

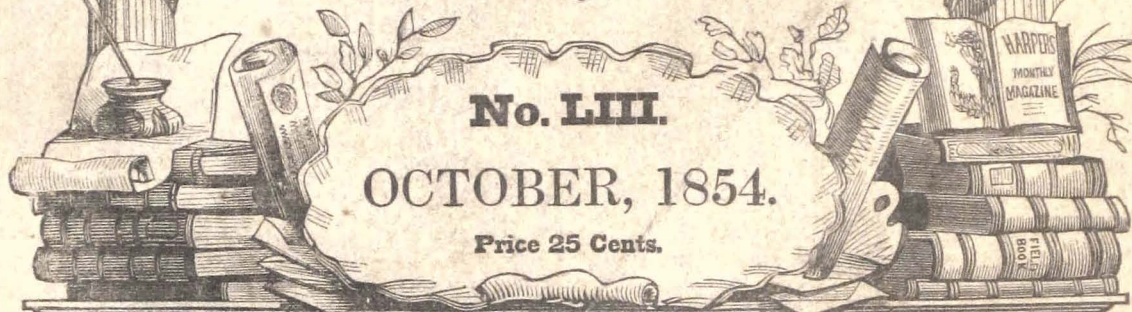




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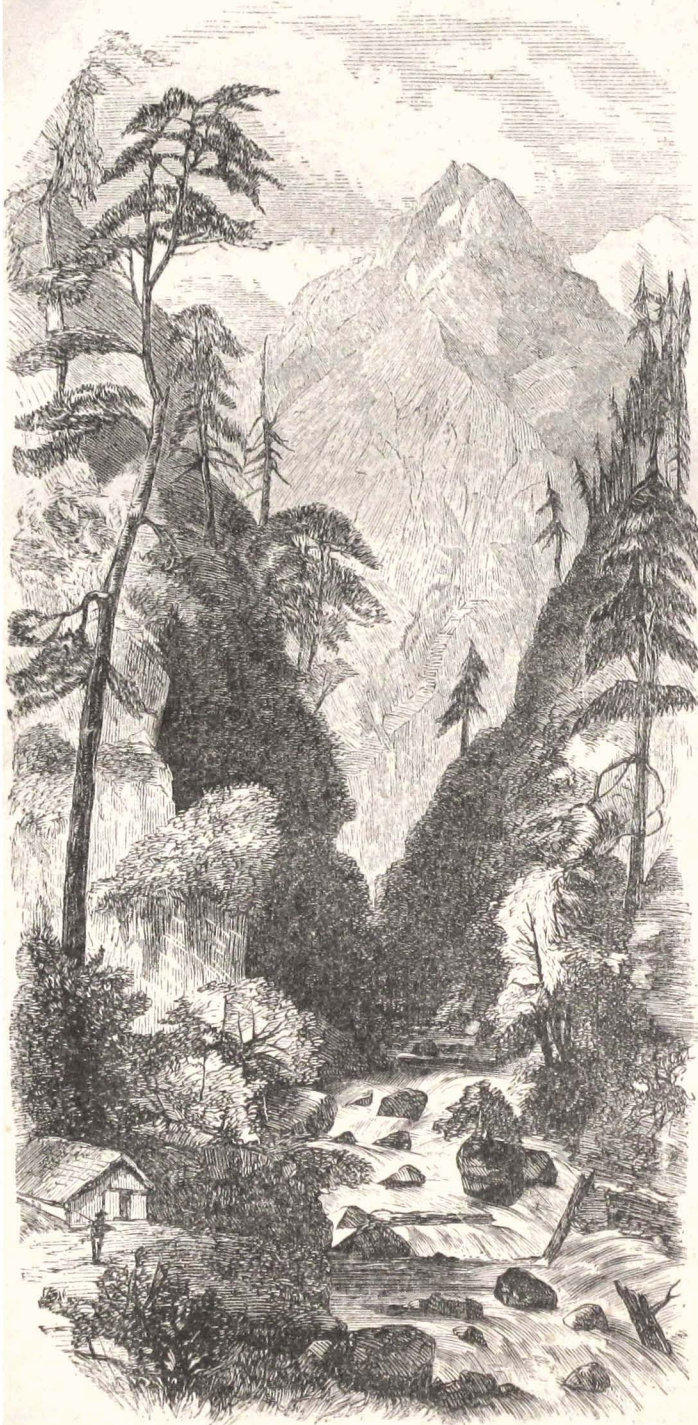
A NATURALIST AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.*

THERE are but few portions of our globe left for the naturalist to explore. Dr. Hooker is to be esteemed a fortunate man in having had for his share the exploration of two of these unknown regions. Many years ago he accompanied Sir James Ross in his voyage of Antarctic discovery,

for the purpose of studying the botany of those sterile regions. After his return he looked about him for fresh worlds to conquer. For a while he hesitated between the Andes and the Himalayas; but finally decided upon the latter. Three years were spent by him among these mountains, the loftiest upon the globe, and the results of his explorations are embodied in a couple of handsome volumes, which have been received with great favor by the scientific world. With the purely scientific portions of the work, we do not intend to meddle. But intermingled with these are many pictures of life and manners which it seems to us can not fail to prove interesting to the general reader.

The expedition was undertaken partly under the auspices of the British Government, who appropriated a sum of money to aid in defraying the expenses, and likewise furnished many other facilities for the prosecution of the learned Doctor's researches. His attendants and assistants were numerous, amounting often to fifty or sixty persons. We will therefore, for the occasion, appoint ourselves as honorary members of the expedition, and accompany our respected principal on his travels.

We leave Calcutta in January, 1848. Our most direct way would be to ascend the Ganges for a couple of hundred miles, which would bring us within sight of the Himalayan range, at a distance of fifty leagues. But our naturalist leader wishes to make a preliminary exploration of a tract lying far to the west of our direct route; so we set off overland. Public conveyances are unknown, and we travel, as every body else does, by a *palkee* or palanquin. A very pleasant and commodious mode of journeying this appears to one unaccustomed to it. The traveler has nothing to do but to stretch himself out at lazy length in a kind of bier, and be borne along upon men's shoulders. But a few days' experience is sufficient to make one long to exchange the *palkee* for the



VALLEY OF TAMBUR AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.

