to have large capital, and their shares quoted at fabulous premiums. I looked in vain, however, for a successor to that daring genius of the South Sea Bubble times, whose scheme and all its particulars were to be kept secret until its share-list had filled.

The crash in 1865 was led off by a Parsee firm failing for three millions sterling. All the Financial Associations collapsed. The twenty-seven banks followed suit, with the exception of a bare half-dozen, and but two of the land companies struggled on. The collapse of one of the banks—the Bank of Bombay—made much bobbery and litigation that the world heard of. The question still agitates the Bombay mind, as to where that eighty-one millions of extra profits went. All the financiers of the place fail to account for more than a third of it. Sir Bartle Frere appears to have done best in the racket, and what he got out of the fire still remains for the good of the city—one half-pennyworth of bread to the large quantity of "sack."

“Caste” must, I think, be a climatic influence in India. It affects the white population very much indeed. Their chief amusement here lies in formal dinners, to which all who go have to study tables of precedence and manuals of punctilio. The native chiefs are greatly afflicted in that way. They know to half a foot how far the Governor should advance towards them when they honour his receptions. They pine also for gun salutes. For that sort of foolery, measured by the number of guns fired, these puppet princes will give indefinite money. The Maharajah of Peasoup is pining for “thirteen guns,” and willing, for that favour, to raise a troop of horse, or pay half a million away in some way that can be so publicly recognized. If I stay about here much longer I may catch this fever, and feel quite forlorn if no guns be fired when I go. I shall get one at least if I leave by the mail steamer.

In the cool of the evening I find a great gathering of the population at the bay side. The wives of the Mussulmans are not allowed to show in public. It is, perhaps, quite as well, as the Parsee ladies throw all others into the shade. I see them dressed in red, orange, and green tinted silks and satins, and their daughters resplendent in gold and silver laced caps, with dresses that remind one of stage supers in an extravaganza. Here is the place to make one’s choice of a turban—the variety is endless. It is relieved now and then by the sectional chimney-pot hat worn by the Parsees, and by the hats of Europeans, that are all over the world much the same.

The religious fanatic is not noticed here in Bombay as he once was. The British Government that have put down the burning of widows, and the immolations beneath the Car of Juggernaut, have also suppressed the Fakir’s exhibition in Indian cities. As he only lived for admiration—the vainest of men—his occupation was gone when removed from crowds. One of them tried to carry out the Simeon Stylites idea on the top of a column, but was fetched down by the police, who, in these days, would bid St. Simeon himself to move on.

The Pinjarapol, as the hospital built by the Jain sect is called, is not for humanity, but solely for the use of sick and vagrant quadrupeds. The Jains are a Hindoo sect that will not take away the life of any created thing. The work of the Creator is respected by them, down to fleas and flies. Neither is this hospital for providing medical and surgical aid to its dumb patients, but only for shelter, food, and kind attention. In explanation of why the doctor's services were not included, I was reminded that it was a debatable question whether doctors did not kill as often as cure, and that the religion of the Jains did not allow them to run any risk of sacrificing life. The patients are therefore left to Nature and the nurse—a good combination.

Here were dogs, cats, horses, sheep, goats, buffaloes, and bullocks. Some of these were estrays waiting to be claimed by their owners. A dog who had been run over that morning was here having his broken leg bound up, and a similar kindness, had, I saw, been extended to two fowls who were hopping about. Some of the animals that were here had much better have been put out of their suffering; the kindness shown them only prolonged the torture and torment of incurable diseases.

Mention of the Jain sect leads to the thought that the government have done much to suppress the fanaticism once shown here among different creeds. Yet the Mohammedans yearly have sad faction fights, in reverence to the memory of Mahomet's sons Hassan and Houssain. In these blood is always shed and lives sometimes lost.

The Parsees have a walled enclosure sacred to their dead, near the town, which is called The Towers of Silence. It is about four acres in extent, and situated on a hill overlooking the city. There are about 50,000 Parsees in and about Bombay, all of them being dealt with here at their death, and that in a more singular way than the burning of bodies, which I had already seen, and most like to the manner of treeing their dead, practised by the Australian aboriginals. I drive out to these "towers," and find my way stopped at the foot of the hill on which they stand, by a gate having on it this inscription,—

## "THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

This place is for Parsees only, and the entrance of all others is strictly prohibited."

I could see that the notice was meant for my curious race, because it was in English, and in no other language. Looking at it in that light, I took it as offensive in so singling out one nationality for exclusion. Being of Danish descent I resolved not to understand it; and so—leaving the gharry in waiting—unlatched the gate, and toiled up a steep path, which in the heat of the day was punishment enough for any amount of misdoing. Arrived at the top, I found a stone wall of eight feet high all around, in which was a gateway having a similar inscription to that seen at the foot of the winding ascent. A native guardian was standing there, having a staff of office or stick in his hand. Passing him, I walked onwards round the wall, going further up the hill meanwhile. On the outer side there is a fringe of palm-trees, and the landscape is worth coming to see, independently of the walled-in mystery. I endeavoured to look as not wanting to see inside the walls, but as coming up merely to admire the splendid views from the height, and as going further onwards, away ever so far, on business.

Having got out of the sight of the gate-keeper, I stopped to consider the position. I had not come to see a stone wall and return so unsatisfied. Other folks had seen these towers, as I recalled reading accounts of them. Thinking that folks who go wandering about the world should be as fertile of resource as was Marshal Ney himself, I wandered on until the smooth stone wall broke into a rough rubble one. Further on I noticed a stump of a tree near to it. With the help of that, and the irregularities of the stones, I scrambled to the top, at the expense of a broken finger-nail or two.

A noise in the trees outside makes me look that way before looking inwards. In the tops of these trees, cocoanut palms, all around are congregated groups of ugly-looking vultures. These villainous carrion-eating birds seem to croak at my intrusion among them—so much so that I feel glad that I have a stout umbrella with me that I had used as a sunshade. I

think that I will put up this protection against the sun while I sit on the wall, and in doing so, I clumsily knock off my hat, which falls within the enclosure. It was a new purchase made that day, cost a power of money, and a lot of hunting up, and was a hat not to be easily matched. Without a second thought I jumped after it, and stood there and then in company with the many towers of silence.

I wonder now that the vultures did not make a sudden onslaught on me, as all flesh within those walls was theirs by right—or rather by custom and usage. It is conscience that makes us cowards, and I had a clear one in that matter of the hat, as to my right to be there. I nevertheless folded up the umbrella, and grabbed it tightly as I went to look around. The "towers" are low circular buildings of stone, like to small gasometers. They stood at equal distances apart, and at one end, near to the gate, stood a plain-looking one-story building, differently shaped. To each tower there was a door, that was closed in all cases but one. As it stood partly open I looked up the steps that led from it, and saw at the top a grating, on which lay a human skeleton with clean-picked bones, which the birds on the surrounding trees had been lately at work upon. It is as well perhaps to be eaten by birds above ground as by worms below, and such is all a matter of taste and fashion, but I felt very uneasy now, and wished myself out of the place. It would be so simple an operation to knock one on the head, hoist one's carcase on to that grating, and let the birds have half an hour at one, when one's identity, even as man or woman, would puzzle a college of surgeons.

Of those birds in the trees I now felt really in awe. Considering the nature of their daily dietary, such was no wonder. I had seen quite enough. Curiosity was satisfied with me as it was with Bluebeard's wife among the remains of her predecessors in the forbidden chamber. My only thought now was how to get out. Climbing the rubble wall quite foiled me. I got the umbrella handle to catch on the top, and so thought to pull myself up. The ribs and covering, however,

slipped off the stick, leaving the handle hanging on the wall, and myself stretched on the ground, in which position two vultures flew down from the trees to look at me. I threw stones at these sacred birds, so driving them back to their roosting-places. I was not going to be eaten alive unresistingly.

The matter was getting desperate. Remorse came also to nag me, as it always does to those in trouble. What business had I here—poking my nose into other people's burials? We are much too curious. What mattered it to me how the defunct Parsees were disposed of? Let the dead past bury its dead, and the dead Parsees too. What could it matter to me whether birds or worms ate them? We will be nibbling still about that tree of knowledge, true children of our first mother, and getting into the trouble that it still brings to us.

Desperate cases suggest strange remedies, as necessity breeds invention. I took the now naked umbrella stick from the wall and walked on towards the gate. I had various cards in a pocket-case, one of which was written in Cingalese character, and looked eastern and unintelligible enough for anything. The guardian of the gate soon saw my approach, and came towards me. I held out the card, and said loudly, "Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy," a name that I had learnt was all powerful with the Parsees. It appeased at once the mixture of surprise and anger I had seen in his face. He seemed to take the card and explanation as satisfactory, and so showed me to the gate. Looking again at the inscription on it, I now noticed that Sir Jamsetjee's name was mentioned as the donor of the ground. On going down the hill I took care to walk painfully and slowly to avoid any appearance of a run, which I nevertheless felt greatly inclined to break into. That gatekeeper was, I feared, looking after me, with an undecided mind.

The first baronet of the Jeejeebhoy line is, I believe, dead; but the baronetcy has, I was told, passed to a son and namesake. The first was the founder of this walled enclosure, who at his own sole cost built the towers and settled the feathered colony around them—presenting the whole of it for the use of the Parsee sectarians. Why the native guar-

dian of the towers never inquired how I got into the enclosure was probably due to his not speaking English, and perhaps to some little confusion of ideas for the moment. It was not the only time that a strange card did me good service.

A Parsee of communicative mind, who spoke English well, as they mostly do, whom I met at the Byculla Hotel, kindly told me all about the towers, and the different uses of each of them. He understood that I had seen them from horseback—just standing in the stirrups to get a glimpse over the wall. One tower is only used for six months at a time. There are different grades to be provided for, whose bodies cannot be allowed the use of the same grating. Others are for women, children and suicides—each having a tower to themselves. Families preferring the expense can have a tower for their sole use.

The chowk, or native quarter of Bombay, is a well-built place compared to that of Calcutta. The houses are of many stories, stuccoed and coloured in blue, white, and yellow. The cleanliness and gay colours are all explained when I learn that the population hereabout are mostly Parsees. The names I see about end generally in "bhoy" or "jee." One, however, stands out in bold difference as "Mr. Annunciation, undertaker of funerals." The "Mr." seemed all out of the way in the front of a name like that.

I failed to make anything of the drama at two of the native theatres which I visited, and very shortly quitted. In coming from one of them I passed through Commattee-poor—a street full of the most friendly-disposed people I ever met. Seated outside, enjoying the cool breeze of the evening, these playful creatures seemed to mistake me for some long-lost relative, and clutched my coat-tail in an unexpected fashion. These were mostly of European complexion, and their like I had not met with anywhere in Hindoostan. An alarming street, certainly, which for the future I carefully avoided. A native newspaper published in this quarter has the simple and modest title of *The True God*—a

novel but needless way of asserting the acknowledged supremacy of the press.

Two sights of Bombay are its market—the finest that the world can show—and the walled enclosure in which the Dhobies, or washing-men, work—to the number of three hundred, at least. The market is adapted for all states of the weather, and, as an adjunct, has a fine garden with good seats and a pretty central fountain. Each of the dhobies works at a small stone tank, in which the linen is soaked. Afterwards it is taken out and slapped about on a square stone until all the buttons are pretty well broken or knocked off. It is then dried and ironed after a fashion that makes it look yellowish and unpleasant. The Chinaman, as before observed, understands washing and does it well, but the Hindoo is a sad failure at it.

Bombay is becoming a second Alexandria, as that city once was. The civilization of the East and the West here meet and ferment. Other cities of India are dead-alive compared to it. They show what India was, and one sees here what it is. There is not here that darkly-shaded Rembrandt-like picture which Benares shows, nor that Paul Veronese splendour which is seen at Lucknow. There are here no fairy-like bubbles of marble floating in the air as at Agra, nor any palaces of alabaster inlaid with jewels and mirrors as at Delhi; but there is instead busy life and vitality in everything, and samples to be seen of all the large packages of Hindoo nationalities that the traveller sees fully opened out elsewhere.

Here are Hindoo temples with ever-clanging bells; Moslem mosques that seem never without devotees; Parsee temples for those worshippers of fire whom one sees in the evening bowing their heads to the setting sun—the most practically powerful of all Indian deities—a sun too, that is seen in greater glory than the eyes of the western world ever see it. A Jewish synagogue is here too, and the chapel of the Roman Catholic, side by side with the church of the Protestant. Near at hand, the cemetery of both Protestant and Catholic jostle that of the Mohammedan; and the “ghaut” or



ground on which the Hindoo burns his dead is within sight of that in which the Parsee gives his to the birds of the air. A busy metropolis and a very warm one for nine months of the twelve is this Hindoostanee metropolis, the City of Bombay.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### AT APOLLO BUNDER.

“A VISIT to India has been the dream of my life,” said a late visitor there of the highest distinction. He has made the visit, but India will still be as a dream to him. It will be the same to all who make but similar fleeting visits—but though fleeting the travel, its memories will be fixed; memories which will cling to one of things that gave such varying and wonderful sensations, and were but so little understood. England’s very possession of the country seems but dream-like in the daylight of facts. Such an immense territory, and so many hundreds of millions to be under the control of one hundred and fifty thousand only of British here, and but thirty millions more on a little far-distant island in the North Sea. In a late work by Colonel Cory, of the Bengal staff, I read thus as I wait for the mail at this Apollo Bunder, which is the steamboat wharf at Bombay:—

“The loss of Canada or of any other possession to England, would sink into absolute insignificance if compared with that which threatens us in the prospect of any decline of the power of Great Britain in India. It is mainly from her that we derive our vast wealth, and the boundless prosperity that we enjoy. It is from her, ‘the storehouse of the world,’ as Peter the Great called her, ‘that our coffers are filled to overflowing. Thousands of British families owe competence and affluence to India alone. She supports half our army. It is not too much to say that it is the possession of India which alone confers upon Great Britain her claim to be a first-rate power.”

It will be noticed that the colonel quotes Peter the Great and that astute monarch's appreciation of India. Peter is said to have left a will, the existence of which is mysterious with directions that are by some believed to be still strictly followed. I wonder whether Russia's gradual advance to the gates of Afghanistan is any part of the great Peter's policy? It is not strictly correct to say that India belongs to Great Britain. There are a large number of states in it of which the British Queen is not at present the ruler. Two-fifths of immense India are still independent and ruled by native princes, "descendants," as Lord Beaconsfield lately said, "of kings who were governing in India when England was but a Roman province." There is great Hyderabad, as large as Italy, whose Nizam governs twelve millions of people; and among others there are Gwalior, Baroda, Jeypore, and Nepal, in which latter place dwell the terrible Ghoorkas—a race of fighting-men equal to the Chasseurs d'Afrique of the French army.

The feeling of the traveller throughout India is, that he is in a foreign land—the land of other people, and liable at any time to be kicked out of it. All the crowds of people that he meets with speak in unknown tongues, and in tongues not always understood by each other, for of different languages India has no less than fifteen. They have all of them the most un-English costumes, ways, and manners. All the buildings that one sees, other than railway stations and barracks, are such as are not seen elsewhere. The birds and beasts are new to one, and so are the trees and field produce. The feeling creeps over the right-minded traveler who thinks of what he sees, that he is in somebody's grounds which have lately been the subject of an ejection suit, and that the decision of the court may yet be appealed against and reversed. Other claimants will then come about, and the feeling of insecurity be greatly increased to the British traveller. If England cannot, for climatic reasons, colonize India, what chance has she of permanently holding it? Even the Monguls that conquered it and did colonize it, and that largely, lost,

like the Persians, their power in it. Than Akbar, better king, better warrior, and wiser ruler, never lived. Did he still live, India would be his land only. But he left descendants from whom his power passed away. What has been will be. England may not always keep half her army in India, and the mutiny of 1857 showed her that she cannot always rely upon the sepoy and native soldiers. What Colonel Cory tells us is well known to the nations of the world, and such a many-times transferred country as India is will be certainly looked upon as fair prey for any Power at variance at any time with England.

British power has nothing to fear from those that are now in India. The Hindoos cannot combine. Their different religions and terrible slavery to "caste" keep them in isolated bands and abject subjection. I never thoroughly understood what religious training could do for men until I came to Hindoostan. None of my guides through Ceylon and India would eat or drink with me; they would equally have refused a seat at the table of the Governor-General himself. They would lose "caste" by doing so, and losing caste is losing heaven to them. The Brahmins must attend to duties clerical only. The Kshatriyas reserve themselves for military service, the Varsyas for agricultural and herdsman employ only, the Sudras for artisan and mechanical labour, and the sons of each must follow the caste or occupation of their fathers. If he loses caste by any of the many ways of doing so, the Hindoo feels much in the position of a man just out of gaol, and forced to go about, hanging his head, among his friends and former acquaintances.

In the crowded railway carriages I often noticed, throughout Hindoostan, old Brahmins trying to secure themselves by barricades of baggage from hateful contact with those of lower caste. It was painful to witness their efforts in that way. Surrounded by bundles and packages, they would sit content to perspire and suffocate, rather than touch or be touched by unholy ones. They shrink from and scowl at intruders in a manner that used at first to frighten me—think-

ing I had got locked up with a lunatic. The time came at last, however, when no nonsense could be further endured. The demand for room necessitated the entrance of the guard, who came like a hawk upon a pigeon. The baggage is taken from around the holy man, and pushed away under the seats, or thrust into the rack above, and some dreadful lower-caste folks jostle, shoulder to shoulder, with the exclusive one.

What penance is necessary to wash away the stain of such contact I never learnt. It must be something as bad as a day spent with unboiled peas in his shoes, to judge by the expression I see upon this good man's features. At another station, in the small hours of the morning, the train draws up, and a Brahmin, who had been waiting for it, ran along looking in vain for an empty carriage. In his unquiet state of mind he rushed back again, as if doubting his eyes, but could see no seat fit for himself to take. The bell began ringing, and the guard, who understood such matters, called him to a carriage, to which he ran, and was at once pushed in, where he felt, probably as unhappy as Ignorance must have felt when pushed in at the door by the hill-side of which Bunyan tells us. The question of dealing with caste—by smashing through its forms and breaking down its barriers—is thus being settled on the railway. It is with such folks as this Brahmin that the guard deals, as the toper did with the various liquors of his night's drinking bout—"I take them all, and in any quantity, and then leave them to fight it out amongst themselves." A people so divided by creeds and castes as are the natives of India are easy, indeed, to govern. Could they combine, they would then withstand the whole world in arms.

Caste is a tree of great toughness, ancient growth, and wide-spreading roots and branches. Yet it is marked for falling at some distant date. In addition to what the railways do in bringing all castes together as fellow-passengers, the school system, a strictly secular one, does more. The structure of caste is thus being sapped and shaken, and also in

its restrictions on marriage and social intercourse, and on freedom of choice in occupations. They are gradually found to be the hindrances that they really are to the native population competing with the European for advancement in social political life. Caste has bred nothing but a false pride in its strict observers, and led to such anomalies as a rich man of low degree having to bow to his poor but proud servant of higher caste.

A high caste Hindoo—a Koolin Brahmin—fallen to low financial condition, had better die, unless he can live on his pride and descent and intense self-respect. His blue blood gets thin on such nourishment, and yet he cannot work, and is debarred from begging. Caste, by forcing the continuance of the child in the trade of the father, put no doubt a number of square pegs into round holes, and many a Pegasus into harness, but it developed the greatest skill in handicrafts, and made the most proficient of workmen. A little of that I had seen in the wonderful superiority of the jugglers who had from childhood watched their fathers' doings, and learnt all of the art of *diablerie* before they had learnt much else.

The immense wealth of India, to which Colonel Cory alludes in the words I have quoted, can be illustrated in a few items. According to Eastern custom all land belongs to the state, and pays a rent to the Sovereign. The Maharajah of Burdwan, in the Bengal district, pays yearly, as his contribution to this tax, no less than forty-five thousand pounds sterling. The tax is one rupee for about three thousand square yards, the value of which two years back was for the year twenty-two millions sterling. Opium comes next, which for the same year realized thirteen millions sterling. Indigo and jute produced three and a half millions sterling value each. The total Indian revenue for that year was fifty millions sterling. The largest items that composed it were the taxes on land, opium, and salt. Of the expenditure—all in India—of forty-six millions for that year, fifteen millions went for the army expenses alone. The land is taken from the Government by what the Irish call a middleman,

and is by him farmed out to the ryot or peasant at the largest rent that can be got at a public auction.

The population may be thus assessed :—Mohammedans, thirty millions ; Hindoos proper, one hundred and eighty millions. The Sikhs—who are the finest men in India or anywhere else—number two millions, including that favoured one who was lately taken by Royalty to England to be exhibited at the Court of St. James as a handsome man. May all his gods help him there to keep his caste ! Of the “ hill tribes ” there are twenty millions, and of Parsees one hundred thousand. Three hundred and twenty thousand call themselves Christians, who, white folks here sarcastically say, would call themselves anything else for a few rupees. Lastly, there are but one hundred and fifty thousand British-born subjects in the length and breadth of the land. Of Indian-born whites there are but comparatively few—the deadly climate accounting for this.

An Arabian Night's sort of dream will India be to prince or peasant who may run through it all, city after city, bent only on seeing everything with the eye of the curious. The recollections of it will jumble in the confused manner of dreams, to be afterwards shown in such exclamations as—“ Where was it that I saw that ? ” “ Yes, I saw that, but had forgotten it until your question recalled it. ” It is impossible to remember the sights of a day, much less of months !

“ Where was it that the man was selling the Persian cats with distended tails—the cats all secured by pegs and strings ? ”

“ In Calcutta—near to where the other native was offering the ring-tailed monkeys and pretty squirrels ! ”

“ Yes, near to where the palki-bearer slipped, and I fell out sideways ! ”

“ That was in the chowk—crossing the Burra Bazaar ! ”

“ So it was ; and it was there, too, that I found the meaning of the strings of dried leaves over the doorways, and the name of the toolsi plant in the stuccoed pot at the window. It was in the gardens at Calcutta that I saw that enormous banyan-tree—the biggest in the world ? ”





“Was it larger than the one you saw in the Peredynia Gardens, near Kandy?”

“Did I see one there? Oh, yes!—that was a large one, too. I had forgotten that.”

“Where did you see your first fakir?”

“Let’s see—was it at Madras, or Benares, or Delhi? Neither place; it was at Lucknow—the man had claws for nails, and had not been washed for twenty years.”

“I remember the beast, and can almost smell him at this distance.”

Of such like will be the speedy traveller’s hazy remembrances of his Indian journey.

Of the trouble to travellers the most annoying is the utter inability of the Hindoo to understand a word of English. It may be shouted at him in the manner in which words are always sent at the heads of those who do not comprehend them, or it may be repeated slowly and distinctly, as was the request for the loan of a gridiron made by the Irishman to the Frenchman, but all to no purpose. The Hindoo is as stupid as one’s self, and only knows his own language. One is put to endless inconveniences by it which should have been thought of beforehand. In time I get used to it, as one gets used to everything that is irksome at first. As I go about in the gharries, I sit beside the driver, as the best seat for looking round. He talks to me often enough, and never seems to be annoyed at getting no sensible answers. He is pleased, perhaps, at having so good a listener, and all the talk to himself. He has been told what course to go on starting, and there is no further chance of our exchanging ideas—even supposing that either of us happened to have any. We get on very well until the return journey begins, when I perceive that he is going over the same ground travelled before. He has only one notion of doing anything. I therefore clutch the reins and bring about a stoppage until some probable interpreter comes in sight. Generally that arrives in shape of a Parsee, whom I identify by his style of hat. I explain matters to him, and he to the driver, and

then another road is taken, and trouble finishes. I do not recall meeting with any Parsee who did not speak English. In that respect they are on an equality with the Dutchmen in Java.

To please Western-world eyes I had rather that the mild Hindoo would put additional covering on himself, and have respect for his word, or for the memory of others as to what were his words. He is still the man of the East who is regardless of the terms of his bargain. "Did I not agree with thee for a penny?" has to be said to him now as it was of old, and will be for ever. He first denies any agreement whatever, and secondly the amount agreed upon. When the evidence of others is produced against him, he has various ways, contrary to ordinary common sense, of wriggling and wrangling. Not succeeding in his claim, he is eloquent on the subject to all around; while I, for want of words, can appeal only to conscience for approbation, and don't always find it the help that Shakespeare asserts it to be.

India is claimed by its people as the oldest of peopled countries. It has always been foremost in the world's history, and, it is likely, will so continue. There is vitality in the ceaseless industry and producing powers of its toiling millions. To get the honey that such a hive of human bees produces will be always a fight amongst the nations of the world. The Egyptians have possessed it, as also the Grecians, the Syrians, and the Turks. The Tartar has had it, and the Persian. The Portuguese and the Dutch had a finger in the fat pie, and the Frenchman also. The best of all nations has best part of it now, and is doing the Hindoo inhabitants more good than any of the slave-driving barbarians who have hitherto overrun the land. That England may long keep its rule over India, may be desired in the interest of one's nationality equally with the best interests of the Hindoo. He is less ill-used by Great Britain and its people than he was by any other of the owners of India. He is being educated all over the land. The schools established throughout the country are something exceptionally praiseworthy on the part of a country that can

only hold, but can never colonize, India. It is adopting the Hindoo into the British family, and providing him with that education which the children of Europeans have, for health's sake, to seek in other countries. He has hospitals erected everywhere for him, and cheap railways to carry him on his many holy pilgrimages. He gets justice, too, and cannot be robbed of his savings with impunity as of yore. He cannot be improperly beaten either, or if he is, he can go to the court for a summons like a European, and that he knows. The notice "Visitors are requested not to strike the servants," which appears in some hotels, is daily getting of less import. When Europeans don't get their requests understood, they are now learning to believe themselves and their ignorance partly to blame. In old days the native's ignorance of English meanings was thought to be improvable by the process of kicking, but that was of the time when other fallacies, similar to that of ill-using mad folks, were indulged in.

An annoying habit of the Hindoo is that of his utter carelessness about sleeping quarters. He is dog-like in that respect, and so always in the way. Europeans never think of providing sleeping accommodation for a native servant. It is difficult to walk about after dark and not stumble over his dusky body. He has no undressing to do, and any surface suits his convenience for a snooze. Along the footways he sleeps in front of the shops, and is to be dodged in every verandah, and tumbled over in the house-passages and on the landings. Opening the bed-room door in the dark, I fall over one who lies along outside, and on to the stomach of another who sleeps against the door opposite. I envied rather than pitied them, and would have exchanged beds with them to have slept as soundly.

This believing Hindoo has but as little hold on life as a rabbit. His sickness is of the briefest duration, and no attempt is made at a struggle with death. One of my guides did not come next morning at his appointed time. He was quite well the preceding evening, but had died during the night,

His body was burned that morning, and his effects administered in the afternoon. Of that I knew by a personal application for cash from the administrator. It is the certainty of heaven hereafter that perhaps makes these easy departures. The Hindoo really has faith in a better world, which we only talk about and show our half-belief in by trying to keep out of it as long as possible. In the East faith is felt and made real, as well as outwardly indicated in observances which are not the tasks they appear to be to Western-world eyes.

An effort is being made to stop the liberty of the press in Hindoostan, which was more to be expected of a French than an English Government. The native press indulges in free criticism of official misdoings, which those criticized seek to suppress. Officials on salaries of 300*l.* a year often live at the rate of double that income, and retire with fortunes that could not have been accumulated by economy. It is in the exposures of such iniquities that the native press has been really useful, and to try to pass measures for gagging it is opposed to the spirit of British government, and good government of any kind.

The white population—"Sahib," and "mem sahib" his wife, as they are called—may well be forgotten among the people of India, they are so little seen among the millions of dark skins. They mostly consist of the "covenanted" and "uncovenanted" servants of the Crown. Those Scotch-looking words refer to civil servants under bonds, or written agreement, and to others not so. The first are the better situated, getting retiring pensions at the end of twenty-one years' service, which the second do not get until thirty-five years are finished. Other white folks are much worse off, and not a few actually begging. Discharged soldiers stay here, as also do servants who have come out with Europeans, and élect to stay in the land. The days of success in India as a land of promise for spinsters are believed to be over, but I had evidence to the contrary in finding that two fair vocalists of the southern hemisphere, who had travelled as far as California and back without meeting their fate, had met with it here. I expressed a hope that they would take their husbands, as

the produce of their own bow and arrow, to that better land from which they had ventured. The prizes were in these cases, I was told, well worth so towing into port.

There is less regret at leaving India after a hurried visit, as it is seen that a stay of months only is useless. It would take years to see this great country, and a long lifetime well to understand the meaning of all that should be seen—the glory and the shame, the splendour and the decay, the grandeur and the ruin, of this gorgeous Eastern land! The further time that I could give to it is forbidden by its climate. Go I must, uttering that “*Il faut quitter tout cela*” which Mazarin muttered on looking at the world of treasures that he knew he would soon have to leave.

Panorama-like will be for the future what the mind's eye will focus of all that the past months have shown me. The towers, temples, palaces, and tombs; the wretched huts, bespattered with discs of dung, drying for fuel; the men with tortoise-shell combs for head-dress and table-covers for leg-wraps; the women and children with ringed noses and toes, and white metal anklets; the shaven-headed men in yellow gaberdines; the nearly naked forms of humanity which have been to one like a study of “subjects” in the dead-house of a hospital; the blood-red mouths of the chewers of betel and areca; the distended goatskins of the water-carriers—looking like the swelled body of the animal itself pulled out of a pond after a month's immersion; the palkis and their heavily-freighted bearers; the confectionery sellers and the everlasting rice; the eternal curries and those aromatic, breath-sweetening, Bombay ducks, with that “*chota-hazra*” of tea and toast at six a.m.; the coin-decorated foreheads, and those sidewalk exhibitions of domestic life, in which the presumed phrenological examination of the head is so prominent, and that tongue-scraping so needlessly obvious; the street money-changers; the endless beggars; the cocoanut-anointed skins; the long-haired men; the never-shaven men; the half-shaved ones and the no-haired men; the endless styles of turban head-dress; the shoeless feet and the sandalled

feet; the half-shoe with the up-curved toes; the night scenes of street-strewn sleepers; the public tank washings; the perpendicular and horizontal caste-marks; the white-marked, the red-marked ones; the red and white dotted noses; the squatting cloth-vendors with their bales; and the itinerant merchants, with shawl-tied packages.



CLOTH-VENDORS.

The strangely-named officials may soon be forgotten, but some of them must be always remembered. Of those are the Wuzer and the Vakeel—barrister and attorney, names seen so often on the door-posts; the Hammals, who are the porters; the Ayahs, or nurses, and the string of "Wallahs." Of that number are the Tupal or postman, the Muchee or fish-seller, the Gharree or driver, and the Punkahwallah, the blessed being who does the heavenly work of fanning one. The Ramoussie is my night watchman, and the Hugam shaves me in the morning, after which the Bawarch, or cook, takes order for breakfast, which the Kitmaygar or waiter brings to

me. Folks who so come home to one's business and bosom cannot be soon forgotten.

These will mix up in memory with the gods and goddesses seen above and below the earth, in temples in which everything improper was worshipped, and with the strangely-titled ones of this part of the world whom one hears of but never sees—the Nawab and the Nizam, the Peishwa and the Ameer, the Rajah, the Maharajah and the Guicowar, with the Begums and the Ranees, all mixed up with the Jemadars, the Nokers, the Bheestis, Dhobies, and a host of others—"a court of cobblers and a mob of kings," as Dryden wrote of the freaks of fancy unfettered in our dreams.

EGYPT.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### 'TWINXT AFRICA AND ARABIA.

ON the way from India into Egypt I pass 'twixt Africa and Arabia over two famous waterways. The one is the earliest and the other the latest that we read of. These two, the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, are lately wedded, not as the Doge of Venice was married to the Adriatic, but in a May and December sort of alliance that was attempted of olden time, and is now renewed. They are as strange and as story-full, these watery highways, as the two lands of romance that they divide.

Of no other waters can we read or hear that high roads of dry land have existed across their present courses. Yet where the "Pekin" takes me along at the rate of twelve knots an hour the Israelites crossed dryshod—if our captain is to be credited; and where I pass on further down, at the rate of two knots only, all the world of Eastern travellers waddled over the sands only a few years back. There is plenty of time to think of all that and much more as our vessel drags over the shallow waters of what a high authority has called "the most glorious triumph of this generation of engineering wonders."

The thoughts about the Red Sea begin and end with the Israelites. It has been a good thing for them more than once in the way of "spoiling the Egyptians." The Rothschilds have lately made between one and two hundred thousands out of the sale to England of the Khedive's half share of the canal end of it. For centuries it was, similarly

to its outlet, shut up and dead. Waghorn then, and the canal now, have brought it before the world again; much as the Belzonis bring to light the mummies of its Egyptian shore from their long sleep to the lullaby of its lapping waters.

The "Gate of Desolation" is right name enough for the eastern entrance to this sea. Such sterility as one then looks at for twelve hundred miles exhausts execration. The very lands it disgraces—Nubia, Abyssinia, Egypt, and the Arabian shore—are so antiquated as to be no longer considered in the swim of the world's tide, but as long ago left high and dry by it. The very waters are but the covering of landmarks, for the sea is as full of wrecks as of recollections. The hosts of Pharaoh and their belongings are but a trifle to what shall be rendered when this sea shall give up its dead. The spot where lie the remains of some wreck or another is being always shown to one. The "Carnatic" went down off that point, the "Nautilus" was wrecked there, and the "Northam" yonder. The "Alma" was lost just about here, and the "Emeu" away over there. Such and such other fine vessels found their graves at other places pointed out in the long course of the voyage. Rocky islands and rocks, burnt to cinders on the surface, stud the whole length of this sea, both above and below its waters. On those beneath it untold ships' companies have found a dwelling with the sirens and the mermaids on its famous coral reefs. Sailing vessels avoid the Red Sea, as the winds there are as treacherous as the waters, and months might be wasted in getting through it—if got through at all. It is all left to steamers now, and they have multiplied on its waters very much lately. The canal has been the cause of that—making the Red Sea the future Eastern high-road, to the annihilation of all traffic by that old Cape route by which our forefathers took their six months' voyages. The day of sailing-vessels—the old "East Indiamen"—may be considered as closed. The opening of the canal has led to great competition, to the reduction of fares and freight, and to the breaking up of the monopolies

of the English Peninsular and Oriental and the French Messageries lines.

To the numbers that this sea has drowned have to be added those who die upon its waters through "heat apoplexy." During the six or seven days of passage down it, life is, in many months of the year, all perspiration, suffering, gasping for air, and groaning for sleep. This trouble is so dreadful at times that it cannot be overlooked, and the object of the journey and time itself become of but secondary consideration. The vessel is turned this way, that way, and the other, in search of any breeze that can be caught, which to the poor passengers is as the breath of life. For hours together the ship will go back over its course, if by so doing life can be made bearable. Deaths to the extent of three or four in one vessel through the heat alone are not uncommon. One occurred in the next cabin to mine, and of personal friends I recall two who were in good health when starting on their voyage, but whose bones now whiten on the coral reefs of these waters.

As the Gate of Desolation is the fit name for the entrance to this sea, so is Aden the fittest introduction to its wretched shores. The rocky cinder-heap of a place is a garrison fortress and camp town—a sort of Gibraltar in many ways. In 1839, when England took possession of it, the folks who were here lived in old Cornish fashion upon wrecks and wreckage. The miserable hole had but twenty traders in it. It has now, under England's fostering care, got fully forty thousand folks gently baking there.

So determined is the climate that the woolly hair of the natives is actually bleached or burnt up to a yellow colour. These folks, with mop-looking heads of yellow wool, are a sort of cross between negroes and Hindoos. In figure they resemble the Hindoostanee people, but are more lively and spry in their ways and humours. Their diving abilities, which are great, are no wonder when the necessity of cooling themselves in some way is considered—and it is considered very soon after landing at Aden. Stopping in the water altogether seems desirable.

In their zealous efforts to entertain one, these Adenites offer, in broken English, to do many things, and amongst them to fight for any stakes that can be raised. It is here that I get introduced to the afterwards accustomed word "backsheesh." The Hindoo begs in silence and as a vocation, speaking by his afflictions or deformities only, but these Arabians are like to London street Arabs, and offer to do something worthy reward. They will dive, fight, stand reversed, or form wheels, with legs and arms going round as spokes. All of them cannot have ostrich feathers for sale, which appear--beside coals—to be the great article of fancy merchandise here.

About this place, which introduces me to what some lunatic has called "Araby the blest," I had been much comforted at Bombay. When I complained of the heat at that Indian port, and said that there could be but a sheet of paper between it and Pluto's dominions, I was told that at Aden I should find the sheet of paper removed! In addition to garrison purposes, it is used as a coaling station for steamers, for which purpose only is it fit. The two regiments there are to be pitied. They must be anxious to fight and die, and so have done with baking. In a hollow of the surrounding and overhanging rocks are situated a collection of stores and hotels, and good roads out to the jetty and around the bay frontage. The whitened fronts of these buildings pleasantly contrast with the dark background of rock to this semicircular port-township. That is, however, all that is nice about it. There are not trees, grass, or sign of vegetation anywhere near. The scene is that of a cinder-heap—barren masses of rock burnt bare by the roasting heat of the suns of thousands of years.

Inland, some distance through the gates, which are shut nightly, is the township, but a larger edition of the port in its aspect. From hotel cards handed to me, printed in French and English, I see that the enterprising Parsees have got as far down, and Frenchmen as far up, as this. "Jamsedjee Sourabjee" tells me of the India left behind, and "Charles

Nedey" speaks of that half-French Cairo at the other end of this sea. I interview all the hotel and storekeepers in search of late-dated papers and the news of the Western world. They can keep all the lions' skins and ostrich feathers, if I can but get the *Home News*, the only number of which obtainable at last rewards my efforts. I become now an object of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness to all on ship-board who have failed in weaker efforts to do likewise. I am now sought and propitiated. With the latest news of the world in my pocket I become of importance, and feel so accordingly for at least half a day.

It is altogether a pitiable place, this Aden, for any white man to abide in. The poor overbaked fritters that I see here seem to have passed through purgatory, and to be mostly ready for a better world. If not, they have had a fine training for the worse one, and yet they strangely stay here, and battle on bravely where common sense and climate are all against their doing so. Along the tops of the rocky eminences above and around the town are remains of forts and defences of Roman origin, as also the crater of a dead volcano. At one time the Egyptians were masters here, and have left good evidence of their presence in the immense tanks which are the lion-show of the place. There is no need to hurry to see these gigantic aids to water storage. They will look much the same for another two or three thousand years. No green stuff will grow over them. There is not sufficient of that about Aden to do harm, though in the neighbourhood of these tanks nature has made some efforts at vegetation. The fire-resisting asbestos is in its right place at Aden—among the calcined rocks in which it is usually found.

Bamboos sunk in the sand are the chief building material used. The town looks best at a distance. A closer inspection is but disappointing. There are horses, dogs, and camels about, and also sheep, for all of whom Providence must provide where nature so fails. Queer things these sheep are. Nothing could look less like sheep than those things so called

in India, but these Aden sheep, in singular appearance quite distance them. I took those of India for goats, and these of Aden I mistake for dogs. Their carcasses are covered with whitish hair in place of wool. The head and tail are black. It is a large, heavy, and fat tail, like to those of Cape sheep, seemingly drawing to itself all the nourishment belonging to the whole system—a monstrosity, a disfigurement, and a trouble of a tail!

Coals, I think, I mentioned as the staple of Aden's commerce. Before the opening of the canal these were sold at three pounds twelve per ton. They now sell at two pounds five only, but the trade in them is greatly on the increase. For the one or two lines of steamers that formerly were coaled, there are now half-a-dozen all requiring coals in going or returning.

In no place that I saw, except in the similarly barren St. Vincent's in the Cape de Verdes, did coal look so much in place as on this cinder-heap of Aden. How the place came by a name so much like to the Hibernian pronunciation of Eden I failed to learn. Some Irishman, perhaps, so ironically christened it.

Like Cyprus, it was got by Britain from the Turks, who are apt at giving up sterile, unproductive spots, and while in their possession lands very soon get much into that way. It wanted no Turkish neglect to make Aden worse than nature left it, for I was told that rain never descends upon its roasted rocks for years together—a fact fully accounting for the construction of the mighty tanks, in which one may wager that the Turkish Government had no hand. Its present rulers have blessed it largely with condensing apparatus, which renders it almost independent alike of tanks and rain. The camp protects its folks to landward as well as seaward—and they need it. From inland the gangs of wild Arabs have made sorties on the township, and it was not lately safe for Adenites to wander far from the seaboard.

It is a bad seaboard on both sides of this Red Sea. Those who have escaped death by drowning may find it on shore

We have with us on board one who some years back was wrecked, with thirty others, on the Egyptian shore hereabouts. Only their number, and the probable absence of anything of which to be plundered, saved their lives. They had to walk for two days and a night over hot sand and rough stones before they found assistance. Two of them fell and died on the road. The savage natives, who would render no help, followed the little band as sharks do a ship, for these waifs of dead bodies, which they stopped to strip and plunder. The "Meikong" passengers, I can add by way of a note, had a similar experience on the same coast in 1877.

The "Pekin," which carries our fortunes, finds its way, however, among all the difficulties of a sea that is as treacherous to the traveller as are the folks of its shores. Mocha, of coffee-aroma, is left to the right, and Cape Gardafui to the left. To that place the blessing of a railway is to run some day in continuation of the line to Suez, when three-fourths of the trouble of this sea passage will be saved. That, however, will depend upon the Khedive getting from some foolish lenders the money to make the line. Passing the Zebayer Islands, some landmarks on the Arabian shore are now pointed out. The whole length of that shore from Aden downwards is called Hedjaz, which I am told means Pilgrims' land. Rightly enough is it so called, as its chief ports are Yambo and Jiddah, leading to holy Medina and holier Mecca. The imports and exports are wholly pilgrims. I might disembark also at one of them if I sought the land of Midian—the gold-diggings of ancient days.

Our quarter-deck is quite a nursery in its afternoon appearance. British officials, not themselves at liberty to leave India, send their wives and families away. The nurses are all natives, from whom the little Indo-Europeans learn Hindoostanee before they speak English. They are fond indeed, I found, of these black nurses, on the principle, I suppose, that little girls fancy a hideous Dutch doll before all their finer ones. There is little of liveliness about these children, or about the adults either. That sort of thing has

been all baked out of them. Reading is the chief occupation ; but the book is a mere excuse for dozing, which, with eating and drinking, constitute the labours of the day. It was an Irishman who wrote of such life in India, that "they eat and they drink, and they drink and they eat, till they die, and *then* they write home and say that it is the climate that has killed them !"

Mount Sinai comes into view the day before we expect to reach Suez—shortly after passing the *Twin Brothers*, as two singular-looking rocks are called. It is seen through a gap in the wall of barren hills on the Syrian side. Every glass is directed towards it. Barren, hot-looking hills, and the most howling and hungry appearances possible, characterize the scenery all round. The anchor is dropped somewhere about the place where the Israelites are believed to have crossed this sea, but that locality can strictly be said to be still open to selectors.

Before Lesseps monopolized all fame hereabout, Lieutenant Waghorn's name had a prominent place as the great opener of the overland route traffic, which has since done so much for steam voyages and mail-carrying to India and Australia. Previously to 1837, the Red Sea and its barren shores were visited chiefly by the curious traveller, until Waghorn so helped to utilize its waters. The canal company have—to their honour and his remembrance—set up at this end of their great work a monument to this worthy pioneer.

Our anchor having been dropped after custom-house hours at Suez, there was nothing to do but to wait for those who—unlike myself—had luggage. An Arab dhow, with its bird-wing sail, came off to us with a passenger, and I concluded a bargain with it for landing myself and three others, who wished for shore as weary sea-birds must themselves do at times. The voyage of the dhow was a wet and a long one—so many tacks had to be taken. With the spray that dashed over us we were landed more wet than were the children of Israel when they went from that land on which we now stepped, through that sea that we so gladly quit.



Every British-born man has now a personal interest in that Suez Canal which here commences. Four millions sterling, some part of which we have all contributed, was lately paid by Great Britain for a half-share of it. It was in that purchase the Rothschilds netted the handsome commission before mentioned. I shall afterwards allude to the good bargain the Khedive made in this sale, in which England was got at much as Moses was, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, in the purchase of the green spectacles.

Nothing is new under the sun, and especially about this part of the world. This new Suez Canal is merely an old one now again cleared out. It is known to have been constructed by one of the old Egyptian Kings, and reconstructed by Caliph Omar. It was probably not an original thing with that one of the Ptolemies who gets credit with the conception of thus making Africa an island. It is soon perceived by the traveller why this canal requires scooping out afresh so often. On my passage a-down it the desert sand was blowing into it, and on to our vessel, by the hundredweight and ton. It had to be shovelled off the deck, and that continually.

Bonaparte proposed the remaking of this canal in 1798. He was in many things a fit successor to Omar, but had not so good an engineer. The one he trusted to falsely reported to him that the Red Sea level was thirty-three feet higher than that of the Mediterranean, so making the scheme look impracticable. English engineers subsequently discovered that the difference in level was but six inches.

Lesseps was, in 1853, connected with the Court of Mehemet Said, the then Egyptian Viceroy, and there started his idea of the canal. The preliminaries were arranged in 1856, and the work began in 1859 and finished in 1870. British Royalty was got to attend the opening of part of it in 1869, and that of France to be present at its full completion the next year. The present Khedive, on bribing his way to the seat of Mehemet Said, declined to sanction his predecessor's contracts, and so stopped the works. Lesseps laid his case

before Napoleon, who was then almost everybody. The Khedive soon collapsed, gave a lease of ninety-nine years, and took up half of the shares in the undertaking, for which he was to pay three and a half millions sterling, and borrowed the money to do it with. It was these shares that England purchased, and therein got sold equally with the shares.

The canal from Suez, at the Red Sea end, to Port Said at the other, is in length about a hundred miles. It is of all sorts of widths, owing to three-fourths of its course passing through natural lakes or water-holes. In depth it is supposed to be twenty-six feet deep; but the tons of sand which too often blow into it have something to say about that. Half-way down it is a new settlement named Ismailia, after the Khedive, as Port Said, at the Mediterranean end, is after his predecessor. It makes pretensions to a town in all the usual features of one, and is at the junction of two canals—a branch one, of forty feet wide and nine deep, running from here to curiously-named Zagazig, on the Nile, from which it brings fresh water for Ismailia. This city much wants water, as also long-handled brooms after the sandstorms. If it were deserted for a year or two, it would get covered up with sand, like other things hereabout.

The canal seems longer than it is, from quarter-speed, or something less, having to be kept during its passage, in which only pilots are allowed to direct the navigation. Pilots are very conversable and inforamatory. It is of their business to know more than others, and they are always ready, I find, to show their knowledge. I learn from ours that the income of the canal has rapidly increased since the first vessel, an English one, went through at the end of 1869. Three years' statistics show that in January, 1874, one hundred and eleven vessels went through. In the same month in '75 there went through one hundred and twenty-eight, and in January, '76, one hundred and forty-two. The income is derived from tonnage of ships, a tax per head on passengers, pilotage, and tug service. A large item on the other side of the account would be the cost of the dredging work constantly going on.

Port Said, the Mediterranean gate of this watery highway, like Ismailia, has been called into existence solely by the canal. In its appearance it is quite the counterpart of a gold-fields township. The old Egyptians, who built for all time, would stare at this wooden jumped-up place, all of half-inch deals and quartering. Pilgrims for Palestine stop at it on their way to Joppa, from which it is twelve hours distant. It is not, however, a place for pilgrims, most of its folk being what are called the scum of creation by those who do not happen to call them the dregs. The vessels going up the canal have to wait here for their turn, and when there is much shipping about, morals always sadly suffer.

Of these inhabitants of Port Said there are said to be twelve thousand, but I should not like to have to take the census. They don't look ladies or gentlemen likely to give truthful answers to all required particulars. What their "last occupation" had been might be guessed at better than answered, and there was not a lady with "forty" on her painted face who would have declared to more than twenty-five. The foundations of Port Said are of the dug-out stuff from the canal, so that the land, like its folk, is all foreign to the place. It has, however, regularly laid out streets, a quay with over one hundred acres of basin, and a dry dock four hundred and forty feet long. The roadstead of Port Said lies between two immense breakwaters, or moles, running out from it for seven thousand feet. They begin at the shore end four thousand six hundred feet apart, but draw towards each other at their sea ends, by more than two thousand feet. These are something like labours worthy of Egypt. They are seventeen feet in width at the top, and are constructed of blocks of concrete weighing many tons each. These were all made hereabout, and took three months burning under the sun of Egypt—equivalent to about the same time in a kiln—before being placed in the water. It is to be hoped that this artificial stone will stand the wash of the ever-dashing waves, but such looks unlikely. Most probably building up the breakwater will have to be as much cared for as dredging the canal.

At Port Said they actually ask for passports! I passed through cities which might be robbed, and among people comparatively innocent and needing protection, and was not asked for such a thing. Here it was too ridiculous. In a travelling-bag I had an English life policy, which had a large seal to it, and the figure of a female sitting between a lion and a shield at the top. At a venture I passed it in for a passport. Its imposing appearance carried the day, or rather it carried me into Port Said and out again, for I had to exhibit the ridiculous thing again before leaving. A solemn countenance, I have noticed, goes a long way in humbugging people at more places than Port Said, and in other things than passport presentations.

England's share in the Canal purchase stands thus. The shares taken by the Khedive had coupons attached for half-yearly payments of interest for twenty years. These coupons the Khedive, who is a sad spendthrift, realized upon at once, to pay off some pressing claim of his loads of indebtedness. When England agreed to purchase the shares, he proposed to repay the yearly amount represented by these lost coupons out of the revenues of his Egyptian treasury. After the purchase was completed, and not before, his ability to make this payment was looked into. One commissioner sent from England was hoodwinked and cajoled with a set of books composed and cooked for the occasion. His report was withheld from the British Parliament, and Mr. Goschen sent to Cairo to look into matters. He found the Khedive to be hopelessly insolvent, and his affairs, arranged how they might be, did not show any hope for his creditors. As money at fair interest doubles itself twice over in about twenty years, the loss on the four millions investment for that period is an awful amount. The suggestion that England shall take the management of Egypt's affairs, seems to be the most likely way of getting anything out of it for this matter and the large loans which it has raised through British agency.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### IN LOWER EGYPT.

UNDEFINABLE are the feelings, all so different in their sort, that come upon one when entering famous lands. Those experienced upon setting foot in Egypt were altogether different to the sense of curiosity felt on landing in Japan, China, and India. We know so much about Egypt, and hear it so often spoke of in sermons, and read about in church and school lessons, that one can be scarcely anxious about it. Its characteristics get mixed up with our figures of speech—"Egyptian bondage!"; "as dark as Egypt!"; "the spoiling of the Egyptians!"; "all the plagues of Egypt!"—and the like, have made the country and its peculiarities a part as it were of our experience. We talk so much about it that we get familiar with it, and begin at last to believe in knowing all about it, as the Fourth of the Georges got, by much talking on the subject, to believe in having been present at the Battle of Waterloo.

Suez is not a pleasant way by which to enter upon lower Egypt—the old land of Goshen. The scenery about it, however, realizes the Egypt of our ideas in the way of sand, dirt, ruin, dust, and dilapidation. Its accustomed business departed with the opening of the canal, and it is now half deserted. The emptied houses tumble into the streets and roads, and there remain. In time a footpath is worked over them by the donkeys, who are fortunately sure-footed beasts, and are the national conveyance—the palanquin, cab, and car combined.

The western world wisdom of a stitch in time saving an additional eight is nowhere observed in the East. It is all havoc there. Trees lie where they fall, and so do the insides of the buildings, and in time the outer walls. Perhaps the doctrine of fatalism has much to do with this, and the eastern world are all fatalists. If a thing is to fall, such is its fate, and it is running counter to Providence to prevent it or to put it up again. Said a worldly-wise one of eastern descent, "Have nothing to do with an unfortunate man—if he cannot get up, he cannot keep up." Says an eastern proverb, "Let sleeping dogs lie," and the idea is followed out very often in painfully practical ways. I saw a man who had been knocked down by a vehicle left to pick himself up again, with the little help I could give him.

Suez at one end of the canal and Said at the other, are fine contrasts of things old and new. It remains to be proved whether the railway and the canal will improve Suez, but that there is much room for it is soon seen. About the most decent place in it is the hotel here, kept by an Englishman. The women of Egypt whom I now see about here cover their faces from the eyes downwards. The covering is usually black or brown, and the effect quite frightening at first—as a hideously masked face might be.

There is much to be said about the yashmak which so covers up three-fourths of the feminine faces in this land. Originally it was designed, in these despotically governed places, to hide good looks that might lead to the stealing of their possessor by any one who had the power—which is here also the right. In that way Eastern potentates robbed at will. The yashmak, so instituted, helps to give a kindly equality to all womankind when they appear in public. Pretty creatures have not in the East that supremacy out of doors which so subdues and eclipses the plain ones of the Western world. Where all is hidden but the eyes in a plain brown or black covering, there is not so much of difference visible. Most of what is said in praise of fine eyes in all the ballads made to eyes and eyebrows would not have been said if the eyes only

had been seen. In pretty faces all the features help together to the illusion. The yashmak's use saves also much trouble to poor mankind. A thing of beauty may be a joy for ever, but there are drawbacks—"compensation," some one calls it—to that joy. In some places that I passed through, which I had better not name, serious risks are run of getting a wry neck from so frequently looking back upon the visions of loveliness that one cannot choose but gaze after. That Frenchwoman would have been unhappy all her life in Egypt who expressed her misery, when about thirty, by saying that now the men no longer turned to look at her, she "knew that it was all over!"

A great change is seen in the matter of clothing between folks here and those seen in Ceylon and Hindoostan, and later at Aden. *There* an insufficiency was observable, but here more seems to be generally worn than at first appears necessary—not counting the face-covering. It is a baggy, clumsy, and cumbrous looking clothing that is assumed by both men and women. I noticed that my boatman of the dhow wore most unseamanlike and inconvenient petticoats. It is, I see, the fashion of their countrymen, and about the only thing in which they recall the old custom of the Scotch, but they have in this warm climate other reasons for it than have those of cold Caledonia.

At the railway I get a ticket for Cairo—ten hours distant. I am in the ancient world now, where distance is, as it always was, counted by hours and days only. The clerk and myself can only communicate by dumb motions, but I have got used to such trouble by this, and shall soon think language to be a thing that can be abandoned. Silence is not, however, always golden in dealing with the Egyptians, for I afterwards found that my change was something short. It would have been much the same had a guide assisted, for these fellows always take a good commission. Half a dozen assistants at this station do the work of one, and we start at any time that suits these officials. My little black bag is covered with hieroglyphics by some of them, to show that the

equivalent of two shillings has been paid for its fare, for which I insist on having it in the carriage with me. These carriages look primitive and dirty, and so are thoroughly Egyptian.

The first twenty miles or thereabout of the journey is over sand, gravel, and general sterility on all sides. The canal keeps in sight, looking like a good-sized ditch, and its water, seen occasionally, is pleasant in the wretched dryness of the surrounding scene. I begin to recall that I am in Egypt, where rain falls not, as I have heard, for a score of years together, and where the overflow of the Nile alone brings forth vegetation. Bless my simplicity! The scene changes altogether quite suddenly, and for the other eight hours of the journey the eye is delighted with the greenest of fields, brightest of skies, and balmy breezes. Palm-trees and fields that promise corn and wine, with grain of every kind, are all around as far as sight can reach. All is fresh, too, and even damp-looking some of it. It had rained the night before! What, rained in Egypt? Yes! It often rains in Lower Egypt—four or five times at least in every year—in this pleasant-looking land of Goshen. Not to give up a life-long belief, I will suppose the long droughts to be confined to Upper Egypt's territory.

The wayside towns and villages are not picturesque, and the houses mostly of the square box pattern, having no chimneys, and mud-made bricks of nasty look. At one of the stations at which we draw up I am watching our engine-driver or stoker, who is performing Mohammedan worship on a little mat that he has spread for kneeling. Quite regardless of the infidel presence of such as myself, who are around him, he has turned his face to that Mecca I had passed on the Red Sea passage, and is bowing his head towards it and repeating a prayer. If I had the faith he has I should do the same, and be all the happier for it. He is sure of heaven hereafter, and ready always to go, and says Shakespeare, "the readiness is all!"

The crowds of dusky brown Egyptians are pleasantly varied by the occasional sight of a Copt, the descendants of



an earlier and better race than the now prevailing one in this land. These Copts are a light complexioned and good-looking folk. One Coptic woman that I saw might have been taken for a native of Devonshire by her fair looks and fresh skin. There are too few of these Copts to be seen. They are a superior people, clever and artistic, and therefore scarce. The main population of Egypt are of Arab descent. The Fellahs, as the peasantry are called, are the lowest and most wretched of all the world's agricultural labourers. The unmitigated misery in which they have existed for all known time is one of the most saddening things in this miserably ill-governed land of Egypt.

This country may or may not have been settled by one of the sons of Ham, but there is evidence in support of its being so, inasmuch that the children of Ham were to be the servants of their brethren for ever. The population of Egypt has been always illustrating prophecy in that way, which probably accounts for their taking oppression in its worst forms so stoically for generation after generation through thousands of years. Nothing has ever inspired them to revolt and revolution. If such were in their nature, it would long since have been shown ; the cause for it is pitiably palpable.

At one of the stations where I am forced to dawdle away twenty minutes, I get my first drink of the Nile water. I had heard that whoever drank of it thirsted until he drank again. To me it had a soft and earthy taste—not to say a muddy one. I tasted of it again several other times, but could not acquire the longing for it that I had been so led to expect. Up the country, towards this river's source, some thousands of miles or so, the case and the water may be different. After a long walk or little exertion in the dry heat of that quarter a thirsty traveller might think ditch-water tasted equal to champagne. Until I happened upon thirsty lands I had no idea what stuff it was possible to drink, and really to relish.

Standing about at these stations I cannot but observe that a peculiar fashion of the Egyptian is to consider flies as sacred things. These insects come to my eyes in their

thirst and intrusiveness, and get cleared away as often as they come. The Egyptian, however, never interferes with them. A fringe of flies around the eye adds to its expressiveness, like to a blackened lower eyelid, but in the case of helpless infants the flies cover up the eyes altogether, so causing their disease and decay. In no place will so many one-eyed people be seen, and, noticing this horrible treatment of infants, it can be fully accounted for.

Where I now journey was the dwelling-place of the Israelites when settled in Goshen. Somewhere near to here Joseph died, and Moses was found among the bulrushes; but that is all history, which this is not. It is more important just now to note that as poultry constitutes the staple food of the land, chickens are here generally artificially hatched. The incubator is as common as the beehive, and that is a speciality of Egypt, as is now also the cultivation of cotton. That industry is due to the enterprise of an Italian—less than fifty years ago. It has done much for Egypt, in which the growing of cotton takes the place that wool-growing does in Australia. With another form of government and another ruler, this land, with its new industry and its railways, might become again great as it once was, and no land has been greater for its time than this Egypt.

The season for visitors to it is from its fine October and finer November to its delightful February and March. The English, dreading the horrors of their winter weather, then find their way here, and hasten from it again in April. Hot winds, akin to those of Australia, but quite elder and stronger brothers of the family, begin to blow in May. The months of June, July, August and September are those when travellers recall much of what they have read of the plagues of Egypt. The position even of the Khedive, with all his wives to solace him, is then not to be envied. Much of Scripture, may be, I am told, practically comprehended during those months.

I become acquainted gradually with the native kitchen at these wayside stations. The trouble is that I have to buy in ignorance and eat in the spirit of inquiry. Something that

is wrapped in vine leaves, which I took to be roasted banana, I find to be minced meat—cooked, and cooled, and so supplied to travellers, as a sandwich might be. As this is an old country, the ancient fashion of using fingers for forks is still common. My hostess, where I get my first meal, handles everything with her fingers, which accounts for the presence of water bowls and napkins as conspicuous things at Egyptian tables. But I have eaten with fingers in Japan and China when unable to do so with chopsticks, and so can placidly regard the fashion I now see.

Below Ismailia I am blessed with the company of an intelligent Frenchman, long resident in Cairo, to which we are both tending. I think him to be dropped from the clouds for my benefit, as the information he gives me in English is what I had sought in vain all along the journey. I believe in special providences, and that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. This man's advent is one of the proofs of it. Another occurred further on, at Alexandria, in which city I endeavoured to get a bank draft cashed, and was told I must be previously identified. As I knew not a soul in that country, to say nothing of the city, the thing looked impossible, and things generally very dismal. They mostly have that appearance to those in want of money. As I left the manager's room in sorrowful fashion, I was met at the door by one who addressed me by name, and whom the banker heard do so. He had met me in Australia ten years before when in a bank there, and had a catalogue of questions to ask. Before answering any I took him within, and got his signature to that draft as identifying its owner. To tell me that such aid as that was not Providential, and in answer to one's special need, is nonsense—no doctrine of chances could account for it.

My new acquaintance shortens the journey wonderfully. The hours go now quickly as the quarters went before. I learn all necessary particulars about Cairo and its people—where to go and how and what to visit, and by what means, as also where, to find the best guide—a matter on which hinged the whole pleasure of one's time in Egypt.

The Khedive is, I find, as a curiosity of Egypt, as astonishing as anything that is in it. He is a grandson of Mehemet Ali, and is nominally a viceroy of the Sultan, whom he heavily paid to displace a rightful brother. Mehemet Ali's rule was consolidated by a similar *coup d'état* to that of the late Napoleon. The whole behaviour of the Khedive is that of a burglar in a well-filled mansion. He plays havoc with the finances of the country in his Roman-emperor-like extravagancies and orgies. He borrows right and left, but principally obtains loans from the British, who will certainly never see the principal, and find it difficult to get the interest. John Bull, who has much of the milch cow in his character, lends millions to Turkey and Egypt, with a readiness that to the traveller in either land looks but blind infatuation and sheer folly.

During the Khedive's fifteen years of misrule the average cruel taxation of the country has realized nine millions annually, and he has always yearly dissipated double that amount at least. He has filled Cairo and Alexandria and the surroundings with costly palaces for the housing of his hundreds of hussies. Five of these monstrous pieces of extravagance were finished but a year or two before I saw them. Two others were then going on. Three splendid steam yachts—finer than the Victoria and Albert, in which England's Queen takes her voyages—lie, but seldom used, in the harbour at Alexandria. Under such a lord of misrule, people feel feverish and unsettled, and much inclined to follow the example of their leader. To be dishonest, reckless, and profligate is the sad result, to be seen all through Egypt, of the example of a bad leader.

This reckless sovereign and hopeless insolvent, being taken in hand lately by England, had to produce his books. Taking them as evidence for what they are worth, it appears that the Khedive estimates his land tax at a little under six millions, annually collected from less than that number of the poorest inhabitants. It is the largest income from land that is anywhere wrung from so small a number of contributors. Every date-tree in the land is assessed, and that tax yields two hun-

dred thousand sterling. The produce of railways, customs duties, and those on salt and tobacco, are set down as bringing the yearly revenue up to ten millions five hundred thousand. The expenditure is put down at just a hundred thousand less for the current year's needs.

That the candle might be burnt at both ends, and meanwhile melted in the middle, a foolish war was engaged in up to the end of '76 with the Gallas, folks who are neighbours to the Abyssinians, in which war the Egyptian's army was always getting worsted. The Khedive has to pay a heavy yearly tribute to Turkey, which he supplements by personal bribes to the Sultan—so keeping by bribery the position got by purchase. The loans he has raised have gone through many hands before touching his. He was probably nearer the truth than in most of his statements when he said that he never got more than fifty per cent. of what he borrowed—a perfect prodigal alike in borrowing and spending.

Our train has a breakdown that occasions two hours' detention near to a native village, which, with my new acquaintance, I go to visit. It is the most wretched of sights. A collection of low-built huts—mere pigsties of places, and wholly unfit for human habitation. They appear in the distance, huddled together, like so many mud-made beehives. A space of about two feet separates each of them, which is all of street that there is to these mud-mound villages. To enter one of these horrible collections of dwellings is a sore trial to the eyes and nose, as also to the sympathies of the sentimental. Every hand, down to that of the infant in arms, is held out for begging, and one cannot fail to give where there is such crushing evidence of need. There is not a vestige of furniture in these hovels. The aborigines of Australia are, all things considered, better off. In the lowest depths there is said to be yet a deeper, and so with this poor land-labourer. He is liable, I am told, any day to be driven away to a distance to work, as a slave, on public works at the slave's pay of a daily handful of grain and the lash. Mehemet Ali in 1820-1 had a canal—the Mahmoodieh canal, which runs for a dis-

tance of seventy miles from Cairo to Alexandria—dug by an average hundred and fifty thousand of these poor oppressed wretches, daily employed for nearly two years. They died in hundreds at the work, the total loss of life on the undertaking being thirty-eight thousand. No tools were provided for them. The women laboured equally with the men, and were forced to scoop the earth out with their hands and carry it away in the miserable rag of an apron that is their chief covering. Taxes are collected at any time that money is wanted. The collection is organized by officials called in gradation Finance Minister, Mudir, Mamour, Sheik Elbeled, Sarraf, and another official who carries the stick that, applied to the soles of the feet, compels payment, if torture can do so.

