

William Taylor.

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS IN INDIA.

From Jaganath to the Himalaya Mountains.

BY

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WITH 100 ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.

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PREFACE.

IN presenting this second volume of my autobiography in India, I must take the opportunity of offering my sincere thanks to those who have so generously supported the publication, as well as to the editors of those journals who have honoured it with their approval.

Full of defects as the work is, it is, I venture to say, an honest autobiography, in which, in accordance with its name and professed purport, "self" is the all-pervading topic, whether for good or evil.

I mention this because some even of my friends have expressed disappointment that I have not entered upon sundry subjects of general importance, which they kindly think I might have been qualified to discuss.

To prevent further misunderstanding, therefore, I would wish to point out that, with the desire to make my work what it professes to be, I have abstained from entering upon *any* subject, however important or sensational, in which "avros," or *ego*, is not at least to some extent concerned. Thus, the crow which I watched from my window finds his place in my pages, whilst the Afghan war and the Bengal famine are unnoticed.

Hoping that my principle, as thus explained, may be

understood, and that the omission of great subjects may not be set down to indifference or self-sufficiency, I will now call attention to a rather choice specimen of a "review" so-called, which I think it desirable for many reasons to exhibit.

The position of a "reviewer" in the present day is a remarkable one. He enjoys and exercises a privilege which would not be allowed to anyone else; but that privilege, I venture to say, is confined to the criticism of what is stated in the work which he is reviewing. To travel out of the facts or incidents related, or to pervert or misrepresent them, and then, under the pretence of reviewing, make them the ground of personal abuse and vilification, is, I imagine, an unjustifiable abuse of the privilege conceded to him by the public.

A painful instance of this abuse has taken place in connection with the first volume of my work.

The *Saturday Review*, after a series of puerile and foolish criticisms on trifling points, has ventured to make the most palpable misrepresentation of facts stated in my book, and then upon these misrepresentations has based the most malignant remarks, injurious in the last degree to my official character.

Under ordinary circumstances, I could well afford to pass over such malicious dealing with the contempt which it deserves, but there is, as my readers generally know, grave matter at the base of my autobiography, and misrepresentation affecting my official character, secretly conveyed to high quarters, might be prejudicial to my cause.

I have, therefore, thought it right to protest against this calumnious "review," and I now in explanation

publish a letter which I addressed to the editor of that journal.

This letter will speak for itself, as it quotes several of the passages in the "review" which I have thought it right to denounce.

Some correspondence has since taken place between myself and the editor on the subject, and though he has received and answered my letters with courtesy, no satisfaction has been given, and an attempt at explanation given by the "reviewer" himself has only made matters worse.

To turn from this unpleasant subject, which I have most unwillingly introduced, I would wish to say a few words regarding the illustrations in my work.

I confess myself to have been disappointed with those given in the first volume. The fact is, that the process was new to me, and I did not fully comprehend its peculiarities. Further trial and experiment have now given me a more correct appreciation of it, and I trust that my readers will recognise a considerable improvement in the present volume.

The several portraits given in this volume appertain by right to the period embraced in the first; but I was not sufficiently familiar with the process till it was too late to introduce them. They are all likenesses of well-known individuals, and their autographs will show their identity.

W. TAYLER.

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*.

SIR,

I do not know whether it is etiquette for an author to address the editor of a paper in which his book has been reviewed, but I trust you will not object to my writing a few lines in regard to the article published in *The Saturday Review* of the 17th of January, criticising the first volume of my *Thirty-eight Years in India*.

I readily plead guilty to the smaller mistakes in words and letters, which you have so carefully pointed out; I confess to having written "Sir John," instead of "Sir Henry" Lefroy, and I am truly ashamed of having deprived Colonel Hillier of one of his "i's," especially as he will just now, as head of the constabulary in Dublin, require them both; but I do not quite take in your charge of "egotism," as "ego" is my avowed topic, and as to "Cheek," I can only say that for the twenty-years during which I knew the family, and was intimate with them, their name *was* "Cheek," and nothing else.*

With regard to your grave displeasure at my calling myself an "extensive grandfather," I will only say that as since those words were written I have become a *great* grandfather, the word "expansive," or "superabundant," might be a more appropriate epithet.