* Himalayan Journals; or, Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim and Nepaul Himalayas, the Khasia Mountains, etc. By JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER, M.D., R.N., F.R.S.

rudest vehicle tugged over the roughest of corduroy roads. You travel chiefly by night, and at the end of every stage you are awakened by your bearers letting you down with a jerk; and then, thrusting their flaming torches in your drowsy eyes, they ask imploringly for *bucksheesh*—that word so familiar to all Eastern travelers. If you have made it a point to “remember the coachman” when bowling over the beautiful English roads, have given “*pour boire*” to French postillions, “*Trinkgelt*” to German Postknechten, and “*buona mana*” to Italian vetturini, you can not, of course, be hard-hearted enough to turn a deaf ear to the petition of these lean swarthy fellows who in their own persons have acted the part both of coachman and horses. You set off again with a fresh relay, but somehow your new bearers can not get rightly to work until you have been roused from your uneasy slumbers, rubbed your eyes, and applied the universal quickener to their palms. Then, after all, you find that there are few things more wearisome than lying hour after hour stretched out in your low, narrow palkee. If the blinds are closed you are stifled with the heat, if they are open you are smothered with dust. You are at times half inclined, by way of experiment, to alight and change places with one of your bearers, convinced that any alteration in your position must be for the better.

We pass numerous straggling villages, or rather collections of hovels, nestling among mango and fig trees, with feathery palms floating over their roofs. Water-tanks form a prominent feature in the landscape, often white with water lilies. As we advance farther into the hill country, we enter a sterile tract, covered with stunted grass. We encounter travelers in numbers; most of them are pilgrims bound for the sacred temple of Juggernaut. The greater part are on foot, though here and there we see one of the rude vehicles of the country, drawn by oxen. Here is an old man borne along in the arms of his kindred. He wishes to behold Juggernaut before he dies, and then he will depart in peace. What a different *nunc dimittis* is his from that uttered by the aged Simeon when he held in his withered arms the Desire of Ages.

The Ganges is the great highway for the commerce of India, and we see but little merchandise upon our inland route. A few wagons drag along the cotton of the upper country; it is clumsily packed in rotten bags, and is hardly worth transporting to market. The most thriving branch of business seems to be the traffic in the holy waters of the Ganges, hawked about by wandering dealers for the benefit of those who can not visit the purifying stream. The farther they recede from the river, the more precious and costly is the water; and when their jars run low, what should hinder them from replenishing them from any other stream! It would require a nice analysis to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit article.

In the mean time, we have exchanged our palkee for the more magnificent conveyance of an elephant. The huge beast sways along with a

perpetual swinging motion, which in a few hours becomes absolutely distressing, worse than the uneasy jolt of camel-riding. The mahouts, or drivers, it is said, never reach an advanced age, their life is jolted out of them in a few years. They are not unfrequently afflicted with spinal diseases caused by the perpetual motion imparted to the vertebral column. The huge black back of the animal absorbs the rays of the sun, till we seem to be sitting on a sheet of hot iron. He has likewise an unpleasant habit of blowing water over his parched skin, and his rider not seldom comes in for an untimely shower-bath of very questionable purity. The mahout, seated upon the animal's neck, guides him by poking his toes under one of the great flapping ears, as he wishes him to turn to the right or the left. He carries a huge iron goad with which to enforce obedience. With the butt end he hammers away upon the animal's head, with force enough to crack a cocoa-nut or even the obdurate skull of a negro; or drives the pointed end through the thick skin down to the very quick, leaving great punctures through which the blood and yellow fat ooze out in the broiling sun, occasioning us some disagreeable qualms till we get used to it. There is one advantage which, however, goes far to compensate for these annoyances: the height of the beast elevates his rider far above the dust.

One morning, just at sunrise, we behold a fine conical mountain drawn sharply up against the clear gray sky. It is the sacred hill of Parasnath, so called after one of the Hindoo deities who became incarnate and abode for a hundred years at Benares. After his death he was interred on the summit of this mountain, which thus became a sacred spot. His worshippers, the “Jains,” are very numerous; their principal object of adoration being the blessed foot of their deity. His worship appears to be in a flourishing condition, judging from the number and excellent condition of the temples. Beggars, of course, abound in their neighborhood—the lame, the halt, the blind, and deformed, but above all, those suffering from the horrible diseases of leprosy and elephantiasis.

We make our way still further into the hill country, where the roads become almost impassable. Our luggage is hauled along upon bullock carts, behind which an elephant pushes with his forehead, while the oxen drag in front. At last the patient creature's head becomes so sore with pushing that he can push no longer, and we are not seldom sorely put to it to advance. In the steeper places we fasten eight or ten oxen to a single wagon, and at the rear of each we station a driver. At a preconcerted signal each seizes the tail of an ox, and gives it a violent wrench. The poor beasts give a simultaneous start, and the wagon is tugged up the crest of the declivity. Unluckily it sometimes happens that one of the beasts, in his torture, breaks out of the line, at the imminent risk of overturning the vehicle. When we come to a river which we must cross, we skirt along it till we find a shallow place: then packing our baggage on our elephants, we get it



CROSSING A RIVER.

over, our bullock carts getting across as they best can.

It is a hot, unpleasant journey altogether. Our skins peel with the heat and dryness of the atmosphere, our nails crack, while all our implements of wood and tortoise-shell become as brittle as glass, and are fractured by the slightest blow.

We come upon the Ganges at Mirzapore, a great town with a hundred thousand inhabitants. Here is the main establishment for the suppression of the numerous gangs of robbers, poisoners, and murderers who until within less than a score of years infested the whole country. One of the "Thugs," who has been admitted as "approver," or government witness, is introduced to us. He is as mild-looking a man as you would wish to meet; but born and bred to his pleasant profession, he never thinks of looking upon it as any thing but a perfectly reputable one. The Doctor, who is something of a phrenologist, examines his head, and finds the organ of "destructiveness" largely developed. At our request, the Thug lets us into some of the secrets of his profession. He takes off his linen girdle, and slipping it around our arm, shows us the peculiar turn with which they strangle their victims; he does this with the same self-satisfied air with which some "old salt" will show some intricate knot to a "greenhorn." We could not help thinking that our mild-looking friend would have been all the bet-