To the honour of the English be it said that in the public works for which British contracts were taken, which were of course paid for by British-borrowed money, the contractors refused slave labour, and paid honestly for the work done. Such was done also in the construction of the Suez Canal. It is impossible to imagine how astonished the Egyptians must have been at such fair treatment. England must get Egypt some day, if only to pay herself back something of her loans, and to protect her dearly-bought interest in the canal. There can be no one in Egypt who has to work and pay taxes but must say the sooner the better. "It is a consummation devoutly to be wished" by all who have the interest of humanity—to say nothing of Egypt—at heart.

Cairo is reached at last. Its minarets glittering in the setting sun's rays are visible long before it is reached. It is impossible to keep one's seat and one's head inside the carriage, though my French friend tells me that I shall see quite enough of it from the easier point of view to be got from a donkey's back. The station is a large one, and so is the mob of people about it—quite preparing one for the big city beyond, which surprises one by its size, as also by its busy and bustling look. All nationalities seem mixed up in it, and the endless donkeys and their drivers help to mix them up still more. The streets get more thickly crowded as

we progress, and the noise of the donkey-drivers is a distinct characteristic at once perceptible, as is also the shout of those "avant-couriers" who run in front of most of the vehicles to help clear the way. The importance of the coming vehicle is seen in the number of these forerunners. One thinks of the honours paid of old in giving to some one "a carriage and horses and fifty men to run before him."

The capital has grown from the half Arab settlement known to our forefathers into what I look on now; and not alone has the city grown! Its growth has been in keeping with the growth of the country. Though it sounds strangely to talk of old Egypt as growing, such has really been the case. Its domain has been extended far beyond its limits in the famous days of the Pharaohs, the Cæsars, and the Caliphs. Its boundaries now run to over a thousand miles from the Mediterranean, and are extending south of the Nubian desert to the country of Livingstone and Stanley—the lake region of the Nyanzas. The Khedive rules at one end of the Nile, and Gordon Pasha away up at the other.

And that is not all! 2,000 square miles have been added since the beginning of the century to the extent of its Nile mud—that arable land that was, in its scantiness, always the chief trouble of the Egyptians. The cotton crop since 1821 has been increased to 600,000 bales, and the crops have been yearly increased to eighty-fold within the same period. To this corn in Egypt, and to the eating of it, over 2,000,000 of population have been added to what the number was fifty years back.

It is not old Egypt only which is now visited. Some of the millions recklessly borrowed by its ruler have gone towards making a new Egypt at the lower end of the land. The Nile looks with wonder at the canals now cut for its waters, and the irrigation of its shores, as also at bridges spanning its width, fit in their fineness for London, Paris, or the days of Cleopatra. They stand where passengers were formerly ferried across in boats, huddled up with the donkeys they would bestraddle when landed. Under Government patron-

age an hotel of American palatial pretensions has been put up in the centre of the city. I may go there, as many do, if I do not like the accommodation of the house I am bound to—one that is identified more with old than with new Cairo, for which reason it is chosen.

“Shepherd’s”—from which Shepherd himself has long passed away—is situated pretty well in the heart of the city; a roomy stone building of wide passages and large rooms with lofty ceilings. A flight of steps leads to the entrance, and on the verandah on each side are those who sit in easy chairs, and smoke and take stock of the motley crowd that is jostling along below. At the bottom of these steps, and outside the footway, stand perpetually twenty or thirty donkeys, all tail on towards the building. As every one rides them, doing so ceases to be ridiculous, but for all that it is not with any dignified feelings that I get upon a donkey in front of all those critics sitting silently just above there under the verandah.

These donkeys have mostly immortal names. In that respect they are like to the old negro slaves of America. Not only are the great names of antiquity appropriated, but those also that are upon modern scrolls of fame. The days are over when men gain popularity in the world’s story in these parts, so that the western world is laid under contribution for these eastern donkeys’ designations. Somebody said that “to be great is to be misunderstood.” He might also have added, with equal truth, that to be famous is to give a name to an Egyptian donkey. As it was yet an hour to dinner-time at Shepherd’s, and exercise was needful after ten hours on the rails, I went out for a ride with a young American similarly inclined. The animals which were selected by him—he having had experience in the matter—were named plainly enough as Joseph and Potiphar. It was the right thing, however, so to identify one’s self when here with something Egyptian, even if only with donkeys named in such connexion.

As elsewhere, these animals are followed by their drivers,



and beaten and shouted at much in the way that donkeys are everywhere. As the skin of our feet becomes hardened and thickened by hard usage, so it must be, I think, with the skin about the rear of a donkey. It would not be in nature otherwise to stand so incessant an application of the stick. Such seems to be only necessary, however, when another than an Egyptian is upon his back. When mounted by his owner, or one akin to him, the donkey gallops along quickly enough—needing nothing of those attentions behind that make donkey-riding so unpleasant to those who dislike cruelty to animals.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE KHEDIVE'S CITY.

THE title of "Grand" is not inappropriately affixed to Cairo, which city of the Khedive, and in which he is everything, is a most confusing one altogether in its mixture of things ancient and modern. I had read about Egypt much as most folks had, and forgotten it also. Of its modern history I knew that it was a dependency of Turkey, and once governed by a Viceroy, whose descendant now strangely called himself "Khedive"—a new title, indicating a position next only to King or Queen, like that of knave. Also that its capital had pyramids near to it from which forty centuries looked down, and a river about one end of which there had always been much mystery. All that I knew about it was, however, as nothing, of which I felt rather glad.

This Cairo has, I now find, five hundred thousand of folks in it—males, females, and eunuchs—French, Germans, Turks, Arabs, English, Copts, Egyptians, proper and improper, with strays from all countries. It has no general newspaper and no police to speak of—offering in that way facilities not often met with for the commission of crime, and for escaping the consequences. In aspect it is something like Edinburgh, in having a tall high-planted citadel at hand, from which the city can be overlooked and views impressive in their strangeness be seen on all sides of it. Like Edinburgh, too, it has an old and a new town, and they show great difference in characteristics, especially in width of streets. Those of the old town are five feet, or two donkeys, wide only, but those

of the new one are never less than a hundred feet, and often much more.

About the new part of Cairo there is much that is French-like, and, indeed, the French themselves have a good footing amongst the five hundred thousand of its folks. They publish an attempt at a newspaper here in their own language, as they also do at the neighbouring city of Alexandria. The houses are tall and showy, and the cafés everywhere about are quite Parisian, especially so when at night a large number of them resound with music and song. The great square, Esbeekeyeh, which is more than half a mile in length and breadth, has several rotundas in it, in which bands play afternoon and evening. Its public garden is tastefully laid out. From a rustic tower there, built with galleries to its second and third storeys, a good look around can be obtained at the place and the people—the men with the fez, or red-covered heads, and the women with yashmak-covered faces, pink-stained nails, and blackened eyelids. The fez is, I perceive, of two fashions. One is conically shaped, like the cut-off top of a sugar-loaf; and the other, called a tarboosh, has ribbed sides and a flat top. The statue of Ibrahim Pasha on horseback here in Cairo has the fez of tarboosh style, while that of his father, Mehemet Ali, in another place, is finished off with a turban. The faithful of the Mohammedans object to these statues, as it is against their proper creed to make imitations of created things, in which even Egyptian rulers are included.

The grand hotel initiated by the Khedive for crushing those conducted by his subjects stands opposite this square. Around it are the fashionable drive and best buildings in the city. In front of the new hotel runs the road to Shoobra, a suburb some few miles distant. Driving to Shoobra is the fashionable thing to do at about the hour at which folks turn out for similar purpose in Rotten Row, London, the Maidan at Calcutta, and Posillipo road at Naples. Adown this drive the acacia, sycamore, and mulberry-trees form pleasant shelter on either side. Between them are to be seen every

description of vehicle and people. The example set by the Khedive affects the whole community. The carriages of the occupants of his many palaces half fill this drive of an evening, and it being the correct thing to do, all the fast people of the place, and they are mostly that way given, follow suit. It is well that the Shoobra road is wide. I felt sorry for those who had to wear the yashmak, when so many others, unfettered by custom, or by anything else for the matter of that, could ride barefaced—in all senses of the expression. Such a number of countesses I shall never perhaps meet with again. I've forgotten the full titles of half of them.

The road is made lively here and elsewhere in Cairo by the *Syce*, who runs before the carriage continually shouting one or the other of his three words:—*Shemallook*, "clear out to the left;" *De-mallook*, "out of the way to the right;" or *Reglah*, which is an admonition to take care of your feet. These forerunners of every carriage wear white tunics with red girdles and a fez, with a long tassel to it that reaches behind to the waist. They carry long sticks, and are really useful in clearing the way of those who walk, as folks mostly do here, in the roadways. Over-persuaded by an American stopping at Shepherd's, the company at which seem to be half of that nationality, I must needs join in a drive to Shoobra, but when I saw that only one syce ran in front of our carriage, while others boasted two or more, I felt so hurt that I stood upon dignity, and came back on a fashionable donkey. No one runs before that conveyance, and only one runs behind. On that vehicle "the poor man and the man of pride" are equal. Side by side, on that low-level back, ride priest and acrobat, the merchant who sells by cargoes, and he that peddles only dolls and monkeys on sticks. The chief gaiety about the donkeys lies in the coverings of their saddles. The vanity shown in that way is not misplaced, as the animals much need relief to the eye from their general appearance. That is mostly a dreary mouse colour requiring the gay trapping if only for distinction.

When I wonder at what is endured here under the Khedive, I am told that it is nothing to what was suffered under the Mamelukes. Mehemet Ali improved *them* off the face of the earth, and the day cannot be far off when other innovators and improvers will do the like with his disgraceful descendant. For to *him* there is no credit to be given—except for his borrowed moneys. The public works have been done with the money and by the skill of the foreigner. The palaces—rare specimens of lavish waste—are but another way of illustrating the old folly of pyramid-building. Cheops built one palace for himself when dead, and the Khedive half a score for himself whilst living! Both follies have been done by overburdening the miserable semi-enslaved serfs that make up three-fourths of the population, and to whom Egyptian bondage is as it was in olden times. Many of the new industries started have proved as unproductive as the palaces, the proof whereof is to be seen in the untenanted factories left to ruin:

Modern Egypt is Egypt veneered and varnished. There is neither of those superficialities, it is true, visible in the three-fourths toiling population of this gilded Gehenna, but it is seen plainly in the other fourth that ape European ways and manners and strut in borrowed plumes. Save the fez for head-covering, the dress worn is that of a Parisian, and quite in the latest French fashions are the costumes of the ladies. 'Tis, however, but the whitening of the sepulchres. The Egyptian in office, in business, and at home, is as he has always been. The ancient institutions of the land still prevail, and he conservatively adheres to the old foul system of his forefathers. In his house are the slave-wives of the harem, tended by the slave-eunuchs. In the home there is no domesticity, and in office and business the honesty and honour are such as are only imitated from the Khedive's example. As the Khedive sets the fashion of robbing everybody in some way or another, I am not surprised to find that the napoleon a day that is charged for hotel accommodation is but a mere initial in the charge made. What

the sixteen shillings value really did include I never knew, but everything one wanted seemed to be an extra. Of that kind were such extravagancies as eggs or chops for breakfast, and soap and candle for the bedroom. No *small* bottles of anything appear to be obtainable at a Cairo hotel. "Spoiling the Egyptians" has been practised so long that the lesson is well learnt by them. They now better their instruction, and it goes hard with the foreigner. The bills of fare at the hotels are in French, and the twelve o'clock tiffin is accordingly called "Déjeuner à la fourchette." Had the "extras" been cut out of the *menu* it would have looked a mere outline—a skeleton thing. When I came to get my reckoning at the week's end, I seemed to have been living on extras altogether, and was yet looking much as usual. To conclude on money-matters—the piastre and the para are the Egyptian coins, but Cairo is cosmopolitan in coinage as in company, and French and English money is quite common. The money-changers sit at the street corners, and one can take change according to taste.

The "bazaars" are the streets of the old town. These narrow avenues are some of them devoted to special trades—the jewellers having one or two all to themselves. They are interesting places in spite of the crowded state to which their narrow limits always subject them. It is perilous work riding donkeys up these slits of streets. When I felt that I was being brushed off, I had, however, only to catch hold of a passer-by, and so recover balance. After a day or so thus spent, one's shins and knees show many abrasions and bruises. In these bazaars the keepers of the little shops sit cross-legged behind their wares, and mostly beguile their time by smoking. The best of their goods are not exhibited, but kept on the shelves within boxes and wrappings.

Cairo is all mosques, and their pretty minarets help greatly to make picturesque the city. The call to prayer comes sometimes from the priest at the door, and at others from one higher, situated in the balcony of the minaret. The latter is usually found to be a blind man. In the early

morning this "Come to prayer—prayer is better than sleep!" sounds strikingly on the ear in the then quietude of the city. At night it is much drowned by other noises, amongst which the barking of dogs is not the least. In one of the oldest of these sacred buildings I am shown the footprint of Mahomet, which is here carefully preserved among the surrounding tombs. It has got widened and deepened with the kisses of countless believers, and is now out of all foot-shape and size.

At the foot of the citadel stands the mosque of all mosques of Cairo—a splendid alabaster building, requiring a hundred carpets to cover its floor. Taking off one's shoes to enter such a place was a matter of respect nothing out of the way. From the roof hang an endless number of chains, to which on occasions lamps are suspended. Seen without the lamps to them, these chains look strange things in the place, and nowise ornamental. One has to move about very carefully not to fall over the many devotees here to be seen about in prostrate positions. After visiting this Mosque of Hassan and that of Mahomet's footprint, curiosity about mosques is quite satisfied, and the other two or three hundred scattered about the city can be left to other visitors. A shilling is charged for slippers to infidel feet at all these places.

Near to this Mosque of Hassan is a strange old curio, called Joseph's Well, that might have belonged to the Joseph of Genesis for its antiquated appearance. It is, however, called after one of Saladin's names, as also are most probably Joseph's granaries, shown to one in another quarter. This wonderful well is over two hundred feet deep, and has a winding footway, or what was once stairs, from top to bottom. On this sloping descent, to what really seemed Avernus itself, I went down for about half way between the black brick outer wall and the black brick inner one of the well. In this latter there are openings every now and then, into which the visitor can put his curious head and see the dark abyss below, and the dark walls around, and the primitive looking buckets which the endless chain is constantly hauling

to the top, that looks such a distance away with its bit of blue sky for a cover. Coming out of the hot air above I found it quite chilly here in the darkness and damp. The sight down the well also looks very terrifying in its intense gloom and its depth. It requires strong resolution to persevere to the bottom of this strange place, and few would care to take the journey unaccompanied. The light of day and its sunshine were well appreciated on coming out of this ancient pit. It is as good a test of courage to go *solus* to the bottom of Joseph's Well and back as to go to the top of Cheops' Pyramid.

I have come to the conclusion that, in spite of contrary theories, the Egyptians are gipsies—they are so alike in several characteristics, one of which is neglect of ablutions. The guides here are dignified with the name of dragoman, but, like the rose, would smell as much by any other name. They surround the hotels on the arrival of the trains from Suez and Alexandria, and present their cards and certificates. These certificates are special things with the Egyptian dragoman. He considers the getting of one from every visitor that he has inveigled quite as essential as is his pay. They are sometimes written in a book, which is carried more carefully than a purse. Two of the three guides whom I got billeted upon at times were not apt scholars in reading English. Of that a mean advantage had been taken by some of their dissatisfied employers, who had vented their vexed feelings in sarcastically written certificates all innocently carried about and shown by the victims of them. Among the traits of their gipsy character are their swindling and thievish propensities, and that "coming the old soldier" over the simple that is so well exhibited by the feminine gipsy fortune-tellers.

In toiling up to the citadel, I find the street water-sellers to be of some service. They carry filled goat-skins or earthen jars, called *gollehs*, that have a perforated disc across the interior of the neck about half-way down, to keep out the dust. Their carriers clink together metal drinking cups to announce their presence. Water is not much wasted in Egypt.



Of course the hotel bath is an extra, and I find it specially charged at the value of half-a-crown a day. All trouble in getting to the citadel is, however, rewarded by the views from its terraces. Here is Mehemet Ali's palace, a very plain affair compared with those of his degenerate descendant who at present spoils things here. I am shown the spot where Emir Bey, the one Mameluke who escaped the feast of death to which his whole tribe had been invited, leaped his horse over the wall to the depth beneath. The wonder is not in the leap, but that he could live and run as he did afterwards, and not be killed as his horse was. Of the Arab horses there are fine specimens to be seen about the city, the breed of which is to be as easily distinguished as are the eunuchs, whom one can identify after their puckered and puddingy faces have been once noticed.

Here from the citadel, all of Cairo, and far around, is to be seen as by a bird—all its minarets and domes, as also the tombs of the Sultans, Caliphs, and the endless unnamed of Egypt, whose graves are here strewn about. On one side is seen the green land of Goshen in all its beauty, and on the other the far-stretching sands of the desert, with the everlasting Pyramids that are now so plainly visible. Away over there the dragoman points to an indistinguishable pillar as the one remaining obelisk of Heliopolis—the “On” of the Scriptures, which was visited by Abraham. Cleopatra's Needles, he tells me, were at one time companions of that now solitary pillar. There are only one or two views finer of the kind than that to be so had from this citadel. On the way back I am shown the house in which the Holy Family dwelt for two years when they fled hither to avoid the slaughter of the first-born. The family which are now here consist only of fleas; that are more alarmingly aggressive than elsewhere. The Coptic Church makes nothing of these holy places. The Church of Rome would have taken care that a fine chapel was erected over such a shrine.

Near at hand is the old Mosque of Amer, in which are the “Pillars of Salvation.” These are two columns that

stand about ten inches apart, and have their marble surfaces rubbed to a polish by the visitors who push themselves between them, as also by those who try to do so. Says the Mohammedan legend, "Whoso can pass himself between these pillars can enter the Kingdom of Heaven." With us the masculine term includes the feminine, but not so with the Mohammedans, who hold that women have no souls to go to heaven or anywhere else. On another look at the sentence it appears that, while giving assurance for ever to "slop-made" folks, it does not, for certainty, exclude stout ones. The language is that of an oracle which can be expounded to suit everybody, as can all language relative to the Unknown. How many interpretations have we not heard of the easiness of the passage of the camel through the needle's eye—all vamped up for the comfort of those who could best afford to pay for such a solace. But very few succeed in the effort to pass between these pillars. Of the three who were with me but one was flat-chested enough, and he had to strip off coat and vest. The place is not taken care of properly, nor the fees looked after as they should be. They are not collected until after experimenting, and only from those who pass the ordeal. It is about the only instance I ever noticed where folks have not to pay for their failures. I had washed in the waters of the Ganges two months before, and so wanted no such Mohammedan assurance as this of further sanctity or future bliss.

Every visitor to Cairo goes to see Ghezerah Palace. It is the Versailles of Egypt, and built and used for similar purposes. I made an exception to the rule, preferring attractions of older date, of which this land has such famous variety—everything in that way seeming to have a halo cast around it by the touches and help of Time and Fame. I go to the Isle of Rhoda instead of to gaudy Ghezerah, and look at the ancient Nilometer, by which the Egyptians have, for sixteen hundred years, studied what the Nile was likely that year to do for them—of the three things that it can do—whether it would be fearful flood, grateful fulness and requisite overflow,

or low water, and consequent famine. They watch this thing as the Dutchmen do the dykes that keep the sea from drowning their cities. It was here at Rhoda, which is a kind of holiday resort, that I saw a fair Coptic woman, who was to me in beauty as the Cleopatra of the scene, and who looked, I dare say, all the fairer from contrast with the surrounding dusky skins.

Here, also, I witnessed the infliction of the bastinado on a delinquent boat-boy. The punishment is painful even to look at. He was tied by the ankles and held head downwards, his feet laid on the edge of the boat's side. A cane was being severely applied to the soles of his feet, and it was the poor fellow's yells that attracted attention to the performance. It is the mode of punishment common to the country. As shoes are but seldom worn in Egypt, and probably never by the class that gets bastinadoed, the soles of the feet become much hardened, and so less sensitive to the stick. The wind is in that way tempered to the shorn lamb. Hereabout I was shown the plant from which the yellow dust called henna is made for reddening the ends of the nails, but until the eye becomes used to it such is not a pretty fashion. To a Western-world man it looks as if the ladies had all been scratching their skin off, and had so blood-stained their finger-nails.

Twice I went to visit the museum at Cairo, and would have gone again and again had time served. I came away from it each day with increased respect for the earlier people of this wonderful Egypt. They knew much more, very much more, than we credit them with, and had a higher civilization and more of the benefits of it than we imagine. Half the instruments we have invented, and specially the surgical ones, were common to the old Egyptians. They knew all about navigation, and discovered the Cape route and the land that it led to, some three thousand years before the Portuguese took honours for doing likewise.

They had scriptures, sacred books, written before Confucius, Buddha, Moses, or Mahomet ever penned a line—of which

books there are copies extant to this day. They kept the seventh day sacred as we do, and named, in our fashion, the other six from the heavenly bodies. They had convents and lady superiors. Their priests were ordained by those who acted as do our bishops, and were something similarly dressed. They anticipated Sakya Mouni (Buddha) in the doctrine of transmigration, and in teaching that if our souls be eternal, then they must also have been existent from all time, and that therefore we cannot be the first holders of them.

It is questionable whether these old Egyptians or the Hindoos first held the idea of a Trinity. Some thousands of years before our era, and I might say before our antiquity, the Hindoos worshipped Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, and in some such way it is said that Osiris, Isis, and Horus were regarded by the ancients of Egypt. They practised many of the things inculcated by the formulas of the Christian creed, and had prayers for the dead for those who could pay for them. Lord Westbury has done much towards taking from us "the hope" of hell hereafter, but these wise Egyptians held fast to the doctrine, though they drew their devil in different shapes from our hoofed, horned, and tailed representative.

They had preservative elixirs which made things imperishable, and they knew the arts of staining glass and making adamantine cements and mortars that we cannot imitate, and could make all their bright and beautiful paint resistant to their powerful sun, all climatic effects, and to the wear and tear of time. It neither faded nor peeled off from where placed, and is as fresh-looking to-day as it was four thousand years ago. These were the people who made the neighbouring Heliopolis a combined Cambridge and Oxford for learning, and Egypt a land to which even Greece came to learn its letters. Of all which, and a quire-full more, there is evidence in this Cairo museum, as there is in the museums of other lands. Egypt has done largely, indeed, in the way of museum-furnishing.

Here, among gorgeous mummy casings, is the wooden image of a man, the steward of some king's household, that

is labelled six thousand years old, and looking likely to last as long again. It is curious to note the lasting power of wood so shown, to which I have referred in a note on the museum of the Sundanese capital. The eyes of this image are of selected stones, set in rims of bronze. With a little touching up and a wig upon its head, it would still serve for a hairdresser's window ; and yet, reckoning by Hebrew dates, it was carved and laid away in its tomb at about the time of Adam's advent. There are more things in this museum, and still more in this land, that were before Adam's time, and others that will not square well with our chronology.

It is April, and the streets of Cairo are full of travel-stained followers of Mahomet, returned from pilgrimage to Mecca, and proud of their dirty appearance. They have properly walked so many times round the sacred spot there, slain the accustomed sheep, and slept on the holy mountain. They are all so happy. They bring back with them little articles of merchandise as well as a clean conscience, and an assurance of salvation—thus combining business with religion, as is done often in other creeds. They are about the bazaars here, trying to trade away their purchases. The birthday of the prophet happens to be concurrent with this return of the pilgrims, and it is therefore a sort of Christmas time in Egypt, and the native element is plenteously about. Booths are put up here and there like to those in an English fair, in which dervishes of some sects are dancing and howling. In another part of the city is a veritable fair, in which I see something like an Egyptian edition of our *Punch*, the female figures in which are of course yashmaked ; and there are merry-go-rounds, in which long-bearded and robed, men are riding the little wooden horses. "A mad world, my masters !"

I stay over an additional day to see the *Doseh*, which means the *treading*. It takes place near the foot of the citadel, in the Place Mahomet Ali, close to the Mosque of the Prophet's Footprint, and within view of that grand one of Sultan Hassan. Four or five hundred of devotees who have not been

on the pilgrimage are desirous of being walked over by the holy hoofs of the horse—a white animal of largest size belonging to the chief Sheik, who has been the leader of the pilgrims. They thus get the benefit from his hoofs of the holy ground that he has trodden. This horse is unshod, and is led by two attendants, who are also without shoes. The Sheik is supposed to be in a state of exaltation, and unconscious of all around. He still manages to keep his unsteady seat as the horse picks his way over the backs of the prostrate believers. These lie with their faces on their folded arms, closely packed by holy men, who walk over them for that purpose, and squeeze them together as joiners do flooring boards. Some of these devotees had been walked over by man and horse many times, somehow escaping death or permanent injury. Others, not so fortunate, suffer ruptured hearts, livers, intestines, and sprained spines. As there is no newspaper here, the report of such things does not distress the public. One of the servants at the hotel I stay at has been to the *Doseh* and been trodden upon, and yet looks well on it. Not being a Mohammedan, I could not have got walked over in this way had I wished it. I endeavoured to comply with the religious observances of all countries as tending but to one end, but this was a means of grace that I had to miss.

Of the things offered for sale at this Holy Fair-time are little bottles of the saffron-coloured henna, also miniature leathern bags of kohl for blackening the eyelids. Here are sugar-canes, cut into two-inch lengths, which every child seems to be sucking who has not got other sweetmeat. For variety there are baked beans by the basketful. The drinks—coffee, sherbet, milk, and Nile water—are announced by the clinking together of the brass cups carried by their vendors. In such a crowd as is now about, the dust renders frequent mouth-rinsing necessary, as does also one's smoking. Folks say that they smoke so much here because the air is full of an ancient and unpleasant smell. Considering the innumerable millions that have hereabout lived and died, and con-

tributed to other dust with theirs, such odours are not to be wondered at. For reasons many, and that for one, new countries such as Australia have their advantages.

Cairo is said to count a thousand coffee-houses. At most of them are the evening attractions of music and singing, to which Germans, French, and Italians are the chief contributors. The prettiest girl of the company carries round the plate and gives chats for change. I never envied the gift of tongues so much as in Cairo, nor thought so admiringly of the many-tongued Mezzofanti. Of the hundred thousand of Europeans that are said to be always in Egypt, the greater part are in Cairo, and the next largest batch at Alexandria. The dinner-table at the hotel is a veritable Babel for languages. I get among the Americans as often as I can, and they are, fortunately more numerous than other visitors, surpassing in number even the British.

“Will I go to see the Ghawazee? Everybody goes to see the Ghawazee—the famous Egyptian dancing-girls!” “No, I won’t; I am tired, and shall go to bed.” It is, besides, no recommendation of any girls that everybody visits them. You go, see their doings, and report progress to-morrow. There is much that is more famous to be seen yet, and hard work to be done in seeing it. “Dancing-girls are delusions, and not so much better than other girls after all. They shan’t keep me from sleep, whatever they are!” I am tired with exercise of all faculties in sight-seeing, than which there is nothing more tiring except it be idleness itself. About such sleeping others have yet something to say. One is the nipping but noiseless mosquito, whose attacks are a nonentity, however, to those of the fleas. These are specialities of the place—helped by the surrounding sands as a hatching-ground, the donkeys as nurses, and Egyptians generally as supporters.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### OLD WORLD WONDERS.

THERE were few aids beyond masonry for wonder-making and record-preserving in the pre-printing ages. Fame could not then be noised abroad by telegraphs and newspapers, preserved in books, and perpetuated in libraries. To tell of great men and famous deeds, or of the sham imitations of both, pyramids, vast rock-cut tombs, obelisks and huge columns were made and hieroglyphically lettered with the story. The architects, builders, masons, and quarry-slaves then represented our publishers, booksellers, printers, and writers. What is now printed on paper was then painted or cut upon stone. Those who had power or wealth used both in their lifetime to see records of themselves so built and biographically inscribed, in place of trusting to the chance of a monument to be grudgingly given after their death by those who would then divide their wealth.

The Pyramids, by which those nearest Cairo are generally meant, were built for wonders as much as for tombs. Four thousand and more years have but added for modern eyes to what they had for the eyes of the old world, and will yet have for the one to follow this. As seen in the distance, they had looked such inevitable things that they had inspired that patient waiting which is foremost of the ideas they give one. Though eight miles or so away, they look quite handy to the city as seen from its heights. Two Americans, one of whom had a name as an improver of gunnery, and the other as a barrister, had been out to these stone mountains, and I



talked with them about the matter at the hotel on their return. Neither of them had made the ascent. One of them had gone up fifty feet on the surface of the Cheops' monument, and said that it then occurred to him that he had others depending upon him, and therefore it was not right to risk anything. Comforting news so far, as I had none dependent upon me. The other said that he had been up as high as was necessary, and that enough was as good as a feast—a remark that he repeated seemingly for its originality.

“How was the ascent made?” I asked. “Could not a rope be put from top to bottom, as something for the hand to clutch?” I had read that it was like ascending a steep flight of stairs, the steps being from two-and-a-half to four feet high.

“No book tells anything like the facts!” was my barrister's answer. “You cannot go up in a straight line anywhere, but have to be dragged about all over the side and round to one of the angles in search of practicable stepping-stones—known only to the Arab guides. No rope could be made of service, and no one is allowed to go up or try to do so unaccompanied by the Arabs. To get up the five hundred feet, or thereabout, of Cheops is a job only for sailors, slaters, or Alpine climbers—a man might as well attempt to scramble over the dome of St. Peter's!” Such was counsel's opinion.

I learned further at Shepherd's, from another source, that only about ten per cent. of those that go out to the pyramids ever get to their top, that is to say, to the top of Cheops' pyramid, for none but Arabs attempt the ascent of the adjoining one of Chephren, or Cyphrenes. Referring to the books on the subject, I found very loose and indefinite language used as to the ascent. It seemed as if the writers wished to be understood as having made it, but their expressions about it were explainable either way. My legal informant added,—

“If you want to know what the ascent really is like, please to imagine the highest of walls, and against its side to pile up all the trunks, boxes, and portmanteaux obtainable—some

tens of thousands; so made, the inequalities of the sizes of these trunks will represent the rugged stones of the pyramid, and the varying height and width of its steps. The stones afford in the scrambling up nothing for the hand to grasp, and the steep steps to be taken render you liable at every step to fall backwards. At every fifty feet you have to stop for fresh wind. The odds are ten to one when you do so and look about you, if you are not used to the cross royals or to walking the roofs of houses, that your head will swim, and you will be compelled to come down. The stones, too, are worn in many places, by time and footsteps, to a slippery state. If you were by yourself, you would certainly slip, and if you did so, it would be only once!"

That was solid and practical information of a very serious sort for one given to vertigo, and unable to look over the roof of a four-storey house. It was a heavy blow and great discouragement to be in Egypt and in Cairo, and to go and see Cheops' pyramid, and not to ascend it. From youth upwards I had looked upon doing so as a thing to be done to a certainty, if the chance ever occurred of doing it. Now that the exploit looked so likely, or rather did so but an hour back, here was all hope of doing it quite dashed. "I can go inside, however," I said—much as drowning folks catch at straws.

"Yes, if you can crawl on your hands and knees for one-fourth of the way, stoop double for two-fourths, and slip about on an ice-like surface at all sorts of angles for the whole of the way, and that in pitch-like darkness and a suffocating atmosphere! If you are going inside you can practise for it at once by creeping around this room between the legs of the dining-table. The floor here is even, and not slippery, and the room is ventilated, which the pyramid is not. I would not go in again for 50*l.* and was never so glad as when I got out, with a suit of clothes spoiled and my knees torn and bruised. It took me an hour to recover myself outside, and the outer air—hot as it was—felt chillingly cold!"

The prospect was certainly getting darker, and I again turned to the books, which I found to be as bare of practical

information about getting to the interior as they were about ascending the exterior. The eloquent Warburton and the imaginative Kinglake gave no such useful information as my American friend, and but for what he said I should have gone out to the pyramids without any of the necessary ideas as to the work to be done there. Ignorance is not always bliss.

Four of us started on the journey after breakfast, going over the good road that the reckless Khedive constructed expressly for the convenience of French Royalty when honouring him with a visit on the opening of the canal. The bridge that crosses the Nile on this road is a very handsome, long, and expensive stone-built affair. Previously to 1870 visitors went from Cairo on donkeys, and crossed the Nile in boats, into which the donkeys were also huddled. The road for the last five miles of it is fringed with acacia and sycamore-trees, like that of Shoobra. My company preferred a vehicle, but for many reasons I took the more fashionable donkey way of going. Our guide informs us that after all the bother in making this eight-mile road and the fine bridge, neither the French Empress nor her Imperial son went up the pyramid, or into its interior. He seemed to think that as an insult to Egypt, or perhaps meant it as a hint to us to behave better.

The pyramids being show places, like the Falls of Niagara, are infested by sellers of curios, which are of as doubtful kind as the sapphires offered one at Ceylon, or the relics of the battle-field which are for sale at Waterloo. These Arab dealers come around us at a couple of miles from the pyramids, and press their wares as the vendors of correct lists of the races do on nearing Epsom, Goodwood, or Flemington. The pyramids, however, absorb all attention—awful structures of dark-looking stones, they now begin to show their overpowering immensity, and to sit heavily upon the mind, stilling the noisy jest, and hushing the shallow glee that had hitherto beguiled the journey.

At the house of the Sheik who has charge here, the carriage has to be left, and two or three hundred yards trodden over

the sand before the foot of the greatest pyramid is reached. It is quite a staggering sight to gaze upon its immense height and breadth, covering no less than eleven acres. The plainness and solidity of it add greatly to its heavy effect upon the mind. It is 750 feet broad at the base of each of its sides, and was 500 feet high before some stones at the top had been taken off, to make there a platform of thirty feet square. It looks, however, from the sands around, to run to a sharp-pointed apex. One gets qualmish even on looking up at the great height, but an idea occurs to me, that as the base widens out beneath one at every step upwards, it will be only necessary to keep a downward look to avoid seeing any height or depth whatever, as also always to keep one's eye turned towards the pyramid when taking a rest. Never turning round, I should see nothing of the depth, and the mere width of the building kept anything out of sight at the sides. These ideas determined me on going up.

I pay two shillings, or piastres, to the attendant Sheik, and shall have to pay two more to my two Arab attendants on returning. One of my companions elects to go up also—the other two will look on. They don't care, they say, and never did, for such things. It is a tight hold that the sinewy Arabs, one on each side, take of one's wrists. The height of the steps makes it on the average about equal stepping from the floor on to an ordinary table. Such would be good practice repeated one or two hundred times a day. The Arabs go in advance, and pull at one's arms, so jerking me up. But for that assistance there would, except to acrobats, be the danger of falling backwards, as the surface of the stones is not more than a foot or fifteen inches wide. The agility of these Arabs, who have been running up these stones many times a day from their childhood, gives one every confidence, but it cannot, unfortunately, give one breath, for which I have to stop and to pant every few minutes. The start was made from the centre of the north side, near to the cavern-like entrance leading to the interior. Seven or eight times in the ascent had stoppages to be made for clearing the

perspiration out of my eyes and fetching fresh wind. All efforts of Abdallah and Hassan to get me to look around at the fine views were unavailing, so that I got up with no feeling of vertigo, but with an inkling that the great number of steps strained at had nearly put my legs out of joint. Towards the end of the ascent the power of stepping up seemed quite exhausted. Leg-weary, I had to be pulled up by the guides, and had half an idea, which later became a whole one, that my often jerked shoulders and overworked knees would remind me of the pyramid for days to come.

Before leaving Cairo I had pocketed a flask of brandy and water, and wished when at the top of the pyramid that I had pocketed two, or say half a dozen. A glassful seemed but a thimbleful after such exertion. Some stones for seats are left in the centre of the space here on the top, and these are very welcome seats. They are carved, as is also every inch of the stones around, with the names of visitors. The professional carvers are present chisel in hand. The fee is a shilling, and any one's names will be cleared off to make room for yours—as yours will be the next day at the desire of somebody else. I saw the familiar name of "Smith" there, and as no pyramid was wanted to perpetuate *that*, I paid the usual shilling to see it cleared off and "J. H." perpetuated—for a day at least. Yet these masons are good Mohammedans, thinking their trade to be as honest as yours, and so worked daily with their little chisels in cutting away the tomb of Cheops.

I kept to these stones in the centre for a rest and a look around. Those untroubled with giddiness might go to the edge for me, and look down the awful depth. The view here is the widest that can well be had from any building in the world. Those I had from Antwerp Cathedral tower and the Kootub Minar at Delhi stand next to it. A view all over Cairo is to be seen on one side. On the other the eyes wander away to the terraced pyramids of Memphis, and to the silver streak and green banks of the Nile on another, and then far over the sands of the desert—a sight to make one

feel altogether very small and helpless. Somebody disturbs it by mentioning my name, and here, on the top of Cheops' tomb, I am met by a fellow-villager from a far distant land. One is nowhere safe from recognition—I have got quite clear as to that—if a body is to be recognized on such an out-of-the-way place as this. My welcome friend had brought a larger bottle with him than I had, so that we drank "to all friends below," which, I think, must necessarily have included everybody on the face of the earth. A few mountaineers, or folks in a balloon, if among the clouds at the time, might claim exception only as being higher situated.

Comes to us as we sit there the one-eyed Abdallah, who had helped me over the stones. He offers, as is his custom, to run down the pyramid, and away across the sands to the neighbouring one of Cyphrenes—to scramble to the top of that, and there to stand and wave his turban in token of his success, and all in the space of ten minutes! In cooler weather, three months or so previously, his time would be nine minutes, but the heat operated now as a handicap of an extra minute. In a book by a well-known author I had read of this performance as including the return of Abdallah to the top of this pyramid, but he was quite clear as to that being error, and so were we when we saw what a close thing it was to get only to the top of Cyphrenes' pyramid in that short time.

This feat was to be done for coins equivalent to half-a-crown from each of us, and to make it a sporting matter, it was agreed that it should be called a bet to that amount. To us it looked an utterly impossible thing to do, as towards the top of Cyphrenes' pyramid the smooth coat of cement was still sticking for forty feet or more downwards. To get upon and over and up that part seemed out of the question. Cheops' pyramid had been similarly covered at one time, but the cement work has long since fallen, and been mixed with the surrounding sands. The start took place at ten minutes to eleven. If he had flung himself headlong, Abdallah could not have disappeared quicker, but I could not trust myself to

watch over the brink how he rolled down. In four minutes his now diminutive, doll-sized figure could be seen scudding away over the three hundred yards or so of sand that divided the two pyramids.

Something like a black squirrel did our acrobat look next as he now made his way up the side of Cyphrenes' pyramid. It was nine minutes gone by the time he reached the edge of the broken cement, where troubles would begin. "He can never do it! It is impossible!" said the three or four who here watched him; but already he was over the edge of the obstruction, and making his way upon it by sticking his hands and feet into cracks and crevices, and probably cut holes, that were not discernible to us. He went here and there to find these footholds, and made quite a zigzag of this part of the ascent. "He has three seconds yet"—and so he had, and on the tick of the last one, he rolled on to the top, and was on his feet at once, waving one hand and unfastening his turban with the other. He waited at the bottom of our pyramid for his bet, so that it looked as if he had had fatigue enough for that morning. He said that he had never done the task more than twice in a day, and was the only Arab on the pyramid that undertook it—it was, in fact, his speciality—and a monopoly not likely to be much interfered with.

The sellers of the scarabeus and other like things found on the wrappings of mummies, come about us and unwind their girdles in which these curios are carried. The scarabeus is a little bone carved beetle, which was a sacred insect with the Egyptians. On the under side of it are hieroglyphics expressive of the name of the deceased and that of the king in whose reign he died. This thing was placed in the right hand of the dead, when embalmed, and swathed in those curious medicated wrappings which have kept intact for thousands of years. The dead Egyptian thus slept with his visiting card, so to call it, in his hand. Tombstone records soon wear out, and in a little time the stone falls and gets covered by vegetation; but here, after countless years, in this scarabeus, so held by the mummy, is the enduring record that will iden-

tify the dead. In some things we are mere savages compared to those clever old Egyptians. If a thing was worth doing with them it was worth doing well, and so their mummies were made as lasting as their buildings, and their identity as unmistakable.

In coming down from the pyramid it was only necessary to pull one's hat pretty well over the eyes, so as to see but twenty feet or so of the way down at any one time. The Arabs, as before, took hold of each wrist and timed their jumps, so that their feet touched the stones just before mine did. These two hundred and more of jumps were a shaking sort of trouble after the first two or three score, but still, easier than the labour of the ascent. Some of the jumps looked too much at a time, and so were taken gradually, by first sitting down and so dropping to one's feet upon the stone beneath. Such I afterwards found had told sadly on one's clothes, and there was not much left to sit down upon, on one of the Arabs announcing that the descent was over. Walking out upon the sand for some distance, I then look up, and cannot credit that I have been to the top of that tremendous mound—it looks such an impossible thing for one to do.

Two of those who had been to the summit were going into the interior, and spite of the madness that the other three or four said that it was, I left coat and hat behind, and with two Arab attendants squeezed, half-double, into the black hole that forms the entrance. The attendants carry each a miserable rushlight, that only makes darkness visible. The Sheik had to be paid the same fee for entering here as on going up the outside. If folks were paid to take the trouble, instead of paying, they would seldom, indeed, undertake the job. It is all stooping for the first 200 feet, and then there is twenty feet to be done on the hands and knees, after which the stooping position is resumed. Some very slippery stones are now descended, wherein footholes have had to be cut, to which the rushlights dimly direct one's steps.

The Arabs have held the candles in one hand, and myself between them with the other up to this time, but I am now



bid to stay, and mount on the back of one of them, who then goes on all fours. In that way a fearful chasm has to be crossed, of which the dim light saves one from seeing the full danger. With feet again sliding about I am hauled up some hundred or more feet of a very toilsome ascent; doubled down meanwhile in a stiflingly distressing way. My chin is so stuck into my chest that I breathe with difficulty, and am altogether in trouble. A long passage of various heights, and more or less uneven and slippery, has now to be trodden, and then, at last, I am in the chamber of Cheops' sarcophagus, which is here, empty, before me. Had it been full of water, I think I could have drunk half of it, so exhausting had been the scrambling journey, so profuse the perspiration, and so stiflingly close the little ventilated passages and this small chamber.

My handkerchief was behind in the coat left at the entrance, and I could see nothing for the stream of perspiration running into my eyes. For the promise of some piastres I get one of the Arabs to tear off half of his cotton turban, and never so highly valued any kerchief as I did that dirty but useful rag. The guides now light a magnesium wire, making the dark vault resplendent with bluish light for a few seconds, which but makes the after-darkness the more dreadful. Something handsome would now be given to avoid that toilsome journey back again, It has to be got through, however, like other troubles, and is one that is not likely to be done again. The exterior labour is but as child's play to this interior toil. Some have been known not to recover their ordinary amiability after it for a full week.

The queen's chamber, another of the holes in the interior, I left unvisited, and also declined to descend a smothering-looking and funnel-like passage, that I was told led down to the foundations of the pyramid, and looked as likely to lead down to Hades itself. The guide also vainly invited me to follow other fools in writing my name on the stones in the king's chamber with the smoke of the rushlight I carried. There was too much of the sarcastic in the thoughts that

would come to one on looking at the names perpetuated for a day in smoke on this mountain pile of stone by which Cheops had so perpetuated his for all the ages. The record is mournful enough left by one "whose name was writ in water," and the line might be drawn at that. The properly constituted mind must shrink from one written in smoke.

While such vanities were being suggested to me, I was dying for a drink, gasping for air, and the perspiration all streaming from me! In my hot hand the rushlight I was invited to write with was, like myself, melting away, and there was that weird appearance about things altogether that made one only anxious to be away as soon as possible. In time, with all the trouble of a second birth, I again emerged to a world that I had, until then, never properly appreciated. Some good Samaritan, who has experienced all my feelings, has piled up some of the stones that have fallen from the corner of the pyramid, and so made a "Cheops Restaurant" where it is really wanted. I reached his welcome shanty in the condition in which Christopher Sly exclaims, "For God's sake, a glass of small beer!" An idea of the moisture that had been lately squeezed out of one could be now formed, from the quantity required to replace it.

The foresight I had shown in coming hither on a donkey was rewarded by the usefulness of the beast to me in my now weakened state, as it carried me to the neighbouring pyramids, and through the heavy sands to the Sphinx. A very disappointing sight indeed is the Sphinx! The eye of the poet and the historian combined is required to see anything whatever worth looking at in the nearly featureless old rock, which here sticks up out of the sand. Let one know nothing of its story, and not a second glance would be given at the crumbling old stone face and neck here visible. Though over thirty feet high, the figure is dwarfed to nothing by the immensity of the neighbouring pyramids. It is not of granite, as I had read, but of limestone only, of which exfoliating pieces can be picked by the fingers from the neck. From the layers of stone thus exhibited the figure has been certainly



cut from a rock here standing. The natural strata of the stone so seen look at first like joints of different stones used for neck and head pieces, but are not so. The figure is a cut rock, of which I had seen many examples in India.

Of the Sphinx, all that one has read as visible in the half-featureless face must have been evolved merely by imagination. Common eyes like mine look in vain for the "beautiful," as they do for the "terrible" and the "eternal" in a noseless face, where the eyes have been eaten away by time, and the beard has been removed to help stock the curios of a museum. The lover's eye can see, Shakespeare tells us, "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," and he may have had this hideous-looking old Egyptian face, and the fine things said about it, in his mind when he so wrote. To imagine grand things, and then to write and rave about them, does not make them visible to other eyes than those of the courtier and the lover. Polonius could, at the bidding of the Prince of Denmark, see a weasel or a whale in the shape of a cloud; and Katherine, for love or fear of Petruchio, saw with his eyes only. But "we, who have free souls," and can say the thing we will, see with our own eyes only, and may speak accordingly.

The world, spite of all the wisdom of proverbs, will judge by appearances. I had once, set as a breast-pin, a golden nugget, which I acquired in the most romantic manner in which I ever got any gold. Any amount of imagination, such as is given to the Sphinx, might have been exhausted on its curious history, its genesis, and what 'ologies were illustrated by this treasure. The general observer, and I never met others, took it, however, only for a decayed tooth, and wondered at my wearing it. To them, all that its past might have brought to mind was as nothing to what its present would realize to the pocket. Other admiration for it could be got from none. Sermons in stones and poems in yellow primroses are mostly read by those whom one never meets with.

I sat nearly two hours looking at the Sphinx from all points of view, and recalling all that I had read of the much that had been written about it with this result—that there was no

visible cause here for such effects! The disappointment was disheartening, but had to be borne, and I have had in this world-wide wandering that I am doing to give up more cherished beliefs than that about the Sphinx.

On the head of this figure, at the crown, is a deep hole, sufficiently large for a man to hide in—to nestle, in fact, in the brain of the Sphinx. An Arab scrambled up the face of the figure—they can scramble up anything—and hides within it, coming down with pieces of the exfoliated stone, for sale as curios. Near to it has been lately made an excavation, showing a series of stone chambers that might be called the cellars of the Sphinx, which the sand will rapidly fill up again. Some millionaire, with a desire for fame, might gain it by spending a few thousands in clearing the sand away from the lion-shaped body and feet that are now covered, and then walling it around, so that the full length and the height and majesty of the Sphinx might be seen for the future. In such a way there are about the world many investments for capital, which would bring the blessings of all as interest to the donor, and longer and greener keep his memory than would any posterity he could leave.

Going about the great pyramid, outside and inside as I had done, wandering around the neighbouring ones, and studying the Sphinx, makes up a day's hard work, which is more felt the next day, and still more the four following ones. One looks back again and again, as one needs must do, very often on the road from the scene so left. About it there is, however, the comforting thought, that one may come back in a thousand years or two, and see all things there much the same. Of the two great tombs of this world—that one of the Indian Queen entombed at Agra, in the Taj Mahal, will be more pleasantly remembered, and more often recalled, by those who have seen them both, than will the rival tomb of the Egyptian Cheops.

Fanciful stories have been advanced and amplified as to this largest of the pyramids and the intentions of the builder. The same might with equal reason apply to any of the other

score or more of pyramids scattered throughout Egypt. The Great Pyramid, as it is called, is only a larger tomb than the others, and but a wonder of a tomb only. Such will be said of it by all those who have been about in Egypt, and who have journeyed much among the tombs of the Eastern world.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### UP THE NILE BY RAIL.

To Assiout, or Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, distant about 430 miles from Cairo, there are three ways of going. One is in the old accustomed way of hiring a *dahabieh*, or Nile sailing-boat, and slouching along as the wind serves and the boatmen tow ; another is to go by the steamer that now runs upon waters on which it seems quite out of place that steam should intrude ; and the third is to go by the railway which runs from Cairo along the western bank of the famous river. The steamer had been gone up some days before, so that there was nothing left for me but the rail, if I would see something of Upper Egypt.

I might have joined a party going shortly by a *dahabieh*, but then it was necessary to bespeak one, and have it previously sunk for two days that the live-stock might be drowned, and the vessel generally purified, and then to wait another week that it might be dried and furnished. Such way of going up the Nile did very well for our grandfathers, and is a two or three months' method of killing time still resorted to by European visitors of conservative notions. Time, however, makes life, and that is short, and the Nile is long, and there are so many other things to be seen in the world. Thus it eventuates that the rail is, of necessity, chosen by me for the journey.

For that excursion I am, for my sins I suppose, provided with a guide who is the incarnation of much that is detestable. That he never washed was nothing, because to wash is

not the custom of the country ; but he was a boundless liar, and thieving is no word for his aggressions upon all portable property. I thought that I was inured to all guides and their vagaries, but this one abused the privilege that they mostly seem to have in making themselves obnoxious. I recalled the greater sufferings of others in this land of Egypt, and so philosophically endured the trouble—that is to say, squabbled and anathematized all through it. I was up before my guide the first morning, and had settled the bed and breakfast bill before he came to announce that it was just twice what I had paid. “Too late, Abdul ! you must get up earlier to settle bills in that way. It is all done now.” He merely grinned, as if saying that he owed me one, and went away to meditate on how to square things in the sense of working round me in some other way.

The six shillings a day agreed to be paid to Abdul was like the daily sixteen at the hotel, a mere figurative thing, that was, like things scriptural, and Egyptian things generally, susceptible of many interpretations. Our conversation was limited by the impediment of language, which gave him more time for thought, and his thought all went to the probability of “pulling off” the next little swindle. In similar racing language, he often “landed it.” There are redeeming points in the worst of us, and Abdul thought he was doing good in seeking to magnify me in the eyes of others, quite regardless of fact. If he had had more regard for elevating his own character instead of mine, it would have been better. I was, according to his account, a lord, and had spent twenty napoleons in every village and town on the road—twenty shillings being nearer the truth. I was going to Siout, he said, to see the slaves there lately brought down from Darfour, and to make extensive purchases. When he should come, at the end of the engagement, to ask for his certificate, as he would do, what should I say for him ? Fortunately I found before the journey's end that he could not read English.

It is on the very edge of the Nile that this railway runs up, and I learn from the itinerary way-bill that I got at Shep-



herd's, that the first stopping-place of interest is at Bedrashayn, seventeen miles on the right-hand side of the river from Cairo. It leads to Metraheeny, a mere village of mud huts on the black soil left by the Nile, which bounds it on one side as do the sands of the Libyan desert on the other. Mounted on donkeys, we go out over the sands to see the wonders beyond that yet remain of an ancient world.

On the road lies a Titanic statue of polished limestone, which the guide tells me is that of Rameses the Great. It is unbroken, except at the feet—an injury that could be repaired. It is one of those massive wonders that the ancient Egyptians delighted in cutting, carving, and setting up for our astonishment. It is said to have been given to the British, like Cleopatra's Needle, and is quite as well, or much better worth removing. As the expense only has prevented this, a fine opening here occurs for a rich man to adorn a capital with the effigy of the great Egyptian King—before which all its other statues would look pigmyish indeed. It is forty-three feet in height, or rather length, and cut from one stone. It lies there on the sands, a splendid statue, with handsome features—a fit adornment for any city.

Hereabout stood the great city of Memphis, once, as Abdul tells me, what Alexandria was afterwards, and Cairo is now. It lived only to see the rise of Alexandria. Cambyses hastened its ruin, and it sank, shattered, as Thebes had done before it. Cairo, then called Fostat, took in later years its trade and people. The sands of the desert swept in and covered up the dead city, and the desert winds sang its requiem. Its buried wonders lay long undiscovered. An Englishman uncovered its colossal statue of Rameses;—the covering accounting for its good preservation;—and a Frenchman not thirty years ago dug up further wonders; that go far to fill the Museum of Cairo.

M. Mariette, now ennobled as Mariette Bey, is worthy of yet higher title, if only for the discovery, in 1851, of the singular rock-cut tomb of the sacred Apis-bulls of old Memphis. This receptacle had been for four thousand years so

well secured that its discoverer tells us the foot-prints were still visible in the dust of its flooring of those who had last trodden there! The Bull-Apis was probably not worshipped as a creator, but only as one of the Creator's works—the Egyptians thus, as some one has phrased it, “looking through Nature up to Nature's God.” What I have seen of Egyptian intelligence forbids one thinking otherwise of those who worshipped an invisible Creator-God, from whom they held that all proceeded and to whom all returned, who would judge them hereafter, and assign punishments and rewards.

By representations on the walls of this tomb, the sacred bull appeared always to have been a spotted one. With us that which is unspotted is best in character, but fashions vary with the ages. In each of the cells here cut from solid rock stood a ponderous granite sarcophagus. Records on the walls tell the names of the successive bulls, and also of those other animals in whose reigns these bulls had their day, and then died, and were here grandly entombed. They were made more of then than are the sacred cows that I had lately seen in their temple at Benares, but then these are degenerate days in matters of worship. The spotted god-bull Apis was not allowed to be seen by infidel eyes, and only at rare times by his worshippers. There was a method in that, and the familiarity was avoided that helps to breed contempt even of gods.

Here is an enormous granite sarcophagus that has been left in one of the passages near to an empty cell ready for its reception. The Titanic masons who lived in those ancient days had been called away suddenly, and have left not their like behind. It is impossible to look at such works and not recall the sentence, “There were giants on the earth in those days.” As a matter of fact there was nothing of the kind, but merely men in multitudes who worked as one, and as slaves. Those who worked at this cemetery of the bull-gods were the quarry-slaves, whose rations were a daily handful of grain, and their sole reward the scourge.

The pyramids that are hereabout are far more ancient-

looking than those seen nearer Cairo. One of them is terraced, and the cement coating has fallen, which, with the sands of the desert and the dust of countless years to help it, has all filled the terraces up so that walking on any of them is impossible. Two others of these pyramids are of bricks made of Nile mud, and look inconceivably ancient, though the pointed arches in the interior are said to prove them of a more modern date than the stone one of Cheops. My guide was so knowing about this quarter and its belongings that I suspected that all his knowledge was not Egyptian. He had got most of it, he said, from English travellers.

Resuming the journey, I have a choice of land and water views from the carriage windows, a variety which is a relief to the tedious pace of the train. The date-palms about, which are nearly all that is to be noticed in the way of trees, are not equal to cocoanut-palms in either appearance, produce, or general utility. There is another, the dome palm, only to be seen further away, in Upper Egypt, which is thought to be a superior tree to the date-palm altogether. Here, at every hundred yards or so, are sakias, water-wheels, which are worked by buffaloes. Higher up the river the sakia is replaced by the shadoof, a lumbering old leverage for raising water from the Nile by hand power and bucketful. The water thus raised by sakia and shadoof is emptied into little trenches, so graded that it runs slowly all around and irrigates the field.

All eastern nations adopt this plan of irrigation, and are thus independent of the rainfall. Here, carried out on a large scale to the fields and farms, is seen all that minute attention which the Chinese give to their market-gardens. The little clusters of mud huts that one sees here and there, with a palm-tree or two in their midst, are the homes of the wretched fellahs who toil in these fields, as their forefathers have done from the beginning of time. When the train stops at Benisooef there are to be seen on the platform those who have purchased and are eating the cold hard-boiled eggs and sour yellow bread which is sold about here, and washed

down with Nile water ; also those who spread their little carpets, and kneeling say their prayers amid all the bustle. I ask Abdul why he does not do likewise. I am not sure to this day how to take his answer, but it was, " I pray as English do—nobody sees me ! " It was entitled to the most unfavourable interpretation, as he was in five minutes afterwards trying to appropriate the change due to me out of a napoleon on the purchase of a bottle of claret.

The barber is still the doctor in Upper Egypt. Here at Benisooef he is setting a broken bone. The surgical instruments and appliances go along with the razor and comb. As the train is in no hurry at these stations I get him to cut my hair to fill up the time, while I watch the buffaloes lying in the water and the women washing clothes and girls filling water-jars. It seems to be a farthing or its equivalent for a drink here at the station from one of these *gollehs*. A girl has gone thrice down to the Nile to fill hers while I have been waiting here, and is astonished by my not taking the change out of the penny, or its equivalent, that I give her for a drink. Though her warehouse is but an earthen pitcher, her stock-in-trade is all the water of the mighty Nile, and she earns more money than her wretched father, who toils in the fields hereabouts. The railway stations thus furnish to such as her a means of getting money otherwise than by everlastingly crying to the traveller for " Backsheesh," " Backsheesh, Howadji ! " I am told that this term, used to every Englishman, really expresses contempt, and that the beggar who uses it to me thinks himself to be a superior person and myself but one of a nation of shopkeepers, which " Howadji " really implies. I had thought to be proud of the title, but now dropped it.

Passing places that are little else but names, and also the depressed valley called the Fyoom, thirty-six miles by seven, in which Nile water is retained long after the overflow of the river, Bibbeh is reached, a place that looks picturesque at a distance, but will not bear nearer acquaintance, and sadly needs the care of an inspector of nuisances. After leaving

that, we near Gebel Tayr, where, upon a hill, Abdul tells me, all the birds of Egypt are believed by the Egyptians to assemble annually and hold a caucus. One is left in charge there until the following year's gathering, when he is relieved guard and another chosen for the duty. It looks a place as likely as not for a parliament meeting of that sort.

Semalood is passed, and then Minyeh, which is worth looking at, as it is market-day there, and that business is again seen which seemed all left behind at Cairo—two hundred or so of miles in the rear. Crossing the river I am taken by Abdul to Beni Hassan, which is simply the side of a hill in which some walls are excavated in the limestone. But for the works of art upon them they might be called caves or caverns. They are, in fact, tombs, as indicated by the pits in their floors. The walls here were smoothed and polished for receiving the enduring drawings, paintings, and imitations of woodwork, and everything else that look now so intact and unfaded. In the compartments into which these walls are divided the domestic doings of the Egyptians of four thousand years ago are all pictorially set forth. The ancients lavished their money upon their tombs, instead of leaving it, as the moderns do, for dissipation by their descendants.

On these limestone walls are representations of every phase of ancient Egyptian life and all its fashions. It also offers evidence of the fancy the Egyptians had, with eastern folks generally, for writing their own epitaphs. In spite of all the proverbs we repeat against leaving things to be done by others, we strangely neglect this one, though none can know our many virtues so well as ourselves. The Egyptian was wiser, and left nothing to second hands. In Eastern fashion he built his tomb during his lifetime, and superintended its often wondrous embellishment, as we do the houses we build, in which others will live and forget us. Here is one of the records from Beni Hassan, which in the mural tablet way may be taken as a sample, and made use of. Abdul has the translation in his pocket-book. The copyright has expired.

“ I will tell my doings. My goodness was great, and my affection without limit. I never oppressed the orphan or robbed the widow. The fisherman and the shepherd I alike protected. No man did I compel to forced labour. Famine was never near me, nor the failure of bread. All my fields flourished. I distributed food around, and saw that none went unfed. I aided all alike, widow and matron. When I made gifts I never preferred the honourable to the humble.”

There is no nonsense about such an epitaph as that ! Than these and the pictured scenes of ancient local life Beni Hassan has nothing to show save the goodly view from the hill-side. The fine art within competes well with what Nature has to show without.

Passing Oshmoomen, the old Hermopolis, where the Ibis was worshipped in place of the Apis, and alligators were embalmed and entombed, Mellavee is reached, whereabouts the traveller is bid to look for live crocodiles on the Nile—this place being as far down the river as they have for their own reasons been known to venture. Here the Dome, or Theban, palm is pointed out—the first place in the journey in which it is visible. The fruit of this trees resembles in appearance stale gingerbread, and has something of its taste. The interior nut is the hardest known thing of vegetable growth. The cocoanut and the date-palms are of one trunk only and branchless, but the trunk of this tree divides at a certain height, and its branches again do the same.

Manfaloot is the next stopping place, and curious as being one which has had always to shift back from the encroachments of the Nile. It has, in fact, been more than half washed away within historical time, which in Egypt may be said to go back only to the day before yesterday—much as we think we know of it. On the opposite bank a hill is pointed out in which is a large cavern from which numbers of embalmed, mummified crocodiles have been taken, similarly as mummied kings have been served by modern body-snatchers. A little distance below here Abdul had pointed out in the hills some tombs in which mummies of dogs and cats had been found. It is to be presumed that these were favourites, and so laid beside their owners when

dead, as we see effigies of dogs at their masters' feet in the monuments in our old churches.

The windings of the Nile after passing Manfaloot give one many views of it, and some of them have a claim to the picturesque. An occasional dahabieh, with its birdwing rig, adds to that effect. The life on board these boats on their three or four months' journeys from Cairo to the second cataract and back, is quite of a piece with that of the land through which they travel—a sleepy life in a dreamy land. To put steamers on the Nile and railroads on its banks is killing to all the feelings which should properly belong to those who would see Egypt as Egypt should be seen.

Assiout, the next stage, is the capital of Upper Egypt, and is like a popular tune from the number of variations played on its name. It is Siout, Osioot, and Osyout, as well as Assiout. Of old, before antiquity began, it was Lycopolis, "the city of the wolves," which animal was its deity. It is all genuine old Egypt even now, with none of the mixed features of modern civilization that mongrelise Cairo. It shows black patches of the ancient wall that once surrounded it, over which the palm-trees can be seen that grow promiscuously among its houses. There is not much of streets anywhere in the place, which is about the last in the world likely to be chosen in which to begin business. It looks dreadfully old and dingy, unutterably poor and dilapidated, and awfully ugly. The idea of making a railway to such a place could only originate with one who, like the Khedive, wanted an excuse for raising and squandering a few more of the millions of his credulous creditors. He is absolutely extending this railway to Thebes that has so long been but a mere name, done with time, and been enfeoffed to eternity. So doing is sheer sacrilege and insanity combined.

Assiout, this chief city of Upper Egypt, with a Coptic name, did very well in its sleepy trade of supplying the slow Nile boats with what was necessary to carry them onwards to the first and second cataracts, and beyond, and in renewing their purchases on the return journey. Its main branch of

trade was, and still is, making itself a depôt for the slaves brought down from Darfoor in the interior. The white slaves are disposed of in Cairo, but black humanity finds its market here. If such trade can be in any place proper, then Assiout is that place. A reasonable being should feel glad at being sold off, or served anyhow, to get out of that old dirty and depressing town. Here are to be seen a lately-arrived batch, that will afterward be seen all about Cairo as coachmen and general servants. Those with the hairless faces and puckered features are eunuchs, and in nothing, I am told, particularly better than their fellow-men, save in the price they fetch. I am not sure whether it is not as well to be a slave in Egypt as to be called a free man—there is so little of distinction with any difference. The fellahs who cultivate the fields are robbed of every shilling they can earn, being bastinadoed also if they make complaint, and that's as badly as any slave could be used.

The poor Egyptian serf—most miserable of all humanity—scrambles with the thieves, the locusts, the birds, and the rats for the wretched produce of his patch of Nile mud. That which he rescues from their clutches the tax-gatherer and his myrmidons take by fraud and force; and the wretched robbed peasant, after years of such treatment, dwindles away to death, and, as I should think, with little regret at leaving life—a life that has been passed in a dwelling worse than a pigstye without a pig's share of food, and with harder labour than falls to the lot of any agricultural labourer.

Slavery, supposed to be put down, is only disguised, and the slave-market none the less lively because concealed. The cargoes of mutilated boys and enslaved girls still go as usual to Cairo, and are distributed about in well-known quarters. They may there be inspected by the commercial and the curious, and bargained for and bought, as of old. My guide had taken me when there to two of these depôts, in which, through him, my many inquiries are answered; and I book names, descriptions, and prices, that I might take a day or two to consider before deciding on a purchase.



