



Palyapattura on the Ganges.

Erich Schönberg

TRAVELS

IN

INDIA AND KASHMIR.

BY

THE BARON ERICH VON SCHONBERG.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TRAVELS

IN

INDIA AND KASHMIR.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Madras — Passengers on board the 'Eliza' — Pilot-ship — The monsoon — Imminent danger—A strange cry from the sea — The Lieutenant's conduct—Fate of the 'Maria'—Peculiarities of our Lieutenant—Conduct of the Captain.

I EMBARKED from Madras on board the good ship 'Eliza,' which had left England with passengers, bound for Calcutta, and stopped on her way at Madras. The monsoon had not yet set in, the weather was beautiful, and the first days

of our voyage were delightful. The company on board was numerous, and, excepting myself, consisted exclusively of ladies and gentlemen all fresh from England. Six days passed pleasantly away. Favoured by the wind we made rapid progress, and were already advancing to the mouth of the Ganges, when we became conscious of some atmospheric changes. The air was dark, and though no heavy clouds were to be seen, the sun was no longer visible, the whole aspect of the heavens was of a sombre hue. Experienced seamen might have divined that these appearances foreboded a change in the weather, perhaps the approach of the monsoon; but the captain and officers of the 'Eliza' entertained no such apprehensions. Not only were they undisturbed, but seemed glad to be relieved from the inconvenience created by the rays of an almost vertical sun.

A large pilot-ship is constantly cruising off Sandheads, at a considerable distance out at sea, within sight of the mouth of the Hoogly, in order to furnish ships, bound on that course, with pilots. These ships are appointed by the East India Company, and are provided

with experienced seamen. We had met one from which we had taken a midshipman and pilot.

In the afternoon of the day following that on which we took the pilot on board, a steamer bound for Calcutta passed close to Sandheads. The captain and several of the passengers, wishing to shorten the voyage, stepped into the steamer. The ship was now making very little way. The first lieutenant was appointed to take the captain's place, and under the direction of the pilot, to manage the ship. The strangely sombre aspect of the heavens had been daily increasing, and we were at length convinced beyond all doubt that the trade winds had set in, and were likely to be more violent than usual. The weather was growing hourly worse, the sea was in wild commotion, the ship was kept close to the wind, everything indicated an approaching storm, and the monotonous tone in which the midshipman, who was throwing out the lead, declared the result of his observations, was listened to with momentarily increasing attention.

We were now above Sandheads, near

Kedgeree, when the clouds, bursting asunder, descended in angry showers. Many of the passengers who had remained on deck hastened below, resolved to await the event in the cabin. I have been often on shipboard in similar circumstances, and am convinced that the seamen need less moral courage in the midst of a storm than do the passengers. The sense of danger is lessened by active occupation; and the man who feels he *can* do something, is not wholly void of hope even in the most imminent peril. It is, in my opinion, always preferable to stare danger boldly in the face; and I have ever considered the position of theatrical heroines unnatural, who, stationary in a chamber, are informed by somebody looking over a battlement, or through a window, of terrified scenes passing without, of lances glancing, axes striking, heads knocked off, and blood flowing. A feeling of terror may be awakened by these descriptions; but looking on the reality calls forth an excitement in which the sense of danger is lost.

Acting on this principle, I remained on deck, feeling some curiosity to know whether it was on the right or the left, head foremost or heels upper-

most, that we were to sink into the deep. There are moments in life in which we seem to touch that dark bourne which hems in our mortal existence, and as I stood upon the poop with the pilot and first lieutenant, I felt that such a moment was come for me. The storm was raging violently, the rain poured in torrents, as the pilot, with a serious and almost solemn aspect, turning to the first lieutenant, asked him if he were certain that the depth of water reported to him was correct, when the last sounding had been taken, and whether there was more water in the pumps.

Though the answers to these questions were satisfactory, the carpenter offered to ascertain once more the exact depth of the water. The result was soon known, the exact depth was estimated, and the pilot informed the first lieutenant that two courses remained, either of which they could follow. One was to proceed farther on to a place where the river took an easterly direction, and there to anchor; but to go farther would be impossible. This course however presented some difficulties. We should pass, at a spot that lay within view, over a sand-

bank, where the water at that time was of a certain depth, but which was every moment decreasing in consequence of the ebb which had set in, so that if we did not get over the sand-bank within a few minutes, it would be useless to attempt the passage. But to reach the spot indicated, working against the stream, it would be necessary to set all our sail, and the question now was whether the ship could bear so great a press of canvas under such a sky. If the lieutenant would undertake to answer for the ship's capability the pilot was certain of bringing her safely through, but a failure in the attempt, the straining or breaking of a mast, would be the ship's death-knell.

This was one of the chances that remained to us. The other which the pilot proposed was to cast anchor at the left bank of the river, but there we would be exposed to the full fury of the approaching storm, nor was it certain that the ship could hold her mooring under such circumstances; so that, however unpromising the first project appeared, it was still the most feasible, provided that the ship could bear the necessary canvas.

Our first lieutenant was such a man as Marryat describes an English seaman of the genuine 'old stamp. Thoroughly well informed about everything connected with the service in which he was engaged, and so absorbed therein that he seemed to be unconscious of any other kind of existence, which was doubtless the reason why his knowledge in all matters unconnected with his professional duties was much inferior to that of the second lieutenant and the mates—with a liveliness of manner and a warmth of feeling that the English seldom display, the first lieutenant answered the inquiries of the pilot. He was certain of the capability of his ship. With tears in his eyes, he exclaimed: "Believe me, my 'Eliza' will carry her sails; I depend upon her; she'll do it, she'll do it; I depend upon her, she has proved through many a blast what she can do."

The maiden of his choice could not desire a warmer tribute of love and tenderness than the worthy lieutenant poured forth in praise of his ship. "If you are certain of this, Mr. —," answered the pilot, "trim your ship, cover her with canvas to the topmost

spar ; we have no time to lose, every second is precious.”

The “ all hands up” of the first lieutenant, called into action every sailor on board. The boatswain blew his whistle, pulleys darted along the ropes, and every sail was unfurled. The wind whistled through the rigging and blustered in the swelling canvas, the masts bent almost to the deck, and the ship, like some great bird of prey, with outstretched wings, dashed through the foaming billows. At every rope stood a man ; a deathlike stillness reigned throughout the ship ; but distinctly amidst the loud roaring of the storm, the pilot’s voice was heard as he gave directions to the helmsman, or the command of the first lieutenant as he ordered a rope to be tightened, whilst the monotonous voice in which he who was casting the lead announced the sounding, toned ominously along the decks.

It was easy to read upon each seaman’s countenance, that the danger became every moment more imminent, and as we approached the post where the water was shallowest, many a one on board fancied that he saw the sandy bottom of

the deep smiling treacherously at arm's length. We had three fathoms and one foot of water under the keel. Success depended upon promptitude and skill, and scarcely had we reached the spot which we most feared when the peril was already behind us. Every sail and every rope was strained to bursting, and in a few minutes we were again in deep water, and favoured by a sweep in the bank, found ourselves somewhat sheltered from the weather. Indeed, in comparison with the danger which we had already passed, we could almost fancy ourselves in a commodious haven, and as orders were given to cast anchor, a feeling of security and thankfulness pervaded every bosom on board. This occurred on Sunday, the eighth day after our departure from Madras.

The weather became calmer, and continued so during some hours, but a thick falling rain prevented our seeing a ship's length before us, though from time to time a momentary clearing of this rain-fog, permitted us to look around. The prospect, however, was far from being consoling to persons in our position. We had thrown out but one anchor. It was a heavy

and a good one. Our very lives depended upon that anchor's taking hold, and upon the strength of the chain cable. We began to fancy that the ship was drifting, but of this we could not be sure. Some additional fathoms of cable were thrown out, and every preparation made on board that the circumstances required. It is not my intention to narrate the events of each day, but to make a record of circumstances where truth needs not the embellishment of fancy's fairy pencil.

Our position became every hour more critical. On the third day we were of opinion that the anchor had not taken hold, and that we had moved from our first position. The question now arose what was to be done, and here I must remark that the opinion of the pilot, though differing from that of all the others, was correct, as the event proved. Every one else on board believed that the first anchor had not taken hold, and that a second ought to be thrown out. In the ship were two large anchors and three small ones. The latter could be of no service in our present circumstances. The officers of the ship, as well as the passengers and the crew, wished

that a second anchor should be thrown out ; but the pilot took a different view of the matter, and said that, admitting that the ship drifted a little, still as the anchor had now lain three days it must have taken hold. As to the second anchor, he was of opinion that if the first had not taken hold neither would the second, in which case it would be useless ; but that if the first were firm, there was danger that the second might come in contact with and shake it from its place. Besides straining the cable of the second was not to be thought of, so that in any case we were dependant on the first.

As terror will not listen to reason, the pilot was obliged to yield, however well-grounded his opinion might be. He did so with a very good grace, and allowed the anchor to be lowered on the windward side. The first anchor had been lowered with sixty-four fathoms of chain cable, the second with fifty-two fathoms which with the anchor was a very great weight.

About eight o'clock on Wednesday, the carpenter announced that the cable threatened to snap. The weather was this day exceedingly bad, and as all our hopes of security rested on

the first anchor, every link of the cable had been examined with the greatest care, and those which did not appear quite trustworthy had been replaced by others. It might be looked upon as an interposition of Heaven, that upon one link, the strength of which was considered doubtful, a rope cable and patent stopper had been fixed, though sailors place little faith in the latter, and generally consider it useless.

During the night we began to suspect that the 'Lord Western,' the ship lying nearest to us, was drifting, and about eleven o'clock next day our suspicions were confirmed. The cables had given way, and the ship drifted past us, amidst violent rain and a furious storm. In a little time, the ship, still within sight of us, presented the appearance of a wreck, but it was wholly out of our power to think of rendering assistance.

About twelve o'clock, a violent shock announced that our cable had given way. The chain was broken, but the patent stopper had kept its hold. A new chain was attached, and many voiceless apologies were made to the patent stopper for previous disrespect. The sea was

still in wild commotion, and planks and spars, scattered far and wide, bore evidence of the desolation it had caused.

On Thursday afternoon, during a short clearing-up of the skies, a ship passed us so closely that we could recognise the people on board, and by means of speaking-trumpets a communication was established. The ship was the 'Maria,' coming from Calcutta with a cargo for England. The captain, whose name I forget, had just got married and the bride was on board. The ship was gaily decorated in honour of the new-married pair, and the poop, covered with flowers and odoriferous shrubs, gave to the quarter-deck the appearance of a pleasure-garden. What a mournful contrast were these nuptial ornaments to the perilous condition in which we saw the ship. And the poor bride! What were her feelings?

The 'Maria' had broken from her moorings, had lost three anchors, and the fourth, a small one, was still on board. Her only hope in such circumstances was to stand out to sea. On her way she passed us very close. We had now been five days at anchor, and during that time

had heard many signals of distress, though the weather was such that we could seldom see whence they came. When a short gleam of fair weather allowed us a wider prospect, we had a sad vision of ships stranded or lying at anchor still battling with the waves. These bursts of brightness were of short duration; they sometimes lasted a quarter, sometimes half an hour, after which our view was again circumscribed by a thickened atmosphere. When once more the lifting of that dark veil permitted us to look around, the fragments of ships thrown on every side spoke but too plainly of the ruin that had prevailed. Masts and spars, chests, utensils of various kinds, beams and planks, were floating in every direction. How natural was it to inquire: "Where are those who embarked with these lifeless things?" Attached to one of the floating masts, I saw a sailor's blue woollen cap.

On the evening of the day that the 'Maria' passed us, I was sitting with the first lieutenant at a side-table in the great cabin directly before a large oval window. It was past eleven o'clock. All had retired to rest, except the man who

kept watch on deck; the lamps burned clearly, and the storm seemed to have abated somewhat. The conversation between the lieutenant and myself was carried on by fits and starts, and we had gradually sunk into silence, each absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly I thought I heard a sound rising from the waters, and a similar sound immediately following, confirmed me in my belief. The first lieutenant, who was sitting at the opposite side of the table, and as near to the window as I, seemed not to have heard anything. I told him that I thought I heard a voice amid the roaring of the waves. He said that he had not heard it, that I might be deceived by the varying sound of the wind.

We again relapsed into thought, when once more the same tone coming from the sea towards the ship, struck my ear, and I now felt convinced that it was a human voice. I said so to the first lieutenant, and that the cry seemed to become weaker. Anybody who has been on board a ship beaten by the waves, with the wind whistling through the rigging, will admit that the human voice.

amid such uproar, is scarcely audible. The lieutenant was positive that I was in error, and that the voice, if one I had heard, must have come from deck. Though convinced of my being deceived, he went on deck, saying that he would order a Bengal-light to be kindled, and a sharp look-out to be kept.

When I now look back to this event, it seems to me incomprehensible that I did not accompany the lieutenant in order to witness the search; but the events of the last five days had rendered me indifferent to things which at another time would have awakened my warmest interest. The mind after great excitement, suffers a reaction, which often induces a kind of lethargy, and to a feeling of this kind must I ascribe my remaining in the cabin whilst the lieutenant went on deck. I heard the voice of the man on watch answering his commander's inquiries. I saw the flare of the Bengal-light gleaming through the windows, and I remained tranquilly in the cabin. When the lieutenant returned, he said in reply to my inquiries that I had been mistaken, that if I had heard a voice it must

have come from deck. This explanation satisfied me fully, and the thing was soon forgotten.

The next morning came, but the weather was not better, indeed it seemed worse, except that the moments of clearness were of longer duration, and permitted us to take a steadier view of our companions in misfortune. We saw further down the river, the masts of many ships, of which the position was as perilous as our own. Some were lying on the side, others appeared to be drifting away. The ship 'Lord Western,' which lay nearest to us, made repeated signals of distress, but it was not in our power to go to her aid. Her masts were washed away, she seemed every moment on the point of going to pieces, and her deck was crowded with people, all waiting with longing, though almost despairing hearts for relief.

On this very day, a steamer appeared in sight. She had been sent from Calcutta, to make a report of the state of the vessels, and to offer help where it was most needed. The 'Lord Western' lay near us in momentarily

increasing distress. The steamer endeavoured to get near her, but failed. Something in her own machinery gave way, and she was obliged to return and cast anchor. The weather, though still stormy, was become milder, and on Saturday afternoon an attempt was made to send boats to the nearest wrecks.

To the honour of English seamen it must be said, that none are so ready as they to risk their lives for the safety of their fellow-men. So many had offered to go, that when the boats were ready, the lieutenant was obliged to compel some to remain behind. The second lieutenant had the command of the boat, and managed to reach the ship through a heavy sea. When our boat had returned successfully from her trip, another ship, the 'Union,' ventured to put out her boats, and even the 'Lord Western' imitated the example, so that on Saturday evening many of the crew were brought on board the 'Eliza,' and on Sunday the work was completed, the crew and passengers being all safely removed from the wreck.

Who does not raise his heart with thankfulness to Heaven, when, after having lived through the perils of a sea-storm, he finds himself again enjoying the sunshine of a calm summer day. Never did Sunday morning appear to me so lovely; and before noon our deck was thronged with a busy multitude, all anxious to find a spot on which to fix a Hindoo kitchen. The greater number of the soldiers belonged to that sect. Their religious code commands them to eat their meals off the earth, and in order to comply with this injunction, two sacks of clay had been procured, that they might be able to fulfil literally their religious obligations.

The removal of the persons from the 'Lord Western' afforded me an explanation of the sounds I had heard from the cabin of our ship a few nights previously, and to which I have already alluded. The cry which I had supposed to be that of a human being, was really such, and proceeded from the mate of the ship 'Maria,' which had passed us in the forenoon bedecked with flowers. In a few hours that ship became the prey of the waves,

and the mate, laying hold of a plank, was the only one of the crew who survived. Beaten about during some time by the waves, he at length reached our ship. The Bengal-fire was lighted, his cry was responded to; but when, whilst trying to clamber into the vessel, he told that he was a shipwrecked mariner, he was rudely repulsed, and betaking himself again to his plank, he happily reached the ship 'Union.' Instructed by a bitter experience, he no longer announced himself as shipwrecked, but said that he had fallen overboard, upon which a rope was thrown him, and his life was saved. Once on deck, he avowed who he was, and related how he had been thrust away from the 'Eliza.'

If I had not been witness of the fact, I never could have believed that superstition was able to blind men to such a degree. Our first lieutenant and his crew believed that no one could take from the sea that which the sea had once received without bringing misfortune on himself and his ship.

In the course of this day our excellent lieutenant gave another proof of his extreme

narrow-mindedness. Yet I must say the man was not hard-hearted, nor did he appear unfeeling, but he was wrapped in the darkest superstition.

Amongst the sailors who came on board our ship from the 'Lord Western,' was one who had an ape. When the lieutenant saw the poor animal, he uttered an exclamation, and declared that it should be sent back to the wreck, that he wished to save human beings and not beasts. It was in vain that the second lieutenant assured him that there were no more human beings to be saved, our enlightened commander raved, would not listen to any explanation, declaring that the beast, as he called the ape, should be sent back at any risk.

The ape seemed to be aware that he was a subject of contention, and as the sailors showed no inclination to interfere, the lieutenant resolved to put his own hand to the work; but as he made a step towards his chattering enemy, the monkey sprang upon the mast, and mounted nimbly into the rigging. Sailors were dispatched with orders

to bring him down at any cost ; but at the moment when any of his pursuers reached the spar on which he sat, the monkey, a far more expert climber than any on board, bounded lightly upon another. In short, it seemed that all hope of capturing him was vain.

The lieutenant was distracted with rage, he swore, he cursed, he stormed ; but as all this did not bring him an inch nearer to the monkey, he descended to his cabin, and returned in a few minutes armed with two long pistols, intent upon shooting the monkey. This attempt would perhaps have been as useless as had been his efforts to capture him ; when, seeing that the affair was now assuming a serious aspect, the master of the monkey, an English seaman, stepped forward, and assured the first lieutenant that he should be obeyed, and that the monkey should be sent back. But he declared at the same time that he would not remain in a ship where such things were done, that he would prefer returning with his ape to the wreck where his captain still was. He fulfilled his threat,

and stepped with his ape into a boat which was returning to the wreck, to bring away some casks of provisions and water which still remained there.

We were busied this afternoon and the greater part of the following day, in making preparations for the continuance of our voyage. It was with difficulty that the anchor was raised; but when it was, the correctness of our pilot's judgment was fully proved. The second anchor had not taken hold, the first was quite firm. The bad weather had done much damage. Many ships were stranded, many had gone to the bottom. It was said in Calcutta that during that storm one hundred and twenty ships were lost.

There was not a man on board the 'Eliza' who did not look upon the pilot as an instrument in the hands of Providence for our deliverance, and much were we all surprised to hear the captain, who came into the ship as we approached Calcutta, make the most bitter reproaches to our trusty guide. He declared that it was his fault that the ship had not arrived long before, and ascribed to

his mismangement all the loss that the delay had caused him.

Amongst the passengers on board the 'Eliza,' with whom I made an intimate acquaintance, was an Irishman, Lieutenant Bernard,* of the 31st. I remember that he and I afterwards, when in Calcutta, spoke with the pilot of these things, and expressed our astonishment at the captain's conduct.

The pilot said that he had not been in the least surprised; "and," continued he, "you may remember that I had previously expressed my opinion of the reception which I might expect from him. It is so with all captains of merchantmen. In order that they may not appear indebted to us, they generally give the affair this turn, attributing to us all the damage which may have occurred, and doling out our well-earned pay, as if it were unlawful pelf.

* Peace to thy ashes! How dear is thy memory to me! Thou hast found thy last deep sleep on the battlefield of Mardki.

CHAPTER II.

Calcutta—City of palaces—Fruits—Fish—Inhabitants
—Annoyances from servants—Disagreement with
boatmen—Boat agents—Portuguese mixed blood—
After many discussions, I proceed up the Hoogly—
Serampore—Bahlpore—Chandernagur—Chinsurah
—A Munschi—Nuddea—Indian children speaking
English—Difficulty of inducing a boy to enter my
service—Arrival in Murschedabad.

FOR the traveller just escaped from shipwreck and drowning, it may be supposed that even the most barren spot of land would possess attraction. I must, however, confess that my fancy had lent so warm a hue to the descriptions which I had heard of the environs of Calcutta, that the sight of the reality brought

only disappointment. I had heard of a "City of palaces," but when I looked around, I came to the conclusion that the inhabitants of Calcutta believed themselves worthy to abide in kingly dwellings, and that *en attendant* their actual erection, these noble edifices floated in the airy imaginations of their future possessors. The scenery on the banks of the river is not deficient in beauty; and as we drew nearer to the city, the prospect improved. Villages, villas, groves, and meadows lay stretched before us. We passed by the botanic gardens, which appeared to be stocked with Flora's rarest gifts.

On my arrival at Calcutta, which is about fifty miles from the sea, I took up my abode in Spencer's hotel, a respectable establishment, not far from the Government House. I do not intend to give a description of the town, of the hospitals, esplanades, schools, &c., of which an account can be found in almost every book that treats of India. Neither shall I expatiate upon the fruits, the ananas, plantains, mangos, pome-lòs, melons, oranges, custard-apple and the lately imported Chinese plum, all of which, however, sink, in the estimation of the English

inhabitants of Bengal, when compared with the mango-fish, of the excellence of which his English friends are ready to make oath.

Ladies and gentlemen in Calcutta tell you very gravely that it is dangerous to eat of the large fish of that place, as they feed upon the dead bodies thrown into the Ganges, or which are washed down from the upper lands. The worthy narrators seem to forget that the small fish will not scruple to partake of the same fare.

The inhabitants of Calcutta, like those of all great cities, stand lower in the scale of morality than those of the provinces and country districts. The people of Calcutta and Bengal have the reputation of excelling the inhabitants of the rest of India in refinement. Indeed this superiority is remarkable even in the humblest classes ; and if I venture to give an opinion of the character of the people, I can say that I have paid for my experience.

I had for some time wished to take into my service, a young native, whom by kindness and benefits I might attach to me. It happened that I one day met in Calcutta, a young lad

between ten and twelve years of age, named Mongolkhan, whose frank and open countenance pleased me so much, that I hired him. After a few days, I asked him if he would accompany me on my journey. He consented, provided he obtained his father's permission, and that another Mussulman were of the party. To provide for this contingency, I had hired a Mussulman cook, an old Khitmatgar, who had been in England and in Germany. I gave him fourteen rupees per month, though eight are here considered very good pay. Mongolkhan had repeatedly assured me that he was satisfied to come.

The old Khitmatgar undertook to make some preparations for the journey. I gave him money to provide chests, which were indispensably necessary; but on the very morning on which we should have set out, he brought back the money, saying that the chests could not be ready in time. I expressed my surprise that he had not thought of these things before the day of our departure, a remark which so offended him, that it was with much difficulty his good humour was restored. The little Mongolkhan was present

at this conversation, but seemed to take no notice of what was going on. On my return from the city about four o'clock, I found my friend Bernard, who told me that he had been commissioned by my little servant to let me know, that he would not accompany me. I questioned Mongolkhan, but received no answer, and in a little time he also disappeared. I had ordered the tailor to provide his outfit, and had made other preparations for his comfort, but I never had the pleasure of seeing him again.

I met my old Khitmatgar in a bazaar, whither I had sent him some days before, to look after many things I wished to buy. He led me to some shops, where what I wanted was not to be had. I asked where I could buy the plates and glasses which would be needed on our journey. He very coolly inquired how many dozen of each I wished for, though he had himself told me that six flasks, two soup-plates and two dishes would suffice. I replied that I did not intend to buy these things by the dozen; upon which he said that as it was in this way only things were sold there, I might as well tell how many dozen I would take. For sole reply

I drew the curtains of my palanquin, flung myself back, and ordered my bearer to carry me home. I did not see my worthy Khitmatgar for three days, when he brought two Indian weapons for which I had bespoken sheaths, and requested payment for the time he had been in my service. When I began to express my opinion about his conduct and proceedings, he sprang outside the door and disappeared. I never saw him again. Another young man was brought me, named Latu ; he promised to be good ; I was credulous, and hired him as a bearer. I provided him with clothes for the journey, and gave him some money. Whether these gifts produced a disturbing effect upon his intellect, I know not ; but he disappeared in a few days, taking with him money and clothes, nor must I forget to say that at the same time two bank-notes vanished from my possession.

My next sample of Indian servants was an old man sent by Spencer, in whose hotel I lodged. I hired him at twelve rupees a month ; he had the air of a person who thinks himself of great consequence. He remained one day in my service, received two months' pay in advance,

and absconded. I saw him afterwards one day on the bank of the river. When he perceived me, he withdrew behind a willow, where I left him undisturbed.

I had, in conjunction with my friend Lieutenant Bernard, hired a boat for the prosecution of my journey up the Hoogly, and paid the greater part of the money in advance. Shortly before the time fixed for our departure, Lieutenant Bernard came to say, that in consequence of a change of orders he would not be able to accompany me. It was he who had made the arrangements with the boatmen, and it was in his name that a written contract had been drawn up with them. This did not seem to me to present any difficulty, as I supposed that I could easily find the boat; but great was my mistake. From Thursday to Sunday was lost in fruitless inquiries. Sometimes I was led up the banks of the river, sometimes down; many boats were shown me, but never the right one. At length, after a world of trouble, I found the
at for which I had paid. I fixed my departure for Sunday, and kept my appointment. When I arrived at the bank of the river, I was

carried four miles up to another boat, then two miles down to a second, and at last to a third. But none of them was that which I sought.

On Monday, I applied to my friend Bernard, begging that as the contract was drawn in his name, he would look after the matter. After many altercations, we were told that we must give up all hope of getting the boat we had been promised. We applied to the police, but were told that they had no power over the boatmen. Things continued in this state until Tuesday, when I applied to my friend — Gordon, Esq., begging him to inform me in what way I could obtain the assistance of the civil authorities. He assured me that if I applied to them, I could not expect any redress before fourteen days; however, through his intervention, our honest seamen promised to bring up the boat that evening, and to have everything in readiness for ten o'clock the following morning:

Being anxious to take possession, I went on board my budjerros early; but here new difficulties arose. The boat's agent had not given the men their pay, and I was obliged to wait for

hours until he could be found. It was now evident that all the falsehood and deception practised during the whole affair, were mainly attributable to the agent; indeed it would appear that the men had been only tools in his hands. I advised them to seize one of the people in the agent's employment. This was an old villain who had played the principal part in this comedy, which had now lasted eight days. During all the time he constantly repeated that he did not understand a word of what I said. This he probably thought a clever way of sheltering himself from my wrathful commentaries. He now brought out twenty-eight rupees instead of thirty-four, which the men ought to have received. This was a kind of make-peace, meant to expedite my departure. As I expressed my opinion of the whole proceeding, he suddenly replied in English, and certainly in better English than I have heard spoken by many who considered themselves proficient in that tongue.

I could not help expressing my indignation at this barefacedness, and again recommended that he should be kept as a pledge for the six rupees, an advice which was not followed, and

the worthy man, who was able to speak but not understand English, was allowed to depart.

My journey was postponed a day longer. I hoped, however, on this evening to bring my business with my agents, J—— and Co., to a close. In this firm are three half-caste men, young in years, but old in trickery, and bound together by a common interest in fraud and falsehood. One of them let me know one day how much he was offended by being called a half-caste man, though I had not intended an offence in the application of the term. I was telling him the story of my adventures with the boatmen, and how I had hired the boat from a half-caste man, adding, “a man of pretty much your appearance.” My auditor suddenly broke out with: “By Jove! my father and grandfather are all of good blood.” What could I say? I was stunned. I protested that I had used the term, “half-caste” as a distinction, not as an offence.

In the evening one of these excellent gentlemen called upon me with the assurance that I should be able to pursue my journey with the morning tide on Thursday. He had

hired another boat for me, and would pay for it with the forty rupees which I had already advanced.

Saying and doing are, in Europe, allowed to be very different; but it would seem that the difference is still greater in India. Morning came, the money was not forthcoming, and the agent's office, a little wooden box, with an immense sign hanging above it, was locked. I insisted on my boatmen proceeding, and declared that for every tide they should lose, I would deduct five rupees out of the twenty which they were to receive on arriving at Murschedabad. At first this seemed to make no impression; but at length our preparations were so far advanced that the money only was waited for. At last a person came from the agent, and an arrangement was entered into. On the agent's part a trifle was paid, the men consented to make an abatement in their claim, and at a quarter-past one we sailed up the Hoogly.

The river was beautiful, and covered through a long space with ships of every size. Further on, Hindoo temples presented themselves, sometimes on the right, sometimes on the left bank

of the river, with here and there a mosque, all much inferior to those on the Malabar coast, and evidently of later origin.

At half-past five, we cast anchor before Serampore, a place far inferior to the "city of palaces," and where there is not much appearance of commerce or business. There are some nicely-situated houses belonging to Danish settlers, but the town does not seem wealthy. We left Serampore at three-quarters past five, propelled by a pleasant breeze, which lasted the entire day. At seven o'clock we reached Bhalpore, at half-past seven Chandernagur, and at half-past eight arrived at Chinsurah, a military station. Chandernagur is a French settlement; I wished to see it, and returned there by palanquin, but was not repaid for my trouble. I entered a house which had once been an hotel, and where a billiard-table still told something of the amusements of its former visitors. I returned to Chinsurah, intending to while away the evening in visiting the town under the guidance of a Mussulman; but as we approached that part belonging to the Hindoos he declined accompanying me, and promised to await my

return outside. I here engaged a munschi, or professor of languages, for whose honesty and other virtues a respectable man in the town became security.

The next place at which I stopped was Nuddea, a tolerably large town, with a little bazaar. In my rambles through the town I fell in with a group of children, apparently from eight to eleven years of age. As I passed, they wished me "good evening" in English. I replied in the same language, upon which several of them ran up to me, and wished to enter into closer conversation. There were ten or twelve amongst them who spoke the language very well. They informed me that they received lessons from the patri, who resided there. They were Brahmin children, with most intelligent countenances.

Near Nuddea the Fellinghy, or Corehan Gongga, falls into the Hoogly; and at about two and a half hours' journey from Culwa, or Kaduva, also called Kurdeva, the Adjai river pours in its tributary streams. Immediately opposite the junction of the Adjai with the Hoogly, lies an old fort called Sakaie, which was taken

by the English in 1763. Kurdeva is well peopled, the houses are numerous, and the bazaar handsome and well furnished. There are but few Mahometans; the greater number of the inhabitants being Hindoos. I remarked here some stone houses that contrasted strongly with those around, some of which were built of bamboos, roofed with a kind of matting made of plaintain-leaf, or with straw; others were made of loam, thatched with straw. These did not look so pretty as the leaf-covered houses, but the interior was quite as neat.

As the Hoogly at this season rises twenty or thirty feet above its ordinary level, overflowing its bank, it may be supposed that the villages on its borders must sometimes suffer. The interior of many of the houses was laid open to our view, the front walls having been washed away. Sometimes whole streets were levelled by the advancing wave, which in its backward sweep, left behind a deep stratum of loam, and in some places tearing away its banks, brought to the brink of the river houses, the inhabitants of which a few weeks before viewed its eddies from a considerable distance. It cannot be

doubted that these alluvial deposits contribute to the fruitfulness of the land, which, as far as I have seen, presents the luxurious appearance of a fair garden.

I saw yesterday, at a short distance from Kurdeva, a large bamboo building, destined, as I was informed, for the celebration of wedding festivities. The sound of merry dancing was heard from within, and the gaiety seemed to have reached a very high pitch. About six in the evening, as my munschi wished to enjoy a cup of coffee, he suddenly discovered that the chest which contained the coffee, was not to be found; and as his servant had also disappeared, it was supposed that the coffee was in his possession. An inquiry was made after the thief, but no trace of him could be discovered. It appeared strange to me that a native of the country, and living there, should hire a servant without first inquiring his name, or knowing anything of his family: yet when I questioned the munschi, he declared that he knew nothing of the man, that he had met him in Chinsurah, and merely asked whether he would come with him. The man had been long in the munschi's

service ; but this negligence is characteristic of the Indian character. I profited so far by the lesson as to resolve that the servants of my servants should not be employed about my affairs, unless I had an assurance of their honesty. I remember having been the same evening drenched by a thunder-shower, but that inconvenience was compensated for by the agreeable coolness which the rain diffused.

We left Kurdeva at break of day. The weather varied between sunshine and showers ; and though the wind was not favourable, we hoped to reach Murschedabad before nightfall. When we arrived at Burampur, a lovely prospect lay before us in majestic trees and wide-extending meads.

I wished to pass some weeks in this neighbourhood, making Murschedabad my headquarters. As I was not yet provided with a house, we proceeded up the river to enjoy the scenery. We passed Cossimbazaar, which is not far from Burampur, and where there are some pretty little Hindoo temples.

I found considerable difficulty in procuring a house. At length my servants discovered one

situated in a garden, which afforded a dense, embowering shade. As this was a great recommendation, I quickly concluded the bargain. I proposed to remain some time in Murschedabad, to study the language of the country before I proceeded on my journey. Amongst my servants, there was but one who could serve as my interpreter, and his memory was so defective, or his intellect so weak, that my sentiments seldom reached the ear of a third person.

I had taken into my service in Madras, a lad of twelve years of age, whom I trained as my interpreter; but he refused to accompany me to Calcutta, his caste being forbidden to travel by sea. I had often expressed a wish to have his place supplied; and one evening in Murschedabad, a young lad was brought to me, whose open countenance prepossessed me in his favour. He willingly agreed to enter into my service, but asked permission to consult his father. He departed, and I never saw him again. Two others were introduced to me, one of whom pleased me very much. To avoid disappointment, I sent to consult his grandmother, his

only living relative. She consented to his entering my service. I sent for the tailor, and the next day I had the pleasure of seeing my promising *protégé* in a suit of new clothes. In the evening he went to visit his grandmother, who called on me next day, and declared that the boy should not accompany me. This annoyed me the more, as I had found in him traces of an honest and simple character, which gave me a more favourable opinion of the humbler classes of his nation than I had yet entertained. I ought to have remembered that in Europe, as well as in India, there is a class of persons who watch the arrival of foreigners, hoping to profit by their ignorance. Such persons should not, in any land, be taken as a type of the nation.

In one of the principal banking-houses in Calcutta I got Bengal post-bills instead of gold, with an assurance that they would pass current through the entire of British India. When I arrived at Burampur, where there is a resident English magistrate, and which is only a hundred miles from Calcutta, the notes were valueless. I was obliged to send to the house

where I had received them, and through the kindness of the collector, Mr. Elliott, they were cashed.

In my fatherland I had ever been accustomed to devote the 1st of August to the amusements of the chase ; and here, full of the deep memories of past times, I resolved to pass the day as nearly as I could after my ancient fashion. But what a contrast ! Instead of noble stag and deep-mouthed hound, and joyous companions, a single falcon and a grey-bearded attendant constituted my hunting train.