ter pleased to have been experimenting on our necks instead of our arms. He regarded us with such a look as quaint old Izaak Walton might have given his writhing victim just as he was impaling him on his hook, "gently as though he loved him." These gentle stranglers had favorite stations all through the country—lonely spots among the jungle where some tree or well made a favorite halting-place for travelers. Here they would encounter a stranger, seat themselves cosily by his side, enter into confidential discourse with him, in the midst of which the fatal cord would be wound about his neck. A vigorous pull or two, and all is over. Of these favorite stations there were 274 in the little kingdom of Oude, a territory 170 miles long by 100 broad. They looked upon these stations precisely as the gentle Izaak regarded some quiet reach of the Thames, where he was always reasonably sure of a fish or two. During the half score of years previous to 1835, more than 1500 Thugs were apprehended, of whom some 400 were hanged and twice as many transported. Their murders were numbered by thousands every year; how many thousands no man knows. Of a gang numbering a score, one member confessed to having been in at the death of 931 persons, while the least eminent of his associates had assisted in taking off four-and-twenty. The victims were mostly travelers from distant parts of the country, for whom

no inquiries were ever made. Major Sleeman, the officer at the head of the establishment for the suppression of the Thugs, states that he was for three years in charge of a district which was a favorite spot with them. He supposed that nothing took place there without his hearing of it; but he subsequently learned that during that time one hundred people had been murdered and buried within a quarter of a mile from his residence. These "gentle Hindoos" can upon occasion do very ferocious things.

From Mirzapore we drop down the Ganges, past the holy city of Benares, with its crumbling temples and narrow, filthy streets. The images of the sacred bulls and the obscene symbols of the Hindoo faith, of all shapes and sizes, are the most prominent objects in this "Athens of India." Ghazepore, fifty miles further, is famous for the tomb of Lord Cornwallis, who regained in India the laurels he lost in America. Here are the celebrated gardens of roses from which is produced the finest attar of roses. The weight of a half-dollar of the first quality of this perfume costs fifty dollars; to produce this quantity requires twenty thousand flowers.

So we float down the sacred stream. It is here four or five miles broad, and is covered with boats of all forms and dimensions, among which we now and then see a square-built steamer puffing along, tugging huge passenger-barges. Upon the shore at frequent intervals we see the rotting *charpoy*, or bedstead, once occupied by some devotee who has been brought to die upon the banks of the holy river. Now and then the disgusting form of a huge alligator is seen basking in the sun, or a pariah dog making his meal from a corpse flung upon the silent shore. Sundry annoyances try us on board our boat. Flies and mosquitoes abound of course. Great spider webs as large as fine thread float in the air, and when inhaled pro-

duce an unpleasant irritation. Worse than all is a species of flying bug that makes its way under our clothing. Try to remove one of them, and he resents the liberty by emitting an odor tenfold more nauseous than that of our familiar "boarding-house companion."

At Patna we stop to visit the opium *godowns*, or stores. The production of this drug in all its stages is a monopoly of the East India Company. No one can cultivate the poppy without a special license, and the Company purchase all produce at certain fixed rates. The opium is delivered to collectors, who transmit it to Patna, where it is prepared for market. The operation is carried on in a large paved room, where the drug is first flung into great vats. The workmen are all ticketed. Each has before him a table upon which is a little basin of opium and a brass cup. By his side is a box of poppy leaves. His business is to make the drug up into round balls of a specified weight, for which purpose the cup is used, and to cover them neatly with the leaves. At night he deposits his balls in a rack bearing a number corresponding to his own. They are then placed separately in a cup of clay, and conveyed to a drying room, where they are carefully watched by little urchins who creep about among the racks. Their special mission is to keep away a species of weevil, who are as fond of the sedative drug as John Chinaman himself. But as our friend of the pigtail has money, while the weevil has none, he of course gets the preference. In fact the distinction goes further. John Bull shoots the Chinaman if he does not take the opium, and kills the weevil if he does. A good workman makes thirty or forty of these narcotic balls a day. During a season nearly a million and a half of balls are manufactured here for the Chinese market alone. Great care is taken to prevent the smallest loss of the drug. Each workman undergoes a thorough



MONGHYR, ON THE GANGES.

ablution every day, so as to secure the opium adhering to all parts of his person. The water is evaporated, leaving the drug behind. The opium for home consumption is given out to licensed dealers, but before it reaches the consumers it is adulterated in the proportion of thirty parts of foreign substances to one of the pure gum.

From Patna we float down the river for a hundred miles, past Monghyr, the Birmingham of India, until we reach the mouth of the Cosi river, which comes sweeping directly down from the snow-clad Himalayas, whither we are bound. Here we abandon the river, and take our way by palkee, due north for the mountains, whose white summits, 170 miles distant, are visible low down in the horizon.

In due time we reach the outposts of the great Himalayan range, which, clothed with verdure, spring grandly up from the parched plain. They form huge confused masses toward the north, flinging great spurs upon either hand far out into the plain. Between these spurs lie close, damp valleys, smothered in the rank luxuriance of a tropical forest. Torrents dash foaming down the slopes, their position indicated by clouds of spray floating above the tree tops. Far away to the south the plain stretches like a sea, overhung by vapors wafted from the Indian Ocean, hundreds of miles distant. These clouds discharge no moisture upon the plain; but no sooner do they come in contact with the flanks of the hills than they are condensed, and descend into the valleys in a perpetual drizzle; or, still more condensed by the greater cold of the higher summits, they fall in showers of heavy rain, which feeds the torrents that rush down the valleys, and find their way to the ocean, whence the waters are again exhaled, borne across the plains, again collected and conveyed to the ocean, in perpetual and gigantic interchange.

The path winds through ravines filled with dense jungle, peopled with great ants and leeches innumerable, and vocal with the ceaseless hum of the shrill cicadæ. Elephants, tigers, leopards, wild boars, and rhinoceroses inhabit these jungles, though in no great numbers. The paths trodden through the forests by the elephants are the most available roads.

At last our party reach Doringing, in the Sikkim territory, a place purchased by the English Government as a sanatory station where the Europeans, wasted by the heats of the low country, may re-

cruit their enfeebled constitutions, in a climate bearing some likeness to that of their native land. It lies, at an elevation of some 7000 feet, on the sharp spur of a mountain whose wooded sides slope down to the river bottoms on either hand. Here is presented the most magnificent mountain prospect in the world. A fourth of the whole circuit of the horizon is bounded by a line of perpetual snow. Peak after peak flings its great summit up into the air, to an elevation of more than five miles. Central, and supreme over all, at a distance of five-and-forty miles, towers Kinchin-junga, the loftiest mountain on the globe. Its white summit reaches nearer the moon by five hundred feet than any other spot upon which the sun shines. It is two and a half miles higher than Mont Blanc, "the monarch of hills;" eight thousand feet higher than the foot of man or beast has ever climbed, or than the strong pinions of the condor have ever borne him through the thin atmosphere.