Something sound in wind and limb and decent-looking in the way of humanity was to be had for 350*l.* A better article to judge by appearance, was purchaseable for 500*l.* But appearances were the sole guide, and with humanity, as with horseflesh, more than half must be taken on trust. Discrimination appears to be twice as necessary here as in the purchase of yearling racers at a stud-farm sale ; and yet one feels how utterly all physiognomy and phrenology fail to help, and how sadly deceptive exteriors are when a human being has to be bought. These ideas can, fortunately, be realized before closing a bargain. All is dumb show also, as, for want of a knowledge of tongues, there is nothing to be learnt by talk. Something seemingly as good, and certainly quite as unintelligible, as anything here shown had been offered to me in China, where humanity is cheap from mere plentitude of the article, and I had noted particulars there as I do here. It is best not to be rash in such matters, or one may be, as likely as not, sold equally with the purchases. I may find something yet better further afield, as there is much of humanity yet bought and sold in the world.

It is in theory a fine thing to picture Great Britain as posing in history for her great position—the abolition of slavery—in which greatest of her good examples America has followed her, at the expense even of an internecine war that half prostrated the nation. We are too apt to think of slavery as at an end, until we go about the world and see so much of it existing in some shape or other. In Cuba and Java the whole native labouring population are but slaves, under names which but as thinly disguise the reality as did the serfdom which Russia imposed on the veritable slaves of three-fourths of its territory, who were bought and sold with the soil. Russia only enslaved its own people, but the Dutchman and the Spaniard enslave the populations of other lands. This Egyptian dealing in African blacks and Georgian whites is but a mere peddling branch of the business.

I can get no sleep in Assiout, from the barking of the

starving dogs and the calls to prayer from the minarets all round. These calls are quite needless—prayer comes spontaneously from any one in this place. To say nothing of the dogs and the other noises, the Egyptian plague of fleas is here accountable for wakefulness. Sleep being out of the question, I went out and about—wandering into a mosque, and up the steps of its minaret, and out into its lower gallery, passing the blind attendant on the way. I was afterwards told by Abdul that I ought to have been kicked out for such desecration with shod feet. As nobody who could see me was about, I got thus a view of the ancient city by moonlight, sleeping then but little more than it does by day—also of the course of that winding, mysterious Nile, which has been the sole first cause and after support of all the cities, towns, and villages that I have seen, and of countless others that have gone, as these will one day go—that river which alone has made this land and all that therein is and ever has been.

This river, which by its surplus mud annually left on the surrounding sands makes the land of Egypt, once bore, Abdul tells me, the name of "Egyptus." The land was called after the river rightly enough, seeing whence it all came, We learn in somewhat similar way from our children to call our wives "Mother." Though the Egyptian monarch Nileus is said to have rechristened the river after himself, the land held to the old name. There is another stream in America, equally mysterious with the Nile. The difficulty with the Carson there is not to find whence it comes, but whither it goes. At the "sink of the Carson" that river, and another similar one thereabout, sink away somewhere in a manner the most mysterious.

This Siout has succeeded to Girgeh as the capital and residence of the Governor of Upper Egypt. I ought, according to the practice of toadying travellers, to call on him, and give here an account of little else beyond the immense reception I should receive. I call, however, at the post-office in place of the palace, and learn that it is the last thing in the

postal way to where Livingstone and Stanley met each other in the wilderness. I stand, therefore, on the boundary of civilization, if such a term can be applied to modern Egyptian society. I have been beyond newspapers since landing in Egypt, and here, in a step beyond Siout, I am beyond post-offices! As I am not yet sure of getting further that way by other means, I walk a little way southwards out of the old town to realize the sensation.

The lion show of Siout, beyond the slave depôt, is the catacombs of the old Lycopolitans, who cut cupboards for their dead in the rock that makes a background to the antiquated town. These caves and their carvings and embellishments have been spoilt by the use that the natives have since made of them as dwellings. In that way they have been smoke-blackened and defaced. In little tombs adjoining the larger ones the worshipped wolf of Lycopolis was also here embalmed and entombed. In this land they preserved everything, and mummified half the mammalia. I can't blame them for deifying wolves and bulls, crocodiles, birds, and beetles. I have seen myself such strange things petted, that between now and then is only a change of fashion, and I know some who would now embalm their pet pugs.

As a memento of Assiout I got from the headman of a Nile boat lying there a fine *scarabeus*, found lately in one of the mummy pits higher up the river. These things are found as seldom as pearls are in oyster shells—every mummy does not hold one. I am to pay for it at Cairo, on the Museum folks there certifying to its goodness. They do that afterwards, and also translate its "cartouche," or hieroglyphic inscription. By that aid I learn something of the curious old being who held in his dead hand for four thousand years this strange little beetle-shaped bone, and whose feet had probably trodden this old Assiout and still older Thebes. Our bones crumble in their coffins, but this little bit has been washed in some cunning Egyptian elixir of adamant, and so defies time.

Here ended Al Abdul's engagement, as I should now wait for the steamer, or return downwards by the rail. If the

former had passed upwards I should, perhaps, miss seeing Karnak and Luxor, and the other sights of the once hundred-gated Thebes. To allay my weeping on that point Abdul says,—

“What matters? You are going after this to Alexandria, and thence to Palestine and Syria. You will there see Baalbec, the ruins of which are on a grander scale than those of Thebes. They will be more of a surprise also, if you miss seeing these Egyptian ones. Come here next year, and go on by railway.”

It was so distressing to think of seeing Thebes on a return ticket, that I more than ever wanted to get there before the railroad did, but there seemed no help for it. Abdul's next clenching remarks seemed to finish the matter: “If you catch the steamer, you go by steam: and what difference between steam on water now and steam on land then? What is to be seen will look much the same whenever you come. There is no hurry to see Thebes. When the railway is completed the Egyptian Great Exhibition will likely be held there, and then you'll have to come!”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### AN AWAKENED CITY.

THE distance, between one and two hundred miles, from Cairo the grand to Alexandria the Great, can be traversed, like to the rest of Egypt, by land or water. Before the railway connexion now made the choice was mostly in favour of the water-way, but now the rail has no rival, and the canal is insoluble. It is curious to see what antipathy that old form of conveyance bears to the new one. The camel hates the iron horse, and will not be conciliated. On its approach he has to be tightly held by those whom he often drags for some distance, until the puffing abomination has passed. His dislike to it is the genuine one that I have seen shown elsewhere in the same way by an old stage-coachman. If escape cannot be otherwise made from the sight of it, the animal determinedly faces round and turns its rear to the engine in a grandly contemptuous manner—so remaining until it is out of sight and hearing.

In like manner I have seen at the opera a good old dowager, taken thither probably for annoyance by her son-in-law, turn angrily her back to the stage when the pet of the ballet, with little to speak of in the way of dress, came bounding upon the boards. It is the protest of the ancient against the modern. The camel is, however, in Egypt the right thing in the right place. Railways and steamboats, as new things, are not so. For him is the land, and for its waters are the dahabieh and kangia. It was forbidden hereabout of olden time to "put new wine into old bottles."

Novel delicacies are offered to one at the stations on this line of rail. Green peas in the pod and salt cream-cheese are two of them. As there are no refreshments worth taking at the stations here, and I only saw them offered at one, the barefooted little restaurateurs who carry about these things are much encouraged. I am beginning to think that Nile water is nice by this time, and have got quite used to swallowing it out of the neck of the big earthen decanter in which it is carried. By way of washing the mouth of it before a drink is taken, fully half the water gets spilled on the ground. The Nile is, however, proverbially plentiful. On Shakespeare's authority, you cannot "drink up Esil," any more than eat one of its crocodiles.

The custom-house folks gave me no trouble in entering or leaving, any Egyptian port. They are supposed not to allow antiquities to be taken out of the country, but they can be blinded by bribes. Covering the official eyes with piastres one might even walk off with an obelisk. In reply to the question if I had anything in my hand-bag, the answer of a half-crown seemed quite sufficient, and saved all search for a secreted mummy. I was let pass for that much without trouble, even with such an antiquity as a scarabeus four thousand years old hanging to one's watch chain. It is satisfactory to do business with folks open to reason, and the Egyptians are much that way—these "heirs of all the ages," and their wisdom. They are *that*, if any people are; but, as with heirs generally, their inheritance seems to have been wasted.

Eight stations, mostly with unspeakable names, are passed on the road. The most interesting place between Cairo and Alexandria is Rosetta, famous for the "Rosetta stone," by which the key to deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics was found: and also for the retreat into that village of the British forces in 1807 in their then unsuccessful expedition. There is no station, however, at this place, which is merely pointed out to the traveller in the distance, from which it has, like to many other things so seen, a pleasing look.

The rail brings one to the modern part of Alexandria, or

perhaps it is better to say, as so much is modern, the best-built part of it, where the streets are wide, and the stone-built houses all of latest date. The roadways are flagged everywhere in the fashion of the sidewalks of other towns. Such must be severely punishable to the feet of horses; and even a fall from one of the donkeys cannot be pleasant on these flags. The tall stone-built houses give to this part of Alexandria a stately, staid, and dull appearance, wanting in all the pleasing astonishments of that part of Cairo in which one is landed on going from Suez. There is much in the effect of a first impression, and that made by what is here seen of Alexandria is of a very negative character altogether. For the which I feel sorry! There is no city in the world into which one should enter with feelings of greater interest than this awakened old city of Alexandria, to which the name of Great as properly belonged as to its builder. I am not, unfortunately, of commercial instincts, but yet feel intense respect for a city of which, among its many titles to fame, are these, that, ere the tide of the world's traffic was diverted from its shore, it was first of commercial cities, the warehouse and treasury of the produce of all the eastern world, and also, in its famous library, the great storehouse of the world's literature.

Alexandria is thus entered by rail at a point furthest from its water-gate. It is hereabout called the "Frank quarter," and has much of a Frenchified look about it. Down by the harbour the streets narrow, and things approach an Oriental—an old Alexandrian—appearance. On my way down thither I pass through a large square decorated with an alabaster obelisk, an equestrian figure of Mehemet Ali, banks, consuls' offices, and hotels. Very cosmopolitan is this awakened Alexandria. The tide of the world's traffic, turning again to this quarter, has left a zoological-like collection of humanity upon its shore. There are people here from all parts of the world, and not a few that the world would be all the better for being rid of. About this new part of the city there is a decided emptiness, space, and lack of business and bustle, very apparent to any one who has come to it, as I had done, from

busy Cairo. But the newly awakened Alexandria is stretching itself after its long sleep, and growing also, which accounts naturally enough for spareness of form. It will soon fill out rapidly enough, judging by the evidence of the past few years; and though not yet of half Cairo's population, will yet, in racing language, run that capital hard.

I get the blessed boon of a volunteer guide in the person of an old Australian friend, who is better help than a dozen hirelings. We exchange notes. I can tell him principally of a city that has no history beyond forty years, and he tells me of this one that is all history itself. Every spot hereabout seems haunted ground—redolent of memories more or less pleasant, but all of landmarks in the world's course. St. Mark and St. Catharine were here martyred, which gives something of a scriptural and sacred character to it. A philosophic and classical one attaches to it in Aristotle's having once walked and taught here. To Englishmen comes a patriotic feeling of some questionable sort from their St. George having here lost his life. From Heliopolis hither came and settled Egypt's great school, to which gathered philosophers and mathematicians from all quarters. It was the abiding-place also of such fathers of the church as Origen and Athanasius, who here warred and worried with the schisms and heresies then fashionable. It was the metropolis of the world—the London of its time. Alexander well deserved, as its founder, to be brought hither from Babylon in the coffin of gold in which he was here buried. Even Rome, with characteristic modesty, admitted Alexandria to be in greatness only second to herself, after which there is no more to say on that head.

And yet another word or so must be said. That coffin of gold was not allowed a long rest. A glass case, in place of a golden one, was considered better for the remains of Alexander, and the honour of the exchange—which, I daresay, was held to be no robbery—is divided by historians between two kings. In that old Alexandria of fifteen miles circumference there were as many bond as free, though the slaves did not count in the census. A curious return of its belong-



ings was made by one of its conquerors, who reported of it as "The Great City of the West," and as containing fifty thousand Jews "paying tribute," which is supposed to have been something beyond ordinary taxes.

What is more astounding than the large Hebrew population is, that it was said also to contain four thousand theatres, four thousand baths, and the same number of palaces, as likewise the singular item of "twelve thousand shops for the sale of vegetables"—items that are not to be understood in modern times, but which help to an idea of the immensity of the city. London does not contain fifty theatres, and throwing in the music halls would not give more than a quarter of the number of theatrical houses so attributed to Alexandria. Folks then would appear to have given themselves inordinately to bathing and the drama. I thought I had seen palace-building run to a head in Cairo, but ancient Alexandria must have had kings who in that way were of a hundred Khedive power. In theatrical matters the modern Alexandria is almost nowhere.

Nothing remains here now but the locality of that wonderful library of nearly a million volumes, the destruction of which humanity has ever since mourned. That Vandal, Caliph Omar, who thus destroyed nearly the literature of the old world, lighted with it for six months the fires of the four thousand baths of the old city. Although history is said to repeat itself, it is satisfactory to think that it cannot do so in that matter of book-burning. No second Omar can destroy the literature of the present world, though the bigoted reasons given for doing so animate to this day the narrow souls of thousands such as he. To destroy all books save the text-book of one's creed is not the way to increase or strengthen belief in it, though the world is still full of fools and fanatics who would readily demonstrate their folly in so doing.

Two miles of sepulchres are to be seen near the city, only of late years uncovered. They are hewn out of the solid rock, and show much artistic labour. In these the ancient Alexandrians were pigeon-holed. Similarly lately discovered are the so-called baths of Cleopatra, with which she had perhaps no

more to do than with her famous Needle. The ancient city's remains are used as a quarry for the building of the present one. In this utilitarian pursuit of building materials the wonders of Alexandria the Great are being from time to time turned up. In addition to its double harbour, divided by the Isle of Pharos as a breakwater, the city has an immense sheet of water which is mostly to be seen on its other side.

It is not always on view, as this Lake Mareotis, of a hundred and thirty miles in circumference, is filled only by the overflow of the Nile, and at times dries up. It then leaves on show the salt of the sea-water with which the British flooded it at the beginning of the century. In their then contest with the French, that was done to cut off land communication with Cairo. The lake was then dry, and had been so for a great number of years—the influx of the Nile having been stayed, and the large bed of the lake spread with villages. As it lay below the level of the Mediterranean, the intervening sand banks were cut through, and the labour of nearly ninety years at once destroyed. Nelson had a few years before done something more creditable to British arms in winning off this port the battle of the Nile. The salt-water has been now shut out, and the lake gets its supply as of old from the overflow of the Nile ; but when, in the dry season, its water evaporates, the salt left by the sea so many years ago glistens again like snow in the sun. It is then a white-spotted reminder to the British, much in the way of the red spot on Lady Macbeth's hand, of the hundred or so of villages destroyed by their doings.

The hotel-keepers have the same crotchety ideas as to charges and "extras" as those of Cairo. The manager of one of them is kindly explanatory when I kick at the account rendered, and seek to tax it. He says,—

"You come to the dearest of countries for a traveller, and to one in which the government robs everybody, and then you complain that we do a little in the same way!"

There was an honesty about the explanation, if not about the account, which made me apologize and pay pleasantly.

To be robbed on royal example was soothing, if not satisfactory.

On the way down to the harbour the city presents a busier appearance. The streets lose all width and regularity in this, which is termed the Turkish quarter. The lattice-work of many of the windows, and the form of the archways seen here and there, with other noticeable points, tells one that it is rightly so-named. The verandahs are thatched with matting which has, in most cases, become decayed, hangs about in strips, and gives a rag-fair look to the frontages. The irregularity of everything here is well accounted for. Alexander had the plan of the city drawn out and chalked down. The chalk, running short, was supplemented by flour, which the birds scattered and messed. The building, however, went on as much as if this muddle had not occurred. It is satisfactory to get such necessary explanations of things.

Of a very low character, a true water-side and port appearance, do things become as the harbour is neared. The donkeys, donkey-boys, and boatmen are here in abundance—the most importunate, impertinent, and bullying of their class. No negative answer will be taken by them. If you won't hire a donkey, a phalanx of them is placed broadside on to bar your way. An acrobat only could vault over them, and so save himself the trouble that I am put to in walking in and out and around them. I begin to wish that the English, on evacuating Egypt after their victories here in the beginning of the century, had not got from Mehemet Ali that permission, which they did, for all the British to have in future "liberty to ride in saddle" in addition to the free use of the harbour here. Such liberty having been given, its use seems to be construed by the donkey-drivers as imperative on the English. Until my Mentor so explained the matter to me, I could not imagine why I was not permitted the quiet exercise of the dearer British liberty of walking about at will.

In this harbour lay two of the finest royal yachts that can be seen anywhere. They are as costly as the Khedive's palaces, paid for in similar manner, and equally disgraceful in

their cost, misuse, and disuse to their owner and his wretchedly impoverished nation.

Of the existing remains of the ancient city, Pompey's Pillar takes premier place. Standing on high ground, and being itself a hundred feet or so in height, it is conspicuous by all land or sea approaches, and might be made the trade-mark of the city. It is the prettiest of columns that the world can show, though but a toy ornament compared to the majestic Kootub Minar at Delhi. The shaft is of red polished granite, a monolith of seventy-three feet, and in excellent preservation. The handsome pedestal and Corinthian-looking capital are of grey granite, and the whole effect is one of much elegance. There are no inscriptions or hieroglyphics upon it, although in certain lights one is said to be visible in Greek character, dedicatory of the pillar to Diocletian. Ship tar has been much used about the pillar and pedestal by those who have thus left a dirty record of their visits and disgraced the ships whose names are here smeared.

Some ships' officers and midshipmen are here now, beguiling the monotony of ship life in the harbour by making an ascent of the pillar. A kite has been flown, to the thick string of which a rope has been attached. The string has caught in the ornament of the capital, and the kite has fallen on the other side. The rope pulls up a rope ladder by which the summit can be reached by those of seaman-like heads and legs only. The unenclosed top has, they tell me, standing room for a dozen, though it appears in its height only sufficient for about that number of squirrels, who alone could feel quite comfortable there. This pillar has had several narrow escapes from destruction. The curious Arabs dream of buried treasures beneath everything of great character. For that reason a scoundrel of their race caused the great Pharos—the father and king of all lighthouses—to be pulled down in the harbour here, with its wonderful mirror that destroyed ships by burning-glass power, superior in destructiveness to all torpedoes. And for similar reasons they have several times been caught burrowing away at the foundations of this pillar. It

is still unfenced, and it is to be hoped will be better guarded as Alexandria gains in greatness.

And here, on the edge of the sea shore, famous as anything in all the land of Egypt, lies Cleopatra's Needle; soon, thanks to the enterprise of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, and the skill of his engineer, Mr. Dixon, to be removed to London. It is away, however, from the harbour side of the city and all the traffic. Near to it is standing the companion column that formerly with itself decorated the water-gate of Cæsar's palace when Rome succeeded Greece in occupation here. It is not known what caused the prostrate one to fall. Its companion leans more than a foot out of the perpendicular, and stands but on three bronze claws, the fourth one having been removed. Why it should not rest on its own base, on the broad pedestal beneath, instead of being raised eight inches from it by these supports, is a question, as also why the missing fourth claw is not replaced. When, in a few years, it shall fall, may all the Egyptian gods help anything in the way of the three hundred tons of granite, seventy-one feet high, that will then come crushing to earth!

These gigantic obelisks were quarried at Syene, away up the Nile some hundreds of miles. It is said that they were detached from the rock in which they were quarried by wooden wedges inserted in holes cut for the purpose, which wedges were afterwards wetted. The swelling of the wood by that means set free the monstrous block, which was then floated down the Nile between flat-bottomed boats. At Heliopolis this prostrate one now here in the sand was with other three set up by Thotmes the Third—the Pharaoh that held the Israelites in bondage thirty-four centuries ago. It was then appointed to receive "offerings of bread and beer," as if it were a sentient being. When removed to London, it will not need to run short of the latter kind of offering. Heliopolis, though it taught Moses "all the learning and wisdom of Egypt," was a mere nothing to London in the flow of beer.

In a similar way to that in which Shah Jehan has got pushed in alongside his famous wife in the Taj Mahal at Agra,

other kings than Thotmes have crowded their names on this obelisk. Ramses the Second, otherwise Sesostris—for kings and everything else in Egypt have many *aliases*, and so confuse historians—has added a side line of inscriptions to the central one. These inscriptions, twelve in number, record the usual nonsense, to which nothing is so comparable as the trash that Spiritualists get from the departed great. Ramses, it appears by these hieroglyphics, conquered everybody, which can be believed when one reads further down how easily it was done. It says that his glance sufficed to annihilate his enemies, and that no one dared look on his frown. A man like that would be handy in warfare, but it is perhaps as well for fair fighting that he has left the world. A third king, Sethi the Second, has also added lines of hieroglyphics telling similarly of his wonderful self.

This obelisk will next receive some letters of plain English, wherein future ages will read that they commemorate Dr. Erasmus Wilson, whose exploit of again removing this granite block will be duly recorded on it. The fate of these monstrous monoliths—one left at Heliopolis, one on the sands of Alexandria, one removed to Paris, and the fourth going to London—reminds one of the family that were said to have grown together side by side, and filled one home with glee, whose resting-places were scattered far and wide, o'er mountain, stream, and sea.

Cleopatra, whose name has been thus appropriated, had as much to do with these monoliths as Pompey had with the pillar, or Amerigo Vespuccius with America, or St. George with Britain, or St. Vitus with any dance. Before I can look at the Needle, that lies in the sand in a sort of trough that its own weight has made, I must get the dirt and deposits cleared off it, which one who carries a water-skin offers to do for a gratuity. He uses his girdle as a broom, and for an additional shilling washes the upper surface of the pillar, using his hog-skin of water for that purpose. This pillar is not so long by some feet as the standing one is in height. It is seven feet wide, and the same deep, at the base, and bears on each side

three columns of hieroglyphics, of which translations have been made, thanks to the discovery of the Rosetta stone, and the way of reading its inscription, which furnished a key to this curious picture-writing. The last of the twelve inscriptions may be taken as a sample of the whole. It reads awkwardly enough, even in the best translation I can find of it:—

“The Horus, the powerful bull, son of Ptah-Tanen, lord of the upper and lower country. The King of the South and North, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, the hawk of gold, rich in years, the greatest of victors, the son of the Sun. Ramessu the Second, the beloved of Amen, leading captive the Syrians and Libyans out of their countries to the seat of the house of his father, lord of the two countries.” (The rest will be read as a signature, with the titles added.) “Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, Son of the Sun, beloved of Amen, beloved of the Shu, the Great God, like the Sun.”

The Americans have, it is believed, expressed a wish to have an adornment to their capital in one of these obelisks. The solitary one here standing on the sands, away from the city, seems, like the last rose of summer, sadly in want of removal. It is a mere matter of coin with the Khedive, who cannot look upon his hold of Egypt as at all secure, and will be glad, no doubt, to realize on anything portable, and productive of cash. On equitable terms a pyramid might, no doubt, be similarly obtained—there are plenty about in this country which seem but to encumber the land they rest upon.

The prostrate Needle was given to England by Mehemet Ali as far back as 1824, but *John Bull* has been too busy adorning his land with railway-stations and factories, to think of such fanciful fads as obelisks cut in the days of Thotmes the Third. The British were to consider that present as a *souvenir* of their successes in Egypt, and of that glorious campaign of which the Battle of the Nile formed a part. Britain has found that the paying the costs of these successes has been quite enough by which to remember them, and so let further expenses, in the way of vanity, stand out of the income-tax. The “wealth of patience” has been well shown in so doing, for here has come to the fore the rich man who, for a

wonder, sees the proper way of utilizing his riches during his lifetime.

England and France will, in their capitals, adorned with ornaments from this land of Egypt, be a long way in the rear of Rome. That museum-like capital has a round dozen or more of obelisks purchased or pillaged from this country. Those who go to the eternal city from its western side are not so much impressed with an idea that they have seen everything in it elsewhere as are those who travel to it, as I did, from the East.

It is impossible to avoid talking of ancient matters when speaking of Alexandria. All its greatness lies in the past. The old city of six hundred thousand was represented in 1820 by one of six thousand, and the representatives of the four thousand baths of the past time can be counted on the fingers in the present. Since Mehemet Ali's time it has suffered a recovery, and has now thoroughly awakened from its long sleep. In 1850, its population was a hundred and ten thousand civilians, and is now set down as over double that number. They are a mixed race from all parts of Egypt, as also from the Barbary Coast—Arabs, Turks, Albanians, Syrians, Greeks, Jews, Copts, and Armenians. A motley and a quarrelsome people. These may all be called the native race, as contradistinguished from the Europeans, settlers, and visitors. The Arabs are largely the landlords, and the shopkeepers show respect to that Greece which founded Alexandria and made it glorious by lettering their house-fronts in Greek characters indicative of their trades.

An immense breakwater, two miles long, has been constructed to give additional harbour accommodation to the vessels which will use the neighbouring new canal. All British troop-ships on their way to and from Bombay put in here. The shipping in the port is indeed mostly English, and its trade generally is said now to exceed annually twenty millions sterling. Ibrahim Pasha, an infinitesimally small son of his great father, Mehemet Ali, contributed his improvement to Alexandria. On his return from a European visit he showed



what great observation he had exercised in the way of reforms for the good of Egypt—he numbered the houses of each street up and down in English fashion!

It is worth noticing that Alexandria attained to its greatness when the traffic of the Eastern world went that way, and died out when the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope opened a new route. The opening of the Suez Canal has again reclaimed the traffic, and no more Indiamen will go round the Cape. To and from Australia also, of which land the old Alexandria knew nothing, the favourite way will be by the new canal. Alexandria thus bids fair again to be the Great—of which the immense increase lately in its population is some practical guarantee.

Having looked at the land that gave Greece its letters, I go to glance at that neighbouring one which gave Rome its religion. India and Egypt, though of unknown antiquity, still hold up as nations in the way of the world. That Syria, to which I am bound, has, however, long since given up the struggle, satisfied to repose on its past greatness. As a *souvenir* of great Egypt, I get a small plaster cast of the famous Needle which so long lay, in rocky strata, beneath its surface, then decorated for ages two of its great cities, and now, with the patience of all things Egyptian, takes a hundred years' horizontal sleep on the sands, awaiting the next move in its life eternal. This model of it goes neatly into a hand-bag, and in a distant land will serve for a chimney ornament. So to recall great memories may seem puerile; but then it is by trifles such as a broken coin or bits of hair, as found around the cold necks of our best and bravest, that the dearest remembrances in life are ever treasured!

PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### LAND OF THE CROSS AND CURSE.

TO the double title of Cross and Curse thus given to the land of Palestine, I might have added the Crescent that so afflicts it, and is as the outcome of the Curse. To travel in this ghostly country the dragoman provides in a way that savours both of barbarous and of Puritan times. Tents, a canteen, mules and muleteers have to be taken, as also fire-arms that are worn during the day's ride, and hung up in the tents by night. The other Puritan resemblance, beyond the boot, saddle, and pistol, is the Bible, which is carried as the guide-book to this land—a land which is holy in name, thought, and theory only. In other aspects it is now the unholy country, and so provocative of additional curses as to account enough for its wretched condition.

Leaving Alexandria in the early morning, Joppa should, all things favourable, be reached on the day after, if the steamer did not stay a wearisome day at Port Said, so protracting the landing to the third morning. It is almost an insult to a Holy Land pilgrim to detain him a day at such an unholy place as that port. Any one who has been reading up for the Holy Land out of its one and only proper guide book feels in Port Said something as unhappy as Christian and Faithful must have felt in Vanity Fair.

The sight of Joppa from its seaward side is very picturesque indeed. The stone houses stand close together, and tower up one above another on the side of a cliff or hill, in a castellated fashion that has an impressive effect when linked to the thought

that one is looking at the second oldest city in the world. The landing is difficult. The half-sunken rocks form a sort of breakwater, and there is but one passage between them. In rough weather it is not to be attempted. Through that way I have, however, to go in a passenger-boat, and have a rough time of it over the bar. The water dashing over the side disturbs my thoughts of Jonah, who passed through this very passage on his famous whaling adventure. They call the town Jaffa and Yaffa now, but it is Joppa to everybody who thinks of its history, call it what they may.

At Cairo I had agreed with three genial Americans who were bound to this Palestine port, thence to go up country to Jerusalem, Jericho, and the Jordan, across to Damascus and Baalbec, and so away over the hills of Lebanon, down to Beyrout, there to take ship again. Such a journey promised a sight of most of the wonders that Syria has to show. I begged to be added to the party, and so economize expense, and obtain company in a journey where this is essential for many reasons. Palestine, it is needless to say, is that half of Syria which is nearest to Egypt—the southern half—“from Dan to Beersheba.”

A dragoman had been engaged, who was to supply tents and mules and a canteen, and be guide and providore for thirty-seven days certain, and longer if necessary. He had been recommended by our consul at Cairo, and was but just returned from a Nile trip in a dahabieh, with a party of English gentry, whom he had been for three months piloting to the second cataract and back. We interviewed him, finding him to be a very desirable guide, and learnt,—

- 1st. That the land of Syria had no hotels in its towns and villages.
- 2nd. That it had no roads.
- 3rd. That it was impossible to take wheeled vehicles through it.
- 4th. That the modes of conveyance were camels, mules, and horses.
- 5th. That “miles” were not mentioned there, but that distances were measured by hours and minutes.
- 6th. That it was best to travel on horseback.
- 7th. That where not safe to travel unguarded, a Bedouin sheik would be engaged belonging to

the district and the tribe through which we had to pass. 8th. That every traveller must carry conspicuous side-arms, as otherwise "backsheesh" would be sometimes demanded and enforced instead of merely solicited. 9th. That we should want green-lined umbrellas and green spectacles, much of the journey being over barren rocks and sandy country that reflected the noonday glare of the hot sun. 10th. That we must take but a small bag of luggage each.

All this did not look very encouraging, but then no good thing was ever got without trouble and difficulty. The good things to be got out of the proposed trip were—that henceforth the lands of the Bible would be familiar to us as our own village and its surroundings; that we should see "the city of the Great King"—Jerusalem itself—and journey onwards through places whose names and characteristics were through the ear and by the mind's eye more familiarized to us than those of our brothers and sisters; should see the oldest city of this world, the ever-green Damascus, and the ruined Baalbec, and so pass downwards over Lebanon to the seagate of Beyrout, and have thus seen Syria. That was something worth taking trouble about, but was as nothing to the stupendous other attractions which Palestine presented. We should see the holy places—the shrines to which countless thousands of pilgrims had journeyed and worshipped. Amongst such were the manger at Bethlehem, the village of Nazareth, the baptismal Jordan, the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the house of the Last Supper, the Via Dolorosa, Calvary, and the Holy Sepulchre. That was worth trouble. It seemed almost a pity that anything should be accounted trouble in connexion with such sights as these and the thoughts they engendered.

Having agreed on the journey, the next step was to agree on our agreement. That was now put into writing, helped by the draft form of such a contract borrowed from the consul. As this agreement with a Syrian dragoman for a Holy Land journey may be of interest, and its information useful, I give its terms:—

“Memorandum of agreement made at Cairo, Egypt, between Joseph Scott, Nathan Preston, and William Prebble, of Chicago, United States, and J. H. of Melbourne, Australia, travellers, of the one part, and Hassan Saarcor, of Alexandria, dragoman, of the other part, whereby the said parties severally agree and mutually bind themselves as follows :—

“1. The said parties of the first part engage said party of the second part as dragoman, or escort and providore, for a period of thirty-seven days, for a tour through Palestine and Syria, including visits to Joppa, Ramah, Ajalon, Mountains of Judea, Plains of Sharon, David's Brook, Emmaus, Jerusalem, Siloam, Bethany, Bethlehem, Jericho, Jordan, Dead Sea, Mar Saba, Bethel, Jebah, Shechem, Nazareth, Tiberias, Jacob's Well, Baniyas, Kiaffa Carmel, Hasbeyah, Meisaloon, The Hauran, Damascus, Sirgayah, Baalbec, Zahleh, Sowfar, The Lebanon, and Beyrout.

“2. This Agreement to commence from the landing of all parties at Joppa, to which they proceed from Alexandria at their own expense, and to continue thence onwards for thirty-seven days certain. Any days of overtime to be reckoned as being included in these conditions.

“3. That the said party of the second part shall be paid two and a half napoleons (two pounds English) per day by each of the parties of the first part during the said term, on account of which a sum equal to 100*l.* English shall be advanced to him on the signing hereof. The balance to be paid one half at Damascus and the other at Beyrout, where the journey and this agreement is to terminate.

“4. That the said party of the second part shall provide fit and proper camels, mules, horses, tents, and baggage conveyance appropriate for the occasion, and to the approval of the parties of the first part.

“5. That he shall provide good servants, muleteers, and an approved cook, and be responsible for their payment and good behaviour.

“6. That he shall furnish all provisions of the best quality, and not less than three substantial meals daily, at hours to be fixed by the parties of the first part, or the majority of them. The breakfast to include tea and coffee, eggs, and meat. All liquors, except home-made lemonade, to be extras.

“7. That he shall supply four iron bedsteads—two in a tent—sheets, blankets, and washing requisites, but shall not provide for washing of wearing apparel.

“8. That he shall provide a separate cooking-tent and dining-tent apart from the two sleeping and dwelling-tents, and provide all candles and lights required.

“9. That he shall throughout the journey pay all charges and demands of every kind, including gratuities at show places, and the rent of any house or hotel (if any) used by the parties of the first part, and the charges made thereat or at any convent or monastery at which a stay may be made, and all backsheesh and other gratuities.

“10. That the parties of the first part shall be at liberty to choose resting days throughout the journey, and shall not be required to travel more than twenty-four miles in any one day.

" 11. That any dispute arising on the construction of this agreement shall be referred to the arbitration of the British or United States consul at the locality nearest to that at which such dispute shall arise, whose decision all parties hereto hereby agree to take as final and conclusive on any and every matter.

" In witness whereof the said parties have severally hereunto set their hands.

" J. SCOTT.

" N. PRESTON.

" WILL PREBBLE.

" J. H.

" HASSAN SAARCOR.

" Received as above specified the sum of 100*l.* in part of above agreement.—H. SAARCOR."

" Agency and Consulate-General of Great Britain at Cairo.

" I, James C. Robinson, Vice-Consul for Great Britain at Cairo, do hereby certify that the signatures at the foot of the foregoing document are true and genuine, and were set thereto in my presence. In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and affixed the seal of the consulate.

" J. C. ROBINSON, V.C."

The list of the places to be visited, which includes Scriptural names from Genesis to Revelations, was kindly supplied by an American staying at Shepherd's, who had lately returned from that journey, on which he wished us a good deliverance. Our dragoman, whom we were to know by his first name of Hassan, wished the choice of the route to be an open part of the contract. As that was not readily agreed to, the following addition had to be made to the articles :—

" The route above indicated is only to be varied on the written consent of all parties hereto. As all necessaries for the whole journey will have at once to be provided, the cost of it is to be paid as before mentioned, whether done as intended or varied by consent, or abandoned at any part of it, by all or any of the parties hereto of the first part. Any of such parties desiring to retire at any stage, or incapacitated by illness or otherwise from proceeding, shall, in that case, be bound to pay up the balance in full of his proportion of contribution, as if he had gone through with the intended journey."

There was great need on Hassan's part of that proviso, as was afterwards discovered. It did not appear so likely at Cairo as it did nearly daily afterwards, how necessary it was to hold people to the agreements into which they rush. That

truth as to all contracts was especially true in ours, in which we had agreed to something in fancy that proved very different in fact. Our thoughts were on a pleasure excursion, and on travelling as we had been travelling, or something like it. We had, however, really undertaken a task of arduous toil, that lengthened each day most intolerably. We did not know that Holy Land travelling was hard work and purgatorial punishment. The agreement, however, looked like business. When I signed it before the vice-consul, and paid my 25*l.* proportion of deposit, I felt quite in for better or worse, and much as if I had got married and was going on a honeymoon month's tour with a wife and all her relations. One thing entirely dashed one's spirits. No newspapers could now be seen for full five weeks. I had seen the *Home News* and *Overland Mail* throughout India, and even found copies in Egypt, but to Syria such things came not. The dragoman looked aghast when we asked about newspapers in Syria. We might as well have asked about railways. So for thirty-seven and perhaps more days we were to be almost cut off from the world.

"Any post-offices?"

"Only Turkish ones that are not connected with the English post. You leave letters with the consuls, to be sent on by them when occasion offers, and never put them in the Turkish post-offices!" A pretty state of things! We might as well have gone to prison for thirty-seven days. What a number of events happen in that time! Could we ever possibly pull up those lost pages of history by after-reading?

However, it was done, settled, and signed, and we four crossed the sea, and were at Joppa, in Palestine. Our dragoman had got there a day before us, and now escorted us from the landing through the old town, and up and down its seven-feet-wide streets to where four white tents stood in a green enclosure hedged round with cactus.

"Why, this is a graveyard," we said.

"Yes, a graveyard of the Greek church; we shall encamp in many graveyards in our journey—good places they are, too, being always chosen for best position."



I had not thought of sleeping in a graveyard whilst alive, and it seemed a sort of desecration, until one reflected that the whole of the land must necessarily be but a large cemetery. I sat down, therefore, on a tombstone, and took stock of the situation.

Twenty-four years had gone by like a dream since I had dwelt in a tent at Fryer's Creek Diggings, in Australia. That was in 1852. It lasted five months then, and I thought thereafter that I had done with tent life for ever. It came then after the finish of one's voyage to Australia, and was occurring here now at the middle of a journey to England, to which, as an Australian absentee, I was returning after that life-long time. These tents here seemed so familiar a sight to one's Austral eyes that I involuntarily looked about for the digger's pick, shovel, frying-pan, and pannikin. On a calculation of the sort of life I was going into, I had also gone back to something like the digger's dress—a blouse, belt, and riding-trousers of no fine quality.

Breakfast, however, undeceived one. There was nothing of diggings character about *that*. No "post-and-rail" tea, damper bread, or greasy frying-pan chops. It was a better breakfast than any provided by the P. and O. steamers or at the Egyptian hotels, and so was the dinner. Antoine, our French cook, was, it was clear, to be the solace of our journey; so we proceeded to his tent and saw the cheery little bald-pated man, and made great friends with him as if we had been London policemen and his sex had been female. Our turnout, or caravan, comprised fifteen animals—horses, mules, and donkeys. The attendants, muleteers, cook, and other helps, made nine in number. It all looked a decent little village when the tents were up, and things spread about for the evening. The worst thing was that we were so short of language; Hassan, our dragoman, being the only one of the nine with whom we could chat.

We go out of camp and into the town, and look and loaf about Joppa, from which the start is not to be made until next morning. The men we see about wear white-and-brown

striped ponchos, drawers that reach to the knee, and nothing thereafter until the red slippers are reached—always worn down at heel. The women wear a yashmak, or face-covering, of different shape and material to the Egyptian. Theirs is of one colour, and leave the eyes exposed. It is here a cotton print thing, and quite covers the eyes. The wearer can see through it no doubt, but to me it looks as completely blind-folding. I involuntarily get out of 'the wearer's way, as I do elsewhere out of that of a blind man and his dog.

In the market-place are troops of camels and mules standing about. The owners are in the coffee-sheds all around, seated cross-legged—Arabs, Turks, Egyptians, and Syrians—a very eastern-looking scene, reminding one of a print out of an old Bible. The coffee is thick black stuff, drunk without milk, and not palatable to us. The oranges of Joppa are veritable wonders for size—the biggest oranges ever seen in this world, and of the size of the largest turnips. They are unexpectedly found to be very good; but one of them, similar to the egg of an emu or ostrich, is quite enough at a time.

Here, too, are the Syrian sheep, descendants of those of whom Scriptural readers know so much. They are of the heavy-tailed sort, and none the better for it in appearance or condition. No Eastern sheep that I saw would get favour in a cattle-show, yet I looked at these here in Joppa with more respect than I ever looked on sheep before—these Bible sheep!

As a suburb to Joppa is to be seen all that remains of a village founded some years back by religious fanatics—from America, of all places in the world. They actually got it into their heads that the Jews were about to return to Palestine with the Messiah, and that it would be a good thing to get established at the chief gateway of the country, now that the Canal had cut off the overland route from Egypt. They came hither, and built a wooden village, and waited about and starved. Dwelling, as they did, amongst a strange people who lived upon next to nothing, it was just what was to be expected. The Messiah came not, and the Jews kept, wisely

enough, in better lands. Save for charitable assistance and ultimate reshipment by one of their countrymen, then on a visit here, they would have made a sad tragedy of their migration hither. Their deluding prophet's fate I could not learn ; but he had, no doubt, some way of explaining his mistakes, after the style of Dr. Cumming with the prophecies of the ending of all things—periodically made—and of Baxter, in his selection of the late Napoleon as “the destined monarch of the world.”

Joppa belongs to history of all kinds—ancient and modern. In addition to its Old Testament connexion with Jonah is its New Testament one with Peter's visit here and his strange vision. Here handy to me, in one of the narrow and steep streets, is shown the house of Simon the tanner, in which Peter lodged. Here he slept, and heard in his dream that thrice-repeated command as to things clean and unclean that opened up to him a sort of free trade in food that Levitical laws had too much protected. When I came to see afterwards what a museum Rome had made of itself by acquisition of notable things from all lands, the omission to get this house removed to a city sacred to Peter himself seems to be in some sort an oversight. I draw Hassan's attention to this as I do to other things that I don't understand, the which are sadly numerous. He says that the removal would be all the more justified inasmuch as Holy Rome has already got a house, that of the Virgin down at Loretto, and called there the Santa Casa, which was removed from its foundation and taken supernaturally in one night from this land. I shall see the spot whence the removal took place when I get up to Nazareth. I watch his features when he tells me this, but there is no twinkle discernible in his eyes. He repeats such matters as part of his business, and as a man of business his face is a blank.

Historians give to this Joppa a date that carries its existence back long before the Flood. That is quite conceivable. The Flood would not have hurt these solid stone houses, but only have washed them out, and cleaned the streets of the

dirty old place. Another flood is much wanted here just now. To one of those rocks in the roadstead Strabo says that Andromeda was chained for exposure to the sea monster. The chain was said to be visible there in Pliny's time, but it is gone now. These Joppa people take no care of anything—like all Eastern folk. In modern history Joppa is like Acre further up the coast, memorable for Bonaparte's siege of it in 1799. It stood three sieges in that century from Mamelukes, Arabs, and Frenchmen. Bonaparte failed at Acre, but succeeded here, and mercilessly massacred 4000 of the gallant Albanian defenders of the place. It is one of the many blots on the butcher-blackguard part of his history. To massacre a lot of people for heroically defending their lives and belongings is of the vilest of deeds.

Here is the house where Dorcas lived, the good woman who made clothes for the needy and got her neighbours to help her, and left her name as lady patroness of all such charitable co-operative movements down to our time. I go into the house of Dorcas and into that of Simon the tanner, and see how strangely they are neglected. There is no charge for admission as there should be to such shrines, and as there would be if another faith had power here. I draw up and drink water out of the ancient well of old Simon's house, and go up to its flat roof and look out to sea, and go inside and see the chamber where Peter slept and dreamed. When Turkey's dominions are divided, this land should be put up to auction, and Rome and holy Russia have chances of bidding for it. It is full of places out of which any quantity of saintly shrines might be made, all now wasted by heedless Syrians.

Our camp, in the graveyard, is situated on a hill side, and we sit in the door of our tent and look out at the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and the pretty craft afloat thereon; at the troops of camels and mules departing on their up-country journeys and returning thence; and at strings of travel-stained pilgrims coming in from their Eastern pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and their baptism in the Jordan beyond. Our attention is distracted from these to a funeral that comes to the very

side of our tents, where, during our presence in the town, a grave has been dug. It is very awkward having a newly-made grave by one's bedside, and being only separated by canvas from a corpse !

We see now the manner of a funeral of the Greek Church, and have our tents so thronged around by the mourners that we begin properly to feel ourselves out of place here, and that our party, dragoman and all, ought to be kicked off the ground as intruders. The Greek priest wears a European-shaped chimney-pot hat, destitute of rim, and reads over the grave a long and broad printed sheet having woodcuts at the four corners. When finished with the reading he tears this sheet at each of the four sides, and deposits it on the breast of the corpse. No coffin was used. Only thin, white, cambric-like wrapping enveloped the body, which was then let down into the ground, and the earth sprinkled upon it by the priest and the relatives of the deceased woman. The grave was then filled up. An oblong monument of rudely-squared stones, about two feet in height, will be soon erected, like to those seen around. We feel none the happier with this newly-made grave of the uncoffined corpse in our midst ; but travellers, especially pilgrims, must be content.

In this graveyard may repose, for aught we know, Simon the tanner himself, with Dorcas also, who is the same as that Tabitha whom Peter came successfully hither to raise from the dead. She must have died at last, and been buried somewhere, and in this place most likely. Peter came to do that miracle across the plains from Lydda, a day's distance off, that we shall see on the up-country journey. We are reminded by the mention of the day's journey that ours of the next day is to be of ten hours' length.

The horses which we are to bestride for many days and weeks are brought round for inspection. They look dismally unpromising, but quite in keeping with all surroundings. Decent animals and saddles would be out of place in poor-looking antiquated Joppa. We go for a ride around the neighbouring orange-groves, and make all sorts of discoveries

of our ignorance of Syrian horses. We wonder at their continually throwing their heads back, and their unlimited stoppages: Getting off to look into the matter and their mouths, we find that they are ridden with a curb-bit that has but one rein to it. That rein has to be held quite slack on one finger, and used only for stopping progress. A slap on the side of the neck is the approved way of turning a horse's head here. The stirrups have plates to them like the pans of old-fashioned fire-shovels. The edges of these stirrups do spur duty, and have plenty to do in that way.

It is careless-looking riding to have such slack reins, and that over such stumbling roads as I find here. I want another bit than this curb one, but it is not to be had, and I must do as others do, and adopt the fashions of the country. We therefore hitch the useless rein to the handle of the more useful umbrella, about the carrying of which no instruction is needed—so everlastingly is it with one as a sun-shade.

The orchards to the landward side of Joppa are worth, and well worth, a visit. Fish newly taken from the water and cooked at its side, or in the fisherman's boat, have a different and better flavour to anything I ever got at a fishmonger's hands. So have oranges when picked from the tree, and the same may be noted of other fruits. To take a lot of these delicious small cannon-ball-sized oranges back to our camp would have needed a porter, or that arrangement of swinging them on a stick between two bearers, that we all remember to have seen in old Bible prints, adopted by the men who were bringing back the big bunch of grapes as a specimen of the good things of this land—or the part of it then called "The Land of Promise."

The tents of our camp are guarded at night by a watch, changed as on shipboard every four hours—a matter that I discover by wandering out of the tent during the night to look at our encampment by moonlight. Sleep is not of long duration in this locality. There is too much of the barking of dogs and braying of donkeys for that. The horses, stallion-like, fight and bite each other as often as they get

a loose leg. In these scimmages they interfere with the tent-ropes in a way that helps to wake one. The sight of the camp by moonlight is a novel one, and I look at it admiringly from my seat on the edge of a grave-stone.

In one corner is the little Greek church, with its large porch of three arches, through which glisten the near Mediterranean's moonlit waters. The white tombstones are all round the whiter tents, which look but larger tombs seen at a little distance. The Arab muleteers are sleeping about on the bags of forage. A stillness broken only by the sighing, soughing sea reigns around, and there is that newly-made grave with its scarcely cold tenant in it to give solemnity to the quaint and somewhat weird scene.

I had thought only to sleep in a churchyard for the long sleep that ends the story, and so got troubled dreams here, and no wonder. In these I find that Andromeda has got loose, and was running off with her chain, as likewise with Jonah. His whale having disgorged him, had swallowed her monster, whom she called her "wretch," in his place. Simon the tanner, and not Peter, had come here to raise a dead woman, who appeared not to be Tabitha, but the one whom he had that afternoon assisted to bury. On being raised she came to the door of the tent to ask, strangely enough, not for covering, but for a coffin, in which to hide from the restless ghost of the Bonaparte-massacred thousands.

That awoke me only to find that little snails were crawling in companies over the pillow and counterpane. Our caps, boots, and clothing were covered with their trails. The tent-pole had a score or more sticking to it. They were shaken out of the umbrella like peas—pretty white-shelled things, that could only be out of place in a bedroom and in the lining of one's hat, which they particularly favoured. The heavy dew had made the canvas of the tent quite wet, and damped our boots to an extent that made them troublesome to get into.

The experience of that cold night in Joppa churchyard led to the purchase of an overcoat next day. From its antiquated

cut and queer fit, it was generally supposed to be a remnant of the undistributed stock of the late Dorcas, made up by her for charitable distribution. It got the name of "Dorcas" for the rest of the journey. Useful it proved for many purposes—sometimes as a coat, often as a counterpane; and when a horse got thin, and his girth loose, it served for padding as a saddle-cloth. As often as not it was put on to keep the fierce scorching mid-day sun from roasting one's backbone.

Among our four-footed companions were two donkeys, by no means the dullest of our company. The propensity that one of them had for vocalization got for him the name of "Balaam." He was possibly a descendant of that worthy's famous ass. Half-a-dozen times during the day, and as often during the night, he raised his voice. There was a loud and clear discordance about it that was not the least of our night's troubles. When he began he seemed to be in no hurry to finish. His look and attitude during these orations were most comical, and especially so the curve of his tail. A dyspeptic member of our company was seen to smile on no other occasion.

When we came to know our troubles more intimately, and found out what a toil it was that we had rashly undertaken, we looked upon this animal as a good fifth member of our little band, and as its fitting representative. We regarded him then with respect, and his vocal efforts as those of our herald or trumpeter. He was generally in fullest force when he saw company approaching. My horse fell lame on one occasion, and Balaam had to be his substitute. Encased in Dorcas, and mounted on that braying Balaam, I journeyed all day. He stopped every now and again to hold forth—he always came to a dead stop for that purpose—and then even the apathetic Arabs turned to look at the pair of us with much interest.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### IN STEPS OF CRUSADERS.

NO commendation of early rising ever came from the East. The habit there is of the climate, and all folks are early astir, as old folks are everywhere, because no further sleep can be got. As naturally as possible we are all out and about at five a.m., and by half-past six breakfast is over, without a newspaper to help its digestion. Our damp tents and boots and snail and night troubles are told in place of news of the day. The two sleeping-tents are down, and with their contents packed on muleback by time the table is cleared. The cooking-tent had similarly disappeared before we were all in the saddles, and even the breakfast-tent was down and packed before we were clearly on the way.

It looked magical work in its expedition, but I recalled that it was done by Arab hands that had packed tents from childhood, as their forefathers had done for all time. These sons of Ishmael have the knowledge of this tent-pitching and removing so ingrained in their nature that, with the requisite number of mules to help them, they would clear away a tent township in half a day, and have it fixed up again twenty miles away by nightfall. After that morning, I sit at breakfast where I can watch their movements, and see how to unpeg a tent, rope it around its pole, and have it strapped on muleback in that shortest of time known as a jiffy. I see now the meaning of a modern poet's metaphor—

“The cares that oppress the day  
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.”

And so in a straggling string we leave old Joppa and its steep and narrow streets. In one of these I notice, over a ramshackle-looking building the words "Hotel of the Twelve Tribes," sufficiently reminding me of the land I am in. I don't think I would change tent-life for the probable accommodation there. It looks altogether as if a thirteenth tribe, and perhaps a fourteenth, might be about, that would make up in their activity and attentions for any of the lost twelve.

Two tents with their addenda of poles, ropes, and pegs, stuffed out also with all sorts of tent furniture, are carried by one mule. He is quite lost amid the load that so sticks out all around him. Another one carries two heavy chests of two hundredweight swung on each side of him, in which the canteen is packed. Antoine, our cook, has a mule to himself, on which he squats, seemingly crosslegged, with his tent and large array of pots, pans, and kettles all around him. It is something novel to me to see the work that can be got out of a mule. I have now infinite respect for him, as also for his heels, in which there is shown a great reserve of power, neat and small as they are, when he flings them out.

A mule fetches in Syria six times the price of a horse. Great strength and sureness of foot are primary recommendations, but his powers of abstinence and endurance are hardly to be called secondary ones. I was about to say that these powers were quite superhuman, and so they are. After fifteen miles of jog-trotting in a hot sun, with four hundredweight on his back and hanging to his sides, I see him cross a brook at full jog-trot, never staying to wet his lips. None of our horses—nor their riders, for the matter of that—are self-denying enough to follow the example. A mule always keeps a shut mouth, and therefore a moist throat. From what I noticed of the scattering power of a mule's heels, he could, I think, be made more useful in warfare than the horse or the elephant. Backed gently but firmly into a mob, however riotous, he would disperse them quicker than policemen or grape-shot. There was a mule with us that—from

what I saw of him—looked likely to have kept the Roman bridge as well as Horatius or the dauntless two who aided him.

This ignoble animal never falls, be the road ever so bad, and it cannot be worse than in Palestine. He jogs on at a "Chinaman's trot," over sand and shingle, and also boulders that are the size of melons, for mile after mile, at his one unvarying pace, and up and down hill sides, which we, all unburthened, find troublesome. He beats the camel in such work. That "ship of the desert" is good over sand only, and for going long between his drinks. Over stony ground and muddy ways he is nowhere with the mule, and in positive danger for himself. His feet, large as washbowls and sponge-like, splay out as he steps, and are only in place on the sand. For that alone Nature made them. He slips down in muddy spots, and his fall is generally final. His legs are too apt to break. His burthen is in that case removed, and he is pierced in the neck as is a sheep, and left for the vultures, who are always hovering in the East, though they may be, as they generally are, out of sight of human eyes.

A camel's face is a compound of that of a sheep and of a monkey in spectacles. The effect is mild and comical until one gets used to it. He lets his under-lip hang down in an untidy manner not pleasant to the sight. I never saw a clean-looking camel, and conclude that they are never groomed. Their hair either grows patchy, or is worn off in all sorts of places. The general look of their exterior is that of a worn-out sheepskin mat of ancient date. The young camel has a painful appearance of deformity. He is all hunchback, and has, to western eyes, an unnatural appearance. A stately march is the only pace I ever saw them at. Anything seems to come welcome to the camel in the way of food. He goes beyond the mule and the ass in eating thistles, as he feeds often upon hedgerows fenced with a cactus which pricks through one's boots.

The dromedary is the running animal of the camel species. He is trained to that, and kept for saddle and not for burden.

Some dromedaries have their hunch divided in youth, as I saw being done, by ligatures bound tightly around it. When so served, there is a space between the divided parts for a saddle—the part of the hump before and behind serving for supports. At a distance a camel or dromedary would, but for his four legs, resemble an emu. His neck is similar, he looks as ragged, and has the walk and movement of that denizen of the Australian desert.

As Jerusalem is upwards of forty miles from Joppa, a night's stoppage is made on the journey. We had started in advance of the baggage, piloted by the dragoman, and made but poor progress. It has been Easter week, and we find the road full of pilgrims on the return journey from the Jordan. Camels, mules, and donkeys are packed up with riders and their baggage. The seat for women and girls seems to be a mattress doubled up and laid on the animal's back. It is Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrim procession shifted into the present time. There was no Tabard Inn, unfortunately, to make halt at, which served to show how uncivilized things are here. Camping out under the rocks, and any tree that could be found, had to suffice for Tabard accommodation. One does not need go far in this country to realize the meaning and the blessing of "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

In respect that I have had no pilgrimage forced upon me by a creed, I am glad that I am of the country whose prevalent faith requires none. These pilgrims that stop our way are of the Greek Church, which requires baptism by thrice immersion, and they prefer the Jordan as sacred water for that purpose. The Catholics, Mohammedans, and Hindoos have also their long pilgrimages

"To many a shrine,  
By faith and ages made divine."

Pilgrimages such as these are no rose-water affairs, and require no peas in the shoes to make greater the sufferings of the pilgrim. Other reward than their being accounted unto one for righteousness would be all too slight.

There is much that compels thought in remembering that the ground which we shall tread for the next two days was trodden by most of the crusaders. Of the eight expeditions of those famous church militants, semi-soldiers, and robbers, the majority went this way on their march to Jerusalem. How the world changes! There is the same cause now as there was from 1090 to 1270 for these expeditions to rid the land of the Cross from the curse of the Crescent, but religious enthusiasm does not seem to run to warfare among the present European representatives of Christendom.

It is as likely as not that all great movements depend for stimulus on one earnest soul and subduing spirit. Another Peter the Hermit may be all that is wanted for the preaching up of another crusade. That the pen is mightier than the sword is not more true than that the tongue of the enthusiast unsheaths the sword as Peter's did every blade wielded in that long warfare. The movement he so began, which led to a king's leaving the throne of England and forgetting his kingship to join in the third crusade, is but an instance of the prodigious power that religious enthusiasm once exercised in Christendom. Though the rule of the Crescent over the land of the Cross, and over all other lands for the matter of that, should be extinguished, it is perhaps as well for the world that such cannot be again done by religious enthusiasts, or those so calling themselves.

What there is of road is too narrow in its practicable path for our going otherwise than in Indian-file fashion. It is just as well, because much attention is needed to get out of the way of the sharp corners of the passing baggage. Calculations had to be nicely made as to that, and the swing of the camel from side to side in his peculiar walk duly included in it, as otherwise our heads and knees got often punished. It is best, I find, to let the horse choose his own path. He seems to know the road well, and has a knack of finding the best parts of it that has been acquired by birthright and perfected by practice.

Bridle-tracks are what the roads of Palestine really are, and

all the loose stones about in the land seemed to have drifted into them. The horses are shod with plates which cover the bottom of their feet. Such shoeing prevents any of the many stones being picked up by the hoof, but affords a poor foothold among the loose boulders all about. A stumble looks very probable, and a broken arm or leg to follow. There is no surgeon near to give assistance, nor any decent place handy in which to lie up for the necessary month or more. Such thoughts will come when the horse's feet slide about much, and they do that too frequently.

A sort of a Sheik's head-dress is improvised by us in the shape of a handkerchief, so tied on the head that part of it hangs over the neck and ears. Such is found necessary in addition to the umbrella; but I make it a substitute for that covering, and so follow the dragoman's fashion, and swelter along in the sultry air until noonday, by which time we have been a long five hours in the saddle, and feel as if we had been fifteen. The miserable pace, the barren-looking country, and the state of the atmosphere, all contributed to that feeling. The stop that we have now come to is at Ramleh—supposed to be the old Ramah and Arimathea of the Scriptures—an ugly, wretched old place, which yet looked like Paradise to our half-baked eyes.

Outside the town we camp on the side of hilly ground, under shelter of some trees. Near at hand is the broken arch of what seems to have been an old church. A glance at the old stones lying about tells the truth. We are stopping in a churchyard again! Among old tombs we eat our mid-day meal, as we had supped and slept and breakfasted among them at Joppa. On one side can be seen in the distance that Lydda from which Peter came to raise Tabitha from the dead. This mid-day snack has been carried along with us by an Arab, whose duty such is to be henceforward, and whose water-bottles we often trouble. It is a very frugal meal, in its way, but we had no idea that any fruit could taste so divinely as those Joppa oranges did to our parched tongues.

The begging lepers beset us as we enter the gates of old

Ramleh—a town of Greek Christians and Mohammedans, some three thousand in number. The lepers carry tins tied to their wrists, which we perceive, as they protrude them towards us, is necessitated by their hands being fingerless—part of the fearful ravages that this old scourge of eastern countries had made upon them. The dragoman had not told us of these people, but the information was not needed. What they were seemed to dawn upon one naturally, as their wretched state was regarded. They beg at the gate of every town, much as they did in the olden days, and will in the days to come.

Ramleh has a Greek and a Latin convent—the latter a very fine one. Outside its gates is a walled cemetery, on the door of which I read "*Cemeterium de terra Sancta.*" The town itself is an old fossil, having two dirty lanes of squalid "bazaars," the articles in which look as if they had been there since the days of King David. The streets have apparently not been swept or washed down since his day. In some spots I caught myself holding my nose, but I was as yet green in Holy Land travel, and soon learned to drop such squeamishness as nose-holding. It got skinned by the sun before the next day was over, and was then too tender to be so squeezed.

As we got back to our graveyard on the hillside, our baggage mules came jogging by on their way to our camping-place for the night. That will be seen in every day's programme. We leave them behind packing up in the early morning, and they pass us at the mid-day resting-place. The bells round the neck of the mules make a pleasant clatter—partly needful, as their little unshod hoofs cause no noise to intimate their coming. Everything, even a camel, clears out of the way of our mules that carry the two big canteen chests and the tents, which would otherwise have knocked anything short of an elephant off its legs. Our travel afterwards is not at a rate that enables us to catch up our household. They are not seen again until the camping-ground for the night is reached, when the four tents will be found pitched ready for us, with English and American flags flying at their poleheads.

Ramleh has an ancient white-looking square tower, which makes a landmark for miles around, standing amid the ruins of an old mosque. A good view is got from its hundred-and-twenty-foot summit, which is reached by a winding staircase. We see from here the long snake-like path stretching across the plain that will be part of our afternoon's pilgrimage for another long five hours. We have already come to the conclusion that a little of our kind of travelling goes a long way—in the way of thoroughly satisfying one. Our dragoman's business in the matter may make it pleasanter to him, but his way of life is not one in which any of us are likely to start in opposition.

Although these are our early days of Palestine experience, we have seen enough of the country to make us hate for ever the Turks and their mode of misgovernment. Very little land is cultivated here, and for the good reason that the agriculturist would be only working for the tax-buyers and collectors. An eighth of everything is popularly supposed to be taken for tax, but the taxes to be collected in Syria are sold at Constantinople. The buyer resells districts at a profit, and those buyers resell again, so that the last purchaser has to collect or rob nearly everything that a taxpayer has, in order to get round again. Those who may go into Egypt and Syria, for however little distance and short a time, will wonder why England and her statesmen should pet and pamper the Turk in the way they have done. He is the bad son of the European family, and yet gets stuffed with British money and pampered with that support from England but for which Turkey would, in the order of nature, have long since fallen to pieces from sheer decay. The condition of this Turk-governed Palestine shows to the most casual of observers that the system of government is to rob the people of all the profit of their labour, and to do nothing for them or their land in return. The curse fell indeed upon this land when the Turks became its masters.

On a hillside we pass what remains of the once royal city of Gezir, that was given by one of the Egyptian Pharaohs to



Solomon as a marriage portion with one of his wives—the dragoman could not tell her name or number. Further on is all that remains of Latron, a place considered sacred from being the traditional birthplace of the Good Thief. Though the remains of an old castle are there to be seen, with other curios, the attractions are not enough to take us off the track. We are kept awake over the sultry plain chiefly by the necessity of avoiding the coming camels, which are loaded up like furniture-vans. They come swinging along, with capacious wooden and wicker baskets to their sides, in which are women and children lately baptized in the Jordan—a washing the like of which is not likely to be got by them for many a month.

And here, to the north of the plain, lies Nubah, that was of some size and importance when the crusaders passed this way. It is the furthest east that Richard the First ever made in Palestine. He went no farther than here on his way to Jerusalem, on that third crusade in which he joined. Cœur de Lion here gave second and best thoughts to the matter, and returned to Joppa, made peace with Saladin, and remembered that he was King of England, and was wanted there and not here. The lion-hearted one gets much of that title by favour, and in the way in which the First Charles is called a martyr. In youth I believed in both of them, and used to much admire Cœur de Lion, in coloured prints, fighting Saladin on horseback in a battle-axe combat of two which never occurred. Not one of us but thinks that he did quite right here in turning back, and would perhaps do likewise, but our courage is superior to our opinions, and so we go further into trouble.

Emmaus is next passed, on a hillside. It could not have been much more than a village at any time, and is nothing now but ruins, and a remembrance of that memorable walk taken thither of which we are told in the last chapter of Luke. It is the recollection of such like things that alone gives interest to heaps of old stones, ages ago left to the jackal, the lizard, and the scorpion.

We now descend into a valley to which a little village on the

opposite mountain gives a name. It is Ajalon, and the valley is more famous than the village from the miracle by which it is made memorable. In this valley is our camping-place for the night. At six in the evening, as we go down its side, we can see our four white tents already pitched, and the light smoke of the sticks that are lighting the charcoal cooking-fires. The camp, with the mules tethered around it, might have been standing for days by the look of it, but it has been there scarcely thirty minutes. As these tents will be our home for the next five weeks, we begin to regard them with proper feelings. They are pitched in this instance close to a well, appropriately named after Joab. In a valley remembered only by Joshua's great deeds, this well commemorating his great fighting successor seems quite in place.