I went one morning, accompanied by my munschi, to visit a mosque, in which was the grave of a nabob who had once ruled the district. This mosque, like all the edifices here, was nearly in ruins. I have seen cows and oxen lying in the marble halls of the principal buildings. An air of desolation reigned around the edifice which we were now inspecting. The walls were overgrown with weeds ; even the towers and minarets were veiled with a grassy covering. I asked the munschi to explain a Persian inscription, which I saw over the doors. He pronounced some proper name. I asked

whether the date of the erection was recorded. He replied "yes;" and according to his calculation, the building was only thirty-eight years old. I remarked that it was impossible that decay could have made such progress in so short a time; but my observations made no change in his translation of the inscription.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Murschedabad—Gour—Rhadjmahal—Chumars—Character of the Bengalese—Exaggerated dangers of the jungle—Disappointed in my expectations of a hunt—Riding on an elephant—Reports about wild men—Their manner of hunting—Honest magistrates—English rule.

HAVING convicted my munschi of various malpractices, I dismissed him, and before leaving Murschedabad, hired another. I set out for Rhadjmahal, my goods and chattels packed in two small boats of four oars each. I found that I had gained considerably by changing my suite, my present attendants being all of obliging dispositions. An hour and a half's travelling brought us to Gour, which

lies on the east bank of the Ganges, a short way above the spot where the Hoogly, or Baugrutty, breaking into two arms which unite again at Sooty, separates from the Ganges, which in various places throws out, so to say, an arm from its mighty body, which after flowing through a greater or less distance, returns again to the parent trunk. Further up the river we passed the village of Sibgoish or Seebgunge, a pretty place, embellished by large majestic trees, of which the wide-extending branches were filled with vampire bats, an animal with which I was well acquainted, having often passed my evenings in Murschedabad hunting them.

We passed Kansart, situated on a branch of the Ganges. Farther on we came to Djongeni, and at last arrived at Matupuri, where I hired additional attendants, having been assured that around Gour, the inhabitants would desert the villages at my approach so much do they dread the English; a terror which the presence of the 50th regiment, then passing in transport ships, considerably increased.

My expectations of meeting with many antiquities, which in the beginning had not been very great, were now considerably raised by the assurances which I received on all sides of the number of ruins, and the quantity of old coins, arms, ornaments, &c., which were to be found here. Nor was the prospect of passing through a fine hunting country the least attraction; and I was assured that the whole district was one monstrous jungle. Before coming to the neighbourhood of Gour, I had heard of this jungle, and had been told that the danger of passing through had withheld many persons from going to Gour.

As I did not appear to be frightened by the perils which the jungle presented, I was then informed that the road to Gour was at this season, in consequence of the rain, impassable; and that to perform the journey I would need an elephant, for which I should be obliged to send to an English indigo-planter, who lived at a great distance. To these accounts I turned a deaf ear, merely remarking that as it was admitted that the jungle was overgrown with trees, it appeared

probable that the soil which afforded them root, would be sufficiently strong to bear a wanderer's foot. The event proved my surmise to be correct.

The ruins of Gour bear unmistakeable evidence of a great bygone civilization. The walls of the town are between twenty-five and thirty feet high, and well-built of brick. The buildings within the town seem to have been constructed of the same material, with the exception of the door and window-frames, which are of stone. To one of the most extensive buildings was attached a mosque, with a Persian inscription, which, as my munschi could not translate, I must leave unexplained. We found many handsome doorways in perfect repair. We ascended by a flight of winding stairs to a handsome tower, which, like the mosque, was inhabited by fakirs. Many of the buildings showed the traces of great care in the construction. The ornaments were of an arabesque character.

Of the coins and such things I could not learn anything, and was told that it would be vain to make further inquiries. The natives

fled at the first glimpse they got of me, or rather of my dschaukitar, a person with whom I would have been very glad to dispense, but could not. He acted as leader and speaker; and to him, in the latter capacity, was I indebted for my information about the wonderful antiquities that I might expect to see, as well as for a description of the dangers of the jungle, where I was told all sorts of wild beasts were lurking. I had as yet seen but few spots where trees grew, but my attendants persisted in declaring that these were a covert for tigers.

Tired of this child's play, I insisted on being carried to the jungle. I was told it would be to throw myself into the power of raging monsters. The object of my excellent advisers, as I afterwards learnt, was to frighten, and so make me abandon the idea of visiting the jungle. The prospect of encountering a tiger was so spirit-stirring, that I imperiously insisted on being led to the spot where I might hope to find one. But I soon discovered that there was little chance of meeting a tiger, or any of the other promised wild beasts. The jungle of which I had heard so much was a

pitiful little wood, bespotted and intersected with meadows, streams, and ruins.

Disappointed in my hopes of a tiger-hunt, and somewhat out of humour, I dismissed my suite, and followed the chase after my own fashion, by which I at least obtained a sight of a monkey and a peacock. Whatever may have heretofore caused the people of the district to take flight, certain it is that when I was alone, none showed the slightest inclination to flee. Those whom I addressed answered my inquiries frankly.

Gour is rich in those fabulous legends which, in all parts of the globe, connect the present with the past. One of the most popular is, that on a certain day in every year, it rains gold in this district, and that any person who chances to be present may collect the treasure in abundance. I was shown the road over which ride nightly the spirits of those who flourished in the grandeur of the "olden times," and who now at midnight hour meet again in the stately castle, where once, as mortal men, they held their merry revels.

Among the things most worthy of notice which

I saw here were the remains of a dam running along the river to a distance of three English miles, and which must have been of considerable height.

On my arrival at Rhadjmahal, I had great difficulty in procuring lodgings, but at length found hospitable shelter at the house of the widow of the Rajah Baxa Bexum. The lodgings were given gratuitously, which indeed one would feel inclined to say was their full value, for it must be confessed that the house stood in much need of repair.

My hopes of having a good hunt were again raised, but I must say that my experience here was a faithful picture of human life, a succession of promises and disappointments. I was furnished with four elephants by the nabob; and accompanied by a train of between fifteen and twenty persons, I proceeded to the jungle prepared to encounter terrible dangers, and elate with the hope of noble sport. All in vain. We returned unhurt and unamused, for the simple reason that there were neither beasts nor game in the jungle.

I was conducted to another jungle, where I

certainly saw a wild boar, but from our order of march we could not fire. Sitting on an elephant, riding over a wild plain, covered with brushwood and trees, we expected that our approach would alarm the tigers, who in rushing from their lairs, were to be shot—had they come in our way. I am sorry to say that this day's hunting was not more successful than the last. We returned about nightfall, and I must acknowledge that I was not in the best humour. The motion of an elephant is not agreeable, particularly to one unaccustomed to it, and though my mahout driver, perched on a straw-stuffed cushion on the neck of his elephant, seemed at his ease, yet with us Europeans, in tight-fitting French trowsers, the case was different. Still anybody seeing us mounted on our straw sacks that served as saddles, and listening to our lively conversation whilst the hooka passed from mouth to mouth, would have thought us very comfortable.

My sporting spirit was not yet extinguished, and I made another effort to amuse myself. Attended by one servant bearing a falcon, I got into a small boat, or tinki, and after a few hours'

journey arrived at a little village close by a jungle. I had been warned against the danger of encountering the "wild men" who inhabited this place, but my opinion of human nature was different from that of my advisers, and I was right. I was received most kindly, a dwelling put at my disposal, and everything done that I needed. I was not, however, more successful than before, and after two days of wearisome exertion, I returned disappointed.

One remark that I must make about these "wild men" is, that they hunt much better than tame ones. The bow is their favourite weapon, and the best marksmen use poisoned arrows. The poison is prepared from a root which comes from Nepal, and is sold at the bazaar. The wound is mortal. If the arrow strike in the heart or lungs, the animal falls instantly dead; but wounded in a less vital part, a tiger has been known to go four or five hundred paces before dying.

The religious precepts of the Hindoo law being in general directed to promote great personal cleanliness amongst the people, the use of leather, though not expressly forbidden, is dis-

couraged, for which reason, the preparing of hides has fallen into the hands of the Pariahs, many of whom are very skilful at their trade. Those engaged in making leather are called chumars, and every little village is provided with a chumar, so that a European is not obliged to wear sandals, and may, by giving some instructions, get a tolerable pair of boots.

I was glad to leave Bengal, hoping to find elsewhere more honourable-minded people. Though the inhabitants of Bengal are looked upon as the most polished in India, I must say that I found them to be a composition of falsehood and deceit. As a proof of the empty frivolity of these people, I need only mention their habit of using large numbers in naming prices. Instead of saying three ana or five or eight ana, we hear twelve pays, twenty pays, thirty-two pays. Of their suspicious disposition the following anecdote will be a proof. One day, during conversation about England's rule in her colonies in general, a person who was present said that in the province of Cuttar an English magistrate took a bribe of 80,000 rupees from a rajah, to hush up inquiry into a murder which

the latter had committed. The well-known integrity of the English character would not allow me to believe this, upon which the narrator called several witnesses, who repeated the same story. I must confess that I do not myself believe it. My informant continued: "Everything is purchasable here, and a darogha (a native local magistrate) earns a great deal of money in this way, sometimes 100, sometimes 200 rupees in a day. Half of the money is given to the darogha, the munschi receives a fourth part, and the remaining fourth is divided between the chaukidars and the subordinates."

The Nabob of Murschedabad is esteemed one of the richest amongst the Indian princes. The natives have many a story to tell about him, all tinged with a hue of the deepest hatred towards the English.

CHAPTER IV.

Boglipore—Indian silk—Pather Gotta—Mahometan cloister—Hindoo temple—Patna—Burning the dead—Hindoo boy at his father's pyre—Burmese boats—Dynapore—Hindoo boatmen.

AFTER many disputes with boatmen, and many conflicting messages between my munschi and the traders, I left Rhadjmahal, and continued my journey along the river. I reached Boglipore, renowned through India for the silk manufactured here and in the environs, and known by the name of Fungel-silk. This fabric unites softness and brilliancy with great strength and firmness of texture. I now saw it for the first time in its native hue of brownish-yellow.

This silk is much esteemed in Europe as an article of clothing, for which its lightness and durability render it peculiarly well adapted.

The silk manufacture in India has declined very much during the last century, and the Company's factories in southern Bengal—that is, in the neighbourhood of Murschedabad—are mostly in a state of ruin. In the largest of the factories—that near Mulna—there is still a little business done, as well as in Cossimbazaar, once the head-quarters of the silk trade, whence the raw silk is now sent to foreign markets.

It is the general opinion that the silk trade of India would be much improved were the manufacture extended through the country, instead of being confined to one locality.

I saw at Pather Gotta the remains of grottos, or little rock temples, with figures carved in the solid stone. I noticed amongst others a carving of a peculiar kind of long-tailed ape.

I must not forget to mention a Mahometan cloister, beautifully situated on a steep rock facing the river. It is not large, and has been much injured by time; but notwithstanding its charming site, it will bear no comparison with a Hindoo

temple which stands a short way above Fackeer-rock, surrounded by water. The situation of this latter reminded me strongly of Bella Isola, to which the whole scene about has, at the first glance, a striking resemblance. Upon the works beneath the Mahometan temple, at the water's side, some figures were hewn out, and some characters engraved, but the height of the water at that time prevented my examining either.

After being several days delayed by stormy weather, I at length reached Patna, one of the largest towns on the Ganges, but which does not display much wealth. I hired a house at the rate of eight rupees per month, which, with a pretty garden attached, I found very agreeable. My dwelling was the property of a nabob, who lived in the mountains fifteen miles from the town.

The inhabitants of Patna are upright and honest, in which respect they contrast advantageously with the people of Bengal, though their personal beauty may not be as great. I must say that I have seen very few women in these countries whose external appearance would excite

my admiration. The bazaar is better furnished than those of Murschedabad and Monghir, and the entire town has a respectable appearance. Let not this word "bazaar" awaken the idea of a firmly constructed arched building like the bazaars of Syria and Egypt. The bazaars of India are quite different, and are no better than little shops in houses, or sometimes standing alone, roofed with matting, in which brokers sell their wares.

The chief commodity is cotton, of which the celebrated white and blue carpets are made. The East India Company have monopolized the opium trade, and have appointed an opium collector in Patna, which is well supplied by the surrounding districts.

A metallic composition known in Europe as ransistha, resembling gold in colour, enjoys here the reputation once accorded to Corinthian brass. I am not in a position to explain this fully, but I think that some mistake exists. I fancy that this is what is called "cannon-metal." There is a composition known here as buhl, bhul, or buhl-ransa, which is said to resemble gold, and is much dearer than ransa.

The metal is not manufactured in this district, but I have been told that at a little village near Calcutta, and in Nepal, manufacturers of this composition are to be found.

From my windows I had a view of one of those large sandbanks in the Ganges, which are chosen as places to pay the last rites to the dead. From early morning, the river is covered with boats, the sad freight of which may make them be regarded as coffins. The friends of the deceased are sometimes in the boat, sometimes there are only the boatmen, the wood for the pyre, and, so to speak, the offering. I have often seen two or three parties engaged at the same time in these mournful rites

I one morning saw one of these funeral processions coming down the river. A boy of about twelve years of age was the only relative present. He it was who was to perform the last offices for his father. They must have belonged to a poor family. The boy's deportment and appearance told most eloquently how deeply he was impressed with the solemnity of the duties that he was called upon to fulfil, and how pro-

foundly he felt the sorrow which the Divine hand had laid upon him. The calmness of his grief contrasted strongly with the shrieks and wild despairing gestures of some women, who at a little distance were engaged in similar functions. According to the Hindoo law, the boy was to kindle the pyre. He walked three times around, touching parts where inflammable materials had been placed. This being done, and the fire, by the assistance of the attendants, thoroughly kindled, he stood still, his eyes fixed upon his father's corpse, and so remained until all was consumed.

I remarked with astonishment how quickly the Ganges rises and falls. It sometimes rises three or four feet in one day, and falls as rapidly.

The endless disputes with boatmen recommenced as I was about to leave Patna, nor was it without much difficulty and some pecuniary sacrifice on my part, that I was at length enabled to set out.

As we went up the river, we met five Burmese boats proceeding along the stream. These boats were very long, and appeared to be built

with a keel. From their build I should not suppose they could carry much. My first day's journey did not bring me far from Patna, indeed I may say that in the evening I was still in sight of the town. On the following day I arrived at Dynapore, where I saw several badjerows,* prepared by the Company for the officers of the 51st regiment.

I wished to exchange some bills for gold, and applied to a merchant named T. Smyth, properly Schmidt, whose father was a German, but the son had black blood in his veins. During the few hours I remained here, he introduced me to a half-countryman, who was musician in a regiment then staying at Dynapore. He was a Pole, and seemed to have once moved in a better circle. He told me that he had four hundred rupees per month, and when I entered his house, it was evident

* By badjerows are meant boats, so distinguished from the ordinary ships on the Ganges, which are generally used as transports. The badjerows are furnished with cabins and every convenience. They are for the most part painted in stripes of white and green, and have a gay appearance.

that his income must be good. His wife was English, and the husband let it be clearly understood that he retained a lively recollection of his own countrywomen. He was a strange kind of man. I do not think that his wife's lot was a very enviable one. He assured me, though the conversation did not give a fair opening for such remarks, that his wife was of incorruptible virtue.

I made a fresh acquaintance here in the person of another musician, attached also to a regiment. He was a perfect picture of one of our provincial dandies, endowed with a ridiculous vanity, a quality which of course made him in bad repute with the Polish musician, who told him very flatly that he did not wish for his compositions, of which, besides, he did not believe one note to be original.

I found at Dynapore, the Burmese boats which I had met on the river. Their traffic consisted in the blue feathers of a certain bird that is found here. I am sorry to say that I could not procure either a bird or a feather.

I had often heard that among the natives of India, incontestably good men are to be found,

and amongst these I will venture to reckon the manghi, or commander of my little boat. He and three of his assistants were Hindoos, the fourth was a Mussulman. From the time of my departure from Patna until we arrived at Benares, I did not hear a word of dispute, nor a single contradiction between them. The manghi and his people worked cheerfully, never seeking to overtask their fellow-labourer. The manghi's little son, a child of about eight or nine years of age, took his part, and sat at the helm from morning until evening, always cheerful and gay. It was impossible to see his good-natured face without feeling interested in him, despite the raven-blackness of his complexion. I could not witness the conduct of these Hindoos to their Mahometan companion, without a feeling of great admiration ; and I often wished that some of our over-zealous Christian missionaries were present. I would have asked them whether Christianity could produce better or kinder-hearted men.

CHAPTER V.

Benares—Its sanctity—Supported by Schiva's trident—The Ghâts—Female bathers—The fakirs—The houses—General appearance of the city—Aurangzib's mosque—Brahmins at the Ghâts—Ablutionary rites—Situation of my house—Its interior—The Academy Vivalaya—Mr. Rivaz—The Rajah's palace at Ramnagur—Visit to the palace—Apes—Portrait of Queen Victoria in the palace—The Rajah's father—Temple at Ramnagur—Gardens.

BEHOLD me at length in Benares, the most sacred city of the Hindoos, the centre of Brahminical learning, the object of the devout aspirations of thousands of Hindoo pilgrims. That city once built of gold, as tradition tells, but which the degeneracy of the times transmuted to stone; that city washed by the sacred

waves of the Ganges, whose waters can cleanse from crime; that city in which to die is a certainty of everlasting happiness; that city which we are assured upon high authority, is not, so to speak, dovetailed into this low earth of ours, but rests elegantly poised on the point of Schiva's trident; that city made blessed by being the residence of thousands of Brahmins; a city, in short, possessing the largest number of temples and minarets, and, judging from the multitude of bathers I saw, the cleanest population in India.

Notwithstanding the Hindoo sanctity and great celebrity of Benares, I fared here as in other places about which my expectations had been greatly raised—I was disappointed. I had heard of a city that in extent and beauty might vie with London; and my disappointment arose perhaps from my having formed in my fancy a picture different from the reality. The narrow and crowded streets annoyed me; but yet the aspect of Benares from the river is lovely. Its tapering minarets, the splendid mosque of Aurangzib, its well-constructed ghâts, thronged with bathers of

every caste and colour, from the rich and graceful female Brahmin, who performs her ablutions before the rising sun, to the filthy fakir, who, after a pilgrimage of a thousand miles, plunges beneath the noon-day heat into the waves of the Ganges—the first water, perhaps, that has touched his sacred person for many years.

Benares, though not as extensive as I had been led to expect, is a large city, and the most populous in Hindostan. Its length along the river is about a German mile (four miles and three-quarters English). The houses are firmly built of stone, some of them three or four stories high, and tastefully ornamented on the outside. It must, however, be remarked, that all are not equally elegant, some are small and miserable enough.

Before arriving at the blessed city of Khass, as Benares is denominated in the ancient writings, and as the Hindoos still name it, the river gives evidence of busy life, in the boats of various descriptions which continually pass and repass upon its waters; the banks of the river become more populous, and the bathers more numerous.

It was evening when we reached the city. We passed many boats, the crews of which showed great anxiety to anchor below the city, that the ghâts might be left free for the bathers, who would otherwise be disturbed by the lading and unlading of the vessels.

Benares is built upon an eminence, and rises in the form of an amphitheatre from the ghâts, which descend to the river-side. The aspect is lovely, particularly at night, when from different heights, through the wide sweep of buildings, lights glance forth, exciting in the beholder a kind of romantic interest.

The ghâts, or bathing-places, are large buildings many stories high, with handsome verandahs and majestic portals; but their distinctive characteristic is seen in the flights of wide, well-built steps, which descend to the water-side. These ghâts are built by rich Hindoos, and are destined for habitations for themselves, for the priests, and pilgrims. To build a ghât is considered a very pious work; but as the maintenance of so large an establishment involves very great expense, certain

funds must be assigned for its support, and a pandit, or learned Brāhmin, is appointed manager and overseer of all. From this it is evident that only persons of princely rank, very rich merchants, or state ministers, could possess a fortune which would enable them to found such establishments, and endow them with an income worthy of the ancient city of Khass.

The portion of the city that lies along the river is all ornamented with ghâts, for which reason this quarter is most esteemed, and indeed considered most holy by the Hindoos. It was this feeling amongst the people that induced Aurangzib, their bigoted Moslem conqueror, to erect on the ruins of one of the most beautiful Hindoo temples which he had destroyed, a mosque, from the lofty roof of which he and his lawless soldiery could look down upon the Hindoo population, whilst engaged in their ablutions and libations. It was not an idle impertinence that prompted the conduct of these intruders, it was the spirit of religious intolerance; for the Hindoos considered themselves defiled by being thus rudely gazed on.

Aurangzib's mosque, with its two tapering minarets, and lightly-arched, tower-like roof, is one of the most attractive objects in Benares, though the embellishment of the city did not certainly enter into the design of the builder.

The steps of the ghâts are never empty. From morning until night they are filled with votaries ascending and descending, with their metal water-vessels, flowers, napkins, and all the necessary accompaniments of the Hindoo ablutions.

In the early hours of the morning and before daybreak, the fairer portion of the most respectable inhabitants of Benares are to be seen on the steps of the ghâts. Sometimes a fair Brahmin is perceived, attended by a servant, making her way to the ghât, sometimes in company with her friends, each bearing a lodha, or oblation-cup in her hand. Sometimes there was scarcely light enough to distinguish their red or yellow dresses as they returned holding their lodhas filled with the sacred water of the river. It is perhaps the most timid, or the most devout, who observe these early hours; for during the entire day, the banks are covered

with women and maidens busied with their libations.

A few hours later in the day a different scene presents itself—the handsome platforms of the ghâts are filled with Brahmins, who make a great display of boxes, little pots, Khassa grass, sandal-wood powder, sandal oil, and the many things which luxury has invented to aid the ceremonies of the bhuschawalla. Here is to be seen a follower of Vishnu, who having completed his ablutions, is engaged in marking himself with horizontal, or vertical lines or circles of yellow or red paint. At a little distance may be seen a votary of Schiva, painting himself in vertical stripes, or in triangles of red or white. These, who are of a low caste, approach with a humble air the Brahmin who sits on the platform, and laying down a few pavs, receive the colour with which they wish to mark upon their forehead the symbol of their faith. Another group may be seen, who with hands uplifted in prayer, make their libations to the sun—nature's great vivifier. Others are seen drawing water in yonis, or vases of copper, from the sacred stream, and pouring it back again.

Still later in the day, the concourse on the steps becomes of a more mixed character. Whole families, more or less numerous, are now preparing for their libations; strangers from distant parts of India, who have reached the term of their pilgrimage, approach with an expression of pious enthusiasm in their faces to the sacred flood, which, during whole years, had been the object of their longing aspirations.

Ascending the steps that lead from the principal ghât to the town, and passing by Aurangzib's mosque, with its graceful minarets, we reach the observatory, a relic of the olden time, and evidently built by the Hindoos before the coming of the Moslem race. It is well situated, and commands a view of the ghâts, the river, and of the opposite bank. The scientific apparatus in the observatory belongs to the period when astronomy was in its infancy; and one cannot help being astonished, that with such slender assistance, the observations and calculations of the Indian astronomers should have been so correct.

I had wished to engage a house near the bazaar, that I might contemplate, at my leisure,

the busy crowds that in the East are always most dense in the neighbourhood of their variously-stocked mart. To obtain a dwelling near the river would have been impossible. In my perambulations, I met with "a house to be let," so very small, and freshly painted in such rainbow hues, that an European might have been excused had he inquired whether it were not intended for a bird-cage. The house was so very small, so original looking, that, tempted by its oddity, I was on the point of hiring it, to learn how an Indian could accommodate himself in such a dwelling. But my ardour for philosophical experiments was quickly damped, when I learned that the odour of oil paint was still so rife in the "fairy dwelling," that it would infallibly bring a fit of sickness on the occupant. Continuing my inquiries, I succeeded in finding a very good house, spacious and well ventilated. From the verandah, on the high upper floor, I had an uninterrupted view of a small bazaar, and a glimpse of the street which leads to the principal mart. The only inconvenience was being in the neighbourhood of dancing-girls.

My vicinity to the Rajah Bazaar, as the

bazaar next my house was called, afforded me many opportunities for amusing conversations. In the forenoon the different artizans were to be seen here busied with their various occupations—palanquin makers, turners, varnishers, leather-bottle makers, &c. The afternoon presented a different scene; it was the time for purchasing, and it was a source of great amusement to look down upon the thronging crowds as they hurried to the bazaar, or returned with their purchases.

The house that I inhabited was small; but a good-sized hall within, and a handsome verandah without, served for my promenades; and with a single table and stool, I was free from the embarrassments which more elaborately-furnished apartments entail. The verandah was the scene of action for the workmen employed in preparations for the continuance of my journey. Three carpenters or joiners, and a flechter or braider, were constantly at work. There was no window on the north side of the hall, which was the more to be lamented, as in that direction one could have commanded a view of the old schank or bazaar.

The number of temples in Benares is very

great, and these are in more or less repute according to their antiquity. Amongst the institutes, I must not forget to mention the great Academy Vivalaya, which from time immemorial has been established here. A school has been established by the English for the education of the natives, and is at present under the direction of Mr. Nicholls, a gentleman every way worthy of the trust reposed in him. The number of pupils is very great; they are day pupils, none live on the premises. Mr. Rivaz, agent to the Governor-General, and to whose kindness I was much indebted, procured me the pleasure of Mr. Nicholls's acquaintance, to whom I would here wish to make an acknowledgment for the information which I received from him during my abode in Benares. It is sweet to me to remember the evenings I passed in the society of Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Rivaz, which were some of the most agreeable that I spent in India.

My stay in Benares was considerably prolonged through the preparations for my land journey. I had ordered a camel-box, which was to serve as writing-desk, a bedstead, two travel-

ling-chairs, and a light portable table of bamboo—things which were indispensably necessary for my comfort. Mahogany furniture, such as Europeans generally bring here, is very well suited to those who intend to take up a permanent abode in India, but for the wayfaring traveller, lightness and portability are the greatest recommendations in furniture.

Before taking leave of Benares, I must mention the rajah's palace or castle, at Ramnagur. Mr. Rivaz had promised to procure me permission to visit the building, and I accordingly made arrangements for my visit. Mr. Nicholls was kind enough to offer to accompany me. We left Benares early in the morning and took our way towards Ramnagur, a distance of about five hours' journey on the opposite bank of the Ganges. The first part of the way was delightful. We passed through a portion of the city and suburbs, along a road bordered with gardens and leafy trees, presenting at every turn some fresh beauty.

Wherever banyan trees abounded, we were sure to find a large population of apes. The comical manœuvres of these animals, always

tending to mischief, are most amusing. Though perhaps not a very flattering compliment, I must say that none of the lower animals bears so strong a resemblance to man, nor does their love of mischief detract from the likeness. They seem full of human, though not humane feeling. One could almost fancy them a race of metamorphosed or degenerated human beings, their mumblings, jabberings, and grotesque gesticulation being what may be supposed a mimicry of our civilized drawing-room meetings.

I was very much amused by the conduct of an old ape, who, with a most laughable air of dignity, was strutting up and down in the neighbourhood of some female apes, members of his family. A handsome young ape approached, and with an air which might have been an imitation, or the original model of a Regent Street dandy, wished to make his court to the ladies. He had made a few preliminary bows and scrapes, and there is no saying what success he might have had, when the old ape, who, without seeming to notice these proceedings, had gradually extended his promenade, reaching the group, dealt our young hero a smart blow on

the ear, overturning his equilibrium, which he assisted him to regain by another blow on the opposite side of the head. He slapped him again and again, rolling him over in the dust, as if completely to humble his pride, and then continued his promenade seemingly undisturbed by the incident, whilst his young rival limped screaming away.

Apes, as is well known, are privileged beings in India, and conscious of this, they do not seem to be disturbed by the presence of man. The lesser bazaars, those situated in the suburbs, near woods and sometimes under the shade of trees, are often pillaged by the monkey neighbours. It is very amusing to see the apes retreating after their depredations, one with a handful of maize, another with a piece of sugar, and so on, each triumphing in his success and all in high glee; whilst the poor master of the bazaar, on discovering the havoc which they have made, looks perplexed between contending emotions of superstitious reverence for the marauders, and vexation at his loss.

Having passed through this amusing scene of apish life, we entered on a large treeless plain,

and having passed this, we arrived at the Ganges, where a boat waited to carry us across to Ramnagur. But great was our disappointment when, on reaching our destination, we found that no preparations had been made for our reception, and upon inquiry, it appeared that we should be obliged to return without having attained the object of our journey. Mr. Nicholls was even more annoyed than myself, and did not fail to give a long account of our journey to Mr. Rivaz, who saw the matter under a very serious aspect, and considered it a personal affront to himself. When the rajah heard this, he was thrown into terrible alarm.

In a few days, a messenger from the rajah called upon Mr. Nicholls and afterwards upon me, concerning the visit to Ramnagur. The embassy was of such a nature that I could not refuse to call upon the rajah. He had in the course of one day dispatched three messengers on horseback to Mr. Nicholls, all with a request that he would apologize to me for the oversight which had occurred. All this anxiety arose from the fear of offending Mr. Rivaz. However, it was impossible that I, who had

been the cause of so much confusion, and the object of so much politeness, could any longer delay to make a visit to the rajah.

An equestrian escort awaited us at Mr. Nicholls's college, where I had promised to join the party. This distinguished body-guard attended us to the rajah's dwelling, which I shall call his country-house, to distinguish it from his palace. We arrived about four o'clock. The house is surrounded by a garden; and as we approached, one of the suwars asked permission to announce our coming to the rajah. When we arrived, we found the court-yard, according to the Oriental custom, nearly filled with servants. As we alighted from the carriage, we were conducted by the upper servants along a flight of steps that led to a higher garden, immediately before the house. Here the rajah advanced to receive and conduct us into his house. He is a strong, healthy-looking man of about thirty, or allowing for the wearing effects of the climate, twenty-five, with a friendly, good-humoured expression of face.

The house is not large, nor are the steps wide enough to allow the master of the house to

receive his visitor at the foot, and then to accompany him with *grandezza* to the top. In these ceremonious visits where the appointments are not commodious, one often suffers great inconvenience. Ascending steep stone stairs, where at every step the knee salutes the chin, just as you arrive at the top, and at the moment when the master of the house takes hold of your hand, you stumble over the last stone, and make an unintentional reverence, is not at all pleasant.

The fashion of the interior is a mixture of the Indian and English style of furnishing. This wish to Anglify his house seemed a ruling passion of the rajah's, though, to speak the truth, such efforts seldom succeed with the natives of India.

I saw on the table, a little *écritoire*, of which the pens had certainly never been used by the rajah, a letter-case with wafers, and a little box, not altogether worth two shillings, but which seemed to be in high esteem in that mansion. The rajah pointed to these things with some degree of pride, but with still greater to a likeness of Queen Victoria, fastened on the

wall. The chief ornaments of the room consisted of pictures—some, oil paintings, others, miniatures of members of the rajah's family. Amongst the portraits was that of Delhy Bât-schâhho, whose might in ancient days will long be remembered. Besides the portraits, there were two landscapes, of which one was a view of Benares, with the minarets, taken from the opposite side of the Ganges. I could not have believed this to have been the production of a native, if the rajah had not repeatedly assured me that it was. It was executed with artistic skill, though perhaps, not having seen good paintings for a long time, I may have been easily pleased, but there seemed to me in that painting a depth of shadow, a want of which I had always thought the great defect in Oriental pictures.

We were beginning to converse freely, when the rajah's father was announced. The son, through a feeling of respect, immediately laid aside his hooka, or pipe, and the old man entered. The simplicity of his dress formed a striking contrast to the splendour with which the rajah was arrayed. He wore a kaftan, or upper garment of cotton, which seemed to be wadded,

and which had been evidently a long time in wear. He had on his head a shabby fur cap, the form of which reminded me forcibly of the head-gear worn in ancient times by our German peasants ; his beard had not been shorn for a long time, a circumstance which gives an old man an appearance of uncleanness. Still, notwithstanding these disadvantages, he made a very agreeable impression. He spoke English tolerably well, and his entire demeanour and conversation impressed one with the idea that he was a man whose heart was good and customs simple. His visit was short, and he withdrew as soon as I had promised him to visit Ramnagur the following day.

As I remarked before, the old man's dress was plain, and seemed selected to suit the season. The rajah wore a richly-brocaded upper garment, and gold-embroidered cap, and on his right arm a bracelet that seemed to be of great value. Not only did the rajah press me warmly to visit Ramnagur on the following day, but made me promise to dine with him. He had learned that I did not eat meat, nor drink wine or any spirituous liquor, for which

reason he looked upon me as a Hindoo, and was of opinion that I could not refuse his invitation.

At five o'clock the following morning, I set out with Mr. Nicholls for Ramnagur. We had not gone far on the way, when we were met by an escort that accompanied us to the river. We crossed to the other side in a boat which had been prepared for our reception, and there found two elephants, richly caparisoned, carrying stately howdahs on their backs. In these canopied howdahs, we proceeded to the palace. It must be confessed that the rajah had provided nobly for our convenience. Upon entering the second court, Mr. Nicholls discovered that according to etiquette we should there alight from our elephants, and enter the third court on foot. Scarcely had we descended from our dignified, but somewhat dangerous elevation, when the rajah's father arrived in a palanquin, which he immediately ordered to be set down, and stepping out, welcomed us. His youngest son, a handsome boy of about six years of age, accompanied him, bringing perched on his finger, a dove.

The old gentleman proposed that we should

immediately get on our elephants, and proceed to visit the castle and gardens. He mounted on the neck of one of the elephants, taking the place of the mahout, or driver, and performing the office as if it were his daily occupation. He brought us to a little garden and a house, which once every year served as a theatre for the natives. I regretted that the season for these representations was past; nor could I entertain a hope of enjoying such elsewhere, as the theatrical performances occur in the same month throughout India.

The environs of Ramnagur are very fruitful, and bear evidence of careful culture. Before we arrived at the garden and temple, an elephant, with a richly-ornamented howdah, was brought for our old friend. A soft bed had been laid under its curtained roof, that he might be more at his ease. A servant attended on another elephant, holding a hooka or pipe, ready for the old gentleman's use; who, as soon as he found himself comfortably reclining under the shade of his hawta, began to smoke.

The temple of Ramnagur lies before a tank

which belongs to it. This building was founded about seventy years since, under the luckless Rajah Djeh Sing, who fell a victim to the intrigues of Warren Hastings. Public opinion, put forth freely in conversation, even by the English servants of the Company, about the proceedings of Warren Hastings in this affair, would tend to show, beyond all doubt, that the unhappy rajah had been, with crying injustice, defrauded of his right. It is well known that Hastings, after having imprisoned the rajah in Benares, was obliged to make his escape through a window, to avoid the fury of the people; nor could he have effected his flight, had not his body-guards, composed of natives, been true to their trust.

Notwithstanding the idea of sanctity which the Hindoos attach to Benares, and spite of the beauty of its temples, I must say that I prefer the temple of Ramnagur to any that I saw in the ancient city of Khass.

Though the foundations of this temple have been recently laid, it presents the appearance of a ruin, an evident proof that the structure was never completed. The building is beauti-

ful, and covers a large space, but it will bear no comparison with the temples of Chillambrun and Trivalur.