Having briefly touched upon the minor peccadilloes, so carefully catalogued by your impartial reviewer, I must now revert to other and more serious matter.

* The reviewer accused me of converting *Cheke* into *Cheek* "comically."

I find it written in your article—"Mr. Tayler is made a scape-goat for others. Some mysterious persons had a positive distaste for the fine arts, and passed their time in devising cunning excuses for not promoting Mr. Tayler to high honour."

Now I appeal to yourself to say whether this is not pure invention. Not one hint or allusion to such a state of things is to be found in my book. Where, I ask you, do I refer to "mysterious persons"? I specify *one* individual, and point out that, for an object of his own, he endeavoured on *one* occasion to deprive me of an appointment on the plea of my "love for the fine arts."

The person I mentioned, and by name, was Mr. Halliday, not a "mysterious" but a very substantial person.

Can misrepresentation further go? I do not here allude to the misstatement regarding my having "no turn" for music, as I did not in my book mention what was the fact, that I had sufficient "turn" to enable me to play the flute at the Philharmonic concerts.

But totally irrespective of these minor criticisms, which, though exhibiting a persistent spirit of hostile disparagement, are too puerile to deserve any lengthened notice, I consider it due to myself, and perhaps to you, to point out another instance of misrepresentation, so serious as to be altogether unjustifiable.

I refer to the description you have given of my resumption proceedings. I here quote the passage:—

"The most malevolent critic, the most vicious of those unseen and spiteful foes whom Mr. Tayler is always conjuring up, could never have penned anything more

damaging to his reputation than the account of this memorable transaction, as given by himself, after the lapse of more than forty years."

And again—

"What is this to an official (not a sub-commissioner under the Irish Land Act) who can knock off cases by the hundred, none of which could by any possibility, as in rent suits, turn on the same points. For each tenure of land there must have been a separate sunnud."

This is the version you have taken upon yourself to give to the transaction.

Allow me to point out to you that it is from first to last an unjustifiable misrepresentation, exhibiting a sublime ignorance or malignant enmity.

For, firstly, *every one of the suits did "turn on the same point,"* namely, the absence of the party, who failed on due notice to appear.

And, secondly, there were *no "sunnuds"* whatever to be examined.

The perusal of my narrative, if you had condescended to read it, would have shown you the real facts.

Perhaps you will now refer to it, and you will then find that on the transfer of these suits to my Court, finding that all preliminary proceedings had been completed by my predecessor, and that the parties had failed to appear, or produce any proofs of their titles, I did what was the only thing possible under the circumstances, viz. passed the order for resumption.

The number of suits thus disposed of, I may here observe, had obviously nothing whatever to do with the principle or process, whether 7, 700, or 7,000.

As to the "unseen and spiteful foes," which I am

“always conjuring up,” where, I ask you again, is there sign or symptom of such “conjuring”?

“Foes” I have, and, no doubt, “spiteful” ones, and some “unseen,” though not unsuspected—none but a “foe” could have written or suggested your review—but my “foes” I can count on my fingers; friends, I venture to say, are many, and not “unseen,” as will be apparent when my book is finished.

I now appeal to you, as a gentleman and public journalist, to take such steps in the matter as you may see fit, and as truth and honesty demand, and at all events to publish this letter.

A reviewer, I am well aware, can criticise, ridicule, or abuse both book and author with impunity, but he may *not*, with impunity, misrepresent *facts*.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM TAYLER.

March 19th, 1882.

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THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS IN INDIA, FROM JUGANATH TO THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

TRIP TO SEGOWLEE—JOURNAL RESUMED.