Mount Gideon is among the mountains of Judea to our left as we face towards the Jerusalem road. The valley of Ajalon runs away to the horizon on the right. We all get Biblical at once, and forget the cooking dinner altogether. The tenth chapter of Joshua becomes of absorbing interest. We read how the five kings of the Amorites laid siege to the great city of Gibeon because it had leagued with Joshua and the Israelites, and how the Gibeonites sent for Joshua and his fighting men to come up from Gilgal. How Joshua came upon the besiegers suddenly, after a night's march, slew many and routed the rest, who were pursued by the Israelites, and also by a hailstorm, the stones of which killed more than fell by the sword. How Joshua, desirous of completing the Amorites' destruction by daylight, bade the "sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon." How he was obeyed by those luminaries until the enemy was destroyed, and Joshua had found the five kings of the Amorites hidden in a cave, from whence he took them and hanged them all. The record tells us that "there was no day like that before or after it," in which supernatural power was so given to man. The moon is visible to us above this Valley of Ajalon as we look up from our reading, and gaze all round upon the scene of such miracles.

Joab's well has stone walls to two sides of it, on which a large stone, with a bucket-hole in the centre, forms a roof. It is fully fifteen feet in circumference and thirty in depth. The water to our thirsty throats is cool and delicious, as, indeed, we found all the waters of this country. After drinking pints, we soused our roasted heads in buckets of it, and filled all our water-bottles. A creek runs through the valley, in which our cattle found good drinking. Our dragoman could not say in which particular battle of King David's great captain this well had got his name, but promised to be posted up in it against our next visit.

The reading and the talk which we had upon the subject of the scene that evening followed us in our sleep, which, in this valley, was as much disturbed by fleas as it had been by snails the preceding night at Joppa. I dreamt that there entered to our tents the ghosts of the slaughtered Amorites, whose captain spoke for them, asking who we were that pitched warlike tents in that valley—flying flags that were to him unknown. Came we to right their wrongs, that their ghosts might at last find rest? I asked what troubled them that they could not rest and let others do likewise. I was answered that they would not rest until justice was done to them—that they had gone out to fight men and not supernatural powers, and had been unfairly fought against and murderously slain! Could we assist them—we that flew strange flags, and encamped in their grave-strewn valley? I explained that the flags were those of England and America, two nations to which all the people of this land were but as a handful, and which had now given up fighting battles—referring their differences to arbitrations, conferences, and congresses for the settlement of all claims and damages, direct and consequential. Something very profane about arbitrations seemed to be said by the captain of the Amorites in reply; but I was awakened just then by a flea-bite deeper than usual, and so missed it.

I gave up farther attempt at sleep, and went out into the moonlight, and sat upon the slab that covers Joab's well, and so let one's sleepless fancy off the chain. We don't go to

Palestine to eat, drink, and sleep. There is no land which has so little that is pleasant to the outward eye, and so much that is visible to the optics of the mind. As there were no fleas about here, however, fatigued nature got a fair chance, and I went again to sleep. The dragoman who woke me afterwards in the early morning, said that sleeping in the moonlight was most dangerous in this country. Moonstruck folks, however, though often spoken of, I have never yet met, and have come to think of such as but myths—talked of but never seen.

The camp-servants drew water and soused over our flea-bites, and we breakfasted and started on our third day's stage that would bring us to the walls of Jerusalem. In mounting, we found our legs would not go over the saddle as briskly as on the morning before. Our joints got out of order for some days in our wretched style of travelling, in which it seemed impossible to make much of a break to relieve the monotonous jog-trot.

We pass through from the plains of Sharon, of which the famous roses seem to be but mere wild flowers, and cross the hills called the mountains of Judea. These were once clothed with trees, but the necessity for fuel has helped, aided by the ancient curse and the modern Turkish government, to desolate all the land of Palestine. There will soon be not a tree in it. It seems a pity that one of the dominant religions that have been in this land had not made it an article of faith that a tree should be planted where one has been cut down. It would have helped to save treeless, sterile, stony Syria from its present barren state.

On our right is now a pleasanter-looking old village than usual. It overlooks a valley, and is known as Kirjath Jearim. Just before reaching that, our dragoman points out a brook's bed which we cross, as being that from which David took the pebble that brought Goliath low. We don't question its identity, as we are glad of anything that gives a reason for a rest, and so stop to pick up pebbles and gather the roses of Sharon. This Kirjath Jearim was where the ark was lodged

for twenty years, "in the house of Abinadab in the hill." It was taken thence by David from Jerusalem; and somewhere on the way we are now treading went that grand procession that we all now turn to read of in the 6th chapter of the Second Book of Samuel. Our pocket bibles are always in use.

We pass a ruin on a ridge of the mountain, that has a most conspicuous minaret for a landmark. Its name is now Samwil, but it was anciently called by that name of Mizpah which some modern rings so commemorate. Descending now to the valley of Elah, we look to the left down a glen, in which are to be seen some attempts at cultivation credited to the Convent of St. John there situated. The road now leads up a tedious ascent, that is made worse by its stony character, the iron-shod hoofs of our horses ringing at every step. The hot sun now poured down its rays most powerfully. For fully half an hour we were all too serious to talk, but our silence was the more eloquent.

Toiling to the top of this range, we have come upon a tableland, and our dragoman calls a halt and a rest for the horses. It is mid-day, but we are not to dismount there as at the same time on the day previously. We are to camp shortly for our mid-day meal, and a week's stay under the walls of Jerusalem. That city of faith and fame is there in the distance, with its minarets and domes glittering in the sun, and the greater dome of the Mosque of Omar particularly conspicuous. We pass along to it through some suburb in which is the strange sight of some newly-finished buildings and others in progress. To the left is the cathedral of the Greek Church, built by Russia, and on the opposite side a building which I was told was that of "German deaconesses"—something of the convent sort, I supposed. Over its gate I read "Talitha Kumi." We now pass the Damascus gate, and pitch our tents some little distance past a house in which I shall daily see Mr. Holman Hunt engaged in painting "The Flight into Egypt."

Hassan, our dragoman, improves on acquaintanceship. He knows five languages, and speaks and writes good English.

He has accompanied nineteen distinct sets of pilgrims from Egypt to the Holy City. His contempt is great for all books, in which respect he is as an Arab and a true countryman of that Caliph Omar who destroyed the Alexandrian library. He has a neat way of satisfying doubts and quelling scepticism. He heard us at Ajalon discussing the question of the sun's standing still, and made the matter clear at once that it did so, and the reason why.

"You say that the sun stands still now?"

To which he was answered affirmatively.

"Well, you read that Joshua stopped its course, but is it anywhere said that he ever set it going again?"

Such answer was conclusive, and saved a world of argument on a subject on which there should be none. I had that right feeling on such matters even as a child, when a zealous curate vainly endeavoured for half an hour to prove to me and half-a-dozen other Sunday-school children, that Jacob was not lying to his father in saying that he was Esau. An elaborate essay followed, to show that it was a deception and not a lie, and that deception was justifiable when the end was good, and that it was to the good of Jacob to get what he did by deception! I lost the run of that curate, but I have good hope that he became ultimately promoted.

We thereupon thought of referring all matters of similar doubt for Hassan's clearing up, but as such looked too much like helplessness, we took counsel together. As differences about matters of belief have caused more bloodshed and bitterness among men than anything else in the world, we came to an understanding with a view to avoid squabbling. One of us is a good Catholic or High-church man, another a strict Presbyterian—strong upon the Sabbath and swearing,—a third calls himself a Low-church man, and another a no-church man. In such a medley of beliefs and no particular belief, it was difficult to hit upon any course that would please all and insure a truce for thirty-six days. After that time we might quarrel as we liked, and return to those cherished ideas that are ingrained and ineradicable with most of us.

The matter was discussed during the mid-day rest, and again brought up in the after-dinner hour. Divers vain efforts having failed at any result, the difficulty comes at last to the knowledge of Hassan, who thinks he has that in his pocket-book which will suit us. It is a relic of another party similar to ourselves whom he had once convoyed. The rules they had drawn up had been given to Hassan, when signed, as custodian or trustee on behalf of all. When the journey was ended, the delivery up of this document had been overlooked. With a trifling alteration, it was much like what we wanted, and served our turn, though I kicked at the conservatism of the second clause of it. Omitting the signatures, I here copy it, with apologies to those who years back had composed it, should they ever see their forgotten rules for peace and quietness thus in print.

“Resolved—in the spirit of conciliation and not of criticism—

“1. That as we are travelling in a country under Mohammedan government, the peculiar respect paid by that faith to all records shall be shown by us to those of this land.

“2. That we travel for the confirmation of our beliefs, whatever they may be.

“3. That as appearances are deceitful, they shall always be so treated, and our senses never trusted when at variance with preconceived ideas.

“4. That as matters of fact, fiction, and faith are here so interwoven, the three shall be counted as one.

“5. That where every authority differs all shall be deemed right.

“6. That it shall not matter if they are all wrong.

“7. That, as a final refuge for vexed minds on any difficult subject, it shall be, as the old lady said of the sermon, presumptuous to attempt to understand it.”

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### CAMPED ON MOUNT ZION.

OUR camping-place is on that part of Mount Zion which is outside the walls of Jerusalem, to the south of the city, and on the bank of the Valley of Hinnom. Zion has a heavenly sound about it, but this Valley of Hinnom is also Ge-hinnom and Gehenna, from which recent authorities derive our word "hell." Such a situation makes us serious, quite regardless of the old grey towering walls all around, that, in a sort of harp shape, shut us out from the holy city. We could liken this heavenly-sounding Zion and this valley of hell to what Christian found at the end of his journey in those similar places which took each to themselves one of the travellers—dividing for ever himself and Ignorance. It wanted, indeed, Bunyan's brilliant fancy to mix up anything of the New Jerusalem with that one now before us, but then the dark rough-looking casket might yet have a "City Beautiful" within its walls. We postpone going within until we have been around, and seen that which lies without.

"Jerusalem—mountains encompass her!"—built, though it is, on a mountain top. It is on one part of a range that is in length from Beersheba to Esdraelon, and in width from the Jordan to Sharon's Plains. The limestone rock runs into peaks and ravines everywhere about, so that this hill-top city is surrounded by hills and dales. Springs, that are here dignified as "fountains," occasionally appear on the rocky hillsides, and wild vines and olives thrive somehow in the triturated stone and dust which is all the earth, or substitute



for it, that is to be found in some places of the hungry-looking surface. On the tops of the range of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, there is a wealth of verdure and scenery that keeps attention alive, and the outward eye delighted. All such is quite wanting here. It is all dearth, drought, and desolation—the mind's eye alone can be interested in that which is seen.

With which wretched state of things all additions to it agree. Among the mounds of foul rubbish that are everywhere about are half-naked Arabs, beggars of all sorts, whining lepers, and fanatics even from far Australia, who have come here, as the Austral one tells me, to "await the fulfilment of prophecy!" Like the Jews within the walls, they think themselves entitled to be kept at the expense of others. To be more holy than one's fellows is too often, all over the world, to be less of a labourer and more of a loafer.

This Valley of Hinnom, on whose bank are our four tents, runs away to the south and joins the ravine called Kidron, at times a brook, which goes away to the eastward to join another ravine called the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the sides of which are more thickly strewn with Jewish towns than it is possible to imagine. We turn to our Bibles and read in Jeremiah, "They have built Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire." Hassan points out the place of Tophet, to be seen from our camp, and tells us that there a statue of Moloch was put up, having a man's body and a bull's head. In the hollow interior was a furnace, by which its brazen metal was made red-hot. The children offered as sacrifices were then placed in the figure's arms and there roasted, drums being set going to drown their screams. We turn to chapter eleven of the First Book of Kings, and find that this "abomination of Moloch" was instituted, of all men, by Solomon himself. It was, however, in those evil days when the seven hundred and the three hundred that troubled him "had turned away his heart." There is no madness to which that number of legitimates and supernumeraries might not drive a man.

And thus we get our ideas of the world hereafter from the dead world of the past! Our camping-ground was part of Zion, and that dreary-looking city was Jerusalem, from which Zion and which city, as giving a name to the New Jerusalem, we borrow blissful notions. I shall similarly find the Elysian fields just outside Naples to be now but a miserable cemetery, and the fearful Avernus there to be but a sulphurous pool. This Gehenna, or Hell, on the bank of which we are camped, is but a valley or ravine, into which the bodies of malefactors and others were brought from the city and therein thrown, to be consumed by fires, so often burning as to be thought never quenched. Hassan details all this to us as matters of common information known to everybody, and we receive it with the judicious silence that says we know all about it.

We go round the walls, which at our limping pace over the stones takes two hours, but can be done in much less, so small is the circuit of the city. The hills are as notable as the valleys. To the east is the Mount of Olives, and overhanging our dreadful Hinnom is the Hill of Evil Counsel, and the house of Caiaphas in which it was taken. The walls of the city are about thirty feet high, and five feet thick. They date back only to 1542, but are of the stones of previous walls. Quite useless against modern cannon, they now only serve for shutting out Bedouins and lepers, and helping to illustrate history. There are five gates pointed out to us, named Damascus, Joppa, St. Stephen's, Zion, and Dung gates. Two gates, Herod's and another, the Golden Gate, are walled up. The Damascus and Joppa gates are those most used.

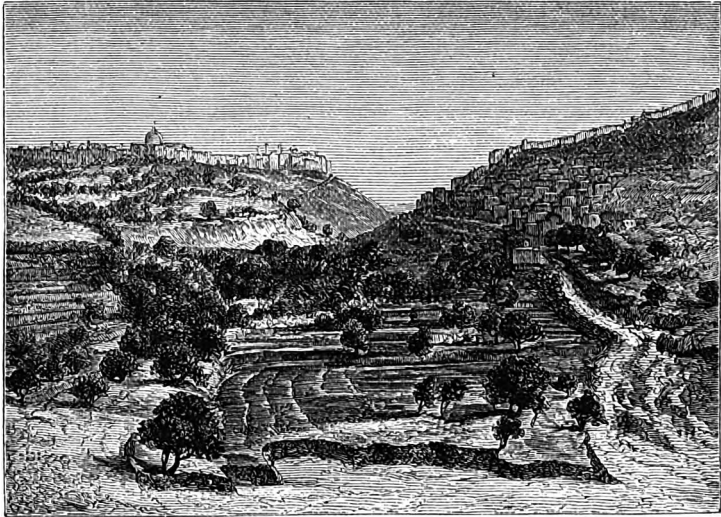
Hassan, our dragoman, knows all the story of this native land of his, and condenses history into a nutshell as we go along. Judging from a tomb, which I am to see inside the city, an early settler here, if not the earliest, was Adam himself. It must have been a land adopted by him after his expulsion from Paradise; as, if he had been here first introduced to the world, and the country was then as we now see it, he would likely in disgust have let his race die out with himself in the veriest charity to it.

The Jebusites have earliest mention as the people of Jerusalem. David came from the country to the east towards Bethlehem, where in his youth he had served as a shepherd, and with the help of Joab took the city, and became its minstrel-monarch. His line lasted to Zedekiah, who was taken in chains by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon with all the Israelites left alive. Fifty years after came Cyrus and his Persians to Babylon, and set the Israelites free, who returned to Jerusalem and rebuilt the temple, continuing there until Antiochus came and conquered them, dedicating their temple to Jupiter. Maccabeus next arose to restore Jewish power, until the Romans came, and Herod was made king in Jerusalem. His line ended in Agrippa, against whose deputy-governor the Jews revolted. Vengeance for that came in the invasion of Titus, the massacre of a million, and the destruction of the temple. Emperor Hadrian afterwards rebuilt it, and it continued for Jupiter's worship until Constantine adopted Christianity, making it a State religion, and his wonderful mother, Helena, came here to work changes of all kinds.

We wash all this history down with water at the pool of Siloam, to which we descend, as into a pit, from the Valley of the Kidron. A woman is there filling a pitcher, from which I am given a drink, and then pick scriptural hyssop from the well's side before scrambling up again. It is a mere pool, to which a dozen irregular stones serve as steep steps. We can listen further now to Hassan's story how the Romans kept the city until Chosroes and his Persians took it and massacred its people. To the Persians succeeded the Arabs, under that Caliph Omar who destroyed the Alexandrian library. Next came the destroying Druses under their chief, Hakim, another fanatic of the Omar sort, who pulled down all the monuments of the city. To him succeeded the Turks under Ortok, and then came Peter the Hermit, who, seeing Turkish misrule then, as we see it now, went back to Europe and preached up the wrongs of Syria, and brought to its rescue those crusaders of whom another edition is so much wanted now, and for the same reasons. New crusaders have the

old ones to avenge, as the Turks drove them hence nearly seven hundred years back, and have since then—alike to the disgrace of Jews, Christians, Europe generally, and the world at large—defiled Palestine, and outraged civilization in its length and breadth.

Beyond our camp valley of Hinnom are the pools of Gihon, that at rainy seasons overflow into "the brook Kidron," whose dry course we next look at. It runs away from Jerusalem's walls through that wilderness of Judea in which John the Bap-



VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

tist wandered, and then away for fifteen miles to the valley of Jordan, and to that Dead Sea in which, like the Jordan, it is lost. We wander along Kidron's banks and down the valley of Jehoshaphat, picking our ways among the tombstones, on which not a description is now decipherable, and so come to the Mount of Olives. Its sides are terraced in some places for planting of grain, and its whole surface specked with olive-trees dark as the cypress, and in appearance antiquated as a camel.

The ascent of Olivet is steep, and was accomplished by some of our party holding on to the horses' tails. It looked a mean proceeding, and taking advantage of the animal when unable to kick, but that didn't count. It is 250 feet to the top, and being but half a mile from the city walls, a view of the whole interior, in a bird's-eye way, is there to be had. That view is greatly helped by the absence of haze in the atmosphere here. Things look nearer at hand than they prove to be, but none the better for that. Olivet is spoken of in the first chapter of Acts as "a Sabbath-day's journey" from Jerusalem. A good Sabbatarian would notice that only a mile of travel was thus allowed on that day.

The summit shows a few stone huts, and a small chapel situated within a paved court, connected with a mosque having the usual minaret. Here, in this court, is shown the imprint of what is said to be a footstep, and the final footstep on earth of One whom I read of in the last chapter of Luke as having journeyed over here to Bethany, at the eastern foot of the mount, before bidding adieu to those with Him, and from there ascending—and not from here. The view from Olivet is very extensive, irrespective of the sight of the housetops of all Jerusalem. Away to the east, beyond Bethany and the Valley of Judea, a glimpse is obtained as of a silver streak. It is the swift-running Jordan, on the far side of which those things like dark clouds are the Moabite Mountains.

Hassan points out all to us with a knowledge that he has acquired from tradition and experience. He shows us a ruin of a house, a little way down the side of the mount that was used by Him who there told of the destruction of the city beneath, and wept over its fate; who told here the parable of the Ten Virgins, and one or more others, and who suffered in that Garden of Gethsemane, just at the foot of this mount, and to which we now descend by a way which, I am told, was taken by David when fleeing from Absalom!

Gethsemane belongs to the Greek Church, which has appropriated the leading shrines both within and without the city. The Romish Church has, however, built a wall outside its

fence, in which are alcoves filled with pictures illustrative of the scene in this garden, and those in the Via Dolorosa that preceded the crucifixion. An attendant in priestly attire unlocks the gates in the wall, and another that of the garden fence. It is garden-like in appearance, with the addition of seven or eight olive-trees, of Methuselah-like age. The attendant is necessary to keep visitors from stripping the garden of every green thing in it—a form of sacrilege that we see first practised in a little pilfering way among the flower-covered graves of our common cemeteries.

On returning we find that another party have come up from the plains in our absence, and have pitched their tents near to ours. A terrible trouble has been so occasioned amongst the cattle. No sooner is the saddle off a horse here than he takes at once to fighting the horse nearest to him, and that as naturally as elsewhere he would look for a nose-bag. A free fight of four is going on, and noise enough for a dozen is being made. The way a horse screams when the teeth of another one are well into his neck or shoulder is something quite alarming. We get peace restored at length, and our tents and the horses again tethered, and so to our evening meal, and subsequent second sleep upon Mount Zion.

We had intended to do ever so much exploration of the Bible after dinner, but the fatigue of the day beat us, and we slept, spite of all the disturbing influences around—the neighing and whinnying of the horses, the braying of donkeys, barking of dogs, and biting of fleas. The fleas were particularly powerful here. We disputed often afterwards whether they were part of the curse that had fallen on the land, or were the livelier and stronger from having escaped it. They get cursing enough anyhow at present, whatever they may have escaped in the past.

There is no occasion for pilgrims to put peas in their shoes in this locality. The stones beneath the sole leather are quite enough punishment, and we even envy the shoeing of our horses; though how they manage to keep their feet, with their completely plated hoofs, is a daily and hourly wonder to us.

We visit now, still outside the walls of the city, for another day, the grotto of Jeremiah—a huge cave, dull and dismal enough in appearance to have of itself inspired the writing of the Lamentations. Further onwards to the south-east we see a group of buildings with a most conspicuous minaret in the centre. In the upper floor of one is shown the room in which The Last Supper took place, and in a lower building or vault is the traditional tomb of King David.

The chamber of The Last Supper is a large hall of about fifty feet long, by one-half that breadth, and is accredited as the assembling-place of the apostles on the day of Pentecost. Its four bare old walls look ancient enough to guarantee it as genuine ; but this thing has to be thought of, that none of the writers on the subject of this land and its holy places appear to be unanimous upon anything further than that the Mount of Olives, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, are where they always were, and look much the same as ever. Nearly everything else is matter of faith, and therefore, unfortunately, of controversy.

David's Tomb here has been plundered by some invaders who made those early raids upon Jerusalem. Herod was the first robber in that matter, and took away the gold and silver treasures. Nothing has been now left in the vault. Ancient customs were not in accordance with our burial service, which says that we can take nothing with us. The deceased in ancient days had gold and silver in quantities, coined and uncoined, buried with them. Whether this was as a provision for beginning another life is not clear, but it was perhaps as sensible a proceeding as any substitute generally followed in the present fashion of the world.

Here is Aceldama—"the field of blood"—the land-purchase made by Judas as an investment of the "thirty pieces of silver." A field has a small meaning here, and this is no field now, but occupied by the remains of a building that has apparently been a large tomb. Tombs are all about and around, in fact. They outnumber the houses as fifty to one, and we now come to a village that may be all tombs or houses for anything identifying that we can yet see. It is the village of Siloam, a

most singular curio of a place. It is on the side of the Kidron at the south-east foot of Olivet, and embedded in the rock of the mount. Its people may almost be called Troglodytes, and said to dwell in caves. Tombs that have been excavated from the rock here have some of them had a rude projecting stone porch added to them, and so make abodes for the living—in which term I include goats, donkeys, and mules that also find shelter here—as a final use to which the resting-places of former greatness may be put.

Three tombs of striking appearance beyond Siloam, and at the foot of Olivet, attract attention, and are said to be those of Zacharias, Jehosaphat, and Absalom, as also of half-a-dozen others, by those wranglers who must differ on everything or die. The tomb of Absalom is quite a temple, thirty feet high, with a conical roof to it. In memory of his bad behaviour to his father, and as evidence that our evil deeds live after us, quite a stony mound is raised hereabout. It is made up of stone flung at this tomb by Israelites, who thus expressed their opinion of David's bad son. Hassan's theory is that it is the pillar reared by Absalom to commemorate himself, he having no descendants, as is detailed in the 18th verse of the 18th chapter of the Second Book of Samuel—"Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name, and it is called unto this day Absalom's Place."

There are quite mansions of tombs in some places hereabout—"the silent halls of death," where those who had chambers have long since mouldered away, or been cleared out by robbers. Of such excavations are the tombs of the Prophets, on the side of Mount Olivet, and the tombs of the Kings, half a mile to the north-east of the city. The entrance to this last many-chambered tomb was hidden by a door fitted to grooves in the rock on each side, and only to be lifted by a lever. That was to be reached only by a subterranean passage, the opening to which was a concealed trap, discovered by accidental digging.





Death awaited the Belzoni who might find and explore this underground mansion. Within the sliding door was another, a trick door, that opened on slight pressure, but closed hastily when the hand was taken off. No means available within could again open it. The living being had found here a Bluebeard chamber, and had to pay a life penalty unless assistance came from the exterior. As with the bride spring-locked in the old oak chest, nothing but a skeleton would be left to tell the tale. Everything had been removed from these tombs. The richly-carved coverings of many of the sarcophagi are in the museum of the Louvre at Paris.

We pass "the Potter's Field" and marks of an old gate that Hassan, who supplies all information, tells us was where Mahomet's winged horse, Baruk, was tied by the angel Gabriel, whilst the two waited for the prophet, who in this winged company journeyed thence to Heaven. He says "to Abraham's bosom," on which we inquire if the Mohammedans also acknowledge Abraham, and find that they do, and that we shall see inside the walls that the rock whereon Abraham laid Isaac as an offering has been held alike sacred by Christians and Mohammedans. The latter, as we understand Hassan, acknowledge the Old Testament, and only set up the Koran in place of the new one, and Mahomet for their Messiah.

If "all houses where men have lived and died are haunted houses," that of Caiaphas here must be particularly so, and for many reasons. It belongs now to the Armenian Church, who here show the stone that closed the sepulchre up to the time of the Resurrection; also the stone on which Peter stood when denying his Master, and that on which the cock stood when crowing! These things, trifles though they may seem to some, have additional sweetness as being stolen goods—the other churches so accusing the Armenian one. Taking Dr. Watts as an authority on "all that's ever got by thieving," it is to be presumed that the delinquent Church has not since prospered.

Passing the "Grotto of the Agony," which Hassan says

has been excavated merely as an opposition attraction to the Garden of Gethsemane, held by a Church of another faith, we come to the Tomb of the Virgin. It is picturesquely placed among rocky projections at the foot of Olivet. Ancient, worn, and grey, it stands there among antiquated olives, claiming notice for other reasons than those tradition attaches to it. Entering by a doorway over which are Gothic arches, we descend some fifty broad steps leading into a gloomy vault excavated in the rock, and used as a chapel. Our dragoman had given us candles in the morning in view of this visit, of which all but one had, by the heat of the weather and occasional collisions, become soft and shapeless in our pockets. The available one which Hassan had carried, protected by paper, gave "a dim religious light" to this vault. The lamps hanging from the roof, as also the altar, are only lighted up on special feast days of the Greek Church, to which this tomb also belongs. I have said nothing about payments at all the shrines visited as that will be understood even by those who have only gone over such a sacred place as St. Paul's Cathedral. A traveller everywhere is looked upon by the people as a perquisite.

On the way down the steps of this tomb building I am shown the tombs of Joachim and Anne, the father and mother of Mary. I shall see them again, Hassan says, in the Church of St. Anne inside the walls, but that is no matter—tombs, we know, are only resting-places for a time. Further down on the left is the tomb of Joseph, and at furthest end of the cave or "grotto," as such places are here called, is that of the Virgin, whose sole name is given to what really is a family tomb. Quite an array of beggars are about this place, but that was to be expected.

We go on to Bethany, and stop on the way to lunch under the shade of a large olive-tree. The Joppa oranges—one apiece for us—make the best part of the meal, and might suffice, in their large sufficiency, for the whole of it. Stones are all about here, and under every second stone is to be found a large prawn-like thing, which, when disturbed, runs

about with its tail turned over towards its head in the manner of acrobats who walk upon the palms of their hands. This



BETHANY.

curio, I hear to my dismay from Hassa'n, is a scorpion! One of our Americans has a flat pocket-bottle of whisky with him. He leaves half of it undrunk, and the other half of the bottle we filled up with these scriptural scorpions, who are thus preserved in spirits for division at the journey's end as mementoes of Mount Olivet.

From Olivet's side we pass down to Bethany, over a road strewed with oblong grave-stones that resemble in the distance a lot of dominoes littered about. The little village is all desolation, ruin, and dirt. Not one of its old stone houses seems in a complete condition, and of the majority but a room, or half a room, is remaining. The squalid inhabitants receive us with outstretched arms, open hands, and cries of "Baksheesh, howadji!" The latter word seems in Syria to be always added to the familiar former one, as a polite person would add "sir," for additional respect. To their "good morning" these Syrians add "effendi," an equivalent for our

“esquire.” It is always in expectation of something that these people give even civility.

We are accompanied through the village by nearly all the inhabitants of little Bethany, who know that the one attraction is the house and tomb of Lazarus. It was here that he was raised from the dead, and here lived Martha and Mary, his sisters; and it was here that after long years and old age their brother again died, and was buried. The house is now a ruin, filled with rubbish and fallen stones. With lighted candles we do the usual routine of descending into a vault that is called the tomb, the way to which is soon blocked up by the Bethanites that so closely infest us. Beggary has its modulations of voice. The old men and women roar out “Backsheesh!” and, in the fashion of a dog or cat when not attended to, twitch at one’s clothes to compel attention. The young girls speak the word gently, and, as we seemed not to understand, whispered it to our ears as a soft thing and a secret. As with the influences of sunshine and storm that in the fable contended for the traveller’s cloak, the gentler one generally wins. A charitable disposition and a generous hand can derive any amount of pleasure in Palestine, where money-giving is about the only dissipation that can well be indulged in.

We are taken on the way back to quarries, or spaces that appear to run all underneath the city. Hassan says that from this source was taken the stone for building what we shall see within the walls. These excavations have not been here converted into catacombs as at Rome. When the guide said, “You are now underneath the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and not far from the centre of the city,” we thought it as well to return, as we had become quite chilled in this subterranean place. For two days, said our dragoman, we might explore these excavations, but an hour is quite enough of them and their intricacies. Had an apoplectic fit seized Hassan, it looked likely that we might have wandered much longer than two days, if life held out even so long as that in these dreadful dungeons.

In the evening, camped on Mount Zion, we are favoured with a welcome visitor—a consul, of six years' residence here—who sits with us in the tent-door. He is a lettered and a learned man who takes this, to us, unenviable position for its official distinction only, and not from that need which we agree would alone drive any of us to compete for the post. From one of the chief centres of the world's life he has exiled himself to the effete, dead civilization, worse than barbarism, of this Jerusalem, though his general abilities and extensive knowledge fit him well for contesting the world's honours that he thus, all heedlessly, lets pass. The chats we have with him greatly beguile the long evening.

He does not believe in the return of more Israelites to this land than those now here. That their number has doubled during the past twelve years is to be easily accounted for, and primarily because they are one and all here supported by the voluntary contributions of their co-religionists of other lands. They are not liable, like the resident Mohammedans in Palestine, to be drafted away by conscription to supply the want for Turkish soldiery. As much by that means as by the taxation that crushes it, is the depopulation of the land to be accounted for. The deserted villages are robbed of everything in addition to their villagers, and pretty well every tree in the country has been cut down for saleable timber.

“Not the cedars of Lebanon, I hope! We shall see them?”

“It's just as much as you will, for they are situated on mountain tops, which difficult position has alone saved them. For timber for the Suez Canal they would have stripped the Mount of Olives, had the wood been of a serviceable or saleable sort.”

The Jews at present throughout Syria number, our consul tells us, about thirty thousand. Not only do they do no work nor carry on any commerce by which to live, but living itself is not so much their object in coming here as dying. With a Chinese-like wish to mingle their dust with the first of

their race, do they make a pilgrimage hither that we can understand and honour, if not imitate. Buildings that we had noticed in our day's ramble, as also some in progress, are the works of charity, and intended for almshouses, for which the interior of the city affords not sufficient accommodation.

The Turk has had a long day in Palestine, and we want to know if there is any prospect of its drawing to a close, and the shadow of the Crescent disappearing from the Cross in this land of misrule. It is difficult to prognosticate, though prophecy is quite in order in Palestine. A cloud, hardly the size of a man's hand as yet, can, we are told, be seen Romewards! The Jesuits are there dissatisfied altogether, and would mend matters to their liking by removing hither the head-quarters of the Latin Church. The chair of St. Peter, shown at Rome, is said to have been once that of Mahomet, and to set it up here at Jerusalem would be but as bringing it back to Mohammedan land.

Out of all question, Jerusalem is more appropriately the place for this chair than Rome! Where the faith of a Church originated is properly its centre, and in that aspect Jerusalem distances all the claims of an Italian city, in which Christianity merely took root by the accident of Constantine's adoption. Our consul-informant has heard whispers that such a removal has been more than talked of. A practical part of the preliminary negotiations has been the survey of the dreary country we have now come through from Joppa, with a view to a railway running over it. We wish, in our aching bones, that we had delayed our journey until that matter of the railroad had ripened.

If we had, we might, if we lived long enough, have seen the Pope's palace on Mount Zion! Though their Japanese enterprise came to great grief, that which the Jesuits take in hand does not always fail. The Vatican by the Tiber side has been fluttered lately by reformers who have taken therefrom its temporal toys. Such an insult and such a deprivation of power might be well revenged by leaving altogether

the scene of it. There would be dignity shown in so answering Italy's attempt at degradation. A few more ruins would be only added to Rome's attractions in that line by the removal to Jerusalem of the seat of Papal power.

Such removal would be the escaping other encroachments than those of political reformers. Rome is becoming a second Pæstum from the dire encroaches of that malaria which its walls no longer serve to shut out, and against which all anathemas seem to be powerless. Like Pæstum, it will yet have to be deserted in days to come for that reason, and why wait for it and sicken while waiting? No place so fitting for the transference of its pomp, and that ecclesiastical power which is left to it, as this Jerusalem. The French, who have the protectorate of the Roman holy places here, would probably help to that change.

"But what would Turkey say to it?" we ask.

"Turkey will sell anything if the price be good enough! To supply funds to the Constantinople exchequer is all that any of her possessions are held for. Palestine in that way is pretty well sucked out, and has been long ready for sale. The old Crusaders took it by the sword, but it cost more money so to do than it would to buy it in modern style, and there would be in such acquisition the chance of holding it, which the older form of taking possession wholly failed to ensure."

"What about the Greek Church and its Russian protectors?"

"Yes, certainly they are obstacles, and great ones too! The Greek Church has large possessions here, and Russia has great power. Out of that difficulty the way is not so easily to be seen, but the whole matter is one that has to be carefully handled, and many as seemingly difficult things have proved not impossible."



## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE CITY OF SHRINES.

ON the third day of our camping outside the walls of Jerusalem we could no longer keep our curiosity in check, and ourselves from entering the city. We actually dreamed of it, which is more than I had done of Canton or Calcutta, Jeddo, or Cairo. We hear of Jerusalem earlier in our youth, and read so much of it in the Book that is never forgotten. Such and such like help to make up that glamour which enwraps, as with a halo, Solomon's famous city.

"The horses can have a rest to-day!" said Hassan.

"What, no horses allowed in the city?" we said.

"There is no room for them, or for carriages either—you will find it quite troublesome enough to get along on foot."

I recalled that another holy city, Benares, and also Canton city, did not admit of horse or carriage traffic in most parts of them. We therefore hoisted our umbrellas, and started on foot for Bab el Khulil, or the Joppa gate. The day was very sultry, and made hotter by the cheerless sterility around, the barren rocks and stone-strewn land.

Joppa gate is about fifteen feet high and five wide. To indicate the Turkish ownership of the city a crescent and star are daubed on the panels. About the gate stood a crowd of itinerant pedlars and dealers in small wares and sweetmeats. A lively fight was in progress between two of them, the mob attending which surged towards us, stopping the way to the gate. A young Israelite was desperately pommelling away at an old Arab, whom he soon succeeded in getting under foot,

and we thought the trouble over. Flushed with victory he could not, however, let well alone, but made for another offender—a dealer in boiled eggs, in pink-coloured shells. This delicate merchandise he scattered all around with a kick, and in half a minute more was lying full length on his back, with the enraged owner of the eggs beating him with the empty basket. The unalloyed interest we took in this battle was of the kind felt when one does not care which side wins. The fight continued, and seemed to become “free,” as an Irishman would call it, but it went further afield and left our road clear. We uncovered our heads reverently, as we would on entering a church, and so passing through the gate, stood at last within Jerusalem! One of us showed the feeling affecting him by kneeling awhile at the entrance to the sacred city.

We did not exactly stand on getting inside, though I have so expressed it; our feet slipping about very much on the cobble-stones, here badly laid down. They project some inches above the ground or sink some inches into it, and have unpleasant interspaces, so that one can walk neither between nor upon them. Their surfaces are worn quite smooth and slippery. Nowhere had I found such difficult walking. The first street from Joppa gate has the name of Christian Street, and is the leading thoroughfare of that one of the four quarters of Jerusalem named the Christian quarter. The other three divisions are called the Jewish, the Mohammedan, and the Armenian quarters.

Christian Street is about ten feet wide, with a steep roadway some five feet broad. It is quite a punishment to walk in that, and the narrow side walks are even worse. Fifty yards of it are as fatiguing as two miles elsewhere. There is some difficult walking at the end of the Black Valley at Killarney, and it is nasty to get over the waxed floors of Versailles, but they are as nothing to this trouble. On all sides rubbish in heaps and excreta of all kinds are to be seen. The filth of the city is beyond belief. For its dirt and stenches the people deserve that the cholera should come

quickly, or, in its stead, one of those plagues that were troublesome here of olden time. Every one who has been in Jerusalem will endorse all that, with expletive additions.

People who exist amid such filth, and add to it daily, well knowing that decent folk from far lands are continually coming to see their city, should be cleared off the face of the earth as mere nuisances to it. When visitors are expected, citizens elsewhere generally put their house in decent order. To this Jerusalem come travellers from all parts of the world, and no part of it receives them so badly. Folks might stay here and enrich the wretchedly poor place by their expenditure, if it were made only bearable. As it is, it takes one's appetite away to walk in it for half an hour. The eyes, nose, and stomach get thus nauseated in a city where one expects the senses to be altogether absorbed in the exercise of the higher faculties. The disappointment is, indeed, too great.

Jostled about in the narrow lanes by dirty-looking, foul-smelling beings, we make our way, stumbling about, from one dirty alley to another, looking at frowsy stalls in the wretched buildings on either side. To enter such places would have been a contempt of sanitary precautions. In lowest depths there is said to be a deeper still, and the meaning of that is fully realized when we reach the Jewish quarter of the city. Pen or tongue cannot express the beastly filth of that district. Fancy would fail at what the eyes and nose alone can realize. And that only to a small degree, as one's nose has to be tightly held until a clear-out can be speedily made. The concentration of stench surpasses altogether in strength the number of stinks countable at Cologne.

Though we washed our boots afterwards, the aroma of this quarter of the city did not depart for days. Nauseating Jerusalem! In its roadways it is fit only to be trodden by goats, and on its sidewalks by none but pigs—a breeding-place for fevers, as we next day find. Writing on the spot, in the tent of an evening, the day's impressions can be the better expressed, though they are none of the fleeting sort. For that

reason Mr. Holman Hunt dwells outside the walls to paint the pictures of his Holy Land subjects. Most likely we should forget in another land, at a distant day, the smaller things that here so impressed us. Says Shakespeare, "Small to great matters should give way;" but, he adds, "Not if the small come first!" Jerusalem is full of great things, but its smaller



A JEW'S STORE, JERUSALEM.

ones come so prominently, and so thick and very strong, that there is no denying them.

Stumbling along for a quarter of an hour down one rugged alley after another, we reach a courtyard having a church-like doorway at the further side of the seventy feet or so of pavement. This pathway is fringed on either side with vendors

of beads, crosses, chains, medals, and other similar gewgaws, which articles are displayed on the footway in front of the owners as they sit here cross-legged and clamorous for custom. Oranges, nuts, biscuits, sweetmeats, and sherbet are among the things for sale, with numbers of wretched prints of the penny plain and twopence coloured kind. "The Church of the Holy Sepulchre," or what is so called, is in front of us, and the doorway at the far end of the little fair that we see before us is the entrance to the great Christian shrine. We go down between the rows of wretched trumpery that is held out to us, and so enter that church, the question of the custody of the keys of which caused, Kinglake says, the Crimean war.

Hassan tells us that the first church here was built by Constantine, superintended by the Empress Helena, who fixed upon the site, more than three hundred years after the Crucifixion. She decreed that the spot was the place of the Holy Sepulchre, and her decree was the sole evidence of its being such. Another three hundred years afterwards the church was pulled down by the Persians, and not rebuilt for sixteen years. About four hundred years further on, it was again destroyed by the Caliph Hakim, and not rebuilt for thirty years. Fifty years afterwards came the Crusaders, and made additions of many shrines, and the church remained as they left it until 1808, when a fire destroyed greater part, and the heavy roof fell in altogether, and made a ruin of it. The four sects that have chapels within this church—the Russian Greek, the Roman, the Armenian, and the Coptic, would have it believed that each of their buildings escaped, and those of the three others only were destroyed.

A few pounds of the scores of millions spent over that Crimean war, caused by the quarrels of these sectarians, had been well laid out here in brooms and scavenger's labour about the city, and in the cleaning up of this church itself. It is a very dirty and tawdry place, overloaded with tarnished tinsel and finery which is all in a state of dinginess, dust, and decay. As we see it now it is as rebuilt by a Greek architect, some years after the fire, on the long-delayed per-

mission of those Turks whom England so much pets, and who behave in return as most petted things do.

From a list which Hassan carries of forty sacred spots said to be covered by this one church, I subjoin a few of the most prominent, from which the rest can be well guessed. Chapel of the tomb of Adam. Pillar marking centre of the earth. Rock rent in twain at crucifixion. Mount Calvary : Chapel marking the finding of the Cross. Tomb of Melchisedek, as also tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin, the Crusaders. Chapel of the Apparition, in which are kept the sword and spurs of Godfrey, the Crusader ; things to be looked upon, I suppose, as sacred as anything else. Chapel of the Division of the Vestments. Chapel of the Penitent Thief. Pillar of the Flagellation. Prison of Christ. Well of St. Helena. Stone of the Unction. The Holy Sepulchre. The Shrine of the Holy Fire, and the Greek, Latin, Armenian, and Coptic Chapels. I have really enumerated only about half, but quite enough to show what a call is here made upon credulity.

That which is called the Holy Sepulchre is a mausoleum-like building, having a low doorway situated some little way within the church. On each side of the door are candles of all sizes, from twelve feet downwards. Lamps also hang above the door. A small anteroom is found within, and a still lower and narrower doorway leading from it, at which we have to wait our turn, as but one at a time can go or come, stooping, through it. Passing that, we are within a small chamber, about twelve feet by eight. A marble sarcophagus, the covering-slab of which is cracked across, stands like to a bench on our right-hand side. Pilgrims are kissing it as the tomb of Jesus ! Above it in the wall is the aperture through which the holy fire issues at Easter—a few days before our coming. Above it hang two lamps, said to perpetually burn. Two Greek priests are always within this stiflingly-crowded little place, answering questions and receiving in a bag monetary contributions. The atmosphere is such that we chafe at not getting out so quickly as we wish. Other pilgrims, crowding in, fill up the little passage through which we have

to grope. The aperture for the holy fire serves alone to give us air. For that reason we bless it, though three of the four churches here anathematize the fire as an imposture. We feel rather faint, not to say sick, when we emerge.

Following us comes one from the sepulchre holding a square-shaped, copper-framed lantern, in which is a swing-lamp of ship's cabin pattern. It has been lighted for him at the lamps over the sepulchre. He will carry it so lighted, and carefully tended, some thousands of miles into Russia, there to burn perpetually in the sanctuary of a Greek church. In his other hand he carries a twisted crown of thorns, which he received from the priests within, and had, in our presence, lain upon the sacred sarcophagus before the lighting of the lamp.

The Greek Church have the sole charge of this shrine, as they have also of everything in the way of holy places worth having in and about Jerusalem. Opposite to the sepulchre's entrance is the Greek chapel, in which service is taking place. Behind the sepulchre is the little oratory of the Coptic Church. The Roman Chapel, as also the Armenian, are of plain appearance beside the grandeur of the Greek one. Crowds come from all parts at Easter, and throng this church to see, and to singe themselves with, the holy fire. It is believed that, if practicable, its exhibition would be suspended. The Greek Church, as I have said, alone support it of the four that formerly did so. It is the exhibition of a miracle, the counterpart of which is shown periodically to similar crowds at Naples in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.

One of the visitors walking about in this church has a face that shows a wonderful likeness to the profile portrait so well known of Christ. I call attention to it, and to the long hair and general appearance of the owner of this remarkable head. Hassan tells me that such features are often seen in this country, and that their owner in this case is a Syrian from some town between here and Damascus. I think that none of us ever stared so much or so long at any man before. To see that face in life—and to see it here!

Between the entrance to the church and the sepulchre is a stone slab which I see many stoop to kiss. I am told it is that on which the body of Jesus was laid when taken down from the Cross—"up there." I look up and see some steep and narrow stairs, that prove to be very slippery. When at the head of these twelve or fourteen steps we are on Mount Calvary, and at the scene of the crucifixion! Those who choose to look can be shown the holes into which the three crosses were put, and put money into them also as an offering. In a vault-like chapel below we are shown where Empress Helena dug for these crosses, and found them more than three hundred years after they were used at Calvary! The crown of thorns was, I am told, found with them, as also Pilate's inscription. The "true cross" of the three was discovered by the bishop of the time recommending the exhibition of them all to a sick patient. Two thus exhibited had no effect, but the third worked a perfect cure. Over the place where this find was made is the building we now see—curiously called "The Chapel of the Invention of the Cross"—a title admitting of more than one construction.

It is allowed by all sensible people—and those who don't admit it think it just as much—that Helena and the Crusaders have overcrowded this church with shrines. They provide for too much curiosity—too many of the wants of the credulous pilgrims. Fully a dozen more shrines than the forty now here were shown to travellers of olden days, but have since been removed—dealt with similarly to the rejected gospels and the books of the Apocrypha excised from the Bible. Another revision of the sort is much wanted, and it would be better perhaps "to reform it altogether," as three-fourths of the historians are of opinion that this church covers nothing that it pretends to. The prison down below, the sepulchre alongside one, and Mount Calvary upstairs, is what the astonished pilgrim has to take in. The tomb of Adam is not considered as a joke, though that Crusader must have been a humorist who stuck it in with the rest. As we again passed through the little Bartlemy Fair outside, it



looked no longer desecrating, but rather a fitting introduction to all that we had seen within.

As we make our way to the mosque which now stands on the foundations of Solomon's Temple, we pass the judgment-hall of Pilate, the lower part of which is now usefully occupied by a shoemaker. Entering now upon the *Via Dolorosa*, a narrow alley that winds about for some distance, and is in places partly arched, we are shown a number of sacred places—about eight—pictures of which we had seen on the walls of Gethsemane garden. One is the house of St. Veronica, whose holy handkerchief here once used is to be seen now at Rome. Here, too, is the house of the wandering Jew—at which we really looked with more interest than on many of the sacred things. After that the house of Dives was of little interest. The Pool of Bethesda shows now only a pailful of water, being choked up with the *débris* of fallen buildings.

The mosque of Omar and that of El Aksa facing it fill up just a fourth of the space that the city walls enclose. As mosques they are but the poorest affairs, compared to what is to be seen in that way elsewhere. They lack minarets, and wanting such mosques are but bald-looking, and all as unfinished to the eye as Manx cats. A large dome surmounts that of Omar, which has been greatly disfigured by some cheap and nasty "restorations" lately done to it. Thousands of glazed blue tiles, like willow-pattern plates, have been put about at the base of the dome and other prominent places. Years ago no admission to such as ourselves was here allowed, but the value of money is now more sensibly acknowledged by the Mohammedan attendants. Two francs for admission, and half a franc for slippers to our infidel feet, made clear the way for us, as like payments do at St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey.

The great sight to be here seen is a broad mass of bare rock nowhere of more than four feet elevation, but more covered with historical memories than any spot in this world. It was here, we are told, that Abraham laid Isaac for an offering. This was "the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebu-

site"—bought by David. On this rock the latter sacrificed and built the "high altar of sacrifice" for his successors. Here the destroying angel stood when about to smite Jerusalem until propitiated by David. It was covered by the Temple of Solomon, and that second one by which the Israelites replaced it, and over it stood once the temple that the Romans dedicated to Jupiter. Over it now stands the mosque most sacred of all mosques in the eyes of Mohammedans. The reasons whereof are that there are here as many things sacred to Mahomet as there are things sacred to the Greek and Roman faiths in the Church of the Sepulchre.

This rock of Mount Moriah, as it is called, has a low railing around it, to which worshipping Mohammedans have tied endless rags for some religious reason. In one corner of the rock Hassan points out the footprint of Mahomet, which is very different in size to that shown at Cairo. It was here that he last touched the earth before making his heavenward journey. Near to the footprint I am shown the handprint of the angel Gabriel, who attended on Mahomet, and who had to hold this rock in its place by main force as it rose to follow the prophet. An aperture in the roof and one in the floor near to this rock are said to be used by good and bad spirits of the upper and nether worlds, and are much respected accordingly.

In the stone floor, near the entrance to this mosque, is inset a square block of wood, into which are driven three nails. Not a good Mohammedan but believes that these nails hold the world together! There were formerly more, but the others have gone, like the lost Pleiad. The world will also go when these three that remain are removed. Near to this is a little vault, where Abraham, David, and Solomon are said to have prayed, and above is the stone where David sat in judgment, and from whence the Mohammedans believe that judgment will one day be passed on all of us. As our St. George came from somewhere in Syria, I am nothing astonished to be shown here the spot where he said his prayers.

The little chamber beneath one corner of the mosques is what has been often seen in chromographs and oleographs, made when it was thrown open to general visitors a few years back. It is reached by three or four steps, has a carpet floor, and a lamp hanging from the ceiling. It is the holy of holies to the mosque above, and to pray here is what Mohammedans most desire. In David's time it was the pit into which the blood of the sacrifices was drained and their ashes thrown. The former passed away through an aperture leading to the Kidron, which aperture the Mohammedans now believe communicates with a much lower place. This mosque is, by the way, not that built by Omar, but only a renewal of it, and not more than one hundred and fifty years old.

Jerusalem has been built and rebuilt so many times that there is thought to be as much of it below the surface as above. Valleys formerly divided the city between Mounts Zion and Moriah that cannot now be traced, so fully have they been filled up. Before going into the Mosque of Aksa we descend some steps near to the south-east corner of the walls, and find ourselves in an underground world, among old walls and pillars of huge dimensions. There is a vastness about everything here, together with a solidity and strength, that Persians, Romans, and Mohammedans have failed to destroy, and only succeeded in hiding for a time. Here are fifteen rows of pillars five feet square, and the floor is thirty feet beneath the level of the courtyard above. What these remains represent historians are not, as usual, agreed upon. As we passed up the stairs we were asked to step into an aperture to see the cradle of Jesus; but as it was a mere form of collecting more money, we passed on, as we did numbers of other times at similar requests.

The Mosque el Aksa faces that of Omar, and has in it objects of interest to those of Christian and Mohammedan faiths, as likewise, in a different way, to those of neither: The building has been converted to the present purpose from one built for another by Justinian. The credulous and curious can see here the pews of John and Zachariah, the foot-

print of Jesus, and the spot where that madman Omar, who destroyed the library of the ancient world, prayed on his ceasing from further works of destruction. Remembering what evil he did to the world generally, we feel inclined to do a little prayer on his account on the same spot, but let the good intention go towards paving, as we hope, his present quarters.

Near the entrance to this mosque is a well, down which is a side door, if it could only be now found, that leads to what Hassan calls "Gardens of Delight." A Mohammedan drawing water here dropped the bucket. He descended by the chain to replace the bucket, when all care for it was replaced by curiosity at a doorway found there. The door yielded to pressure, and led the visitor to gardens paradisiacal in their pleasantness—so finding Paradise situated beneath the earth's surface instead of above it. Why he did not remain there has never been properly explained. Captain Cook returned, however, from some very pleasant places that he discovered, and Bonny Kilmeney, we read in the *Queen's Wake*, voluntarily returned to her village from Fairyland. So returned this Mohammedan, first plucking a leaf which he put behind his ear as proof positive of his discoveries. He took the leaf to Omar, at that time in power, who, remarking from day to day how green it kept, announced the miracle to his similarly verdant believers. All trace is now alike lost of the door and the leaf.

In this mosque, or on a part of its site, was the building in which the Knight Templars created by Baldwin the Crusader took their degrees, and were girt with the sword and spurs of Godfrey, now kept in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The present building is said to be the work of the Caliph Abdel Melek, in the seventh century. A very fine pulpit, carved at Damascus, is here to be seen, as also near the doorway the tombs of the sons of Aaron, which visitors are expected to regard with reverential feelings.

We pass convents erected by churches of every faith; the Roman one of St. Salvador, the Greek one of Constantine,

the Armenian one, the Convent of the Cross, and the Syrian one of St. Mark ; also the Church of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, built on the spot where she lived with Joachim, her husband, and where Mary was born. The remains of her father are supposed to lie here, but those of St. Anne were removed by Empress Helena, who unsettled as much as settled everything hereabout, to Constantinople. Passing onwards we neglect minor attractions, because it is the day of wailing with the Israelites, and we shall see them in crowds at the Place of Wailing—part of an old wall.

It is doubtful what wall it is, though believed to be part of that which enclosed the Temple, that has, every Friday for centuries, been made the scene of this ceremony. Some of the stones in it are of prodigious size. A crowd here assemble once a week, repeating the first, fourth and fifth verses of the seventy-ninth Psalm. The scene is a very saddening one. Of the sixteen thousand citizens the Jewish population is ten thousand, mostly of Spanish, German, and Polish origin. All the men assembled seemed to be alike in wearing gaberdines, caps edged with fur, and a single short curl on each side of their faces. Women are here also in plenty, and all, men and women, reading or reciting aloud. These people are for the most part supported by contributions from other countries. News of that fact attracts those similarly inclined, and so the number of these paupers is always increasing. Charity is a good thing, but it is not always that it does good.

I think that "fearless, unbash'd Defoe," had he come here, would have felt more than usual that he was where he was "demanded of conscience to speak the truth." The wish to do so comes upon one very strongly indeed on leaving Jerusalem. I had entered it as a city of shrines, and found it but a city of shows. None, it is said, leave it with the same feelings with which they entered it. Their ideas have meantime much altered. In Coleridge's words, they might say

"All such have vanish'd,  
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

It is to be hoped that there are yet those born into this world of fraud who are as honest as deep-thinking Bentham, and will have nothing to do with that which is in any way tainted. We read that he resigned his profession of the law and all its expectations because he saw things done therein in those days which were explained to him as but forms and fictions, to say nothing stronger of them. He would have none of it, and left the business to those who could swallow what his honest stomach rejected. What would he have said of the Greek and Latin Churches, as shown in their Jerusalem doings? There would have been another good man lost to them to a certainty, and the world would have profited doubtless by the reasons he would have given for it. What offends in Jerusalem are practical and not theoretical matters, and of such only I write.

There is a bliss of a certain kind about ignorance that Othello best tells us the true value of, and the loss of which was felt in a lesser degree by one who was rudely undeceived as to the reality of Defoe's *Crusoe*. It was not the pleasant time that evening in the tents that it had been on the previous one. Perhaps we wanted the Consul's company and chat. Maybe we were tired, and then again we may have been disappointed and vexed. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" There must have been something in that way felt by one of our party, who was unusually morose, and sought solace in violent smoking. I heard him mutter something about having been humbugged, and his future great respect for some American name that sounded like "bunkum," which may have applied to the day's events or what they had called up. We were thinking of our next stage to Bethlehem and the Jordan, and so were busy reading up for the route. One of the party, however, broke silence at last by addressing our dragoman:—

"Hassan, what do you think of Jerusalem and its ways generally?"

"I think it stinks—all ways."

"Yes, that is to the outer senses; but what is in your mind about it?"

"To my mind it wants sweeping."

"Well, yes, no doubt about that; but how about its people?"

"Three-fourths of them would, I think, be all the better for a washing."

"That is, again, as to the exterior. What is your opinion about their general character?"

"I think it would be much improved if they were all set to work. You can't expect a city of idle people to do else but mischief."

"You won't answer to the point any way. How about the holy places—the shrines that you have to-day shown us? What was your opinion when you first saw them as we have done?"

"That I could make much more money out of the shows if they were under my management than those fellows do."

"Very likely; but they appeal to the eye of Faith as well as to the pocket. You only take one view of it."

"They appeal to soap and water, and much want it. The eye of Faith, and all other eyes, could see more of them if they were cleaner!"

"You fence every question. By 'those fellows' I suppose you mean the Holy Roman and Greek Churches, and by 'shows' you mean the shrines?"

"Just so! You can call them what you like. You won't offend me."

"Hassan, don't play the fool. You are getting absurd now."

"It's likely enough. Habits are catching, and you can judge by me of the company I have kept. You should have seen some of the people I have brought up here. You would not kiss that cracked marble slab inside there, but I have seen others weep upon it, faint on it, and leave a pile of money on it as an offering."

"If you had the care of the shrines you could perhaps tell something more about them."

"You heard quite enough for your money. I could tell more perhaps if I were put in charge in place of others. To tell it now would be telling their business and helping to spoil mine!"

"And yours is only introductory to theirs?"

"Well, mine is to take you to Bethlehem and to Jordan, when you have done sight-seeing in the city!"

It was as talking "shop" to this man to speak with him about Jerusalem and its shrines. The excuse for so wasting time was the good one that he was the only English-speaking person we had to converse with. At times I thought, from his fencing answers, that he was a wasted diplomatist, but he was merely the effect of a cause, and had learned his ways, and the world generally and his great contempt for it, in the City of Shrines—and shams.

For his callous way of answering to earnest inquiry it was, I suppose, a punishment that Hassan, of all of us, was stricken down by fever before morning. We expected the pestilential atmosphere of the pest-house city would knock one of us over, but this man was thought to be too well-seasoned for its touching him. Disease and death make, however, strange choices. Hassan had to provide a substitute for taking us to Bethlehem and the Jordan, and to lie for five days in his tent until the scales of life and death are turned in his favour, and much expected trouble so saved to us.

Other two long days were yet given to Jerusalem. To give full effect to the last one, we divided, and wandered about each *solus*. This good idea, in many respects, resulted in my losing myself, and, small as the city was, vainly trying for long to find Joppa gate—no one understanding my elaborate efforts to convey the sound of its name in three different ways. It has been a great relief to see Jerusalem even in our hurried way, and so, in feminine language, to get off one's mind the great City of Shrines. For it is *that* to the Jewish, the Christian, and Mohammedan faiths. Jews and Mohammedans alike worship where stands Mount Moriah and where stood Solomon's Temple, and Mahomet contends



here for reverence equally with Christ, and with a far larger number of followers.

A philosopher would notice how demand has here created supply, and what followers of either faith wanted to idolize has been found for them in this city of faiths and fiddle-faddles. Satiated and disenchanted visitors, which terms include nine-tenths of those who come hither, might suggest another shrine or two that, to their notions, might yet be added, and which only a visit to the scene can suggest. One expects to find the stream pure at its source, however defiled it may become in its onward flow, and so, looking at Jerusalem as a fountain-head, one's disappointment is great indeed. It is but more scales dropped from one's eyes, and more illusions of a lifetime vanished, which, being illusions, are better gone.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### ON JORDAN'S HARD ROAD.

THE morning of our sixth day on Mount Zion sees our tent struck, and a fresh start made. The cavalcade of horses,



LEPERS OUTSIDE THE CITY GATES.

mules, canteen, and baggage passes away from the city

gates—outside which a few miserable lepers are, as usual, sitting—and moves onwards now for Bethlehem, the valley of the Jordan, the Wilderness of Judea, Jericho, and the Dead Sea. Our sick dragoman stays behind in his tent. We are going to an oppressive, unhealthy district, that would but add further trouble to his fever-stricken state. Not a pleasant look-out for us, certainly, but then nothing is so to a Palestine traveller. A Scotch clergyman whom we met in Joppa and afterwards in Jerusalem, we passed now on his way back again, though he had spoken at Joppa of making a month's stay. His enthusiasm had quite evaporated. He said that he preferred something more refined, and "Eh, mon, Jerusalem's a filthy place!"

Our horses were quite frisky after their several days' rest, and had a great kick up among themselves and the mules before the saddles were all on. It was necessary afterwards to keep a horse-length distance apart between them, or they would be nipping at each other, and a bitten horse shies to all sides on the smart of the moment. As much of the journey lay along the edge of ravines and other precipitous ground, such playfulness was dangerous. The heavily-laden mules, with hundredweights on their backs, attended better to business, scurrying along with never a stumble over the worst road that was ever travelled. It was curious to see how carefully on turning rocky corners they measured their burden and the projecting rock—so avoiding a collision that would have sent them sideways may hundred feet below. A mule hurries along to be rid of his burden, and leaves all nonsense until that is effected. It is something dangerous then to come within kicking distance of him. Strange are the habits with which the otherwise unoccupied time of animals is filled. While a mule is playing around with his heels, our Syrian donkeys are always scratching their ears with them.

An addition of importance has been made to our number. It is in the person of an armed and mounted Arab sheik, who has to be answerable for our safety for the next week. He is a chief of the tribe among whom we have to travel—a lawless set of men who disdain labour, and make raids upon

their neighbours and travellers in the fashion of the old feudal barons, and the banditti of Italy and Greece. Another terror was thus added to the excursion in addition to its unhealthy aspect and toilsome road.

In place of our sick dragoman a new guide, one Elias, has been given to us, who proves to be a great falling-off. He could speak some English, but took a long time to remember it, and the words never seemed to come willingly. He was a man of such silence that it was difficult to get anything out of him. In remembrance of Solomon's assertion about a still tongue and its indicated wisdom, we expected great things from him, but his silence was only a part of his stupidity. His wits were torpid as his tongue, and he was altogether a gross fraud as a guide. When he spoke it was in a chest voice, and his words never seemed to come fully out. The horses had to be often stopped, that the clattering of their heels might not prevent the wished-for reply from being only half heard.

"Elias, what is the name of that range of hills seen through that gap yonder?"

As usual, no answer came, and I was satisfied to go on, but the Americans with me were of more inquiring minds, and wanted their money's worth out of this new oracle.

"Elias, what is that range of hills yonder? What's their name—those away there?"

Slowly at last came the answer, "The mountains of (something)."

"The mountains of what?—Speak out."

Then slower still, and with no waste of breath in repeating the whole sentence, came, as a grunt from his stomach, the missing word, "Moab!"

We valued what we got from this source—there was so little of it. There was no changing Elias now, and he was to be our sole means of communicating with the world for days to come, as the sheik, in addition to riding always ahead, spoke only Arabic, as did the rest of those with us. It was a bad look-out for our inquiring minds altogether, to have the sole

source of information run so dry. We looked at him riding there silently amongst us as a sullen, sulky being, who could have contributed much wanted information if he had liked. In point of fact he could do nothing of the sort, and was simply stupid.

Of what little was to be got much use was made. The information lately received trickled away through all the morning's talk, my facetious friends, the Americans, rehearsing the manner and repeating the matter of it in various comical ways. Conversation, never mind about what, always led up to and finished with the fact that the hills ahead were the Moabite Mountains—if it were not interrupted half-way by that interjection as a piece of novel information. The humour that could be thus got from his scanty intelligence and the imitations of his style of giving it were alike lost upon our stolid Elias.

Bethlehem, most famous among the birth-places of the world, was to be our mid-day halt. The badness of the road caused delay, as also the picturesque tomb of Rachel, which is quite a landmark on the journey, "a little way from Bethlehem" as we read of it in Genesis. There is no doubt about its genuineness, and it is in good preservation. The fields about here are cultivated as much as the many stones and poor soil will permit. We see men working in the fields, much as Jacob laboured there for the fourteen long years which he served for her whose tomb we now look at. Nothing is near to it. Unlike tombs hereabout, it is quite isolated, and in appearance might be taken for an antiquated stone-built hut, and for such purpose it is now used. As it serves better for an excuse for stopping than do many sights, we linger about it as a reason for a rest.

Nearing Bethlehem, we are surrounded with chubby-faced, shoeless girls, who run towards us with stone water-bottles. The drink so tendered is a polite way of obtaining that "back-sheesh" which absorbs their thoughts. The trouble is to choose which bottle to take and not sadden the pleasant up-turned faces all around. A little soap and water applied to them, and decent frocks, would make them tidy-looking

English girls. Their mountain home has given them a fair complexion, and as Bethlehemites they are of Christian faith. These water-carriers increase as we go onwards, and form quite an escort into the out-of-the-way, poor, little, antiquated, miserable, immortal village.

Bethlehem, that was called "of Judea," to identify it from similarly-named places, has now a name as Birthplace-Bethlehem, that ennobles as much as distinguishes it. "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, art not the least among the princes of Judah." And yet this hill-top village, now



BETHLEHEM.

to the pilgrim second only to Jerusalem, was of note in David's time, and it was in the fields that we look upon from its side that he tended sheep, and, as other shepherds have done, cultivated that minstrelsy for which he was afterwards famous. He knew the sweetness of its water also, and recalled it in that trying hour of death when the best remembrances of our youth ever come back to us. Of his last words, as told in the last chapter but one of the Book of Samuel, we read:—And David longed and said, "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by

the gate!" We ask nothing about the source of the water with which we had been welcomed on our nearing the village, that the pleasing illusion might not be destroyed of its coming from David's Well, as it very probably did.