The tank of which I have spoken, is in perfect preservation. It is a square of twenty-five paces. On one side lies the rajah's garden, in which there is a very pretty pavilion, commanding an agreeable prospect. Near, one sees the tank, and afar can be seen the mighty Ganges, bearing its tribute to the great ocean, and in the same direction, the temples and minarets of Benares are visible.

On the other side is a building, ornamented with numerous pillars, but lying nearly below the level of the plain. It appears to have been intended for the dwelling of the superintending priests. Opposite to this stands the temple. Ornamented in the richest style of Indian architecture, it is small compared to the temples of Benares. There is a simplicity in the structure which seems allied to the Grecian school. The delicacy of the sculpture is, considering the material, incomparable; certainly, nothing more excellent could be wrought in sandstone. The

form of the temple is a square, of which the angles are prolonged. The walls are covered with finely-sculptured mythological figures, all of the same size and equal depth of *relievo*. Two doors on opposite sides form the entrance, and doors corresponding in appearance are painted on the two other walls.

Amongst the ornaments within the temple we find no representation of the human figure, neither is there a likeness of any of the lower animals. The decorations consist of flowers and leaves in garlands and arabesques, disposed upon the flat surface. They are not crowded, and the eye rests upon them with pleasure. The roof is supported by forty-eight female figures. These are musicians, and the various instruments of their art are disposed regularly, two and two, amongst the group. The cupola, which was originally intended to close in the temple, was either not completed by the founders, or was destroyed by the hand of an enemy. Exposure to the weather has very much injured the interior, nor has the outside escaped traces of devastation. The forms and positions of the mythological figures of the olden time, are evi-

dently imitated in this temple. We had seen in other buildings, groups of figures bearing the same general characteristics as those in the temple at Ramnagur, but here, where they only served as accessories, they seemed in much better taste.

Indian gardens are, with very few exceptions, large and beautiful. Where water is scarce, it is not easy to keep them in order, but where it abounds, the grateful soil yields an abundant harvest of beauty and fruitfulness. The natives of India are excellent gardeners, and are unremitting in their care of the ground confided to them.

The garden of the rajah was very handsome, and well stocked with plants, flowers, and fruit-trees. The father accompanied us everywhere, and seemed delighted at the satisfaction that a view of the place afforded us. He took pleasure in everything, and showed with especial delight a flock of doves, drawn about in a waggon appointed for their use. We met this carriage in an open space in the grounds. Our friendly conductor directed that the doves should be let loose, and after we had admired their aerial evo-

lutions, we continued our way. I asked why the doves were carried about in a carriage, as it seemed to me that if they furnished no other pleasure than what seeing them fly afforded, a dovecot would answer for their abode. I wished to know whether they served for any particular amusement for which the waggon might be needed. The old man did not seem to understand the drift of my question, and I could not blame him; my European notions were so different from his. Still I was sufficiently European to wonder that a waggon, two oxen, and two men should be employed for the sole purpose of drawing about sixty doves.

When we returned to the palace, we were invited to take part in a leopard-hunt. We were then conducted to the rajah, who received us in an inner court. The palace is surrounded by seven courts, corresponding to the number of the planets according to Hindoo astronomy.

I admired the court much more than the dwelling of the rajah which we had seen in Benares. Here everything bears Indian characteristics. After some conversation, we were invited to breakfast. When this business was

dispatched, the rajah conducted us through his palace. In one room we found baths. His private apartments interested me. They contained a *mélange* of handsome Oriental and bad English furniture. Amongst the latter may be mentioned a pair of "bullock trunks," which had evidently been purchased at a public auction.

After taking leave of the rajah, we went in search of his father, to make our adieus before leaving Ramnagur. We found him seated amongst a number of the poorest people; there was no appearance of restraint, no ceremony in this assembly. The old man had the aspect of a father encircled by his children. We took leave of him. He presented us with some of the choicest fruits and flowers that the garden produced. These were laid in a basket and sent with us to the boat, which furnished an opportunity of bestowing largess upon the gardeners and other servants. Amongst the wonders of the rajah's garden, was a musk-deer. Before the palace gate were a number of tigers, two of which, very beautiful animals, had lately had cubs; but of these little tigers one only was reared.

I returned in the evening to Benares, and began to think of the feast, which was to be celebrated the next day, at the rajah's. My knowledge of Hindoostanee was too limited to allow of my entering into conversation, particularly with persons of princely rank. It was therefore necessary that I should use an interpreter; this office was generally filled by my munschi, Gulaur Hayder. The next day, as I was preparing to set out, I inquired for the munschi; he was not to be found, and I was obliged to go without him, leaving orders that he should follow. According to agreement, I set out at seven in the morning; and had not proceeded far when I met a horseman, who had been sent to conduct me to the palace; and when we were within a short distance, he rode forward to announce my coming. Arrived at the palace, a number of servants came out to receive me, holding lighted lamps in their hands. Several of the most respectable persons of the rajah's suite met me at the foot of the steps, and notwithstanding the narrowness of the stairs, of which I have before spoken, insisted upon conducting me to the top. The rajah received me in the

ante-chamber. He was surrounded by guests of high distinction, who, as he assured me, were invited that they might profit of this opportunity of making my acquaintance.

The absence of my interpreter made my position very embarrassing. It was impossible to carry on a conversation, but happily amongst the guests were a few who could muster some words of English, and with these a conversational communication was eked out. One of my servants who understood English was called upon to act as interpreter, but so great was his confusion at finding himself in the presence of so many noble persons, that beads of perspiration stood upon his brow. The refined and courtly expressions of the company added to his embarrassment; he was not in the habit of using such, and could not find corresponding words in English. I was forced to dismiss him, and manage as best I could.

I was now conducted into another apartment, where a table was prepared for my own use. I sat down. Dinner was served. It was a terrible ordeal to eat under the inspection of a hundred staring eyes, the owners of which seemed to

expect either some very tragical or comical performance. Had I been dexterous enough to make them believe that I swallowed the plate, it might have satisfied their curiosity.

Dinner being ended (and let me here remark, that though no meat appeared during the repast, it was a very palatable one) we again assembled in the great hall, where, when we had taken our appointed places, the dancing-girls made their appearance. Though there is a great similarity between all the Indian dances, still those of almost every town has some distinctive characteristic, either in dress or the style of performance. The dancing-girls of Benares are renowned throughout India, nor can I deny that their fame is well-founded. They display much taste in the selection of colours for their dress. The dancing-girls of other districts generally wear glaring colours, but those of Benares are distinguished for their taste in selecting the most delicately-blended shades. Different groups, or family parties, sometimes appear, each group wearing a distinctive colour. The different members of one party are, perhaps, dressed in red, of another in blue, of another in white and

gold ; and as the dresses of each group are made of a different material, this, as well as a diversity of ornament, produces a very charming variety as the various groups intermingle in the dance.

It seemed to me as though the rajah had called forth the entire strength of the dancing company on this occasion ; and it appeared that he took an especial interest in my being witness of their various feats. It was now late, the natsch had lasted long, and the greater number of the guests had departed, but still the rajah called forth the ramdjanis, or dancing-girls, group after group, and those who excelled in the performance he called near, and bade them sit down. They placed themselves on carpets at our feet, and commenced to weave a garland of the most beautiful flowers, which they twined round the rajah's seat and mine.

As I rose to take leave, my host invited me to select from amongst the flowers those I liked best. I was accompanied home by the masaldja, or falconer of the rajah, to whom, as well as to the other servants, I presented gifts. I was greatly annoyed when

the servants presented me a beautiful piece of the rich stuff of Benares, and spite of my remonstrances, forced it into the palanquin. Writing to my friend Mr. Rivaz, on the following morning, I mentioned this circumstance, and begged to know in what manner I could politely decline the present. He wrote to me immediately, saying that I must conform to the customs of the country, and that it would be a mortal offence to the rajah to return his offering.

The manufacture of gold and silver brocade in Benares, is well worth seeing. The looms, which are very simple in their construction, are situated at a short distance from the city. The gold and silver pass through many hands before they are formed into thread. The preparation of this metal-thread gives occupation to the inhabitants of one quarter of the town, where in every house one is sure to find the metal in some stage of the process, from the raw lump to the fine thread, and from this to the silken thread wrapped round with metal, for the immediate use of the weavers.

The different branches of this me^t thread

manufacture are quite distinct, each workman selling to his neighbour the material which he has subjected to a certain process. The purchaser, after putting it through another stage, sells it again, and so on, until the thread reaches its term of perfection. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the woof is always of silk, the warp of metal threads.

CHAPTER VI.

Old Buddha temple — Architecture — Ornaments — Lacquer ware — Rahl, or resin — Saqua Daraght— Dessekatel oil — Change of servants — Annoyances from my Munschi — Charges of fraud — A young Brahmin — Impertinence of my landlord — Departure from Benares — Bulba — Djanpor — I take up my lodgings in a Serai.

MR. NICHOLLS and I made frequent excursions in the neighbourhood of Benares. Often before the break of day were we to be seen galloping over the wide plain which lay behind the city. The old Buddha temple, which lay at a distance of about two hours' journey from the town, was generally the terminus of our ride; and many were the conjectures that we formed about its ancient history.

The temple is a round and extremely massive building, with an arched and pointed roof. Within, immediately on the top of the wall, whence the cupola or dome springs, are placed all around a number of Buddha figures, seated cross-legged, with folded hands. Many excavations have been made throughout the building under the direction of Mr. Prinsep, but nothing of importance has been discovered. One well-carved figure was found a little below the surface, at a short distance from the temple. The head of this figure is in the possession of Mr. Nicholls. He was good enough to allow me to make a drawing from it.

My connexion with the workmen who were employed to make the furniture needed for my land journey, afforded me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the process of the lacquer manufacture. Two kinds of resin are used—one called rahl, is sold at eight annas the seer, and is said to be brought from Mirzapoor to Benares. The fine lacquer is made of a resin called gaharba, for a seer of which one rupee and two annas are paid. This is also

brought from Mirzapoor. The best resin is extracted from a tree called the Saqua Daraght. The wood of this tree is dark brown, and is used for ordinary architectural purposes.

In preparing the lacquer, Desse oil or Dessekatel is used. The colour which it is intended the varnish should take, is rubbed on a stone with water; the lacquer is then mixed, it amalgamates with the paint, and the water remains behind. The lacquer is boiled with oil, two spoonfuls of resin being added for each seer of oil. When the resin is dissolved, and the oil somewhat evaporated, so that the composition appears of a proper consistency, the entire is strained through a sieve, and when cool, it is fit for use.

My departure from Benares was attended with many annoyances. I was obliged to change all my servants, for the inhabitants of Bengal have an objection to travelling in the upper provinces. I must however say, that it is better for a traveller to take servants from the locality in which he is journeying, as these possess the advantage of being acquainted with the customs and superstitions of the people, and can serve as guides. But the great difficulty is to find

trustworthy people. The change that I was obliged to make was greatly to my disadvantage. Those who left me were honest, whilst in my new suite there was not one upon whom I could place the slightest dependence. They were all abundantly endowed with qualities that we least like to find in our servants, and lamentably deficient in all that in a servant is most needed or esteemed. The best amongst them seemed to be the sayo, or groom, but unfortunately he did not understand a word of Hindoostanee.

In the annoyance caused by the servants, my munschi played the most conspicuous part. Woe to the traveller in India who, understanding little of the language, cannot confide in his munschi. Many revelations had been made to me about the dishonesty of his dealings, and at length I began to investigate the truth of them. He stoutly denied everything. I confronted him with his accusers; he was silent, but I fear not penitent.

The daily duties of the munschi were, at certain hours, to give me a lesson in Persian, and to give me instructions in the grammatical and written language of the Hindoos. Besides

this, all my servants were under his jurisdiction, and all the money necessary for our expenses passed through his hands.

The day after our "explanation," he did not appear at the usual lesson-hour: he had gone out, nobody knew whither, nor did I see him on the following day. Complaints poured in, some said that he had borrowed money from the persons who supplied my house; others declared that he had withheld their money and had not paid the accounts. What could I do? After all, these reports were only hearsay, it would be right to question the munschi himself. I ordered him to be sought for, and meanwhile, took his effects into my keeping.

Abashed and dejected, with his dress much disordered, was the munschi dragged into my presence. Some of the charges made against him were clearly proved; he was obliged to acknowledge some things, but he would not tell the whole truth. A bank-note of two hundred rupees was missing. This I had given for the liquidation of a debt, but it had never reached my creditor. Various delinquencies of the same kind were detected, in which the money of the

bookseller, confectioner, and sword-seller had been withheld. The purloining a pair of trousers and a jacket belonging to a dancing-girl he defended, by saying that it was not a theft, that it was a bit of fun, a little retaliation that he wished to make.

I recommended him to give up his effects to those who had so many claims upon him. He did not seem to relish this advice. I pitied him; I did not wish to see a man totally abandoned to distress, and took upon myself to adjust his affairs, as far as money could do so. If I hoped to awaken a sense of gratitude in his mind, I was mistaken, for his conduct afterwards showed that he looked upon my interference only as a proof of a certain weakness of character. Amongst his peccadillos must be enumerated an overcharge of six rupees per month in the rent of the house. He cheated me of twenty rupees in the purchase of a sword with which he had thought proper to deck himself, pretending that it cost thirty rupees when he only paid ten for it.

A short time before my departure for Benares, a young Brahmin presented himself, wishing to

become my munschi, for Brahmins are not always rich, and though of the most honoured class amongst the Hindoos, often fill very humble employments. I was pleased with the appearance of my Brahmin; but though I represented to him the difficulties of the journey, and tried to dissuade him from accompanying me, he persevered in his wish. I consented to accept his services, but could not engage him at the moment, as my munschi was still with me. What a knave that munschi was! He had a conversation with his would-be successor, and I never saw the Brahmin again.

What torments I was doomed to suffer from these people! My landlord, to whom I had been very kind, and who had benefitted largely by my residence in his house, called upon me with some of his servants for whom he expected presents. He also begged me to restore a lock which he said I had taken from one of the doors. I ventured to remind him that, however much I might be inclined to purloin locks, it would be impossible for me to indulge the propensity in a house where not a single door was furnished with such a means of excluding my

honest neighbours. This excellent Benny Barshadh, as my worthy host was called, had drawn no small profit from some bank-notes which I had asked him to get cashed for me. When I remonstrated upon the enormous per-centage he had allowed himself, his excuse was, that he knew I would not reckon with him as sharply as with another. And this man had the impudence to accuse me of stealing a lock, and even went so far as to make my goods be stopped at Benares, for a lock, which, even if such a thing had been on his door, could not be worth more than four annas. I had proceeded on my journey, and was staying at the serai at Bulba when an account of the arrest of my baggage reached me ; and I was obliged to dispatch a courier to Benares.

Bulba lies about mid-way between Benares and Djanpor. The serai is built of loam. A word about the serais may not be amiss. They are buildings intended for the reception of travellers and wayfarers. They are what may be called native institutions, and speak well for the intentions of the government. The protecting of travellers, as one of the duties of hospi-

tality, is conformable to the precepts both of the Hindoo and Mahometan law. These serais are large in proportion to the intercourse established in the district. The walls are in general sufficiently strong to resist an attack from any of the predatory bands that may infest the neighbourhood.

I arrived at Djanpor in the afternoon. I often laugh when I think of the mistakes my sayo made in taking my directions, my foreign accent completely setting him astray.

The aspect of the serai in which I found my servants, was by no means inviting ; but as no other lodging could be found, I was obliged to content myself. I must say that the inside was better than the external appearance would lead one to suppose.

CHAPTER VII.

Djnanpor—Inscription—Kheta Serai—Schagunj—Boy, or Bovi — Schahguno — Schilalpur — Bazaar — An armed man — Dane — Altafunj — Sugar-baker — Bexungunj — Adjuddhya — Aurangzib — Rajah — Temple — Tolerance of the Indians — Bazaar at Adjuddhya—Metal vessels—Nuray—Ways of gaining money.

IN Djnanpor my journey through Upper India commences. The town presents little to interest the antiquary, with the exception of the ruins of a fort, built of sandstone, and which seems to have been once a place of strength. The houses are crumbling to decay. I saw an inscription on an octagonal column in a ruined mosque, which I requested my munschi to interpret. I may as well say that, notwith-

standing what had occurred at Benares, I had reinstated my munschi in his office. He was not able to explain the inscription. I copied it, and some time afterwards was introduced by the munschi to a learned man ; but to him, too, the scroll was a mystery.

From the fort may be seen the ruins of two mosques. The style of architecture is noble, rich in ornament and elegant in detail. They belong evidently to the period of the Mogul dynasty.

One of these buildings, of which the fore court was ornamented with columns, presented so striking a similarity to the Mandaburn, a temple on the Coromandel coast, that I was tempted to doubt whether it was really a mosque. It might have been a Hindoo temple, or if belonging to the Mahometans, intended, perhaps, for the reception of persons travelling with the Court. Had my munschi possessed more skill in inscription-reading, I might have found some clue to the difficulty.

I remained a few days at Djanpor, when I set off at five in the morning, and after a journey of seven hours arrived at Kheta Serai, a small

village, happy in possessing a serai visited by Brahmins. The surrounding country is level. The whole landscape infuses a sense of freedom that is inexpressibly attractive. Whether the reality exists, is another question.

I left Kheta Serai at five in the morning, and in three hours reached the little town of Schagunj, where are the ruins of a Hindoo temple, of which the architecture and venerable appearance leave no doubt as to the period of its erection. A building near the temple, seems to have been the residence of a rajah. The pillars are of stone, whilst those in the temple are of brick. The whole country through which we were now journeying, was a great plain, with the exception of some patches of jungle, in which, I was told, wild boars might be found.

As we journeyed on to Schahguno, which was to be our resting-place for the night, we passed by Boy, or Bovi, between which and Kheta Serai are some solitary lakes. Schahguno seemed to me a flourishing little village in which are built forty new houses ; Boy, on the contrary, was a wretched-looking place.

Schilalpur presents no great attraction to the traveller. It does not possess a single stone house. There are the remains of a fort and temple. A bazaar, open once a week, gives the place some little importance. There the necessaries of life may be purchased, rice, ghi, or butter, &c. Cotton is grown in the neighbourhood, though I do not believe that there is much trade carried on in the article. As we advance on our way, the appearance of freedom and comfort increases, though we found many tracts uncultivated.

In one of my ruin-seeking promenades, at a short distance from the town, I met a man covered with armour, who placed himself, at a distance of about twenty paces, straight in my way, grasping his sword in a very expressive manner. As I was unarmed, I thought it better not to take notice of him. In such cases, it is, as in an encounter with a dog, if one appears afraid, and runs away, the probability is, that he will be bitten. I continued my way, without hastening or relaxing my pace. The man allowed me just so much room to pass, as that I could do so without brushing

against him. As I passed, he inquired whither I was going. I made no answer, but continued my way. My conduct, whether he considered it a proof of indifference or contempt, seemed to produce a good effect. He stepped aside, leaving me the path, and continued to gaze after me as I pursued my walk to the town.

The natives of the south of India rarely carry arms. I remember when on the Coromandel coast, I wished to get a sabre to bring away as a memento of the land, a week passed in strict search before I could gratify my curiosity. But in the Bengal district the case is different; here the warlike spirit is so prevalent, that a servant holds it essential to his dignity to appear armed. It is probable that in Upper Bengal this predilection for arms arises from necessity, for here every one carries some defensive weapon. Sometimes it is the heavy bamboo club, a weapon by no means to be despised; sometimes a gun or sabre. The further north, the more ferocious seems the spirit of the people. In Oude, every one is armed: guns, sabres, daggers, clubs, knives, are to be seen on all sides. So great is the respect the paid to arms in this part of the country, that

man who carries a pistol, even though unloaded, is the person who can best enforce deference.

I left Dane at half-past five in the morning, and arrived at Altafgunj at nine. This was to be the termination of my day's march. I took up my lodging in the little serai. The distance from Dane to Altafgunj is five coss. The road is like a lovely garden-walk, and though not passable for carriages, offers everything that a traveller in India can desire. Majestic trees, bending from either side, form above his head a thick, embowering shade. Far before him lies a wide sun-lit plain, and on the wayside are ponds, in which, I may remark, *en passant*, I shot a goose and a couple of ducks.

Altafgunj is a small place. The houses are built of loam. Notwithstanding its insignificance, it is the residence of a sirkar, or chief. There is also a confectioner's shop here, which afforded me an opportunity of witnessing the process of converting the sugar into confections. The sugar-baker had a large lump of sugar in his hands, weighing perhaps three or four pounds, and which had been already worked into the consistency of pitch. This mass he flung into

a trough furnished with a plug. After a little time he pulled the entire through the orifice, in what may be called a sugar-rope of about three feet long. This was then hung by the middle above the trough, when the operator continued for a considerable time to work up the material, pulling it out and thrusting it back until it assumed the appearance of a string of raw silk. The roll was then cut up in pieces of half an inch long ; when it was ready for sale. Having witnessed the process of manipulation, I tasted the preparation, and found it very savoury.

From Altafunj to Bexungunj, the road is planted on either side with the beautiful and odoriferous mangoe tree, of which the fruit is so grateful to the traveller. The natives prize this tree highly, the bark is said to possess many medicinal properties, the wood is used for funeral pyres, and the dried flower of the kernel serves for food. The fruit of the mangoe is highly prized ; but as there are different kinds, all are not equally good. This, perhaps, will explain the unfavourable accounts some travellers have given of the mangoes they have eaten, declaring them to be most nauseous ; but these

cases are exceptions, for any one who on a hot day's march has plucked a fresh mangoe, will bear testimony to its refreshing coolness. They are generally sliced, and eaten with wine, though some season them with oil, vinegar, and mustard.

After journeying along a pleasant road, I arrived at Bexungunj, which possesses a tolerable serai, a good market-place and main street. On the whole this place is superior in comfortable appearances to those I had lately passed. On the wayside, in a little wood, I saw a peacock family. I fired, and at the second shot killed one. I left Bexungunj at five o'clock in the morning, and reached Ajudhya, or more properly, Adjuddhya, at eleven. Spite of all I had heard, the appearance of the town surprised me. Everything here was so Hindoo, so much in the old Hindoo style that one sees on the Coromandel coast.

In Benares one finds numbers of Hindoos, but they are for the most part merchants, or at least have great intercourse with Europeans; but in Adjuddhya they seem more exclusive, there is less foreign intercourse and, one would be tempted to say that Hindooism is purer

here. Though the town is rich in ruins, it is still evident that the place was never abandoned. Houses of a modern date are interspersed amongst the ruins of the old.

Adjuddhya is about nine coss distant from Bexungunj, and the road is very pleasant. Every step of the way offers to the antiquary some new pleasure, or awakens fresh hopes. Everything indicates to the traveller that he is approaching a scene of former greatness, that he is treading upon classic ground. I can scarcely account for this sensation; for here there are no ruined piles, no lofty monuments to arrest the eyes, or awaken the fancy. Still the conviction creeps over the mind of the beholder that he is approaching a city of bygone glory. There is a something in the general tone and aspect of all around; the vegetation is of a different growth and of a deeper hue; the flies and beetles seem to hum legendary tales as they flit and buzz about the moss-grown walls. Within the city are many modern temples, of great beauty. Thirty-one were enumerated as deserving my particular attention; and though amongst the old ruins are the remains of

buildings which belong evidently to the time of Vixromadith, I could not discover any inscriptions, nor learn any tradition which would enable me to attach to any a name or date.

I set out at eight o'clock to take a closer view of the town. My conductor brought me first to the Ladschmi, or Lakschmi Ghât, which is close by the river. All along the banks numbers of temples rise, of which, however, the exterior seems to have suffered from time. One, of which I had a nearer view, was an exception. Its high battlements were in perfect preservation, and its beautiful terraces descending to the water-side, were furnished with octagonal projections intended for seats. I had a view of an old building erected here in the time of Allum Ghir Aurangzib, that fanatical tyrant, unworthy to be the descendant of the great Ackbars.

With the tyrannical bigotry which characterized his conduct, the Mahometan emperor built his mosque upon the site of a Hindoo temple which he had destroyed; and its firmly-cemented stone walls, and exquisitely chiselled minarets, seemed capable in their strength and

beauty of perpetuating their founder's name through an earthly immortality. But time, the just-handed Nemesis, defeated his design, and his mosque fell to ruin, without one faithful Moslem stretching forth a hand to stay its fall, or repair its desolation. The cry of "Alla il Ackbar" ceased to echo from his minarets, and the race that he oppressed outlived the monument of their shame; the foreign shrine crumbled, and the natives of the soil erected new temples, which still flourish with their attendant Brahmins.

To the Christian eye, the triumph of either is saddening, but considered in a political light, or as an act of natural justice, who does not rejoice at seeing the work of the foreign tyrant overturned?

Amongst the many buildings here, a temple erected by the rajah deserves notice. This rajah holds the town in fief from Oude. He is an honest man, and faithful in his stewardship. He is a Brahmin, and the temple, which is in the style of those at Benares, bears testimony to his wealth. Immediately above the cornice whence the ceiling rises, are repre-

sentations of female minstrels or dancers, standing in groups with their instruments beside them. These figures are not so finely executed as those which I saw in the temple at Benares ; another difference is, that the sculptor in the execution of his design has sought the aid of colour. The spires are of gilt copper, after the Indian fashion. This temple is dedicated to the sun, as the great engendering power to which the fertility of the earth is due. The idol is placed in the middle of the building, and on the right side, separated from the main building, is a compartment of which the occupant is a large ox of white marble. Though separated from the building which contains the idol, he is not excluded ; a large door in the partition-wall allows him, or would allow him, if he could see, a view of the shrine.

I looked with admiration on this temple, of which I was assured the erection only occupied two years. The ornamental parts were not yet finished. Painters and sculptors were still employed on the upper part of the building. The energy with which the Indians carry on a work is very praiseworthy. I learned that the

rajah had received every needful aid from all parts of India, and that he had paid liberally. Before the temple, a well-tended garden delighted the eye with its many-tinted flowers, though I must admit that they were more beautiful in colour than fragrant in odour. A number of doors opened in the garden wall, leading to different buildings, intended probably for pilgrims or servants.

The beauty of the modern temples must not make me forget one of the ancient, which attracted my special attention. It was built upon an eminence to which thirty or forty steps led, and commanded a beautiful view. The god was liberal: he ordered me to be presented with sugar comfits, and in return, I offered him a piece of silver. After visiting thirty temples, I entered a mosque, in which I found a Brahmin and a Mussulman, apparently upon the most friendly terms. Very much surprised, I asked the Brahmin what he did there, as the place belonged to the Moslems. He said that it was an usurpation on their part, that the place was really Vishnu's kitchen. I must here pay tribute to the toleration with which I was re-

ceived in this place. I was allowed to enter the temples without opposition, and to look at the idols, nor was I required to take off my shoes, after I had explained that the mark of deference in my nation did not consist in uncovering the feet but the head, and that I would be far from wishing to insult their temples. One of the Brahmins was so liberal-minded as to assure me that it was a matter of indifference, and that the god would take no notice ; but that it was sometimes necessary to insist on the form being observed.

I learned that many persons of half-caste had behaved in a very discreditable manner in the temple ; that they had entered with an air of propriety, but that once within they had behaved very badly. They had laid hold of the idols and of many things belonging to the temple, because they knew that touching such objects would be considered a desecration of the place. I asked what the Hindoos did under these circumstances, and was told that they were in great affliction for what had befallen their god, and cried for a long time, " Ram ! Ram ! Ram ! Ram !" purified the temple by

washings, and prayed earnestly that the god would forgive such conduct.

Let any one who reflects on these proceedings ask himself whether they must not be a mild, a meek-hearted people, who did not seek a bloody revenge for such treatment. So far am I from participating in their feelings, and so much am I opposed to what may be considered national insults, that had I witnessed such a scene, I should have kicked the Christians out of the Hindoo temple.

Amongst the temples of Ajudhya which are held in the highest esteem, one of the Brahmins mentioned the following to me—Halumanghery, Sergaddehary, Fanimagstan, Kerk-sanghassan, Ratsanghasan Ram Dywon, Tryta, Guptarnath, Setakund Surjkund, Bharatkund, Agenkund, and several others.

In the bazaars at Ajudhya, is to be seen a great display of metal vessels. I had here an opportunity of purchasing many antiquities wrought in metal. Amongst the ornaments which I bought were bracelets for the upper part of the arm. On these were exquisitely-wrought figures illustrative of the Indian

mythology. I regret to say that these were stolen from me: I prized them highly, and still lament their loss.

I left Ajudhya, where I had passed my time so pleasantly, and the close of my first day's march brought me to Nuray. The following evening I stopped at the Berexi Serai, where I met a Scotchman, whom in one of my equestrian excursions, a few days before, I had seen in a serai. I was told that this person's name was Mr. John Isaacs. This gentleman visited me here, and told me that he was servant to Mr. John Scott. I asked whether his master was an Englishman, he replied: "Certainly; do you not perceive by his name, John Scott, that he must be an Englishman?" I could make no answer to this, but wondered in secret why my people had told me that this traveller was a captain in the service of the King of Oude. The Scotchman told me that his master had much more the appearance of a fakir than of a Christian schoolmaster, which was his real occupation, a piece of information which I believe to be correct. He asked whether I

would wish to make acquaintance with Mr. Scott, as he could procure me the opportunity of doing so. I declined, and begged that he would not bring Mr. Scott; but if he could himself pass half-an-hour with me, I would be very glad to chat with him.

Through some misunderstanding, the Scotchman thought that I intended to visit his master. He told me that Mr. Scott's sister was married to the King of Oude, and that her brother, who had travelled through "the whole world," was then on the point of setting out to visit the court of Oude. This account did not appear to me quite correct. Mr. Isaacs took his departure, and returned in a short time, accompanied by Mr. Scott. His appearance was not very different from that of his Scotch attendant, and I discovered that he neither spoke nor understood English. I now learned from his own lips that he was of Portuguese origin, and born in Bombay. I could not help being amused at all these contradictory accounts; nor was I less diverted with the lively humour of this old man, who, as he told me, was now in his sixty-fourth year. He told me that he was in the Company's

pay, and resided at Cawnpore. The first part of the account I was inclined to doubt. Nothing could persuade this old gentleman that it was not an ill-requited affection which had driven me from my country, an opinion which would lead one to suppose that such was his own case. I did not question him; should we meet again, I may be more curious.

The mornings were very cold, and I cannot forget how much I suffered for want of warm gloves, with which I had forgotten to provide myself. The distance from Deryabad to Nababgunj is twelve coss, and the road agreeable to travel. On the eve of my departure from Nababgunj, my sayo informed me that he would not be able to travel on the following day, as his horse had given him a severe kick. Though convinced of the falsehood of this statement, I had no remedy. I could not at that hour procure a cooly who would fill his place, and was obliged in the morning to prepare my horse, a service which no European travelling in this country wishes to perform.

My sayo set off two hours earlier in the morning than I, wishing to travel slowly

with the servants, who were going before to make arrangements for passing the night. About two hours after I set out, I met him, and he had so perfectly recovered the use of his legs, that when I, declining his proffered attendance, wished to ride on, he sprang forward with an agility which I had never before seen him exert, and actually kept up with me on foot. He asked forgiveness, and promised to behave better in future. I pardoned him. This man was one whom I had always particularly favoured, and whose service I had sought to make most agreeable.

We could have reached Lucknow this evening, but I preferred sending my servant on to hire a house, that everything might be ready on my arrival.

It is only after long experience that one would be justified in forming an opinion of a nation. After having met the good and the bad, after mixing with persons of different classes, we may then take a view of the entire. In narrating the following incident, I certainly do not give a specimen of "the good," but it may serve as a contrast to something better.

I had much reason to be pleased with my

Madras servants, but of my Bengalese retainers I had a very different impression. I have already said that I think it better for a traveller to hire servants belonging to the district through which he is journeying. However, whilst in Benares, I engaged a Madras man, partly because he told me that he had been a long time in the northern part of India, and partly influenced by a prejudice in favour of Madras servants. A few days after hiring this man, he requested two months' wages in advance, that he might be enabled to send his wife back to Madras. I gave the money, but on the day of my departure from Benares, when we arrived at the termination of our first day's march, he presented himself with his wife, and said that he had not been able to send her to Madras nor to leave her at Benares, for that she had threatened to take away her life, if she were not allowed to accompany him. I could oppose nothing to so reasonable a request, as it is not an unusual proceeding here, and when in Madras, the wives of many of my servants came in my suite, and my present sayo, or groom, was accompanied by his consort. In a few days after, Ramsan—this was the name of my unworthy servant—sought

a private interview with me, and proposed that his wife should hold the same place in my establishment that Georgian slaves do in a harem. I was astonished at such a proposition, and dismissed him with such an admonition as it became a master to give his servant in such circumstances. Ramsan, with the characteristic perseverance of his countrymen, was not disheartened by a refusal, and came again to say that unless I accepted his offer, he would be brought to great distress, as he had no other way of gaining money. The thing was becoming troublesome ; I sent for my munschi, and ordered him to make inquiries about Ramsan and his wife. When the munschi took Ramsan to task, the latter declared that it was all a mistake, arising probably from my ignorance of the language. Irritated by his insolence, I sent for him, and spoke with him in presence of the munschi ; he then denied his conversation with the munschi, whom he pronounced to be a liar. Upon further inquiry, it was discovered that the woman whom he called his wife, had no legal claim to the title. They were both ignominiously dismissed, Ramsan vowing vengeance against me.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lucknow—House—Resident—View from windows —
Iman-barah — The Iman-barah at Hussynabad —
Bagh dil Kusca—Sanna Kuna—Gardens—Ships—
Horses—Throne-room—European lady—Royal pro-
cession—Mahometan festival—Knight in armour—
Breakfast with the Resident — Breakfast with the
King—Spectacle—Fencers.

I ARRIVED at Lucknow, the capital city of Oude, early in the morning. I do not intend to enter into the history of this province, the fate and conduct of whose princes have been so often brought before European eyes, and under so many different aspects, since the conquest of India by the British. I mean simply to relate what I saw, and the incidents which befel me during my stay.

All the miseries of my journey through India arose from the awkwardness, or more frequently from the dishonesty of my servants ; and my arrival at Lucknow was signalized by one of these events.

When within a day's journey of Lucknow, I sent on my munschi with directions to hire a house in the city. At eight o'clock the following morning he met and conducted me to a large mansion, which had been built by a deceased nabob, and which was not in the best repair. Though this house was very spacious, and situated in one of the busiest parts of the town, the part which my munschi had hired for me was so contrived, that my view was limited to an inner court. I objected to such a prospect, and was informed that this wing of the building had been inhabited by the wives of the original Mahometan owner. I had no intention of becoming successor to these matrimonial prisoners, and desired the munschi to procure some other apartments. He did not return until evening, and then informed me that there were no other apartments for hire ; but that I could have the entire house at eighty rupees per month. The rent for which he had first en-

gaged was twenty-two rupees. I had been kept waiting from morning until evening in my palanquin, and now heartily tired, I gave directions for passing the night in the caravansary.

I saw no more of my munschi that day, and sent some of the other servants to look for a house. They found one, which that very evening I went to see. It was too small. Another was offered, which I was told I could see in the morning, and of which, if it suited, I could get instant possession. At the appointed hour I went, but was informed that the house would not be let to an European. This I thought inconsistent with the answer of the previous evening. I made inquiries, and found that the munschi had been there, and had been so insolent to the owner, that the latter refused to let me have his house.