At Doringing our naturalist spent the months of the rainy season, busily engaged in collecting and preserving his specimens in natural history. We leave him to his chosen tasks, and occupy ourselves with studying the new forms of social life that present themselves in this wild region.

Foremost among the population are the Lepchas, the aboriginal people of the mountains, a quiet, peaceable, diminutive race. They have a



LEPCHA GIRL AND BOODHIST LAMA.



FEMALES OF THE HIMALAYAS.

dim tradition of the deluge, from which they say a couple of their ancestors managed to save themselves by climbing one of the lofty peaks in their country. A few hundred years ago they were visited by missionaries from Thibet, who converted them to Boodhism, taught them to plait their hair into pigtails, and sundry other things equally edifying. They are wonderfully patient and good-humored, remarkably honest and trustworthy, but greatly given to laziness, and abominably filthy in their persons. "In this rainy climate," remarks the Doctor very philosophically, "they are supportable out of doors." They are fond of ornaments, which together with their pigtails constitute the joy and pride of their lives. The most delicate compliment which a Lepcha damsel can pay to one of her male friends is to steal up softly behind him, unplait his long queue, smooth out its tangled hairs, free it from a portion of its swarming inhabitants, and braid it again into a nice plait. As their pigtails constitute the main feature of their personal attractions, the fairer sex are endowed with a double portion, wearing two tails, instead of the single one with which their masculine companions content themselves. They have one inexcusable habit; this is, that as they grow old they become most intolerably ugly.

The dress of the Lepchas consists in great part of a single wide garment wrapped loosely about the body. This is for ordinary weather; in the winter they add an outer garment with sleeves. They usually go bareheaded; but when the Lepcha assumes a hat it is of dimensions ample enough to make full amends for the unfrequency of its use. Its broad brim of bamboo-leaves answers a capital purpose as an umbrella in rainy weather, at which season indeed it is generally worn. The males carry a long heavy knife in their girdles, which

they use, however, for no offensive purposes. It is called "ban," and serves, nevertheless, a variety of useful purposes, among which may be mentioned those of plow, tooth-pick, table-knife, hammer, and hatchet. They also carry a bow slung over their shoulders, and a quiver full of poisoned arrows. As for food, it would be difficult to point out any thing in the animal or vegetable kingdom which they do not eat. Nothing comes amiss to them, from a mushroom to an elephant, though rice is the staple article of ordinary consumption. They are capital woodsmen, and are invaluable as assistants to the tourist. Two or three of them, with no other implement than their knives, will in the space of a couple of hours knock up a very comfortable hut, having a water-tight roof of bamboo thatch, a table, bedstead, and seats. Their ideas upon the subject of religion are rather cloudy. They believe most devoutly in spirits, both good and bad: but as the former class are sure to do them no harm, they pay little heed to them; but are very anxious to keep on good terms with the evil ones. Though they are but half-converted Boodhists, after all, they manifest the deepest reverence for the Lamas or priests of Boodh, while they also maintain in comfort their own native priests, half mountebanks and half sorcerers, who go about the country in harlequin attire, blessing, cursing, begging, carrying messages, and performing all the small offices and petty knaveries pertaining to their wandering way of life. They sometimes carry on a petty traffic in addition to their legitimate professional avocations. One whom we encountered dealt in teapots of red clay, sheep, and puppies.

It is no very easy matter to procure permission to travel through these mountains. The country



WANDERING PRIEST.

is not under the dominion of the English, the Rajah of Sikkim being merely one of the petty protected princes. But our naturalist was backed up by strong influences, and after having exhausted the botany of the region about Dorjiling, we succeeded in making arrangements for a journey among the mountain passes to the frontiers of Thibet. The first of these expeditions lasted for three months, and in the course of it we skirted the base of the great Kinchin-junga. The preparations for this expedition were no trifling affair. The whole party consisted of fifty-six persons. There was a guard of Nepaulese soldiers, bearers for tents, books, provisions, papers, and a host of those miscellaneous functionaries inseparable from Indian life.

We set out late in October upon this tour. We have by this time got bravely over the necessity of a palkee and bearers, and find ourselves abundantly able to climb the mountains and thread the ravines, loaded with knife, dagger, and a multiplicity of scientific instruments. The routine of a day's journey is as follows. By 10 o'clock the immediate vicinity of the camp has been explored, breakfast concluded, and the preparations for the day's march completed. The whole party now set out and travel until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when the word is given to halt for the night. A few blankets spread over poles enclose a space six or eight feet in length by four or five broad, constituting the study, for the time

being, of our explorer. The dexterous Lepchas in a very short time construct a table and bedstead of bamboo. A candle enclosed in a glass shade, to keep off the insects and preserve the flame from the wind, affords light by which we write up the journal and notes of the day. Meanwhile the attendants are preparing the dinner under the shade of some tree or rock. Fatigue and a hot dinner—even though none of the best—are capital opiates, and sleep comes without being summoned.

The vegetation presents a commingling of the productions of temperate and tropical climates. Oranges and maize, the broad-leaved banana and purple buckwheat, sugar cane and barley, grow in close juxtaposition. One of the most serviceable plants of the Himalayas is the bamboo. There is no end to the uses to which the different species are applied. The young shoots of one kind are eaten as salad; the seeds of another supply a substitute for bread, and when fermented produce a slightly intoxicating drink, which constitutes the favorite "tipple" of the country; while its broad leaves furnish the material of a water-tight thatch. Cut into splints it furnishes the means of constructing tables and furniture. Another species grows in the form of long rope-like cables, from which are formed the slight suspension bridges which span the foaming torrents that come dashing down the ravines. Two of these canes are placed parallel to each other, their extremities firmly lashed to the rocks or trees on either bank. Loops of slender vines are suspended from these, answering the purpose of chains to uphold the roadway, which consists merely of one or sometimes two canes. A European needs steady nerves to enable him to traverse one of these swaying structures, over which the agile Lepcha walks steadily bearing a load of a hundred and a half. Climbing and parasitical plants abound in the dark valleys. Some coil serpent-like around the trees, smothering them in their close embrace; while others throw out aerial roots like the arms of a huge centipede, with which they grasp the trunks of the trees, and thus climb to their very tops. At first sight one can scarcely believe that one of these parasites is any thing other than some huge reptile making its way up the tree.