It is a stone-built collection of ground-floor cottages, this Bethlehem, on the brow of a hill having a far-out look over broad valleys in which is much cultivated land. It is a clean and decent place compared to odoriferous Jerusalem, and, viewed with the eyes that have lately seen ruinous and deserted Bethany, it is quite alive and modern in its aspect. In the yard of a large convent we tether the horses, and are hospitably allowed the use of a good room for luncheon. The convent adjoins the Greek Church, which is built over that manger with the name of which the ends of the earth are acquainted.

The Empress Helena, of course, built the church over the supposed Grotto of the Nativity here, as she did over that of the so-called sepulchre at Jerusalem. A "grotto," it is explained to us, is, in Syrian meaning, a hole in the rocks, a cavern such as the one we had pointed out to us near Jerusalem as that in which Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations, and as others known now by many names around the foot of the Mount of Olives. As we saw there about Siloam, these caverns are used for sheltering cattle and horses, and hence may be called "mangers." It is over one of these holes in the rock on which Bethlehem stands that the Church of the Nativity has been raised, embedded, as it were, in three surrounding convents belonging to the Greek, Roman, and Armenian Churches. Accompanied by two monks we pass down the steps leading to the manger, now dignified as a grotto, and look upon a cavity perpetually lighted, and gaudily overloaded with ornament. An altar-piece stands in front of this Shrine of the Nativity, service at which we are told is of special efficacy—or believed by some to be so.

The Greek Church has got this Shrine of the Nativity in a sort of limited partnership with the Armenian one, which has but a small share in it. The Roman Church, not to be out-

done, has built adjoining to it a chapel of another shrine, that of the hiding-place of the mother and child for forty days from the wrath of Herod before the flight into Egypt. The Greek Church has trumped or supplemented that with "The Altar of the Innocents," beneath which are said to be collected the bones of 20,000 of the murdered firstborn, and over which is a daub of a painting illustrative of the tragedy. Everything is made sacred hereabout. I am next shown, of all queer places, the "Chapel of Joseph," another grotto of a place, to which the nurses enforced his retirement on the eventful occasion.

The tomb of St. Jerome is next shown to us, as also the apartment allotted to him in the church here, in which he settled soon after its founding, and is said to have written those works that constitute him the first of the Fathers of the Church. The subdivisions of the holy places hereabout are jealously guarded, and quarrels occur about the use of doorways and the keeping of keys. It requires such a fact as that which Kinglake records as the cause of the Crimean War to convince one of the stupendous importance of these seemingly out-of-the-world old shrines.

The three thousand people of Bethlehem are chiefly agriculturists, but a few devote themselves to memento-making. The olive-trees supply a good carving wood for crosses, crucifixes, and other memorials of the place. Mother-of-pearl shells are also cleverly cut with representations of raised figures—that of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" being the favourite. Their cheapness does not deteriorate from their goodness. Commercially considered, a trade might seemingly be done in these elegancies.

To go down the stairs, following the steps of the monk, and gaze upon a gaudily bedizened hole in the rocks, is seeing Bethlehem's great attraction; but the greater one, to some eyes, lies outside and around. Bethlehem stands upon the far end of a branch of the great range on which stands Jerusalem, and along which we have travelled all the morning. It looks down in front and both sides over terraces of vines and olives



to cornfields beyond. These vineyards and cornfields look now, there is but little question, much as they did when all the events occurred connected with them that we now turn to read about in the four chapters of that little pleasant idyl called the Book of Ruth, placed as a light interlude between the grave historical reading of Judges and Samuel.

It was in the way that we have journeyed that Joseph came up from Nazareth, as we read in the second chapter of Luke, "to be taxed, with Mary, his espoused wife," on that lately issued "decree of Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed," told of in the first verse of such chapter, and which decree seems never to have been repealed. Hither coming for such cause, they have tarried until that event occurred which was angelically announced to the shepherds in yonder fields, and heralded by the star overhead here in the blue sky that led "wise men from the East" to Jerusalem and thence hitherwards, inquiring into its cause. The inhabitants of Bethlehem that we now see are doubtless many of them descendants of those dwelling here when those events occurred. Any change in Bethlehem's characteristics seems impossible. It is out of all the world's course—a little hill-top corner on the road to nowhere, and even out of our way as we take it on the journey to Jordan.

From Bethlehem our course now lies down steep inclines and over loose stones that seem perversely to lie thicker in the bridle tracks than elsewhere. Bonaparte said that in Poland he had discovered a new element—that of mud. He might have found an additional one here and throughout Syria in the loose boulders that crowd the surface. Riding becomes irksome—not to say sleepy—work at last, and so I get down from the saddle, and stumble about among the stones, with the bridle on my arm, until such stumbling exertion bursts the sides of my boots.

The valley of the Jordan, into which we are descending, becomes very oppressive in that heat which we had not so much of on the hill tops. All verdure begins to leave the scenery, and the whitish glare of the limestone surface all around be-

comes painful to the eyes. I imitate the sheik's head-dress, by putting a handkerchief partly within my hat, and letting the balance hang down over neck and ears. Now the green-faced goggles bought at Cairo come into use, and afford real relief. Jordan's Valley is really hard travelling, and brings the stoutest to terms. Even Elias spoke out, as feeling himself forced to interest us.

"Here," said he, pointing down a deep ravine, "is the Brook Cherith, beside which Elijah was fed by birds!"

We did not get at the matter all at once, and so he repeated it by instalments. The water was not visible as yet, which confused the statement; but we should see it further onwards. It looks, all about, the sort of district in which if a man could live at all he would require supernatural sustenance. Naturally he would die, and the sooner the better, in this howling wilderness. As we got deeper into it the heat became more palpable, and the declivities so steep and stony that out of respect to our necks we preferred the labour of scrambling about on foot and leading the horses.

Others had suffered on this road, and thought kindly of those who might follow them. A Russian lady, whose name I did not learn, but hope that Heaven will not forget, had six years before made the pilgrimage we are doing, on her way to that baptismal place at which John the Baptist made his greatest baptism on Jordan's bank. Such is customary with the devotees of the Greek Church. On her return she had caused two thousand pounds to be laid out over the improvement of this hill and valley track. She might as well have left it in reduction of the national debt, for any permanent good that it has done. Any believer in the efficacy of good works has here a splendid opportunity to follow suit to that generous Muscovite. Some thousands laid out here would take first rank among those deeds that we are taught are remembered, even to "a cup of water," in the great Hereafter.

Elias becomes again vocal at the sight of an opening in the surrounding hills. He leaves the side of the sheik, and comes

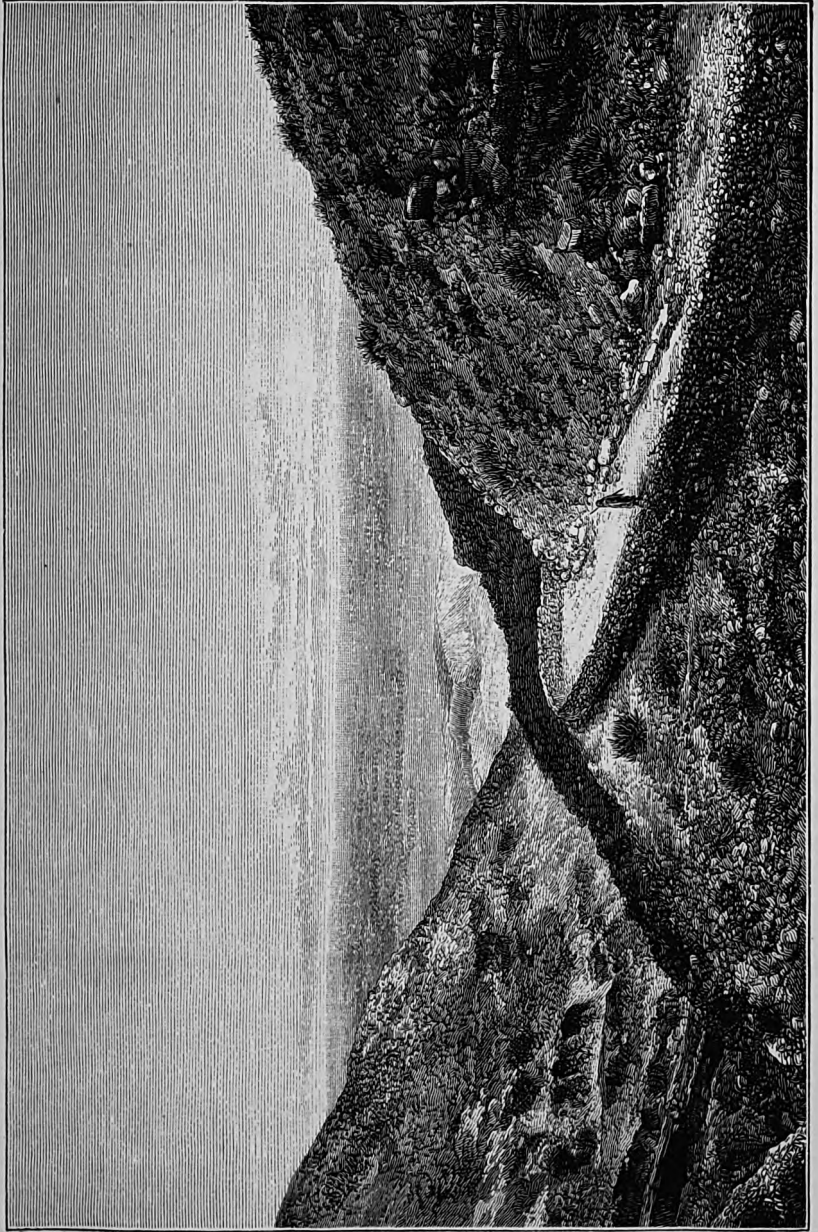
back upon us, pointing to a glittering spot to be seen through the gap.

“The Dead Sea” is all that he says, or rather grunts, and then falls again into file.

We are all by this time—the oppressive afternoon—beginning to thoroughly understand the worship of Baal in these parts in olden days. He was a Sun deity. In this country, as also in Egypt, stood an Heliopolis, or City of the Sun, with a great temple for its worship as chief building. We know, in this April day in the valley of the Jordan, why the ancient Syrians worshipped the sun-god. He makes his great power so supremely felt alone here in the wilderness that he is everything above and about one in the awe-inspiring silence and stillness that reign around. As he crushes you, as it were, in his awful power, your thoughts are filled with his immense might, to the exclusion of all else. Bowing to that might, and trembling before such majesty, what wonder that men prayed for his pity?

A poet whose words are known better than his name, has said that “Jordan is a hard road to travel.” He had been this way, no doubt, and, as another poet said, had learnt in suffering what he taught in song. There is suffering enough got on this journey to satisfy any poetical soul. If it cannot find vent in song, it is apt to do so in swearing; but poetry is better than profanity—which again may be said to depend upon its quality. We are all now as silent as our Elias—quite baked and done up with heat and weariness. We began to perceive the wisdom of our sick dragoman in getting sick and stopping behind in his cool tent on Mount Zion. Talleyrand always would have it that there were diplomatic reasons for sicknesses of every sort. When we afterwards dilated on our troubles to him, Hassan was as practical in his remarks as he had been about Joshua and the Valley of Ajalon. He merely said, “Didn’t you know that hard work wasn’t easy?”

We begin to notice now for what purpose our sheik was provided. Several most villanous-looking men have been met, with ugly weapons that increased the doubts begat of their



JORDAN'S HARD ROAD.

dangerous looks. They were of the sort that one does not like to meet out of handcuffs—a kind of half Bedouen, having none of the good qualities of either citizen or savage. The people of the Jericho district, upon which we are about entering, are of the vilest to be found in Palestine—lazy vagrants who are utterly demoralized. In such we see that climate helps to make man's nature. These people live in the locality where stood Sodom and Gomorrah, "Cities of the Plain." All the evils characterizing those suppressed cities still survive among the inhabitants of their former neighbourhood. They are in appearance twice as dark-looking as the Bethlehemites, but the heat of this valley would bake and blacken any one.

Two of these ill-looking vagrants, carrying long guns, now join our sheik, and march by his side. We appeal to Elias as to the meaning of it. After due rumination he digests our question, and from his stomach slowly come—

"Guards for the tents to-night, to assist the sheik!"

"Are three armed guards required?"

"Yes! Jericho bad place! all bad people!"

The day's trouble had been enough, and no need for this dismal prospect of the night. The unalterable character of everything in the East was well illustrated in this instance, as it is in a dozen others daily. It is all here now the same as it was two thousand years ago, when "a certain man went down to Jericho, and fell among thieves." One of our inquiring friends hazards a query—

"Elias, can you show us at Jericho where the Good Samaritan got into trouble?"

"Good Samaritan, sir?"

"Yes, the man you read of in the New Testament in connexion with Jericho and thieves!"

"New Testament, sir?"

"Go to—Jericho! Go on!"

And this man was to be our guide to holy places, and to have food and lodging and seven and sixpence a day!

We get to the end of the hills and ravines at last, and come

out upon a wide stony plain, having some scattered and dried-up tufts of coarse grass about. A large mud-coloured grasshopper is occasionally to be seen here. We shake up Elias on the subject, and he says, after the usual consideration, "locusts!"

This is, then, the insect of which we read such mysterious and terrible things in the first and second chapters of that entomological book of Joel. "The land is a garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness—yea, and nothing shall escape them!" Reading thus, the desolation hereabout is accounted for. Nothing *has* escaped them, and they keep around to see that nothing shall. "The sound of their wings is as the sound of chariots—of many horses running to battle. . . . On the tops of the mountains shall they leap. . . . They shall run like mighty men, and climb the wall like men of war!"

These locusts are the edible insects upon whose ancestors John the Baptist fed when here, and not upon the beans of the carob or locust-tree, as we have heard expounded. That tree did not grow in Syria. Its locality at that time was confined to its native South-western America, a country not then opened to visitors from Judea. They neither had everything, nor, as an American poet has remarked, did they know everything, "down in Judee."

The "wild honey" that helped out John's repast was obtained from the caves and clefts in the rocks around, as it is similarly found in India. Where the bees could have got it from hereabout is another and an insoluble query. Nature, to protect these terrible locusts, has coated them of the colour of the dried-up earth on which they hop. Beneath that covering, however, are all the colours of the rainbow, and wings that the butterflies cannot excel. To uncover one is like to taking a homespun cloak from off a ball-room belle. The Arabs dry them, rub their remains into powder, and bake them as cakes. As they are—similarly to the grasshopper—as clean feeders as sheep, there is no reason against their edibility. I put one of them into the tin goggle-box and

stamp a hole in it for ventilation. If it has lived on the nothingness seen hereabout it can live just as well on the emptiness there, as indeed it appears to do.

The sheik faces about now to point out a larger view of the Dead Sea, and to tell us, through Elias, that we are now on the spot where one Sir Fred. Henniker, who attempted this journey unprotected, was robbed and half murdered. That was only told us to make us proud of our escort, but we learnt afterwards that it was quite true. The men whom we have passed on the way looked indeed capable of murder or of anything else short of washing themselves.

It is now six p.m., and we have been twelve hours in the saddle, allowing thereout the time spent at Bethlehem. It had been, by badness of road and oppressive heat, altogether too much for those accustomed only to eight hours' labour. We know, however, on Shakespeare's authority, that "The labour we delight in physics pain." It had physicked us, at all events, and there was yet much pain left about. When those who had stuck to the saddle all the journey tried their legs again, it was comical to notice how they waddled.

A few stunted bushes are to be seen ahead, and we become aware of the delicious music of bubbling water. It is soon in sight—a glorious rushing stream, crystally clear, that comes cascade-like, leaping and dancing over a shallow stony bed. To our eyes, bleared with heat and inhospitable stones and rocks, it was a heavenly prospect. Our half-dumb oracle tells us what it is—

"The Brook Cherith, Elijah's brook!"

The mules have crossed it, never staying to drink, as is their fashion, but no whip or knocking of the fire-shovel stirrups to their sides could get the horses over it, and they rushed into it before we could dismount. As it seemed likely that they would never cease drinking, and we could wait no longer, we got off and joined them, the water, reaching not quite to our knees, cooling our feet. We subsequently put our half-baked heads into it, and had great ideas of

lying down in it altogether, so delicious was the taste of the water, and so exquisite the sound, sight, and feel of it. We four strangers, in a while to be scattered in distant lands, found "this brook Cherith" as great a blessing as did Elijah. For him it dried up, but in our memories it never will. We did our best to dry it up, though, in the quantities we drank of it, upon the amount of which we could never agree as to a gallon or two.

Before any one lectures on temperance and the virtues of water, he should journey in southern Palestine, and get to Cherith, as we did, and at about the same time of the year and the day. He could there drink in inspiration and water combined. What can one know of the goodness and graciousness of water when ever within arm's length of it? Let a body journey for long hours under a Syrian sun, never tasting or seeing what he so longs for, and then let him loose in it! It affected our dumb oracle. He grunted out "Very good," which was for him a prodigality of English altogether. Our great thirst was probably intensified by the atmosphere being loaded with the evaporation of that neighbouring chemical composition called the Dead Sea.

By the time we get on again, our mules have disappeared over a ridge, on reaching the top of which we see our very welcome camping-ground. Our tents are pitched by the side of another crystal stream issuing from a neighbouring rock, and called Elijah's Fountain. It were better that these two water-supplies had been further apart, but we are glad to get them anyhow, and feel as if we could, in fashion of other and older days, stop about them, and settle a township here.

Before us lies a mile or more of bush and scrub. Beyond that are the tops of the huts of the people of Jericho. Away, a mile further from their locality, runs the Jordan, and those hills which so obscure all view beyond, and wall in the far side of the famous river, are those we had heard of all the morning, and are not likely soon to forget—the mountains of Moab. Every hill and declivity all around have names that we learned next to those in our spelling-books. We



seem, in thinking of them all, to have got back to some old home of ours, and look about for the white heads and spectacled eyes of the good grandfathers and grandmothers which these names, so early learnt at their knees, seem also to recall.

In the waste that is all around, this encampment of ours makes quite a rival village to little Jericho. On a hilltop to our immediate rear our protectors have already mounted guard. They have made a mia-mia, in aboriginal Australian fashion, of three poles surrounded with branches and sticks from the scrub. Their dark figures stand out boldly in relief against the evening sky, and they will remain where we see them until we break up camp in two days' time. They draw their nourishment meantime from our canteen, where, by the way, the sheik is to be seen much oftener than upon the hill.

Our cook was at his best this evening, and got greater praises than usual. How he managed to do so much with so little aid was not easily understandable. I saw once a conjuror producing omelettes from the interior of my hat, so that I know that the art of cookery has mysteries. Our Antoine could, I believe, do much more in a similar way, and call it cooking and not conjuring. Our tea tasted deliciously, but the cups seemed to our thirst to hold but a spoonful. It was necessary to restore by much absorption the quantity of moisture evaporated during the day, so that this incessant swilling of the tea kept us all pretty silent that evening. To avoid the heat of noonday in this oven-like valley, we are to start at three next morning, and so steal a march on the sun on our way to that Dead Sea which is the next item in our programme, and called Lot's Sea by our Arabs.

That is to say, we shall do so if the descendants of the Amalekites, the grandchildren of Esau hereabout, will but let us. And yet our Consul at Jerusalem would have it that travellers in Syria might trust better for kindness to others than Christians. The latter will not, he said, as hosts be always found the most honest or hospitable. The Turk, he

tells me, observes his religious teachings, and shapes his doing to the approval of his conscience. For that reason he will not drink wine or steal, and though he may have worse faults, he is patience itself in his good-humoured endurance. The word of a Turk may be taken more generally than that of others. Such is due to religious sincerity, which also, alas! drives them to sad hatred and aggression on those of other faiths.

The Koran directs that any religion having written records of its faith claiming inspired authority shall be respected, which would seem to give the Jews and Christians a good right to dwell unmolested among Mohammedans, especially as they all alike take the Old Testament as a text-book. That is the theory, but in practice human nature is found to be stronger than religious instruction, and those not wholly of one faith do not make a happy household anywhere in the world. It comes to a cat-and-dog life, and "the dog of a Christian" gets sadly scratched sometimes by the claws of the velvet-pawed Turk.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

BY THE DEAD SEA SHORE.

JUDGING by the hour of the early morning at which we had to turn out, we might have been going to see the University boat-race on the Thames instead of the famous Biblical waters of the Dead Sea and the Jordan. Getting up in the middle of the night to dress for anything is one way of adding to the novelty that increases its importance. And yet these waters—the sacred river and the accursed sea—could not be called novelties. They were antiquated indeed, to judge only by the time that we had been acquainted with their names—from the earliest days of infant-school. It was a case of dressing by candlelight at three a.m., and it remained to be seen if, in French phraseology, the game was worth the candle.

Outside the tents we stumbled about over their ropes in the darkness. These ropes were always a trouble after the sun went down. They were pegged so much one within the lines of the others that quite a network awaited our feet. As no moon rose to help us, I protested against a roadless journey in the outer darkness. The travelling was difficult and dangerous enough when the way was visible, and needed no absence of light to make it more so. It was a bad neighbourhood also to have to stay in if one happened to get a fractured limb. With such thoughts, our breakfast was got through in a state of gloom in which we could scarcely distinguish the sugar from the salt. Being out-voted on the question of waiting for daylight, we all started at four a.m.

on a journey that added darkness as another terror to the name of that Dead Sea, which we learn from Elias might reasonably have an addition made to it, implying condemnation as well as death.

The services of some of our Arabs not being required for the day, as we shall return to this camping-ground again for the night, they sleep peaceably on, in which repose I am tired enough to envy them. After the fatigue of yesterday's toil I feel as wanting about a week's rest ; but I have signed the bond, and am in the land of covenants and penalties for breach of them. As a warning against going back from such, there is somewhere hereabout the remains of that pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned for that looking back which might have had good feminine reasons other than the one for which she was so summarily judged. It is not always, as Iago says, to "see suitors following" that the look behind is given ; oftener than anything else it is but to see the set of the pannier or the trail of the skirt.

The scene of this transformation of Lot's wife we shall expect to have shown to us. If not, the locality is open for selection anywhere hereabout, and the spot can be decreed by any of us as certainly as three-fourths of what has been done in that way by the Empress Helena and the subsequent Crusaders. It is noticeable that many of our Arab attendants sleep upon Jacob's pillow—a single stone beneath their heads. Such gives them, let me hope, similar dreams, and that these heirs to a hard life mount Jacob's ladder nightly to that heavenly sleep which Shakespeare tells us only those who so work can enjoy. The most wondrous imagination ever given to man failed to find out a pleasanter reward for the hard labour of him who

"Toils all day in the eye of Phœbus,  
And sleeps in Elysium."

By day-dawn, in two hours' time, we find ourselves no further advanced on the way, apparently, than we had been at the start. Distances are deceptive in lands of clear atmo-

sphere, and this sea is a large sheet of water forty-five miles, or more, in length, and so visible very far off. Where we now rode along was in a valley nearly thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Forewarned by the experiences of yesterday, it was noticeable how each of us was particular to stick bottles of water about him in convenient pockets. Such care was found to be not wasted.

It was nearly nine o'clock when we dismounted on the shore of that mysterious sea that is popularly believed to entomb for ever Sodom and Gomorrah. The distance to it from our camp must have been much greater than represented. Two white-skinned men were bathing at one part of the shore, who should, in the order of things unlikely that always happen, have turned out to be known to one of us, but were not so. We had reached that end of the sea in which, to one side of us, the Jordan empties itself, and so had a full view up the length of it so far as eyesight could reach. It lies from this point of view walled up, east and west, between barren hills of grey limestone as far as can be seen southward. We stood at its northern and narrowest end, and looked at the beautifully clear and cool water that wooed us, siren-like, to its bosom—very siren-like, as I afterwards found it.

Everybody that comes hither bathes in the Dead Sea, and there were reasons for our doing so after our yesterday's ride, quite apart from merely following fashion. I had heard at Jerusalem of the powerfully curative properties of this water. One of the consuls there had told me of a cure worked by it on the chronic sore throat of a relative. Affections of the joints and the spine, as also sciatica and rheumatism fled before, or rather after, its use. If the first bath failed, a course of six was infallible. Reason seemed to say that such was not unlikely. The Jordan's sacred and cleansing waters ran into it. It had itself, in popular belief, been heaven-sent as a completion of the destruction of those cities that the "fire rained down" had not finished.

Part of the curative powers of this sea might be attri-

butable, therefore, to the waters of the Jordan, to which Naaman was sent to be cured of his leprosy. If to "wash and be clean" could there be realized in his fearful and humanly-incurable disease, its healing powers must have been great indeed—judging by what we had seen of eastern leprosy lately. If we had sought more reasons for the medicinal value of these waters, they might be deduced from their otherwise useless and pernicious character. They serve no commerce, produce no fish, feed no birds, float no boats, grow no coral or vegetable product. No shells adorn their shores. The one purpose of these waters in this world could not have been to cover up "the cities of the plain," and thenceforth lie useless for ever. It was too great a means to so small an end, and, in nature nothing is useless, though much may seem to be prodigally wasted.

Among the shingle and sand on the shore are some pieces of blackened driftwood, that in the rays of the fierce sun glitter with salts. Of the clear, tempting-looking water before one, no less than 25 per cent. is salts in solution. To fill a tumbler with it is to obtain, when left to settle, a quarter of a tumbler of salts. I taste of it, as I take it up by hand, and I find it of intense combined saltiness, and bitterness. Its flavour can be realized by mixing a tablespoonful of Epsom salts and one of common salt with a pill of pitch and a teaspoonful of magnesia in half a tumbler of water. The result will be a glass of clear water to the eye, and to the taste of Dead Sea water, and simply detestable.

The umbrellas have to be hoisted as we look at the scene around, and therewith compare those readings that have qualified us as scriptural lay readers for the rest of our lives. The exhalations from the salt lake hang in the heated atmosphere, and there seem to shimmer and scintillate. From yonder hills Abraham looked down upon the plain of the Jordan, and saw it as the fairest of gardens. That was before the destruction of the cities which stood in the place of this Dead Sea. I had always understood, and so had my travelling companions, that this sea covered the remains of

that Sodom and Gomorrah, the destruction of which, with other equally curious matters, we read in the 19th chapter of Genesis. My American friends are practical men, and not satisfied easily with what they have heard and read of this scene—and what they now see. The Dead Sea, as we now look on it, is walled in by rocks on either side, and lies for its whole forty-five miles or more of length in a pit forming a large inland lake. The rapid rolling Jordan feeds it daily with a supply that the powerful sun is for ever evaporating.

The Dead Sea and the Jordan, as we now see them, are presumably as they have been from the beginning of the present geological formation of the world. The Jordan always ran into this sea, and could run nowhere else, and Sodom and Gomorrah must, by all reasoning, have been floating cities on the Dead Sea surface, if they now lie beneath its waters! We are not clear where we all got the idea of these cities lying buried here, but it has been a point of belief with all of us that here gets a very rude shock. Unfortunately for us, Hassan, who so cleared up our difficulty at Ajalon about Joshua and the sun, is left behind sick at Jerusalem. Had he been here, the seemingly crooked thing would have been set straight in a few words that would perhaps have had as much sense in them as anything that could be said on the subject. Until we meet him, we have put the question to a suspense account in a list of notes and queries that one of us has opened on that blank sheet of our Bible that separates the two Testaments.

We now undress and stumble over the shingle, and so into the water, carrying our umbrellas as protection to our heads. Elias pumped out words enough to tell us that we must do so, as we shall not be able to get more than half of our bodies covered by the water at any one time, so unnaturally buoyant is it. We find it to be so, and all efforts at swimming in it are thrown away. To flounder about is all one can do. We try to "tread water," balancing ourselves with outstretched arms, but our feet are soon thrown up to the surface, on which we have to lie on our backs. One of us tries to ride a horse

into the mixture, but nothing can induce the sagacious creature to come within a yard of this water. We learn afterwards that horses cannot swim in it any more than men, but roll about and drown.

An ailment in the left shoulder had bothered me for the past six months. Finding I could, as one of our party said, "make no sense of the water" in the bathing way, I used it as embrocation to the affected shoulder, sitting down in it as I did so. I had not been able to lift that left arm more than half way, or lie on that shoulder, for the rheumatic stiffness that had for months troubled it. A false step or jerk of any kind gave it an aching pain. In thus using Lot's sea for hydro-pathic purposes I was following advice given elsewhere, and stopped for more than half an hour soaking in the strong chemical mixture of salt, soda, bitumen, and sulphur, which, with magnesia, make up much of this Dead Sea water.

Some of the water splashed into my eyes whilst so engaged, and that finished everything. I thought for the moment, from the fearful smarting that followed, that vitriol at least must have caused it. For a few minutes I could see nothing, and sat howling in darkness. Elias came at last with one of the bottles of water, and I washed out with that fresh from Elijah's fountain the briny, burning salts of this terrible sea. As our skins dried in the sun we found that we were all glistening with whitish powder, which Elias said we could only wash off when the Jordan was reached. We were really half-pickled, and our skin smirched all over with patches of chemical deposits, white as if dabbed on from a flour-dredge. We needed scraping down and currying, as is done with horses, and a washing for the gummy stickiness that had been left on us by this queerest of waters.

We made use of the sheik by getting Elias to send him, whilst we were bathing, to get a "Dead Sea apple." We had read of them as an eatable-looking fruit that grew hereabout, and when bitten found to contain nothing but emptiness and dust. The sheik brings us three puff balls of a dirty yellow colour, and most uneatable look. The rind being broken,



nothing but dust and a seedpod are found within. We put one of these "Apples of Sodom" away in the tin goggle-box, alongside the locust picked up yesterday, and don't care if he eats it. If created for the food of any living thing, it must have been for that of this all-devouring insect, and those of its kith and kin.

The Dead Sea was, I thought, a wondrous sheet of water for its historical and chemical characteristics, until I came to see its larger resemblance in the Salt Lake of Utah. That lake is fed by a similar stream of fresh water to the Jordan, which the Mormons have appropriately christened by the same name. Both lakes are of similar saltness and other characteristics, and if we seek further resemblance, it is to be found in the records of the religious sects by which both these waters have been made known to the world. The wilderness journey of the Israelites from Egypt to this neighbourhood was reproduced, in a lesser degree, by that disastrous desert journey made by the Mormon body from Nauvoo to Utah, where they have founded their Salt Lake City. Between the character of the two journeys there is but little to choose in the way of difficulties, dangers, and distance—the American desert journey being, if anything, the worst. Everyone may see that by a map; but there are many who have seen, by improved modes of transit, something of what must have been the troublesome realities of both routes in past days.

This sea has given a deadening influence to all around, though the scene in its stern wildness is very impressive. The tales about its malefic and mephitic exhalations are fabulous. Birds fly across it as they do over other waters, spite of stories to the contrary; but vegetation all about has been burnt up by the heats of the long, scorching summers. The exhalation of the water caused by this heat is said to account for the millions of gallons of water daily emptied into this sea by the Jordan, and also to have promoted the great saltness of it. The water has been drawn up in vapour, while the salt has been left behind, and so accumulated

in the countless years. Of the original source of this salt some mounds are visible, Elias tell us, at the further end.

The greatest width of this rock-enclosed salt lake is nearly eleven miles, and its narrowest, away at the further end from the Jordan, is made much less than half that by a peninsula called the Tongue, which projects half-way across the width of the water there. Some of the peaks of the rock-barriers that wall in this ever-seething sea, as in a cauldron, rise to a height of full two thousand feet. The silent waveless water so shut in presents a strange, not to say a saddening, sight as a mere spectacle. Its stillness may be helped by its weight, which is said to be heavier than that of any other known water.

Asphalte and sulphur are found washed up on its shores, as jelly-fish and fish-shells are on other sea margins. Ignoring ichthyology altogether, the produce of its chemical waters in place of the fish seem to be salts, brimstone, and bitumen. The strange pickle that suchlike make of it does not prevent the liquid looking as clear and bright to the eye as any of the world's sweet waters. In that respect it is, as I have said, of siren-like seductiveness, and as delusive to man as the mirage which deceives the desert traveller with a promise of watery sustenance that he is never to find.

This Sea of the Plain, or the Salt Sea, as the Scriptures call it, lies in the lowest part of Palestine, at the end of the long ravine-like valve called the Valley of the Jordan, and, as I said before, twelve hundred feet or more below the Mediterranean. It has yet a further twelve hundred feet to many of its depths, and an average of a full thousand throughout. This Asphaltites Lake, as the Romans named it, is puzzling in its aspects alike to the geologist, the geographer, the theologian, the analyst, and the philosopher. There is that in its position, traditions, qualities, and purposes which they cannot get square with all their theories. To mere runabout travellers such as ourselves it is simply the greatest curio among the waters of the world—with which generalizing thought we proceed to bottle it off.



Covering our necks with handkerchiefs, sheltering our heads with umbrellas, and our eyes with green goggles, we journey on to the Jordan, the perspiration meanwhile opening the pores of the skin for the freer admission of the exterior pickle. The sea has at some time overflowed the ground we traverse, as it is all encrusted with saline matter, that cracks beneath the horses' feet. For two hours we go along, our sheik leading, and making for that one camping-place on Jordan's banks which all pilgrims go to—where the traditional baptism of Jesus by John took place.

To this spot come yearly, in Passion Week, pilgrims of the Greek and other churches of Asia and Europe. Here several thousands bivouac for three days, baptizing and bathing, and from here they take away those sacred shrouds soaked in this Jordan water in which they will be buried. They form a procession that is headed, of all people in the world, by the Mohammedan Governor of Jerusalem, accompanied by his guard of honour. It is the only likely spot that we saw for bathing or baptismal purposes—a shelving pebbly bit of beach, sloping gradually beneath the water. A terrific rush is, we are told, made by these pilgrims to be first in the river, often occasioning fatal results.

The famous Jordan is about ninety miles in length, springing from Mount Hermon, and running thence to the Lake of Tiberias, or Sea of Galilee, which is merely an expansion of the river, to this inland Dead Sea. It is a freshwater connexion between the two inland seas, and of the unpleasant colour of the Tiber, but of somewhat greater width and a far stronger current. We saw no navigation on it, and should take it as not used for that purpose from the rapidity of its flow, its fall being eighteen hundred feet from its source to its home in the Dead Sea. Its banks are of soft clays and earth on the side from which we see it. On its other one are the barren rocky sides of the Moabite hills, presenting a contrast to the jungle-covered bank on our side. Further away towards Tiberias this jungle is said to hide wild boars, leopards, and

hyenas, who must, judging from the general barrenness of the land, have a hard time of it.

We sit beneath a shady sycamore on Jordan's banks, in a bend of the river, and eat our midday meal, washing it down with Jordan's water. This famous liquid, taken to England for royal baptisms, has a very earthy taste, and decidedly needs filtration before drinking. Not a man of us but takes away a phial of it, however, for talismanic purposes, and as something hereafter to swear by. Those who first finish luncheon go in search of suitable walking-sticks among the saplings on the river side, and there is no trouble in finding such among the willows, oleanders, and other shrubs growing hereabout. That done, and the eating and drinking over, there remained but to wash off the coating of chemicals left on the outside of us by the Dead Sea water. The uneasiness of the itchings and twitchings it has caused has become too plainly observable. We are all rubbing ourselves as if freshly bitten by a myriad of mosquitoes.

Near to where we now are took place the thrice performed miraculous division of the river—for purposes similar to that of the parting of the waters of the Red Sea. The first division occurred, we read, on the passage of Joshua and the Israelites; the second on the command of Elijah, just before his apotheosis; and the third on Elisha's smiting the stream with the fallen mantle of the departed prophet. As the water rolled on too rapidly for any swimming, we had to content ourselves with the usual bathing-place—the side of the river all along presenting only steep, ragged, earthy banks, covered with bush to the water's edge.

Our endeavours to find anything bathing-place had been from a laudable wish not to desecrate the sacred spot used annually for baptisms by the churches, and formerly by John the Baptist. It was not, however, to be, and we had to take credit only for good intentions, as wash we must, and that quickly, or become as red herrings are. The depth of the river we found not to exceed twelve feet. In the rainy seasons

it is three or four feet higher. It does not overflow, we are told, now, though we read of it as of olden time "overflowing its banks all the time of harvest." It was fortunate that we had visited the Dead Sea first, as otherwise we should have gone in want of the washing here for which we were so grateful. A bath had been never so much needed.

On going back to our late camping-place under the sycamore for sticks and bottles accidentally left there, I felt something fall upon me, and heard a screaming scrimmage among the branches. What had fallen was a little chick of a bird, imperfectly feathered, and too youthful to fly. It had not been too young, however, to fight, and hence its fall. The quarrel I could hear still going on in the nest above, among those that remained. This one, however, would fight no more. In spite of our mutual agreement to take as gospel all that we had ever read, Dr. Watts, in this matter, had to go to the wall. "Birds in their little nests" don't agree, and as a matter of fact their quarrelling and fighting is more frequent than anything I can instance.

The Dead Sea, the mountains of Moab, the Jordan, and the neighbouring Jericho, connect the scene with the Scriptural account of Lot, and those strange children of his, the Moabites and the Ammonites, among whom the land beyond was divided. We wanted to question our Arab sheik about them, but language failed us; and the task of translating through Elias was altogether too hopeless in the then state of the atmosphere. If he was in place anywhere, however, it was about here. He was just the dead-alive sort of being that was in consonance with all around.

It was for this reason, I suppose, that we were taken back over the route by which we came, as if the track had been a high road fenced on either side, instead of a width of wilderness in all directions. It is not Eastern fashion to do anything in other ways than that in which it has been done before. It was not to such people that the Scriptural warning was given which we read against entering the sheepfold otherwise than by the door. The "climbing up some other

way" would be an innovating Western-World notion and none of the Eastern.

The afternoon was, if anything, hotter in this valley of the Jordan than we had felt it yesterday in the wilderness of Judea. We were lower down in the world, and more shut in—especially by these mountains of Moab and the range of hills that walled in the Dead Sea. The heated atmosphere was encumbered with the exhalations from that sea and the Jordan, which made the heat of a moister nature and more



A BEDOUIN.

enervating. All the Jordan water was drunk up by the time we reached the camp. We understood by that time poor Hagar's trouble, when thrust forth in this quarter with little Ishmael, some bread, and a bottle of water. We read the record of it now with new sense—"And the water was spent in the bottle; and she cast the child under one of the shrubs, and went and sat her down over against him a good way off, for she said, 'Let me not see the death of the child.' And she lifted up her voice and wept."

Two men have just passed us, with their coarse black hair twisted around their heads above their piercing restless eyes. They carry each a long gun, and salute our sheik in passing. "Moabite Bedouins!" says Elias, pointing to them.

These Bedouins, we are told, are the Ishmaelites of the Scripture—the descendants of that Ishmael who we read was thus left to die under the bushes when "the water was spent in the bottle!"—an event the awfulness of which those who travel here and in such like places alone can know.

We sat late that night in the tents, hunting up Bible history, and picking the dead bodies of the moths and insects out of the candles, into the flame of which they flung themselves in quantity. It was impossible to close up the tents on account of the heat, and to sit in them with candles was to have plenty of exercise if we would keep the lights in. The Bible is to us in this land what Dibdin's book is to the sailor—a whole literature. It seems to supply the place of newspapers, as containing the latest intelligence relative to the scenes all around. Of most of the places pointed out we have heard nothing later than what our Bible tells us. A reference to it settles all our disputes—if not our doubts. We feel already that we could take parts in the next Passion Play at Ober Ammergau, all unaided by book or prompter. One of our Bibles has an index and concordance to it, which gives us great help in looking up all authorities on any special point.

We get tired of thus gaining knowledge and seeing the immolation of the insects, and so let them extinguish the lights for us as we turn in for the night—our second night in this valley. I could not for a long time get sleep. Pimples and bumps seemed springing up all over one, and demanding unpleasant attention. Even pimples sleep at last, however, and when they did so, I got rest. The cook and Elias were called into council in the morning on our mottled condition, and their verdict was—

"The Dead Sea rash! It will show worse yet, but you will be all the better for it afterwards."



What was so prophesied followed. The powerful chemical bath I had taken caused the unpleasant skin eruption that lasted for days, and occasioned incessant attention to its presence. We never found tree trunks so useful, and blessed the few that we came upon for much the same reason that certain Highlanders did the posts erected for their service by the thoughtful and kindly Duke of Argyle. Day by day the rash showed no abatement, but the stiff rheumatic shoulder got better, and by the time we ceased troubling the woodwork that came in our way, its pain had gone altogether.

I had so tested the curative powers of Dead Sea water, and found that a great medicine provided by nature lies there at the end of the Jordan Valley, more adapted for many of the ills of poor human nature than one-half of the physic of the pharmacopœia.

Elias brings us some scraps of gummy substance, got, he says, from the tamarisk bushes on Jordan's bank. According to him, it is the scriptural manna. Such natural production is something similar to the gum exuded by Australian trees, and is found, for a few weeks of the summer only, on the stem and branches of this shrub. It is collected and kept by the Arabs as a delicacy. This could not well have been the food of the multitude of Israel during their forty years' wanderings. For quantity and quality it would not sustain life either for the period of time or the number for which it was needed.

We send one of the attendants to the Jordan again to fill our little reserves of its water, which we now cork up in phials, and tightly tie down. One of our Americans is prodigal in this way. He has brought a little store of smallest bottles from Jerusalem, to the collection of which his consul helped him on that one day which he had there to himself. It seems to be quite a march stolen on us as we watch him labelling a package of such for home presentations. One of them is especially, I note, addressed for his particular parish priest, and another for the scientific institute

of his town. His two companions, thus overreached, resolve to be even with him in sacred bottled waters at the Sea of Galilee, Jacob's well, the Abana or the Pharpar, or some one or other of the Biblical waters which we have yet to see. He has due warning given to him here that should any of the thirsty experiences of yesterday again arise, his water reserve will have to yield to general want, however sacred, in any character, he may consider it.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### STRANGE HOLY LAND LIFE.

THE sinful Jericho and saintly Mar Saba yet remained to be seen at the finish of our third day's encampment in the valley of the Jordan. We take the hut-like village of what Elias called "all bad people" on the way to the rock-cut monastic castle. In thus giving the sinners precedence of the saints in our visits we take things properly, for philosophic as well as for topographical reasons. Poor raddled vice has but a short time of it in the world compared with self-preserving virtue, which, being of eternal qualities, can well wait. Jericho the vicious, or what now occupies its site, and called Riha, had been before us for days and nights where Jericho in some shape had stood from the days of Abraham. We had, however, looked upon the necessary visit as coldly as upon a call on poor relations, and so postponed it.

Now that it had to be done, we were still quite tardy about it, and stayed attending to the calls of the Dead Searash—polishing thereby with our backs the several tent-poles, as being what lawyers call "easements." The wretched old place that Jericho appeared to be was unattractive to every sense. We knew by experience of Jerusalem and Bethany how many senses were likely to be offended there. We did not wish to add, either, to our cutaneous trouble, and to go into Jericho was to do so beyond doubt. It was likely we should want a tent-pole apiece on our return, or may be one of the potsherds with which Job scraped himself for similar ailment.

A surprise awaited us, however. The inhabitants of Jericho had noticed our tents, and also that we had not visited them. Noticing things constitutes all their apparent employment, as we afterwards found. They spend a life of observation and reflection, varied by a search for vermin. In this last occupation they have not far to seek. It would otherwise most likely be given up by them, as are all other useful industries. As we went not to them a deputation of the citizens most presentable had been determined upon, which now came up, introduced by our sheik, who, during the interview and subsequent performances of the troupe, officiated in the fashion of the "chorus" to a Grecian play.

The deputation turned out to consist wholly of females. It was not possible, however, to say at first of what sex they were from their personal appearance and style of dress. The most noticeable thing about them was, next to their ugliness and dirty look, their blue-coloured lips and tattooed chins. The dress was of but one article—a tattered gaberdine, that had once been blue, and was partly twisted around the waist, and where not so used a girdle of entwined grass supplied its place. One of these unprepossessing women carried a sword—used as a theatrical "property," as it afterwards appeared. They introduced themselves by standing in a row, and bowing three times. The sheik then explained that they were about to give us a dance. It scarcely seemed the thing for a forenoon entertainment, but suited our lazy humour that morning, and afforded further time for that polishing of the tent-poles that had now become our chief exercise.

The "corroborree" was then begun, and lasted for half an hour. There was no accompaniment to it, save that made by the vocal efforts of the dancers. There was more of hoarseness than music perceptible in that, and viewed as a drawing-room entertainment the affair was a failure. We wanted Elias to translate the shouts to which the steps taken were timed, and by the help of Antoine, the cook, I got it down in writing, and was assured that I pronounced it

rightly. Spelling it as pronounced, it was "Nackerley Aho!"—only that, and nothing more. The variations played upon it in modulations of voice, from a whisper and a squeak to a shout and a roar, made all the more of it. The performance was not ehcored. We learned that the expression we so heard and copied had reference to some botheration caused by insects, and was the Arabic original of the American "Shoo-fly."

Those two words of the dancers, with the additional ones of "Neharac syade," which is Arabic for "Good morning," constituted, I think, all that we learnt of the language. We made it, however, go a wonderfully long way. With our Americans, one or the other form of words henceforth answered the appeals for "backsheesh" that we had to listen to a dozen times a day. Hitherto we had had to pass the outstretched hands without a word of sympathy, for lack of language; but now a polite greeting was satisfactorily substituted—satisfactory to us, at all events. Charity depends upon one's means and feelings, but politeness costs nothing. It was fortunate that either of the two expressions suited just as well. A neat intimation not to bother one was as satisfying as the good-morning greeting.

The troupe now sat around, while one of them went through a wild dance with the property sword. It was used in every conceivable way for which it was never intended. She danced above it, in Scotch fashion, as it lay upon the ground, and under it as held in either hand, and sometimes both, over her head, and around it as held in one hand, and then inside its circle as she passed it from hand to hand with great rapidity. It was occasionally thrown up in the air, but always cleverly caught, and then flourished in triumph. It was a style of thing that should properly have been done by a man, and not by one of the sex more accustomed to fans than swords; but the folks of Jericho are like to the French in leaving much work to the women. With this sword performance the entertainment ended—Elias distributing the backsheesh, which was, of course, "the

be all and the end all" of that business, as it is of most others.

As illustrating prophecy and applying to this dance, one of our party has happened upon the 13th chapter of Isaiah, in which the curse upon Babylon is likened to that passed upon the cities of that plain on which we now look. He reads the 19th verse—"It shall never be inhabited, neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there nor shepherds make their fold there. Wild beasts of the desert shall be there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and fowls shall dwell there and *satyrs shall dance there.*"

Elias wants us to start for Jericho with the returning troupe as an escort, but they were as objectionable for company as were Falstaff's regiment of his own raising—and for similar reasons. When they had got out of sight, however, we started for their wretched village, that we might see nearer, and therefore more unpleasantly, what now represents the cities which have stood upon its site, and tread ground so memorable in Biblical story.

As what is before us is so little worth looking at, we let our mind's eye wander on the way to what has gone before, and in which all the interest of Jericho lies. The valley we are crossing is that one upon which the Israelites looked down, after their wilderness wanderings, from yonder mountains of Moab. To this place Joshua, in whose book we read the story, despatched the spies from the other side Jordan whom Rahab so well received and counselled. Elias tells us that he will show us where her house stood, but we don't seem anxious about it. From the good report of these spies the Israelites came over, and made that singular siege, by seven circuits of the city, and that blowing of trumpets and shouting at which the city walls fell, and the invaders took possession.

Joshua put a curse against the rebuilding of Jericho, that retarded its restoration for five hundred years. It threatened the builder with the loss of his whole family, which is said to have happened to Hiel, of Bethel, who rebuilt it. It was

here that Herod, greatest of the name, had a palace, an amphitheatre, and other notable buildings, and here he died. The general mourning that he desired to be made at his decease would not, he feared, be a genuine one. He determined, however, to make it so by imprisoning his nobility and directing their death concurrently with his own. As he died in the happy hope of the execution of his orders, and as they were never carried out, all parties were equally pleased. He is only one of some millions who have died, and will die, deludedly happy about the effect of their testamentary directions.

In that second Jericho which the New Testament speaks of, stood the house of Zaccheus, said to be now marked by the still standing wall and tower, in which was performed the miracle of giving sight to the blind told of by St. Luke. The city continued in Roman possession until the time of the Turkish conquest, after which general decay seems to have set in there, as elsewhere all over the land. Syria's sun may be said to have then set, her day closed, and her part and lot in the world became henceforth, as now, only the memories of a great past. We think of some lines of a modern poet, in which she sketches a picture of desertion, desolation, and death—

“ And let the doors ajar remain,  
In case he should pass by anon :  
And set the wheel out very plain,  
That he, when passing in the sun,  
May see the spinning is all done.”

The spinning of Syria was then done and ended, and all the wheels were stilled. The doors remained ajar until they fell from their hinges, and the deserted wheels fell with them. Those that, like ourselves, “ pass by anon,” see it all. The Crusaders, to their credit, made an effort to resuscitate the dead place, by introducing the plantation of sugar-cane hereabout, during some of their eight crusades and years of occupation. When their day was over, and Turkish power again became as it continues, dominant, no cultivators were

found silly enough to go on planting simply to satisfy the grinding oppression and endless robbery of Turkish tax-gatherers. Yet sugar and other cultivations might have done as much for the valley of the Jordan as cotton has lately done in Egypt for the valley of the Nile.

The few scattered dwellings that stand now on the site of the former Jerichos are built of stones and mud, and might be all mistaken for cowsheds or piggeries. They are thatched with branches and sticks interwoven with dried grass. An open hole on one side serves for door, window, and chimney. The stones used were those of the former city, and, perhaps, some of them were those used in the first one that probably remained hereabout. They all preach, to those who can hear them, the "sermons from stones" of which Shakespeare wrote. These can surely do so if stones ever could, and their present wretched position compared with their past one is sufficient to make them cry aloud.

Jericho is so utterly neglected, that none of the churches have thought of seizing upon the house of Zaccheus as a holy place, and making a shrine and silver-collecting depôt of it for pilgrims. Things may probably mend in that matter, however, as the Russian Church is building a convent in the neighbourhood. When we came to see afterwards in what cool and comfortable locations many of the monasteries and convents of Syria were situated, we pitied those who will have to live in this stewing and suffocating valley. Such is a way of making life miserable that few monastics have adopted—not appearing, it would seem, to believe in it.

The most remarkable ruin about Jericho is what Elias calls the Old Castle. It is the remains, we afterwards find, of some monastery, that has been allowed to fall into that decay which seems hereabout to have waited upon all efforts of builders, and will happen most likely to the Greek convent still standing here, and to the other one in course of building. It is probable that those recluses who come to live in such quarters do so without any previous inspection of their intended home. Did they take that common precaution in



house-hunting usage, it is unlikely that a residence in this horrible holy locality would be chosen by any one, except as an additional way of doing penance, and helping to shorten a mistaken life.

No people in the world are worse off than these pariahs that exist in Jericho. Barley-bread is a luxury they seldom see; roots and sorrel are their principal food, with any fish they may be industrious enough to get from the Jordan. They chew and smoke dried herbs in place of tobacco, and pursue no industries whatever. Their means of existence, and its object, are as puzzling as are those of numbers whom we meet in higher grades of civilization. They are just the dregs of the world, and very stale dregs too. Joshua's curse having done its work on the inanimate material here, is now expending itself upon the few remaining people. They have become thereby a little lower than the apes in all that one would look for in decent imitations of humanity.

Overlooking this valley and that hill on which our Arab guardians have made their quarters, is a mountain which we have been glancing at many a time since our coming hither. There is something like a building, or the remains of one, to be seen on its summit. Elias tells us that it is a most notable mountain, and that the chapel on the top is built to commemorate that temptation by the Devil which there succeeded to the baptism by John the Baptist on Jordan's bank. It is too high and too steep for any of us to attempt an ascent in our limp state, and that of the atmosphere. There were great grounds also for doubt in the matter. There could have been so little to be seen around here that would tempt any one to do anything—save to clear out as soon as possible—that the supposition of some mistake in the locality seemed highly probable.

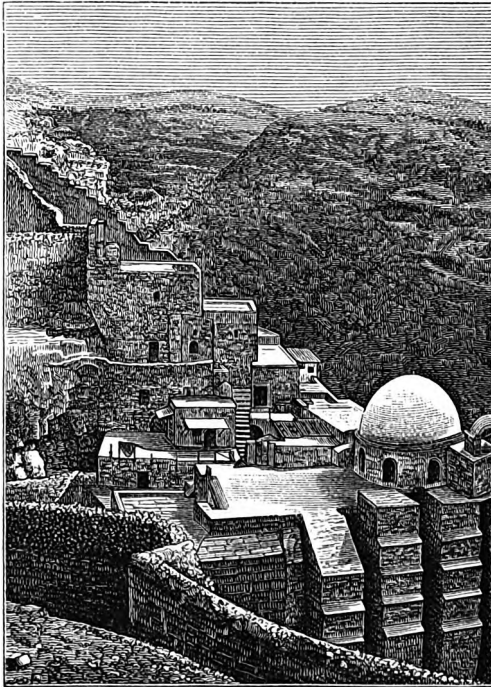
The mountains of Moab shut in everything in front. The Cities of the Plain had been long before destroyed, and their site, if we are not misled, covered by the Dead Sea. In the Jordan Valley, at the foot of this mount, there was but Jericho in its second state, and at the side the wretched

wilderness of Judea and the barren hills beyond—a poor look-out, indeed, and nothing of what our great epic poet, seeing it only in the mind's eye, has described it with true poetical licence. Everything that is written from home imaginations cannot be classed with the descriptions in Moore's "Lalla Rookh," which have been admired for their accuracy, when coming from one who had never visited the scenes of his poetical fancies. There has been some mistake probably about the position of the famous mountain from which "all the cities of the world" are said to have been seen. The Prince of Darkness has had many designations, in addition to King Lear's one of "a gentleman," but if he chose the view from this hill-top as one from which to give a tempting view of the world, he must have been something antithetical to anything he has been yet called, and quite deserved the failure that followed on his efforts.

As we cannot ascend this mountain, we take from the tower called, for want of other name, the house of Zaccheus, a last look around over the scene that we are not likely to look upon again—shall never wish to do so—and never regret seeing it, or forget the sight. When the outer world of eye and ear that make life so pleasant shall fade, as it must, there are inner eyes and ears to the mind that survive the outer senses, and are lost only with life. To such the scene we now look upon especially appeals. The uneducated natural eye finds nothing here that fixes attention or detains its gaze. Surrounded as it all is with the halo of sacred story, we see it only with such recollections, and much as we look upon saints' heads glorified by that aureole in which they are always pictured. So looked upon, the rolling Jordan and its silent Dead Sea home are most memorable sights!

Our tents are now struck, and the three days' camp broken up. The next stage, over an execrable road, is to a celebrated rock-hewn house of sanctity—the famous Greek monastery of Mar Saba. None of womankind are allowed to set foot therein. It is quite a contrast in position to its equally if not more famous rival, which I shall afterwards visit on the

summit of Mount Carmel, being situated in a ravine rising from the bed of that Kedron that runs down here from Jerusalem. A strange, wild-looking, and altogether out-of-the-world place, this Mar Saba, some five hours' distance from Jericho. It is over a road, however, that much increases the feeling of distance ; and the traveller, whatever his faith



ROCK-CUT MONASTERY OF MAR SABA.

may be, is well content to stop at the monastery when he happily gets there.

This monastery has been hewn and scooped out of the rock in a projecting turn of the ravine. Its sides thus command two views of the wretched, sterile, stony surroundings. In addition to the cells, chambers, and galleries cut from out the rock, the stone so taken has been used for exterior

building upon natural projections, or those cut for the purpose. A church, with minor chapels attached, has been so built up with turrets and a dome to it. All the buildings are, however, indistinguishable from the rock to other eyes than those of masons. The interior of the monastery cannot be explored unassisted by a guide—it is such a maze and network of cells, chambers, and narrow staircases, that have been cut just where practicable, and not on any preconceived plan. The idea of this monastery had been probably taken from the rock-hewn temples and dwellings at Petra, to the south of the Dead Sea, where the remains of a city of such places as this Mar Saba are yet to be seen.

The monastery is intended to be as inaccessible as it is. The monks dread the hands of the Bedouins on their sacred property as much as they do the feet of females there. The proprietors are known to be very rich, and the Bedouins have about as much respect for monastic church property as had Henry the Eighth. They have to fear also from other religions worse treatment than from those of none. The Druses and Mohammedans of this barbarous land take sudden fits to make raids upon other sects, and kill them by thousands, as they did lately the Christians of the Lebanon. The entrance to this holy house is, therefore, only made by a heavy iron door at the bottom of the rock. The applicant is well inspected by those within from a safe position overhead. If he does not look feminine, and there be nothing else apparently dangerous about him, he is admitted as one claiming hospitality, where, from the sterile scene all around outside, he appears so particularly likely to need it.

The founder of this house of holiness was one Sabas, now dignified as a saint, who existed about fourteen hundred years ago. His life was passed in that self-denial which, like all other human eccentricities, finds its imitators. He travelled collecting funds and followers for the building of this place of retirement and contemplation, which had a small beginning, insuring it from all interference in the then poverty of the little community. That infatuation which drives men

away from the attentions of their relatives helped to increase the number of the disciples of Sabas, who was soon made an abbot, and smiled upon at headquarters. The formation of such communities has not died out. The Agapemone, formed in our time near to Clifton, was one such ; and another exists on the shores of Lake Erie, not far from Niagara, of which Laurence Oliphant, a *littérateur* of note, became a member. Many who go into society are glad to go out of it, finding, as Dickens's dwarf did, that it goes too much into them, and that, as Cornwall Lewis said, "life would be tolerable but for its pleasures."

There is the usual record of miracles attributed to St. Sabas, in addition to that of originating this building and collecting the money to support himself here with his followers. The fountain that is shown in a cave within the building issued forth at his command. To discourage invasions, it is told to every visitor that some heretics from Antioch, who attempted such a thing, were driven back by his anathemas alone, though the said invaders were supported by soldiery—something in the fashion in which Richelieu drove back those who would touch his young ward, according to the stage version of that incident. From the good supply of fire-arms now on the premises, anathemas seem not wholly to be relied on. Trust may still be, as Cromwell wished it, put in Providence, but as he also desired, the powder is kept dry.

The Persians, after their other conquests in Syria in 634, came hither and stormed Mar Saba, and murdered half of its monks. Sympathy was occasioned by that, and was shown in its more solid form of increased contributions. It had other sufferings in the Crusaders' time, but like to a healthy child it survived the ailments of its earlier years and is all the stronger for it. Visitors are shown the cave, or lion's den, at the foot of the rock, which was the original retreat of the saint—the nucleus from which all that I see has arisen around. It is one of the miracles attributed to him that he lived in that retreat peaceably with the lion. Faith in those

days worked wonders, as it does now, but in very different ways.

A fine library has been collected here, as also a collection of manuscripts, of which the monks are very proud. Considering the fourteen hundred years that this monastery has existed, rarities are likely to be found in it. Travellers are provided with meals and a bed, on that principle of hospitality for which voluntary contributions are expected. We generally find that we have to pay most for that for which we are charged nothing. Ladies can be accommodated in an outhouse, a sort of tower away from the main mass of building. Here they are shut up for the night, and locked in by an attendant, a sort of dreary solitary confinement, of which one night is always found to be quite enough.

At Nuremberg is shown a religious house, to the monks of which a fortune was bequeathed for feeding birds upon the donor's place of burial. Those of Mar Saba do something in that way over the graves of their deceased brethren. Birds have been encouraged and fed until they make a home of the buildings, and attract others there to be similarly petted. To eyes accustomed to the work-a-day world and its ways, the life of these men at Mar Saba looked a strange waste of existence. Until the object of life shall become better known and decided upon, it cannot, however, rightly be called so; and if it brings peace of mind, it gives more of happiness than is always to be found elsewhere.

Hassan, our dragoman, whom we had left sick behind at Jerusalem, joined us now upon the road. When we met him he was engaged in the good Samaritan work of assisting a French lady, who had, on the bad track, most excusably fallen from her horse. The fall had, unfortunately, been upon her face, and upon some sharp pieces of stone. Much damage had consequently been done to eyes, nose, forehead, and mouth. Her swollen and bleeding lips were a piteous sight, and much of the contents of our water-bottles were used upon them and on the poor bruised face. The same thing might have happened to any of us,

and probably would before we got upon any road of common safety.

The return of Hassan enabled us to part with Elias, which we did without a pang. Henceforth we should learn more about the scenes by the wayside, and have less necessity for reading. Elias had been good, however, in promoting a search for knowledge, which in our case had to be got from our Bibles, and not from him. As what we hunt up for ourselves is most valued and the longer remembered, our dull guide had his value after all, in the incessant searching of the Scriptures that he had thus promoted. There is a bright side to most things, and something good in everything, if we only look sufficiently for it.

From the darkest cloud comes the lightning, and from our dull Elias came one brilliant flash of information ere he became to us extinguished for ever. In the forenoon of the day's journey he called a halt, and made this unasked-for proposition—

“Will you go and see the tomb of Moses?”

“The tomb of Moses! Why, all the world is aware that no man knows the place of his burial!”

“Yes; he buried over there. I show you his tomb if you go!”

We consulted a minute or two, and found that the tomb was under Mohammedan care and covered by a mosque, and was a mere excuse for collection of coin from followers of as many creeds as were willing to countenance the attempt. We told Elias that another time would do, and that we might call on the way back. Having seen the tomb of Adam in Jerusalem, we were less curious about tombs of anybody that could be shown to one willing to pay for seeing them in this land of shrines and shows.

Finding that the Mohammedans divided the shrines in Jerusalem with the Roman and Greek or Christian churches, I have been seeking to know something more of their faith, on which I find that Hassan can happily enlighten me. He is of Arab, or half-Arab, parentage, and though he never

appears to read anything, he is well acquainted with both the Bible and the Koran, and has a head like an almanac. I find him this evening away from the muleteers and his camp superintendence. He is not quite well, he says, as he sits at his tent door, smoking the mild Turkish tobacco. So we sit together and chat.

The Koran is, he tells me, a volume of something over a hundred chapters, copied from several revelations made to Mohammed in an unknown tongue, written, for his reading alone, on such singular tablets as palm leaves and the blade bones of sheep. He read these inscriptions to scribes, who wrote from such dictation. The matter of these hundred and odd chapters follows no order, system, or chronology. To others than Mohammedans they are an incoherent jumble of story, fable, philosophy, poetry, and prayer.

In this medley of scraps from the books and ideas of other creeds there is mixed but little or nothing original. The history is of piece a with the chronology and the mythology. The one God whose existence is taught throughout is conceived of as a living, breathing being, and not as a spiritual creative power, or abstract idea. The human senses of hearing and seeing, as also of labial speech, sitting and standing attitudes, and sleep, are accredited to him. Yet with such personal attributes, an impossible power of invisibility, and of being everywhere present at one time, is also mixed up.

A day of judgment is promised by the Koran, in which also the devil appears as one Eblis, described as a fallen angel, who went into rebellion on refusing to worship Adam as the son of God. The existence of angels, and of supernumeraries called genii, is also taught. It is a pretty conceit inculcated by the Koran, and shines as a grain of gold in the dust heap of its dry stuff, that two genii attend every human being upon earth, from the cradle to the grave. A modern poet has told us his dream of two such attendants coming at his birth—

“Two beings of a brighter land adown a moonbeam gently glide  
Until they halted, hand in hand, my infant couch beside.”



That idea of the invisible attendants through life is as old as Socrates, who held a similar faith that he was so attended. The Koran, however, extends their duties beyond life. It makes the office of these ministers that of recorders during existence, and the custodians of the soul after death, and thenceforward until judgment. Very poetical is that idea of our spirits not being left to find their own way to an unknown world when we yield them up, but to be taken care of by those who have hovered around through life, and kept the record of our deeds and our biography as carefully as they will thenceforward keep our souls. The Mohammedans believe that these faithful trustees so act until the final doom be pronounced, and their trusteeship then ended.

The Irish expression, that a man is "all alone with himself and the devil," tends to drive into society those who might wish for solitude. The Mohammedan, however, thus attended by his two angels through life, is, in all senses, "never less alone than when alone," which forces upon one the pleasant thought that so to be always with angels here is a happy preparation to for ever keeping such good company.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### ON MOUNT CARMEL.

REPRESENTED by sickness or death, there is a silent and unseen party to all our engagements, and to every agreement that we make. The presence of that "unknown quantity" in all our calculations was asserted at the end of the third week of our pilgrimage. One of our little quartette then broke down, and after a day's deliberation declared himself done up. It was necessary now to diverge from the route as laid down in the travelling contract, and take him to the seaside. As our lots were thrown in together, we went with him, and so found ourselves in our fourth week at the Syrian seaport of Caïpha, on our progress northwards to Damascus. Above Caïpha (spelled also as Kiaffa) towers magnificent Mount Carmel, crowned with the finest of all existing convents—the home of the historical barefooted and bareheaded Carmelite Friars, or of the monks now representing them.