About ten o'clock another house was proposed to me, and after a good deal of discussion the bargain was concluded. At the moment when I looked upon the house to be my own, one of the servants, who acted as agent, refused to admit my baggage without further consultation with his master. This was a piece of impertinence to which I had no idea of

submitting, and declared that the slightest symptom of opposition should be the signal for expelling them all by force.

But my annoyances were not at an end. Though I had hired the entire house, I was not put in possession of the third story. The passage to these rooms was through the apartments I occupied, so that I was at every moment exposed to intruders. It would be useless to repeat the torments which these people made me suffer ; I endeavoured to turn my mind from them, and after dismissing the servants I had brought, and hiring new ones, I turned my thoughts towards exploring the town and noting down what particularly attracted my attention.

My munschi was nothing loth to accompany me in these excursions. As a true Mussulman, Lucknow was, in his eyes, superior to all the cities on earth. He never grew weary of its praise, and instead of endeavouring to impress me with the importance of studying the language, as was his custom in other places, he was always willing to accompany me abroad.

My first visit was to the English resident, Captain Shakspeare. The residence is one of

the handsomest buildings in Lucknow, very well situated, and surrounded by a spacious enclosure. Captain Shakspeare received me very kindly, and gave me a great deal of information about the "sights" of the town and neighbourhood. My windows looked out on the main street, and continually presented a quick succession of the most varied and amusing scenes. Sometimes it was a courier perched high on the hunch of a quick-travelling camel, using as bridle a cord passed through the animal's nostrils. Sometimes it was the stately and imperial elephant in scarlet housings, fringed with gold, bearing on his back the curtained howdah, which the silken shade, gracefully drawn back, permits the eyes of the humble to behold the bronzed countenance of the mighty nabob who reposes within; or, peradventure, the carefully-closed drapery of the howdah set the imagination busily at work picturing the charms of its fair occupant. But above all fancies and facts was the pleasure that I every day enjoyed, that of seeing the king himself pass. Twice a day did the King of Oude pass before my window—at his setting out on his promenade, and on his return from it.

Mounted on an elephant, and under the guidance of one of the king's schobdars, an equipage which Captain Shakspeare's kindness procured me, I visited the Iman-barah of Asef il Dhawla. The plan of the building is extensive, and the whole edifice exceeds any of the erections of the last century that I have seen in India. Buildings appointed for the celebration of the Moharum feast, are called Iman-barah. These feasts are instituted in memory of Iman Hassan or Husayn, and whilst they last, the buildings are lighted up with lamps. They generally contain a mosque or shrine for prayer, and may, indeed, be looked upon as mausoleums erected to the memory of Husayn.

Many rich Mussulmen have little Iman-barahs in their own houses. The Iman-barah built by Asef il Dhawla has a large garden, which communicates with several small buildings, most of which are touched by the hand of time. Within the Iman-barah is placed Husayn's grave, covered with a tabernacle of silver, exquisitely wrought. The building is closed in by a beautiful dome, terminating in a warlike ornament representing a sabre blade, a dagger, &c. The mosque is a beautiful massive building, and like the Iman-

barah, painted white, the cupola terminating in a gilded spire.

There is a labyrinthine passage leading from the Iman-barah, and so intricate that four persons are said to have lost their way, and *par conséquence*, their lives in it. Next to the Iman-barah is the door-way, or rather door-building, Rumi Derwasa, constructed in the same style as the temple to which it belongs. I remember well the wetting I got on the day I visited Iman-barah. Three days had I stayed at home in apprehension of the descent of the dark clouds which looked so threatening overhead, when on the very day that I ventured to go abroad, they all descended. I was thoroughly drenched.

On the following day, I visited the Iman-barah at Hussynabad, with the same suite as on the day preceding, my conductors furnished with gold and silver staves, being members of the king's household. The Iman-barah at Hussynabad is quite a European-looking building, furnished with gardens, adorned with temples and statues. I found there also some rhinoceroses and elephants, kept to amuse their masters by their combats in the arena.

The Iman-barah at Hussynabad is a smaller

building than that built by Asef il Dhawla, but in much better repair. In the centre of the garden is a large tank, which supplies a number of fountains, distributed through the different alleys and flower-knots, and which during the festival days were kept in full play. Within the temple are some things which in the eyes of the natives are wonders of art. Amongst these are two glass tigers, manufactured in England, and which certainly are not, either in execution or design, such as would entitle them to a place in the museum of the King of Oude, in whose dominions the living type roams free in his native fierceness and beauty. But such is the force of prejudice, everything coming from Europe is here esteemed beautiful, and the glass monster is admired, even where it comes in daily contrast with the grace of the living form in nature.

The small buildings attached to the garden serve for the accommodation of the king, in the visits which he makes during the feast. Beside one of the fountains are two wooden figures, which when the pipes that supply the water are worked, move in unison with the pumps, and have quite the appearance of working the machinery. Speaking of figures

I must mention two others, placed on either side of a little bridge leading to the great reservoir in the middle of the garden. These statues are dressed like sentinels, and have a very warlike aspect. One represents an English, the other a native soldier. Though in the execution of these figures there may be many artistic defects, it must be confessed that the distinctive characteristics of feature have been well preserved.

I yesterday visited Bagh dil Kusca, one of the king's country-houses. It is built after an old-fashioned European style, and is situated at about four miles from the city. The house is surrounded by a kind of park, laid out in what seems to be English taste, though the high jungle grass is of a decidedly Indian aspect. Amongst the pictures with which the house is adorned, are several representing female figures. These are in one of the lower rooms, and directly opposite the entrance is a small picture representing the royal owner, dressed in European costume, and looking not a little proud of his adornments.

At a short distance from this building is another called Constantia, according to the

inscription over the doorway, but which is more commonly known as Markinkikodi, a corruption of the name of its founder, or perhaps only an Indian translation of his name. General Martin, by whom this edifice was erected, was a Frenchman, who from the rank of private soldier rose to the highest grade in the Company's service. The building is a comical-looking structure; and one would be tempted to fancy that the design was furnished by a Parisian pastry-cook. It consists of many stories, and is ornamented with statues of European fashion, executed by Indian artists. There is something very cold in the aspect of this building, spite of all the money and skill which have been lavished on it; and the yellow hue contrasts sharply with the white, in which the statues, balconies, and cornices are painted.

With the inside I was better pleased, and did not regret having gone a few miles out of my way to see the entire. The ground-plan is a circle, and in the centre is a circular hall, off which branch a number of arched corridors, on which open many doors leading to different chambers. The walls and ceilings were painted

in what may be called an excellent rococo style, presenting in the variety of colouring and multiplicity of figures, a kind of methodical confusion which reflects great honour on the architect. There are seven stories, and a winding staircase leads from the top to the bottom, terminating in a subterranean apartment, in which a mausoleum is raised to the memory of Claude Martin. The inscription is simple: "Claude Martin came here a private soldier, and died a general." A well-executed bust of the deceased is placed over the sepulchre. Figures of soldiers with reversed arms, are placed in the niches of the wall around the sarcophagus.

This monument was erected at the expense of the regent, as the King of Oude is called, and is a proof of the friendly feeling entertained by his majesty for the Company's servants. The entire building is in the French taste. One could almost believe that the arabesques were executed in Europe, and all bear testimony to Indian talent, and the skill with which the native artists copy a given model.

I visited Sanna Kuna, the royal aviary or bird-garden. It was not very well stocked. I saw nothing but quails, doves, and parrots;

but there were some fine specimens of quadrupeds. Amongst these I noticed a number of beautiful tigers, three leopards, a hyena, a jackal, a wild dog, a Persian cat, a deer, many of the ordinary Indian antelopes with spiral horns, and lastly, a roe from the Nepaul mountains, an animal very like the roe found in our own country, but darker in colour, somewhat longer, and of a more graceful form. Amongst the doves I saw some of a green colour, which were brought from the neighbourhood of Nepaul.

After my visit to Sanna Kuna, I visited some gardens in the enclosure of the palace Bagh dil Kusca. These strongly resembled those which I had already seen. A European air pervaded the house, garden, and arrangements, though, in my opinion, a garden laid out in the Indian fashion is much handsomer. After having gone through a part of the palace, I visited the ships, which the father of the present king got built at Calcutta, at the cost of five lacs of rupees—thirty thousand pounds. If gilding and bright-coloured painting constitute beauty, it can be said that the interior of the ships is very handsome; as to the exterior, the build

is not good. I do not think that these ships could live in a strong sea.

The king's navy can also boast a steam-boat ; but what most attracted my attention, were two old boats, of a fish-like form, and not only was the keel fashioned to this shape, but the deck and upper parts corresponded. There are apertures in the sides, through which the oars are projected. These boats are old, and since the arrival of the English ships, little cared for. It is said that the king comes every day to visit the ships, and lolls for a while on the cushions, when the vessels are put into motion, and after a short sail his majesty returns to his palace.

I was conducted to the royal stables, where the horses of the Badschah, as the King of Oude is sometimes called, were shown me. They are all of Arabian and Persian blood, and reared in the king's stud at Lucknow. Some of these animals were very beautiful—two, a white and a bay, called forth my warmest admiration. None of these horses are large, all are of middle size. I remarked that, in general, the hind legs were short and the hoofs small. The horses are well taken care of, and I must do the Indians

the justice to say, that there are no better grooms. In the royal stall, I saw three tiger-horses, from Bukhara. Everything about these animals indicates strength ; the body is long and robust, and the legs sinewy ; the head is rather heavy.

One of the curiosities of the stables was a little horse twenty years of age, a yard and an inch in height, of which the colour, owing to the combined efforts of art and nature, was deep rose, dappled on the back with white half-moons. The mane and tail were white.

Next day I visited the throne-room. Twice in the year the king enjoys the luxury of reposing on the royal seat, which gives its name to this apartment. It is a spacious hall, of which the arched ceiling is supported by handsome pillars ; two similar halls extend on either side of the throne-hall ; and the long line of columns, uniting in arches with the portico which terminates each corridor, produces a very good effect. The hall is well lighted, the floor covered with a scarlet carpet, and between the pillars are hung scarlet curtains, which, looped up on either side, give a harmonious finish to the whole. The walls are painted of a colour that seems a mixture of white, green and grey ; the arabesques are of

stone, washed with gold and silver, and reach the roof on which is painted, and not in a very good style, a vast collection of clouds and angels.

A number of steps lead to the throne, the upper part of which is covered with plates of gold, the under with silver ones washed with gold. The canopy is adorned with arabesques, which, wrought in the gold and sparkling with precious stones, look right royal. The jewels in this adornment are made to represent flowers in their natural colours, whilst the edge, or border, is of green enamel, though, sad to tell, many fragments of the latter are broken off, which would lead one to doubt whether the whole has not been constructed within the last fifty years, or make one suspect that its royal occupant sometimes forgets his dignity, and raises his hand against his own throne.

After this, I was conducted to the mint, to see the rupyah and gold mohurs stamped. The process goes on like all Indian work, without machinery, everything being done by workmen. The metal used is not the ore, but silver which is to be re-stamped ; and in order to be purified, this is thrown into a smelting cauldron with a certain quantity of lead. The lead and copper

uniting fall to the bottom, when the silver, now disengaged, is taken off. The apparatus for blowing is the same as that used by the savages in Africa—a skin of some animal, in one extremity of which a tube is inserted, and in the other an aperture is left, which, by means of a pair of wooden handles, the operator can close or open at pleasure. The fuel is wood, and so arranged that the bellows acting upon it, makes the flame play directly upon the metal. This process completed, the silver is laid upon the anvil, and after long hammering and washing, is again smelted and then poured into clay forms, whence it is taken out in slender silver rods, from which small pieces are cut off and weighed. The persons appointed to discharge this function, after adjusting the coin by the standard weight, hand it over to others, who cut it to a circular form, after which it is again subjected to the fire, when the edges are rounded with more delicate correctness.

It is now plunged into mangoe acid, and boiled, a process in which it acquires its pretty white colour. The silver has then to be stamped. One die is fastened in the floor, the workman holds the other in his hand, the bit of metal to

be stamped is placed between ; a second workman strikes, and the coin is ready for circulation.

After my visit to the mint, I directed my steps to that quarter of the town inhabited by the English who are in the service of the nabob, as the king is often called. This portion of the town is mean and filthy, and does little credit to its inhabitants.

I remember that whilst in the mint, I was shown a man who was said to possess a secret by which he could keep gold in solution as long as he pleased. Nobody could explain the mystery, but all declared that this workman could prevent the gold from solidifying. I wished to question the man, but my munschi's imagination or understanding could not grasp so abstract a subject, and I remained in ignorance.

A note was presented to me, filled with mournful apostrophes to a distant fatherland, and sad complaints about the want of means to reach that home. The letter was written in a female hand ; and when the writer spoke of "disappointed hopes" and a "deceitful world," is it to be wondered at, that my imagination, warmed perhaps by the influence of an Indian sun, already invested the fair wanderer with the

charms of a Roxalana, and the gentleness of a Ruth? My busy fancy quickly placed itself at an aerial writing-desk; three volumes were written, in which my beautiful heroine—for that she was beautiful I made no doubt—played a most dignified and interesting part.

The work was finished, I only debated about the name. Should it be “The Sorrows of the Heart,” or “The Tale of a Life,” or “Unrequited Love.” I was perplexed, when suddenly the lady was introduced, and my dream was put to flight. I had expected to see the fairest of the fair; and a diminutive, sickly, mean-looking creature presented herself, though, be it remarked, there was no lack of pretension. The lady was seated. She had come to ask my advice; this was flattering. She proceeded with her history. She told me that she had received an appointment about the person of the Begum Queen; she did not like her position, and intended to send in her resignation in a few days. The bustle and confusion of a court did not suit her quiet habits; she was only a subject of laughter to the crowd that surrounded the queen.

I must remark, *par parenthèse* that my

private information gave her history a different colouring. My informant told me that she had been appointed by the king's son, to the superintendence of his English wardrobe. Without making a remark between the discrepancy in the report and her own statement, I pleaded my unfitness and inability to advise a lady, and so the affair dropped. I only mention the circumstance here, as an evidence of the terms on which some Europeans enter the courts of Indian princes.

These adventurers are, for the most part, daughters, wives, or young widows of English soldiers, who, sometimes urged by necessity, sometimes allured by the Mammon of this world, risk the bark of their fortune on this perilous sea. The hope that builds for the Georgian slave a palace in Stamboul, where, in fancy, she sees herself ruling as sultana, induces many a foolish European maid to give ear to promises and assurances of becoming, one day, the favourite of an Indian nabob, prince or king — hopes, nebulous as the morning mist, and whose destruction or realization is alike fruitful of tears.

A woman's power, established on such a

basis, lasts only whilst the bloom of her cheek is unfaded—often even before the term of that brief period the charm of novelty has fled; and she who but a few months before revelled in the fancied possession of regal power, suddenly awakens from her dream—the bubble which she sought to grasp has burst, and nothing remains but the bitter sense of moral degradation. And supposing the absence, or suspension of moral feeling during her short triumph, still has she much to endure. A European constitution cannot resist the effects of the climate; the manner of living, and the night watches to which the natives are accustomed, soon sap the strength and beauty of the pale northern, and the intriguing Indian spirit too often makes the poisoned dagger anticipate the natural progress of decay, or the loathing of satiety.

Amongst the sights that win the traveller's attention at Lucknow, the king himself deserves the first place. If the deportment of his majesty in his English costume may sometimes call forth a smile, still his long train of richly-caparisoned elephants, well-mounted cavaliers and footmen or lackeys, in red kaftans bearing beautifully-wrought silver batons in their hands,

form a goodly show. The king, as I have mentioned, passed before my house twice every day, to visit, as I was told, his wives or female favourites, and as if to vary the monotony of the amusements, there was every day some change in the equipage. His majesty sometimes rode upon an elephant, sometimes he was drawn in a carriage by two, at other times by four horses. The procession was always headed by four horsemen beating kettle-drums, to announce the approach of royalty.

The dress of these *avant couriers*, as well as their saddle-cloths, was of green cloth embroidered with gold. These were followed by a number of runners, bearing lances, of which the points were sheathed in red velvet; then came standard-bearers, each flag-staff of solid silver; after these came others armed with matchlocks, and as the procession advanced, denser and denser became the throng of horse and foot-followers. About the centre of the line were the officers of the king's household, each bearing some distinctive mark of his office. Immediately behind, followed a man bearing a parasol richly embroidered in gold. This parasol is an insignia of kingly dignity. Now came the high

nobility on horseback, and many persons bearing swords and lances differing in form according to the dignity of the bearer, and all of gold, whilst those which had passed before, of whatever form, were of silver.

Next came the king himself, and truth to say, he was not the least splendid part of the raree-show. Gold and silver, pearls and precious stones of all kinds seemed to have fallen upon him in showers, and this suits our idea of an Indian prince. And then his crown, blazing with jewels, satisfies our fancy's longings. And of the crown I will say a word. It is shaped like the cap of an Armenian priest, or like a pear with the narrow end cut off, the diamonds and rubies, sapphires, and such like things making it of course produce a very different effect.

Now, as I said before, this is king-like, Indian king-like, and when a traveller sees this figure placed on the back of a noble elephant twelve feet high, beneath the crimson, gold-embroidered curtains of the superb howdah, and gazes on the jewelled trappings of the noble beast which bears the royal burden, he feels as if the toil of his journey from his distant home

were repaid, and he delights in beholding the reality of the picture which he had formed to himself of an eastern monarch.

But the King of Oude sometimes wishes to Anglify himself, and then he loses the *prestige* which his eastern origin gives him. So comical was the figure he presented, a few days since, as he passed, that I could not forbear laughing outright. He wore a pea-green frock with standing collar, black trowsers, white stockings, and black shoes. On his head he had a cap adorned with black ostrich feathers, bearing a strong resemblance to those worn by the Scottish Highland regiments. This is not an inelegant head-dress, and often makes part of the king's ordinary costume, and was a relief to the eye on this day, when his tight-fitting English dress seemed to add little to his comfort. He drove an open carriage, harnessed with two white horses, and appeared vastly proud of his elegant "turn-out," as well as of being so excellent "a whip."

Behind the king were led many of his horses, of which the housings were ornamented with precious stones. Here followed a palanquin, the heavy curtains, closely-drawn, announcing that

the occupants were ladies. This conveyance was surrounded by eunuchs. Two, sometimes four, elephants walked proudly behind, followed by a coach, a tamscham (a phaeton-shaped carriage), and a crowd of pedestrians. But all have not been enumerated. There were in the rear, huntsmen with rifles and hounds, falconers with hooded hawks ; in short, it would seem that all the inhabitants of the palace had set forth upon some important expedition, when they were only making their daily promenade in quest of an appetite for the next meal.

I remarked a man who attended the procession without seeming to form part of it. He carried in his hand a wheel attached to a stick ; and upon inquiry, I was informed that this was an instrument by which he measured the distance that the king traversed each day. This is considered a matter of sufficient importance to merit a place in the archives of the kingdom. A number of persons are employed in recording the daily actions of the reigning monarch ; annals preserved for the benefit of posterity.

Were I to relate all the misdemeanours of my munschi, every one of which, more or less,

was made to touch me, I should devote many a page to his service. Here in Lucknow, he begged my assistance in establishing a claim which he made on Nabob Dawlat, the King's uncle. He had passed many years in this nobleman's service, when he abode in Calcutta, whence he had accompanied him to Bombay. The nabob, according to a custom very common in the East, had not paid him his salary, and during the time that the munschi remained in his service, he was allowed to provide for himself as well as he could. Certainly this was the more easy, as by using his master's name, he could, by fair means or foul, procure what he wanted without rendering the nabob accountable.

At his departure from Calcutta, the prince left the munschi behind, but he followed him to Murschedabad, where he entered into my service. The nabob owed him a large sum of money, and when in Benares he involved himself in many difficulties, he always referred to the payment of the nabob's debt as a period when he would be able to settle all his affairs. Soon after our arrival at Lucknow, where the nabob then was, I reminded

the munschi of his debts, and those of his former master; and he told me that though he had gone several times to the prince's house, he had not succeeded in obtaining an interview. Upon this, I desired him to write a few lines which I gave to the Barra Sahab, who took an opportunity of speaking to the minister about the affair.

In consequence of my interference, the munschi became so devoted in the discharge of his duties, and spoke so softly and so amiably, that his service was quite a pleasure. The nabob seemed annoyed that Barra Sahab had been made acquainted with the matter, and told the munschi that he would wish to get a written scroll, saying that he, the munschi, had no further claim on him. This he said was a mere matter of form. "Like master, like man," says the proverb. The munschi, with many humble apologies, declined doing this, saying that it would be giving a receipt without payment.

What private arrangements may have been afterwards made between the nabob and him I know not, but he declined my further interference. Perhaps he did not wish to be under

a compliment; perhaps he reflected that were he paid by the nabob, he should refund the money I advanced. However this might be, he announced in a few days that he intended to leave my service for that of his former master. Such conduct was the height of ingratitude, for he knew well that just then I had especial need of him. His leaving would interrupt my Indian and Persian studies, and with a new teacher I would have a great deal to recommence.

A Mahometan festival was celebrated at Lucknow, and all the processions that I had hitherto seen were eclipsed by those which from dawn passed by my window. All were decked in their best. Horses, camels, elephants in their holiday trappings, ornamented with solid gold buttons, as large as an apple, close set on the housings and harness, the gold fringe of the former descending to the ground. Amongst so many thousands all could not be perfect. I saw an elephant bearing a stately howdah, evidently a relic of better days, its handsome silver ornaments had withstood the pressure of the hand of time, but the drapey hung in tatters, looking old enough to

have been in existence since the time of Aurangzib.

One of the costumes in the royal procession, interested me very much. This was a knight dressed in coat of mail and plumed helmet, who reined his steed with a lordly air, and seemed ready on his fiery barb to enter the lists, lance in rest, to do battle against all who should deny the matchless charms of his "ladye-love." Alas! India may be the land of magic, but it is not of romance: here woman's eyes can inspire no chivalrous deeds, and yet how much is there here that would remind us of the European middle ages; the glittering pageant, the trained steed, the mailed knight; but the spirit that called such scenes into existence in Europe lives not here. Christianity is scarcely known, and woman is degraded.

I had been kindly invited by the English resident to a breakfast at his house, where the king was to be the chief guest. The number invited was large, and amongst these were many natives of rank, several of the king's relatives, his sons, and brothers-in-law. These, as well as the husbands of his daughters, were permitted

to sit at the same table with his majesty, but the prime minister and other nobles sat apart. The soldiers who constitute the resident's body-guard were drawn out to receive the king, and in addition to these, a small number of artillery had been brought. These carried match-locks, in the use of which they were so dexterous, that I was told any of them could shoot a bottle off a horse's back at a considerable distance.

Some officers had been dispatched to conduct the king from the palace to the residency. The procession was such as I have already described, with the addition of some eight or ten hounds. The king came in a sedan-chair, which was covered with silver gilt. Behind the king followed the equipages of those relatives who were invited to breakfast; this lengthened the procession considerably. There were fifteen caparisoned elephants in the train. When the king had alighted from his sedan, General Gray, from Cawnpore, and Captain Shakspeare presented, each, an arm to his majesty, and so conducted him to the great hall. His majesty seems about forty years old, his figure is heavy, and totally devoid of grace, and his face, which is by no means handsome, might be said to indicate

good-nature, were not that expression overhung, so to speak, by a listless apathy. His head is large and long; his nose, as is usual amongst the Orientals, bespeaks a want of refinement; his mouth very wide, and looking still wider from the bushy beard by which it is surrounded. His dress, as may be supposed, was radiant with jewels and gold. The natives, particularly the Mahometans, attach great importance to such show.

His majesty seated himself for a few moments on a throne prepared for him; the resident and General Gray took their places on either side; the rest remained standing and staring. When the king rose from the throne, he was conducted, in the same manner as before, to the hall in which the tables were laid for breakfast. He took his place between General Gray and Captain Skakspeare, and his majesty being seated, we sat down, and breakfast proceeded.

The hooka-bearers now presented a pipe to the king, another to the resident; the mouth-pieces were of pure gold. The smoking of the hooka on this occasion was a mere ceremony, and occupied only a few minutes. The breakfast lasted about half an hour; the king spoke only

to Captain Shakspeare and to General Gray, and when the meal was finished, returned for a few minutes to his place on the throne, all the rest of the company taking their positions as before. At a signal from the king, a number of chains, made of silver twist, were brought, one of which his majesty put round the resident's neck, who in return hung another on his majesty's neck, after which he presented a chain, of the same kind, but shorter, to each person of the royal suite. After this the king took his departure, attended in the same manner as at his entrance.

Amongst the members of the royal family there was not one, I was told, who could not speak English. His majesty, however, discourages communication between his family and those who may be considered rulers in his land. This seems to me a wise precaution, but is not, I understand, agreeable to the English.

I have had an opportunity of witnessing the process of enamelling, which interested me very much. The enamel that I saw was wrought in silver. The workman draws the intended pattern on the silver, and the figures are then engraved on the metal. The ornament that I

saw operated on was hollow, and in order to make it bear the pressure of the graving tool, had been filled with sand. The engraving finished, the ornaments were then plunged into a tub of water in which dry mangoes had been boiled, in order that all impurities might be cleansed away. The enamel, that is the transparent mass, is not manufactured here: it is brought from Calcutta, and perhaps comes from England. Amongst the colours used in the manufacture, are two greens, two blues, a yellow, and a dull red.

The breakfast at the presidency, which I have mentioned, was one of the customary formalities exchanged between the King of Oude and the representatives of the English Government. This breakfast, as was well known, was to be followed by one from the king; and I already anticipated with delight the prospect of having a near view of one of the most sumptuous courts in India, and of witnessing the various sports with which Indian kings entertained their guests.

Scarcely had the morning of this longed-for day dawned, when I betook myself to the dwelling of the resident, and in his company proceeded

to the palace. The train which left the residency was not deficient in oriental splendour. Mounted upon the handsome government elephants, we looked proudly down upon the heads of the busy multitude that thronged the streets, and behind us came a goodly train of carriages. Arrived at the palace, we passed through many court-yards filled with people, all of whom I was assured were in the service of the king. Before entering the court which immediately surrounded the palace, we alighted from our elephants, and proceeded on foot to the palace. In the centre of the inner court is a long reservoir, more in the Mahometan than the Hindoo taste. Ascending a flight of steps we entered a hall, in which we found a number of guests; amongst these were some natives, as well as many English ladies and gentlemen; the ladies had come expressly from Cawnpore and other garrisons, to see the fights between the elephants, tigers, &c.

The resident advanced to an inner chamber, where the king received him, and both then entered the hall, where they sat for a while, when the signal for breakfast being given, all rose; and after passing through two small dark rooms, we

entered a very wide and long hall, the walls of which were ornamented with portraits. Here, breakfast was laid. The entire front of the hall was occupied by a balcony, from which we could enjoy an uninterrupted prospect of the quadruped combats.

To heighten the enjoyment of the morning meal, some natsch girls were introduced, who sang and danced all the time that we eat. The crowd of servants was so great, that we could not see the performers, their voices alone reached us, with the monotonous instrumental accompaniment. There were very few silver vessels on the table; none of gold. The breakfast service was of porcelain, not of extraordinary beauty, in the old English or rather European style of the beginning of the present century.

After breakfast, we stepped out on the balcony, when the amusements commenced with a bull-fight. The two animals that were brought forward did not seem at all inclined to fight, and their keepers were obliged to use force to induce them to begin the attack. These were followed by two others, who showed themselves better, or rather worse disposed. Now came a third pair, that seemed very earnest in their

animosity. That bull is esteemed the best that runs forward with his head down, and tries to strike the nose of his opponent.

The combat terminated without bloodshed, though we were assured that this was not always the case, for these animals sometimes fight so desperately that their heads are literally cleft in two, a horn hanging upon either half; and yet such maltreatment has not ended their lives, and these seamed heads have been again brought to battle in the arena.

After the bull-fight, two antelopes were brought forth. Their manner of commencing the attack was interesting. Each approached the other, his head nearly touching the ground, and his long spiral horns directed towards his antagonist, each eyeing the other, and like a skilful fencer, watching an unguarded movement to make his thrust. After these preliminaries, the fight began. The horns clashed, and at every shock, each tried so to balance himself as to keep above his opponent. Next came two roebucks. These were from the neighbourhood of Nepaul, low-sized, plump animals, with short, strong horns. They fought desperately; but neither obtained the mastery.

Fearing that their pugnacious propensities might carry them too far, long cords were fastened round their horns, and held by the keepers ; but so eager were the combatants in the fight, that their horns became entangled in these lines, and the keepers were obliged to separate them.

These combats took place immediately in front of the balcony ; but now the elephant-fight began, and the place appointed for this contest was about two hundred paces distant, at the other side of the river, on a fine plain of closely-cut grass. Before the elephants appeared, many horsemen essayed their skill in breaking a lance. These cavaliers managed their horses with great tact, and as they rode over the field, called back thronging memories of the tilts and tournaments of bygone days, when doughty knights achieved their fame in "listed field."

The elephants came out to combat wholly unadorned, except that their foreheads were painted red. The sharp points were cut from their tusks, which were furnished with rings. They did not show any great desire to hurt each other, but followed the directions of their leaders, or rather drivers. After surveying each other for some time, the combat began, each

prudently tucking up his proboscis as close to his nose as he possibly could. The endeavour of each seemed to be to get the superiority with his tusks ; but neither succeeding in this, they pushed against each other front to front, until at length the smaller and weaker-looking conquered. The larger ran away ; but the victor pursued him. The mahoot, or driver of the fugitive, obliged him to turn, and brought him *vis à vis* with his enemy. But again he retreated, and still the other pursued.

The means used to separate elephants on such occasions, are powder crackers, and so great was the number let off now, that the space between the animals was filled with a dense smoke, so that they could no longer see each other. Crowds of pedestrians rushed in, some trying to stop the flying elephant, others trying to arrest the pursuer.

When the defeated elephant had retired, a third entered the field and attacked the conqueror, who soon yielded to his new adversary, and fled. The other pursued, and overtaking him on an eminence, struck him so violently with his tusks, that one entered his side. The wounded elephant fell, and a cloud of dust hid

him from our view. We saw numbers of persons running towards the spot, and in a little time were informed that the poor animal was dead. I could scarcely believe it, and am still inclined to doubt that he lost his life so easily.

Another spectacle was now enacted for our entertainment, but this I would be less inclined to call sport than cruelty to animals. The actors were a hyena and a donkey ; and though the whole scene was not one of the most agreeable, I must say that poor Grizzle's conduct filled me with astonishment. The hyena was fastened with two chains, held short by the keepers, and the beast dragged itself along the ground. Its teeth were also broken, so that it was rendered in a great degree harmless. The donkey positively refused to fight ; and the hyena was so tormented and tortured by its keepers, who never ceased pulling the chains, that it seemed to lose all inclination to attack its opponent. To the honour of Grizzle it must be said, that when brought to the point, he showed much more tact than he proverbially gets credit for.

Seeing that a combat was inevitable, he thought well of becoming the aggressor ; and

mustering up all his courage, ran with as warlike an air as he could assume towards the hyena, which was lying on the ground. Grizzle knelt upon his prostrate opponent, and bit him ; but the diameter of his extended jaws was too small to allow him to grasp more than the skin, and even that he did not injure much. The deliberate composure with which Master Grizzle took his bite, showed that he was conscious of the disability under which his enemy lay. This seemed to amuse the spectators. Grizzle was again brought to the attack, and again and again did he bury his teeth in the hide of the hyena ; and now finding no resistance, he began to think himself a hero, and after each bite ran back, performing in a most uproarious manner the part of his own trumpeter.

After a short pause, the combat was again renewed. The hyena was allowed a little more freedom ; his chain was lengthened ; and when the braying victor galloped up, with ears erect, he was received with more warmth than he had expected. The broken-toothed beast bit, and with effect. Grizzle's courage was aroused ; he bit, and with so much good-will, that blood flowed. This seemed to be the crowning rose

in Jack Fribble's triumph, and long and loud were the notes in which he proclaimed his victory. It was evident, that had the hyena been allowed a little more freedom, Grizzle's song would have been made mute for ever.

The performance being ended we returned to the hall, where the distribution of chains had taken place, and, at the door, perfumes were distributed, which I must take the liberty of saying were not very good; and now the king took his departure. I went to the residency, whither the king sent some of his fencers for our entertainment, letting us know at the same time that they were most skilful in their art. The swords which these fencers used were furnished with a hilt that protected the back and front of the hand, somewhat like a glove. The blade is long and slender, about an inch and a half wide.

The first movement of the fencers, was to put themselves with a spring into a theatrical attitude, flourishing their swords with so much dexterity that the blade bent six or eight inches out of the straight line. Many feats were performed. Oranges and betal nuts were sliced with great dexterity whilst lying on the

ground, the performer cutting from the undermost part. At one blow he severed in twain some balls of wood. He lifted a stone, the first he said that came to hand, and cleft it at one blow. This stone was about twelve inches high, and six or eight inches thick. It was, I think, a kind of loose sand conglomerate. He wrapped an orange in a napkin, struck, and showed the fruit divided in the middle, the wrapper remaining untouched. This, I think, he effected by striking dexterously with the flat of his sword. The concluding feat was putting a grain of corn on the hand of one of his companions, and with a stroke of his sword cutting it in two. This excited universal applause. All believed it to be a reality, as if the inequalities of the hand, and even the motion produced by the pulsations, would not have rendered such a thing impossible.

Though I had remained longer in Lucknow than was my original intention, it was only when about to take my departure, that I prepared to make a general survey of the town. I should say that it is about seven English miles long; and those travellers who declare

it to be the most abominable of Indian cities, have, I should say, exaggerated.

That Lucknow is much inferior to Calcutta, Benares, and Patna, I cannot deny, and its narrow and unclean streets do not make a favourable impression. But then Mahomedan towns are never as clean as those belonging to the Hindoos, and still, spite of these drawbacks, it is not a despicable place. There are many handsome buildings, exclusive of the iman-barahs. There are many mosques, and several well-built private houses, which in wider streets would look very well. I must say that the characteristic of Mahomedan towns and individuals, is uncleanliness.

CHAPTER IX.

Rajah Saxarem's gold pates—Agra—Citadel Palace—
Summer apartment for the ladies—Demolition by the
English—Lord Hastings—Bishop Heber—The Taj
Mahal—Description of this building—Depredations
committed on the Taj Mahal—The aggressors—
Former splendour of Agra—Tomb of Iman Dawla.

HAVING left Lucknow, shaping my course towards Agra, I passed through several towns. In Kanoje, which was once a populous city, I was shown a place where eleven years before, a Brahmin one day, whilst digging the earth, found a copper box. He took it home; the box was heavy, and the Brahmin's expectations were raised, and no wonder, for he perceived that the little coffer was fastened with three locks. Though heavy, it was portable; and being furnished with two handles, was easily carried. No

sooner had the Brahmin arrived at his home, than taking his treasure into a private room, he forced the locks. Abdallah, when he entered the robbers' cave, was not more surprised than our worthy Brahmin, on opening the box. It was filled with gold plates ; he took them out, examined them ; they were of pure gold ; he counted them ; they were twenty-nine, and on each was inscribed the name of Rajah Saxarem. What else may have been in the box, he did not stay to examine.