Advancing further among the mountains, the character of the population gradually changes. The diminutive Lepchas are replaced by the Thibetans, a dark, square-built, muscular race of men, with broad Mongolian faces, wide mouths, flat noses, high cheek bones, low foreheads, and little twinkling eyes with the exterior corners turned upward. Every vestige of hair is carefully removed from their faces with a pair of tweezers, which form a part of their equipment as indispensable as a pair of razors to a European traveler before the advent of the mustache movement. Their natural color is scarcely darker than our own, but filth, smoke, and constant exposure to the most rigorous climate upon the globe soon effaces every vestige of their rosy complexion. They wear loose blanket robes girt



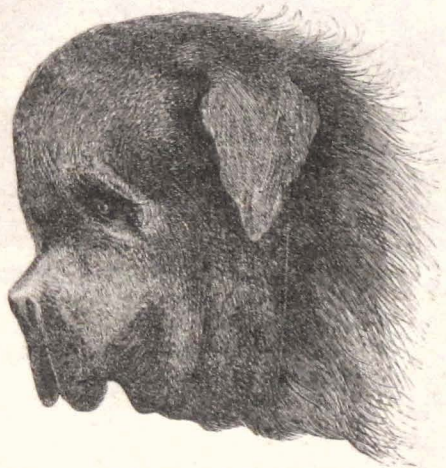
A HIMALAYAN CLIMBING PLANT.

about the waist with a leathern belt, which serves as a repository for their pipes made of iron or brass, their tobacco-pouch, knife, chop-sticks, tinder box, tweezers, and sundry other implements. They are vastly good-humored, and when parties of them encounter upon the road, they go through a succession of ceremonious salutes which one can never see without an explosion of inextinguishable laughter. The ceremony begins by each running the tongue to its full extent from his leathery jaws; then comes a profusion of nods and grins, expressive of the height of amity and good-will; and the performance closes by each party scratching his ear. They have learned that this fashion of salutation strikes strangers as somewhat ludicrous; and when they encounter them the mode of greeting undergoes a variation. First they bring the hand up to the eye, then prostrate themselves to the earth, bumping the forehead three times upon the ground; when they rise from this posture of humiliation they invariably put in a claim for *bucksheesh*, which is always most acceptable when presented in the shape of tobacco or snuff.

These Thibetans are employed in conveying salt from the mines in Thibet, on the northern

side of the great Himalayan range, to supply the countries to the south. To convey this almost every animal larger than a cat is pressed into service. A salt caravan presents a motley spectacle. In the van comes a man or woman driving a silky haired *yak*, the small buffalo of the mountains, grunting along under a load of two or three hundred pounds of salt, besides pots, pans, kettles, and paraphernalia of all sorts, with a rosy infant nestled somewhere in the load, sucking away at a lump of cheese curd. Then follow a long file of sheep and goats, each with a bag or two of salt on its back. After these comes a huge black mastiff, of a breed peculiar to the mountains, with a head like Socrates, a great bushy tail sweeping grandly over his back, and a gay collar around his neck. He looks like the lord of the caravan, but, like all the rest, he bears his load of the precious commodity; by day he acts as a carrier, and officiates as a watch-dog by night. The rear is brought up by a group of children, laughing and chatting together as they clamber along the mountain passes; the very youngest of them who is able to walk alone bearing a bag of salt.

It is difficult to conceive the amount of labor expended in conveying every pound of salt which finds its way over these mountains. Before reaching the first village on the southern side, it must make a circuit of one-third of the distance around the great peak of Kinchin-junga. It is evident that the most direct route is that which



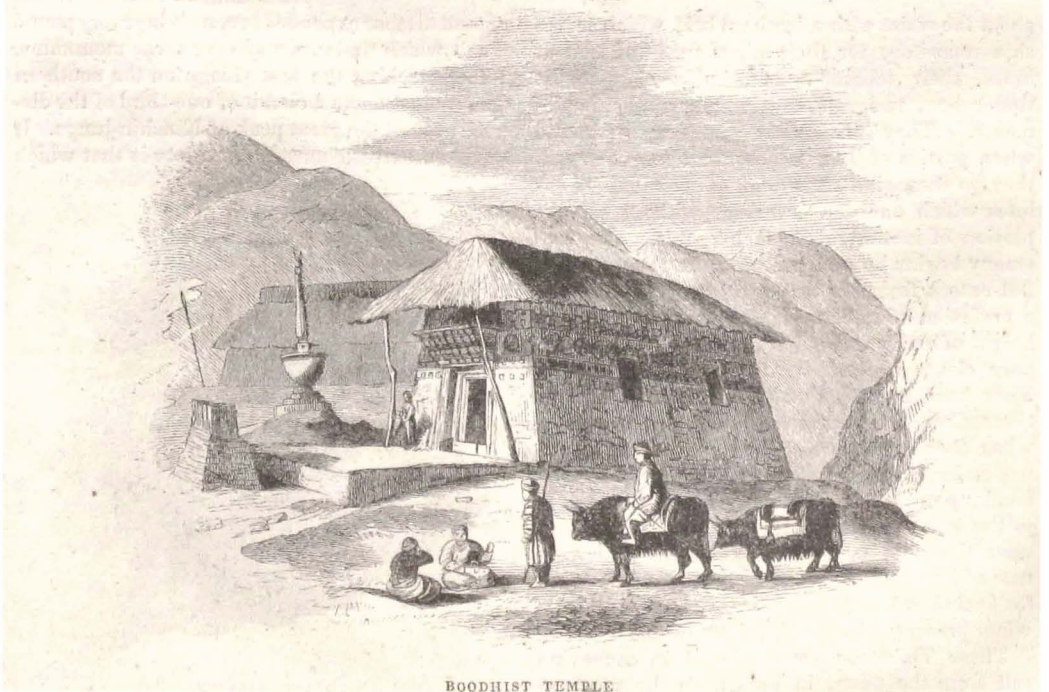
THIBET MASTIFF.

keeps nearest to the summit; avoiding the descent of the valleys which radiate in every direction. The actual distance traveled is not more than fifty miles in a straight line, but to accomplish this at least a hundred and fifty miles must be traversed, involving an amount of labor which would accomplish at least twice as far over tolerable roads. So that in effect the salt is conveyed on the backs of men and animals a distance of fully three hundred miles before reaching the nearest point of the country where it is to be consumed. This occupies under the most favorable circumstances ten days, making no allowance for any interval of rest. After the first day the path in no case descends lower than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and at least four passes covered with perpetual snow are to be traversed, all of which attain an altitude of more than 15,000 feet, as high as the summit of Mont Blanc, while one, the Kanglechen Pass, is 16,500 feet above the sea. Perhaps no better idea can be formed of the gigantic scale upon which Nature has here wrought, than by comparing the Himalayas with the Alps. The circuit of Mont Blanc may be accomplished in four days, while at least a month must be occupied in making that of Kinchinjunga.