A general sort of indisposition—the *maladie du pays*—the disease of the country, begins to affect all of us by this time of our Holy Land travel. We have become by the deadening influences of all around us as solemn as the Arabs, and as little lively as one would feel in a cemetery. Save squabbling about Bible interpretations, and hunting up the marginal references for explanation, we have but little occupation, which is perhaps as well, being suitable to the climate, and it certainly less affects my American friends than it does me. Absence of all news assists our dulness, as it does on long voyages, when the want of newspapers tends to make folks soon run short of

conversable topics. Our mules and horses persist also in filing off as we go along, which also helps to our isolation, and to keeping to ourselves of any ideas either of us may happen to have.

We get gradually careless about half the things that are pointed out to us on the road. They are nothing to the eye, and it would be only a labour of reading and remembrance to hunt up their story and to discuss it. The tiredness we feel at this daily hobbling over the stony sterile land is only refreshed by the thoughts of better things to come. We rightly believe, in this land of all faiths, that we have left the best of it to the last. Jerusalem has been a sore disappointment, and that which has been seen since has required a stoic's endurance to take one through it with a belief that it really interested us. The glory of the East, Damascus, is now to be our reward when we get to it, and so to think is the "will-o'-the-wisp" which turns our eyes to that distant view in which lies our enchantment. We shall see Lebanon also, as to which paradise we perceive Bible-praise to be never ending. These be the thoughts that cheer us, as Bonnivard, in the "Prisoner of Chillon," tells us he cheered his prisoner-brothers with similarly depicted good things that made momentary miseries forgotten.

The highly decent-looking town of Caipha is a well-built and modern place of much respectability. Its prosperity is, we find, due to its being a German settlement of recent date. There is wood and water in abundance about this presentable little town, which shows stone houses, of one and two storeys, standing in well-kept gardens, with neat railings in modern villa style. Our eyes stare with wonder at the made and paved streets and roads, at which we are almost as scared as the desert Bedouins are frightened of entering a city. The "Hotel of Mount Carmel" looks one in the face, and we, who have recently drunk of the waters of the brook Cherith and of Jordan, dismount in quest of bottled British beer—to be expected within where such plain English is to be seen without. Caipha has two thousand inhabitants, and is bidding for the

calls of steamers as a seaport. It can be reached by the shore line through ancient ruined Cæsarea from Joppa, and on the other side is but three hours of a beach ride to Acre, here called Akka. The Christians are in the ascendant at Caïpha, and the Mohammedans nowhere, which accounts for much of what is seen, though it is by no means so apparent on what industries any of either sect manage to live. To account for how people live in Syria, or why any one lives there under such misrule as that of the Turks, is what I have concluded to give up, and to seek something easier of solution. The Germans who have settled Caïpha are like the rest of their nation, philosophers, and believe in that saying of one of their countrymen that "to him to whom God is a father every land is fatherland."

After refreshing at this Western-World-looking town, we go out to ascend Carmel, which is a bulwark to the pleasant little place that nestles at the foot of it, as Hobart Town does at that of Mount Wellington. This verdure-clad, well-wooded Carmel is something like two thousand feet in height, and much of the journey up it is a toilsome one to the short-winded. Those so troubled found good excuse for stopping, in the varying panorama that every ten minutes enlarged to our view. Our escort on this excursion was Antoine, our French-talking cook, and he proved to be the best one we could have taken. For some time of his very much mixed life he had served as cook at the monastery on Carmel's top. No wonder, now and henceforth, that he was such a good cook; but greater wonder why the monks, who know and so cleave to what is good, ever parted with him.

Antoine knew every man whom we met on Carmel's side, and exchanged with them the customary kiss that Frenchmen, or those so brought up, keep for each other. I for one was not sorry for these stoppages and greetings, as it gave one breathing time that was much wanted, as I had come away from Caïpha on foot, and the sides of Carmel were steep. Before me rode two very stout Italian ladies, bestriding wretchedly small donkeys. Sympathy for the poor animals was irrepresible, though it was quite evident that their riders could never

have got up the mountain on foot, and a wheeled vehicle was out of the question. It took a good hour to reach the top from the time of the start—the second half-hour seeming much longer than the first.

Carmel, which, translated, is, we are told, "the garden of God," is the sea end of a mountain range, differently estimated at from eight to sixteen miles, running north and south from the plain of Esdraelon to the ocean, and dividing that plain from those of Sharon and Acre. The whole range lies like a crouching lion, to which Mount Carmel is a magnificent head, illustrating what we read of it in Solomon's Song, "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel." It is the more conspicuous, as the only promontory in the long length of the level Mediterranean coast of Syria. Its sides grow olives, laurels, oaks, and pines, interspersed with grazing flocks and herds—a fruitful and pleasant prospect.

The prospect, looking from its sides all around, is one to which an historian would delight to play showman. Standing, as Carmel does, at the southern end of the Bay of Acre, that famous sea-fortress, distant only a few miles along the shore, seems from Carmel's heights to lie just below it. To its rear runs historical Kishon and Esdraelon; and far away to its other side from Acre lies the once famous Cæsarea of Herod, where Paul preached to Festus, and answered so effectively to Agrippa—now a heap of ruins. In the far distance also is seen a seeming cloud-bank, which is the mountain range of Lebanon, that we shall have to cross on our way from Damascus. In front a grand expanse of ocean opens up to us at every additional fifty feet of the ascent. Such alone gave cause for stopping on the way up Carmel side, had there been no landward views telling those stories of themselves of which the recordless sea is silent.

All the which leads pleasantly to Carmel's summit, as famous a spot in story as any of the many upon which it looks. A monastic residence for the Carmelite friars can be traced back as having been here for seven hundred years, and legend supplies, as it does with everything else, all the pre-

vious story. The famous monastic order was, we are told, founded by Elijah, and even the Virgin Mary herself is claimed as the first Carmelite nun. When driven from their mountain home by the Turks, five hundred years ago, the monks wandered the world as a mendicant order, and got in some places a bad name, as mendicants do too often. They claim all the prophets as having belonged to their body, from Elijah downwards, and include in their list such a strange medley of members as Jesus Christ, Pythagoras, and the Druids! Such reminded one of the incongruity of the shrines, including the tomb of Adam, clustered together in Jerusalem's Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Antoine has found for our aid one of the monks with some knowledge of English, and a greater desire to impart all his knowledge to others. He proves a real blessing, as half the grand views around from Carmel side would have been as lost, unaided by one to whom the story of all on which we look is familiar as household words. He introduces Antoine to begin with, who proves not to be, as supposed, a Frenchman, but by birth a native of Bagdad, and probably a foundling also, from his surname being also that of his native city. His years of service here had been but an interlude in a life spent in many lands, in which it seemed strange that, knowing so much, he had learned no English.

Under tuition of our new friend we take a long look at Esdraelon Plain—the battle-field of all worlds, ancient and modern, and of all story, sacred and profane, real and symbolical. It looks verdant and pleasant to the eye for the miles that we can here see of it, united as it is to the plain of Acre, and is all as unencumbered with villages and signs of civilization as it is loaded with scriptural and historical records, and covered with better known landmarks than are the plains of Troy. There are villages on the hills that surround it, but habitations seem to have fled from the seemingly fertile plain to its sterile sides. Such is not readily understandable, save on the thought that what has been so often a battle-field may be considered by common consent as set apart for such

“running amuck” of nations, and so reserved as is a race-course.

In looking around and listening to the names given to the objects in view, we perceive, especially in this land, what blessings hills and mounts are to the antiquarian and historian. Fully a third of the scripturally mentioned places, if not half of them, cannot be now identified. “Yonder is where Cana of Galilee is supposed to have been situated, but the evidence is uncertain.” Such and suchlike doubts—as told to us—extending even to the sites of great cities, give to what can be identified beyond dispute the greater value, and foremost among such valuable spots are “the eternal hills.”

Esdraelon’s Plain, we learn, is the Biblical Megiddo and Megiddon, and the scene of that famous battle reported in the 4th and 5th chapters of Judges—the last of which contains that grand song of triumph, the first of recorded duets, by Deborah and Barak. As I turn to it here, with monastic aid at my elbow, it reads with a new music, and in better metre in sight of its scene, of the Kishon that played so great a part in its story, and of that Mount Tabor yonder from which the prophetess watched the warfare, and gave to Barak the signal for battle.

That great battle!—in which the ten thousand of Barak routed the tens of thousands of Sisera, “captain of the army of Jabin, King of Canaan,” and the “nine hundred chariots of iron” which we may suppose sheltered as breastplates the archers who filled them. “The stars in their courses fought against Sisera,” by such atmospheric influences, probably, as are still known in eastern meteorology. A tropical storm of hail and sleet fell upon Sisera’s army, blinding and confusing them with a noise in which no orders could be heard—the waters growing quickly to a whirl and a torrent in their hitherto shallow courses. Entangled and flooded in the suddenly swollen rivulet at which we now look—then become a turbulent river—that fate had come to them of which we are told, in trumpet-triumph notes, in Deborah and Barak’s soldierly song,—

“The river of Kishon swept them away,  
That ancient river, the river Kishon!”

A very quiet-looking stream, and an insignificant one, is this Kishon—this terribly destroying river of the great name, as it runs peaceably away by Carmel's side from its source in yonder Mount Tabor, and its course through Esdraelon's and Acre's plain, to its home here in the Mediterranean. Some of us, I am willing to wager, will be found getting phials in Caipha, and bottling off those waters of Kishon that should make the only fitting music to Deborah's song. Such is a form of relic-taking and souvenir-preserving leaving no loss—which cannot be said of all travellers' doings in that way among the memorable things of the world.

Woman was the evil star of all the stars that fought that day against Sisera. He escaped the fate of his army, and Deborah's invocations, only to find it among the tents of the neighbouring hills, where he missed even the hospitality he might have expected from the Bedouin, to fall ignobly by the hands of Jael. We had forgotten all about the story, which is now as new to us, and we turn to read it with all the interest of latest intelligence. It was a battle altogether fitting for such a poetical celebration, if we are to take a poet's authority on the subject; and that Barry Cornwall rightly tells us the office of poetry, we see plainly enough in the scriptural description of this combat,—

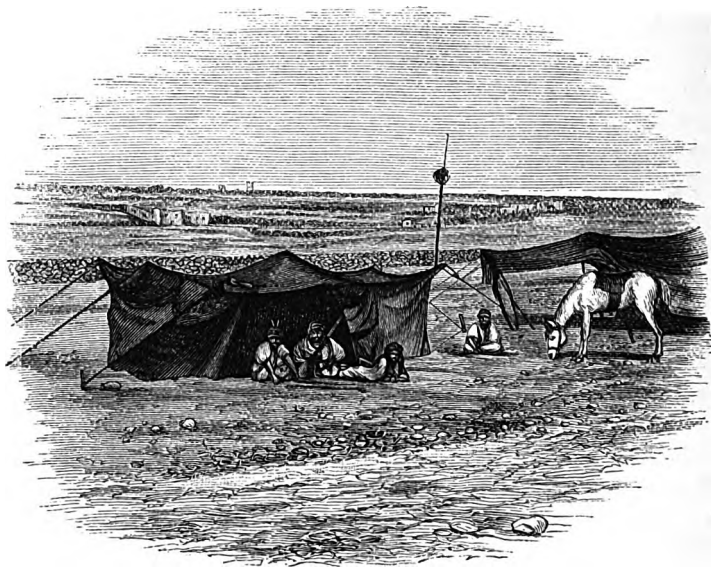
“Song should train the mind to duty,  
Nerve the weak and stir the strong;  
Every deed of truth or beauty  
Should be crown'd by starry song!”

This plain is now but a camping-ground for the Bedouin, whose low black tents are not at first easily distinguishable in the landscape. Destitute of villages as Esdraelon is, it has yet the remains of a settlement, and of the ruins of the castle erected in one of the many expeditions of the crusaders. Near to that spot Bonaparte had his day upon the great battle-field. In the last year of the last century Kleber came hither, across country, to attack the encamped Turkish army at the “Battle



of Mount Tabor." Bonaparte arrived in another direction in time to meet in the rear those who shrank from Kleber in the front, remaining victor over an army that outnumbered his forces as ten to one. The victory was great as Barak's, and won without supernatural aid, but lacked a Deborah to immortalize it in song, for which, as it was a victory over the detestable Turks, we feel sorry.

A marginal note takes me to two other Biblical references to



BEDOUIN CAMP.

events on this plain—one past and one to come. The past one I take from the 35th chapter of the Second Chronicles, telling how Josiah, King of Judah, sought here to stay the progress of Necho, the Egyptian monarch, on his way to give battle to the Assyrians. Going into this skirmish without call or cause, and against all protestations, he met the fate said to await those who in others' quarrels interpose, and fell by Necho's archers. The mourning which his death caused was, we see by a reference note, that sadness in Israel told of in Zechariah

as "the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon."

The scene yet to be seen in this plain of Megiddo or Megiddon is spoken of under its other name of Armageddon. For that battle the monks of Mount Carmel may watch and wait as they do, and for that the plain of Esdraelon, in its strange clearness, may be yet waiting. The language relating to it is as obscure as that of an oracle, in which I read, in the 16th chapter of Revelations, of those who are to be "gathered together in a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon," and of what will then await them—a seemingly great strife and destruction. These references to passages of suppositious relationship add quite a trouble to our Bible readings, and are not, we find, always enlightening upon the subject.

Touching most of the caves with which Carmel's side abounds, there are legends of more or less authority and interest; but the cave which absorbs all attention is that covered by the superb monastery that we now reach—the Crown of Carmel, and the king of all monastic and conventual houses. Courtesy of all kinds is here extended to us visitors, as if it were the hospice of Mont St. Bernard, and we had been brought in by the famous dogs of that monastery, instead of by the former cook of this one. It was quite a desirable place to live in for the creature comforts which we see on their way from the table, apart from its desirably healthy position, in which respect it would be difficult to match this well-chosen spot.

The cave alluded to is the whole reason—the sole first cause and support of the building. It is shown to us beneath the altar, in the chapel of this "Monastery of Elias," as that in which the prophet Elijah lived when he wrought the miracle that has made this mount most famous. A philosopher might infer from what he here sees that prophets live in caves, and their successors in palaces. To the one is the dish of herbs and the vinegar of life, and to the others its wine, honey, and corn. These thoughts especially occur to one as I look at the stall-fed monks of this courtly monastery, and find that I am

unfortunately too late for dinner, and have to be contented with a scrappy lunch.

I learn about the dinner from Antoine, who has been to the kitchen to fraternize with his successor. He comes now to show me over the stately building, accompanied by the English-speaking monk, as the more appropriate showman. The mountain is full of good things—nearly all that is required for the daily table being furnished by it, save the fish obtained from the sea at its foot. The building itself is of oblong and plain shape, built of the grey limestone of which the mount is composed, and sixty feet in height. It is of modern date, and is a monument to the zeal and industry of one monk. The old convent, hundreds of years old, was destroyed, for the second time, by the Turks in 1821. Its ruins lay uncleared for twenty years. During the latter fifteen years of that time a monk of the old foundation, Jean Battista, went pilgrimaging the world, begging funds for the rebuilding of what is now here to be seen. In fourteen years he collected half a million of francs. He rests deservedly from such labour in the chapel of the convent, and from a plate above his tomb I take notes of the record given.

My kindly guide of the morning showed me what a well-provided life can be led in a monastery. The bedrooms for the accommodation of travellers would tempt any one to stay for a time in the fresh air of this healthy mountain. Antoine assures me that the board is as good as the bed, and he ought to know best about that. In addition to other items of the story of this mount, we learn that before the days of the monastery an oracle had a temple here, whom Vespasian, as recorded by Tacitus, came to consult. It is altogether the place for an oracle, as the trouble of the ascent made the information obtained after such toil seemingly of much more value. The oracles and prophets of old understood that sort of thing, and kept, therefore, always in out-of-the-way places.

Outside the monastery and its walled garden and cemetery, I am shown the supposed scene of Elijah's miraculous triumph over the priests of Baal, in calling down fire from above to

consume the sacrifice, and in raising the cloud from the neighbouring sea which brought that rain which the sacrifice was to propitiate. The sacred spot is marked off by a fence of cut stone. It was from here that we read in the First Book of Kings that the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal, and the four hundred "prophets of the groves" that came with them, were taken down by the multitude to be slaughtered at the "brook Kishon." How they got down Carmel's side is easily understood, but not so easily how Ahab hurried down in that chariot of his of which the record tells. The steepness of Carmel precludes wheels being now used, and all trace of a zigzag cut road has disappeared, if it ever existed.

The fairer complexion of the people dwelling about Carmel's base is due, doubtless, to the sea air, but to our weary sunburnt eyes they seemed comelier in appearance than those dustier sunburnt beings hitherto met with in the interior. To that, perhaps the better dressing of the women greatly contributed; but apart from that there were faces and figures to be seen about, worth all the glances they got from us. We were not holy monks of the mountain, and could therefore look upon such without sin. We came to the idea that if we stopped on Carmel for a month, as at a sanatorium, we might not all the time be found at the monastery. Some of the beauties of nature, it appeared, were equally to be seen about its lower land. We wanted to ask Antoine a lot of questions about monkish life, about which he, as an old servitor to the convent, could have opened our eyes to any extent; but with him we were stopped by the want of language. To have started the subject with our English-speaking monk of the mount, might have led to something from him which would have been certainly doubtful, and might have been dangerous.

The Mohammedans, adopting the Old Testament, venerate Elijah, whom they call Elias, equally with the Christians. Their eyes are also opened to the value of shrines, so that we are not surprised when, at one part of the mount, we happen upon another cave of Elijah, that is here covered by a Moslem building for sanctuary, worshipping, and other purposes. As a

building, it is nothing equal to the grand pile that crowns Carmel's summit, which must tend to arouse the jealousy of the Turks to a third demolition of it some day. In that respect they are as they ever were in feeling. "The Lord is a man of war" to them, and to be propitiated by soldiers in place of missionaries, and aggressions in place of conversions.

Near at hand from Carmel, and but a walk across the sands around the bay, is that Acre, or Akka, which stretches out to sea on a tongue of land, and stands boldly exposed in a sort of lighthouse position. It is a curious instance of how distance lends an enchantment to everything, that we don't visit Acre because it is so near to us! This rocky sea fortress, the invulnerable Acre, had fame enough and to spare to warrant the visit; but unfortunately, the Bible told nothing about it, and the various sieges it had so well withstood.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### “THE PEARL OF THE EAST.”

“THUS saith the Lord God . . . the head of Syria is Damascus!” That declaration by Isaiah, in his 7th chapter, rings with a clarion-like clearness, and all a new meaning, as we look now upon its great subject. Such grand title and special mention ennoble it to the ear, but not more than the sight of it surprises our widest-stretched of wondering eyes. The quoted supernatural declaration of its superiority is fully sustained by its supernatural beauty, as we look down upon it from its surrounding hill sides. There is in the world a law of compensation that, in many cases, regulates the reward we have for the trouble we experience in getting at a good thing. The toilsome journey, the half-stiff and aching limbs, crooked fingers, feverish skin, and irritable feelings, were all forgotten and forgiven now! We had gone through difficulties that were to us of the kind that Bunyan imagined for his troubled wayfarers, and here was the City Beautiful at last, as seen from hill-sides that were to us the Delectable Mountains in giving us that wondrous sight only.

And the “charmed city” has earned that name, and all its others, deservedly. It is the one city of the East which has lost nothing of a greatness that is as impressive as it is eternal. The traveller who has been over the world, chafing at disappointments, or surfeiting with surprises, finds his greatest astonishment in the hill-side sight of Damascus. I think that I have my surprise too much to myself, but find that my American fellow-travellers equally share it, and have

just then more than their usual desire for that silence which is often more eloquent than words. Not but what I find eloquence in those few-worded expressions, brimful of meaning, that I hear occasionally, and have by this got so well to understand. One of my friends is thinking half aloud, and utters his thought thus—"Well, this overlays everything!"

This first of recorded cities, as thus seen from its hill-sides, is the freshest-looking and the fairest of all cities that be. The traveller wandering in Quixotic searches for perfecter beauty, like the knights of old, might rest satisfied with this sight of Damascus. Man's fancy cannot picture anything superior. Martin's grand painting of the Plains of Heaven is as nothing to it as a delight-giving sight. Only Turner could have painted it, and he would have left to the world his and its finest picture had he succeeded in the effort. Jerusalem may be holy but it is also odious, seen afar or near, and but for its sanctity and shrines would have long since been deserted and be now unvisited. Damascus has but one shrine, at which all creeds alike worship—one that is beyond doubt and disputation in the world's debates—its all-powerful and unchanging beauty!

All our antiquity is but modern, compared with that of this desert oasis. We can go back no further than Genesis in its history, but there find its existence recorded as of a long-settled city. Earlier records, did any exist, would doubtless show the same result. We read in the 15th chapter of that book Abraham's statement, "And the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus"—evidence enough of its being a place of note, and with a population to spare as emigrants. Solomon sought to rival its importance in that "Tadmor of the wilderness," otherwise Palmyra, which he caused to be built at a three days' further journey across the desert towards Persian territory.

Palmyra well illustrates the fate of Man's efforts when he strives to achieve the successes made only by Nature. Solomon, with all his wisdom, did not see that where water and wood were in plenty, men would crowd and there abide, whatever

king might reign over them. His city had none of the natural advantages with which Damascus is endowed, and all its artificial ones had but their hour. Palmyra had its time and is gone; had its day of splendour under Zenobia, its mighty queen; had its might and its millions, ruling all Syria and Palestine, and stretching its hand into Egypt—and is now a heap of ruins.

Baalbec, city of Baal the sun-god and the Syrian Heliopolis, was another and a nearer neighbouring rival to Damascus that lived but a longer day than Palmyra, and is as utterly extinguished. The few wretched villagers that now crouch among the stones of these mighty cities are as ghouls haunting the graveyards that the ruins now are—deserted graveyards, the huge monuments in which lie about to be utilized as quarries. For the rest,

“The owl, the jackal, and the lizard keep  
Their courts where monarchs gloried and drank deep.”

On either side of her, thus laid low, are the kingly-built Palmyra and Baalbec—the effort of empires that dared to rival artificially Nature’s own greatness in Damascus.

Damascus, young and beautiful, then as now looked on at the feverish existence of her petted rivals, and knew that the gay life would be—as are all artificial lives—but a very short one. That which is everlasting can well be patient. Palmyra’s life as a city and that of Baalbec were but as a day in the countless years of the existence of Damascus—the real “eternal city,” to which Rome is, in comparison and competition for such title, but a young pretender.

Isaiah has been quoted for the grandest of the titles of Damascus, and that which Mahomet said of it may not unfitly follow. None who see the multitude of his followers spread throughout the East but must respect the words of one so potent. Of fifty millions of the Hindoos, and of all Egypt, Turkey, Syria, and Persia, he is the great prophet and high priest. The few of other creeds in those four countries last-named scarcely count against his immense majority. Here, on a



mount overlooking Damascus, stands a small temple of five columns and a dome, open to the winds, marking where stood Mahomet looking on that scene of wonder which then dazzled his eyes as it now does ours.

“It is Paradise!” he said; “I shall not go into it. Man can enter but one Paradise, and I will not choose the earthly one!”

So saying, he contented himself with what he saw from this mount, and went not into the city. He had no selfish cause for such adulation of Damascus—it was then no possession of his to deal with. He spoke but in a shorter form than others have done, what were his sensations at the sight—speaking as one having a God-like gift of ruling men, and of so addressing them in “few words to fair faith.” Standing where he did, it is not difficult to read his thoughts; but we are not so sure as he was, and as are all Mohammedans, of the expected Paradise hereafter. So we are wooed by the siren-like beauty around to know more of this one, and, fools as we are, are led next day to rush in where the prophet feared to tread. It would be well if the world would learn from the experience of others, and not suffer, as we do, in learning everything personally. We have only that feeling towards Mahomet that Dr. Pangloss had for Dido, but in this matter of Damascus we see in what he said and did a wisdom that commands respect. If the prophet never found the paradise he expected, he got the idea of one here, that must have made his end all the happier, and brightened the prospect of the Hereafter.

“The head of Syria is Damascus,” according to Isaiah; and the head is the beauty, ornament, and adornment of the body, as the capital is to the column. As we sat on Mahomet’s Mount, and looked upon the scene below, all that we had read and heard of this Damascus the Beautiful came back to us, and seemed but poorly to portray it. In rare care of its darling the desert girdles it around. As a further guard to it, nature has surrounded it with hills. Within their circuit our sand-blinded eyes gloat on broad bands and belts of

verdure. Three circles, therefore, enclose it as a casket—desert, hills, and woods.

The trees that thus surround Damascus for miles in breadth show every shade of green—the bronze of the walnut, the duskiess of the cypress, the lightness of the poplar, the grey of the mountain ash, and the blue tint of the pomegranate. In the inner centre the sun shines on what, in its whiteness, seems to be a city of silver, set in circles of emeralds, enlivened by the sounds of rushing waters and bubbling fountains that are everywhere to be seen and heard, and in their cooling influence pleasantly felt. Such is Damascus seen from its hill-sides—Eastern and dreamy—the very spirit of all that is poetical.

It is the pet child of the desert. The wild howling wilderness is all around it, of God and man, barren altogether but of this one child—this Esmeralda! It lies there like to a disk of pearls on the dark bosom of its dusky mother. Hagar's children are the Bedoueen,—the sons, natural sons, of the desert; but Dasmascus is its true, legitimate child,—its one fair daughter! It has drained its bosom to furnish the Abana and Pharpar that flow to nourish Damascus. It has gathered within it all the life and verdure it could yield, every green thing that could grow upon its surface, and given them all to beautify it, with the prodigality of a loving mother lavishing everything, life included, upon her one pet child!

It tells thus the story to all that have eyes to see and ears to hear, as it fondles Damascus on its bosom. "This is my daughter, my one fair child! Come, ye fertile lands, dowered with my cities, and show any that is equal to this one of the poor, outcast, despised, and accursed desert! I am prouder in its possession than of the fairest and most fertile of the land. 'My Pearl of the East' is that also of the west, north, and south—the gem of the whole world; worth, in its rarity, all the collected beauties of the cities of other lands! God that gave her to me pitied my condition; my sterility, my loneliness, and my reproach, and so gave me

my Damascus—giving to her the heavenly gifts, elsewhere denied, of a youth and beauty that are never fading. Your children, ye favoured lands, grow old, your cities ruin and rot, ‘tarnished with decay.’ Mine remains as in the first morning of time, as young, fresh, and beautiful as at its birth. Look on it, listen to its voice! It smiles at you, sings to you, woos you! Other cities are forsaken by their lovers, are deserted and forgotten. Mine is full as ever to overflowing, and the best remembered of all by those who may for a time leave, but can never forget her!”

Shakespeare has given words to Romeo when he first sees Juliet, that force themselves upon us as we here see a fairer sight by far than eyes of young lover ever looked upon—

“O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright.  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear—  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o’er her fellows shows.”

Substituting “city” for “lady” in the last line, no more apt description could be penned of this emerald-set “Pearl of the East.”

This dainty daughter of the desert sits, queenlike, in her unclouded atmosphere, working her gold and silvered silks and her valued cloths for the world’s admiration. Fitting work for the fairest of cities! Of others the world can get its ploughshares, but Damascus disdains for such use to make its peerless steel. The working-dress of the work-a-day world can be had where it may, but its bridal silks, interwoven with golden threads, its boudoir furnishings, and its holiday attire are found at their best here. The embroidered narghilies are here, and here is the golden tobacco, and the scented cigarettes made of it for fair Eastern lips. Here also is the perfume of all perfumes, the attar of Damascus roses—the preparation of all which, and the like, are the fitting work that this fair city finds or selects for itself from all the labours of the world.

There is little in Damascus that Time the destroyer can lay hands upon. It can never be in ruins like its stone-built neighbours Baalbec and Palmyra—each but a short journey from its tree-girt walls. Its houses we shall find, when inside those walls, to be mostly of perishable material, and of the wood that is so plentiful around. As they decay and fall, their dust is washed into the earth from which they came, and they are replaced by other similar ones. The waters that have made the wild garden in which the city stands are untouchable by time, and will keep Damascus as they have made it, as it is, as it was, and ever will be—an oasis in the desert, to which all travellers cannot choose but bend their steps. It realizes altogether Byron's imagery—

“ In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wild waste there yet stands a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Whene'er I am thinking of thee.”

Time can lay hold on nothing within Damascus. It is all, as Pope describes something else of Nature's beautiful work “matter too soft a lasting mark to bear.”

Coming down from this hill-side sight of it, the appearance of Damascus may be otherwise described as a large irregular triangle of dense verdure, covering forty or more miles in circumference, enclosing a city composed of what, in the distance, resembles some thousands of ivory Chinese-made chess pieces, the kings, queens, castles, knights, and bishops of which would fitly represent the temple-domes and minarets that are to be seen, crowned with their shining crescents, amidst the glittering mass of buildings, most prominent among which are the great central mosques and the towers of a castle. Let one angle of the three be tapered out to eight miles or so of green length between the enclosing hills, and place a silver tape along its centre, to represent the flowing Abana—here called the Barada. Those eight miles will represent the main entrance to Damascus—the finest approach by which any city in the world can be entered. It is an entrance-hall or pathway that might fitly lead, so far as mundane minds

can imagine, to Paradise itself. The view from the hills is quite matched by this magnificent approach, along which the rushing river sings by one's side, crossing and recrossing the road and forming endless cascades of beauty. It is the gorge of the Abana, with which, by the way, the Pharpar is amalgamated many miles before their united waters reach the city. They might be mistaken for a dozen rivers in the endless branches thrown off by these united streams when reaching Damascus, in and about which the water seems to dance and revel as never waters did elsewhere.

We lingered about Jerusalem before going within the walls, and have better reason, in Mahomet's example, for doing so here. There is so much of interest to be seen outside Damascus in views that change with every fifty yards or so. A caravan of Mohammedans has just returned here from their pilgrimage to Mecca, as I had seen a similar one do to Cairo when lately there. Each nationality might be known to practised eyes by the dress of the wearers; but Anatolians, Persians, Kurds, and Turks are nearly indistinguishable in the dust and dirt of their long march. Going and coming, they have been altogether, I am told, ninety days on the road.

These "Hadjis," as the pilgrims from Mecca are called, combine business with religious duties, and nearly each has his big or little pack of goods for the interior bazaars. The Bedoueen encampment seen outside another gate is a very different affair. It is on its way, when it again starts, for Bagdad, by way of Palmyra and other intermediate places. Fully a hundred camels are in this company. A wandering photographer has been wisely securing a picture of the scene, and kindly allows me a copy of his photograph of the picturesque assemblage.

Awhile ago I might have seen the caravans of the merchants that thrice a year left Damascus with armed escorts on their month's journey across the desert to Bagdad. That enterprise has been, however, crushed by the Bedoueen—a people who seem to be a mixture of the savage with the free-

booter, the highwayman, and the gipsy. In 1857 these children of nature, freedom, and evil, felt themselves strong enough for a larger robbery than usual. For the first time within remembrance they attacked, with success, the traders' caravan midway to Bagdad. By that raid the Damascus merchants lost fifty thousand pounds, and have not yet recovered the blow, or heart enough to renew the risk. Some years later those other children of nature, the Red Indians, tried to do similarly with the caravan that crosses *their* desert from the Pacific to the Atlantic. They actually tried to "lasso" the mail train by ingeniously tying themselves to the hide-made cords in long strings on both sides of the line—so pitting their strength against the locomotive's. The engine was sure enough caught by the lasso, but unexpectedly carried it along at undiminished speed. The tied strings of Indians meantime gyrated on both sides, in a style of tumbling never before seen, until the ropes slipped beneath the wheels, and so left panting those that yet lived.

These men of the desert, the Bedoueen, are a numerous and powerful people—one tribe alone numbering, Hassan tells me, nine thousand or more horsemen and eighty thousand camel-drivers and assistants. They prefer their black tents to any house shelter, and are never comfortable within the walls of a city. It is told me that they have a district of fifty thousand square miles as a sort of squatting run for themselves, their camels, and famous horses. For dress they wear a blue tunic or blouse girdled around the waist, and over the shoulders hangs a goatskin cape. What is on the head is not definable—it is generally so old and dirty, nor is it clear whether the rope of coarse hair twisted around over the ears is that of the horse, the camel, or the wearer. The Bedouin is a middle-sized man, of sullen, forbidding countenance, and restless wild-beast eyes, that roll about in the head in a way that betokens the ever-watchful nature of their owner—an Ishmaelite, "whose hand is against every man." Unless he first attacks, he is said to prefer flight on his fleet mare to fighting, on which some one has written —

“ Good horse should he have whom all refuse  
 To aid or help in his need ;  
 By my troth, I think one whom the world pursues  
 Has a right to an Arab steed.”

The Bedouin carries a lance over ten feet long, of a sort of bamboo cane, finished with a steel top and bottom, and having a fringe of feathers at the top part where wood and metal join. This spear, so iron-shod, is dangerous at either end when held by its owner above his head and thrown at that of another. These weapons of war are here all around at peace—with their lower steel ends stuck into the sandy soil. The Bedouen are particularly careful of their horses, which are never used but for saddle purposes. Every horseman has an attendant camel or dromedary to carry other burdens, the canteen and any plunder that the horseman may happen upon in his day's foray. As I hear all this explained and look on the wild-looking men, and am told of their way of life, I think of Burns' Highland lassie and her song to her infant, expressed in his words:—

“ Blessings on thy bonnie craigie,  
 An thou live thou'lt steal a naggie,  
 Plunder the loons of the low country,  
 Then to the Highlands home to me !”

One's thoughts run naturally all to poetical expression when on the subject of Damascus.

Some such lullaby as that is what the feminine Bedouen must croon to their babies. They are hard-featured women, and the burden of life and labour seems to lie heavy upon them—their vagabond lords disdaining all work. The younger girls, upon whom trouble has not yet come, look as bright and lively as young gazelles. Like the men, these women have a fancy for dark blue in the way of dress, and the way they load their heads, ears, noses, hands, arms, and ankles with trinkets is most noticeable. They are said to dye or tattoo the lips, but their skin is so dark altogether that any tattooing done is not a striking feature. Much more so are the strings of coins at their girdles.

Going about, I take note of some of the city gates, and of their fanciful names, as Hassan gives and translates them:— Bab el Faraj, the Persian gate; Bab el Salam, the gate of peace; Buwab el Allah, the gate of God; Bab el Faradis, the gate of the gardens; Bab Shurky, the east gate; Bab el Hadid, the Iron gate; Bab el Saghâ, the little gate; Bab Tuma, Thomas's gate; and another closed up, which the pencil seems to have stuttered over, so indecipherable is its name.

All sorts of liberties have been taken with the plentiful waters of the Abana. In the road leading to one of the gates it is carried away in two miniature canals, cut at different elevations. In another road three conduits of that kind are to be seen, by which distant land is kept irrigated. The trees around the city that looked so thick from the hill-sides have, I now find, cleared spots here and there among them, in which are little semi-villages and English-looking greensward. It is to be noticed that on some parts of the old city wall houses are standing, the windows of which served other purposes in bygone days than that of admitting light. From such apertures those who went not out through the gates, and probably often came not in through them, were let down by cords. In a basket from one of them we read that St. Paul so made his escape from the city.

The guide points out in the distance the convent of Saidnaya, situated to Damascus much as Mar Saba monastery is to Jerusalem, and a rival to it in points of age, situation, and rock-cut peculiarity. It has an attraction that the monastery does not possess, which draws pilgrims to it from all parts. For six centuries it is known to have had a miraculous image of the Virgin, that was once all stone, but is now half incarnated. The fleshly part perspires holy oil into a silver basin placed beneath it. This unction is the aid sought by the afflicted. The cures it is said to work when well rubbed in resemble those effected by the wonderful medicines that we see so much advertised. This rock-cut convent of Saidnaya belongs to the Greek Church. I had been too late, by a day



or two, to see their holy fire miracle at Jerusalem in the Church of the Sepulchre there, and so would as a compensation have gone to see this one if I could have got any company. My American friends, however, say that they are "full on miracles," and will let this one pass.

We see here shepherds leading and not driving their flocks, and pass recesses in the hills—tombs of those who have in scriptural words "hewn them out sepulchres on high, and graved, an habitation for themselves in a rock." To come now from Scripture to the *Arabian Nights* is all *apropos* of Damascus. Our guide points out the scenes of two of the thousand and one tales, and might point out another dozen. Nothing could be thought of more appropriately in connexion with all one here sees than those novelettes of Mohammedan life, scenery, and adventure.

The evening's sunset showed another view of Damascus, as it did "o'er Linden when the sun was low." The effect was grandly magnificent. The silvery-looking city and its emerald surroundings were beautified in all colours as by a celestial lime-light. A goodly pink hue was given to the buildings on which it shone, and a fine purple one to the shadows they threw. More than ever now did it look not as a city of this planet, but as one belonging to a far better, as a city left behind by the gods of old to show us what this world was before sin and sorrow came upon it, and what the next world may be.

Two notabilities of the place are passing in at one of its gates. The first is the Pasha who here rules as governor of the political head-quarters of Syria. To him are subject the lesser Pashas of Jerusalem, Acre, and Beyrout. We are told that he is a bigoted fanatic, and one quite capable of encouraging another such Mohammedan outbreak and massacre of the Christians as that of 1860. That things may not again come to so bad an end as on that occasion, the government of all the populous villages of the Lebanon range has been taken from him, and placed under Christian rule. The Turks are exasperated at this, and moodily sit groaning and grumbling

at what they regard as an injury. It is a sad thing to see spots of earth so beautiful as Damascus and all the country from here across Lebanon, and down to seaside Beyrout, under the control of such semi-savages—men opposing all improvement and destitute of honour and humanity.

As evidence of that, we have passed two large villages on the road thither, in one of which a thousand Christians, and in the other eight hundred, were in 1860 massacred after surrendering their arms on a promise of protection from the Turkish Governor, Osman Bey. That infernal wretch shut them up to the torment of seven days' hunger and thirst, and then let in upon them a murdering horde of his brutal soldiers, The base cowardliness of this villain was shown in first disarming those who so innocently trusted in his word, and then, still afraid of them, weakening them by seven days' starvation ere he ventured on their slaughter! These be the Turks that England fondles, pampers, and lavishes the blood of her armies and the millions of her treasuries upon—in return, getting that by which the bad ever reward their benefactors.

The other notability who has so passed us is a curio of a Bedouin—one Miguel, whose business was formerly that of acting as escort to travellers from here to Palmyra—a three days' journey. His duties in that way were similar to those of the ornamental sheik who took our party from Jerusalem to the Jordan Valley. Such mild doings would not necessarily have made of Miguel the little hero that he is now looked upon. Fame and fortune, however, favoured this dark man of the desert in an unlooked-for way. One of those for whom he so acted as dummy guardian was an English lady of rank and title—a blue-blooded patrician. Whether he witched her with noble horsemanship, or by what other witchery, I am not told. Perhaps it was tent-life that had a charm for one wearied of the west-end of London. Much rather it may be that having got away from the forms of civilization and its fetters, she asserted herself and chose to her liking, and seemingly as foolishly as another London lady, who married in 1844 one of the Ojibbeway Indians then on show in that

city. "The gentle lady married to the Moor" lives here with her Bedouin, and it is to be hoped has not, like to the other one pining in American backwoods, repented a choice that to some might seem a rash one, to say nothing else of it.

The gardens of Syria are not of the sort that the western world understands by the name of gardens. There is no regularity, no laying out, nor anything apparently planned. It is all, therefore, the more really artistic—art being so concealed. The shrubbery, the plantation, the vineyard, the orchard, and the grove, are all mixed up in these gardens with the flowering plants. In this seemingly wild and natural state lies their great charm.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE OLDEST OF CITIES.

THOUGH the tumbling walls of Damascus are but poor defences to it now, its remaining gates are yet regularly closed by night. Entering by one of these I pass within the famous city, and find its roads and footways nearly as bad as those of the majority of Eastern towns. There is but one hotel to be found—kept by Demetri Caro, who is known generally by his first name only. The entrance is by a dingy door in an old rubble wall, and leads by a few further steps to a marble-paved courtyard. In the centre is a circular basin, having a central fountain jet, shaded by some lemon-trees. On each side of this yard two steps lead to an open apartment—sitting-rooms for visitors. They are surrounded on three sides by cushioned benches. Three similar courtyards are to be found further on. Staircases at the corners lead to an upper story similarly planned as to the surrounding apartments.

Demetri's hotel is full of people, so that we are crowded out. I am, however, led over the flat roofs of two adjoining houses, and down a staircase into the courtyard of a third one, round which our party are bestowed, and bid to rest and be thankful. I am doubtful about finding my way back again to the hotel should I want to do so, and see no way, by bell or otherwise, of calling for assistance. To clear my ideas upon that and other matters, I souse my head in the cool water of the central basin, feeling all the better for it. Any liberty can be taken with water in Damascus—there is such plenty. It is so laid on all over the city by nature that no rates need be

paid, and it is wasted on principle—there is so much to make show of and to spare.

The rooms open to the courtyards have, in addition to the cushioned side benches, abundance of footstools, but there are no chairs. A central table is adorned with narghili pipes and boxes of mild light-brown tobacco. Getting again on to the house-tops, I look about on like flat roofs all around. These have each a small limestone garden-roller lying upon them, and it bothers me why. When Hassan comes the matter is cleared up, and I get the roller off my mind. The roofs are laid down in white clay, which the sun helps to crack. On a shower of rain coming and wetting this clay, they have to be speedily rolled over to close up the cracks and make watertight the apartments below. These roofs, like all roofs in the East, have no chimneys through them.

Demetri himself now comes upon the scene, having a ponderous album-looking volume under his arm. It is the "Visitors' book," in which we have to inscribe our names, whence from, and whither bound. There is a spare place for "Remarks" that are here invited, as they should be everywhere, and not repressed as rudeness. The book is a public one, and I am given permission to read and copy, which I do. Turning back, I find such visitors' names as Sir Tatton Sykes and Gordon Cumming. Travellers from distant Australia have left their names and opinions of Demetri and his hotel management, but the Americans outnumber as three to one those of other lands. It is comical in the heat we are suffering from in the beginning of May, to read some shivering Australian's record of other experience, as thus :—

"1869, January 21. We found this hotel comfortable with the exception of the want of a fireplace—a want that has been the means of making our stay less pleasant than it would otherwise have been."

Then follow the signatures of the observant husband and wife—probably on a wedding tour. I can only think of a fireplace as a means of ventilation. Since leaving Australia I don't re-

member seeing, and certainly never felt, the need of one. An ice-house has been the thing that dwelt more in one's desires.

The most noticeable record that Americans have left is one that I now copy as interesting to the world at large, and the reading world especially :—

“ Damascus, Sept. 14, '67.

“ We the undersigned belonging to the excursion party aboard the American steam yacht, “ Quaker City,” from the United States, have been stopping at the Hotel of Demetri Caro, Damascus. We cheerfully state that during our pleasant excursion, *We* have met with but few hotels better where the entertainment everything duly considered then we have met at the said Demetris.

“ Wm. Gibson, M.D. Jamestown Pen. U.S.A., and Special Commissioner for State and Agricultural department at Washington, Dist. Columbia, U.S.A. to Europe, Asia, and Africa.”

I have copied precisely as written. There follow seven other names below the one given, but they are as nothing after *that*. It is not difficult to identify the composition of “ remarks ” with that of the addition which the great man appends to his own name. I think it is to be easily understood why he who wrote the log of the “ Quaker City's ” voyage did not subscribe to this note. He was not “ Innocent ” enough for that, nor sufficiently “ Abroad.” In Chapter II. of the amusing record of that excursion, the great commissioner is alluded to in the first paragraph, but though his lengthy titles are given, his name does not appear. In copying the extract, I have necessarily rescued him from that seeming injustice. It is a wonder that one ship could have held such a Latter-day Cæsar and his fortunes.

Our dragoman provides us a special guide for the city, whom we find to be a great improvement on that Elias we had for the Jericho and Jordan part of the journey. Abram, for such was his name, spoke English well, and was the only one that we found so gifted during the days of our stay. I got him to wear an Indian-made cap that I happened to have, for better identification, as among the crowds, all capped with the red “ tarboosh,” and wearing pretty much the same dress, identification was not easy. So intricate are the streets of

Damascus, that to have lost Abram would have been something too dreadful to contemplate. He was really a zealous guide, taking an interest in our seeing much that we should never have thought of. We are taken by him into private houses of different nationalities, through curious gateways in the bazaars, up seemingly private stairs, and out upon roofs of buildings and all sorts of strange places, where and from which anything that should be seen could be seen.

These Turks, who seem to desecrate all things, calling the Abana the Barada, and the Pharpar the Phege, call this euphoniously-named Damascus by the odious name of Sham. The word has, of course, a different meaning to ours of that spelling, but to tamper with the title of such a place is an offence against history, to say nothing of good taste. The two rivers, always to be thought of by their scriptural names, having united to do wonders in Damascus, expire ignominiously in a marshy lake to the east of the city, in which they are lost as some rivers are in a similar way in the American desert. Their course hither from the Lebanon ranges has been rocket-like in its onward force. In Damascus they, again rocket-like, burst out and finish in cascades and other water splendours, and then fall in dead-stick fashion into the miserable, unknown marsh—a sad ending, indeed, to a glorious career!

Damascus proper, that was confined within the walls, was not over seven miles in circuit, but some suburbs have now, by decay and disappearance of the wall here and there, become as part of the town. The same great contrast holds good in another way within the city that was so observable in the inner and outer appearance of it. The exterior of all the fine dwellings—and there are fully five hundred that merit that term—is but a dull wall of mud-made bricks, more depressing to the sight than a brick wall is on a wet Sunday in a London bye-street. This wretched-looking exterior is like that of the mud-coloured locust I had picked up in the wilderness of Judea, concealing beauties of all kinds under such homely-looking sheathing. It is probably for the same reason—that of escaping notice—that the homes of the

Damascus people are thus secluded. From our place on the hill-sides yesterday we had taken a bird's eye view of the city, and so escaped the dull sight that its mud-walled streets present when within it.

Entering by a door as rough-looking as the wall that surrounds it, the change of scene within is great indeed. We have now removed the mud-coloured casing from the locust, and see the gorgeous and gauzy wings and the rich pink and blue colours before concealed. Here is a marble-paved courtyard, round which grow orange, lemon, and citron-trees, with a circular marble tank in the centre, which a tree or two help pleasantly to shade. We look thence on two sides at apartments which, though without the furniture to which our eyes are accustomed, are yet pleasantly furnished. The walls and roof of these rooms are in arabesque work. So shut in as these houses are, they seem the more thoroughly home-like, and domestic life has here a happy look.

The Great Mosque, as it is now called, has, like the Vicar of Bray, served many masters. Every power that has had Damascus made it a place of worship. For heathen deities at first, then for Hebrew worship after King David's successful siege; subsequently for Christian Church purposes, and then and now as a Mohammedan Mosque. It is the finest structure in that way which Damascus can show. Its large floor of four hundred and fifty feet, by half as much in breadth, is covered with a multitude of carpets that may be in number equal to the hundred that cover the floor of the great mosque at Cairo. Into this one we are not, however, allowed to walk, shod or unshod. The Turk asserts himself more here than he does in Cairo, and so is more obnoxious.

This mosque suffered severely, as did all Damascus, from Timour's invasion. That terrible Tartar nearly destroyed this oldest of existing cities. "The hands that slew till they could slay no more," took for change to burning what could not be carried away as plunder. Blackened ruins, unburied and half-burnt bodies, then remained to frighten men away from a scene of destruction and desolation. Elsewhere they might have



done so, but Nature's attractions and her friendliness to the wants of humanity are all-powerful around Damascus. The trees budded and blossomed, verdure smiled on every side and the flowers bloomed as before to gladden the survivors. To that end also the waters aided with their music, danced in their fountains and courses, and glittered in their cascades. Sorrows so consoled, and the heart thus cheered, man turned to the blessed necessity of labour for relief from grief, and so Damascus was again rebuilt. Abram points to a pinnacle on this mosque upon which the Messiah is to alight, in Mohammedan belief, on his coming to judge the world. 'Tis "a consummation devoutly to be wished," as it will possibly earliest take effect on those nearest to hand, and they may be cleared off the face of the earth that seem here to exist only to disgrace it.

We here see our first Khan, the name of which is so familiar to students of Eastern subjects. It happens also that this, the first of Khans seen, is also the finest of all such buildings. It has a pointed-arch gate and its floor is of alternated squares of black and white marble. The purpose of it is similar to that of bonded stores elsewhere—a reception-place for the goods of wholesale merchants. The mercantile affairs of Damascus are not, we are told, what they have been. Before the massacre of 1860 it had 3000 looms at work to the 1200 or so that it can now only show. As with everything else in Syria, I hear that Turkish taxation kills all the enterprise of manufacturers.

That massacre of 1860 appears to have begun in the Lebanon range, and spread over Syria to other places than Damascus. Abram tells us that some thousands of houses were destroyed, as also six thousand victims in the Christian quarter, for no cause but bigoted religious hatred on the part of the Mohammedans. The six thousand, he says, did not include the women and girls who were taken away as prisoners and sold as slaves. These Christians in Damascus had no protector to whom to look, and were but a poor eighth of the number of their murderers. It was a sort of Huguenot mas-

sacre—a horrible three days of robbery, burning, and murder that then occurred.

“Put your hand in my pocket,” said Abram; “feel what is there, and leave it there!”

I did so, and felt a revolver.

“They killed in that massacre my grandfather, father, and sister. My brother and myself have since been wiping out the score. He has killed seven, and I have killed five!”

There was a glitter in his eyes that showed a Corsican hate and vendetta-like vengeance still unsatisfied. I was glad to shake his hand, reddened as it had been, and hoped that he might go on with the good work. Indeed, I thought that I should like to help him at it—such is the effect upon human nature of some weeks of travel in this Turk-oppressed land. I felt towards him, so avenging the murdered Christians, as Scott did to the old woman shopkeeper in the border town, who sold laudanum and calomel in any quantity as cures for all ailments.

“Why, you’ll kill all the people!” he said.

“Eh, sir, but it will tak’ a many to make up for Flodden!” was the reply, and one that warmed the heart of patriotic Sir Walter to hear.

The bazaars, or shopkeepers’ streets of Damascus, are the finest in the East—superior in every way to those of Cairo and Constantinople, and twice as long and as many. All are covered in at their lofty tops with rush matting laid on wooden rafters and make a mazy network of what, in the western world, are called arcades, to which they also correspond in their narrow breadth and having but one common pathway. Men and women, camels, horses, mules, and donkeys jostle each other indiscriminately, in a manner that will be better understood by imagining the passage of any of our populous streets to be limited to one footway only for two and four-legged travel. Vehicles, of course, are in such case out of the running.

These shaded streets called bazaars have each their own trades, and in that character are market-like. We pass

through the tailors' bazaar to that of the shoemakers, and the more fragrant smelling one of the tobacco dealers. In the fancy-work bazaar we find the druggists' stores, and the famous attar of roses. The cabinet-makers' bazaar is passed through on the way to those of the tinsmiths, coppersmiths, and the vendors of sweetmeats. The bazaars of the two smiths are very noisy affairs ; but much quieter is that of the silversmiths, to which we have to mount several steps, as to an elevated position, if not a superior trade.

We pass into the silkworkers' bazaar, and see how well these Eastern artists understand colour, and how to blend it with best effect, and then to that of the seed-sellers, and the one devoted to the sale of agricultural implements, near to the square set apart as the horse-bazaar. What is called the Greek bazaar would be called the hardware market elsewhere ; and here are to be seen things fashioned as they were of olden time, and by no means recalling to one's memory the work of Sheffield.

We walk into Turkish baths, and try their quality, and stand at corners with the crowds that are listening to recitals from one who seems to have stepped out from the covers of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." We cannot understand a word he says, and yet scarcely feel that we want to do so. I listen to him and look at him as I did at Ristori, and seem quite to forget with him, as I did with her, that he is talking to me in a foreign tongue. It is not an incomprehensible one, though, otherwise I should not stay to listen with the interest with which his story somehow detains me. The people around me are, as the dramatis personæ of his narrative, illustrating all its imagery, and supplying specimens of its characters.

In the carpenters' bazaar we look at workmen employed in cutting out soles for the wooden shoes which are afterwards perfected in the shoemakers' bazaar. They sit, as I had noticed the carpenters did in Japan, so obtaining the use of their feet for holding the plank which their hands are helping to plane. The carved work shelved and hung about in this

bazaar bears evidence of a love of art in wood-carving, that the Western world began to neglect when it gave up carved picture-frames for stuccoed ornaments glued to the surface of rough woodwork as a substitute.

Abram now takes us to the Greek Cathedral of St. Mary, which he tells us was the scene of one of the greatest of the Turkish barbarities. At the time of the last massacre this church, or that which stood in its place, was sought for sanctuary purposes by the Christians, and when quite full was set

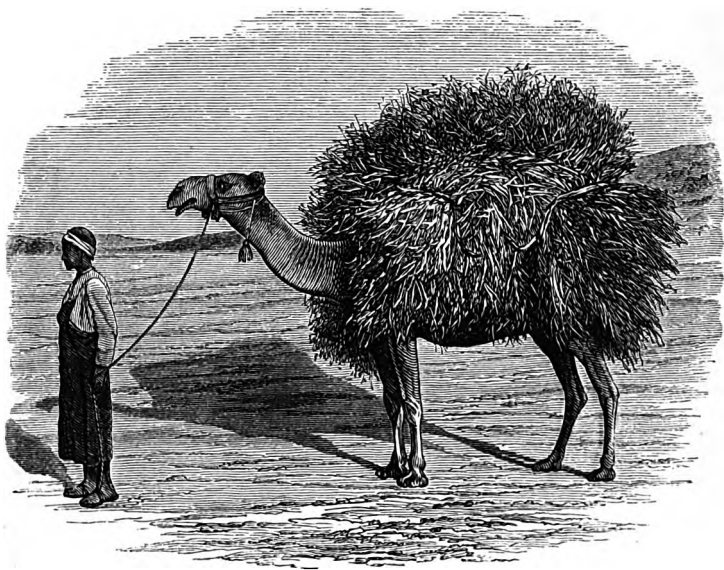


A SYRIAN CARPENTER.

fire to, and its starving and stifling thousands so martyred. We reserve the swearing with which our hearts are full at this narrative until we get out of the sacred scene of it.

The great mercantile bazaar-street of Damascus is over a mile in length, and is that one of which we read in the Acts as "the street which is called Straight," to which Ananias was bidden to go by the angel to find Saul of Tarsus, afterwards called St. Paul, "in the house of one Judas." Notwithstanding any and all remarks to the contrary, it is the straightest street of its length to be found anywhere in the city, and is

the only one in which a stranger can walk for a mile in Damascus and not mistake his way. Elsewhere all is labyrinthine and mazy. It must be tolerably straight to give one the view which is there to be had from one end to the other. The buildings do not all keep to a foot or two of the same side line, but such is the only interruption to its straightness. It is shown, too, as a straight line on the maps of the city, and the name is not so much a misnomer as is to be found in the so-called *Broadway* of New York.



SYRIAN CAMEL-LEADER.

On the unsounding earthen pathways of these bazaars it is impossible to hear the soft footfalls of the spongy-footed camels and unshod horses and donkeys, or to know of their presence behind until their heads are on one's shoulder. For that reason I am able to state, authoritatively, that a camel's breath is not so sweet smelling as is a cow's, and that a stallion's bite, if only playful, is yet sharp. Mules and donkeys merely push one out of the way as obstacles with their noses. We soon get

used to it all, and stay to gaze with undistracted attention at the wondrous contents of the large semi-market warehouse which one of these bazaar-streets seems to represent. The unknown multitude that jostle by are made up of Turks, Syrians, Arabs, Persians, Christians, and Jews. Of the latter Damascus has some six thousand, and altogether, visitors included, some two hundred and thirty thousand in number, or more than fifteen times that of Jerusalem's population.

Rich and rare, indeed, are some of the articles here on sale, and in such quantities that one wonders where in this out-of-the-world place sufficient customers can be found for them. Silks from the neighbouring villages of the Lebanon are here in plenty, woven into scarves in stripes of all colours. With one of these square-shaped scarves, adorned with little tassels all round, every man who can afford it decorates his head, with great help to his good appearance. These silks are to be had interwoven with gold and silver thread, like the kincob cloths of Benares. Their appearance is by such means much enhanced—as also their price. In lavishly-decorated shoes Damascus bazaars have wonders to show; but then no long dresses are worn in the East, and when the feet are covered at all, what is done in that way is done well. Sandals mounted on heel and toe pieces seemed almost made of mother-of-pearl, so much are they covered with it.

Every now and then our guide pushes the donkey's head towards a doorway, and I seem to be riding into a warehouse. It is merely the way to some grand bazaar hidden away at the back, as are some of the best warehouses in other parts of the world. Abram here takes us upstairs and through galleries of goods that want the wealth of Cræsus for buying power. We get our scarves here, and little phials of attar of roses at a guinea apiece. It is a congealed, honey-looking stuff, that liquefies when the bottle is for a time held in the warm hand. One drop of it then put into a phial of spirits of wine perfumes it sufficiently for all scenting purposes. A drop of this attar in the course of its decanting falls on an envelope, which I thereupon pocket, and am thereby while possessing it

perfumed for ever—so powerful and lasting is this king of all odours.

Our throats are athirst, and we talk of the ale that is afar off, and wish it were nearer—the which Abram hears, and his quick wits are aroused to our wants.

“I can get you the wine of Lebanon here, better than all your ales, and cheaper!”

“Far to go for it?” we ask, with the dearly-bought experience that good things are not to be got without trouble.

“No! just handy here!” and we are taken through two other doorways towards a third, in which are casks and benches, the fragrant smoke of the golden tobacco, and the aroma of the wine of Lebanon. Of this wine Abram is proud, as he well may be, and will not let us pay anything for it. He acts as entertainer, and with the wine of his country we drink his health and prosperity, and more destruction to his enemies—the Mohammedans. The wine was good and we were thirsty, and so drank again. As an old traveller, with thought for the future, I also take away a bottle of it. It may go alongside that other mountain wine, the *Lachrymæ Christi*, grown on the sides of Vesuvius, and of the wine of the hill-sides of that mid-ocean mountain called Madeira—liquors that drunk there are nowhere forgotten.

The traveller imitates the Christian population of the city, and keeps within doors here after dark. Damascus has no newspapers or police, and dead men are put away quietly if found about in the morning. The hate of hell is kept up steadily by the Mohammedans towards the Christians for the terrible retribution that France and England made for the Huguenot massacre of 1860, and for such small additions in the way of vengeance as the like of our Abram have since made. The Christian who settles in this city should be of the church only—those of the Puritan, Oliver Cromwell kind, who prayed sword in hand, and went to military practice as often as to prayers.

Of such sort are those who should rightly handle the blades of the famous Damascus steel, which are here being hammered

and shaped, and for which much work is yet making. Sword and fire-arms are in Damascus more in request than walking-sticks. No knives, or razors, or such trumpery, are made here. The world may go to Birmingham for the like: Damascus in the steel way makes but swords and daggers. They look to want the polish and finish of British cutlery, but they are not made only for sale and show. The city is an old curiosity shop in the way of armoury and other weapons. Such is to be expected when we think that seven different races are known to have had, in their span of time, possession of this eternal city. That known number is perhaps a part only of the number not known.

Damascus among its many owners reckons the Hebrews, who captured it during King David's monarchy. The Assyrians next had it, and then the Persians. The Greeks succeeded, for whom Alexander conquered it, to lose it to the Romans, who lost it to the Saracens under Saladin. The Turks had their first day here in taking it from the Saracens, and from them the terrible Timour wrested it. After him, the Egyptian Mamelukes came as conquerors, and then came the second Turkish time in 1516, since which, to the disgrace of the world, its finest-placed city has been under their cankering curse. Its supernatural vitality enables Damascus to survive everything—even Turkish rule cannot desolate it. Perhaps such fate for it may be stretched, by those who insist on fulfilments of prophecy, to be the realization of Isaiah's sentence in his 17th chapter, "Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap!"

The coinage of most of its dynasties is to be picked up in its bazaars. An antiquary might delight himself among the curios there to be found, and where else more likely? Rambling about the city, I am taken to the house to which Paul was led in his blindness, and also shown the window over an old doorway by which he was let down in a basket, so escaping from the city and the persecution of those who then sought his life there, as the Turks would do now. Also to the house of Naaman, the leper, who thought, and rightly enough,



that the Abana and Pharpar, which through Damascus con-  
mingle in one stream, were better for purifying purposes than  
the muddy waters of the Jordan. Naaman's house is now,  
most appropriately, used as a leper's hospital. Inside I am  
surrounded by a crowd of patients clamorous for charity, with  
outstretched hands, or what remains of them, before leprosy  
had eaten off the fingers. Finally, as is fitting, we go to the  
cemetery.

It is a walled enclosure with closed doors—this Christian  
burial ground. Were it open and the keys not kept by the  
British Consul, the graves would be dishonoured by the Mo-  
hammedan mob. Here are notable tombs in this cemetery—  
one to the only daughter of Lord Langdale, who, by the record,  
died here of fever in 1872. The most notable is, however, that  
of the author of "The History of Civilization." I read there-  
on—

"In memory of Henry Thomas Buckle, only son of the late Thomas  
Henry Buckle, and Jane his wife, who died of fever at Damascus on  
29th May, 1862, aged 40 years. This stone is most affectionately dedi-  
cated by his only surviving sister."

Then in Arabic characters, which might as well have been  
in English like the foregoing, follow [these words, which I  
copy and get Hassan, our dragoman, to translate :—

"The writings of the writer will live, though the writer of the writings  
be in the grave!"

There is one inscription in the cemetery which alludes to the  
sad massacre of 1860, that is so much on one's mind here. It  
is over a common grave to the remains of a large number of  
massacred Christians, reminding one much of the well of the  
butchered women and children at Cawnpore. We read the  
inscription, to the prayer of which we give a loud "Amen :"—

"This is what the people of Damascus have done unto us !  
Oh Lord, let Thy justice be done unto them !"

Our politically petted Mohammedans—these brutal, tiger-  
ish Turks—have actually made a target of this tablet! It is  
all battered and broken with their bullets. I called Abram's

attention to that, but as it covered relatives of his, no reminder of mine was needed. It is well to have an object in life, and he has something to live for, that gives life its zest, sweetens its labours, and makes him look with pleasure on the close of it as but bringing to him a greater reward. When we parted we wished, in Irish phraseology, "More power to him," and, what was better than mere good wishes, we gave him something extra wherewith to buy powder.

On our way to a notable private house in which I am to see the inner life of Damascus, we pass a pottery manufactory, for which article Damascus has a good name. Here are made the fine-coloured and well-glazed tiles with which the courtyards and walls of the better class of houses are decorated—a perpetual plaster and pretty substitute for paper that might be well imitated elsewhere; one also that helps greatly to the cooling and sweetening of an apartment, as it can be washed all over at will, and as often as is a dairy.

Entering by a quite unnoticeable doorway in one of the plain-looking walls, I pass through a narrow passage and mean apartments into one of the usual marble-paved courtyards, surrounded by trees and flowering shrubs, with the accustomed central fountain. In a side apartment open at the front to this court, I am introduced to the hospitable proprietor, a kindly Jew, who invites the visits of strangers, and gives them cakes and wine. He offers me a narghili pipe-stem, to draw the fumes of the mild tobacco through the wine-glass of water halfway up its stem. It is quite mild enough without such distillation, and comes up, according to my American friends, as "very poor stuff." They have, however, been reared on "Barrett's twist" and other strong American tobaccos, and have little taste for the weed in this etherealized form.

The floor of this apartment is carpeted, and cushions lie all around in profusion. With the help of the sofa-like side benches they conduce greatly to lazy attitudes, and the dreamy state of the mind and dozy one of the muscles that affect Eastern folks, and would similarly affect us, if we

ignored, as they do, the use of chairs. The ceilings of the apartments on each side of this court are of fine height, and lavishly, yet chastely, decorated. While we sit talking with our host, and Abram interpreting, we are objects of curiosity to the ladies of the house, who inspect us from the saloon on the opposite side of the courtyard. Lamps of the most ornamental kind hang from the ceilings, and screens are plentifully handy. At the touch of a bell we are served with coffee, and at last part from our host with an easily-made promise to comply with his interpreted request to us to "call again when next at Damascus."

One of the ancient philosophers held and taught the belief that our souls made periodical visits to the earth in some form or another every two thousand years. Our next visit to Damascus may occur on one of those re-incarnations, and not probably till then. There is the certainty attending such thought that whenever we may come again, this eternal city will still be here, as it has been since the creation of man, and will be until the next stage of development occurs, and better beings shall regard men much as we now look upon monkeys. This city will likely be the first inhabited by the reorganized and developed being; and, cleared of those who now mostly defile it, there can be no better dwelling desired.