Astonished at the sight of so much gold, and perplexed by the inscription on each plate—for though a Brahmin, he could not read—and urged, perhaps, by that desire so powerful in the human heart, particularly of the simple-minded and well-meaning, of pouring forth his feelings into another bosom, he betook himself to the opposite side of the street, and entered the house of a Mussulman neighbour. Nothing could speak more largely for our Brahmin's honesty and uprightness than the fact of his confiding so important a secret to a Moslem. But the unsuspecting Djabu—that was the Brahmin's name—was no match for the wily

Mahomedan. This man seized upon the box, and refused to give it up, unless half of the contents were bestowed on him. Djabu applied to the darogha, Nasaph Ali, for protection; the darogha laid the case before the collector, who summoning all parties into his presence, took possession of the box, and ordered the plates to be weighed. They were found to be worth 23,000 rupees. This was the last authentic account of the box and its contents which Djabu received. The collector declared that when a legitimate descendant of Rajah Saxarem should present himself, the box should be delivered to him; but that, meanwhile, it must remain in the collector's keeping.

The spot where these plates were found is at an angle of Bahabir; and the house of the Musulman to whom Djabu revealed his treasure, was at the time of my visit one of the handsomest in Kanoje, though before the discovery of the box, he was a poor man. This story was told me directly opposite to his house, and as if divining the subject of the conversation, or having perhaps overheard it, he came out, and vented himself in the most acrimonious

language against my *cicerone*, who seemingly unconscious of being addressed, turned to me and continued his narrative with the most minute details.

The collector is no longer in Kanoje, the darogha has lost his place, and if "the Asiatic Researches" possess no record of this event, it is not likely that anything further will be known of the plates.

The reports that I everywhere heard of this story, tallied so well with each other, that I was tempted to go to the house of Djabu, to learn the history from his own lips. His account corresponded with those which I had already heard. He could give no information about the locks. They were so much injured from the action of the water, that they scarcely kept a hold. The box was about twelve inches in diameter, and eight high. Whether it contained anything besides the plates, he knew not, but these, he was aware, were of *khischt*. This is a metal composed of gold, sand, rings, chains, and such things, all smelted together. This word, *khischt*, is Sanscrit, and signifies something precious. There was no ornament wrought upon the plates, but in the centre of each was engraved

the name of Rajah Saxarem. After the name was the numeral IIII. Djabu would have it that the inscription referred to Saxarem IIII. in the Sanscrit character, but whether this IIII. was applied to the name, or served only to mark the service to which the plates belonged, he could not tell. It was a pandit who had read the writing for him.

But Djabu's history is not yet finished. He underwent a second examination, was thrown into prison, where he abode during three months, and was then dismissed, thoroughly cured of all desire to behold his treasure again. And so the thing remains. The Moslem is become a rich man, probably believing it a more profitable thing that a man's neighbour should find a box of gold, than that he should be himself the discoverer.

Agra, once an insignificant village, but raised to be the capital of the province by the great Ackbar, who delighted in adorning it, contains some of the noblest architectural remains in India. Amongst these is the fort. It is built of red sandstone, and situated on an eminence, commanding a noble view of the city and river. Its walls and ramparts are smooth, and, furnished

with loop-holes and parapets, betoken durability and strength. Two door-ways give admittance to the fort. Through that nearest to the town we entered into a handsome fore-court, upon which opened halls supported by lofty pillars. Passing through these, we arrived in the second great court, paved with white marble.

Within the fort is the mosque erected by Ackbar, and built, some say, of the white marble left after the erection of the Taj Mahal, the celebrated mausoleum built by Shal Jehan to the memory of his loved sultana, Arjemund Banu. The effect produced by this white marble, beneath a noonday Indian sun, is so dazzling, that the beholder is obliged to turn away his eyes. The interior of the building forms a parallelogram three hundred and thirty-five and a half feet long and a hundred and twenty-eight wide. This forms a great hall adorned by four rows of columns, which support the majestic dome.

Upon presenting my order for admittance to one of the sepoy's stationed in the fort, I was conducted to Ackbar's great palace. It was found that some of the apartments were locked, and that the officer who had the key

was not then in the fort. I was, however, able to see the apartments allotted to the women. These occupied but a small portion of the building. The entrance to this department is through a small garden, filled with flowers and trees.

Directly opposite to the garden-door is a hall of white marble, the ceiling of which is gilded. This hall, open on all sides, was once adorned with mosaics wrought in precious stones; but sad to tell, these works of art have been rudely torn away, for the sake of the materials that composed them. This hall leads to another, of which the walls and floor are covered with junam, a kind of cement resembling marble. This is inlaid with coloured glass, so arranged as to represent flowers in their natural colours. The ceiling is wrought in the same manner, but with this difference, that in the walls and floor the ground-work is of junam, whilst in the ceiling the ground is of glass, and the ornaments of junam. Beyond this hall is another, which deserves particular mention. At the upper end is a large reservoir, now dry, and above this and around the walls are niches for lamps. Immediately above the

reservoir are small openings, through which the water flowed in slender streams, and was conducted through marble channels inlaid with cornelians, jasper, and agate, to every side of the apartment.

Daylight never entered this apartment, no ray ever illumined it, but that shed from the silver lamps placed around the walls. My conductor said that it had been an oratory, consecrated to the worship of fire and light, but I believed him not. This hall, I was well assured, had presented scenes far different from those of quiet prayer or rapt meditation.

During the season of the hot winds, this apartment had served as a retreat for the ladies of the palace. And here had their magnificent master passed his evenings, in the enjoyment of all the sensual luxury that the prophet's paradise promises. Here had he been lulled by music and soothed by song. Here had beauty attuned each change of attitude in the graceful dance, to the harmony of her lute; and tapered fingers had twined wreaths, and tiny feet in jewelled anklets had walked through the refreshing streams of these marble channels, and danced in flower-fettered circle before the

sultan's eyes, and the beauty of the performers was deepened, and the effect of the whole scene heightened by the soft lamp-light that filled the air: the voluptuousness of Asiatic life was perfected, the senses were gratified. But was the heart touched? Could slaves and the master of slaves be happy?

Some steps lead from the hall I have just described, to an upper one, before entering which we passed through an ante-chamber, in which was a handsome marble basin. This hall communicated with an octagonal chamber, surrounded by a verandah or passage, of which the ceiling was supported by white marble columns. The entire hall was built of the same material, and elaborately ornamented with the most precious and exquisitely-wrought mosaics. And this hall had been treated like that of which I spoke before. The rude spoilers had defaced the building to possess themselves of the ornaments.

The English immediately succeeded the descendants of Ackbar in Agra; and the English troops are by some pointed out as the robbers, whilst others do not hesitate to name the "Company" as the aggressors. It

would be perhaps, under such circumstances, better to hush inquiry ; but it is evident, that within the fort, which was always watched and guarded, the vulgar herd could not have been the thieves. How often will the children and grandchildren of these avaricious spoilers have to blush for the deeds of their ancestors !

Outside the palace, is the place where the bâdscha administered justice in the open air. A large block of white marble is shown as the seat which the vizier occupied on these occasions, whilst the sultan sat on a block of black marble at the opposite side. The admirer of the arts, as well as the lover of justice, will mourn over the spoliation of this once noble palace ; nor will he behold, without a feeling of indignation, this splendid monument of antiquity defaced to furnish forth building materials for the government-house at Calcutta. Nay, it is said, that even private houses have been built of the stolen spoils. Bishop Heber mentions one of these master-strokes of robbery committed by Lord Hastings. A beautiful bath of white marble, consisting of one solid block, attracted his attention. After getting it torn from the floor in which it was firmly embedded, it was

found to be too heavy to be carried by the budjirows that ply upon the river, and remained, as the bishop said, a monument to disgrace the destroyer. It was conveyed away in 1832, by the commander of the fort, Captain Taylor, a man who obtained for himself an unenviable notoriety.

How strange a creature is man! What a compound of contradictions! In Nineveh he is to be seen digging up old stones with anxious care, sending them to England; and priding himself upon having discovered them: and in India he stretches forth his hand to destroy the works of art, national monuments, landmarks which would have connected the present with the past—which would have spoken to the historian of a bygone day—which would have filled the fancy of the poet with the richest creations, and have been a study for the artist. Haughty Britannia is not too proud to plunder a nation of its monumental records, and that, too, in a land which was not conquered by force of arms.

It was with a mingled feeling of indignation and pity that I looked upon the once magnificent hall, the Divan Khana, where, in Ackbar's

time, the court of justice was held. It is now converted into a store-room! The great sultan's throne is still here; a block of white unadorned marble. Of that throne, the mighty kaiser was himself the ornament.

Before taking leave of the citadel, I must mention a subterranean passage to which steps from the garden of the zenanah lead, and which the natives say extends under ground to Delhi. I entered this passage, and after a long descent, arrived at an opening broken in a wall, through which, with my guides, I crept into an octagonal chamber of about twelve feet in diameter, where, at a height of eight feet, a beam crossed the apartment. I was informed that, in ancient times, those who displeased the emperor were hanged here. In the centre of the beam is a hole four inches in diameter, through which a rope could be passed, and adjusted to the victim's neck.

Directly under the orifice in the beam is an excavation in the floor, into which I was told, the bodies of the criminals used to be dropped. This hollow was filled up by order of Captain Taylor, in whom, it is said, the aspect of the place awakened disagreeable sensations. I am, how-

ever, more inclined to believe that this hollow was once a well, and supplied the chambers above with water.

Another exercise of English rule in Agra, was converting a beautiful garden that lay directly before the citadel, into a bazaar. Gardens in India fulfil our very beau-ideal of horticultural beauty, and the loveliness of this garden was famed throughout Hindoostan. The choicest fruits, the most exquisite flowers, were here to be found, with majestic trees and ponds surrounded with the graceful lotus. And all this was uprooted to make a bazaar in a city, where there was already a sufficient number for transacting the commercial affairs of half India.

This, though a public garden, was the property of the Rajah of Benares. When asked to give up his garden, he replied, that if the government wished to take it, he could offer no opposition, and that though his opinion was asked, he had not the power of refusal. The garden was taken, the trees cut down, and the flowers uprooted.

Agra is now an English possession, and was this justice in the rulers? As well may that same government seize some of the parks or

public pleasure grounds of the people of London. But even then the injustice would not be so great. The manner of living is so different in India. Beneath a tropical sun, the shade of trees, and the murmuring of water are indispensable necessities. But to turn a public garden into a market-place, in a city which does not occupy the tenth part of the space it once filled, when, as Tavernier tells, there were in Agra eighty large serais, eight hundred public baths, and fifteen large market-places.

I visited to-day, the Taj-bibi-ka-rosa, which the natives, by abbreviation, call Taj, and which by the Europeans is commonly named Taj Mahal. No words would suffice to describe the impression that the sight of this edifice produced upon me. I was penetrated, overwhelmed with a sense of beauty, and my heart was moved with a tender emotion. The handsomest of European buildings seemed to fade into nothing, when compared with this miracle of Indian architecture.

The Taj Mahal is a monument erected by the Emperor Jehangir to the memory of his beloved wife, Nur Jehan Begum ; and were we to estimate his affection by the beauty of the edifice,

or the expense incurred in the erection, we should say that Jehangir was a peerless husband. Where is the king or kaiser of civilized Europe who would expend eight hundred thousand pounds upon a monument for his wife? It may be said that they are too civilized or too poor for such an undertaking, or it may be that they feel no desire to recall certain memories. After all, perhaps, Jehangir had a monument-building mania, for he intended to build one similar to the Taj Mahal for himself. The intervention of his son Aurungzib prevented the execution of this design, and his interference was certainly not of a pleasing character. He dethroned and imprisoned his father, who, not being able, under such circumstances, to build a tomb for himself, was obliged to be contented with a share of the vault which held the ashes of his sultana.

The Taj Mahal is built upon the banks of the Jumna, and is surrounded by a wall in a quadrangular space one hundred and ninety yards square. This wall is sixty feet high, and adorned at each angle with a tall minaret. The minarets, as well as the wall, are of red stone, but the Taj Mahal itself is of white

polished marble, and stands out in shadowless splendour beneath the burning sky of India. It is erected upon a basement nine hundred feet long, and forty feet high. The great dome which rises in the centre, and which is seventy-two feet in diameter, is surmounted by a spire of gilded copper, thirty feet in height. It is said that the original spire was of pure gold.

The interior of the Taj Mahal forms an octagon, in the centre of which, in an octagonal enclosure, is the sarcophagus. On each side of the octagon is a window, closed with a kind of marble net-work, in the interstices of which are inserted small panes of glass. Eight chambers surround this hall, the angles of which correspond exactly with those of the main wall. In the four chambers, answering to the sides of the building, are inserted in the walls, plates of white marble, six feet high, upon which flowers, in their natural colours, are wrought in a mosaic of precious stones, the stems being worked in with *negro antico*. So elaborate is the workmanship, that, to form one flower, nearly a hundred different gems have sometimes been used; and so exquisite is the finish, that the eye might almost be deceived. Round these mosaics

are frames of yellow marble and *negro antico*. The chambers forming the corners of the octagon have no mosaics, and seem to have served merely as passages to the others. The upper portion of the walls, and the lofty dome, are covered with junam. The walls of the side chambers are ten feet high; the arched window-frames are of white marble. The inner enclosure, in which the sarcophagus lies, is lighted by the windows of these chambers, which, as I have said, are closed with a marble net-work. The diameter of the dome is seventy-two, and the depth of the window-frames nine feet.

The sarcophagus, which is placed in the centre, is inlaid with mosaics, in which the gems are so well selected as to produce a perfectly natural shading. A screen of marble net-work, exquisitely wrought, encloses the sarcophagus in a space thirty-six feet in diameter. The bodies of the emperor and his wife are not laid in the sarcophagus, but in a vault immediately under, to which a few steps descend. The coffins are of plain white marble, upon which, inlaid in black, are the names of the royal personages whose dust the tomb contains.

Never have I experienced emotions of sadness

similar to those which arose in my bosom as I gazed on the Taj Mahal. Not that the history of Jehangir and Nur Begum is particularly calculated to call up such feelings. No, it is the building itself which produces this effect upon the soul; and as I stood within that majestic pile, and listened to the light murmur of the air, as it sighed through the marble-latticed windows, a feeling of awe, and of calm delight came over me, and I felt that if there were a spot on earth where my restless ever-forward hurrying spirit could find repose, it would be in the Taj Mahal.

The day following my first visit to Nur Begum's tomb, I returned there; but the feelings of the yesterday were not allowed to revive. The building was still the same, but its quiet, its holiness was disturbed by noisy visitants. Amongst others, a dealer, a kind of pedlar, discovered me, and actually unfolded his wares upon the sarcophagus of the emperor and empress, of which I was making a sketch. It is very hard for a man to keep his temper under such circumstances. I assured him that I did not wish for his commodities, he would not believe me, and continued to unfold his

merchandize. Not wishing to quarrel in a place where a loud word is swelled to thunder by the peculiar structure of the dome, I discontinued my occupation, and was obliged to forego, for one day, the pleasure of studying my favourite building.

In the evening I visited the tomb of Iman Dawla. This is a small, handsome building of white marble. In one of the upper apartments lie two coffins, containing the remains of the prime minister and his wife. They had four daughters, to each of whom a sarcophagus is erected in the four angles of the hall, in which reposes their parents' dust. There is a coffin in the gateway on the south side, which is said to enclose the remains of an adopted son of Iman Dawla; but as one of the daughters was married, I am inclined to think that this is the grave of his son-in-law. None of the graves bears an inscription. The doorways are of red sandstone, inlaid with marble mosaics. The walls of the chambers in the interior are covered with slabs of white marble to the height of six feet, the remainder of the wall and the ceiling being painted. The walls and ceilings of the various chambers are

painted in the same manner, but on different grounds—some blue, some red, some black, some silver-coloured. Those ornamented with flowers must once have produced a very good effect, but smoke and soil have dimmed their beauty.

I forgot to mention that the walls of the apartment containing the sarcophagæ were of white marble wrought *à jour*, and were, as well as the floor, inlaid with beautiful mosaics.

The last descendant of Iman Dawla, residing in Agra, made a present of this monument to a merchant of the city. The merchant having left the town, the Company have taken possession of the mausoleum, and intend to repair it.

I was this day in a monument-visiting mood, and having finished my scrutiny of Iman Dawla's, I repaired to another, called here Chini-ka-rosa. This mausoleum lies on the west bank of the Jumna, and must once have had a very fine appearance. It now presents a scene of desolation. The mosaics on the walls are some of the most beautiful I have ever seen. They are of porcelain, the colours burnt in, giving to the flowers a beauty peculiar to that material.

And this beautiful building, this gem of antiquity, sacred to the memory of the dead, no matter of what creed—we are all made of a common dust—this monument is converted into a stall for oxen! This is the more to be wondered at, as the edifice belongs to the Company, and has a garden attached, which pays a yearly rent of a hundred and seven rupees. In ancient times the rent of the garden was devoted to the support of the building; but the present government, who speak of repairing the monument of Iman Dawla, desecrate without compunction the Chini-ka-rosa.

I was plunged in these reflections, when the approach of the oxen returning to their stalls interrupted my meditations; and as the evening was now far advanced, I returned to the city, marvelling at the strange inconsistency of rulers, who build modern palaces, dwarfed dwellings in comparison to those of old, and allow the precious bequests of antiquity to fall to ruins.

CHAPTER X.

Secundra—Ackbar's monument—German missionaries—Government schools—Traffic in children—Slave trade—Erroneous attempts at making converts to Christianity—Horrors of famine—Thoughts upon the duty of government to the nation in times of distress—Lord Ellenborough.

IN Secundra, I visited Ackbar's monument. This edifice lies in the midst of a large garden. The gateway leading to this garden is inlaid with porcelain mosaics, similar to those of Chini-ka-rosa. This doorway, as well as the monument, is a precious memento of the time when Indian architecture had reached its culminating point. Ackbar's coffin is of plain white marble. The hall in which it is placed is high and vaulted, lighted from the top. The windows

are screened with marble net-work, and admit so dim a light, that to obtain a distinct view of the interior of the hall, one would require torch-light.

At some distance from the mausoleum of Ackbar, abode two German missionaries, who in their own opinion had found here a fruitful field for missionary labours. The scene of their operations was a school, endowed by government for the special purpose of bringing up the natives as Christians. It is well known that in the districts east and north-east of Delhi, the harvest frequently fails; and in such seasons the wretched inhabitants suffer all the tortures of starvation, and that in a degree of which the inhabitants of Europe can form no idea. An account of the frightful scenes which the country then presents, would fill the mind with horror. The fierce cravings of physical want stifle every tender affection; the sweetest bonds of humanity are torn asunder, and the brute triumphs over the moral nature of man. Mothers sell their children for a mess of porridge, presented by the wily Jacob; and in vain would they seek to reclaim what they have thus forfeited.

About five years since, this neighbourhood was visited by this dreadful scourge, and some good Christians believed that this was a favourable moment to bring about the conversion of the natives. The parents could not easily be tampered with in matters of religion, but rendered ferocious by hunger, they sold their children for a trifle. There are at present in the institute one hundred and fifty children; a like number have been reared and placed in situations, making three hundred. But this is only half the number purchased; three hundred more died of small-pox. These six hundred children were purchased for eighteen hundred rupees, which certainly was not an exorbitant price.

Of the piety that dictated these proceedings, there can be no question; and should any one ask whether it were better to allow these six hundred children to starve, or by purchasing, to save them from such a fate, there can be but one answer to the inquiry. However, it appears to me that the first duty of a government in such extreme cases, is to feed the hungry, and that *unconditionally*, without taking advantage of the iron necessity that oppressed them, to tear children from their parents, and force them to

consent to abjure the faith of their fathers. To what conditions will not a drowning man subscribe to save his life?

The entire proceedings seem to me in direct opposition to the warfare proclaimed by England against the slave trade. It is undeniable that the children are bought. I may be told that the parents sell them freely; but can that be called a *free* act, which is induced by irresistible necessity? Besides, has not the purchaser a certain object in view in buying these children? and are they not made, as far as possible, to work out his end? This is certainly a slave trade, but one in which the spiritual and intellectual rather than the corporal freedom is bartered.

I doubt much whether morality gains anything by this proselytising spirit. Is force of any kind, whether the instrument used be subterfuge or the sword, the means by which the Gospel is to be propagated? How often is the God of the Christian made to appear no better than the thundering Jove? A religion enforced by the armed hand of a ruler is propagated at the expense of the morality of its votaries; and that secret monitor, which the Almighty has

placed within the breast of every man, speaks as eloquently to the Hindoo as to the European. And are the crimes of Christian Europe less glaring than those of Pagan and Mahomedan Hindoostan? The European is certainly more refined in his wickedness, atrocious murders and violent robberies are less frequent in the catalogue of his offences; but his eloquent declamations against his Asiatic brother, only prove that whilst he sees the mote in his neighbour's eye, he overlooks the beam in his own.

And people talk of all India being converted to Christianity, and missionaries announcing the conversion of a solitary Hindoo amongst thousands of unbelievers, are themselves frequently members of some straggling sect, and too often the instruments of fanatical bigotry. Show to the Indians a church holding fast the doctrines of the Apostles, and propagating these doctrines by example, and above all, by the practice of that great new commandment—love to one another. Nor should the practices of a people be interfered with, even though interwoven with a false system of religion. The grain can be separated from the chaff, and the new-made Christian will quickly learn to discriminate be-

tween what was of physical utility or of moral worth, in the law which he lately practised, and the enormities of blind superstition. Commence the conversion of a Hindoo by making him a meat-eater or a tolerator of spirituous drinks; make him renounce his frequent bathings, and he becomes a barbarian.

· Lord Ellenborough arrived in Agra, on his return from Cabul, whither his military duties had called him. He occupied those apartments which were formerly Ackbar's zenanah, and which were now made to look very gay for his lordship's reception. Lord Ellenborough very kindly gave me a passport to continue my journey through the upper provinces and to Lahore.

CHAPTER XI.

Futtehpoor—The house of Byrber's daughters—Schaykh Suleim Thchisti—Ackbar's wife—Moyën-ud-dein—Jehangir's account of his birth—Ackbar's chess-board—Elephant gate—Elephant tower—The young archer—Bacharath Alli—Story of the brilliant—Byrber and the elephant—Jehangir's two wives—Nurjehan—Afkan Khan—Anecdote of Yudbay—Arrival of my baggage—Departure from Futtehpoor.

AFTER many annoyances from bearers and coolies, I left Agra about six o'clock, and arrived at Futtehpoor at eleven. I sought, in vain, in the different serais for my attendants; they had not yet arrived. At length, after I had waited for at least an hour, my munschi made his appearance, and I went to visit the fort and mosque. An old Brahmin fakir, a good-humoured soul, accompanied us as

cicerone, and showed a great deal of skill in decyphering the inscriptions. I found amongst the uninhabited houses, one which appeared to me a more agreeable dwelling than the serai; and the announcement that it had been, of yore, the dwelling of Vizier Byrber's daughters, in no way lessened its attractions. I sent for those of my servants who were in the serai, but the others, who had charge of the heavy luggage, were not yet come up. I was obliged to content myself with what I could procure in the bazaar. Some of the servants arrived on the following day, but the principal part of the luggage, amongst which was my money, was in the hoeckery, or waggon, and this had not yet come.

Futtehpoor was, next to Agra, the favourite residence of Ackbar. It was at one time only a village, but the emperor enlarged and beautified it, and changed the name from Sickery to Futtehpoor. The buildings in Futtehpoor Sickery, as many of the inhabitants call the city, are, with the exception of the tomb of Suleim Thchisti, in ruins, though still preserving traces of a noble style of architecture.

The house that I inhabited was one of the

handsomest in the town. It was not large. There were four chambers and two ante-chambers on the first floor, which was many feet from the level of the ground ; on the second floor were two chambers and two terraces. This house, like many in Futtehpoor, had more of the Hindoo than Mahomedan architectural character. It was heavy and massive, rather than light and elegant ; the stone ornaments were, however, very rich. The dwelling was not enclosed with high walls, for Byrber was a Hindoo.

Next to the house of Byrber's daughters lies another, which was at one time the dwelling of a very important personage. In it abode Ackbar's wife, a Hindoo princess. She had been twelve years married to Ackbar, and had no child ; and the emperor longed for an heir. By the advice of certain friends, the royal husband repaired to the fakir, Schaykh Suleim Tchisti, who lived in Sickery, entreating his pious prayers that he might have an heir. In a short time after Jehangir was born.

This account is somewhat different from that given by Jehangir himself, in his memoirs ; and though I have already given this extract in another work, I will again transcribe it here :—

“My father was twenty-eight years old, and had no son. At length a boy was born to him ; but the child lived only one astronomical hour. One day that Ackbar had been at the grave of the venerable Moyën-ud-deïn Tchaity, one of his amirs said to him, that there dwelt in Adjmir a pyr, or pious hermit, who was renowned throughout India for the piety of his life and conversation. The emperor determined to go to the holy man, and vowed within himself, that should Providence grant him a son, he would make a pilgrimage from Agra to Adjmir on foot. This is a distance of one hundred and forty coss (about one hundred and eighty English miles). Six months after the death of my brother, on Thursday, the 17th of the month Rebeia 978, (15th April, 1570), I was born. Ackbar accomplished his vow, made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Moyën-ud-deïn, and contracted a lasting friendship with the pious pyr, Shaykh Suleim Thchisti.”

Near a house said to have been formerly inhabited by Romy Bibi, whose daughter was married to Ackbar, is a large court or yard, in which is a seat of sandstone, and upon the ground, in front of the seat, are depicted

squares similar to those of a chess-board, but in what may be called gigantic proportions. It was here that Ackbar and his two viziers, Abul Fazel and Byrber, played at chess. Instead of castles and bishops, knights and pawns, the royal Moslem had arrayed upon his chess-board living maidens. These were divided into groups, distinguished by the colour of the dress. Four wore black, four red, four yellow, and four appeared in white. Living chess-maidens was an invention worthy of an emperor. And their tiny feet, stepping from square to square of the royal chess-board, spared the luxurious Asiatic the trouble of extending his imperial hand. Whoever could "check" the king, carried off a large booty, for these living castles, pawns, and knights, became the spoil of the victor.

The great court-yard in which this playground and the buildings I have mentioned are built, encloses also the great Judgment Hall. In the centre of this hall is a strong short pillar, a kind of pulpit, to which four galleries lead, and here it is said Ackbar was wont to sit, and watch the proceedings in the hall beneath.

Leaving the fort by the elephant gateway, of which the large stone guardians were decapitated by the pious zeal of Aurungzib, who was too good a Moslem to suffer graven images before his door, I arrived at the elephant tower. This building is not of extraordinary beauty, but is remarkable for the strangeness of its decorations. There are elephants' teeth wrought in white marble, encircling the tower, and projecting straight forwards. This is said to be the grave of one of Ackbar's favourite elephants, and here the emperor loved to sit, and amuse himself in looking at the archers shooting the wild beasts in the plain below.

And speaking of archery, I must relate a little anecdote that I learnt here. About three hundred feet from my dwelling was a high dome. In ancient times a gilded arrow rose from the centre, and to this arrow a ring was attached. All this glitter looked very fine, no doubt, in the sunshine. It chanced one day that the emperor, not Ackbar, though it was he who built Futtehpour, after gazing for some time at the arrow and ring, said that he would give half his kingdom to whomsoever should shoot

an arrow through the ring. Innumerable arrows were aimed at the little golden circlet that dangled high in the air, but none found a passage through. At length a stripling appeared, whose bow was but the bent branch of a tree, and his arrow a piece of a reed. With a seemingly careless air he took aim, and his shaft went through the ring. The emperor sent for the youth, commended his skill, and gave him, as he had promised, half his kingdom.

My Brahmin conductor, who narrated this anecdote, wished, I think, to display his learning, as this piece of information is taken from Gulisan. He added further that there are four things which a man ought to avoid: he ought never to spring over a well, shoot an arrow, speak in favour of a stranger, nor trust his wife to a friend.

I remained much longer in Futtehpoor than I had originally intended. I busied myself in making sketches of the landscape that lay before my window, and this occupied my time from an early hour of the morning. An hour or two before sunset, came old Bacharath Alli, the fakir mulla, or some other of my old

neighbours, to talk about the present and past state of Futtehpoor. And so we chatted until the hour of evening prayer, when my good neighbours repaired to the shrine of Schaykh Suleim, and I, for want of better employment, took up my pen and scribbled some pages of my journal. Some of the legendary tales which I heard here, may not be uninteresting to my readers. I will note down a few. Bacharath Alli is my authority for the following :

Ackbar once asked his vizier Byrber how he would behave if he found himself in very embarrassing circumstances. Byrber answered, that he would try to forget his difficulties by plunging into every kind of amusement. The emperor wished to put him to the proof, and gave him a valuable brilliant, with instructions to keep it until it should be demanded of him. The emperor added, that if the vizier should not be able to produce the gem when called for, his life should be the forfeit. Byrber took the jewel to his house, and gave it into his daughter's keeping, telling her, at the same time, how much depended on its safety. The vizier's daughter, conscious of the importance of

this treasure, put it carefully away. In a little time afterwards, Ackbar, who had learned to whom the jewel was intrusted, sent for one of the maidens of his household, told her what had passed between him and the vizier, and promised her fifty thousand rupees if she succeeded in bringing him the gem that Byrber's daughter had. This maiden was sly and crafty. She went to the vizier's daughter; pretended to conceive the most violent friendship for her, and managed so well, that in a short time she became the constant companion of the unsuspecting girl.

She soon remarked that the vizier's daughter went every fourth day to a little casket, examined its contents, and closed it again carefully. Divining that this casket contained the mysterious brilliant, she watched an opportunity, stole the key, abstracted the jewel, and took it to the emperor. She received fifty thousand rupees. Now Ackbar reflected within himself that she, who had been crafty enough to rob the vizier's daughter, might also find the means of deceiving him, if tempted by a larger reward. To prevent the possibility of such an occurrence, he threw the jewel into the Jumna; and, the fol-

lowing day, demanded it of the vizier. Byrber went to his daughter, who then discovered her loss. The father was perplexed; he went to the emperor and begged a month's grace. This was granted. The vizier was now in the most difficult circumstances in which he had ever found himself, and, true to his maxim, he sought relief in dissipation. He carried this so far, that two days before the month's grace was expired, his entire fortune was expended. Two days only remained to the vizier; he was now so poor that there were no provisions in his house, and no meal had been on that day prepared for him and his daughter. Things were in this state when a man knocked at the door, offering to sell fish. The daughter asked permission of her father to buy; he consented, and in one of the fish she found the identical jewel which she had lost.

Great was the surprise of the emperor when the vizier presented the jewel to him; but whether he ever learned the manner in which it had been recovered, the narrator did not explain. It may be necessary to mention that Byrber was a Brahmin of Ranodge, in which town the Hindoos are permitted to eat fish.

On another occasion, Ackbar asked Byrber whether it were better for a man to possess strength himself, or to be strong in his serfs and servants. Byrber said that it was better that a man should possess strength in himself. Ackbar kept this opinion of his vizier's in mind, and some time after ordered a mahout, or elephant driver, to urge the animal of which he was in charge into the vizier's apartment during meal-time. The mahout obeyed the emperor's orders, and drove the elephant into the room where Byrber was at dinner. The vizier looked round; the only object within his reach was a little dog, which he seized by one leg, and whirling it in the air, dashed it against the intruder's head. The hound barked and yelled; the elephant took fright and ran away. Byrber said to the emperor: "You see, I have delivered myself by my own strength; I had not even time to call to a servant."

Having said thus much of Ackbar, it may not be amiss to tell something of his son, Jehangir.

Jehangir had two wives, one a Hindoo princess, named Yudbay, daughter to the Rajah of Djodpur; the other, Nurjehan, was daughter to

Ettemand-ud-Daulah, and widow of Afkan Khan. It is told that whilst Nurjehan's first husband was still alive, she one day accompanied him to a solemn feast, where the emperor saw her, and was deeply smitten with her beauty. The royal lover found means to declare his passion to the lady, and a secret correspondence was carried on for some time. The husband at length discovered it, and not wishing to lose either his wife or his life, prudently retired to Bengal. But Jehangir was not to be foiled thus. He sent orders to the Nabob of Dacca to send back Afkan Khan's wife, and to keep the husband prisoner. In order to fulfil these commands, the nabob sent his brother with a troop of soldiers, against Afkan Khan; but Afkan was a brave soldier; he defeated the troops, and slew, with his own hand, the nabob's brother. This circumstance converted the nabob into a personal enemy, and, in order to revenge his brother's death, he led an army against Afkan, whom, with his wife, he took prisoner. The unfortunate man was put to death, the victim of his wife's vanity, and the emperor's intrigues; and Nurjehan, now a slave, was condemned to grind corn in a mill. Jehangir hear-

ing of these things, put himself at the head of his army, advanced against the nabob, and deprived him of his rule; and Nurjehan was sent back to Agra. It was here that she again appeared before the emperor, when, casting herself before him, she begged to be allowed to withdraw far from the court, for that having been a prisoner, she was no longer worthy of his love. Jehangir, touched by her humility, became more enamoured than ever; and in a short time, Nurjehan was made his queen.

Many ignorant Europeans are apt to envy their Asiatic brethren, the privilege of having a plurality of wives. But did they know the private history of these men, they would learn to acknowledge that in some cases, it is better to have one than many.

Jehangir, as I have mentioned, had two queens, and emperor and conqueror though he were, he could not reconcile these rival powers; and many are the stories recorded of their dissensions and bickerings. It happened that one evening as Jehangir and Nurjehan were alone, the lamp had burned very low, and Nurjehan rose to extinguish it. To avoid soiling her

fingers, she broke the bracelet that she wore on her arm, and laid part of it on the dying lamp. Jehangir observed all this, and said to himself, " what a sensible wife I have."

A few evenings passed and the emperor was sitting with his wife Yudbay. It so happened that on this evening, too, the lamp seemed about to die away ; Yudbay rose, laid hold of the wick of the lamp, turned it down ; and then wiped her fingers on the wall. Disgusted at such untidiness, Jehangir exclaimed angrily : " Where have you been educated that you have acquired such nasty habits. Nurjehan is much neater, for a few evenings since, rather than soil her fingers with the lamp wick, she broke her bracelet, and used it as an extinguisher." But Yudbay answered and said : " Nurjehan may act so, but I never will. A woman who has lost a husband that she loved, and afterwards married another, may, indeed, break her bracelet. But a woman who loves her husband, and does not wish his death, will never break her bracelet. And you see, now, that Nurjehan, after the death of her first husband, married you, so would she, after your death, marry another."

Jehangir was delighted with this answer. The bracelet is a kind of marriage gift or keepsake.