By way of specimen of life in the Himalayas, let us look at one of the villages of the mountains. It shall be that of Wallanchoon, in the kingdom of Nepaul. It stands ten thousand feet and more above the level of the sea, say half a mile above the convent of Saint Bernard. The few trees which find rooting upon the steep mountain sides look gaunt and haggard; long streamers of lichen, bleached by exposure to sun and wind, float from the naked branches. The village lies in a plain sown over with huge boulders that have from age

to age been loosened from the heights around. The houses creep up the mountain side. They are gayly painted and ornamented with poles, from which streamers float in the sharp mountain breeze. You might almost suppose that a fleet of Noah's arks, as that vessel is represented in old Dutch Bibles, had somehow got stranded among the mountains. The buildings are formed of pine planks set upright, the interstices being filled with compost. The roofs are low pitched, covered with shingles, loaded with large stones to keep them from blowing away. A narrow slit, closed with a shutter, answers the purpose of a window. As we pass through the narrow streets groups of swarthy, bear-eyed Thibetans salute us with their deferential *kotowing*. By way of public buildings there are a number of *manis*, square-roofed temples containing rows of praying cylinders, five or six feet high, gaudily painted, some turned by hand, others by water; and *mendongs*, blank walls, upon which are painted the universal Bhoodist formula, *Om Mani Padmi om*—"Hail to him of the lotus flower and the jewel."

High above the level of the dwellings a long low convent building sits perched. Few things are more noticeable than the frequency of temples and monasteries all through the mountains. The principal establishment is at Tassiding, upon a spur which shoots down from the flanks of Kinchinjunga. Here are three temples, with the corresponding houses for the Lamas. They are singular-looking structures, built of huge stones, the walls sloping upward from their base upon the outside, though they are perpendicular within. The roof is low and thickly thatched, projecting eight or ten feet beyond the walls. A ladder upon the outside gives access to a small



BOODHIST TEMPLE



VESTIBULE OF TEMPLE.

garret under the roof, inhabited by the attendant monks. Passing through the outer door, we enter a vestibule in which are tall praying machines, which are kept continually turning, and the quantity of prayer and supplication thus ground out is astonishing. From this vestibule the main body of the temple is entered by folding doors studded with copper bosses. The walls and floor are plastered over with clay, upon which are depicted allegorical representations of Boodh, and various other figures. The pillars and cross beams are ornamented with brilliant colors, vermilion, green, gold, and azure, disposed in masses of color, with slender streaks of white between. In the general arrangement of the colors, particularly in separating the heavier masses of color, they have in a measure anticipated those principles of decorative art adopted in the Great Exhibition of London.

The altars and images are placed opposite the entrance. The chief image is placed behind the altar, under a canopy. He is represented sitting cross-legged, with the left heel elevated, the corresponding hand resting on the thigh. In this hand he holds the *padmi*, or sacred lotus and jewel. The right hand is either raised in benediction, or holds the *dorje*, or thunderbolt. On either side of him are arranged the lesser divinities and saints, male and female. In portraying the aspect of the divinities, the aim of the artist seems to have been to represent them with an air of calm and serene contemplation.

It must be borne in mind that, properly speaking, the Boodhists are not idolaters. The images are not idols; they are objects of reverence, not of adoration. In theory at least, no image is anything more than the symbol of the being in whose honor it is erected; a token to remind the wor-

shippers of the holy person to whom alone the adoration is given.

One must be cold and unimaginative if his deepest emotions are not stirred when standing among the memorials of a faith which counts more votaries than any other upon the globe. Turn which way you will the eye is met by some beautiful specimen of carving or coloring. The dim light which finds its way through the narrow windows pierced in the thick walls subdues into harmony much that would seem harsh and glaring if beheld under a stronger light. Incense and sweet-smelling herbs, burned by the priests on entering, add no little to the general effect, harmonizing with the grave and decorous deportment of the worshipers. In some respects the Lamas have engrafted the peculiarities of the old religion of the mountains upon the purer and more spiritual doctrines of Boodhism. Perhaps out of complaisance to the instinctive feelings of the people, they still make offerings and present supplications to the spirits who preside over Kinchin-junga and his giant brotherhood of peaks. And in the solemn presence of those great summits which rise in perpetual solitude, as inaccessible to any living thing of earth as are the calm stars, it is almost impossible for us not to feel sympathy with the belief that peoples them with beings of a higher order than ourselves, whose serene existence knows none of the cares and anxieties which disturb our mortal life. Though we can not embrace we must yet sympathize with these fair humanities of old religion.

In the temple worship there are few or no traces of this admixture of foreign elements. As you enter you see a group of Lamas sitting cross-legged upon benches running along the side of the apartment. One, with finger upraised in the



THIBETAN MONKS AND LAMAS.

attitude of enforcing attention, is reading aloud from some sacred book. After a while all join in chanting a hymn, while the attendant boys beat the gongs and cymbals, blow the conches and thigh-bone trumpets, and wheel the *manis*, every stroke of whose tinkling bells announces that the supplications of the audience have again ascended to the deity.

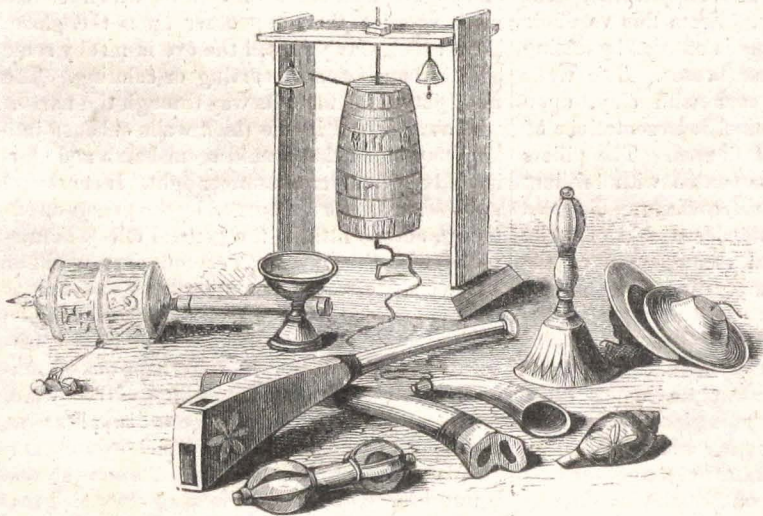
The sacred implements in these temples are curious enough. First in importance is the *mani*, or praying machine. It is a cylinder of leather, of any size up to that of a large barrel or even