An enormous tree, of over forty feet in circumference, that we have continually passed in going from Demetri's hotel to the bazaars, has made an impression on our memories. It is of some antiquated age that might be called old in any other city than Damascus. It is but a young sprout here, even if it dates back for a thousand years. Abram tells us that it is a sacred tree, and that he cannot get us those walking-stick branches from it for which the hands of my American friends so tingle. There are, however, no difficulties to the determined mind, and I am not surprised to find, after we have left the city far behind, that sticks of this memorable tree are produced by my friends from curious places chosen for secreting them. As for me, I have got purses of woven gold, bearing coloured devices of strange shapes; also silk scarves

through which run silver threads, ending all around in out-hanging tassels. Such vanities count not, however, compared with a wooden lock of a primeval pattern—quite the thing to remember Damascus by, as also to show the ideas of the first man of the Chubb genius. My friends have bottled off the water of Abana, and carry away more phials of it than they do of the famous attar. Every one of us has a Bedouin's tobacco-pouch filled with the golden-looking tobacco.

We are too late in the world for many things that we may regret not having seen, but there is solace to be found in thinking that it is safer to be in Damascus in this year of our Lord than it would have been some years earlier. Before the English consulate was established here, no Christian or Jew could claim a right to tread the side-walks of the city. The wall side had to be given to the Mohammedans, who otherwise rudely took it. There is not much that can be called side-walk upon which to tread, but from what there is of it such "infidel dogs" as ourselves would have then been kicked into the company of the other animals in the roadway, and shot right away if any fight had been shown in return for such Turkish treatment.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### ACROSS THE LEBANON.

PASSING out from Damascus, our course lies from its hills over another range, beyond which we cross the pleasant valley of the Lebanon to its equally pleasant mountains in the distance. The very name has given one a preconceived respect for it. Lebanon is nowhere named but in terms that extol it, from Solomon's Song backwards and forwards through the Scriptures. Its cedars, its flocks, gardens, and vintage, its grateful verdure and the fairness of its snow-topped mountains, now so distinctly perceptible, all crowd upon one's memory.

The hills that we now descend are called Anti-Lebanon, that finish at their south end in the peak Mount Hermon. The valley beneath is but a few miles across, but the stretch over Lebanon's mountains beyond it reaches for nearly a hundred toilsome miles, and that increased by their intricacies, until they run down to the shores of the Mediterranean. They are a similar mass of hills to the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, but far less rugged in scenery, mostly under cultivation, and filled to their full length and breadth with pleasant little villages. These, but for religious differences, might be thought to be, in their great healthiness and specially pretty locations, the most desirable of homes in which to rest and be happy. They are in fact the very reverse of that picture.

The natural scenery all around is so attractive that we disregard miniature ruins here and there towards which

Hassan points, and to which he gives some unpronounceable Arab names. In a land so scattered over with remains of bygone days as is Syria, the great landmarks only of which one has heard, and which we read of and remember as we run the world's course along, can be noticed. For that reason we think it unnecessary to leave the pleasant valley we are traversing, and to turn to visit Abila, to which the tomb of Abel the First has given a name. Having seen Adam's tomb at Jerusalem, this one of the second of his large family seemed to have small attraction indeed. We had been looking lately at too many of the tombs of the great Adamite race. Hassan suspects our faith, and we have to assure him of our orthodoxy. "Perhaps you don't believe that it is the tomb of Abel?" he says, but is comforted as much as words can make him that our lack of curiosity lies in our feeling of satisfaction. Tennyson speaks of some adorable being as one who "cannot understand—she loves." That happy condition, substituting belief for love, we desire our dragoman to consider as being ours—the fitting state of feeling for travellers in this the "Land of Promise" part of Syria.

On our road to it we diverge a little to pass through the Lebanon village of Zahleh—a perfect town for its size, with nine or ten thousand inhabitants. I thought it looked too clean, busy, and civilized for a Mohammedan place, and so was quite prepared to find that its people were all Christians of the Greek Church. The town is built in terraces around a perfect amphitheatre that gives a fine view of it, and enlarges its size and goodly appearance to the surprised eyes of the traveller. A rushing stream, dignified as a river, comes down through it from the Lebanon range above. A one-eyed maiden at an hotel here talked broken English to me, and what was as well, or better, gave me of the best of Lebanon wine. On inquiring how this Polyphema came to be so optically damaged, the sad story was again told—the fine town had been sacked by the Druses of the mountains, helped by the Mohammedans, in that fearful 1860. Though its people made a good resistance, much murder and massacre

ensued, which, with significant looks, I was told would not occur again. Zahleh is such a lively, pretty, and thriving place that one needs must wish it well, and free from damaging, desolating Turkish dominion. It is, as a part of Lebanon, under special protection now; but its people deserve to dwell in a safer land than is Syria.

On the road to Zahleh we were again invited to go out of the way, and this time to see the tomb of Noah! As an additional attraction, it is, I am told, between one and two hundred feet long, from which one is left to judge of the height of its occupant when alive. After mature deliberation of about two minutes, we consider it better to show the same disposition towards Noah's tomb that we had done to Abel's, and so pass onwards. We know that we shall feel remorseful about it afterwards, but life is so full of regrets that such additions as these don't much encumber.

Along the valley of the Lebanon run rivers of immortal names, fed by mountain springs from either side. The Orontes, rising in the Lebanon range, at the foot of its loftiest peak, runs thence to the sea at Antioch. Hereabout also is the source of the Litany, a name not usually connected in thought with a river, which runs hence southward for fifty miles away down to the port of old Tyre. None of these mountain-born streams—the Jordan, the Orontes, the Litany, or the Abana, which are in magnitude according to the order written—are navigable.

Lebanon gets its name from the whiteness of the chalky stone of which its terraced sides show so much. Among its woods and willow groves, its olive and mulberry plantations, its vineyards, orchards, cornfields, and beehives, there is, spite of three hundred or more of villages scattered among its slopes, an utter solitude that the notes of birds can hardly be said to disturb. These Delectable Mountains are inhabited nearly wholly by two sects—the Druses and the Maronites—who are strange folks in their ways, and not comfortable neighbours to each other or to any other of mankind.

The origin of these Druses and Maronites is as little known as that of the gipsies, and they are equally clannish. I pick up some particulars about them now and again. The Druses have many points of belief in common with the Buddhists—holding the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and carrying its existence backward for all time as well as forward to all eternity. Like Buddha's disciples, they believe also in the transmigration of souls as a means of reward or punishment, and a subsequent absorption into Nature itself as a final rest. Like Buddhists, they abjure the luxuries of life, and dress plainly, believe in labour, drink no wine or spirit, neither smoke nor swear, and hold it sinful to lie. To make up for such self-denial, they periodically indulge in murder. As such is done for religious reasons, it bears, of course, another name, and we know what difference the name makes to many things.

It is noticeable of what great length is this Lebanon range—a ride of days over its intricacies from here to either end of it. Its great breadth we shall realize fully as we cross it. As remarkable as its large area is its good land and the excellent uses to which it is mostly put. Before we begin the ascent of its side, we come upon the camping-ground of Sthorer or Sheturah, and here find a welcome wayside hostelry kept by an Italian. He has for the good of travellers established here about three wooden house-buildings, well supplied with attendants, who seem all to be of the gentler sex, and of European complexions.

A traveller not in a hurry might stay here very well for many days, and make pleasant raids upon the surrounding country, all of which is haunted ground. What is not filled with scriptural and historical records is so with the ghosts of those who have thereabout been murdered. To other accommodations supplied at Sheturah, roomy stabling is added, with horses that are good enough for the country, though they look almost as cursed. A pretty mountain stream runs through the garden grounds attached to this guest-house, in which, while creature comforts are getting



ready, we get the luxury of a cold bath that is equal, in another but as pleasant a way, to the Turkish one got at Damascus.

In an hour or two's stay at Sheturah we established ourselves so comfortably about its cosy quarters that we were in no hurry to leave. The wine of the Lebanon was good, the Turkish tobacco was mild, and the mountain ride of the morning had given us that good digestion which waits always on a well-earned appetite. There is something invigorating about mountain air that takes away megrims and blues, makes the liver active, and life all lovely. My American friends are, however, each of that kind whom their popular poet has so well sketched in "Excelsior." I want to stay hereabout for another day, and take horses and go and see two or three spots that my Italian host tells me of in his half-broken English. Not so my Transatlantic brethren! The mountains lie before them, and their cry is "Forward." All the maidens that are about speak, unfortunately, with foreign tongues, which perhaps somewhat takes from the pleasure of their society. They would, I fear, speak without effect, however, had they been able as eloquently to urge those reasons for staying that equally failed with Longfellow's hero. The shortness of the stay has made it all the pleasanter, and we leave it with those thoughts that compare time spent at such places to the longer day of life itself.

"Some break their fast and so depart away;  
Others stay dinner, then depart full fed;  
The longest age but sups and goes to bed!  
Larger his bill who stays throughout the day;  
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

On our way up the mountains it is very soon perceptible, here as elsewhere, that mountaineers are on the whole a superior people to the lowlanders. The climate makes the man, as we had seen sufficiently in the wretched beings dwelling in the valley of the Jordan as compared with the hill-top residents of Bethlehem. Those people that we now see about us are as improved in appearance as is their land. The stone-

built villages of cleanly exterior have a comfortable look—nestling among the green of their graded gardens, and the corn, wine, oil, honey, and silk that are the produce of these everlasting hills. Bee-hives are frequently seen, and many an open door shows the rude loom of the village silk-spinner as the most prominent thing visible within.

Olives and vines flourish everywhere about. The vines are left to lie upon the ground unsupported in any way. Every country seems to have notions of its own about treating the vine. In some, as in France, it is trained upon sticks, and in others, in Italian fashion, carried along upon strings until a convenient tree branch is reached. It is hardly conceivable that grapes would be left to ripen on the ground, but the vines lay there on Lebanon as I passed through them in the month of May. Later in the season they may be otherwise dealt with. The mulberry-tree divides attention with the olive both with the villager and the traveller. The silk-wheels are not, however, in as much use here as formerly, much of the silk, Hassan tells us, being now sold in the unspun or cocoon state.

As village after village is passed and their inhabitants spoken of, I see further evidence that all Lebanon is either Maronite or Druse in character. The Druses are the Circassians of Syria, in the matter of independence. Here in the Lebanon they have ever been as turbulent as Highlanders formerly proved themselves. The Turks have had therefore to make terms with those whom they could not crush. I wait while a procession of these people pass along, which I learn is nothing less than a Druse wedding party. The women are veiled, and the veil depends from a projecting horn of unicorn shape worn as a head-dress. That ornament is the "tantour," and is some fifteen inches in length. It is worn in perpendicular, angular, and horizontal positions. These denote the mother, the married woman, or the maid. The birth of the prophet Samuel, as we read in the 2nd chapter of his First Book, caused his mother to say that "her horn was exalted," by which expression the honour attaching

to the perpendicular position is the better understood. The fashion will not be out of good taste if it should come into more general use, as it likely will some day. Something of the sort has been felt as a want by many, who are not too tall, and the "tantour" really lends a dignity to its wearer.

I see these mountain maidens afterwards unveiled, and



SYRIAN WOMEN.

notice that the fresh air of the hills has given them both grace and good looks. In the ancient custom that some of them indulge of wearing a string of coins on their brows is to be seen what may be the origin of the odious modern western fashion of disguising the forehead by combing the hair over it. The coins here worn seem to show well in relief to the olive complexions of their wearers, but the pulling of a fringe

of shortly-clipped hair over the brow, and so hiding the noblest part of the face, can only be an imitation of the drunken state, of which it used to be the distinguishing stage mark, or may be of likening the face to that of the monkeys who are spoken of by Shakespeare in "The Tempest" as "with foreheads villainous low."

The originator of the Druse faith was one Hakim, who declared himself a prophet, but was said to be a madman. There always has been an allegation of that sort about prophets by those who rejected their doctrines. The chief distinguishing feature of the faith of the Druses appears to be the desire for concealment of its points and principles. Other prophets have said, "Go forth into the world, preach, publish, and convert!" But Hakim seems to have said "Keep it dark!" as one who thought to add the attraction of a kind of Freemasonry-mystery to the other mysteries of the Druse faith. Their places of worship are as strictly "tiled" as is any Masonic lodge-room.

The Druses, ignoring Mahomet, substitute as their prophet this Hakim, whom they believe will return to earth as the Messiah, there to reign and to make their faith the universal one. Though they take no means to spread this faith, they have a Mohammedan dislike to those of other beliefs. If they don't carry their gospel to those of other creeds at the sword's point, as the Turks do, they more unfairly use that weapon of war to exterminate unbelievers by assassination.

The Maronites are between one and two hundred thousand in number, and call their high priest the Patriarch of Antioch. He resides on the mountains here in the Monastery of Canobin as head-quarters, and there acknowledges Papal supremacy, and furnishes periodical reports to Rome. The bishops and all the clergy of this sect are said to live principally by pastoral labour in its temporal sense. Some twenty thousand of their number are in religious houses among the hills here, and regard St. Anthony as their patron saint. The sects of the Druses and Maronites, scattered all through the long range of the Lebanon, extend away among villages to Aleppo

on the coast-line. They are a little better in civilization than are the Bedouins, but are governed by sheiks and a feudal system and its customs, one of which is the adoption of a vendetta hatred, that, like the Corsican one, hands down unsatisfied vengeance as a heirloom.

These agreeable people of the mountains began among themselves the massacres of 1860, in which the Maronties suffered mostly. The victorious Druses were then joined by the Mohammedans, and the Christians of all kinds were included with the Maronites in the slaughter that ensued. The Druses fled from the vengeance of the French troops that came as avengers, and left the Mohammedans to pay all the fearful score. The end of it was that in 1864 the Lebanon territory was divided into seven districts under the supervision of one Daoud Pasha, an Armenian Christian, who has hitherto succeeded in preventing further bloodshed.

Account is given to me as each village is passed in this Lebanon of what occurred there in that frightful 1860. I look at the smiling little places nestling among the pleasant mountains, like to babes in a mother's arms, only to hear how many were murdered there! A strange piece of intelligence *that*, and as out of place in the scene around as was the speech of one who at a wedding breakfast threw a wet blanket over the joyous party by reminding them that they had all to die!

"What is the name, Hassan, of that village yonder—the white looking one—there, seen through the trees?"

"That is so-and-so (a three-syllabled name). Three hundred were massacred there in 1860!"

Why, that must have been the whole village—men, women, and children!"

"No! the men, except the aged, escaped by flight. It was the women and children who were murdered!"

"Has that, and the like of it, yet been avenged? Is the score not wiped out?"

"Oh yes! The French soldiery came first, the French being the protectors of the Catholics in Syria, and then the

English. The latter came in the man-of-war that yet remains as guardship in the harbour down at Beyrout. My brother was with them for more than a year chasing and killing the murderers. I think that he accounted for nineteen?"

Nineteen to one gun was not bad for mountain sport as taken by an amateur volunteer like Hassan's brother! The Turkish soldiers, who should have protected the murdered ones, joined the fanatics, and either helped in the Huguenot-like massacre, or looked on at it. The Jewish population were helpless in the matter. The Turkish governors—the Pashas of Damascus and Lebanon—broke all faith with those whom they were bound by their position to shelter and succour. One of these governing scoundrels, named Osman Bey, was afterwards hunted from his stronghold by British troops, and shot at sight, as such a miscreant deserved to be.

"A nice country this to be in! May the like of that break out again, Hassan?"

"Yes, when the English and French men-of-war are taken away from the harbour over there at Beyrout. *They* are all that really keep the Mohammedans and Druses now quiet. This Lebanon, though now taken from Turkish rule and placed under a Christian guardian, would be in nothing better off if the armed ships go away."

So England stuffs the Turks with her loaned money, and supports them with her armies and navies, and yet has to keep a man-of-war in the harbour of their Beyrout to save the Christian population from murder! "Go abroad," said the Swedish Minister, Oxenstiern, to his son, "and see with how little wisdom the world is governed!" It spoke well for the Government of Sweden that it should be thought necessary to travel to see misgovernment. Other communities may be apt to think that such is perceptible quite near enough to home, and that distance lends no enchantment to the view of it in any shape.

Hassan explains that the Turks are sore at loss of revenue, through the government of Lebanon being taken from them. Under its present rule those who dwell here are only taxed

half as much as they were previously. The many millions upon millions that the Turks have cajoled from British pockets may, however, count very well against this loss of plunder.

"Are those men-of-war likely to leave Beyrout harbour, Hassan? We don't feel at all comfortable in this place!"

"Oh no! They must never leave there while Turkey has this country. If they do so, a good warning must be first given, that all of us may leave with them." Our dragoon, though of Arab birth, was a sort of Christianized being, and along with his red-handed brother, would be marked men in the next Druse and Mohammedan massacre.

The land we journey over is that of which Moses spoke in the 3rd chapter of Deuteronomy, "I pray thee let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, the goodly mountain and Lebanon." The "goodly mountain" was probably Hermon, the immense conically-shaped mount of some ten thousand feet high, which is the crown of the Anti-Lebanon on the other side of the valley we had crossed earlier in the morning. Eternal snow covers it as with a silver crown, that which melts lower down helping to form the Pharpar River, running thence towards Damascus. Its summit is the highest point in Syria next to a part of that Lebanon range towards which we are now crossing. On the higher part of this grows the largest of the clumps of cedars that are yet to be found here, though other patches of them are to be seen about elsewhere on the heights.

"The trees of the Lord . . . the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted!" With that declaration from the 14th Psalm ringing in our ears, we look with infinite respect on these Bible trees. Isaiah, in his 2nd chapter, names one tree alone in the same breath with them. "All the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up, and all the oaks of Bashan." The debate among the trees, when they assembled to choose a king, as reported in the 9th chapter of Judges, closes with these cedars' name, and what the bramble said about them when addressed by all the trees, "Come thou, and reign over us!"

Solomon, who made most use of them, sings of them often in his Song, as thus in the 5th chapter:—"As pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold : his countenance is as Lebanon ; excellent as the cedars." No material but their wood served for his gold-adorned chariot or for that famous temple of his. We read in the Chronicles, 2nd book and 2nd chapter, how he set about the building of it, and "told out" seventy thousand men to bear burdens, and eighty thousand to hew in the mountains, and three thousand six hundred as overseers ; also how he made terms with Hiram, King of Tyre, for the "cedar-trees, fir-trees, and algum-trees out of Lebanon," which we read in the 16th verse were to be as many as needed, and to be brought by Hiram on floats to Joppa, whence Solomon was to take them to Jerusalem. We can guess, from having gone over that journey all unencumbered, what trouble he must have had with that timber !

We read in the 5th chapter of the First Book of Kings that these mountains were the country quarters of that levy of thirty thousand that Solomon and Hiram jointly raised "out of all Israel." These now sparsely timbered hillsides were well wooded then, of which Scriptural evidence is great, to quote only Isaiah in his 41st chapter in allusion to the greatness of a sacrifice there spoken of—"And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering."

As we gaze upon a clump of these trees growing on one of their high retreats, a large bird of the condor kind is seen to be wheeling above them, strangely reminding one of my friends of what he read at Sheturah that morning in Ezekiel's 17th chapter, "A great eagle with great wings, long-winged, full of feathers, which had divers colours, came unto Lebanon, and took the highest branch of the cedars." Anything in their praise seems appropriate from the lonely grandeur of those solitary heights which these cedars seem to seek. The 92nd Psalm likens them to right-doers, "who shall flourish like the palm-trees, and grow as a cedar in Lebanon." But we fail to imagine any likeness of Behemoth drawn from Job's imagery in his 40th chapter, that such animal "moves



his tail like a cedar." Stateliness and stillness seem of their chief characteristics!

These famous Biblical trees grow at greater heights, we are told, than any other. It is probable that this aspiring and heavenward-cleaving character has helped them to a respect like that given to the lark which "at heaven's gate sings." The Turks' rule has caused their clearance off the face of the earth, as it has done with every good thing that should grace it. The cedars of Lebanon that remain seem to have retreated upwards as far as they can go out of the way of man—their destroyer. It can hardly be, though it looks like it, that they are naturally disappearing from amongst us, as have done so many of the created things of the older world.

By the excellent evidence of a walking-stick cut from one of the trees, the cedars of these mountains are of a white wood, and not of the colour we usually connect with the name and its lead-pencil associations. In the largest clump of them to which allusion has been made, a sort of chapel has been built, and some semi-druidical grove worship, as we are told, takes place there at one time of the year—a kind of cedar celebration. It is not supposed that such attention does the trees any good. At their heights the air is cold, and much of that which it is intended to honour is burnt for warmth's sake. As the trees are the sole attraction there, the so using them is as living upon one's capital.

If Lebanon recalls the Blue Mountains of Australia to the traveller, it also brings to his mind the appearance of the Apennines as he approaches them from Foggia on his road to Naples. That mountain range of the Italian peninsula is, however, beautiful in a far lesser degree than the prolific land of Lebanon, which gives forth a generous fulness of all that the heart of man can desire in mountain scenery, or hope to enjoy in mountaineer life. The Lebanon hills occupy a happy midway position between the uncultivated wildness of the Australian range referred to, and that of the less lofty and more sterile mountains of Italy.

The views from some of the heights and at the different turns and windings of the way were of all orders of beauty—the sublime, the picturesque, the fantastic, and the simply pretty. These greatly protracted progress, so difficult was it to get away from what fixed attention, and led to drawing others into the same way of regarding it, and comparing thoughts on the subject. As in reading Shakespeare each one thinks that he sees meanings and beauties which others overlook, so here we each became something of both the artist and the poet in our special ways of regarding the delightful scenery.

A pleasant time of it might be found in these mountains for the summer months by a friendly pair seeking health, recreation, and a change from European life. Companionship would be essential, as the sole company of a local guide is of a wearisome nature, to give it no worse name. There is a recruiting power in the air of these hills that was distinctly appreciable after our two days only upon them. To have gone a tour of the endless villages which they enfold, and to have traversed their length, as we did their breadth, would have made good mountaineers of us ere the journey ended. The length and breadth does not include heights and depths, which are again other features that would protract time spent on the Lebanon.

As a *souvenir* of pleasant Lebanon I would bring away a bottle of its good wine if I thought it possible to keep it. In place of that I bring away two of the fine cones of the cedars, large as the eggs of the ostrich or emu. They are bulky to carry, and occupy much space in a bag, but their value in a distant land will be worth the trouble taken. It will not be wasted carriage if I can grow in the new world these specialities of the older one—if in the land of the Southern Cross can be reared the distinguishing tree of the Land of the Cross and Curse.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### AT A SYRIAN SEAPORT.

To leave Syria by the fair seaport of Beyrout helps to the retaining of some pleasant recollections of the land. It is from one pleasure to another to descend to the prettily-situated town, its green gardens and fresh sea-breezes, from that goodly Lebanon that leads down to it. The distance that I have seen recorded as from Damascus to Beyrout must be taken as measured in the manner that the crow flies and the bee makes headway. The mountainous nature of the country and its winding roads render the mileage something like double what travellers are led to expect. If it were longer, however, it would only be more enjoyable, and this Beyrout at the end of it is as a pretty tail-piece to the story.

No town can have a nobler background than this glorious mountain-range of Lebanon makes for Beyrout and its surroundings. But the fine appearance that the hills have to those who come down them is much marred by the show of white sides to the terrace cuttings, which are only to be seen when looking upwards at them. Such gives to Lebanon's ridges, when gazed at from Beyrout's shore, a barren look that is not theirs. The natural advantages of this Syrian seaport are undeniable. It needs only peace and a sense of security, civilized rulers, and proper protection for its thirty odd thousand of inhabitants, to double that number in five years.

Beyrout stands on a pleasantly-situated promontory of the Mediterranean shore that projects altogether well out to sea, and yet has a still further projecting point that makes a good

breakwater for its anchorage. Of the Syrian seaports on this sea from Joppa northwards it is apparently the leading one, and in that range lie those of Cæsarea, Kiaffa, Acre, Tyre, and Sidon. Beyrout is said to be a sort of other Nice by those who have tried both places. It would be, from its natural advantages more forward in fame and fortune than it is, had it that Government which attracts visitors and favours settlement. Cleared of the Turks and their pashas, and left to the Bedouen, the sheiks, and the shrines, the accursed land of Syria might yet have that chance in the future which Burns was willing to allow even to Satan.

The English guardship being yet in the harbour, we visitors feel safe while it does that service which I have seen described as men-of-war keeping watch over men of murder. Thus we rest securely in thankfulness at Bassoul's hotel, and begin to forget tent-life in Palestine and Syria. Those troubles which had so nipped us at times will be soon forgotten, or cause perhaps only a smile that they should even for a little while have been thought of as annoyances. Waiting for the steamer that will convey us westward we wander about the neatly-kept and modern-looking town. We get fresh outfits here also, and are quite "perky" in our new clothing. I realize again the feeling I had in '53 in coming down to Melbourne after five long months of tedious gold-digging in the Australian bush, arrayed in blue woollen blouse, and clay-coloured and covered leggings.

On the forts that face seawards here are plain marks and scars of the scrimmage of 1841, when Sir Charles Napier bombarded Beyrout for a short time in one of the expensive efforts which England made to rescue its troublesome Turkey from the losses Mehemet Ali was then causing to it. We look next at pleasanter things in the work of the weavers of gold and silver thread, for which industry they have a good name, as also at the silk-spinners, and those who are preparing for the markets the oils, gums, galls, and madder, that have been specialities of Beyrout from the time the Phœnicians had possession of it.

Among the honours of the city its chief has been that it was to Syria what Heliopolis first, and Alexandria afterwards were to Egypt, and what Oxford now is to England. A finishing touch was here given to an education that combined all the ancient accomplishments. An earthquake fifteen hundred years ago shook down its colleges, as it did the temples of Baalbec, and drove away in affright from the ruins such of its professors, tutors, students, "coaches," and crammers as were not then swallowed up.

Wandering into one of its churches, I look at a very large and good oil painting over the altar, which brings pleasantest of thoughts to the mind and a smile of greeting to the face. I had seen nothing that looked so familiar to me in its way since I saw at Shanghai the tea-house and gardens that were the original of those we see on the willow-pattern plate. This picture that I now gaze upon is one which, in its reproduction in silver and gold, the world regards more than any other, and more seeks after. The willow-pattern plate touched one's recollections through the sympathies of the stomach, but this picture thrilled one by the more tender chords that lead direct to the ever-palpating pocket. It was the well-known representation of St. George and the Dragon!

"Hassan," I said, "what does that mean; why is that picture put up over the altar?"

"That is St. George fighting the dragon. The combat took place in Beyrout, just handy to here. He was a native of Syria, and is a great saint of the Greek Church!"

A fit shrine certainly to finish Syria with!—that of England's patron saint, and one so fitly illustrative of all that is in this land, where everything to be seen is mixed up with so much of doubt, dispute, and mythical story. St. George is quite Syrian altogether for mystery. It is disputed that half that which is told of him is true, and then that he is the man to whom those mythical tales apply. His birthplace is attributed to Lydda, which is passed on the road up from Joppa to Jerusalem, where Peter performed the curative miracle upon Eneas. It was at Lydda also that Saladin

waited for Richard Cœur de Lion, and meanwhile destroyed the town in Moscow fashion. Other chroniclers give the honour of St. George's birth to Epiphaneia, but Lydda has the call with the earliest writers. In the mosque of Aksa, at Jerusalem, I have been shown his praying-stall, or pew, and here I am to see the scene, the very spot, of that great exploit, the picture of a combat which we look at so often and know so little about.

It is wonderful how our education is neglected in many essentials! Most of us know nothing about our patron saint, and the little that I learn here perhaps accounts for this apparent neglect of his story. He was of the humblest parentage, quite uneducated, and equally unprincipled. The smallest coin was said to influence his opinion. In Walpolean valuation his price was the meanest. He got from one meanness to another until he sank down to an army contractor, and made his biggest swindle in a bacon contract, for which the outraged and half-starved soldiery hunted him out of Syria. Taking with him what he had scraped up of ill-gotten goods, he departed for Alexandria, where he took up religion similarly as he had done army contracts, joining the Arians as the most likely party to help him. He accumulated a library as a well recognized means of getting a reputation for learning, and so worked his way among his sect that on the expatriation of Athanasius he bought off all other competitors for the episcopal place. Alexandria is not the only city, I am told, in which church preferment has been purchasable. The swindling bacon contractor thus became a bishop. He then began pillaging the native temples and otherwise spoiling the Egyptians, for which a day of reckoning came, when he was pulled out of his house and tied to a rope at the tail of a camel. After being so dragged about all day till dead, his body was thrown into the sea.

I am shown by the guide the scene of the combat, and the remains of an old wall, part of a castle, in which St. George or the Dragon lived. The encounter occurred, as most fights

generally do, about one of womankind, in this case a king's daughter, who it is to be presumed had rival suitors in the combatants. As St. George never left Alexandria alive after getting there, this battle must have occurred during his bacon-contracting and not his Episcopal period. About that, however, our guide seems to be ignorant. His thoughts go more towards appropriating the coin on which he sees me studying the picture of the battle here on its very field. I feel that hitherto St. George has been much neglected, and that one who takes no interest in his patron saint cannot be said to fulfil the whole duty of man. All St. George's history finished in the fourth century, and for what he was canonized, or when and by whom, I have not learnt. His violent death whilst a bishop led no doubt to the result of regarding him as a martyr. The English crusaders on coming here in 1096 may be said to have invented him or brought him into the world's notice. They made as much of him beyond his deserts as the French do of a London Lord Mayor. His spiritual aid was invoked by them at the siege of Antioch further along the coast here, and on winning that battle they gave him all the glory. Forthwith he was made patron saint of the soldiers, and our Edward the Third subsequently adopted him in similar way for the Order of the Garter, and thus he became England's tutelary saint, and also that of Portugal. The Russians also claim him through their Greek Church, and he is patron saint of their military order.

There is a parallel to this strange muddle of undeserved honour in that similarly given to Amerigo Vespucci as the discoverer of America—strangely named after him instead of after Columbus. He began as a boatswain, and finished as a pilot. The discovery of America by him in 1499 depended upon an expedition that might have made the discovery had it ever left the port, and would then have made it a year after Columbus had done so and published it to the world. His subsequent voyages and published accounts, though a day after the fair, counted somehow as first-fruits. Amerigo's answer to that difficulty was that he had not sought the

honour so thrust upon him, and which strangely sticks to him as if he had achieved it.

We get undeceived in many matters like that of St. George in going about the world, and I felt sorry for a day or so about my patron saint, and the little care I shall for the future have for his patronage. We are deceived about him chiefly by that extrinsic veneration due to the intrinsic value of his medals. I shall rate him now at even a lesser value than any of his medallion portraits. They were in the time of that equally noble namesake of his, the Fourth of the Georges, placed as low down in the currency as the back of a halfpenny.

Everything that has helped to resuscitate Beyrout, and aided to its improvement, has been done by foreign aid. Turkey, which misgoverns it, and ghoulishly sucks its life-blood, has done nothing for it in return. Its schools and colleges are foundations of English, American, and German origin. The best road out of it, and through the Lebanon range, is the work of a French company. When French enterprise thought of that road, English ideas were being given to the water supply of Beyrout. Up to that time the supply of this necessary had depended, in Eastern fashion, upon the exertions of water-carriers, who brought it into the town for a distance of three miles by the goatskin full. The English company which thus brought water into Beyrout in 1861 have found it a successful enterprise. Another company that thought to do the like with English omnibuses, anticipated their time, as many of the would-be improvers of the world have done. They will yet be wanted, however. A Scotchman has introduced steam into the silk-spinning business, but yet leaves plenty of room for the native artisans to supply the demands of the silk-wearing world. Of all places in Syria, this Beyrout is the most desirable in which to live. With the Lebanon mountains at its back for health, and the Mediterranean in front, this pretty Syrian seaport has various attractions in various nice ways, quite irrespective of the consideration of it as holy land.



On Lebanon I had seen the Scriptural cedars, and here in Beyrout I find the doves of this Bible country. They are the sweetest, softest, most loving and pet-looking of birds! Apart from all the venerated recommendations of them which we know so well, their very appearance prepossesses one sufficiently in their favour. I thought a pair of Australian love-birds as sweet a sight as ornithology could furnish until I saw these Syrian doves. Their colour is a mixed shade of buff and pink, their eyes the prettiest of all eyes, and their ways the most winning. In spite of all proverbs and experience about the deceitfulness of appearances, it is with every one a case of love at first sight with these birds. The Scriptures have compared them with all that is lovely and good. Their very look suggests such ideas, and brings up thoughts of all things harmless, innocent, graceful, gracious, wooing, cooing, pretty and pleasant. If there be other fitting words, they deserve to be added. This dove is the one thing fittest to nestle in the fairest of bosoms. In having the gazelle among its hills, and this dove in its valleys, Syria has some little compensation yet left for its sufferings under the ancient curse and the modern one of its Turkish oppression.

The incoming steamer that is to take me away brings an alarming piece of news, that well illustrates Turkey's behaviour towards those whom it may have the power to injure. It always shows the will to do so. At Salonica, across the water here, on the Turkish coast, two of Christian faith had been mobbed and murdered in the street by Mohammedans. Beyrout quakes at the news, as fearing it to be the beginning of another uprising and massacre similar to that of 1860.

The Salonica murders were, we hear, caused by the excusable desire of an affianced girl to become a member of the faith professed by her intended husband. She was on her way to do what was necessary formally to carry through this intention, when her Mohammedan kindred interposed, and by force endeavoured to get this straying sheep back to the fold. Her struggles and screams at their rough interference brought the aid of the American consular agent, who gave her the

shelter of his house—a right of sanctuary which should have been respected, and would have been elsewhere.

The house was, however, besieged by a Turkish mob, who tore off the iron railings from neighbouring buildings for weapons. To quell the riot the French and German consuls, Messrs. Moulon and Abbot, gave their aid. They were well known as consuls, and also as Christians, for which latter reason the mob set upon these men who so volunteered in the cause of peace and humanity, and killed both of them. Their heads were beaten in with the iron railings lately torn from the neighbouring building. A hot-headed leader was now only wanted to have led on the crowd to another outbreak, and to the massacre of all the Christians of Salonica, in addition to the two consuls.

“When this news gets about,” says Hassan, “you will see the necessity of the men-of-war now in the harbour. The Salonica example will so inflame the Mohammedans here that but for that protection we should be all in danger!”

Our six weeks in Syria have, however, come to a finish, and we can leave with no fears but for those left behind. It has been the strangest six weeks of a lifetime, and the most toilsome—in its way of travel. Save for the reflected light that has been cast upon all around, it would not have so well repaid the making of the real pilgrimage which it is to those who may only do so much, or so little, of the journey through it as we had done. There has been a curious mixture of antiquity and of youth in the feelings and thoughts which it has called up. It seems also as many months as it has been weeks since we landed at old Joppa, and ceased to see newspapers and to hear of the world's doings.

With the Bible for a whole literature, we have had that confusion occasioned to us, of things antiquated and youthful, to which allusion has been made. The ancient things were those around us, of which more was to be learnt from Biblical descriptions and the mind's eye than from anything that guides or guide-books could point out. The youthful thoughts were those recalled by the well-remembered expla-

nations of Biblical incidents by one's earliest teachers. Looking daily at these scenes, and reading the Scriptural accounts of them at night, one seems to hear again the well-remembered tones in which they were first read and commented upon. Travel in Palestine and Syria is likely to lose much of its charm to those whose early education has been only secular. The Bible as a guide-book for such travel has another and stronger charm for those who in their youth have had it made the guide-book for the longer journey of life.

A feeling of sadness comes upon me in the certainty that in leaving this land it is left by me for ever. It seems so utterly impossible that its pilgrimage will for any reason be made twice in a lifetime, that as we leave the gates of its cities I feel, as I had felt nowhere else, that they eternally close upon me. Syria is out altogether of the world's way and its traffic. The work-a-day world has not time for its travel, and dilettanti prefer lands that can be less laboriously traversed. The British are not a pilgrimaging race as in the days of Chaucer, and so, for religious reasons, are little likely to visit Syria. Perhaps when it is delivered from Turkish rule, it may fall to English, and then a migration may take place to this Beyrout and other of its choice places.

The day of that deliverance from Turkish oppression cannot be far off now for Syria. Turkey is upon its last legs. The "sick man" is now prostrate and bedridden, and the day will come—and the sooner the better—for the administration and division of the deceased's estate. It has been the bad son of the European family, and for that reason has been petted and bolstered up as we see with bad sons to be too often the case. The idea that its existence was necessary for the good of Europe and the balance of power may be realized by a division of its territory. That which cannot help itself cannot help others. Turkey has long been in that position, and has been supported only as a stop-gap. The balance of European power also has changed altogether since England, sixty years ago, might have been said to hold the scales for all Europe.

The Turks have had their day in the world, and would, like the Phœnicians, whose territory they usurp, have been dispersed long ago but for that European support so much of which falls upon England. Since they emerged from the obscurity of a tribe of semi-obscure Scythians, and began that career of conquest under Othman which they completed under the three Mahomets, the Turks have gradually sank to a state of decay, a state much hastened since Russia in 1787 conquered three of their provinces, with the loss to Turkey of a quarter of million of its troops. That was the blow on the over-ripe apple which has since gradually cankered and rotted it. The fruit is now fallen altogether, and a nuisance to the world where it lies.

The finish of tent-life having come, we have now to bid adieu to the strange family that have been with us so long that we might have known their biographies but that we could not converse with them. To us the attendants and muleteers have been as dumb, for that reason, as the mules they drove. For Antoine, our good French cook, we have a feeling as for a mother. He has been to us in our otherwise helpless state the sole source of sustenance. It has always puzzled me whence he drew those supplies that came to us as mother's milk. I have alluded to his wonderful ways of producing much out of nothing as resembling those of a necromancer. It was fear, perhaps, of knowing too much that kept us from knowing more. He was a bright, cheery little man, as careless husbands usually are, and his resident wife here at Beyrout seems thoroughly a Frenchwoman in taking upon herself a Frenchwoman's large share of the burdens of life. Antoine travelled so much, she said, that the minor matters of housekeeping fell naturally to her with all its cares. I comforted her with a recital of the care he had taken of us instead of her and the family, and if it cheered her to hear it, she might have heard him so extolled to any extent.

Our dragoman has been, in the way of information, what Antoine was in the matter of sustenance. In looking into

the matter I saw then, and see still, that he who attended to the wants of the stomach was best liked. The purveyor of intelligence and the feeder of the mind was very well indeed when wanted, but we might have got on without a captain, where we should have died for want of a cook. Hassan gets our thanks and best written letters-testimonial, but we all four of us find ourselves hunting up some present by which we hope to hold Antoine in remembrance. In putting the sentiment in that form, I adopt the French interpretation of the old maxim about the blessing of giving and receiving, and the feelings of the parties to that transaction.

One little article which we are very glad to part with seemed to be much wanted by those we are leaving. Our dragoman had counselled our purchasing revolvers before we left Cairo—after making the agreement with him detailed in the Joppa chapter. These troublesome things had been carried in a leathern belt, that was a hot and heavy encumbrance in this land, where to be strapped up in any way was unpleasant. These belts and revolvers were more acceptable than money to our camp companions, and in hopes that they might yet be put to good use, we let all go but one. Certainly no people seemed more to need their aid; and the late news from Salonica made the possession of fire-arms even a greater necessity than previously in this wretched Turk-ridden land.

The American mission established here is a very efficient and energetic one. A large printing-house is annexed to it, as might be supposed, it being the good fashion of Americans always to carry a printing-press with them, and to set it up as a necessity primary even to that of opening a bar. Here are printed, in all the languages of Syria, those good books, tracts, and addresses that are thence scattered throughout the land. Let me say one good word for the Mohammedans. Their superstitious respect for printed paper keeps them from making pipe-lights of these things; but the conversion of a Turk to Christianity, by their or by any other aid, has not as yet been chronicled.

It is a collection, this Syrian population, of small sects, all equally obstructive and withstanding fusion—Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Armenians, Greek churchmen, Coptic churchmen, Maronites, Druses, and Mohammedans, the latter including also the Bedouen, if they have any faith whatever. These are not good materials to make up a prosperous community under the best of governments, and it has fallen to the fate of Syria to be under one of the very worst.

Syria's modern story is a dull, sad, and wearisome one of abuses, iniquitous taxation, and mismanagement in all shapes. All the land belongs by general Eastern custom and Mussulman law to the head of the state. No subject can hold land as freehold. The terms of tenure are cultivation and improvement, and if that be neglected for three years, the lease lapses. The nominal rent is a part of the produce, which part is by the constructions of tax-gatherers swelled to an extent that crushes the tenant.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### WESTWARD HO!

ON the Syrian shore of the Mediterranean, looking upon waters that divide the Eastern from the Western world, the delayed departure of the steamer gives one an unexpectedly spare day. After the feast of Eastern life that has so long been ours, we may, in scriptural language proper to the subject, "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." Pope has told us, in immortal lines, that—

" Life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us and to die ! "

And poetry we know is but sense and philosophy reduced to proverbial brevity of language. If such view of the object of life be correct, there can then be no question that the world which holds so much the larger share of humanity as does the East, has, if for no other than that one of a hundred reasons, the first call on our attention. Another poet has given that as his opinion in lines which we have before quoted :—

" Eastward roll the stars of Heaven,  
Westward tend the thoughts of men ;  
Let the man to Nature given  
Wander eastward now and then ! "

Ten months of such eastward wanderings have now here come to finish. The Mediterranean crossed, the Western world and its more modern wonders will then be all before us. Othello's Isle of Cyprus is outlying here over the water ;

and, in his language, we think of that "word or two before you go"—which it were as well, perhaps, we thought of oftener, regarding ourselves as the mere sojourners, which, whether travelling or at home, is all that we really are in the world.

"For all our homes, there is but one home  
Where the grand secret hides,  
And every home that can here be found  
Finds its last home and bides!"

We sit about, therefore, in the balcony at Bassoul's, at Beyrout, or in the neighbouring cabin of the S.S. "Nieman," that will take us hence when the mail-bags come down from Damascus, and make up accounts, compare notes, and strike balances of opinion about the Eastern world and its ways. If we were not thoughtful beings when we landed on its shores, we have since then become so. The long absence from newspapers and Western-world bothers have made us well understand that frame of mind in which the returned East Indian asked with surprise, when told of a Parliamentary debate, "Is that old thing going on still?" His thoughts had become Eastern, philosophic, not to say somewhat abstract, poetical, and dreamy—a state of mind that sneers at things Western and Parliamentary.

Time had not beaten one, as expected, in this journey. Like all nature, it waits, as it were, for man in the East, and goes with tardier steps. On Eastern seas especially it seemed but to drag along, and thereby to lengthen life. The ten months spent lately in the East have been as twenty, from the constant changes that have occurred. Such is explicable if we think that life is not to be reckoned by days and years, but by the occupation of time, and the variety and number of our ideas and sensations. A fair young flirt, telling of her many love-affairs, remarked, "I seem to have lived sixty years instead of twenty, and must really, from my experience, be dreadfully old!" She merely expressed, in so saying, that in going through the world it in some sort goes also through us.



The climate which equally with occupation helps to form character, has been daily doing its work upon us and on the changing of those particles of our being that every seven years renew us altogether. We have thus been inoculated with the influences of those lands in which we so change, or in Shakespearian language, "ripe and rot." Going through the East for so apparently long a time gives us something Eastern in nature, orientalizing our ideas to a degree of which we are not perhaps fully conscious.

This Eastern world, the cradle of the human race, will yet likely be the home of the last of those who shall tread the earth when its course shall, like ours, be run, and it finishes as the burnt out, cooled cinder which all worlds must become. There is that about Eastern people, their adherence to habit, fashions, and customs, indicative of lasting qualities—a patience and stolid endurance, a calm, half-sleepy indifference to circumstances, and that faith in Fate which gives easiness of mind and disposition to its possessors. Of such the Western world has but little share compared with the Eastern. The West is all hurry, scurry, and flurry—all whirr, whirl, bustle, and burst. Such excitement is unknown to the placid slow-going Eastern man—the tortoise of the two, but the tortoise who may outdo the hare in the end, and beginning our race as he did, will probably likewise finish it.

Climate, in that previously mentioned sense of forming character, has had largest share in the making of the Eastern man. It is especially noticeable in America how many of the Red Indian's characteristics—self-respect, silence, and stoicism—have become ingrained and part of the character of the white man bred there of many generations of settlers. The very features also often assimilate to the aboriginal type. Allowing for such climatic influence, these men of the East, wearing that "livery of the burnished sun," which is too often their chief clothing, are the products of its many causes. Of these a few may well be mentioned as most noticeable.

The warmth of the Eastern world necessitates less exertion

for living, and the means of doing so, than the Western world has to expend. Nature here empties her horn of plenty, which no winter-rigour ever reduces. The desire for exertion lessens with the need of it. The visitor no further towards the East than sunny Naples, has plenteous evidence of that in its lazzaroni, and their half animal way of life. Dress is but little needed in the East for warmth, and considerations of decency appear to involve only questions of habits and customs. For show purposes, which is the chief object of Eastern costume, what is mostly worn is not costly. The food of Eastern life is naturally, as it must be sanatively and philosophically, of vegetable growth. What the trees do not yield unaided by man's effort, the fields produce with but little labour.

The mid-day heat necessitates mid-day sleep, and that tends to lassitude—not to say laziness—which is further promoted by the habits of squatting instead of sitting, and of lounging in place of standing. The cushions and the couch, taking the place of chairs, breed limpness of body and mind, lazy limbs, and those inactive habits which become as second nature. Reading in a reclining position soon brings about sleep, and that position, alike with Eastern and Western men, is the only one attempted in the East. After a few pages the effort is dropped and the book soon follows—the student probably pleading Solomon's words as his excuse. That Eastern monarch may be taken as a type of the Eastern world, in more things than his allegation that "much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Eastern life—its warmth, and the habits engendered by it—is of a satisfying and not stimulating nature. The necessities for clothing, animal food, warmth, and house-shelter, so felt by us, and giving birth to invention and exertion, press but lightly, and are never felt as in the Western world. To the inactive influence so produced may be added the vicious sensualities that are nursed by idleness, and flee for indulgence from the active and energetic to the idle and enervated.

The belief in Fate entertained by the Eastern world has helped to its debasement, and to that and the blind adherence to the laws of "caste" entertained by so many millions is to be attributed the want of that ambition which is so strong an incentive to the Western world. In that condition of life in which a man is born he has to remain, whether fitted by nature for it or not. He must follow his father's vocation and none other. The mind and intellect of men are thus crushed, much as are the feet of many of the womankind.

And then comes the deadening effect of Eastern faiths, the enslavement of the human mind, the saddest sight that a Western-world man can look upon! One who has been brought up as a good Christian regards with reverent respect his faith as a means to a good end and the hope of a better world. It is the uncertainty, however, upon that matter generally entertained by the European world which stimulates its people to make the best of the world here—the blessed uncertainty, I may call it, seeing how it aids and helps in obtaining for those who entertain it a share here in good things that the Eastern man is satisfied generally to wait for in the hereafter.

Of the Paradise awaiting him in the next world and of his sharing in it, the man of the East has no more doubt than he has of his existence here. This life becomes to him as nothing compared with the eternity of bliss to which it is, in his strong faith, but the mere portal. His tomb is, therefore, cared for more than his home, and the wealth that Western-world men leave to help forward their families is in the East lavished on the house for the dead. Men, it is thus to be seen, may have too much of faith and of the certainty of bliss hereafter, and be led to neglect thereby a proper share of earthly welfare. Religion so realized and faith so expressed are nowhere seen as in the East; and seen there, they are novel features to Western-world eyes. When I trembled at the possible shipwreck of a rock-caught vessel, the Eastern-world man, calm in his belief in Fate and

Faith, saw in it but the sea-gate to his heaven, and smiled at death's probable approach as introducing him, at once, to Paradise and the black-eyed Houris awaiting his coming.

Death is no King of Terrors to such, but shows the smiling face and welcoming hand of one whose mission is of mercy and not of destruction—

“Miscall me not ! My generous fulness lends  
Homes to the homeless—to the friendless friends ;  
Gives to the starving babe a mother's breast ;  
Wealth to the poor, and to the restless rest.”

The earthly black-eyed Houris have also much to do with the Oriental man and his fate. Woman's position and influence in the Western and Eastern worlds differ as light and darkness. That seclusion for life in the harem and zenana, which is so physically, mentally, and morally enervating in its effect, is occasioned by the despotic government and feudal systems of Eastern lands. Women are secluded at home, and their faces covered when allowed out of doors, that they may not be seen, admired, and stolen from husband or father in lands where might is right, and *habeas corpus* acts are unknown.

When it is considered how much a mother's influence has to do in forming her children's mind and character, the doll-like treatment of Eastern women is to be blamed for the puppet-like progeny that seems naturally to result. The Eastern man, like the Western one, imitates his superiors and their ways. As a wife has no freedom, she can give no trouble here ; and women having, in Eastern belief, no soul, can give none hereafter. A plurality of wives has, therefore, none of the terrors of which we know. All who can afford the small expense that polygamy occasions in the Eastern world, where women are plentiful, have more wives than one, the evil effect of which was too sadly illustrated in Solomon's case. Too much of a good thing is found to be the result, but only when all too late to mend matters. The end, when it comes, is seen in large families unprovided for and deso-

late widows, who are by law not permitted to fight with their maiden sisters for a second chance, with all the odds in their favour by their greater knowledge of man's weakness.

It is in these sun-nursed climes, this enervating atmosphere, and among these soft-natured, placid-minded, fate-believing, faith-holding people, that ten months of the precious time of middle life has been passed. Better so passed, perhaps, than any other ten months of a lifetime, if it be true that all mankind is a book, and that such is, as Pope declared, our proper study. But the Eastern world now to be seen is that of the present only, and the lesser and degenerate one. Of its great bygone time only remnants are now visible. As travellers we find that—

“ Our days among the dead are pass'd ;  
 Around us we behold,  
 Where'er we cast a casual glance,  
 But mighty names of old ! ”

These names are those which lend a charm to the Eastern story, and give that halo to history which, half romance as it is, would be dry indeed without such zest. Our utilitarian and Western-world life is one of freedom and of care for the good of all. We would not choose to change it for the splendours and barbarities of a world that lived, worked, and slaved for the will, whims, and glory of one despot. There are those of conservative notions who see, however, a beauty in the laws of primogeniture, and look upon one as entitled to all the estate, and as thereby upholding family dignity better than the half-score of brothers among whom the tendencies of our age is to divide the property. In that grand old family, the Eastern world, the first-born of people gave all to one, and lived and toiled as a nation of slaves for that one's aggrandisement.

“ Helots degraded, scarce esteem'd as man,  
 Having no rights, for ever under ban ;  
 Fetter'd in body and enslaved in mind,  
 Their mental eye-balls sear and dark and blind,

They crawl'd like beasts, and if they dared complain  
Were lash'd and tortured until tame again—  
Slaves to be lash'd and tortured and resold,  
Or starved and murder'd when for toil too old ! ”

Of such were “the people” of whom the little that is left to us of the history of the Eastern world has kept no account. By their labours we alone know what they were, and for whom their lives were wasted like water, and the world encumbered by their life-long toil at the “vast and cruel wonders” that are left to testify of the greatest efforts of the civilization of the East.

Such ideas of the Eastern world have been gathered in that recount of its scenes begun more chapters back than I have reckoned. The fancy for such travel and such notes of it came upon me in Japan, with its novelties of a newly-opened country added to those of an Eastern one. China next displayed its immensity of territory and humanity to my wondering vision. Cochin China and Malasia then followed. The Thousand Islands led me up to their Queen in that united Sunda and Java which, but for Dutch defilement, were as Paradise regained. Resumption of the journey took me to and through Ceylon on to India from Madras to Calcutta, and thence through the heart of Hindoostan, for three thousand miles, to Bombay.

Passing thence down the Red Sea by Aden to Suez, Lower Egypt was entered upon and traversed to Cairo, its capital ; and headway then made up the Nile to Assiout, the chief town of Upper Egypt. Down the Nile to Alexandria, and thence by sea to Joppa, brought me to the shores of Palestine. Tent-life then commenced in a journey up country to Jerusalem, and thence down to the Dead Sea and the valley of the Jordan. The route of travel took me onwards to Caïpha, Carmel, and Damascus, and thence over Lebanon down to this sea-side Beyrout. Having given the ideas of the East suggested by such journey, a recount may be made of some of its characteristics most observable to outer vision.

Long shut-up Japan made a pleasant impression as a key-note to the music of these Eastern lands. All that was seen there was so novel and of such interest to one who travelled only to observe and remark. Its likeness to the British Islands in size, as also in population, was prepossessing, and its people might be thought to represent what the British would be, had Britain shut out the Romans, Saxons, Normans, and Danes, who have so mongrelized the native blood. The happy Japaneese and his pleasant country, his French politeness and his frugal ways, were worth a visit, as showing what our mother land might have been like in the days when it was called "merrie England," and when it was as destitute of banks and poor-houses as is Japan, "where every rood of land maintains its man."

China and the Chinese show one a different picture. A nation is here found that would shut itself up, as did Japan, if it could, and that believes its knowledge complete, and that it can learn little or nothing from the rest of the world; which bought up the railway laid down in one of its ports by the British that it might destroy it altogether, and so have no innovations from other lands with which to disturb the minds of its people: a vastly extensive country, with rivers in their immensity like those of America, and a population equal to nearly a third of the whole world: a population that now we have broken into their house are swarming out of it, as ants do when we disturb an ant-hill, and who will likely overrun the modern world as the Goths and Huns did the older one.

Not to be forgotten either is the visit that has been made to Cochin China, and the sight of Saigon there and Cambodia further inland. Saigon has shown us one of the follies of the late French Emperor, that was similar to his bamboozling effort to distract the attention of his people from their own affairs to those of Mexico. The French settlement here, made on the line and on the low-lying marshy ground, is bad enough for climate, but to be surrounded by the odious Malays makes things worse. A place, this Saigon, that if

made a penal settlement would leave nothing to be desired by those who wish to see justice dealt out to those of their fellow-men who may happen to be found out in their misdeeds.

Singapore presents the pleasant sight to a Victorian of a flourishing town supported by its position only. It stands to the land of which it is an outlying point much as Victoria does with regard to the rest of Australia—nearest to the busy world and its high roads. As a corner allotment this port of Singapore has a daily-increasing trade with those who use it solely as a house of call, for which purpose it seems to be the most favoured of places. A vessel there could probably have been found from most ports of the world, and several from some of them.

Any one will have a lasting pleasant remembrance who has seen the fair and fertile Java—Queen of the Eastern Archipelago and of all the islands of the East—a paradise of a place, in which is seen one of the saddest phases of Eastern life, and that in all its odiousness. Why the Spanish should be permitted by the world to enslave Cuba, and the Dutch to do the like with the eighteen millions of Java, are ugly questions.

Let those who may think about them remember that the crime brings its own punishment. Peoples who will live on the slavery of others sink in the world's esteem, and become of no account among the nations. The examples of Spain and Holland show us that if we will be respected it must be on our own merits, by our own deserts, and not from the wealth of others, or by their labours. So vicariously to live sinks men and nations to the position of paupers and parasites, and of such are modern Holland and Spain. One may be glad to have seen fair Java, and its towns of Batavia, Buitenzorg, Samarang, Solo, Jockio, and Soerabaya, and to have seen therein how beautiful nature can make an Eastern island, and what beasts men can become there.

Forgetting the odious semi-enslavement of its native races, the traveller through Sunda and Java will recall all the per-



fumes of "the Spice Islands," the grandeur of the verdure-clad mountains, and the sweetness of the flowering valleys, the groves of tree-ferns, and gardens laden with fruits found nowhere else, chiefly to be remembered amongst which will be the delightful mangosteen and the strangely-smelling dorian. The beauty of Nature's work in Java is seen to have greatly stimulated an artistic race who in past ages, before Dutchmen disfigured the place, dwelt there, and have left away up in the interior, for our wonder and delight, some of the finest temples the world can show, and notable above all the wondrous "Temple of Boer Buddha."

Ceylon showed a fine reverse to the hateful side of the picture presented by Java. The Dutch had sought to make it a similar wealth-producing source to the exchequer of Holland; but England, having obtained possession of it, allows man there to labour for his own good, and to find the best market both for his work and its produce. The true greatness and fair dealing of England in relation to its conquered possessions was not fully appreciated until one came upon Ceylon, and going through it from Galle to Colombo, and on to Kandy, Rambodda, and Newera Eliya, learnt the ways of its tea, coffee, and quinine-growing population, and how nothing in the island was made, as in Java, a Government monopoly for the enrichment of a distant land.

The same story was taught by great India itself in visits paid to Madras, Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Agra, Delhi, Allahabad, Jubbulpore, and Bombay—a run rapidly made, but sufficient to show the system of government, which is without doubt the best that Hindoostan has ever enjoyed. Always the possession of some foreign power, and always probably so to be, India has never had that done for it, and for its advancement among the nations, that Great Britain has there accomplished. Such is shown in its railways, schools, newspapers, local courts, and those other aids to enjoyment of life and protection of property that none of its former owners gave to it. The great names they have left

in the story were achieved by the splendid wonders with which they encumbered the land. At these decorative but useless works the toiling millions worked as slaves for the whims of some idiotic or half-drunken despot. Such was India's sad fate, until England became its owner. If not always to be so, that which her Government leaves behind will be memorials whereof any nation may be proud—the story told by them being one that men may always read as they run on every side of their course throughout the country.

Any one may be glad that he has seen India. It is a sight to satisfy the dream of a lifetime, and, to understand fully by outward vision what Shakespeare saw so well in the mind's eye of the world's glory in its outer and visible way.

“The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples,”

are here all to be seen at their best, and such as no other land can equal. They are also mostly visible in that state of dissolution that tells of days of splendour of which the “revels now are ended,” and “the insubstantial pageant faded” like to the “baseless fabric of the vision” that called them into existence.

The visit to Egypt showed another phase of existing Eastern despotism—the land groaning under the oppression of the Turk as Java does under that of the Dutchman. The despotism of the old Roman Emperors we are too apt to think of as a thing of the past, and much as we think of the days of Louis XIV., and of his belief that the State was himself—“*C'est moi!*” Egypt is now in much the same sad condition as was France when its first revolution asserted the rights of its people to a share in the benefits of government.

It is scarcely possible to credit, without personally visiting Egypt, that one man can be allowed to recklessly dissipate the earnings of millions, and go on building Versailles-like palaces out of the hardly wrung and grossly burdensome

taxation of millions of starving slaves. If any one imagines slavery as a thing the world has done with, a visit to Egypt will dissipate that delusion in the shortest of time. The humanity that is there not bought and sold, but obliged to cultivate the land for a living, and then robbed of all earnings, and left, half beaten to death, to a wretched starvation, is cursed with the most hideous form of slavery. Of such, disgraceful alike to Egypt and the world, enough was seen and heard in the visits made to Suez, Cairo, and the towns and villages on the right bank of the Nile from Boulac to Assiout, and from thence down to Alexandria.

Gladdest, or perhaps saddest, of all, as a Briton and a Christian, will be he who has seen something of Palestine and Syria. Its crusading and other historical associations are pleasant to his memory, and all its Holy Land ones touch his soul. Beyond those, however, there are financial and political ones which touch his pocket, in the millions of British taxes paid to keep Turkey in possession here and elsewhere. A British subject may tread the Holy Land with the thought that it is an English possession, and bought many times over, if the British money expended on account of it be reckoned up. He is astonished to see so much of it such a worthless-looking property, and becomes a politician right off in his desperate efforts to understand what apparent follies can be perpetrated to keep other folks out of possession, the worthless Turks in it, and the "balance of power" equalized.

What the curse really is that overlies the Holy Land has been made plain by such visit. Every land misgoverned as Palestine and Syria are would appear similarly blasted. Egypt might equally be called accursed, subject to such tyranny as now afflicts it. These lands that were earliest in the van of civilization, and were, with neighbouring Persia, once foremost in fame, are now all the more, for such reasons, mournful and sickening to the traveller's eyes. If it be true, as Rochefoucauld tells us, that we derive our greatest happiness from the contemplation of the misery of others, there

is cause enough and to spare here for all such French enjoyment. It is not so, however, and human nature, that is worthy of the name, is of better stuff than the Frenchman estimated. To tread shores trodden of times past by the wisest of head, the boldest of spirit, the largest of heart, and the brightest of intellect, and to see them now a prey to soulless sensualists, men of only animal instincts and worse than brutish feelings, is a painful and a saddening sight.

It will be strange indeed, after ten months of tawny, yellow, and other shaded skins, to see white ones again, and to look upon beings "cloaked from head to foot." The human form divine in its unadorned state has been so familiar to one's eyes that it may be a question if the change to its all-clothed state will be a pleasanter one. The compensation for any loss in missing the living Apollos Belvidere and Venuses de Medici whose forms have been so often seen, will be that in the white and Western world we shall see the all-uncovered faces of womankind.

In leaving the East we leave, too, its old forms of locomotion, the palki of Hindoostan, the jinrikishaw of the Japanese, and its centaur drawers; the palanquin chairs of the Chinese, as also their humbler wheelbarrow street-vehicles. From those to the Egyptian donkeys and the Syrian mules has been a move in a more humanitarian direction. It must be pleasanter to one of right feelings to be dragged about by quadrupeds than by two-footed beings, to which latter form of conveyance an unconquerable repugnance may be honourably indulged. The camel can be dispensed with as a mode of conveyance by those disliking aching bones; but the Eastern donkey is an institution that might be acclimatised in the West to better results than have been there seen of it.

Of the outdoor sights which may be called amusements of the East we shall miss many:—the Japanese drama as enacted *al fresco*, and their wondrous ground and lofty tumbling and posturing; the Chinese tea-house life by land and water, and their street and stall gambling-stands; the Hindoo

conjurers also, who were as enjoyable to see as their doings were mysterious, doings that helped to confirm the faith of our youth in the powers of darkness, and in the reality of the moving spirit of Milton's *Paradise* and Goethe's *Faust*. Neither will the Oriental story-teller at the market stands and street corners be forgotten as a pleasant change from the all-musical devotion of the Western world. The good old practice of lively narration which we in our youth recognized when asking our elders to "tell us a story" has been with the Western world altogether replaced by the too-much-twanged piano, and that singing which as often as not scares away those listeners who are musical enough to understand it.

Gone with those sights will be the magicians who can see into the past and future unaided by packs of cards, who consult drops of ink as better indications for such purpose than the coffee-grounds of our breakfast-cup, and who sell me, as in China, my horoscope for a shilling, in which I see my future as unintelligible as it really is. Departed also will be the street water-carriers, and the sight of those picture-book Eastern wells that are now as they ever were. We shall not perhaps miss the beggars even in the Western world, but we shall not see the lepers, which will be at least one relief. Painted faces are common enough all over the world, so far as both Eastern and Western ladies are concerned, but not out of the East will be visible those facial "caste marks" on men that tell us what they are, and of their attention that morning to their religious formulas.

And what a coming change of a ten months' dietary! No more curries and endless rice compounds, that, with fish and fowl, have been as aforetime were mutton, veal, and beef. Of gladness for that change one is far from sure, if I am to speak well of the bridge that carried me over. It has been a digestible dietary, that has never produced a headache nor hour's illness in ten months. On the contrary, it has stimulated to twelve hours per day of sight-seeing work, and four hours thereafter of nightly writing of the record. Michael

Cassio talked of his "poor and unhappy brains for drinking," and of his wish that "courtesy had invented other means of entertainment." He could not have said that of the Eastern drinks—the tea, coffee, and lemonade, the latter made of lemons and sugar and water, and not of acids and chemicals. The saki, or rice spirit, and the Eastern wines, are weak but enjoyable drinks, that Cassio would have had difficulty in getting uproarious upon. What the liquor was that he got in Cyprus across the water here is not told, but he says that the cup was "craftily qualified," and his subsequent inebriety was therefore not fairly of Eastern drink. Iago, we may infer, had hocused him.

Some of the sights to be lost on leaving Eastern shores may not be grievous. No more opium-smoking will be seen, nor anything of the wretched-looking faces of its votaries; nor any betel-nut and chunamb lime chewing, nor the reddened saliva with which, as with blood, it fills the mouth; nor any inches-long finger nails on men, nor reddened ones on women. No more shall we see the nasty fashion of carrying infants as packs upon the back or excrescences upon the hip; nor any *al fresco* washing and head-combings; nor any cow-dung-disfigured exteriors to cottages; nor men too holy to wash themselves and their clothing. Sanctity so expressed and otherwise shown in shaved heads and yellow garments will be now looked for in other forms. Cathedrals, churches, and chapels, will henceforth replace the temples of the Eastern faiths—the Brahminical, the Buddhist, the Sintoos, the Jain, the Parsee, and the Mohammedan, that with other sects, as the Druses and Maronites, make up the faiths of three-fourths of the people of this world—a people impenetrable to all missionary power, and in their several faiths strong as martyrs.