One fine moonlight night, as Jehangir was seated in his garden, he sent a message to Nurjehan, desiring her to come to him clothed in white. She replied that he might send that message to one of his other wives. He sent a similar command to Yudbay ; she came, but not dressed in white ; she wore red. Hereupon, Jehangir grew very wrath and said : " Is it not strange that neither of my wives would gratify me in so slight a matter as to put on a white dress when I ask it." Now Nurjehan slipped away, and returned in a few minutes, dressed in white. Jehangir turning to Yudbay said : " Nurjehan has done what I requested, but you have perseveringly refused ; her love for me is certainly greater than yours."

But Yudbay answered : " As long as my husband lives, I will never wear white, but she, who has lost one husband, and married another, may, indeed, do such things."

A wife's wearing a white dress is considered a bad omen for her husband's life, it being a colour generally worn by widows.

One evening as Nurjehan and Jehangir were walking in the garden, they perceived Yudbay, who was reading at a window, which looked out on the walk. Jehangir, at Nurjehan's instigation, asked what she was reading, and Yudbay replied, that she was reading the history of a woman who, after the death of her husband, married another.

Many days had elapsed, and I had heard nothing of my baggage and attendants, when one day all appeared before me safe and well. The servants had mistaken the way, and went on to Mathura ; here they took up their quarters, thinking that I would pass by that way. They, at length, became weary of their stay, and hearing that I was at Futtehpoor, thought proper to seek me. It was fortunate they did so, for, had I left, much time might have elapsed before I should have heard anything of them.

There was now nothing to delay my departure, and I set off, the following day, very much pleased indeed with my visit to Futtehpoor. The air is clear and pure ; the district around, though not woody, presents very agreeable prospects, and the inhabitants are good and kind. I must say that during my stay, I was agreeably

employed, and found much to render social life agreeable. Futtchpoor is not now what it was in the time of Ackbar ; but the remains of its stately mosque, once one of the finest in India, its ruined shrines, majestic gateways, and historical associations, render it one of the most interesting cities in India.

CHAPTER XII.

Bhurtpoor—The Lord Sahab's Son—The Rajah—The Emperor of Delhi—Lord Ellenborough—Plundering of Bhurtpoor—Mathura—Krischna—Mosque built by a parasite of Aurungzib—Bindraband Gundsche—Govenda—Ridge of rock supported by Krischna—Badschhapur—Robbery in Kotilla—My purse stolen.

LEAVING Futtehpoor-Sickery, I bent my way towards Burtpur, or Bhurtpoor. This town fully answered the description I had received of it. Miserable huts, filthy streets, and pitiful bazaars. All here were in commotion on account of the arrival of the Lord Sahab's son, who had come to Bhurtpoor, two days before. In India, the title "lord" is always prefixed to the governor's name, and the simple natives will have it that

every lord must be a governor, or at least a governor's son. To discuss the subject would be useless trouble, and would only expose one to the suspicion of envying his neighbour's dignity.

The arrival of the lord sahab himself was announced for the following evening. He came to do honour to the rajah, whom, on the occasion of a former visit, he had not seen. This had excited a great deal of remark, and the rajah's people spoke with strong emphasis of the splendid presents which had been prepared for the lord sahab and his train.

I took up my abode in a house belonging to the rajah, which had been appropriated to the use of travellers. His houses are wretched, scarcely better than little pavilions built in an enclosure, that cannot be called a garden, at least in the Indian sense of the word. The rajah's palace, on the contrary, presents a very fine appearance. It is here that his wives live. I had some difficulty in getting permission to enter. Those who visit the rajah personally are received here, and allowed to view all that it contains.

The rajah has no less than seven wives,

daughters of the zemindars within his own jurisdiction.

I learned here a little circumstance in which this Rajah of Bhurtpoor, Bholenath Singh, the Governor-general of India, and the Emperor of Delhi—that shadow seated on the throne of the Great Moguls—were the chief actors.

The rajah wished to pay his respects to the governor-general, Lord Ellenborough, who was staying at Delhi. He set out at the head of a large number of troops, intending to make a great display, marching his soldiers through the city, to the sound of kettle-drums. When the emperor heard of this, he became much incensed, and declared that it would be offering him the greatest insult, if a man, who but a short time before had been his vassal, were allowed to parade through Delhi, to the sound of kettle-drums, a distinction which in ancient times belonged exclusively to the Mogul emperors.

To these remonstrances, Lord Ellenborough is said to have replied: "Let him come with as much noise and rattle as he pleases;" but at the same time, took the precaution of placing

a guard of one hundred soldiers at the gate which the rajah was to pass. Bholenath Singh arrived with his kettle-drums, when it was intimated to him that it would be more prudent not to enter the city, as the inhabitants were prepared to pelt him with mud. This information, and possibly the sight of the hundred soldiers, induced the rajah to return by the way he came, very wroth against the emperor and the governor-general.

The muzzar, or presents intended by the rajah for the governor, were, it is said, very magnificent. A great gala dinner for the English officers was also in contemplation, but the rajah's untimely retreat prevented his offering these testimonies of respect.

About sixteen years ago, Bhurtpoor fell into the hands of the English. They were indebted for the possession of the place to treachery, a mode of conquest by no means rare in India. The English entered the town, and one of the soldiers seizing on the wife of a sepoy, offered her the grossest insults. The woman in her own defence stabbed the villain. The general in command, hearing of this circumstance, made it a pretext for giving up the

town to be plundered by the soldiers, who had now been a long time in India, and were anxious for booty. And the general who gave these orders, was a man that had reaped much glory during that campaign.

Having left Bhurtpoor, I journeyed on to Mathura, celebrated as the birthplace of the god Krischna. There are numbers of houses, though nothing that could attract the antiquary, if we except that part of the Jumna, where Krischna is said to have bathed.

There are two large buildings in the town, one belonging to a merchant of Agra, who is the government banker. In this building are two temples, which though plain, are not devoid of beauty. During the reign of Aurungzib, one of his parasites built a mosque in the centre of the town, close to the bazaar. This building was ornamented with handsome mosaics, wrought in brick of various colours; there were beautiful minarets and flights of marble steps, but on all these the hand of time has pressed heavily. The town is exclusively Hindoo, and the inhabitants, to whom the ruins of the mosque are an eye-sore, petitioned government some time

ago to have the old building entirely pulled down. The petition was not, however, acceded to.

I left Mathura, and proceeded to Bindraband, a distance of about three coss. The town is tolerably large, but not handsome. The streets are narrow, and the houses high. I took up my abode in a gundsche, tempted by the embowering shade of a well-planted court-yard.

The name gundsche was originally applied to buildings dedicated to the memory of a deceased person, and generally erected on the spot where the body had been burned. Numbers of these gundschi, have been built along the river-side, by pious persons who placed within them the funeral urns of their departed friends, though it was not here that the cremation had taken place. These buildings are appointed for the accommodation of travellers and pilgrims. It became the fashion to call buildings gundschi, though not consecrated to the dead; many a man, finding a pleasure in deceiving himself by striving to believe that he had a pious intention in erecting an edifice for his own pleasure.

There must be a distinction made between

these gundschi and the serais. The latter are open to all classes, the poorest beggar has as good a right to enter as the highest noble, whilst none are admitted into the gundschi but those of respectable appearance.

In Govenda, which lies near Bindraband, are four temples. This town is esteemed sacred by the Hindoos. One of these temples, called Maura Devy, is distinguished by a large figure representing a woman astride on a tiger or lion. Another is adorned with a figure of Vishnu ; the two remaining temples are small and insignificant. The special object of veneration in this town, is a great ridge of rock, to which a pious tradition is attached.

It is said that a terrible mountain-torrent once rushed through the plain, threatening destruction to the inhabitants, as well as to their flocks and houses. The poor people implored the aid of their gods, but in vain ; the waters poured with merciless fury upon them, and all would inevitably have been swept away by the inundation, when Krischna came to their assistance, and lifting the great ridge of rock, supported it on his little finger, and the peasants with their flocks and herds thronged around

him, and this vast and strong umbrella afforded shelter to all.

Still advancing on my way to Delhi, I passed through many towns, which I will not now mention, and arrived at Badschapur. To recount all the torments that my attendants caused me, their peculations, their deceptions, and their quarrels, would be, indeed, a disagreeable task. As it is not always easy to discover with whom the fault lies, I thought it better to hush their complaints, and substituting mercy for justice, I forgave the injuries done to myself, and tried to promote peace between all.

In order to explain fully what I am now about to relate, it will be necessary to refer to some past transactions. My sayo, or groom, with whom I was myself very well pleased, had introduced to me, long before, a young lad of about sixteen or seventeen years of age. I engaged him as a kind of personal attendant to carry my rifle, and other things that I sometimes needed during the day. I had no cause to be dissatisfied with his service, nor did I hear a complaint against him, until we arrived at Kotilla, when a man, belonging to the house in

which I lodged, accused this young lad and my sayo, of having stolen sixty-two rupees from him. I did not think it possible that the sayo could have been concerned in the robbery, as, immediately on our arrival, he had begun to busy himself with the horses, and had then accompanied me to the garden. The youngster had, meanwhile, remained behind, and for him I could not answer. The complainant stated that this money was the fruit of eight years' service, that he was in the habit of carrying it in a bag round his neck; but that on my arrival, being very much occupied, he hung the purse upon a peg in one of the chambers, and that my young servant had passed some minutes alone in this chamber.

Upon this complaint being laid before me, I immediately instituted an inquiry; and, in compliance with the wish of the accuser, the sayo and his fellow-servant were searched. Nothing was discovered that could criminate them; and one of the intimate friends of the complainant declared that he had known the man during the last eight years, had inhabited the same house, and even occupied the same chamber, and

was not aware that he possessed this money. All this evidence in favour of my servants seemed to justify me in acquitting them.

I left Kotilla the following morning, but my young attendant refused to perform his usual service, pretexting a sore foot, and offering to take the sayo's place. To my great astonishment, the latter consented to this arrangement. No suspicion of evil entered my mind at the time. I merely supposed that the sayo had concerted this plan with my sword-bearer, to regain his own dignity in the eyes of his fellow-servants, as, since the day that he pretended lameness, I had not allowed him to fulfil this office.

Upon my arrival at Badschapur, I had tried to arrange all differences, and hoped that things had taken a better appearance, and that all would now go on smoothly. And during two days all was quiet. I had sent on my baggage, and the only attendants who remained behind, were my sayo, my sword-bearer, the munschi and the bearers. I slept in one of the passages of a ruined temple, and had given directions to my sword-bearer to sleep in my vicinity, lest I should need him. One evening, my young servant took an opportunity during

my absence, and drew my bed about two feet from the wall. This enabled him to slip inside and steal my purse, which I had put into a hunting-bag, and hung inside my bed.

I had retired for the night, when my attendant entered the room, and asked whether I wished for anything. I replied in the negative. He asked permission to retire, as he wished to smoke his hooka. I consented, and he withdrew. He remained away very long ; midnight was approaching, and he had not yet returned. My chamber was lighted by a large lamp that burned clear and bright. I rose and approaching the chamber where my attendants lay, I looked in. Neither the sayo nor sword-bearer was there, but as there was nothing in their absence to excite suspicion, I returned to bed. Half-past one arrived. I had slept, and now, on awaking, found that my servant was still absent. I walked into the next chamber, and asked one of the bearers whether he knew anything of the sayo. He replied that both he and the sword-bearer had left, saying that they were going down to the water. Suspicion dawned within me ; I hastened to search for my purse, and found it had disappeared with many other things.

Immediately on my arrival in Delhi, which occurred on the very day of the theft, I applied to the magistrates and the police, though there was little probability of detecting the delinquents, but I thought it right to seek to punish these criminals as an example to my other servants.

I now began to surmise that my judgment pronounced in Kotilla was not correct, and that my two servants might have stolen the sixty-two rupees. I pitied the poor wretch who had lost his eight years' savings, but I must confess that the quietness with which he had submitted to my decree, made me at the time suspect that his charge was a false one. Perhaps his calmness arose from the conviction that his savings had not been very honestly accumulated.

CHAPTER XIII.

Delhi—Early recollections—The public buildings—Sad story.

I ENTERED the city of Delhi with a feeling of curiosity which every traveller must experience, on reaching a place, of which from his childhood he has heard so much. How often had my boyish imagination been delighted by descriptions of a court, where diamonds were so abundant that gold and silver were valueless? How had my fancy gloated over the account of a throne, dazzling as the sun, in which the many-tinted hues of the peacock's plume, were wrought in jewels of priceless worth, which, catching every ray of light, flashed with overwhelming brilliancy on the beholder's gaze. I

had heard of a palace far more beautiful than any that the wand of a fairy had ever conjured from the depths of the sea, to transport to the top of some verdant mountain.

And when in after years, I read the history of the "Great Moguls," how often have I admired their military achievements without always questioning the justice of their cause. I now stood at the gates of Delhi, and I entered the city without a presentiment of sorrow. We are travelling over an unknown path, and we know not whether the next step shall bring us joy or woe.

I visited the forty mosques of Delhi. I looked with admiration upon the beautiful cathedral, the Jummah Musjid, and in all the praise bestowed on these edifices, I acquiesced. I listened to discussions about the Cutub Minar, and heard long arguments as to whether it was a Hindoo, or Mahomedan building; but my interest in these things was soon blunted by matters of personal interest, and the fate of the descendants of Tamerlane was forgotten in the all-absolving anxieties of a new affection.

Sudraka spoke wisely when he said: "O young man, heed the advice of the sage, and

love not." I left Delhi with a heavy heart. I had there made the acquaintance of a young maiden, lovely as the dew-drop that hangs upon the lotus. She was gay, animated, and graceful. A cultivated intellect and poetic fancy lent an indescribable charm to her conversation. I saw her, and laughed at the advice of Sudraka. I wooed, and asked her to accompany me to my own land. Her mother interposed, and refused her consent. At our separation, my beloved said: "You will return again to Delhi, and I will be thine." I returned, but found her not. During my absence another suitor had appeared, but she, faithful to me, refused the Moslem's love. The execrable villain vowed a dark revenge. In silence and secrecy he accomplished his design, and that fair form, the master-piece of the Divine Artist's hand, was gnawed by corroding poison.

CHAPTER XIV.

Women—Affianced brides—Early marriages—Immorality—Kozumpur, or Kajikapur—Thanahdar—Complaints against the English Government—Hartwar—Tiger hunt—Bravery of my attendants—We abandon the chase—Tiri—Rajah—Presents—Musk-sack—Inhabitants of the mountain districts—Bears—Musk-deer.

THE social position of women must always engage the attention of the traveller in the countries he passes through, as the rank they hold, and the moral influence they exert, will operate for good or ill through every grade of society.

The condition of woman in India is indeed pitiable. To remain unmarried is considered a disgrace, and to be married is the worst of slaveries. Very early marriages are con-

demnable for many reasons. In India when a betrothal takes place, the affianced bride is conducted by her parents to the bridegroom's house, where she remains one or two, or sometimes three days, when she is again reconducted to the paternal mansion. Should the distance between the two houses be sixty or a hundred coss, then the bride may remain eight or ten days in the bridegroom's house; and it often happens that during this time, he does not get a glimpse of her face.

After this first visit to the home of her betrothed, the bride returns to her father's house, where she remains generally during two or three, or, if very young, during four years. When this period is elapsed, the bride again returns to her husband's house, and remains there for one or two weeks, when she again leaves and goes back to her parents. From this time forward, it is in the bridegroom's power to recal her when he pleases.

It is undeniable that during this long wooing, the bridegroom has formed connections with other women, and if rich, may have in his house what might be considered a little harem.

These connections often continue even after the wife is regularly installed in his house. The Brahmins are more strict in their notions of morality, and notwithstanding the licence afforded by their religious code, maintain that such a system tends to lower the intellectual nature of man, in offering so large a scope for the indulgence of the lower passions.

If the Indian marriage system does not tend to promote morality amongst the male portion of society there, it is scarcely less demoralizing in its effects upon the female part of the community.

These young wives, living apart from their husbands, become often victims of the seductive wiles of some rich man, or local chief. It is even said that mothers often traffic on the infamy of their daughters, tempted, when poor, by the seducer's gifts. The husband, living at a distance of many miles, is, of course, unacquainted with these transactions. Should this criminal intercourse be followed by consequences likely to compromise the young wife in the eyes of her neighbours, the mother will not hesitate to have recourse to drugs,

thinking to spare her daughter's shame by adding crime to crime; or should these means fail or be left untried, the river becomes the grave of the helpless offspring. Should the husband, during the course of these proceedings, think well of paying his wife a visit, he is told by the mother that she is sick, and, according to the custom of the country he must be content with this answer.

It sometimes happens that the daughter forms an illicit connection without the knowledge of her parents. When this is discovered, the parents demand of the seducer whether he will consent to marry their daughter; should he consent, the affair is immediately arranged, but should he refuse, and the parents are in a respectable class of society, they immediately drive their daughter forth upon the world, disclaim her, and never take any further notice of her. The hapless wretch, discarded by her relatives, deprived of caste, abandoned by all, plunges still deeper into crime, and finds an infamous subsistence in the sacrifice of every remaining trace of virtue and honesty.

The Radjpoots are very jealous about the

conduct of their daughters, and will not hesitate to avenge their shame by the murder of their seducer.

On leaving Delhi, I proceeded to Meerut, where I expected to find a half-countryman of mine, to whom I had written a few days before. He had left Meerut, with his regiment, on the morning of my arrival. The district is small. There are many handsome bungalows and gardens belonging to the English officers.

On my arrival in Kozumpur, or Kajikapur, as the people here call it, I was visited by the Thanahdar, whose conversation I found sufficiently interesting to merit a place in my journal. In speaking of the condition of the natives, and their connection with the English, he said: the English government here is good, with the exception of four things. One of these is the regulation respecting stamped paper, by which no one can make a petition or a complaint to the government, unless it be written on stamped paper. A poor man, who must pay eight anas for a stamp, often prefers suffering an injustice to risking his money, for as the petition must pass through

the hands of the police, he cannot be always certain that it will reach those for whom it is intended.

Another cause of complaint was the interference of the English with regard to the Indian women. By these regulations, a man had no longer the power to bring back his wife if she left him, a law directly contrary to Indian usages, and which opened wide the door for intrigues and immorality, the law offering protection for evil conduct.

The third cause of complaint was the method pursued by the English in the levying of taxes, in which no consideration was made for bad harvests; whilst under the native princes, the taxes were always fixed in proportion to the actual produce of the land. The English justify themselves, on the ground that this uniform taxation will induce the natives to cultivate the ground more largely.

The fourth cause of complaint, if I remember rightly, was the use of the Persian language in the courts of justice, a dialect which the native Indians do not understand, and being obliged to use an interpreter in their law-suits, cannot be certain that they are properly under-

stood. I am not sure whether this was the fourth cause of complaint, for in noting down the conversation, I was interrupted at this part, and not having been able to resume my journal for a few days, I might have forgotten something. I am, however, happy to say that the use of the Persian language in the law-courts, has been since discontinued.

In Hartwar, I got miserable accommodation : indeed it was with some difficulty that I could find shelter at all. This town, though held in great veneration by the Hindoos, offers no objects of extraordinary interest, if we except the Ganges, which here excites enthusiastic devotion, because it was in this part that Krishna bathed. During the time of the Mela, which occurs every year, the influx of people from all parts of India is overwhelming. The Hindoos come through devotion, to perform their ablutions in their adored river, and then the ghats are crowded from morning to night. The Mahomedans come for commercial purposes, and during these meetings, an extensive traffic is carried on, in horses, camels, and elephants.

Every twelfth year, the feast is more solemn, and the concourse of people still greater. I

hope to be present next year, when this high festival is to be held.

There are many temples in Hartwar, which as well as the houses along the main street, are adorned with figures taken from the Indian mythology. In the neighbourhood around are some fine mango trees, and our last day's march towards Hartwar was over a road cut through a thickly-wooded country. Here commences the outskirts of the Himalayan range, with its majestic forests and sky-soaring steepes.

Holding on my way through the mountain road, and advancing towards Tiri, I, one day, heard the cry of an animal, which was foreign to my ear. I listened more attentively, and one of the bearers assured me that it was the cry of a young tiger. There was a doubt as to the correctness of this assertion, some of the other attendants believing it to be the cry of a wild cat, which seemed very probable to me. A few moments showed the truth of the first surmise. We saw two young tigers running along the rock. They seemed to be about two days old. They clambered up a rock, in which was a large cleft, and into this they crept. One appeared in a few minutes, and peeped out. I

fired, but missed. I fired several times, but without success, still I think that he must have been hit, for he disappeared. Some moments afterwards, one of my attendants perceived the tigress at a short distance from the spot where the young had taken refuge. The servant shouted to warn me, but before I could re-load my rifle, the tigress had taken refuge in a thicket. I ascended a steep rock that offered a good gunshot range, and ordered my servants to throw stones into the thicket. But it was in vain; no tiger appeared, and we now began to think of how we should overpower the two young ones that remained hidden in the cleft. I had no particular wish to reach them, but my attendants were anxious to obtain the three rupees offered by the Company to whomsoever will bring a young tiger, as they could not earn the seven promised for the capture of an old one.

They asked my permission to fetch the young tigers; this I willingly gave. They set off, eight men in all; but scarcely had they advanced twenty paces when they stopped short, and turning round, addressed me. They said they were poor people, unarmed, and badly clothed, and that if I did not accompany them, they

would not like to advance ; some of them, as they said, had hatchets, but I had a gun. I consented to accompany them, and the little column again set forward.

We reached the front of the cleft, when by a simultaneous movement, all fell back, willing, it seemed, to offer me the place of honour. During the day's march, I had given my rifle to one of the men who promised to remain close beside me. I now proceeded, as I thought, at the head of my troop ; but when in a few minutes I looked behind, I perceived that I was, indeed, far ahead of them. All had gradually slunk off ; even my rifle-bearer had taken shelter behind an aloe tree. I returned quickly and told them, that having no wish to get the heads of the tigers, I meant to give up the chase ; that if they wished for them, I was willing to aid them ; but that I had no intention of going alone. The same protestations as before—"they were poor unarmed men, how could they run the risk of facing a tiger." All that I could obtain was, that the man who carried the rifle, should walk by my side, step for step, as it would be madness for me to expose myself to the possibility of an encounter

with the old tiger, with a single-barrelled gun that carried a ball of not more than an ounce in weight. This was arranged, and we again set forward.

I reached the rock that overhung the cleft, and descended to look in. Whilst bending down, my people exclaimed from the opposite rock: "the old tigress, the old tigress." I sprang back to the rock which overhung the cleft to the height of ten or twelve feet. Here, I looked around. An open space lay between me and the thicket in which the old tigress had taken refuge. I saw the beast stealing along through the bushes. To reach me, she must pass over the open space, and so present a broad aim to my rifle. I fired. The ball hit, but did not seem to do much injury, owing probably to its lightness. The tigress sprang down the rock, and took refuge in a clump of aloe trees, close to the cleft. This little attack had banished my attendant from my side. I seized the second rifle, and awaited the return of the tigress. Minute succeeded minute, and she did not appear. We began to think that the shot had been fatal, as otherwise the tigress would have renewed the combat. In my preci-

pitate retreat, my hat had remained hanging on the branch of a cactus tree. I reascended the rock to recover it, and being now close to the retreat of the young tigers, I peered round to examine the locality.

I saw that it would be impossible to reach the cubs; and returning to my people, a conference was held as to our further proceedings with regard to the old tigress. Though she did not make her appearance, it would be going too far to suppose that she was dead. To attain certain knowledge of her fate, somebody should venture into the thicket; and though all were anxious to earn the seven rupees, none offered himself as champion on this dangerous service. It was therefore agreed that we should draw off our forces, they comforting themselves with the hope of returning in a few days, with hounds and armed people to search the thicket.

Tiri is agreeably situated at a short distance from the juncture of the Bagorethi and the Alukunda, arms of the Ganges. Tiri is the residence of a rajah, whose dwelling has little of the appearance of a palace. The rajah was very friendly, and sent me a sack of flour, some

rice, a quantity of ghu (butter), oil, spices, raisins, almonds, cocoa-nuts, and a purse of gold.

The first-mentioned articles I accepted with pleasure, in compliance with the custom of the country ; the gold I refused. On the following day, the munschis of the rajah presented me with a musk-bag. I can say, with a safe conscience, that I have never been fond of accepting presents, but I must confess that I received the musk-bag with great pleasure.

It is only from the hands of the rajah that one can be sure to get a good musk-bag, because these sacks, when taken from the deer, are all given to the rajah, at a certain fixed price. It sometimes happens, indeed, that a musk-sack may be offered for sale, which the owner had withheld in the hope of receiving a larger price than the two rupees, which the rajah gives, but one cannot be so sure that these sacks are genuine.

The valleys along the mountain now became broader, the number of corn-fields was greater, and the houses were roofed with slates. Tiri lies in a semi-circular plain, surrounded by the wood-clad mountains.

The inhabitants of the mountains differ con-

siderably from those of the plain. They are robust and active, of a good height, and, without being slovenly, not particularly neat, at least when compared with the Hindoos who inhabit the plains. Their dress is woollen, and on the head they wear a small black cap, somewhat in the form of a turban. The dress of the women bears a strong resemblance to that of the men, but that the upper garment which the men wear thickly-plaited at the waist, fits, in the female costume, comparatively smooth and tight. Their garments are longer. The under-petticoats are also of wool, often of various colours, amongst which blue and red predominate.

My luggage was carried up the mountain by bearers, and it is surprising to see how much each will carry, mounting those steep ascents, and walking along dangerous pathways. They put their loads into baskets of a very slender texture, and, horrible to tell, smeared with cow-dung.

In ascending the mountains, I was obliged to lay aside my palanquin. This, my favourite mode of conveyance, it would be impossible to use in the mountains. Besides that it would

be very burdensome to the coolies, the traveller, owing to the irregularity of the way, would no longer find that mode of conveyance pleasant. In descending the side of a mountain, he would sometimes find himself lifted upright, standing on his feet, and in momentary danger of losing his equilibrium, and being dashed forward. At length the bearers reach the foot of the descent, the traveller begins to breathe freely, and to congratulate himself upon his late escape; when, lo! the opposite side of the rock is to be ascended. Here dangers of a different kind await the luckless traveller. He finds his feet gradually assuming an elevation and uprightness of position which, in the human species, is generally accorded to the head. Not only in this position is he exposed to the danger of being thrown out heels foremost, but he runs the risk of bursting a blood-vessel in the brain, and dying of a fit of apoplexy. Whether the honour of dyeing the eternal snows of the Himalayas with his blood would be a sufficient compensation for the loss of his life, is, of course, a matter of opinion.

To spare both myself and bearers these risks attendant upon palanquin-travelling, I adopted

a chimpan, a kind of sedan-chair, in which, by means of poles, the bearers were enabled to preserve an equilibrium in the load. However, I found this mode of travelling uncomfortable, and preferred trusting myself to a horse; but I was assured that, after passing Tiri, it would be impossible to ride through the mountain ways. The rajah recommended me to leave my horse at Tiri until my return.

In my first day's march from Tiri, I reached Uppu; on the second day I arrived at Khanath. The thermometer had fallen to 60°, and about four in the evening, a violent rain-storm set in, which thoroughly drenched me and my train, and reduced the temperature still more.

The houses are here built of stone, and roofed with slates. The Ganges seems to have had here, formerly, a wider bed. Its present depth is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet.

My guide in this part of the route was a hunter, one of the most skilful in the mountain range. He was of a strong and active figure, and so chatty—and so lively in his chat—that it would be impossible for one's spirits to sink in his company. His description of the sport

to be had in the mountains was so graphic, that my hopes were greatly raised, and he was so warm in his eulogy of the bear hunt, that I longed for an encounter with Master Bruin, and he assured me that the part of the mountain through which we were passing, was thickly inhabited by these gentry.

To prepare for the chances that fortune may throw in my way, I wished to procure a hunting-spear, and found, in a village through which we passed, a smith who made such instruments, but those who employed him provided the iron themselves. Here was a difficulty. In ascending the mountains I had not thought of taking a supply of iron ; but there was amongst my train one who carried a lance, such as the Indians use, and who consented to part with it. These lances are very slender, and furnished at one end with an iron spike of about an inch wide. This appeared to me too narrow for a bear-spear, and, under my directions, the smith hammered the iron until it acquired a breadth of two inches. I then got it fixed upon the other end of the lance, which, being stouter, promised to offer more resistance in case of attack.

Thus equipped, a rifle slung upon my

shoulder, and spear in hand, I presented an appearance more in keeping with the costume of 1643, than of 1843. Had a European of the nineteenth century encountered me in such a guise, I am sure that his merriment would have been great. I often laughed heartily in thinking of the half-savage appearance I presented.

Advancing through the mountains, our way became at every step more steep; and here my spear did me good service, serving the place of a staff along the precipitous route.

We had sought for bears on every side, we had even ascended to the limits of the snow-region; but in vain, no bears appeared. We saw some musk-deer in a clearing, the young feeding beside the dam. These animals seemed very like our roebuck. I took aim at one, and fired at a distance of a hundred paces. The buck fell. My guide, who had remained behind, was quickly at my side. Our game was strong and fleshy, but the musk-sack empty. This buck could not have been less than a year old, but I have been assured that an animal under three years of age does not generate musk. I believe this account to be correct, as my attendant, an

experienced hunter, ought to be a good authority, the more especially as the possession of the musk-sack is, in itself, an object of the chase.

Our writers of natural history describe the musk-deer as an animal with strong hair, sharp as bristles. For my part, I must say that the animal I shot, bore, in this respect, a strong resemblance to our deer, but that the hair seemed softer. Perhaps the animal which they describe is different from that which, in these regions, is called a musk-deer.

When one of the musk-deer is shot, the sack is immediately taken out, and with it is cut a large piece of the skin. This is wrapped round the mouth of the sack, and closed tight with a string. This precaution is necessary to prevent the evaporation of the musk.

CHAPTER XV.

Traces of a bear—Preparations for a hunt— We discover the game—Comical ideas associated with bears—A fresh expedition in search of game—Encounter—Apparent death of the bear—Fresh attack—Pretty maiden on her way to the Madjuli Baman—The village mohna—The rivulet Dhebern — Baudrali—Opium—Tikkery—Terrible affray with the natives.

WITHIN two days after my last hunting adventure, we discovered footprints of a bear, which seemed to us to have been recently imprinted in the soil. We immediately set forth, but wandered so far without falling in with the four-footed fugitive, that we began to fancy that we had been mistaken. We at length

arrived at the commencement of a wood of fir trees, where the traces of the bear were distinctly visible. We were at some feet from an open space, which though at a distance from any village, had been laid out as a field. The ground was slanting, and at the top was a row of trees. From the direction in which we came, a view of the entire space could not be obtained.

We still followed the traces, but found no bear. We continued to advance thoughtfully. Suddenly my companion and I sprang back; an enormous bear stood before us, at gunshot distance. He was busily employed looking for his food: the irregularities of the ground had hidden him from our view. To throw ourselves on the ground was the work of a moment, and here, sheltered by a little mound, we were able to watch the movements of Bruin. He continued to eat quietly, his back turned towards us. I must say that I have never seen an animal whose appearance amused me so much as that of the bear. There was something so comical in the manner in which he turned up the stones with his large paw, looking for the grubs and

worms that are sometimes beneath, his look of grim satisfaction when he found them, and of burly discontent when he was disappointed.

The hero of a thousand nursery tales stood before me, of those days of A B C wisdom, when foxes were villains, lions tyrants, and bears always comical fellows. It was perhaps these associations of childhood that tickled my fancy as I gazed at poor Bruin, though—perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say it—whilst smiling at his innocent stupidity, I was meditating his destruction.

I had watched for some time, hoping that he would turn his side, and so offer me a fair shot, but I was disappointed. He walked slowly forwards. There was no time to lose. I took aim, hoping that the ball might enter his body lengthwise. I fired, and hit the mark: Bruin turned his head quietly round, rubbed his muzzle, where the ball had struck, looked about, to see from what quarter the attack had come, and not perceiving the aggressor, calmly continued his way.

My huntsman had, after I fired, sprung from the ground, and making a little *détour*,

stationed himself behind the row of trees at the top of the field, from whence he could command an open view of the bear. He left me the rifle, and took with him the hunting-spear. I fired two shots from the double-barrelled gun. Both hit. The bear turned round, growling with rage, but seemed still uncertain as to the direction in which his enemy lay. I commenced to reload.

Whether it was that he caught a sound of my preparations, or caught a glimpse of myself, I cannot say, but I saw him in a few minutes swagger towards me in a short trot. My gun was not loaded; my companion, one hundred and fifty paces distant, heeded not my signals.

I succeeded in reaching my huntsman's side; but the bear, who now had a full view of his enemies, seemed unwilling to ascend the mountain, as in so doing he should leave that part of his body exposed which had before been attacked. He now walked diagonally across the plain. I fired twice, but I was now at such a distance that neither shot hit, and the bear continued his way towards the wood.

I loaded my gun, and we pursued him into

the wood. The day was already drawing to a close, and though there was still strong light in the open space, a dim twilight pervaded the thick-grown wood. We had scarcely advanced a hundred paces beyond the open plain, when my companion, who was in advance, sprang back, exclaiming: "The bear, the bear!" and the next moment I perceived, by the dim light, something approaching from the thicket. From the darkness emerged the bear, walking on his hind paws, whilst the fore paws were extended, as if in friendly greeting.

The comicality of his appearance so overpowered my gravity, that I burst into a loud laugh. He seemed to have forgotten his anger, and, dropping down on all-fours, turned again into the wood. I had been so much amused, that I actually forgot to fire; but now that he again turned away, I fired two shots in succession, in the direction which he had taken. I cannot say whether either took effect, but we heard him, with hurried pace, breaking through the wood. We reloaded our pieces and hurried after.

In a little while, my companion said that

it was more probable the bear would ascend the mountain, and that by ascending a projecting rock, which peeped out at a short distance, we would be able to intercept his progress. I followed his advice, and ascended the rock. Here we found ourselves in a forest of beautiful trees, where no brushwood intervened, and where though twilight was now closing in, we could see clearly at gun-shot distance.

I had scarcely recovered my breath after the trouble of ascending when I saw the bear advancing along the mountain side, apparently in good humour. I waited until he was within a short distance, and fired. The ball had now unmistakably struck the bear; he fell, and slid down a precipitous rock of about twenty-five feet high, at the foot of which some trees stopped his progress. My hunting companion now came up, and was, if possible, better pleased than I.

Our prey was a fine, stout, blackish-grey bear. The huntsman proposed that we should push the body down the rock, and send the bearers from the village to fetch it. As the distance to the village was only about half an hour's march,

I found the project feasible, and with the help of two poles, we precipitated poor Bruin's carcass to the bottom.

The bearers were brought, and as the weight was not light, four men were employed to carry the conquered foe into the village. Here we were surrounded by all the inhabitants, many amongst them declaring they had often met Master Bruin in the neighbourhood, but, for certain reasons, had not stayed to make an intimate acquaintance.

Encouraged by success, though my departure was fixed for the following morning, I determined to make an effort to meet another bear ; and sending my servants and baggage forward, I turned towards the mountain with my skilful hunter.