out an amount of supplication too great to be easily estimated. There is another kind borne in the hand, which can be made to revolve by a very slight movement of the owner. These are usually carried about by the wandering priests, half mountebank, half Lama, and whole beggar, who perambulate the country, managing to pick up a very comfortable subsistence, though they not unfrequently present a very dilapidated appearance in the matter of clothing. If these cylinders do their work in a satisfactory manner—and those who use them have no doubts on that score—no

labor-saving machine ever invented can begin to compare with them. What is a sewing machine that makes a thousand stitches a minute, a printing machine that throws off twenty thousand sheets in an hour, compared with an instrument which repeats all the supplications in the prayer-book as often as a cylinder can be made to revolve on its axis!

The implement next in importance to the *mani* is the trumpet, made of a human thigh bone, perforated through both condyles.

These are often handsomely mounted and decorated with silver. There is some peculiar sanctity attached to the bones of a Lama which is held to give a special efficacy to the trumpets manufactured from them. It can not fail to be vastly consolatory to these holy men to reflect that not only are their throats exercised in performing the sacred offices while they are living, but for generations after they are dead their bones will still continue to enact an important part in divine worship. We have heard of enthusiastic devotees of science who derived great pleasure from the hope that after their death



SACRED IMPLEMENTS, IN BOODHIST TEMPLES.

hogshead, placed vertically upon an axis, so that it may revolve with facility. It is often painted in brilliant colors, and is inscribed with the universal *Om Mani Padmi om*. Written prayers are deposited within this cylinder, which is made to revolve by pulling a string attached to a crank. An iron arm projecting from the side of the cylinder strikes a small bell at each revolution, and any one who pulls the string properly is supposed to have repeated all the prayers contained in the cylinder at every stroke of the bell. Some of these machines are put in motion by water-power, and thus turn

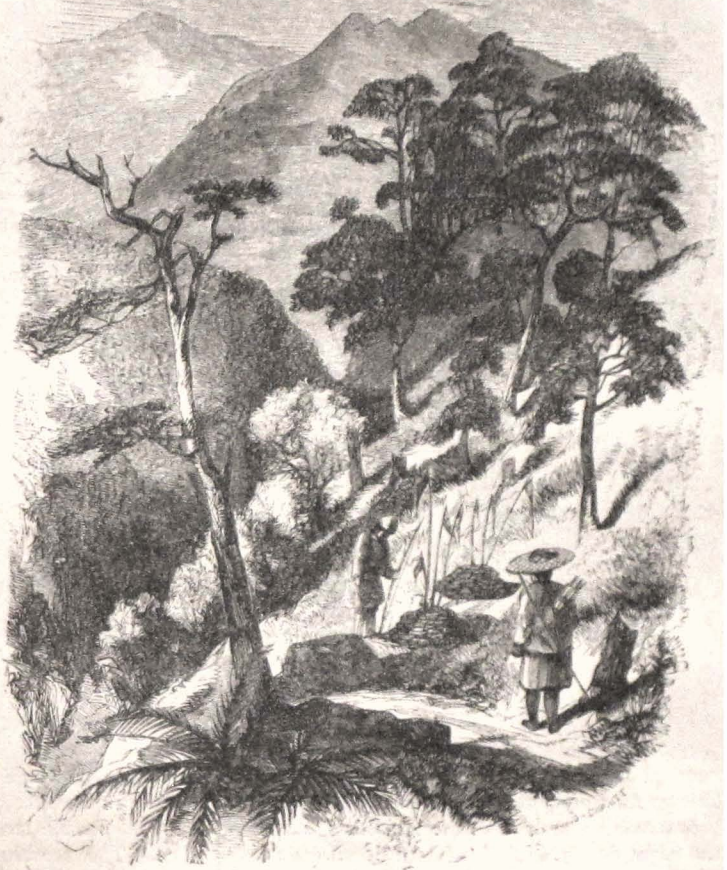
their bodies might subserve the cause to which they were devoted, by finding their way to the dissecting room; and that many a lesson upon anatomy would be illustrated by means of their skeletons in a lecture-room. This is doubtless a noble function for one's body to perform, but it hardly equals that to which any Lama may reasonably hope his thigh-bones may attain. Nor is this honor exclusively destined for the Lamas. Bones of unusual size are in great demand. Any man who chances to be gifted with limbs of extraordinary length may hope to attain this pre-eminence. In fact, in a country where saints are more common than giants, an inch or two in the length of a bone will counterbalance a number of degrees of sanctity. The first European who died at Dorjiling was a man of extraordinary stature, and it is confidently affirmed that his body was dug up by some enthusiastic resurrectionists, for the sake of converting his thigh-bones into trumpets.

In addition to the *manis* and trumpets, the principal implements of worship found in the Boodhist temples are the *dorje*, or double thunderbolt—which the Lamas use much as the Catholic priests do the cross—bells, cymbals, gongs, conch-shells, and brazen cups. These latter are perhaps intended to represent the sacred lotus, which bears so important a part in Boodhist mythology.

Some of the temples are very humble edifices, consisting merely of a building of a single room, with sliding shutters over the window-slits, furnished in a rude manner; but the implements of worship correspond in general to those found in temples of more pretension, though of smaller size and cheaper construction. Even in these there are not unfrequently implements of no little beauty, and the worship is performed with as much apparent earnestness and solemnity as in the larger structures. The most singular religious structures are the praying-mills which occur at intervals along the courses of the mountain torrents. They consist simply of a slight hut built over the stream, large enough to contain a *mani*. The shaft descends through the floor, and being provided with floats at the lower extremity, dipping into the water, the cylinder is kept in con-

stant motion, praying away night and day on its own account, or for the benefit of whom it may concern.

Besides these religious edifices, in traversing the steep mountain paths we frequently encounter rude memorials, consisting merely of a pile of stones, from which projects a staff ornamented with a streamer. The Lepchas never pass these



LEPCHA DEVOTIONS.

without pausing for a moment to go through with their devotions. They walk slowly around them three times, always from left to right, repeating the mystical *Om padmi*; then pause with heads bowed and pigtails streaming behind, apparently repeating their prayers; and conclude the ceremony by making a votive offering of three pine cones. The ceremony concluded, they walk off, smirking, grinning, nodding, and elevating the corners of their eyes, in the joyful consciousness of having performed their religious duties in the most edifying and satisfactory manner.