And so here at this Syrian seaport we men of Australia and America leave that Eastern world that knew nothing of ours—that great East that once held all the world, and is now as the Sleeping Beauty of the fable. On the state of its possessions, their dilapidated condition, and the supine and

somnolent state of its folk, our eyes have looked as did those of the Wandering Prince upon her castle and its drowsy surroundings. A great world nevertheless this Eastern one, in that it still holds three-fourths in number, if not in value, of the human race—has made two-thirds of all history, and cradled all the existing faiths worthy of the name.

THE END.

LONDON :  
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,  
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.



*A Catalogue of American and Foreign Books Published or Imported by MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. can be had on application.*

*Crown Buildings, 188, Fleet Street, London,  
April, 1880.*

## A Selection from the List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST.

- A CLASSIFIED Educational Catalogue of Works* published in Great Britain. Demy 8vo, cloth extra. Second Edition, revised and corrected to Christmas, 1879, 5s.
- About (Edmond).* See "The Story of an Honest Man."
- About Some Fellows.* By an ETON BOY, Author of "A Day of my Life." Cloth limp, square 16mo, 2s. 6d.
- Adventures of Captain Mago.* A Phœnician's Explorations 1000 years B.C. By LEON CAHUN. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; plainer binding, 5s.
- Adventures of a Young Naturalist.* By LUCIEN BIART, with 117 beautiful Illustrations on Wood. Edited and adapted by PARKER GILLMORE. Post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, New Edition, 7s. 6d.
- Afghan Knife (The).* A Novel. By ROBERT ARMITAGE STERNDALÉ, Author of "Seonee." Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
- Afghanistan and the Afghans.* Being a Brief Review of the History of the Country, and Account of its People. By H. W. BELLEW, C.S.I. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
- Alcott (Louisa M.) Jimmy's Cruise in the "Pinafore."* With 9 Illustrations. Second Edition. Small post 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
- *Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag.* Square 16mo, 2s. 6d. (Rose Library, 1s.)
- *Little Men: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys.* Small post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. (Rose Library, Double vol. 2s.)
- *Little Women.* 1 vol., cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. (Rose Library, 2 vols., 1s. each.)

- Alcott (Louisa M.) Old-Fashioned Girl.* Best Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. (Rose Library, 2s.)
- *Work and Beginning Again.* A Story of Experience. Experience. 1 vol., small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. Several Illustrations. (Rose Library, 2 vols., 1s. each.)
- *Shawl Straps.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 3s. 6d.
- *Eight Cousins; or, the Aunt Hill.* Small post 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
- *The Rose in Bloom.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
- *Silver Pitchers.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
- *Under the Lilacs.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.
- *Fack and Fill.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.
- "Miss Alcott's stories are thoroughly healthy, full of racy fun and humour . . . exceedingly entertaining . . . We can recommend the 'Eight Cousins.'"—*Athenæum.*
- Alpine Ascents and Adventures; or, Rock and Snow Sketches.* By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON, of the Alpine Club. With Illustrations by WHYMPER and MARCUS STONE. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. 2nd Edition.
- Andersen (Hans Christian) Fairy Tales.* With Illustrations in Colours by E. V. B. Royal 4to, cloth, 25s.
- Animals Painted by Themselves.* Adapted from the French of Balzac, Georges Sands, &c., with 200 Illustrations by GRANDVILLE. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 10s. 6d.
- Art Education.* See "Illustrated Text Books."
- Art in the Mountains: The Story of the Passion Play.* By HENRY BLACKBURN, Author of "Artists and Arabs," "Breton Folk," &c. With numerous Illustrations, and an Appendix for Travellers, giving the Expenses of the Journey, Cost of Living, Routes from England, &c., Map, and Programme for 1880. 4to, cloth, 10s. 6d.
- "Of the many previous accounts of the play, none, we are disposed to think, recalls that edifying and impressive spectacle with the same clearness and vividness as Mr. Blackburn's volume."—*Guardian.*
- "He writes in excellent taste, and is interesting from the first page to the last."—*Saturday Review.*
- Art of Reading Aloud (The) in Pulpit, Lecture Room, or Private Reunions.* By G. VANDENHOFF, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
- Art Treasures in the South Kensington Museum.* Published, with the sanction of the Science and Art Department, in Monthly Parts, each containing 8 Plates, price 1s. In this series are included representations of Decorative Art of all countries and all times from objects in the South Kensington Museum, under the following classes:—
- Sculpture: Works in Marble, Ivory, and Terra-Cotta.  
 Bronzes: Statuettes, Medallions, Plaques, Coins.  
 Decorative Painting and Mosaic.

Decorative Furniture and Carved Wood-Work.  
 Ecclesiastical Metal-Work.  
 Gold and Silversmiths' Work and Jewellery.  
 Limoges and Oriental Enamels.  
 Pottery of all Countries.  
 Glass: Oriental, Venetian, and German.  
 Ornamental Iron-Work: Cutlery.  
 Textile Fabrics: Embroidery and Lace.  
 Decorative Bookbinding.  
 Original Designs for Works of Decorative Art.  
 Views of the Courts and Galleries of the Museum.  
 Architectural Decorations of the Museum.

The Plates are carefully printed in atlas 8vo (13 in. by 9 in.), on thick ivory-tinted paper; and are included in a stout wrapper, ornamented with a drawing from "The Genoa Doorway" recently acquired by the Museum.

*Asiatic Turkey: being a Narrative of a Journey from Bombay to the Bosphorus.* By GRATTAN GEARY, Editor of the *Times of India*. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, with many Illustrations, and a Route Map, 28s.

*Australian Abroad (The). Branches from the Main Routes Round the World.* Comprising the Author's Route through Japan, China, Cochin-China, Malasia, Sunda, Java, Torres Straits, Northern Australia, New South Wales, South Australia, and New Zealand. By JAMES HINGSTON ("J. H." of the *Melbourne Argus*). With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs. 2 vols., 8vo, 14s. each.

*Autobiography of Sir G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., F.S.A., &c.* Edited by his Son, G. GILBERT SCOTT. With an Introduction by the DEAN OF CHICHESTER, and a Funeral Sermon, preached in Westminster Abbey, by the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER. Also, Portrait on steel from the portrait of the Author by G. RICHMOND, R.A. 1 vol., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.

**BAKER** (*Lieut.-Gen. Valentine, Pasha*). See "War in Bulgaria."

## THE BAYARD SERIES,

Edited by the late J. HAIN FRISWELL

Comprising Pleasure Books of Literature produced in the Choicest Style as Companionable Volumes at Home and Abroad.

"We can hardly imagine better books for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—*Times*.

Price 2s. 6d. each Volume, complete in itself, flexible cloth extra, gilt edges, with silk Headbands and Registers.

*The Story of the Chevalier Bayard.* By M. DE BERVILLE.  
*De Joinville's St. Louis, King of France.*

*The Bayard Series (continued):—**The Essays of Abraham Cowley*, including all his Prose Works.*Abdallah ; or the Four Leaves.* By EDOUARD LABOULLAYE.*Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.**Vathek : An Oriental Romance.* By WILLIAM BECKFORD.*The King and the Commons.* A Selection of Cavalier and Puritan Songs. Edited by Prof. MORLEY.*Words of Wellington : Maxims and Opinions of the Great Duke.**Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.* With Notes.*Hazlitt's Round Table.* With Biographical Introduction.*The Religio Medici, Hydriotaphia, and the Letter to a Friend.* By Sir THOMAS BROWNE, Knt.*Ballad Poetry of the Affections.* By ROBERT BUCHANAN.*Coleridge's Christabel*, and other Imaginative Poems. With Preface by ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.*Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences, and Maxims.* With Introduction by the Editor, and Essay on Chesterfield by M. DE STE.-BEUVE, of the French Academy.*Essays in Mosaic.* By THOS. BALLANTYNE.*My Uncle Toby ; his Story and his Friends.* Edited by P. FITZGERALD.*Reflections ; or, Moral Sentences and Maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.**Socrates : Memoirs for English Readers from Xenophon's Memorabilia.* By EDW. LEVIEN.*Prince Albert's Golden Precepts.**A Case containing 12 Volumes, price 31s. 6d. ; or the Case separately, price 3s. 6d.**Beauty and the Beast.* An Old Tale retold, with Pictures by E. V. B. 4to, cloth extra. 10 Illustrations in Colours. 12s. 6d.*Beumers' German Copybooks.* In six gradations at 4d. each.*Biart (Lucien).* See "Adventures of a Young Naturalist," "My Rambles in the New World," "The Two Friends," "Involuntary Voyage."

*Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer* may be had in various styles and bindings from 1d. to 21s. Price List and Prospectus will be forwarded on application.

*Bickersteth (Rev. E. H., M.A.) The Reef and other Parables.* 1 vol., square 8vo, with numerous very beautiful Engravings, 2s. 6d.

— *The Clergyman in his Home.* Small post 8vo, 1s.

— *The Master's Home-Call; or, Brief Memorials of* Alice Frances Bickersteth. 20th Thousand. 32mo, cloth gilt, 1s.

— *The Master's Will.* A Funeral Sermon preached on the Death of Mrs. S. Gurney Buxton. Sewn, 6d.; cloth gilt, 1s.

— *The Shadow of the Rock.* A Selection of Religious Poetry. 18mo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

— *The Shadowed Home and the Light Beyond.* 7th Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

*Bida. The Authorized Version of the Four Gospels*, with the whole of the magnificent Etchings on Steel, after drawings by M. BIDA, in 4 vols., appropriately bound in cloth extra, price 3l. 3s. each.

Also the four volumes in two, bound in the best morocco, by Suttaby, extra gilt edges, 18l. 18s., half-morocco, 12l. 12s.

"Bida's Illustrations of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John have already received here and elsewhere a full recognition of their great merits."—*Times*.

*Biographies of the Great Artists, Illustrated.* This Series is issued in the form of Handbooks. Each is a Monograph of a Great Artist, and contains Portraits of the Masters, and as many examples of their art as can be readily procured. They are Illustrated with from 16 to 20 Full-page Engravings. Cloth, large crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. per Volume.

Titian.

Rubens.

Tintoret and Veronese.

Rembrandt.

Leonardo.

Hogarth.

Raphael.

Turner.

Michelangelo.

Van Dyck and Hals. The Little Masters. Reynolds.

Holbein.

Delaroche & Vernet. Gainsborough.

Figure Painters of Holland.

"A deserving Series, based upon recent German publications."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"Most thoroughly and tastefully edited."—*Spectator*.

*Black (Wm.) Three Feathers.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

— *Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other Stories.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, 6s.

— *Kilmeny: a Novel.* Small post 8vo, cloth, 6s.

— *In Silk Attire.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 6s.

— *A Daughter of Heth.* 11th Edition, small post 8vo, 6s.

— *Sunrise.* 15 Monthly Parts, 1s. each.

- Blackmore (R. D.) Lorna Doone.* 10th Edition, cr. 8vo, 6s.  
 ——— *Alice Lorraine.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, 6th Edition, 6s.  
 ——— *Clara Vaughan.* Revised Edition, 6s.  
 ——— *Cradock Nowell.* New Edition, 6s.  
 ——— *Cripps the Carrier.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 6s.  
 ——— *Mary Anerley.* 3 vols., 31s. 6d.  
 ——— *Erema; or, My Father's Sin.* With 12 Illustrations, small post 8vo, 6s.
- Blossoms from the King's Garden: Sermons for Children.* By the Rev. C. BOSANQUET. 2nd Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
- Blue Banner (The); or, The Adventures of a Mussulman, a Christian, and a Pagan, in the time of the Crusades and Mongol Conquest.* Translated from the French of LEON CAHUN. With Seventy-six Wood Engravings. Imperial 16mo, cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; plainer binding, 5s.
- Boy's Froissart (The).* 7s. 6d. See "Froissart."
- Brave Janet: A Story for Girls.* By ALICE LEE. With Frontispiece by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
- Brave Men in Action.* By S. J. MACKENNA. Crown 8vo, 480 pp., cloth, 10s. 6d.
- Brazil: the Amazons, and the Coast.* By HERBERT H. SMITH. With 115 Full-page and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 650 pp., 21s.
- Brazil and the Brazilians.* By J. C. FLETCHER and D. P. KIDDER. 9th Edition, Illustrated, 8vo, 21s.
- Breton Folk: An Artistic Tour in Brittany.* By HENRY BLACKBURN, Author of "Artists and Arabs," "Normandy Picturesque," &c. With 171 Illustrations by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. Imperial 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 21s.
- British Goblins: Welsh Folk-Lore, Fairy Mythology, Legends, and Traditions.* By WIRT SYKES, United States Consul for Wales. With Illustrations by J. H. THOMAS. This account of the Fairy Mythology and Folk-Lore of his Principality is, by permission, dedicated to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Second Edition. 8vo, 18s.
- British Philosophers.*
- Buckle (Henry Thomas) The Life and Writings of.* By ALFRED HENRY HUTH. With Portrait. 2 vols., demy 8vo.
- Burnaby (Capt.)* See "On Horseback."
- Burnham Beeches (Heath, F. G.).* With numerous Illustrations and a Map. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. Second Edition.  
 "Writing with even more than his usual brilliancy, Mr. HEATH here gives the public an interesting monograph of the splendid old trees. . . . This charming little work."—*Globe*.

- Butler (W. F.) The Great Lone Land; an Account of the Red River Expedition, 1869-70.* With Illustrations and Map. Fifth and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
- *The Wild North Land; the Story of a Winter Journey with Dogs across Northern North America.* Demy 8vo, cloth, with numerous Woodcuts and a Map, 4th Edition, 18s. Cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- *Akim-foo: the History of a Failure.* Demy 8vo, cloth, 2nd Edition, 16s. Also, in crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

**CADOGAN (Lady A.)** *Illustrated Games of Patience.* Twenty-four Diagrams in Colours, with Descriptive Text. Foolscap 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 3rd Edition, 12s. 6d.

*Caldecott (R.).* See "Breton Folk."

*Carbon Process (A Manual of).* See LIESEGANG.

*Ceramic Art.* See JACQUEMART.

*Changed Cross (The),* and other Religious Poems. 16mo, 2s. 6d.

*Chant Book Companion to the Book of Common Prayer.* Consisting of upwards of 550 Chants for the Daily Psalms and for the Canticles; also Kyrie Eleisons, and Music for the Hymns in Holy Communion, &c. Compiled and Arranged under the Musical Editorship of C. J. VINCENT, Mus. Bac. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.; Organist's Edition, fcap. 4to, 5s.

*Of various Editions of HYMNAL COMPANION, Lists will be forwarded on application.*

*Child of the Cavern (The); or, Strange Doings Underground.*

By JULES VERNE. Translated by W. H. G. KINGSTON. Numerous Illustrations. Sq. cr. 8vo, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; cl., plain edges, 5s.

*Child's Play,* with 16 Coloured Drawings by E. V. B. Printed on thick paper, with tints, 7s. 6d.

— *New.* By E. V. B. Similar to the above. See *New.*

*Children's Lives and How to Preserve Them; or, The Nursery Handbook.* By W. LOMAS, M.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

*Children's Magazine.* Illustrated. See St. Nicholas.

*Choice Editions of Choice Books.* 2s. 6d. each, Illustrated by C. W. COPE, R.A., T. CRESWICK, R.A., E. DUNCAN, BIRKET FOSTER, J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A., G. HICKS, R. REDGRAVE, R.A., C. STONEHOUSE, F. TAYLER, G. THOMAS, H. J. TOWNSHEND, E. H. WEHNERT, HARRISON WEIR, &c.

Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.

Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard.

Keat's Eve of St. Agnes.

Milton's L'Allegro.

Poetry of Nature. Harrison Weir.

Rogers' (Sam.) Pleasures of Memory.

Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.

Tennyson's May Queen.

Elizabethan Poets.

Wordsworth's Pastoral Poems.

"Such works are a glorious beatification for a poet."—*Athenaeum.*

- Christ in Song.* By Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF. A New Edition, Revised, cloth, gilt edges, 6s.
- Cobbett (William).* A Biography. By EDWARD SMITH. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 25s.
- Comedy (The) of Europe, 1860—1890.* A retrospective and prospective Sketch. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism.* By Dr. GERHARD UHLHORN. Edited and Translated from the Third German Edition by G. C. SMYTH and C. J. H. ROPES. 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.
- Continental Tour of Eight Days for Forty-four Shillings.* By a JOURNEY-MAN. 12mo, 1s.  
"The book is simply delightful."—*Spectator*.
- Corea (The).* See "Forbidden Land."
- Covert Side Sketches: Thoughts on Hunting, with Different Packs in Different Countries.* By J. NEVITT FITT (H.H. of the *Sporting Gazette*, late of the *Field*). 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
- Crade-Land of Arts and Creeds; or, Nothing New under the Sun.* By CHARLES J. STONE, Barrister-at-law, and late Advocate, High Courts, Bombay, 8vo, pp. 420, cloth, 14s.
- Cripps the Carrier.* 3rd Edition, 6s. See BLACKMORE.
- Cruise of H.M.S. "Challenger" (The).* By W. J. J. SPRY, R.N. With Route Map and many Illustrations. 6th Edition, demy 8vo, cloth, 18s. Cheap Edition, crown 8vo, some of the Illustrations, 7s. 6d.
- Curious Adventures of a Field Cricket.* By Dr. ERNEST CANDÈZE. Translated by N. D'ANVERS. With numerous fine Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.
- DANA (R. H.) Two Years before the Mast and Twenty-Four years After.* Revised Edition with Notes, 12mo, 6s.
- Daughter (A) of Heth.* By W. BLACK. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Day of My Life (A); or, Every Day Experiences at Eton.* By an ETON BOY, Author of "About Some Fellows." 16mo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d. 6th Thousand.
- Day out of the Life of a Little Maiden (A): Six Studies from Life.* By SHERER and ENGLER. Large 4to, in portfolio, 5s.
- Diane.* By Mrs. MACQUOID. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Dick Cheveley: his Fortunes and Misfortunes.* By W. H. G. KINGSTON. 350 pp., square 16mo, and 22 full-page Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.
- Dick Sands, the Boy Captain.* By JULES VERNE. With nearly 100 Illustrations, cloth extra, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.



*Dodge (Mrs. M.) Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates.* An entirely New Edition, with 59 Full-page and other Woodcuts. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. ; Text only, paper, 1s.

*Dogs of Assize.* A Legal Sketch-Book in Black and White. Containing 6 Drawings by WALTER J. ALLEN. Folio, in wrapper, 6s. 8d.

**EIGHT Cousins.** See ALCOTT.

*Eldmuir: An Art-Story of Scottish Home-Life, Scenery, and Incident.* By JACOB THOMPSON, JUN. Illustrated with Engravings after Paintings of JACOB THOMPSON. With an Introductory Notice by LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 14s.

*Elinor Dryden.* By MRS. MACQUOID. Crown 8vo, 6s.

*Embroidery (Handbook of).* By L. HIGGIN. Edited by LADY MARIAN ALFORD, and published by authority of the Royal School of Art Needlework. With 16 page Illustrations, Designs for Borders, &c. Crown 8vo, 5s.

*English Catalogue of Books (The).* Published during 1863 to 1871 inclusive, comprising also important American Publications. 30s.

\* \* \* Of the previous Volume, 1835 to 1862, very few remain on sale; as also of the Index Volume, 1837 to 1857.

— *Supplements*, 1863, 1864, 1865, 3s. 6d. each; 1866 to 1880, 5s. each.

*English Writers*, Chapters for Self-Improvement in English Literature. By the Author of "The Gentle Life," 6s. ; smaller edition, 2s. 6d.

*English Philosophers.* A Series of Volumes containing short biographies of the most celebrated English Philosophers, designed to direct the reader to the sources of more detailed and extensive criticism than the size and nature of the books in this Series would permit. Though not issued in chronological order, the series will, when complete, constitute a comprehensive history of English Philosophy. Two Volumes will be issued simultaneously at brief intervals, in square 16mo, price 2s. 6d.

*The following are already arranged:—*

**Bacon.** Professor FOWLER, Professor of Logic in Oxford.

**Berkeley.** Professor T. H. GREEN, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Oxford.

**Hamilton.** Professor MONK, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Dublin.

**J. S. Mill.** Miss HELEN TAYLOR, Editor of "The Works of Buckle," &c.

**Mansel.** Rev. J. H. HUCKIN, D.D., Head Master of Repton.

**Adam Smith.** Mr. J. A. FARRER, M.A., Author of "Primitive Manners and Customs."

*English Philosophers, continued:—*

- Hobbes.** Mr. A. H. GOSSET, B.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford.  
**Bentham.** Mr. G. E. BUCKLE, M.A., Fellow of All Souls', Oxford.  
**Austin.** Mr. HARRY JOHNSON, B.A., late Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford.  
**Hartley.** } Mr. E. S. BOWEN, B.A., late Scholar of New College,  
**James Mill.** } Oxford.  
**Shaftesbury.** } Professor FOWLER.  
**Hutcheson.** }

*Erchomenon; or, The Republic of Materialism.* Small post 8vo, cloth, 5s.

*Erema; or, My Father's Sin.* See BLACKMORE.

*Eton.* See "Day of my Life," "Out of School," "About Some Fellows."

*Evans (C.) Over the Hills and Far Away.* By C. EVANS. One Volume, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

——— *A Strange Friendship.* Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

*FAMILY Prayers for Working Men.* By the Author of "Steps to the Throne of Grace." With an Introduction by the Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A. Cloth, 1s.; sewed, 6d.

*Fern Paradise (The): A Plea for the Culture of Ferns.* By F. G. HEATH. New Edition, entirely Rewritten, Illustrated with Eighteen full-page, numerous other Woodcuts, including 8 Plates of Ferns and Four Photographs, large post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 12s. 6d. Sixth Edition. In 12 Parts, sewn, 1s. each.

"This charming Volume will not only enchant the Fern-lover, but will also please and instruct the general reader."—*Spectator*.

*Fern World (The).* By F. G. HEATH. Illustrated by Twelve Coloured Plates, giving complete Figures (Sixty-four in all) of every Species of British Fern, printed from Nature; by several full-page Engravings. Cloth, gilt, 6th Edition, 12s. 6d. In 12 parts, 1s. each.

"Mr. HEATH has really given us good, well-written descriptions of our native Ferns, with indications of their habitats, the conditions under which they grow naturally, and under which they may be cultivated."—*Athenaeum*.

*Few (A) Hints on Proving Wills.* Enlarged Edition, 1s.

*First Steps in Conversational French Grammar.* By F. JULIEN. Being an Introduction to "Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire," by the same Author. Fcap. 8vo, 128 pp., 1s.

*Five Years in Minnesota.* By MAURICE FARRAR, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

*Flooding of the Sahara (The).* See MACKENZIE.

*Food for the People; or, Lentils and other Vegetable Cookery.* By E. E. ORLEBAR. Third Thousand. Small post 8vo, boards, 1s.

- A Fool's Errand.* By ONE OF THE FOOLS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.
- Footsteps of the Master.* See STOWE (Mrs. BEECHER).
- Forbidden Land (A): Voyages to the, Corea.* By G. OPPERT. Numerous Illustrations and Maps. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.
- Four Lectures on Electric Induction.* Delivered at the Royal Institution, 1878-9. By J. E. H. GORDON, B.A. Cantab. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth limp, square 16mo, 3s.
- Foreign Countries and the British Colonies.* Edited by F. S. PULLING, M.A., Lecturer at Queen's College, Oxford, and formerly Professor at the Yorkshire College, Leeds. A Series of small Volumes descriptive of the principal Countries of the World by well-known Authors, each Country being treated of by a Writer who from Personal Knowledge is qualified to speak with authority on the Subject. The Volumes will average 180 crown 8vo pages, will contain Maps, and, in some cases, a few typical Illustrations.

The following Volumes are in preparation:—

Denmark and Iceland.	Russia.	Canada.
Greece.	Persia.	Sweden and Norway.
Switzerland.	Japan.	The West Indies.
Austria.	Peru.	New Zealand.

*Franc (Maude Jeane).* The following form one Series, small post 8vo, in uniform cloth bindings:—

- *Emily's Choice.* 5s.
- *Hall's Vineyard.* 4s.
- *John's Wife: a Story of Life in South Australia.* 4s.
- *Marian; or, the Light of Some One's Home.* 5s.
- *Silken Cords and Iron Fetters.* 4s.
- *Vermont Vale.* 5s.
- *Minnie's Mission.* 4s.
- *Little Mercy.* 5s.
- *Beatrice Melton.* 4s.

*Friends and Foes in the Transkei: An Englishwoman's Experiences during the Cape Frontier War of 1877-8.* By HELEN M. PRICHARD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

*Froissart (The Boy's).* Selected from the Chronicles of England, France, Spain, &c. By SIDNEY LANIER. The Volume will be fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

*Funny Foreigners and Eccentric Englishmen.* 16 coloured comic Illustrations for Children. Fcap. folio, coloured wrapper, 4s.

**GAMES of Patience.** See CADOGAN.

*Gentle Life* (Queen Edition). 2 vols. in 1, small 4to, 10s. 6d.

### THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES.

Price 6s. each ; or in calf extra, price 10s. 6d. ; Smaller Edition, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

A Reprint (with the exception of "Familiar Words" and "Other People's Windows") has been issued in very neat limp cloth bindings at 2s. 6d. each.

*The Gentle Life.* Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen. 21st Edition.

"Deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and circulated in every house."—*Chambers' Journal.*

*About in the World.* Essays by Author of "The Gentle Life."

"It is not easy to open it at any page without finding some handy idea."—*Morning Post.*

*Like unto Christ.* A New Translation of Thomas à Kempis'

"De Imitatione Christi." 2nd Edition.

"Could not be presented in a more exquisite form, for a more slightly volume was never seen."—*Illustrated London News.*

*Familiar Words.* An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. Affording an immediate Reference to Phrases and Sentences that have become embedded in the English language. 3rd and enlarged Edition. 6s.

"The most extensive dictionary of quotation we have met with."—*Notes and Queries.*

*Essays by Montaigne.* Edited and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life." With Portrait. 2nd Edition.

"We should be glad if any words of ours could help to bespeak a large circulation for this handsome attractive book."—*Illustrated Times.*

*The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.* Written by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited with Notes by Author of "The Gentle Life." 7s. 6d.

"All the best things are retained intact in Mr. Friswell's edition."—*Examiner.*

*The Gentle Life.* 2nd Series, 8th Edition.

"There is not a single thought in the volume that does not contribute in some measure to the formation of a true gentleman."—*Daily News.*

*The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected.* By the Author of "The Gentle Life." 3rd Edition.

"All who possess 'The Gentle Life' should own this volume."—*Standard.*

*Half-Length Portraits.* Short Studies of Notable Persons. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

*Essays on English Writers,* for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.

"To all who have neglected to read and study their native literature we would certainly suggest the volume before us as a fitting introduction."—*Examiner.*

*The Gentle Life Series (continued).—*

*Other People's Windows.* By J. HAIN FRISWELL. 3rd Edition.

"The chapters are so lively in themselves, so mingled with shrewd views of human nature, so full of illustrative anecdotes, that the reader cannot fail to be amused."—*Morning Post*.

*A Man's Thoughts.* By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

*German Primer.* Being an Introduction to First Steps in German. By M. T. PREU. 2s. 6d.

*Getting On in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life.* By W. MATHEWS, LL.D. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

*Gilpin's Forest Scenery.* Edited by F. G. HEATH. Large post 8vo, with numerous Illustrations. Uniform with "The Fern World" and "Our Woodland Trees." 12s. 6d.

"Those who know Mr. HEATH's Volumes on Ferns, as well as his 'Woodland Trees,' and his little work on 'Burnham Beeches,' will understand the enthusiasm with which he has executed his task. . . . The Volume deserves to be a favourite in the boudoir as well as in the library."—*Saturday Review*.

*Gordon (J. E. H.).* See "Four Lectures on Electric Induction," "Physical Treatise on Electricity," &c.

*Gouffé. The Royal Cookery Book.* By JULES GOUFFÉ; translated and adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, Head Pastrycook to her Majesty the Queen. Illustrated with large plates printed in colours. 161 Woodcuts, 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2l. 2s.

Domestic Edition, half-bound, 10s. 6d.

"By far the ablest and most complete work on cookery that has ever been submitted to the gastronomical world."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

*Gouraud (Mille.) Four Gold Pieces.* Numerous Illustrations. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. See also Rose Library.

*Government of M. Thiers.* By JULES SIMON. Translated from the French. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 32s.

*Great Artists.* See Biographies.

*Greek Grammar.* See WALLER.

*Guizot's History of France.* Translated by ROBERT BLACK. Super-royal 8vo, very numerous Full-page and other Illustrations. In 5 vols., cloth extra, gilt, each 24s.

"It supplies a want which has long been felt, and ought to be in the hands of all students of history."—*Times*.

*Masson's School Edition.* The History of France from the Earliest Times to the Outbreak of the Revolution; abridged from the Translation by Robert Black, M.A., with Chronological Index, Historical and Genealogical Tables, &c. By Professor GUSTAVE MASSON, B.A., Assistant Master at Harrow School. With 24 full-page Portraits, and many other Illustrations. 1 vol., demy 8vo, 600 pp., cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

*Guizot's History of England.* In 3 vols. of about 500 pp. each, containing 60 to 70 Full-page and other Illustrations, cloth extra, gilt, 24s. each.

"For luxury of typography, plainness of print, and beauty of illustration, these volumes, of which but one has as yet appeared in English, will hold their own against any production of an age so luxurious as our own in everything, typography not excepted."—*Times*.

*Guyon (Mde.) Life.* By UPHAM. 6th Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

**H**ANDBOOK to the Charities of London. See Low's.

— of Embroidery; which see.

— to the Principal Schools of England. See Practical.

*Half-Hours of Blind Man's Holiday; or, Summer and Winter Sketches in Black & White.* By W. W. FENN. 2 vols., cr. 8vo, 24s.

*Half-Length Portraits.* Short Studies of Notable Persons. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Small post 8vo, 6s.; Smaller Edition, 2s. 6d.

*Hall (W. W.) How to Live Long; or, 1408 Health Maxims,* Physical, Mental, and Moral. By W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2s. Second Edition.

*Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates.* See DODGE.

*Have I a Vote?* A Handy Book for the Use of the People, on the Qualifications conferring the Right of Voting at County and Borough Parliamentary Elections. With Forms and Notes. By T. H. LEWIS, B.A., LL.B. Paper, 6d.

*Heart of Africa.* Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Numerous Illustrations, and large Map. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 15s.

*Heath (Francis George).* See "Fern World," "Fern Paradise," "Our Woodland Trees," "Trees and Ferns," "Gilpin's Forest Scenery," "Burnham Beeches," "Sylvan Spring," &c.

*Heber's (Bishop) Illustrated Edition of Hymns.* With upwards of 100 beautiful Engravings. Small 4to, handsomely bound, 7s. 6d. Morocco, 18s. 6d. and 21s. An entirely New Edition.

*Hector Servadac.* See VERNE. 10s. 6d. and 5s.

*Heir of Kilfinnan (The).* New Story by W. H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "Snoe Shoes and Canoes," "With Axe and Rifle," &c. With Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

*History and Handbook of Photography.* Translated from the French of GASTON TISSANDIER. Edited by J. THOMSON. Imperial 16mo, over 300 pages, 70 Woodcuts, and Specimens of Prints by the best Permanent Processes. Second Edition, with an Appendix by the late Mr. HENRY FOX TALBOT. Cloth extra, 6s.

- History of a Crime (The); Deposition of an Eye-witness.* By VICTOR HUGO. 4 vols., crown 8vo, 42s. Cheap Edition, 1 vol., 6s.  
 ——— *England.* See GUIZOT.  
 ——— *France.* See GUIZOT.  
 ——— *of Russia.* *ee* RAMBAUD.  
 ——— *Merchant Shipping.* See LINDSAY.  
 ——— *United States.* See BRYANT.  
 ——— *Ireland.* STANDISH O'GRADY. Vols. I. and II., 7s. 6d. each.  
 ——— *American Literature.* By M. C. TYLER. Vols. I. and II., 2 vols, 8vo, 24s.  
*History and Principles of Weaving by Hand and by Power.* With several hundred Illustrations. By ALFRED BARLOW. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 1l. 5s. Second Edition.  
*Hitherto.* By the Author of "The Gayworthys." New Edition, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. Also, in Rose Library, 2 vols., 2s.  
*Home of the Eddas.* By C. G. LOCK. Demy 8vo, cloth, 16s.  
*How to Live Long.* See HALL.  
*How to get Strong and how to Stay so.* By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. A Manual of Rational, Physical, Gymnastic, and other Exercises. With Illustrations, small post 8vo, 5s.  
 "Worthy of every one's attention, whether old or young."—*Graphic.*  
*Hugo (Victor) "Ninety-Three."* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6s.  
 ——— *Toilers of the Sea.* Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 6s.; fancy boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.; On large paper with all the original Illustrations, 10s. 6d.  
 ———. See "History of a Crime."  
*Hundred Greatest Men (The).* 8 vols., containing 15 to 20 Portraits each, 21s. each. See below.  
 "Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. are about to issue an important 'International' work, entitled, 'THE HUNDRED GREATEST MEN,' being the Lives and Portraits of the 100 Greatest Men of History, divided into Eight Classes, each Class to form a Monthly Quarto Volume. The Introductions to the volumes are to be written by recognized authorities on the different subjects, the English contributors being DEAN STANLEY, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, Mr. FROUDE, and Professor MAX MÜLLER; in Germany, Professor HELMHOLTZ; in France, MM. TAINÉ and RENAN; and in America, Mr. EMERSON. The Portraits are to be Reproductions from fine and rare Steel Engravings."—*Academy.*  
*Hygiene and Public Health (A Treatise on).* Edited by A. H. BUCK, M.D. Illustrated by numerous Wood Engravings. In 2 royal 8vo vols., cloth, one guinea each.  
*Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer.* See HICKERSTETH.

**ILLUSTRATED Text-Books of Art-Education.** A Series of Monthly Volumes preparing for publication. Edited by EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A., Director for Art, Science and Art Department.

*The first Volumes, large crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each, will be issued in the following divisions:—*

PAINTING.

Classic and Italian.	French and Spanish.
German, Flemish, and Dutch.	English and American.

ARCHITECTURE.

Classic and Early Christian.	Gothic, Renaissance, & Modern.
------------------------------	--------------------------------

SCULPTURE.

Classic and Oriental.	Renaissance and Modern.
-----------------------	-------------------------

ORNAMENT.

Decoration in Colour.	Architectural Ornament.
-----------------------	-------------------------

*Illustrations of China and its People.* By J. THOMPSON F.R.G.S. Four Volumes, imperial 4to, each 3l. 3s.

*In my Indian Garden.* By PHIL ROBINSON. With a Preface by EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., C.S.I., &c. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 3s. 6d.

*Involuntary Voyage (An).* Showing how a Frenchman who abhorred the Sea was most unwillingly and by a series of accidents driven round the World. Numerous Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

*Irish Bar.* Comprising Anecdotes, Bon-Mots, and Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar of Ireland. By J. RODERICK O'FLANAGAN, Barrister-at-Law. Crown 8vo, 12s. Second Edition.

*JACK and Jill.* By Miss ALCOTT. Small post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

*Jacquemart (A.) History of the Ceramic Art.* By ALBERT JACQUEMART. With 200 Woodcuts, 12 Steel-plate Engravings, and 1000 Marks and Monograms. Translated by Mrs. BURY PALLISER. Super-royal 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 28s.

*Jimmy's Cruise in the Pinafore.* See ALCOTT.

**KAFIRLAND: A Ten Months' Campaign.** By FRANK N. STREATFIELD, Resident Magistrate in Kaffraria, and Commandant of Native Levies during the Kaffir War of 1878. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

*Keble Autograph Birthday Book (The).* Containing on each left-hand page the date and a selected verse from Keble's hymns. Imperial 8vo, with 12 Floral Chromos, ornamental binding, gilt edges, 15s.



- Khedive's Egypt (The); or, The old House of Bondage under New Masters.* By EDWIN DE LEON. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- King's Rifle (The): From the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean; Across Unknown Countries; Discovery of the Great Zambesi Affluents, &c.* By Major SERPA PINTO. With 24 full-page and about 100 smaller Illustrations, 13 small Maps, and 1 large one. Demy 8vo.
- Kingston (W. H. G.).* See "Snow-Shoes."
- *Child of the Cavern.*
- *Two Supercargoes.*
- *With Axe and Rifle.*
- *Begum's Fortune.*
- *Heir of Kilfinnan.*
- *Dick Cheveley.*

**L**ADY Silverdale's Sweetheart. 6s. See BLACK.

- Lenten Meditations.* In Two Series, each complete in itself. By the Rev. CLAUDE BOSANQUET, Author of "Blossoms from the King's Garden." 16mo, cloth, First Series, 1s. 6d.; Second Series, 2s.
- Lentils.* See "Food for the People."
- Liesegang (Dr. Paul E.) A Manual of the Carbon Process of Photography.* Demy 8vo, half-bound, with Illustrations, 4s.
- Life and Letters of the Honourable Charles Sumner (The).* 2 vols., royal 8vo, cloth. Second Edition, 36s.
- Lindsay (W. S.) History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient Commerce.* Over 150 Illustrations, Maps and Charts. In 4 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra. Vols. 1 and 2, 21s.; vols. 3 and 4, 24s. each.
- Lion Jack: a Story of Perilous Adventures amongst Wild Men and Beasts.* Showing how Menageries are made. By P. T. BARNUM. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 6s.
- Little King; or, the Taming of a Young Russian Count.* By S. BLANDY. 64 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; plainer binding, 5s.
- Little Mercy; or, For Better for Worse.* By MAUDE JEANNE FRANC, Author of "Marian," "Vermont Vale," &c., &c. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. Second Edition.
- Long (Col. C. Chaillé) Central Africa.* Naked Truths of Naked People: an Account of Expeditions to Lake Victoria Nyanza and the Mabaka Niam-Niam. Demy 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 18s.
- Lost Sir Massingberd.* New Edition, crown 8vo, boards, coloured wrapper, 2s.

*Low's German Series—*

1. **The Illustrated German Primer.** Being the easiest introduction to the study of German for all beginners. 1s.
2. **The Children's own German Book.** A Selection of Amusing and Instructive Stories in Prose. Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER. Small post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
3. **The First German Reader, for Children from Ten to Fourteen.** Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER. Small post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
4. **The Second German Reader.** Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER. Small post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

*Buchheim's Deutsche Prosa. Two Volumes, sold separately:—*

5. **Schiller's Prosa.** Containing Selections from the Prose Works of Schiller, with Notes for English Students. By Dr. BUCHHEIM, Small post 8vo, 2s. 6d.
6. **Goethe's Prosa.** Selections from the Prose Works of Goethe, with Notes for English Students. By Dr. BUCHHEIM. Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.

*Low's International Series of Toy Books. 6d. each; or Mounted on Linen, 1s.*

1. **Little Fred and his Fiddle,** from Asbjørnsen's "Norwegian Fairy Tales."
2. **The Lad and the North Wind,** ditto.
3. **The Pancake,** ditto.

*Low's Standard Library of Travel and Adventure. Crown 8vo, bound uniformly in cloth extra, price 7s. 6d.*

1. **The Great Lone Land.** By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
2. **The Wild North Land.** By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
3. **How I found Livingstone.** By H. M. STANLEY.
4. **The Threshold of the Unknown Region.** By C. R. MARKHAM. (4th Edition, with Additional Chapters, 10s. 6d.)
5. **A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia.** By A. H. MARKHAM.
6. **Campaigning on the Oxus.** By J. A. MACGAHAN.
7. **Akim-foo: the History of a Failure.** By MAJOR W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
8. **Ocean to Ocean.** By the Rev. GEORGE M. GRANT. With Illustrations.
9. **Cruise of the Challenger.** By W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.
10. **Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa.** 2 vols., 15s.
11. **Through the Dark Continent.** By H. M. STANLEY. 1 vol., 12s. 6d.

*Low's Standard Novels.* Crown 8vo, 6s. each, cloth extra.

**My Lady Greensleeves.** By HELEN MATHERS, Authoress of "Comin' through the Rye," "Cherry Ripe," &c.

**Three Feathers.** By WILLIAM BLACK.

**A Daughter of Heth.** 13th Edition. By W. BLACK. With Frontispiece by F. WALKER, A.R.A.

**Kilmeny.** A Novel. By W. BLACK.

**In Silk Attire.** By W. BLACK.

**Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart.** By W. BLACK.

**History of a Crime: The Story of the Coup d'État.** By VICTOR HUGO.

**Alice Lorraine.** By R. D. BLACKMORE.

**Lorna Doone.** By R. D. BLACKMORE. 8th Edition.

**Craddock Nowell.** By R. D. BLACKMORE.

**Clara Vaughan.** By R. D. BLACKMORE.

**Cripps the Carrier.** By R. D. BLACKMORE.

**Erema; or My Father's Sin.** By R. D. BLACKMORE.

**Innocent.** By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Eight Illustrations.

**Work.** A Story of Experience. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Illustrations. *See also* Rose Library.

**The Afghan Knife.** By R. A. STERNDALE, Author of "Seonee."

**A French Heiress in her own Chateau.** By the author of "One Only," "Constantia," &c. Six Illustrations.

**Ninety-Three.** By VICTOR HUGO. Numerous Illustrations.

**My Wife and I.** By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.

**Wreck of the Grosvenor.** By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

**Elinor Dryden.** By Mrs. MACQUOID.

**Diane.** By Mrs. MACQUOID.

**Pogano People, Their Loves and Lives.** By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.

**A Golden Sorrow.** By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.

*Low's Handbook to the Charities of London.* Edited and revised to date by C. MACKESON, F.S.S., Editor of "A Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs," &c. 1s.

**MACGAHAN (J. A.)** *Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva.* With Map and numerous Illustrations, 4th Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

**Macgregor (John)** *"Rob Roy" on the Baltic.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 2s. 6d.

— *A Thousand Miles in the "Rob Roy" Canoe.* 11th Edition, small post 8vo, 2s. 6d.

- Macgregor (John) Description of the "Rob Roy" Canoe*, with Plans, &c., 1s.
- *The Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."* New Edition, thoroughly revised, with additions, small post 8vo, 5s.; boards, 2s. 6d.
- Mackenzie (D). The Flooding of the Sahara.* By DONALD MACKENZIE. 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.
- Macquoid (Mrs.) Elinor Dryden.* Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
- *Diane.* Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Magazine (Illustrated) for Young People.* See "St. Nicholas."
- Markham (C. R.) The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* Crown 8vo, with Four Maps, 4th Edition. Cloth extra, 10s. 6d.
- Maury (Commander) Physical Geography of the Sea, and its Meteorology.* Being a Reconstruction and Enlargement of his former Work, with Charts and Diagrams. New Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.
- Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802—1808.* By her Grandson, M. PAUL DE RÉMUSAT, Senator. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. 4th Edition, cloth extra. This work was written by Madame de Rémusat during the time she was living on the most intimate terms with the Empress Josephine, and is full of revelations respecting the private life of Bonaparte, and of men and politics of the first years of the century. Revelations which have already created a great sensation in Paris. 8vo, 2 vols. 32s.
- Men of Mark: a Gallery of Contemporary Portraits of the most Eminent Men of the Day taken from Life*, especially for this publication, price 1s. 6d. monthly. Vols. I., II., III., and IV., handsomely bound, cloth, gilt edges, 25s. each.
- Michael Strogoff.* 10s. 6d. and 5s. See VERNE.
- Mitford (Miss).* See "Our Village."
- Montaigné's Essays.* See "Gentle Life Series."
- My Brother Jack; or, The Story of What'd'ycallem.* Written by Himself. From the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET. Illustrated by P. PHILIPPOTEAUX. Imperial 16mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; plainer binding, 5s.
- My Lady Greensleeves.* By HELEN MATHERS, Authoress of "Comin' through the Rye," "Cherry Ripe," &c. 1 vol. edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

*My Rambles in the New World.* By LUCIEN BIART, Author of "The Adventures of a Young Naturalist." Numerous full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; plainer binding, 5s.

*Mysterious Island.* By JULES VERNE. 3 vols., imperial 16mo. 150 Illustrations, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. each; elaborately bound, gilt edges, 7s. 6d. each. Cheap Edition, with some of the Illustrations, cloth, gilt, 2s.; paper, 1s. each.

*NARES (Sir G. S., K.C.B.) Narrative of a Voyage to the Polar Sea during 1875-76, in H.M.'s Ships "Alert" and "Discovery."* By Captain Sir G. S. NARES, R.N., K.C.B., F.R.S. Published by permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. With Notes on the Natural History, edited by H. W. FEILDEN, F.G.S., C.M.Z.S., F.R.G.S., Naturalist to the Expedition. Two Volumes, demy 8vo, with numerous Woodcut Illustrations, Photographs, &c. 4th Edition, 2l. 2s.

*National Music of the World.* By the late HENRY F. CHORLEY. Edited by H. G. HEWLETT. Crown 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.

"What I have to offer are not a few impressions, scrambled together in the haste of the moment, but are the result of many years of comparison and experience."—*From the Author's "Prelude."*

*New Child's Play (A).* Sixteen Drawings by E. V. B. Beautifully printed in colours, 4to, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

*New Guinea (A Few Months in).* By OCTAVIUS C. STONE, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations from the Author's own Drawings. Crown 8vo, cloth, 12s.

*New Ireland.* By A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P. for Louth. 2 vols., demy 8vo, 30s. Cheaper Edition, 1 vol., crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.

*New Novels.* Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. per vol. :—

*Mary Anerley.* By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," &c. 3 vols.

*The Sisters.* By G. EBERS, Author of "An Egyptian Princess." 2 vols., 16mo, 2s. each.

*Countess Daphne.* By RITA, Authoress of "Vivienne" and "Like Dian's Kiss." 3 vols.

*Sunrise.* By W. BLACK. In 15 Monthly Parts, 1s. each.

*Wait a Year.* By HARRIET BOWRA, Authoress of "A Young Wife's Story." 3 vols.

*Sarah de Beranger.* By JEAN INGELow. 3 vols.

*The Braes of Yarrow.* By C. GIBBON. 3 vols.

*Elaine's Story.* By MAUD SHERIDAN. 2 vols.

*Prince Fortune and His Friends.* 3 vols.

- Noble Words and Noble Deeds.* Translated from the French of E. MULLER, by DORA LEIGH. Containing many Full-page Illustrations by PHILIPPOTEAUX. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
- North American Review (The).* Monthly, price 2s. 6d.
- Notes on Fish and Fishing.* By the Rev. J. J. MANLEY, M.A. With Illustrations, crown 8vo, cloth extra, leatherette binding, 10s. 6d.
- Nursery Playmates (Prince of).* 217 Coloured pictures for Children by eminent Artists. Folio, in coloured boards, 6s.
- O**BERAMMERGAU *Passion Play.* See "Art in the Mountains."
- Ocean to Ocean: Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in 1872.* By the Rev. GEORGE M. GRANT. With Illustrations. Revised and enlarged Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
- Old-Fashioned Girl.* See ALCOTT.
- Oliphant (Mrs.) Innocent.* A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. With Eight Full-page Illustrations, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
- On Horseback through Asia Minor.* By Capt. FRED BURNABY, Royal Horse Guards, Author of "A Ride to Khiva." 2 vols., 8vo, with three Maps and Portrait of Author, 6th Edition, 38s.; Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Our Little Ones in Heaven.* Edited by the Rev. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Fcap., cloth extra, New Edition—the 3rd, with Illustrations, 5s.
- Our Village.* By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Illustrated with Frontispiece Steel Engraving, and 12 full-page and 157 smaller Cuts of Figure Subjects and Scenes. Crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 21s.
- Our Woodland Trees.* By F. G. HEATH. Large post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, uniform with "Fern World" and "Fern Paradise," by the same Author. 8 Coloured Plates (showing leaves of every British Tree) and 20 Woodcuts, cloth, gilt edges, 12s. 6d. Third Edition.

"The book, as a whole, meets a distinct need; its engravings are excellent, its coloured leaves and leaflets singularly accurate, and both author and engraver appear to have been animated by a kindred love of their subject."—*Saturday Review.*

**PAINTERS of All Schools.** By LOUIS VIARDOT, and other Writers. 500 pp., super-royal 8vo, 20 Full-page and 70 smaller Engravings, cloth extra, 25s. A New Edition is issued in Half-crown parts, with fifty additional portraits, cloth, gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

**Palliser (Mrs.) A History of Lace, from the Earliest Period.** A New and Revised Edition, with additional cuts and text, upwards of 100 Illustrations and coloured Designs. 1 vol. 8vo, 11. 1s.

"One of the most readable books of the season; permanently valuable, always interesting, often amusing, and not inferior in all the essentials of a gift book."—*Times*.

——— **Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries.** 8vo, 11. 1s.

——— **The China Collector's Pocket Companion.** With upwards of 1000 Illustrations of Marks and Monograms. 2nd Edition, with Additions. Small post 8vo, limp cloth, 5s.

**Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire: Oral and Conversational Method;** being Lessons introducing the most Useful Topics of Conversation, upon an entirely new principle, &c. By F. JULIEN, French Master at King Edward the Sixth's School, Birmingham. Author of "The Student's French Examiner," "First Steps in Conversational French Grammar," which see.

**Phillips (L.) Dictionary of Biographical Reference.** 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.

**Photography (History and Handbook of).** See TISSANDIER.

**Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism.** By J. E. H. GORDON, B.A. With about 200 coloured, full-page, and other Illustrations. Among the newer portions of the work may be enumerated: All the more recent investigations on Striæ by Spottiswoode, De la Rue, Moulton, &c. An account of Mr. Crooke's recent researches. Full descriptions and pictures of all the modern Magnetic Survey Instruments now used at Kew Observatory. Full accounts of all the modern work on Specific Inductive Capacity, and of the more recent determination of the ratio of Electric units (v). It is believed that in respect to the number and beauty of the Illustrations, the work will be quite unique. 2 vols., 8vo, 36s.

**Picture Gallery of British Art (The).** 38 Permanent Photographs after the most celebrated English Painters. With Descriptive Letterpress. Vols. 1 to 5, cloth extra, 18s. each. Vols. 6, 7, and 8, commencing New Series, demy folio, 31s. 6d.

**Pinto (Major Serpa).** See "King's Rifle."

**Placita Anglo-Normannica.** *The Procedure and Constitution of the Anglo-Norman Courts (WILLIAM I.—RICHARD I.), as shown by Contemporaneous Records.* With Explanatory Notes, &c. By M. M. BIGELOW. Demy 8vo, cloth, 21s.

- Plutarch's Lives.* An Entirely New and Library Edition. Edited by A. H. CLOUGH, Esq. 5 vols., 8vo, 2l. 10s.; half-morocco, gilt top, 3l. Also in 1 vol., royal 8vo, 800 pp., cloth extra, 18s.; half-bound, 21s.
- *Morals.* Uniform with Clough's Edition of "Lives of Plutarch." Edited by Professor GOODWIN. 5 vols., 8vo, 3l. 3s.
- Poems of the Inner Life.* A New Edition, Revised, with many additional Poems. Small post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
- Poganuc People: their Loves and Lives.* By MRS. BEECHER STOWE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
- Polar Expeditions.* See KOLDEWEY, MARKHAM, MACGAHAN, and NARES.
- Practical (A) Handbook to the Principal Schools of England.* By C. E. PASCOE. New Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
- Prejevalsky (N. M.) From Kulja, across the Tian Shan to Lob-nor.* Translated by E. DELMAR MORGAN, F.R.G.S. Demy 8vo, with a Map. 16s.
- Prince Ritto; or, The Four-leaved Shamrock.* By FANNY W. CURREY. With 10 Full-page Fac-simile Reproductions of Original Drawings by HELEN O'HARA. Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt, 10s. 6d.
- Publishers' Circular (The), and General Record of British and Foreign Literature.* Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month, 3d.
- R**AMBAUD (Alfred). *History of Russia, from its Origin to the Year 1877.* With Six Maps. Translated by Mrs. L. B. LANG. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 38s.
- Recollections of Writers.* By CHARLES and MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Authors of "The Concordance to Shakespeare," &c.; with Letters of CHARLES LAMB, LEIGH HUNT, DOUGLAS JERROLD, and CHARLES DICKENS; and a Preface by MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
- Reminiscences of the War in New Zealand.* By THOMAS W. GUDGEON, Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Colonial Forces, N.Z. With Twelve Portraits. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.
- Rémusat (Madame de).* See "Memoirs of."
- Robinson (Phil).* See "In my Indian Garden."
- Rochefoucauld's Reflections.* Bayard Series, 2s. 6d.



*Rogers (S.) Pleasures of Memory.* See "Choice Editions of Choice Books." 2s. 6d.

*Rose in Bloom.* See ALCOTT.

*Rose Library (The).* Popular Literature of all countries. Each volume, 1s.; cloth, 2s. 6d. Many of the Volumes are Illustrated—

1. *Sea-Gull Rock.* By JULES SANDEAU. Illustrated.
2. *Little Women.* By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
3. *Little Women Wedded.* Forming a Sequel to "Little Women."
4. *The House on Wheels.* By MADAME DE STOLZ. Illustrated.
5. *Little Men.* By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Dble. vol., 2s.; cloth, 3s. 6d.
6. *The Old-Fashioned Girl.* By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Double vol., 2s.; cloth, 3s. 6d.
7. *The Mistress of the Manse.* By J. G. HOLLAND.
8. *Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married.*
9. *Undine, and the Two Captains.* By Baron DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. A New Translation by F. E. BUNNETT. Illustrated.
10. *Drazy Miller's Dowry, and the Elder's Wife.* By SAXE HOLM.
11. *The Four Gold Pieces.* By Madame GOURAUD. Numerous Illustrations.
12. *Work.* A Story of Experience. First Portion. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
13. *Beginning Again.* Being a Continuation of "Work." By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
14. *Picciola; or, the Prison Flower.* By X. B. SAINTINE. Numerous Graphic Illustrations.
15. *Robert's Holidays.* Illustrated.
16. *The Two Children of St. Domingo.* Numerous Illustrations.
17. *Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag.*
18. *Stowe (Mrs. H. B.) The Pearl of Orr's Island.*
19. ——— *The Minister's Wooing.*
20. ——— *Betty's Bright Idea.*
21. ——— *The Ghost in the Mill.*
22. ——— *Captain Kidd's Money.*
23. ——— *We and our Neighbours.* Double vol., 2s.
24. ——— *My Wife and I.* Double vol., 2s.; cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.
25. *Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates.*
26. *Lowell's My Study Window.*
27. *Holmes (O. W.) The Guardian Angel.*
28. *Warner (C. D.) My Summer in a Garden.*

*The Rose Library, continued:—*

29. **Hitherto.** By the Author of "The Gayworthys." 2 vols., 1s. each.
30. **Helen's Babies.** By their Latest Victim.
31. **The Barton Experiment.** By the Author of "Helen's Babies."
32. **Dred.** By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE. Double vol., 2s. Cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.
33. **Warner (C. D.) In the Wilderness.**
34. **Six to One.** A Seaside Story.

*Russell (W. H., LL.D.) The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India.* By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. Fully Illustrated by SYDNEY P. HALL, M.A. Super-royal 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 52s. 6d.; Large Paper Edition, 84s.

*SANCTA Christina: a Story of the First Century.* By ELEANOR E. ORLEBAR. With a Preface by the Bishop of Winchester. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

*Scientific Memoirs: being Experimental Contributions to a Knowledge of Radiant Energy.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology," &c. With Steel Portrait of the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth, 473 pages, 14s.

*Scott (Sir G. Gilbert.)* See "Autobiography."

*Sea-Gull Rock.* By JULES SANDEAU, of the French Academy. Royal 16mo, with 79 Illustrations, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d. Cheaper Edition, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. See also Rose Library.

*Seonee: Sporting in the Satpura Range of Central India, and in the Valley of the Nerbudda.* By R. A. STERNDALE, F.R.G.S. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 21s.

*The Serpent Charmer: a Tale of the Indian Mutiny.* By LOUIS ROUSSELET, Author of "India and its Native Princes." Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d., plainer binding, 5s.

*Shakespeare (The Boudoir).* Edited by HENRY CUNDELL. Carefully bracketted for reading aloud; freed from all objectionable matter, and altogether free from notes. Price 2s. 6d. each volume, cloth extra, gilt edges. Contents:—Vol I., Cymbeline—Merchant of Venice. Each play separately, paper cover, 1s. Vol. II., As You Like It—King Lear—Much Ado about Nothing. Vol. III., Romeo and Juliet—Twelfth Night—King John. The latter six plays separately, paper cover, 9d.

*Shakespeare Key (The)*. Forming a Companion to "The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare." By CHARLES and MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Demy 8vo, 800 pp., 21s.

*Shooting: its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose*. By JAMES DALZIEL DOUGALL, F.S.A., F.Z.A. Author of "Scottish Field Sports," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

"The book is admirable in every way. . . . We wish it every success."—*Globe*.  
 "A very complete treatise. . . . Likely to take high rank as an authority on shooting."—*Daily News*.

*Silent Hour (The)*. See "Gentle Life Series."

*Silver Pitchers*. See ALCOTT.

*Simon (Fules)*. See "Government of M. Thiers."

*Six to One*. A Seaside Story. 16mo, boards, 1s.

*Smith (G.) Assyrian Explorations and Discoveries*. By the late GEORGE SMITH. Illustrated by Photographs and Woodcuts. Demy 8vo, 6th Edition, 18s.

——— *The Chaldean Account of Genesis*. By the late G. SMITH, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum. With many Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 6th Edition, 16s.

*Snow-Shoes and Canoes; or, the Adventures of a Fur-Hunter in the Hudson's Bay Territory*. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. 2nd Edition. With numerous Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; plainer binding, 5s.

*Songs and Etchings in Shade and Sunshine*. By J. E. G. Illustrated with 44 Etchings. Small 4to, cloth, gilt tops, 25s.

*South Kensington Museum*. Monthly 1s. See "Art Treasures."

*Stanley (H. M.) How I Found Livingstone*. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.; large Paper Edition, 10s. 6d.

——— "*My Kalulu*," *Prince, King, and Slave*. A Story from Central Africa. Crown 8vo, about 430 pp., with numerous graphic Illustrations, after Original Designs by the Author. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

——— *Coomassie and Magdala*. A Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. Demy 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 16s.

——— *Through the Dark Continent*, which see.

*St. Nicholas Magazine*. 4to, in handsome cover. 1s. monthly. Annual Volumes, handsomely bound, 15s. Its special features are, the great variety and interest of its literary contents, and the beauty

and profuseness of its Illustrations, which surpass anything yet attempted in any publication for young people, and the stories are by the best living authors of juvenile literature. Each Part contains, on an average, 50 Illustrations.

*Story without an End.* From the German of Carové, by the late Mrs. SARAH T. AUSTIN. Crown 4to, with 15 Exquisite Drawings by E. V. B., printed in Colours in Fac-simile of the original Water Colours; and numerous other Illustrations. New Edition, 7s. 6d.

———— square 4to, with Illustrations by HARVEY. 2s. 6d.

*Stowe (Mrs. Beecher) Dred.* Cheap Edition, boards, 2s. Cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

———— *Footsteps of the Master.* With Illustrations and red borders. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

———— *Geography*, with 60 Illustrations. Square cloth, 4s. 6d.

———— *Little Foxes.* Cheap Edition, 1s.; Library Edition, 4s. 6d.

———— *Betty's Bright Idea.* 1s.

———— *My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.\*

———— *Minister's Wooing.* 5s.; Copyright Series, 1s. 6d.; cl., 2s.\*

———— *Old Town Folk.* 6s.; Cheap Edition, 2s. 6d.

———— *Old Town Fireside Stories.* Cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

———— *Our Folks at Poganuc.* 10s. 6d.

———— *We and our Neighbours.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, 6s. Sequel to "My Wife and I."\*

———— *Pink and White Tyranny.* Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.; Cheap Edition, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

———— *Queer Little People.* 1s.; cloth, 2s.

———— *Chimney Corner.* 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

———— *The Pearl of Orr's Island.* Crown 8vo, 5s.\*

———— *Little Pussey Willow.* Fcap., 2s.

\* See also Rose Library.

- Stowe (Mrs. Beecher) Woman in Sacred History.* Illustrated with 15 Chromo-lithographs and about 200 pages of Letterpress. Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 25s.
- Student's French Examiner.* By F. JULIEN, Author of "Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire." Square crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.
- Studies in German Literature.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. Edited by MARIE TAYLOR. With an Introduction by the Hon. GEORGE H. BOKER. 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.
- Studies in the Theory of Descent.* By Dr. AUG. WEISMANN, Professor in the University of Freiburg. Translated and edited by RAPHAEL MELDOLA, F.C.S., Secretary of the Entomological Society of London. Part I.—"On the Seasonal Dimorphism of Butterflies," containing Original Communications by Mr. W. H. EDWARDS, of Coalburgh. With two Coloured Plates. Price of Part. I. (to Subscribers for the whole work only) 8s; Part II. (6 coloured plates), 16s.; Part III., 6s.
- Sugar Beet (The).* Including a History of the Beet Sugar Industry in Europe, Varieties of the Sugar Beet, Examination, Soils, Tillage, Seeds and Sowing, Yield and Cost of Cultivation, Harvesting, Transportation, Conservation, Feeding Qualities of the Beet and of the Pulp, &c. By L. S. WARE. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.
- Sullivan (A. M., M.P.).* See "New Ireland."
- Sulphuric Acid (A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of).* By A. G. and C. G. LOCK, Consulting Chemical Engineers. With 77 Construction Plates, and other Illustrations.
- Sumner (Hon. Charles).* See Life and Letters.
- Sunrise: A Story of These Times.* By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Daughter of Heth," &c. To be published in 15 Monthly Parts, commencing April 1st, 1s. each.
- Surgeon's Handbook on the Treatment of Wounded in War.* By Dr. FRIEDRICH ESMARCH, Professor of Surgery in the University of Kiel, and Surgeon-General to the Prussian Army. Translated by H. H. CLUTTON, B.A. Cantab, F.R.C.S. Numerous Coloured Plates and Illustrations, 8vo, strongly bound in flexible leather, 1l. 8s.
- Sylvan Spring.* By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH. Illustrated by 12 Coloured Plates, drawn by F. E. HULME, F.L.S., Artist and Author of "Familiar Wild Flowers;" by 16 full-page, and more than 100 other Wood Engravings. Large post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 12s. 6d.

**TAUCHNITZ'S** *English Editions of German Authors.*  
Each volume, cloth flexible, 2s. ; or sewed, 1s. 6d. (Catalogues post free on application.)

— (B.) *German and English Dictionary.* Cloth, 1s. 6d.; roan, 2s.

— *French and English.* Paper, 1s. 6d. ; cloth, 2s. ; roan, 2s. 6d.

— *Italian and English.* Paper, 1s. 6d. ; cloth, 2s. ; roan, 2s. 6d.

— *Spanish and English.* Paper, 1s. 6d. ; cloth, 2s. ; roan, 2s. 6d.

— *New Testament.* Cloth, 2s. ; gilt, 2s. 6d.

*Taylor (Bayard).* See "Studies in German Literature."

*Textbook (A) of Harmony.* For the Use of Schools and Students. By the late CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY. Revised for the Press by WESTLEY RICHARDS and W. H. CALCOTT. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

*Through the Dark Continent: The Sources of the Nile; Around the Great Lakes, and down the Congo.* By HENRY M. STANLEY. 2 vols., demy 8vo, containing 150 Full-page and other Illustrations, 2 Portraits of the Author, and 10 Maps, 42s. Seventh Thousand. Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, with some of the Illustrations and Maps. 1 vol., 12s. 6d.

*Tour of the Prince of Wales in India.* See RUSSELL.

*Trees and Ferns.* By F. G. HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, with numerous Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

"A charming little volume."—*Land and Water.*

*Turkistan.* Notes of a Journey in the Russian Provinces of Central Asia and the Khanates of Bokhara and Kokand. By EUGENE SCHUYLER, Late Secretary to the American Legation, St. Petersburg. Numerous Illustrations. 2 vols, 8vo, cloth extra, 5th Edition, 2l. 2s.

*Two Friends.* By LUCIEN BIART, Author of "Adventures of a Young Naturalist," "My Rambles in the New World," &c. Small post 8vo, numerous Illustrations, gilt edges, 7s. 6d. ; plainer binding, 5s.

*Two Supercargoes (The); or, Adventures in Savage Africa.* By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Numerous Full-page Illustrations. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d. ; plainer binding, 5s.

**UP and Down; or, Fifty Years' Experiences in Australia, California, New Zealand, India, China, and the South Pacific.** Being the Life History of Capt. W. J. BARRY. Written by Himself. With several Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. 6d.