Bears, like the generality of wild animals, come into the open plain in the morning, but when the sun becomes hotter, retire to the thicket, where they remain until the cool of the evening again calls them forth.

We had been ascending the mountain during the entire morning, and had not seen a bear, nor found the trace of one, when just as we had begun to despair, we entered a little valley, and

here standing on a gentle slope, we saw what we were in search of.

We arrived just as Master Bruin was at breakfast, and as he turned up one stone, rolled down another, and tossed aside a third, we could almost fancy that his appetite was already satisfied, and that he could now be tempted only by a very dainty morsel. We were at a considerable distance from him, and endeavoured to come near unperceived by ascending the rocks that overhung the open space in which the bear was, and where, sheltered by the trees, we could see, without being seen.

Arrived at the edge of the overhanging rock, my companion advised me to hasten, as the morning was advancing, and the bear would probably soon retire into the forest. I found that I was still at too great a distance, and leaving my attendant behind, I slipped down the rock, and stealing within shelter of the trees that bordered the valley, I took a view of the game. There he stood, rubbing himself quietly against a tree. I took aim at his head. I fired, and he fell. Who more happy than I? I sprang forward, but was suddenly arrested by the huntsman, who warned me not to advance. He declared

that it was most dangerous to approach a bear under such circumstances, as one could not be sure whether he were dead. He added that it would be much better to throw stones from a neighbouring height at the animal, when, if he did not move, we might be sure that he was dead.

We did this; and as the stones rolled against our fallen foe, they excited no emotion in him; on the contrary, as they rolled, one at this side, one at that, the body heaved with the dull weight of a lifeless thing. No longer doubting that he was dead, I handed my gun to the hunter, and taking the hunting-spear, descended into the valley. I hurried towards the bear; but what was my surprise to see, as I stood right before him, that his eyes were open. Shaking his head ominously, he rose slowly. The moment was important: I seized my spear, and planted it in his side. The bear continued to rise, still shaking his head. He looked like one recovering from a faint, and who was not quite conscious of what was going on around. I pressed my spear more steadily into his side; but quite regardless of my intentions in this respect, and suddenly collecting his strength, he

stood boldly upright on his four feet. I did my utmost to fix him with the spear, but in vain. He advanced twenty or thirty paces through the valley.

What was now to be done? My huntsman was not near. I had not time to look for him, nor did the game that I was playing permit it. There stood the bear, still shaking his head like a drunken man, and seemingly only waiting to recover his strength to attack me. Under these circumstances, I thought it better to become the aggressor. With this determination, I sprang forward, spear in hand, taking the precaution to stand upon his left side, that I might aim directly at his heart. My spear was now as faithless as before. The bear escaped, and retreating about twenty paces, again shaking his head with the same mysterious wag, turned round, and raising himself on his hind feet, advanced, seemingly determined to make a furious attack. I waited his approach, and when within a few paces of my adversary, I took deliberate aim at his breast, and pierced him with my spear. But it was evident that my weapon had not gone deep. I pressed with all my strength, he opposed with equal force.

How, if the spear were good, did it not enter his breast where, according to my aim, no bone opposed its passage ?

Despairing of being able to wound him, I flung away my spear, and advanced weaponless to meet him, determined to oppose foot to foot, and breast to breast. In the upright posture in which the bear then stood, I had no doubt of being a match for him. Were he on his four feet, the case would be different. Whilst I made these reflections, which passed with lightning rapidity through my mind, the bear was advancing, majestically reared on his hind paws, and looking very wrath. A few steps more, and he would have closed with me. He was still marching forward, when placing his foot upon a loose stone, he slipped, and rolled topsyturvy down the opposite side, where the ground sloped considerably. Growling fiercely at this overthrow of his dignity, he quickly collected his strength, and springing on his four feet, turned fiercely towards me. In this position, and with no arms but a spear, which I had already found useless, it would be madness to encounter him. I was therefore obliged to abandon the field, however much against my

inclination. A few springs brought me out of the immediate vicinity of Bruin ; he followed me for a few paces, and then turning round, sought the thicket.

During all this time my celebrated huntsman was standing far above, in perfect safety on a rock, a hatchet stuck in his belt, and a loaded rifle in either hand. Now that he saw me alone, he descended ; and with many apologies for not having come to my assistance, he promised to repair the past, and proposed to enter the thicket in pursuit of the bear. This proposition pleased me well. I examined the loading of my rifle, and looked again at my spear. The point was bent, quite rolled up. This was the reason why it had been so un-serviceable. I had, perhaps, accidentally knocked it against a stone during the day's march.

My companion now entered the thicket, carefully looking round for the bear ; I remained on the outskirts, waiting until the game should be driven out. After some moments' delay, my companion rushed out, exclaiming : " The bear is coming !" I presented my gun, but no bear came. My companion then told me that he had gone a considerable distance

into the thicket, that he had there met the bear, which, with a ferocious mien, rushed on him, and that he was obliged to fly.

From this account I was certain that the bear was still in the thicket, and accompanied by the hunter, I advanced. My companion, looking carefully round, showed me the place where he had seen the bear ; and at a distance of about forty paces pointed out a dark object, which he declared to be the identical personage we were in search of. I could scarcely believe it, but fired. I was soon convinced that the hunter's opinion was correct. It was the bear, and he left no doubt of his identity, for he instantly turned round and attacked us. I fired twice without effect. Our arms were now two unloaded guns and a worthless spear. Our sole trust was now in our feet ; and these, I must say, did not fail us. We were soon beyond the reach of our growling foe. We now held solemn counsel, and it was agreed that we should follow the bear. We were the more easily induced to take this resolution, knowing from experience how easily we could escape his pursuit. The hunter entered the thicket. I remained, as before,

without. In a few minutes he shouted. I stood prepared. I saw the bear advancing. I fired, apparently without effect. I fired again. He still advanced; but had scarcely gone twenty paces, when he staggered and fell. He was dead at last; and a good stout fellow he was, nearly as large as the prey of our former day's hunt. We could not think of removing the carcass, so we set about skinning it; and in this operation my friend, the hunter, showed himself very skilful. Proud of my spoils, I set forth to overtake my people, who had preceded me on the route.

I arrived at Backri during the celebration of a high festival of the Hindoos. This place is also called Maxdeond Kopri, and is situated high in the mountain regions. The feast that was being celebrated when I arrived is called Madjuli Baman. Thousands crowd to a small river in the neighbourhood, and throw in grains of corn, which when the fish eat, they become stupified, rise to the surface, and are easily caught. The inhabitants of Kanodje, as I have already remarked, are allowed to eat fish, and their descendants in the mountains claim the same privilege. Indeed, it appears that

all the Hindoos beyond Hardwar, advancing towards the mountains, are allowed to eat fish and flesh.

According to the description I received, I should say that the fish of the Backri river are a kind of carp, and so large, that one of them might furnish a dinner for eight men.

I saw, on that feast day, the prettiest girl I had yet met in my mountain travels. She and her mother were wending their way to the Madjuli Bamin ; and in the maiden's costume there was no lack of gold and silver ornaments, of chains, bracelets, and rings. The road over which we were to pass, led us sometimes through woody knolls, and sometimes over flowery meads. I was alone, and following the path, had reached a pretty grove. A sudden turning in the road brought me into the presence of the mother and daughter, who had stopped to seek repose under the leafy trees, and, as it appeared to me, to smoke a hooka. On seeing me, they both sprung up terrified, and then stood motionless, as if petrified. I asked some question about the way, but received no answer.

When the affrighted ladies had recovered

themselves a little, the daughter covered her face close, and stepped behind her mother. All this time my question remained unanswered. It was evident that the ladies thought only of themselves; and notwithstanding the awe and reverence that beauty naturally inspires, I could not help bursting out into some angry expressions, "about those who transgress the pious duty to travellers." This had the desired effect; I obtained all possible information about the watering-place and ceremonies. The neighbourhood is agreeable, and the air good.

I must not forget to mention a little rivulet called Dhebern, situated at the distance of two coss from the village Mohna. My encampment lay on a high ridge of rocks, in the midst of a wood of fir-trees. The latter part of the way to this place is very bad, and sometimes leads the traveller over steep rocks. Wild boars are numerous here, and I have been told that the argus is also abundant, but I have never been able to obtain one, though I offered a large price. The place is also said to abound in small bears.

I was very much pleased with this spot. Through the whole range of the Himalayas, I had not seen anything that reminded me so much of my native land, my beloved Germany. But as the way that leads to heaven is difficult, so the road which conducts to the environs of the beautiful little rivulet Dhebern, is steep as man could wish.

In a few days afterwards, we left the fir region. I saw, one morning, six swine, retreating into the darkness of the wood, but a wounded foot prevented me from engaging in a chase. When we reached the valley, we found many clear, pure rivulets, the fresh waves of which were most grateful to our view. Since we left the banks of the Jumna, we had not seen much good water. The Dhebern was pretty, but shallow.

The environs of Budrauli are tolerably well cultivated. Many villages lie around, and every available spot of ground is sown with wheat. There are many opium plantations in this neighbourhood, which, however, do not belong to the monopoly of the East India Company, but form an article of free trade.

Before every house is to be seen a little garden of poppies, and the women attend to the daily collection of falling juice.

I passed pleasantly enough through several towns and villages, until I arrived at Tikkry, where my reception was anything but agreeable. My journey had been, as I have said, pleasant enough, my people were honest, and there had not been a dispute or variance of any kind. I had engaged to pay each two anas daily, which was the ordinary rate of wages in the district of Tiri, to which they belonged. The English police had furnished me with coolies, to whom I was to pay the same price.

Tikkry lies within the dominions of the Rajah of Nahn, and, with some adjoining villages, is partly independent. During the course of the day on which we reached Tikkry I had had a little quarrel with one of the sedan-bearers, a young Brahmin—a quarrel which would never have arisen had it not been for the insolent tone in which he made some observations.

When within about a hundred paces of Tikkry, we were met by two men, one very

old, the other middle-aged. They saluted and invited us to stop, saying that we were exactly a day's march from Chepal. I listened willingly, as a man always does, to what he wishes to believe, and a traveller is always glad to find himself at the end of a day's journey.

I accepted the proposal, after inquiring whether we could be supplied with flour and other necessaries. Having received the most satisfactory answers, we entered Tikcry. Precisely in the centre of the little town rose a pretty high eminence, to which two flights of steps led. Directly opposite, and somewhat higher than this square, rose the little temple of the place, and leading from this was the main street, if a length of fifty or sixty paces deserves the name. This street led to the abode of the village magistrate.

The person who invited us to stop was himself the great man of the village, for which reason we reckoned with certainty on a good reception. My tent was pitched on the eminence of which I have spoken; my people began to make the usual preparations for passing the night, and everything seemed to be on the best footing. I

remarked, however, that my young Brahmin held a long conversation, in the mountain dialect, with the reverend villager, and I had some reason to suspect that the subject of the conversation was my insignificance, and I have every reason to believe that no panegyric was pronounced upon me.

We had arrived at one o'clock, and the zemindar had assured us that flour and all other necessaries should be immediately provided. The coolies were now arrived ; the people were hungry and wished to get flour, but the promised provisions were not forthcoming. My tent was however fixed, and every one tried to make himself as comfortable as possible. An hour and a half had passed, still the provisions did not appear ; even milk, which had been promised in abundance, was no longer offered. I sent at length for the chief man of the village, and represented to him that we had now waited two hours and a half, and that my people had not been able to obtain provisions. As to myself, I was amply provided ; but the coolies were not in the habit of laying in a stock of provisions, and depended upon what they could obtain in the villages.

After a little while some fire-wood was brought, for which I was asked three pays, and the messengers wished to know how many anas' worth of grass I would purchase. I replied that I did not intend to pay either for grass or wood, which could be had in such abundance in the neighbourhood; but that for everything else—milk, flour, &c.—I was willing to give a reasonable price. Upon this the wood was taken away, and I was in the same predicament as before. The coolies were importunate, begging me to procure them flour, as they wished to eat and repose.

It was now five o'clock. I sent again to know whether I was to be furnished with the required provisions. I was told that if I would pay three pays for each measure of wheat, it would be given to my people. In vain I remonstrated with these folk upon the exorbitance of their demand; even in Gangotri, whither wheat is brought a distance of many days' journey, I had only paid two pays for a seer. I represented to them that this bargain concerned only their own countrymen, the coolies, who would be obliged to pay the expense out of their own hard-earned wages. I even proposed that they

should send one of their number with me the following day, to the next village, where, if they had not extorted, I would pay the difference out of my own pocket, and also pay the expenses of the messenger. This proposal was rejected. The flour, which meanwhile had appeared, was now carried off to a storehouse.

Five hours' discussion and disputation had thoroughly wearied me, and what had I gained? Nothing. I was obliged to submit; and taking the schuperass by the arm, and laying hold of one of the spokesmen with the other hand, I proceeded to the store into which the flour had been put, and ordered them to distribute it immediately. A multitude pressed round, armed with sticks and clubs; and an old man, who held in his hand a large club, lifted it above his head, and was about to raise a tumult, for which the crowd seemed ripe. I snatched a stick from one of the by-standers, and springing upon him who seemed anxious to become a ring-leader, I seized him by the hair, and dragging him through the crowd, brought him up to the elevation on which my tent was erected.

The schuperassy and one of my servants

had seized another, whom they also brought captive. I now declared that I would keep these men prisoners, until the coolies received the food which they demanded.

This scene would have been, no doubt, very amusing for a third party. I was standing on the eminence of which I have already spoken, and from which I could look down upon the village. Against the wall which was ten feet high there was a stone seat; a flight of steps on either side led to the street below. On the right was a large willow, and to this our prisoners were bound. The steps were covered with my people, who were all ready for action, and the crowd below were addressed from the stone seat. I had many fair promises from the elder prisoner, whom I would have willingly set free if I could have done so without injuring the cause in which I was engaged, but he was evidently a popular character, and, I, therefore, detained him, until the flour should be brought. When this appeared, I thought all further precautions unnecessary, and ordered the prisoner to be set free. Scarcely had I done so, when the flour disappeared. We had still a captive, and this, perhaps,

was of some weight in inducing the restoration of the provisions. I had forgotten to mention that our second prisoner was the djana of the village.

When the flour was in our possession, I ordered the schuperassy to distribute it, and setting the djana at liberty, offered him payment for what he had seen disposed of. The djana refused to take the money, upon which one of the people of the village took it, and having reckoned it, declared that it was correct. All now retired, but, in a short time, he who had taken the money returned, and laid it on the place where the flour had been measured.

Neither I, nor any of my people, made a remark. None questioned the other ; none seemed to notice the money ; there it lay ; night came, and it was still untouched.

The coolies having prepared their meals, my evening repast was got ready, and it was late ere I thought of retiring to rest. Scarcely had I lain down, when there commenced outside my tent, what may be called a musical conspiracy, if that could be called musical whence all melody was banished. There was a scraping and squalling that would have done honour to a community of cats.

My tent, as I have mentioned, was pitched opposite to the temple. In the space between, but closer to the temple, the youth of the village had assembled, furnished with every kind of copper vessel, old rusty iron saucepans, and tinkery of all species. Upon these they had commenced a serenade that would have terrified screeching cats and yelping dogs. The object of this movement was evident: they hoped that, vexed at having my rest disturbed, I might expostulate; that this would end in an *émeute*, during which, favoured by the darkness of night, the elders of the village could revenge the insults they had suffered during the day.

To avoid such a scene, I bore the annoyance in silence. Had I interfered, it might have been objected, that I had interrupted some religious ceremony. An hour spent in this performance wearied the children. They retired, and I slept quietly.

In the morning there was a dispute with the coolies. They had been hired to carry the sedan-chair to Chepal. They now demanded three anas, instead of two. After some altercation, I consented. They then insisted upon being paid in advance. This was going too far

besides, it was against my principles to allow myself to be forced into anything contrary to the usual practice.

The matter was at length arranged. The caterwauling serenade of the previous evening, and some other little circumstances, gave me reason to suppose that the inhabitants of the village would be glad to pick a quarrel. However, for the present, all seemed quiet. My tent was taken down, and the coolies were packing up, but I had resolved to remain to the last, and to see that everything was safe, before I proceeded on my way. I hurried my people as much as possible; but two, who had been deeply engaged in the affray of the previous day, still loitered. These were the schuperassy and the khitmatgar, who, even when all the others were ready, still lingered to smoke a pipe. At length, even this was finished, and I sprang on my horse and rode off. The khitmatgar profited by my absence to return to the fire, to enjoy another smoke. In putting his hand into a little leather bag, to take out his tobacco, he found the money, which on the day before had been offered for the flour.

The khitmatgar was a small man, and of an

irritable temper. Enraged at finding the gold in his purse, he pulled it forth, and threw it at the feet of the djana, who, with several persons, was present. At the same moment, the men rushed from the neighbouring houses, and pressed around my two servants. All wished to put the money again into the pocket of the khitmatgar, who positively refused. The dispute was growing warm. A young servant, who had also remained behind, hurried after me, and related what had occurred. All this was the work of a moment. I turned my horse's head and galloped back. Riding straight to the eminence upon which, the day before, my tent had been pitched, I leaped from my horse, and calling to the sayo to keep his eyes open, I sprang upon the steps, and from thence on the roof of the houses. Stepping along a few of these, I looked down on the crowd assembled in the street beneath. Here I saw my servants at a great disadvantage. Pressed on every side by the crowd, the schuperassy and the khitmatgar had drawn their swords. Not a moment was to be lost. I sprang into the midst of the astonished multitude, who had not perceived my approach, and though I came from above, I

hardly think that any paid me the compliment of supposing that I came from the heavenly regions. I carried no fire-arms. I am an enemy to all such weapons. Grasping a stout horsewhip firmly in my hand, I cut right and left at the faces of the throng. The scene changed instantly. The crowd that just before had pressed so closely about my servants, retreated, some with streaming eyes, others with streaming noses. The popular fury which, at first, had been directed against my servants, now turned against me. With the help of my whip and a stout arm, I made my way through the crowd, until I reached the wall of the oft-mentioned eminence. Here there was a narrow street with houses on each side, the roofs of which were not much higher than the wall against which I stood. Somebody laid hold of my whip. In a moment eight or ten hands were upon it. All pulled; I tried to extricate it, but in vain. I still resisted, and at the moment when my opponents were straining every nerve, I suddenly let go my hold; they lost their equilibrium, and swung some paces back. This was enough for me. Profiting by the momentary confusion, I sprang on the roof of the nearest

house, and was moving deliberately along, when the company below, foaming with rage, began to tear off the wooden planks which covered the houses, and threw them after me. This did me no harm. Looking round, I saw that I could no longer be of any use. I had afforded my people an opportunity of escape; so, jumping lightly off the roof at the opposite side to that where the crowd stood, I found my sayo waiting with my horse. I sprang into the saddle, and in a few moments I was riding over the mountain ridge, along which the road led. I saw my train before me, descending the opposite side.

No sooner had those whom I left behind got a glimpse of me, as I rode away, than their fury seemed to return. They shrieked, they ran, they flung various missiles after me. So angry an appearance did the incident begin to wear, that my khitmatgar rode back to the battle-field in search of his sword, which had been either wrested from him or had fallen from his hand. He recovered his beloved blade, and we rode on without further molestation. I could not help thinking that we presented something of the aspect of combatants after a battle.

We had certainly lost no heads, nor was there a link missing in the entire troop ; but some garments had been torn ; I even fancied that some of us had grown thinner during the last two days. Be that as it may, we now journeyed on, furnished with ample matter for conversation and reflection.

CHAPTER XVI.

Arrival in Simla—Communication with the police—Mr. Clerk—Letter from the Maha-rajah—I set out for Lahore—Arrival in Ludiana—I cross the Sutlej—Falour—Phaguara—The Sikh Sawars—Kapurdala—The Rajah Nehal Singh—Audience costume of the Rajah—Natsch girls—Costume of the military officers—A repast—A draught of brandy—Kapurdala—Gagriwalla—Djundiala—A few words about presents in the East—The rain sets in—I proceed to Amrit Sir.

THE affair at Tikkery had annoyed me very much, and though my opponents there were certainly in the wrong, and had themselves provoked the injuries they sustained, I pitied them, for they had come off badly in the affray. On my arrival in Simla, I was obliged, from prudential reasons, to make a statement of the entire facts to the police. Tikkery was already in

bad repute from the restless character of its inhabitants, and they were fined two thousand rupees, and ordered to contribute fifty men to the military force during that year. I hope that the severity of this sentence was mitigated, though I never heard anything further of the affair.

In Simla, I made the acquaintance of Mr. G. R. Clerk, lieutenant-governor of the north-western provinces, and one of the most estimable and agreeable persons I have ever met. Those men are certainly rare upon whom the public voice bestows unqualified approbation, in whom every one finds something to praise, and no one sees anything to blame. Mr. Clerk is one of these. He may, indeed, have a secret enemy, for when was merit without a foe? but there is not one who can step forth in the light of day, and make an accusation against him. His character is too well known to need my praise; but certain it is, that all the native princes, and the people of all the different petty states in Upper India, swear by his name. The successor of such a man will be placed in a trying position. Though many appeals have been made about the conduct of other men in power,

in these provinces, no voice has ever been raised to sully the honour of Mr. Clerk, and the stainless uprightness of his character has acquired for him respect, even to the confines of Cabul.

At Simla, I received a letter from the Maharajah Scheer Singh, who, at the request of Mr. Clerk, gave me permission, or, rather invited me, to pass through the Punjab. This epistle was written in the usual flowery style of the Orientals. Such "sugar-sweet" epithets had not been addressed to me since I quitted the arms of my nurse.

My health was somewhat shaken, and Mr. Clerk prayed me to remain at Simla. But I did not desire rest. Action, or at least motion, seemed to suit me better, so I set forward towards the Sutlej, intending to stop at Ludiana, where, as the letter of the maha-rajah informed me, I was waited for by the mehmendar of Lahore.

The rainy season, had set in before I left Simla, and the prospect of a journey through the Punjab was not very pleasant. I had been at this time a year and a half in India, and was still a mere novice in all that regarded preparations for times and seasons. When others re-

tired to their houses, I set out on my journey in the midst of rain and discomfort. But it is so with all new-comers. They find rainy weather here far more agreeable than in Europe, and are not yet aware of its evil influence on the health.

I arrived safely at Ludiana, and after a few days' delay, left it on the 17th July. "My friend's friend," as Scheer Singh had styled himself in his flowery epistle, had sent an officer a month before to meet me; but the time of my arrival not having been fixed, he, after waiting some days in vain, returned.

When I had been some eight or ten days in Lahore, an officer of the durbar arrived, a representative of "the phoenix of his time," as the former ambassador was named in the maharajah's letter, and this person was appointed to accompany me. After some preliminaries, I set off with a train of five camels, which was more than sufficient to carry my luggage, for I left many of my boxes behind in Ludiana.

My baggage train having started in the middle of the day, I set out at five in the evening, attended by two camel-sawars and two horse-sawars or riders. About sunset, I reached the

Sutlej, and found there a mehmendar or officer, in a boat, waiting to conduct me to the opposite bank. In about ten minutes I had crossed, and found myself in the kingdom of the Maharajah or King of Lahore. The sawars had been left on the other bank. The boats of the Sutlej are very different from those of the Ganges. They are flat with a high prow, and cut the waters rapidly. As soon as I landed, the boatmen presented me a tray with water. I invited them to come to my tent, where my munschi would mix some silver in the liquid, being convinced, I said, that he was more skilful in such matters than I.

My quarters were fixed in a garden belonging to the rajah; and on the evening of my arrival, I was visited by the chief magistrate of the place, who made his salaam, and offered presents in the name of the rajah. The gifts of "the friend's friend" were as sweet as had been the expressions in his letter. Twenty coolies entered, bearing each a tray, on which were two large pots of confections and a purse of gold. The sweetmeats were, according to the custom of the country, distributed amongst the servants, for whom such a feast made quite a holiday.

The money was handed over to my munschi to be expended in presents.

Falour is agreeably situated, and possesses a small fort, which seems to belong to the period when the Mogul power prevailed here. The road is sandy, but good for horses and camels. After a nine hours' march on a warm day, I reached Phaguara. All my sawars were unanimous in praising my horse; there could not be a better, but, at the same time, they requested me not to ride so fast, as their horses were not able to keep pace with me. The Sikhs are very proud of their steeds, and relate the most extraordinary stories of them. I had not urged my horse forward, and was very much surprized when I was requested to go slower. These people were in the right to spare their horses, for it was no object to them to arrive an hour earlier at our destination; besides, each man's horse was his property, his stock in trade. In the Punjab, when these sawars, or riders, are hired, the horse is taken into account; and many a military legend is handed down of horses whose beauty has made their masters' fortune. The Sikh sawar receives from sixteen to twenty rupees per month, and out of this, he must provide

arms, clothing, and food for himself and horse. Owing to some superior beauty either in themselves, or horses, some of these sawars receive thirty rupees per month, and are enrolled perhaps in the body-guard.

This system of hiring armed soldiers, which was common in Europe in the middle ages, is of old standing in India, and is found to work so well that the present English Government has adopted the practice in the formation of those regiments called the irregular horse, which are enrolled and paid after this fashion; but with one exception, they are required to adopt an uniformity in their costume, which is fashioned on a European model.

I must not forget to mention that besides the mehmendar, the Maha-rajah Scheer Singh had sent me an escort of horse, less for protection, than as a guard of honour. Of this escort, part accompanied me every day, the rest remained with my baggage.

There is in Phaguara, a tolerably large bazaar. My quarters were fixed in a garden, formerly laid out by Nehal Singh, and in which I did not find myself a whit too com-

fortable. Rajah Nehal Singh is the son of Fute Singh. I was told a sad story of a young brother of Nehal Singh, called Rahel Singh, who was unfortunately drowned, whilst in pursuit of some water-fowl. He was only twenty years of age.

From Phaguara to Yilander, the distance is seven coss. About midway I passed a sheet of water, which, in the dry season, is only a rivulet, but which was so swollen by the rains, that I and my horse were obliged to swim across. Yilander belongs to Schaykh Gulam Muhyiddin, the present Governor of Kashmir. I found here, in an old mausoleum, a beautiful dome, very like that in Delhi.

The road from Yilander to Kapurdala, is reckoned nine coss. At a quarter of an hour's ride from Kapurdala, the residence of the Rajah Nehal Singh, I was received by a femidar and a sepoy, who, the moment I appeared, set off in full gallop to meet me, and arrived enveloped in a cloud of dust. Immediately outside the city, I was received by the munschi of the rajah, accompanied by fifty men. The object of this mission was to salute me in the name of the rajah, and to invite

me to mount an elephant, which had been brought for my use. I was now so near the garden appointed for my abode, that I declined this civility.

The largest room in the kiosk had been prepared for me. A snow-white carpet covered the floor, a neat djarbay (a four-legged bedstead), with beautifully clean bed-clothes, gave promise of a comfortable night's sleep. I was asked whether I should prefer seeing the rajah on that day or the next. I chose the first, and was told that the rajah's answer should be soon obtained. I was quickly informed that the rajah was willing to receive me, and that elephants would be brought in the evening to conduct me to the palace. In a very little time, one of the high officers of the crown arrived, bringing a purse of five hundred rupees from the rajah.

This ambassador was mounted on an elephant, and invited me to visit one of the gardens, in which were some curious fountains. These consisted of figures of different kinds; amongst others, I saw some birds fixed in the wall, through whose bills the water poured. It was Futhe Singh who laid out

these gardens. Passing through the bazaar square, we arrived at the castle of the Rajah Nehal Singh, who, seated in an upper chamber, received me with great affability.

The rajah appeared to be about twenty-six years of age. He was very stout, which detracted from the comeliness of his figure. There was in the outer corner of his eyes an appearance which I find peculiar to the Sikhs. I do not know whether it is natural, or whether it is a colouring produced by antimony.

The rajah invited me to remain for the following day, and promised to procure me some amusement, by an elephant-fight in the morning, and a natsch in the evening. The rain on the following day rendered the elephant-fight impossible, but the nadsch, or natsch, was observed in the evening with due ceremony.

On the following day an elephant was sent to fetch me, and on entering the court-yard, I found a considerable number of soldiers, who made me a military salute.

An upper chamber in the castle, commanding a view of the bazaar, was appointed for the audience. The rajah was not in the room when I

entered ; but he came in a few minutes afterwards. His dress was white, which is the usual colour amongst the Hindoos, though in modern times it is not so much worn in the southern provinces. The upper garment of the rajah was of fine muslin, falling in voluminous folds to the knee. The waist was short and close-fitting. Tight trowsers and a sash completed the costume.

The inhabitants of the different provinces are distinguished by the variety in the shape and folding of the turban. Those of Bengal are altogether different from those of southern India, which again present an equally great contrast to those of the northern provinces and the Punjab. The material of which the turban is made, is more or less costly, according to the wealth of the wearer. The Sikh turban is tall and pointed. The turbans of the Mahomedans are very different from those of the Hindoos.

A long essay might be written on turbans, their different folds and forms, but I must, *en passant*, mention that Rajah Nehal Singh wore a brilliant diadem on his turban, composed of precious stones ; and around his neck and on his arms, he wore necklaces and bracelets of great value. From his ears were suspended rings

of gold, and down his breast flowed a long black beard. In his hand he bore a very handsome sword, with a gold hilt, which seemed to be of considerable weight. He told me that it had belonged to the late rajah. The feeling with which he contemplated it, pleased me. It was evident that its value in his eyes consisted in its having once been his father's.

I remember a remark that Nehal Singh made during the natsch. The vizier, who is the rajah's factotum, remarked that the natsch girls danced badly. The prince observed, rather sharply: "Why should they dance well; they earn more money by not dancing." The drift of all this was, that the vizier by his remark wished to show me that he understood what good dancing was, and that, as a connoisseur, he understood that the performance was mediocre. The reply of the rajah, on the contrary, was a reproof.

It was the duty of the vizier to provide all the pomp and appurtenances of these festival days, of which these unhappy dancing girls form a part. The rajah was well aware that abundance of money had been drawn for their support, but their appearance showed that it had not been expended on them. This is only

a part of that system of peculation which all acquainted with oriental courts know is largely practised.

The court, on the day of my audience, presented a goodly array. All the high civil officers of the crown, the munschis, and the chief officers of the regiments were present. The military were the more numerous. All were armed. With their shields flung upon their backs, they sat on either side of the rajah squatted on carpets. These aged warriors, with their long beards, and sabres in their hands, formed an imposing picture. Each, as he entered, offered his sword with a profound reverence to the rajah, who touched and returned it to the owner; the latter then stepped aside and took his place on the carpet.

The rajah sat in the middle of the room in an arm-chair, placed opposite to a large arched window. On his left hand were squatted the vizier and the chief officers of the crown; next to these, the munschis, or interpreters, and next in succession, came the military men. I sat on the rajah's right hand, in a chair similar to his own; and at some distance behind, sat some munschis, the chief huntsman, with the favourite

falcon on his finger, and a number of the rajah's body-guard armed with bows.

The conversation between the rajah and me was lively. The natch maidens danced; the music played; the hall was brilliantly lighted up; a cool zephyr swept through the apartment, and fanned us gently, when the rajah invited me to accompany the vizier into the adjoining chamber, which, the doors being flung open, was, I saw, brilliantly lighted with chandeliers, and offered to view a table furnished with goodly viands.

The excellent Mahratta prince had thought well of ordering a dinner to be prepared for me, and had commanded a quantity of meat, dressed in various fashions, sufficient for an entire regiment. The table was covered with costly vessels of gold and silver. Wonderful must have been the reputation of the carnivorous Europeans in India. I fancy that they had been described as living on meat and brandy, for the provision of the latter bore a very just proportion to the supply of the former. As for me, I had long before renounced flesh eating, and having selected from the over-loaded table some vegetables, I partook of them.

Beside me was placed a handsome silver goblet, filled with a liquid which I supposed to be water. Having dined, I raised my goblet, and engulphed a deep draught. What was my horror, when I discovered that the goblet that had been placed with an appearance of particular attention beside me, was filled with pure brandy. The crowd that surrounded the table, seeing me turn deadly pale, looked very much astonished, and some with a significant glance seemed to say that they could have managed the matter better.

When I returned to the rajah, who was too good a Hindoo to enter a chamber where meat was being eaten and brandy drunk, he laughed heartily at the mistake I had made. Soon afterwards, I took leave. The following day was fixed for my departure.

Nehal Singh seems to be fond of hawking, for the next morning as I was going forward on my journey, I saw a train of forty or fifty falconers, hawk on wrist, accompanying him, through the plain below.

From Kapurdala, I marched on to Gagriwalla, where I passed the night in my tent. Some women of the place visited me requesting presents, which I did not refuse.

I may be here allowed to make a few general remarks upon this custom of making presents, particularly in money. In former times, this custom was even more general than at present, and not alone in India, but through the entire east. A European finds the custom unpleasant. He does not like to receive presents from strangers, and for my own part I must say, that I have never omitted to make an adequate return for what I accepted. As for the money, it was always given to my munschi to be distributed in gifts, and those for whom they were intended, did not fail to present themselves. I must say that were I inclined to enrich myself, the princely munificence of my friend Scheer Singh, afforded me an opportunity.

From Gagriwalla, I went to Djundiala, where I again passed a night in my tent. Although the place is tolerably large, there is no building appropriated to the use of travellers. Here, many of the women, as well as dancing-girls crowded round me asking for presents; they departed satisfied. Rain commenced during the night; it became heavier in the morning, and as I advanced to Amrit Sir, I found the woods inundated.

CHAPTER XVII.

Amrit Sir—Visit from the Kharidar—Disappointment about an elephant—Visit to Generals Avitabelli and Court—Present from Scheer Singh—Visit from Fakir Nureddin—Accident to the Fakir—Audience with the Maha-rajah—Costume of the Sikhs—Hera Singh—Scheer Singh's predilection for watches—The gold sprinkling—Strange occurrence at leaving the Durbar—Evening amusements at General Ventura's and at General Avitabelli's—Hunt with Scheer Singh—Audience at the palace—Kindness of the Maha-rajah—Departure from Lahore.

AMRIT SIR is the sacred city of the Sikhs, and has often been the theatre of their bloody contests with the Moslems. The temple and tank are objects of especial veneration, which, particularly as regards the latter, is very strange. In approaching the city, the eye is attracted by

the lofty towers of some handsome buildings, of which the gilded tops produce a pleasing effect. The city is defended by two walls, the inner built of mud, the outer of stone. My quarters were fixed, as usual in a garden. This had been laid out by Futhe Singh. The two chambers prepared for my accommodation were ornamented with paintings.

On the afternoon of my arrival, one of the high ministers of the crown visited me. Though this officer is superintendent of the collection of the taxes, he bears the humble title of kharidar. This is a very important personage; to him is paid the tax levied on the Kashmir shawls, which, as every shawl is rated at twenty-five rupees, amounts to a considerable sum.

The kharidar brought me, on the part of Scheer Singh, a purse containing five hundred rupees, nor were the usual confections forgotten. All these things were to be distributed on the following day to the priests of the temple and the tank, to the tax-gatherer and others; a ceremony which of course was not neglected.