During our naturalist's journeyings he was presented to the Rajah of Sikkim. The reader must not imagine that the ceremony was very pompous or imposing; for the country is very small and thinly inhabited. Still there are formalities to be observed every where in approaching royal personages; and as constant botanizing and geo-

logizing in all sorts of rough places had reduced the shooting-jacket which he wore to a state of woeful dilapidation, the Doctor was obliged to borrow a coat for the reception. He likewise furnished himself with a quantity of red cloth and beads by way of presents, and was ushered into the presence of royalty. The audience-room was merely a shed, some twenty feet in length, made of bamboos, and wattled up at the sides. The royal body-guard just then on duty consisted of a couple of soldiers in red jackets, with bows slung over their shoulders. His Majesty, how-

gar an action as dying; but some day, when he had become tired of his earthly tabernacle and pink hat, would just shift them both, and reappear somewhere else, in a new body and a fresh hat to match.

In the mean while, like many another sainted sovereign—such for instance as the “royal martyr” Charles I. of England, and Saint Louis XVI. of France—he had suffered his dominions to fall into a rather bad way. He had by way of Dewan, or Prime Minister, a certain Thibetan, who contrived to display upon the limited stage to which

he was restricted all the vices proper to a royal favorite. As a natural consequence, he was thoroughly detested, and the court of Tumlong became the scene of intrigues as busy as those of Paris or Vienna.

It was a great point with the Dewan to prevent any interview between the Rajah and the English Resident at Dorjiling. When, after a while, the interview was appointed to be held at a little town situated on the banks of a river which formed the boundary between the dominions of the Rajah and the acquisitions of his European neighbors, the Minister tried every means to frustrate it.

Arrows were shot over



SIKKIM SOLDIERS.

ever, possesses a few Sepoys armed with muskets. As they entered the audience-chamber, they saw a score or so of the Rajah's relatives—the royal family, in fact—drawn up on each side of the apartment. At the further end was a wicker platform covered with purple silk, embroidered in white and gold; above this was a tattered blue canopy. This platform was the throne, and upon it was seated cross-legged an insignificant, funny-looking old fellow, whose little angular eyes winked and twinkled like stars in a cold night. He wore a robe of yellow silk, and had upon his head a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat of pink silk, covered with tassels of silken floss. The wearer of this very juvenile costume had apparently passed man's allotted three-score years and ten, without having picked up much wisdom by the way. He was a great saint, and quite above attending to any sublunary business, but kept himself in a state of serene self-contemplation; and, as his subjects believed, was quite prepared to be absorbed in the divine essence of Boodh. They thought that he was something quite out of the common way, who could not think of doing so common-place and vul-

the stream, to which were attached letters urging the visitors to return, and demonstrating that it was quite impossible that the interview should take place. The reasons assigned were conclusive enough, though hardly consistent with each other. One letter would solemnly assert that the Rajah was very sick at his capital; the next would just as solemnly declare that he had gone to Thibet, whence he would not return for nobody knew how long. This was scarcely read and considered before another missive would be sent over announcing that he was deeply engaged in his devotions, and could by no possibility receive the foreigners, and so on.

Finding at last that the interview could not be prevented, the Dewan concluded to be present. He made his appearance in the audience-chamber clothed in a superb robe of purple silk wrought with gold, and gave the visitors a very cool reception. He had contrived to have the articles they had brought for the Rajah delivered before the audience was granted, instead of during its continuance, thus giving them the appearance of being intended as tribute rather than as presents. He managed to have the interview cut down to a

brief period. As a signal for its close white silken scarfs were thrown over the shoulders of the visitors, to whom presents were also made, consisting of China silks, bricks of tea, cattle, ponies, and a quantity of the precious commodity, salt.

This was in December, 1848. The whole of the ensuing year was spent by Dr. Hooker in traversing the mountains in various directions, making botanical and geological collections. The Dewan was much opposed to these journeyings, and succeeded on some occasions in throwing se-

rious obstacles in their way. At length, at the close of the following year, he ventured upon a decisive step, which ultimately lead to his disgrace and ruin. In company with the English Resident, together with a considerable party, the Doctor was on his way to the capital of the Rajah, when they were all suddenly seized by a band of the followers of the Dewan, and detained as prisoners, in the hope of extorting certain stipulations which the Minister was very desirous of gaining. They were carried to the capital, and



RESIDENCE OF THE RAJAH, AND HUT ASSIGNED TO THE PRISONERS.

kept in close confinement for a month, though subjected to no very serious ill-treatment. The Doctor spent the time in making meteorological observations, playing upon a sort of Jew's harp, and smoking. At length the news reached the Rajah that the English were actually sending a body of troops to punish him for his seizure of their representative. He became terribly frightened, and packed the prisoners off with all the haste he could muster. The Dewan was disgraced, and his property taken from him, in punishment for having led his master into such a difficulty. The upshot of the matter was that the English government seized upon a portion of the Rajah's territories, lying at the foot of the mountains, which they formally annexed to their own dominions. The process of annexation was performed in a very summary manner. Four policemen marched in solid phalanx up to the treasury, of which they took formal possession in the name of the British government, announcing to the inhabitants of the district that the territory was confiscated: an arrangement in which they acquiesced with the most perfect equanimity. It is but fair to add that the amount of treasure which fell into their hands was hardly sufficient to fig-

ure in the Parliamentary Blue Book. The exact sum is stated to have been twelve shillings.

Here we must part with our worthy friend the Doctor. We have abstained from all mention of his scientific labors. Those who would know how he botanized and geologized, watched the thermometer and barometer, registered the rain gauge, measured the heights of mountains and the depth of valleys, will find all these particulars laid down in his "Journals." After exhausting the natural history of the Himalayas, he had still a year at his disposal. Bhotan and Nepal were untrodden fields; but no European could visit them without imminent peril. So he decided upon the Khasia Mountains, at the head of the great delta of the Ganges and the Burrampooter. He descended the Himalayas, floated down the Ganges to Calcutta, where he was greeted by a box of living American plants, which had been brought in a frozen state in a vessel laden with ice from Wenham Lake. This ice is much used by physicians in cases of inflammation, and sells in the Calcutta market for a penny sterling a pound. From Calcutta he proceeded to his new field of research, whither we will not now follow him.