I had been informed that on the day following my arrival, elephants would be sent to bring me to see "the sights" of the town. Early in

the morning a messenger arrived saying that the hour I appointed (two o'clock) was too late, that it would not be possible to visit all the public places before evening. I answered that I could be ready at any hour that might be appointed. At two o'clock, a second messenger arrived to let me know that there were no elephants in the town.

It would have been a matter of no importance to me whether I visited the city in a howdah, on horseback, or in a palanquin; but as I had been emphatically invited to go on an elephant, and having accepted the invitation, I would not allow myself to be trifled with. I must here remark that the Indians of a certain class, are always ready, indeed seeking opportunities, to refuse the Europeans those external marks of honour of which they are themselves so fond. A European who wishes to maintain his social position, must be on his guard in this respect, as the natives will be glad to mortify him. Things that in the commencement appear ludicrous, may sometimes lead to serious consequences, and the more one is inclined to yield, the more are his rights encroached on.

So in the affair of the elephant, I suspected a

falsehood, and my suspicion was confirmed by my munschi, who, returning from the town, informed me that he had seen a number of elephants as he passed the bazaar. Another messenger arrived with an excuse: but I adhered to my first determination not to visit the city unless an elephant were sent.

I had given up the project, but the priest of the temple, and others who were to receive presents, probably interfered, for at half-past four, a messenger arrived to say that elephants had been procured, and would soon arrive. I got ready, but before the *cortège* came, night was drawing on. To conclude the day's proceedings, the rain now set in. For the sake of those, who would have been obliged to accompany me, I gave up the visit, and sent my presents to the temple by the munschi. These, however, were not as large, as if I had gone myself. The sum was fifty rupees, the guru, got twenty-five, the fakirs twenty-five; there were some smaller sums to others. It was agreed with the guru or priest, that on my return from Kashmir, I should see everything and pay a hundred rupees.

In the evening I walked through the town,

saw "the sights," and left Amrit Sir, the following day at five o'clock. After a wearisome march, I reached Verrenekki at half-past nine. Here I found a French officer, who was in the service of Scheer Singh, and who was going on to his station at Amrit Sir.

The rain on the next day was violent. I arrived, thoroughly drenched, in the vicinity of Lahore. My quarters were fixed in the garden Schalamar, which was a distance of two hours' journey from the city. This was very disagreeable to me, and still more so to my servants. I expressed a wish to change my dwelling, and pointed out a house that I would be glad to occupy, and which had before then been placed at the service of travellers. I could not obtain the gratification of my wish, the house was engaged for some other purpose, and I was obliged to content myself for the present in the Schalamar.

A few hours after my instalment in my garden-home, I dispatched my mehmendar to the city, to thank Scheer Singh for the friendly reception that had been accorded me. He returned on the following day, and in the meantime the English agent had visited me and prof-

fere devery service in his power. The maha-rajah let me know that "his friend's friend" might command everything within his jurisdiction. I was also informed that the rajah's diplomatic factotum, Fakir Nureddin, was to call upon me the same afternoon. This fakir is the same, whom in consequence of his inexhaustible loquacity, Lord Ellenborough called Hafiz, and General Pollock, parrot, I was, moreover, informed that the maha-rajah would receive me on the following day, all of which the fakir would explain to me more in detail.

I profited by the first interval of rest to visit the Generals Avitabelli and Court, whose tone, I found very different from that of the English. These gentlemen are quite naturalized in India, particularly General Avitabelli, whom I found in his house surrounded by dancing girls, who on my arrival were dismissed. He was very friendly and polite. However, General Court's personal appearance pleased me better: his manner is more European, and he has lost less of the French polish. General Court informed me that he intended to return to Europe in a short time, fix his abode permanently there. His present

residence is an Afghan mausoleum, of which he has made a very agreeable dwelling.

My mehmendar, or jemidar lieutenant, had brought me, in the morning, eleven hundred rupees, a present from Scheer Singh. In making these presents, there is always a predilection for certain numbers,—7, 11, 21, 41, are particularly favoured as serving as bases for 1,100, &c. You may receive a present of 2,100 rupees, but never 2,000, or 1,500, or 1,000: uneven numbers are preferred. The maha-rajah generally sends eleven hundred.

Evening was come, and the fakir had not made his promised visit. I had given up all hope of seeing him, and was strolling through the garden, when I was informed that he had arrived, but had unfortunately met with a bad accident. His elephant, upon which he and the ackbar nawis were travelling, had taken fright, and refusing to obey the mahoot, or driver, had run wildly away. The driver was soon thrown off, and the two passengers in the howdah became alarmed, expecting nothing less than to have their brains dashed out against one of the trees, for they were already in the

garden. Under this apprehension, they took the resolution of slipping to the ground, holding by the cord of the elephant's saddle. In this they succeeded, but not without suffering some injury. The fakir was severely hurt in the back, and the ackbar in the hand. I found the fakir in the arms of his military attendants, who dragged, rather than led him, into the chamber. He soon collected his senses, but he had been so thoroughly frightened, that the flowery speech with which he had intended to address me, was entirely chased from his memory ; this I did not consider a great misfortune, and before we parted, he gave me some opportunities of admiring his poetic *tournure de phrase*, in Persian and Arabic. The grand object of the visit, was to announce that the maha-rajah prince would receive me on the following morning, at ten o'clock. The two ministers then took leave, prudently ordering themselves to be conveyed home in sedan chairs.

At eight o'clock the following morning, two members of the prince's family arrived, attended by elephants and horses, mounted servants, and footmen, to conduct me to the audience. At nine o'clock, the whole train set out. I was

mounted on a richly-caparisoned elephant. Upon my arrival, I was saluted with every mark of honour. I found the entire court assembled under a great tent, erected opposite to a kiosk, belonging to the maha-rajah. The assembly presented a very brilliant appearance. Silk and woollen stuffs, gold and silver ornaments, pearls and precious stones, were displayed in extravagant profusion, to dazzle the stranger's eyes.

The Sikh costume appears to me more becoming, than that worn by the inhabitants of other parts of India. The white dress, trimmed with red, the gold belt worn across the breast, from which the sabre depends ; the sabre, the pointed turban, and large handsome beard, give them a highly picturesque appearance.

The maha-rajah sat in a chair, on his left sat Hera Singh, whose father stood behind his chair ; next to him was the Fakir Rahm Singh, and on either side the great sirdars of the kindom, squatted on carpets. Behind the chair of the maha-rajah stood General Ventura, who undertook to act as interpreter, my munschi not daring to appear in such a

presence. I may here observe, that in India it is the custom, on occasions of public audiences, to carry on the conversation by means of interpreters, when one is not perfectly conversant in the language, as a very slight error may give rise to unpleasant misunderstandings.

After the ordinary greetings, the maha-rajah asked after the health of the governor-general, Lord Ellenborough, and of Mr. Clerk; he asked from what country I had come, and through what lands I had passed; he inquired whether I had been a soldier, and lastly, his majesty asked to see my watch. He is very fond of watches, and possesses a large number of different kinds, as I have been informed. He opened mine, and finding that it was not correct, he adjusted it.

The maha-rajah is robust and strong-looking, but his bloated countenance would seem to say that he indulges largely in the use of strong liquors. The ornaments that he wore were very splendid, as were those of his entire court, particularly of Hera Singh, a young man of very prepossessing appearance, who, when a child, became a favourite of Runjeet

Singh, and always sat near him. In the divan, a cushion was placed at the rajah's feet, on which the child sat, whilst the father, who held the office of vizier, stood.

As the boy grew up, the cushion was changed for a chair, and he still holds the same place in the affection of the present rajah. Neither the vizier nor his son are Sikhs, both are radjputs, as is also the brother of the vizier, Gulab Singh, one of the most powerful sirdars of the kingdom, and who resides in Jumbu.

Near the maha-rajah was placed a chair for me. Beside me stood the Fakir Nureddin and the ackbar nawis. The munschi stood behind.

After the first civilities had been exchanged, the ceremony called the gold sprinkling was gone through. For this purpose my munschi stepped behind the rajah's chair, and swung a purse, containing two hundred and fifty rupees, round the prince's head. Then, handing the purse to one of the attendants, he returned to his place. Upon this, one of the prince's officers advanced and swung a purse containing a similar number of rupees round

my humble head, and then gave the purse to my munschî. I must remark that the number of rupees in the respective purses had been previously agreed on. The real object of this ceremony, is not difficult to divine, being evidently only a pretext for distributing money amongst the attendants.

The conversation had turned upon various subjects; the maha-rajah asked the oft-repeated questions; what new European inventions I could show him, &c. I answered that I had been so long absent from Europe, that I was a stranger to the recent improvements. Upon this he said that he could show me something worth seeing, this was the tribute from Kashmir. I, of course, made a polite reply, and said I would feel much interest in the sight.

A number of servants, carrying heavy packages entered, and passed into an inner apartment. Here the loads were opened, and a number of silver flasks handed to the rajah. These were filled with different perfumes. The rajah smelled them, then handed them to me that I might inhale the odour. He said that he had ordered some of these flasks of oil of rose and willow

water to be sent to me. The latter perfume is not known in Europe.

The audience was now at an end. I took my departure, mounted my elephant, and, attended by my mehmendar, and guard of honour, proceeded through the open space that surrounded the kiosk, in which the audience had taken place. Around this maidan, or open space, a couple of cavalry regiments had formed a wide circle. Of this, I at first took no notice, but as we attempted to go through, a number of lances, pointed at the breast of the elephant, opposed our passage. We turned in another direction, and found the same reception. We tried a third time to pass this circle, but found the same resistance. Surprised at so strange a proceeding, I asked the cause, and was told by one of the sirdars that orders had been given for my admission, but not for my exit. Here was an excellent distinction. I very composedly sent one of my people back for the necessary order, but at the same moment a signal was made from the durbar, our military opponents gave way, and we passed through.

It was evident that the members of the durbar,

or council, had been watching the whole proceeding, and this leads me to suspect that the scene had been pre-concerted. What the object was I cannot divine. Did they wish to see what effect these opposing lances would produce on me, or did they only propose to give me an example of the strictness of their discipline! However this might be, I cannot say; but some of my friends told me afterwards with a solemn air, mysterious tales of persons well-received at the durbar, and who, at their exit, were cut down by the military; the only satisfaction given for their death being an apology, declaring that the accident arose from a misunderstanding.

I saw General Ventura in the afternoon. He talked a great deal about war, and would have it that a large army was then assembled between Ferozepur and Amballa, of which the object certainly must be to cross the Sutlej. The general, moreover, declared that the Sikhs would fight to the last man; that the English were universally hated; that any attempt, on their part, at invasion would be sure to bring on a religious war, which the general looked upon as the most certain means to overthrow the power of England. He added that the Sikhs might not be

able to oppose the English in regular line-of-battle, but that the English had everything to fear from the forced marches which the Sikhs were capable of making, and in which they excelled every other army in the world. He told me that he himself, at the head of a body of infantry, had marched from Lahore to Peschawur in four days, a distance of two hundred and ten English miles, if my maps be correct, and that immediately on his arrival, his men engaged with the enemy.

The general impression seems to be, that the Sikhs excel in cavalry skirmishes harassing the enemy, and profiting by their knowledge of the country, to fall upon them unexpectedly, and with advantage. General Ventura thinks that the Affghans and the mountain-tribes would join the Sikhs against the English, who, he says, are universally hated.

These remarks of the general were so direct, that there was no mistaking the motive that dictated them, but they failed in their object. His feelings towards England could not be of a friendly nature. General Ventura is by birth a Modenese, and by profession a soldier. He saw service in the busiest times that the history of

modern Europe presents. Not being included in the capitulation of the Italian army, he left his native country, and sought service in India. He entered the army of Runjeet Singh, disciplined his troops, and infused into them that spirit which makes them able to cope with the mightiest of European powers. He is a man of the highest honour, and the fidelity with which he has discharged his trust towards Runjeet Singh, will immortalize his name in India.

The Indian soldier is faithful to the shedding of the last drop of his blood; but the nobles are corrupt, as the whole history of India proves; the corruption of the subordinate princes having always made the country fall an easy prey to the invader.

Punctuality is not an Indian virtue. A few days more or less in keeping an appointment, or fulfilling a promise, is not considered a matter of consequence. I had been informed that I was to receive an invitation from Scheer Singh, but day succeeded day, and I heard no more about it. My evenings were spent with the Generals Ventura, Avitabelli and Court, who brought me again within the circle of European life. General Ventura inhabits a large house,

in the midst of the ruins of the old town. This house is very handsomé, and laid out in the European style. Immediately before it are the barracks for his soldiers.

General Avitabelli has built for himself a very peculiar dwelling within a little fort, which he intends to present to the maha-rajah. General Avitabelli is the only French general in the Mahratta service, who has been governor of a province. He commanded in Vezirabad and afterwards in Peschawur, whence he has lately returned to Lahore, where he was wholly employed in disciplining his regiments.

The festivities celebrated in the house of General Ventura were European in their style, whilst those held at General Avitabelli's reminded me of the days of ancient Rome. General Avitabelli is, as General Ventura told me, a man who rose from the humbler ranks of society, and who, in his youth, received little intellectual culture, out all his proceedings are marked with a certain greatness that shows a high cast of character. I met no Frenchman in Lahore who seemed to assimilate himself so perfectly to Indian life. He is strict, even to severity, but the natives unanimously praise his uprightness.

Many stories are told of him, all of which redound to his honour. I may call him the darling of the people, as far as a European could be. The entertainment at his house seemed a picture of Nero's feast, only that burning slaves did not serve as flambeaus. And this was not an imitation, it was a characteristic trait of the man. The party assembled in the newly-built fort, and the town's people were treated with a brilliant display of fire-works.

There are many, particularly amongst the English officers, who exclaim against the cruelty sometimes exercised by Avitabelli during his governorship in Peschawur. I visited him frequently; he often spoke of these things; I am sure that his heart is good, and that he cannot have been guilty of cruelty. In the exercise of his duty, and in his anxiety to enforce order, and promote discipline, he might have sanctioned acts, which, though unstained by blood, would, by the lips of an enemy, be pronounced cruel. I repeat that he is a great man.

Some days had passed in this manner, when I received an intimation from the maha-rajah, that on the following day he would send for me that I might see his troops, that on the succeed-

ing day I should visit his palace, and in the evening I was to have an interview. At the appointed hour, elephants and a guard of honour arrived. The procession passed through the city, where I was met by the Mahratta prince, who after the usual greetings, said that he would first show me General Court's regiment. I endeavoured to express the interest that I took in the sight, and though no soldier, I must say that what I saw, far exceeded any expectation I could have formed. All the movements were executed with order, punctuality and rapidity. The uniform of the troops was handsome; the artillery, in particular, seemed to be well taken care of. These regiments are a great honour to General Court, who is universally allowed to possess all the qualities that constitute a good soldier.

Everybody here speaks with esteem of General Allard, whose death is much regretted, not alone by the natives, for even the English who were acquainted with him, bewailed his loss.

The Maha-rajah Scheer Singh was very friendly. I was particularly pleased with a conversation with Hera Singh, who possesses a slight knowledge of English. It was discovered

that I was fond of hunting, and it was determined that at my return a great chase should be got up. Having looked at the troops for half an hour, we returned to the city, the maha-rajah informing me on the way, that next day I should see the castle. Morning came, no messenger arrived, and at last I was confidentially informed that the great Mahratta had spent the night in a debauch, and that the effects of the spirituous drinks kept him still asleep, but that I would probably be sent for in the evening. As there was no certainty of this, I thought no more of it; but in the evening, and when I was in an undress the warmth of the season made desirable, it was suddenly announced that the maha-rajah was approaching.

I could not at first believe this report; but when it was repeated, all that remained for me to do was to make a toilette as quickly as possible, and scarcely was my task performed when a high officer of the court entered to invite me to a hunt, which was about to take place at a little distance from the garden. I was in full dress, but the circumstances would admit of no delay, so mounting the elephant, I set out for the chase. The Mahratta chief received me

mounted on his elephant without the city. We rode over a wide grass-grown plain, seeking our game; but were disappointed. We continued our search for about half an hour, and evening was closing in, when the maha-rajah informed me that there was at some distance an enclosed park, in which I could shoot as long and as much as I pleased. It was in vain that I represented that I was not attired in hunting guise, his princely will was that I *should* be amused, and so informing me that I should be next day expected at the castle, he departed, and persons appointed for the purpose attended me to the park. I shot a boar, and returned to my domicile.

The king had earnestly requested me to be at the palace at sun-rise. I rose early, and was ready to set out when the escort arrived. The palace is a building erected by Jehangir, and is in the same style as that at Delhi. On my arrival, cannon were fired—I passed the first and second gate-way. Here I saw the tombs of Runjeet Singh and his successor, Karak Singh, and entered a garden or fore-court, in the midst of which there was a pavilion; passing through the garden, I entered by another gate

into a third court, and thence into a fourth, in which there was a number of artillery soldiers. After this, I passed through a fifth gate into another court, in which were some of the high officers of the crown. Entering a sixth door, I arrived in a court, where I alighted and was received by Scheer Singh's son, and some of the highest nobles.

The prince offered me his hand, and led me through a seventh door into a court, where the object that caught my eye was the beautiful and richly-caparisoned favourite horse of Scheer Singh. Passing through this court-yard, I arrived at what may be called, "the court." Here Scheer Singh and all his nobles and officers, civil and military, in their various costumes, were assembled, and nothing that oriental pomp and riches could do, was omitted to produce a striking effect.

Scheer Singh sat in the open air, upon a raised seat, to which some steps conducted, and on either side sat some of the chief nobles. I saluted the king, with my hat on; he extended his hand, and placed me on a seat on his right hand. Our conversation went on slowly. Scheer Singh knows but little Hindoostanee,

and, strangely enough, there was no European interpreter present, though I had the evening before requested that one might be brought, and even named a man that I would prefer. However, I believe that our acquaintance was more closely cemented by the absence of the interpreter, and it seemed to me that the prince was not displeased at hearing, for once in his life, the unadorned truth. We talked so for a long time, various projects were proposed, which were to be put into execution at my return, amongst others, a chase that should last fourteen days. Scheer Singh asked me many general questions, and, at length, turning the conversation on horses, inquired what I thought of some that were within view. The horses were very handsome, but I did not dwell long upon their praise, fearing that, if I expressed too much admiration, some of them might be presented to me. The ornaments which these horses wore, of gold and precious stones, far exceeded in value anything I could have supposed would be put upon such animals, though, after all, is it not more reasonable that the lower animals should be bedizened with "barbaric pearls and gold," than that those whom we call "the

fairest of the creation," and who claim the rank of rational beings, should trammel themselves with metallic finery, which gives a stamp but of slavery to the wearer.

The maha-rajah did not seem pleased that I did not express my admiration of the horses more openly, and asked plainly which horse I liked best. I hesitated, considering how I should shape my answer, when he changed the form of his question, and begged to know whether I liked a quiet or spirited horse. I replied, that the horse that pleased me best was one of which the speed was great as that of the arrow, shot from the bow. "Good, good," said he, and spoke some words, in a low tone, to his favourite Hera Singh. The audience was now at an end; Scheer Singh rose, and led me by the hand closer to the horses. As I did not find much to praise in the animals themselves, I contented myself with admiring their trappings. The bridles were covered with plates of gold. The saddles were, according to the Indian fashion, very high, a cushion of felt being placed between them and the horse's back. They were covered with velvet and silk, embroidered in gold.

Having finished our inspection of the horses, Scheer Singh led me into an inner court, in which was a reservoir, and a number of pretty little fountains. The first view of this court was strikingly beautiful. One side was formed by the front of a great hall, in which the royal treasures were kept, amongst which were presents sent from England. I must say that I was shocked at the despicable appearance of the British gifts, which consisted of clumsy watches of the last century, and a number of mirrors of different sizes, in gilt frames, altogether a contemptible collection.

The handsomest thing to be seen was the hall itself, which resembles the great hall in the palace at Agra, but that the workmanship is still more elegant. The arabesques which surround the little mirrors are admirable. Those fixed in the sides are silvered, and the walls painted: those on the ceiling are gilt, on a groundwork of beautiful red. These mirrors, reflecting at night, the light of a thousand lamps with which the hall is then lighted, must produce a charming effect. Scheer Singh displayed, with a look of great satisfaction, his European treasures. I determined

to procure him some additions to his collection, particularly the models of some machinery which I had been describing to him, and which seemed to interest him very much.

The hall, the steps, every spot on which we placed our feet, was covered with the most beautiful carpets, formed of the same material as the Kashmir shawl, and embroidered in flowers and scrolls.

Having made our sight-seeing rounds, the *khelath*, or robe of honour, was brought upon a buckler, and over my black coat, a green robe embroidered with gold was thrown. The rajah fastened round my neck a double row of pearls, and placed upon my head a coronet of diamonds, and on my arms he clasped emerald bracelets set in gold. The ceremonies were now over, and the courtiers having retired, my royal friend took me by the hand, and leading me down a few steps, conducted me into the interior of the house, one or two servants only attending us to the first story. Here they remained behind; and we continued to ascend until we reached the entrance to the rajah's treasure-chamber. He opened the door, and we entered a moderate-sized room, around

which wide tables were arranged. Those on the left of the entrance held costly sabres and other implements of war. On an opposite table were knives and daggers. On the right, vessels of gold.

What was here offered to my view, excelled anything of the kind I had ever beheld. I had been, a little while before, speaking with Scheer Singh of sabres, and mentioned my intention of carrying a couple of the best with me to Europe. It was evident that the rajah held this conversation in mind, when he led me to the table where the sabres were displayed, and asked which I liked best. I was now in the same predicament as I had been before about the horses. It appeared to me monstrous to deprive the rajah of his beautiful sabres, so I contented myself with praising the workmanship in general terms. They were all beautiful Persian blades, and of great value. The Persian sabres are those most in repute here. I have seen some worn by nobles that cost a thousand and twelve hundred rupees.

From this table we passed to that on which the knives and daggers were laid out. Those too were of Persian or Affghan manufacture,

the hilts adorned with precious stones. I was obliged to make an effort to suppress all external signs of approbation, for I perceived that whatever I praised was marked as mine. We now passed on to examine the vessels of gold and silver. These were all ornamented with jewels of great price. So varied were the forms, so exquisite the workmanship, that, forgetting for a moment the prudence that I had prescribed to myself, I lifted one, to examine it more nearly. Recollecting myself, I immediately put it aside, and looked at the others. Scheer Singh said nothing, but when I left the table, took the cup I had admired, and held it carelessly in his hand. I visited the other tables without again betraying myself, when, having seen everything, the rajah called my munschi, who, in obedience to a signal, had already followed us, and gave him the cup, telling him that it was intended for my especial use. These words were accompanied with a glance and an emphasis that seemed to make an impression on the munschi, that my most rigid command would not have done. Then, turning to me, he repeated that it was intended for my especial use, and he prayed that it

might ever carry a refreshing draught to my lips, and serve to remind me of his friendship.

I took leave of Scheer Singh, overloaded with assurances of the warmest friendship and the best wishes for my safety. The vizier, Dehan Singh, with some of the high officers of the household, awaited me without. In compliance with my request, the grand treasurer showed me the crown-jewels. Amongst these was the Koh-i-noor, a large and very beautiful diamond set in a bracelet. There was another, the Derya-i-nur, which, I was told, had also been brought from Persia. Which of these diamonds was the more valuable, I could not decide. I was particularly struck by a large emerald that had been once the property of Nadir Schah, who had it fixed in the handle of an awl for sewing leather, and which he carried suspended at his saddle, to be used in case an accident befel the leather-work. In this collection, there were many precious stones that had once been the property of the Persian monarchs. I saw here a very handsome emerald, on the back of which several Persian names were engraven. Rajah Dehan Singh was very complaisant; there

was besides, a decision in his whole manner that showed him to be an active and clear-sighted man of business. Simple in his deportment, he made no effort to attract attention, and yet it was evident that he was fully conscious of the influence he possessed in state affairs.

Loaded with the kindest words of friendship from Dehan Singh, I departed. Just as I passed through the last court, mounted on my elephant, a man advanced, and presented me a beautiful black horse, as a gift from Scheer Singh. The trappings were of silk and velvet embroidered with gold. I was told that the horse was unbroken, and that I should have the pleasure of being the first that bestrode him.

Though I had told the rajah that I loved a swift horse, I knew that it would be impossible to carry this one to Kashmir, and was constrained to leave it with some of my baggage in the keeping of a countryman of mine until my return.

There was nothing now to delay my departure for Kashmir, but to dispense the customary presents, to make some purchases for the journey, and to pay my farewell visits to the French gentlemen.

During the time of my stay in Lahore, I had frequent occasion to congratulate myself upon having made the acquaintance of General Avitabelli. His advice was always good, and displayed a knowledge of the country, and of the character of the people, which few would have the candour to reveal as he did. General Avitabelli speaks French badly, but converses in Persian with the fluency of a native. He had all his baggage-train in Lahore that he had brought from Peschawur ; it was useless to him. He pressed me to take some elephants for the transport of my luggage to the mountains, allowing the bearers to walk unencumbered so far. As this friendly offer did not put him to inconvenience, I accepted it. I never knew anybody who took more pleasure in doing good than General Avitabelli.

The return of the English army through Peschawur afforded an opportunity of spreading the reputation of his generosity through all India, as there were few of the officers of that army who did not share the hospitality of his board, and receive his aid in a way they needed.

It gives me pleasure to record here an act of

kindness and delicate attention that I myself received from him. When in Benares, I had provided myself with travelling furniture, and, amongst other things, with a small, light bedstead, with short feet. During my journey through the mountains this had been a good deal injured, and on my arrival at Lahore, I no longer used it, as, on account of the snakes that in this season crawl about the houses, it is not agreeable to sleep in a bedstead raised only about eight or ten inches from the ground. When in the mountains, I complained of the state of the bedstead; I had been always told, that at Lahore, everything should be adjusted; but at Lahore, everything was managed by my mehmendar, who constantly declared that nothing should be left wanting, but when we were about to start for Kashmir, it was found that the bedstead had been forgotten. This, though an inconvenience, was not sufficient to delay the journey, as I should be able to find a substitute. On arriving at Schaderrah, the termination of my first day's march from Lahore, I was much surprised to find, on entering the chamber prepared for me, a charbahy bedstead, with the neatest white fur-

niture. A servant of General Avitabelli's stepped forward, and presented me a few friendly lines from his master, requesting my acceptance of the charbahy. He had learned from Chuni Lahl the difficulty that had arisen about the bedstead, and had, in this delicate and friendly manner, remedied the inconvenience.

CHAPTER XVIII.

General Court—His taste for antiquities—The Kalsas—General Avitabelli's treatment of one—Schaderah—Number of my suite—Beauty of the mountaineers—Rajauri—The Nabob—Site of his castle—Appeals to my medical skill—Bharamgalla—Black bear—Khur, or Mar Khur, the serpent devourer—Strange custom of the village women—My feelings on approaching Kashmir—Appearance of the valley—Resemblance to Dresden.

GENERAL COURT is a man of intellectual tastes. He has interested himself very much in Indian antiquities. He possesses a valuable collection of the ancient bactrian—Indian-Greek coins in gold, silver, and copper. General Ventura has also a very fine collection of these coins; and I have no doubt that the researches

of these gentlemen will one day tend to throw light upon that portion of Asiatic history connected with the kingdoms founded by Alexander's generals.

One meets in the Punjaub, particularly in the neighbourhood of Lahore and Amrit Sir, a race of fanatical warriors, called Kalsas. They are very ferocious looking, and they seem fond of producing that impression. One of these men riding through a mountain-pass, with a tall blue turban on his head, and an enormous weapon like the two-handed sword of the middle ages in his hand, produces a very strange impression. These Kalsas are privileged persons, and often take advantage of the distinction afforded them by the fanatical prejudices of the people. They oppress both great and little; and the prince himself dares not bring them to justice. They sometimes carry their intolerance so far as to forbid any traveller to pass their encampments. I must, however, say that, though I often passed their barracks, I was never molested.

General Avitabelli's conduct towards one of these Kalsas will serve to illustrate the opinion I have already expressed of his character. At

the time that the general lived in Lahore, he often had occasion to pass their encampments ; and whatever were the motives of such conduct, the Kalsas were in the habit of insulting him. One day, when the general was driving by in an open carriage, a Kalsa came out and poured a torrent of abuse upon him. The general ordered the driver to stop ; and addressing the Kalsa, told him that if he continued to make his throat an outlet for such filthy expressions, he would get it blocked up with mud. This threat not producing any effect, Avitabelli ordered his servants to make the Kalsa prisoner. This they did, and he was brought to the residence of the general. Here he was helped to an abundant meal of mud and dismissed. Such conduct was unexampled ; not one of the sirdars of the land, not Runjeet Singh himself, would have ventured to do such a thing. It is needless to say that no Kalsa ever again attacked General Avitabelli.

I passed through Schaderah, an insignificant spot, but deserving of notice as the burial place of Humayum, the worthy son of the great Baber. He was in Schaderah in 1813, when

Runjeet Singh, after many vain attempts, at length obtained possession of the Koh-i-noor. What a train of murder, plunder, low scheming, treachery, and pompous boast does the history of this jewel display !

My suite, as I entered Lahore, was not insignificant, but it was much more numerous at my departure. A large body of infantry had been added as a body-guard. The coolies who had brought the tribute from Kashmir, were kept back in order to carry my luggage, I, of course, paying them. I had, besides, a number of elephants to bring the loads to the mountain region, for though elephants can travel all the way to Kashmir, they give more trouble than their services will repay ; and therefore I proposed to dismiss them at the mountains.

The mehmendar, or officer of the household, whom the government had appointed for me, was Chuni Lahl, the same who had already conducted me to Ludiana. He was a man who boasted of his experience in conducting travellers through India. It was he who brought Captain Burns to Lahore, on his return from his Indus mission.

Monsieur Jacquemont does not speak in very flattering terms of the mountain-maidens of this district, but I cannot agree with him. They are women of very graceful and prepossessing appearance, with regular features, and I must do the men the justice to say that they are not less handsome than the women.

There were, amongst my coolies, two young men as beautifully formed, and as graceful in their movements, as any that I have ever seen. It is natural that the lower limbs of the inhabitants of these steep mountains should be very much developed, but it is an error to think that this development gives an herculean appearance ; on the contrary, the exercise of journeying over these rugged ways, serves to give a delicate outline and pliant grace to the form.

I must mention the little town of Gusheradt, through which I passed. This town is remarkable for the excellent swords made there—so good as to be scarcely distinguishable from the Persian blades. I have been told that one of the characteristic properties of the Persian sword is, that time will neither dim its shine, nor blunt its edge.

As I drew near Rajauri, a deputation waited on me in the name of the nabob, offering me a dhimpan and fresh bearers to facilitate my march. Rajauri is beautifully situated, and one of the most important towns in the mountain district.

The nabob's castle is built on a majestic height, and commands an unbroken view of the valley beneath. The owner, an aged man, received me most kindly; he had even vacated his own chamber, which he insisted on giving up to me. This dwelling was the most agreeable I had entered since I left Lahore—the prospect that it commanded was enchanting. The nabob insisted on my passing a day with him. He entertained me with long recitals of the wrongs he had suffered from Runjeet Singh.

The road from Bimber to Kashmir, though tedious, is passable for elephants and baggage. This is the road which the Emperor Ackbar and his son Jehanghir, always traversed in their journeys to the “happy valley.” Along the way, at the termination of each day's march, a serai is built. It was over this road that Run-

jeet Singh led his army to Kashmir, and often in his many defeats, did the Nabob of Rajauri come to his assistance, until he finally established his power.

My first day's march from Rajauri brought me to Dhana, and the second to Bharamgalla, where I found a very different kind of vegetation. My last day's march was through lovely forest ground in which I found many species of trees that I had not yet seen in the mountains.

Upon the highest point of our road, and crowning a lofty mountain-peak, we found a little village, out of which the inhabitants rushed in shoals, begging me to cure a variety of corporeal infirmities. One woman came who had sprained her foot, and she, I believe, was the only one to whom I gave advice that could be really beneficial. The crowds that pressed round me with hopeless maladies, would not be appeased, and I was sorry to think that I could not afford them relief. One man who had been blind for twenty years, and over whose eyes a red skin was grown, importuned me to restore his sight. Had I worn a doctor's cap—nay, had I been in the habit of working miracles, it

would have scarcely been reasonable to make such demands upon me, for not only did they ask to be cured—they were impatient and wished it to be done instantly.

From this village, the road descends through a wood along the mountain side. Here I saw some beautiful chesnut trees, *æscul*, *taxus*, and *pinus*, with their long and slender trunks. The road is good, though at this season of the year, not very pleasant in some parts. From the appearance of the wood, I should be inclined to say that it contains a great deal of game; these fine chesnuts would afford abundant food to the wild boar.

Descending the road, we crossed the river, and saw directly before us a chalk hill of considerable elevation. The mountain around was more or less covered with trees and shrubs. Passing along this tract, our eyes were attracted by a steep hill, on the south side of which were built the few houses that constitute the village of Bharamgalla, and in the midst crowning the top of the projecting mountain ridge, rose a small, badly-built fort, at that time affording shelter to a few of the rajah's soldiers. It is

said that the conquest of this fort cost Runjeet Singh two hundred men, as he passed on his way to Kashmir.

I was received very kindly at Bharamgalla. Provisions of all kinds were heaped upon me in abundance. I was unwilling to accept these things as presents, and ordered my munschi to pay for whatever should be taken for my use. These gifts were not alone offered in compliance with the customs of the country, but to do honour to Scheer Singh—"my friend" as I frequently heard him called.

I learned that there was in this neighbourhood a species of black bear, of extraordinary size, but though I sent many persons in search of one, my curiosity was not gratified. My messengers brought me, as a substitute, the horns of an animal of the deer kind. The animal was described as the size of a strong stag: it is here called the serpent-devourer, khur, or markhur. According to the accounts of the people here, it appears at the season when the snow is highest, and is reputed to come from Thibet.

I was very much surprised, as I entered the

village to see groups of six or seven women congregated at different doors, pouring forth a chant, or song of welcome, as I advanced. I do not know whether every traveller is greeted in this manner, but, I must confess, that I would willingly have dispensed with their song, which was as disagreeable to the ear, as they were themselves unpleasant to the eye.

A few days passed, and I was approaching Kashmir. My attention was more awakened—my expectations raised. I was about to enter the “happy valley.”

The road from Hurbur to Schibannia is reckoned three coss. The way is smooth and agreeable; the valley unfolds itself gradually to the eye, and the landscape assumes a more European aspect. The fragrant odour of the flowers, the majestic, wide-spreading trees, the deep waters, all reminded me keenly of the land of my birth. The horses, indeed, were not like our German horses; they are very small, but excellent mountain climbers. And entering into detail, the comparison did not hold good, and I must confess that the advantage lay

with Kashmir. The wide grassy plains that seem of unlimited extent, give a charming character to the land, and yet the tract occupied by Kashmir is small—the inhabitants are numerous, but very poor. The soil must be very fruitful, as the almost incredible cheapness of provisions proves. The view of Kashmir from this spot, with its back-ground of mountains, is, if my memory does not deceive me, very like the aspect of Dresden, viewed from the western height.

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