Wish Eden good-bye, and start for Segowlee.—Visit to Mr. de Meiss's Factory and others.—Cross the Lake at Moteeharee.—Drive to Segowlee.—The Eccentric Buggy-horse.—Reach Segowlee.—Meet my old friend Colonel Martin.—Review of the 4th Regiment of Cavalry.—Take Picture of Troop and of Officers.—Grass-cutters.—Scene with Sick Camel.—“Muha-beer” the Idiot.—Major Rowland Hill joins me.—Start from Segowlee for Nepal.

HAVING, after my return from Sonopore, as described in my first volume, renewed the daily journal of my wanderings, I think it as well to reproduce it as it stands, as, though to some it may appear tedious, it gives a better idea of the places, mode of travelling, and occasional incidents, than any I could compile at this distance of time, and may therefore be interesting to those who care for the details of Anglo-Indian life.

On the conclusion of the Sonapore festivities, I returned to Dinapore, and after a day or two passed with my young friend Eden, I wished him good-bye, and on the 26th of November 1848, embarking on a light skiff, crossed over from Dinapore to Punahpore Ghat, opposite Nasreegunge.

The only incident worth mentioning, during my short stay at Dinapore, occurred on the first night, when at Eden's house. I had retired to bed in peace and comfort, and not a little sleepy, when, in the middle of the night, I was suddenly aroused by an awful sound of rattling in the room, first in one spot, then in another, with occasional pauses, followed by still louder crashes. Eden's pet monkey, which was fastened at one end of the room, had suddenly broken his chain, and was rushing about with half of it at his tail.

A pleasant ride of about eight miles, through a tract of verdant and richly cultivated land, brought me to Mr. De Meiss's factory, just as the glorious unclouded sun sank to rest behind a grove of luxuriant mangoes.

This factory is situated on the banks of the "Mahee" river, a most picturesque and pleasing spot, said to be remarkably healthy. Mr. de Meiss told me they had never known a case of cholera at the factory, even when it was raging in the neighbourhood; but, strange to say, that very evening a coolie had been seized with it.

Mr. de Meiss, besides managing his indigo plantation, breeds horses on a small scale. He has two promising little well-bred colts in his stable, which call the celebrated Arab "Ecarté" father.

On my way I was much struck by a magnificent species of grass, which rises to the height of eighteen

or twenty feet, and bears a large and noble head, or spike of flowers, from two to three feet long.

When in early florescence, the blossom is of the most beautiful bluish-pink hue, which gradually melts into silvery white.

It is called "talsu" or "kanra" by the natives, and is used for various purposes. The flowers are made into ropes, the leaves are used for thatching. The grass is generally planted on the banks which separate and surround the cultivated field, as, if in the field, it would impoverish the soil.

The country about here is densely populated, and though every inch of ground is under cultivation, all the produce is preserved for home consumption; so at least says my host and his companion, Mr. Fitzgerald, a highly intelligent gentleman.

After a sound and refreshing sleep, which lasted until the morning, coffee brought to my bedside aroused me to consciousness. I went out with Mr. de Meiss, and took a sketch of part of the indigo works, river, &c.—a characteristic view, comprising realities peculiar to the spot.

My servants started at 10 o'clock, and I followed at half-past 1 in a buggy of my host's.

The turn-out was decidedly local: a high buggy of unknown antiquity, with stiff springs; a hood tattered like a gipsy's tent; a bony horse with a distressed tail and melancholy face, but an unmistakable goer.

This combination shook me and my companion over eight miles of a highly phrenological road, with strongly developed bumps, to the banks of the river, where a pony of Mr. de Meiss's awaited me; four miles on him,

and as many more on my own "Dumpling," brought me to the Ghat, on the banks of the Gunduk, on the opposite side of which was my pet "Eothen," whose portrait I have given in my first volume, with his mild big eyes, who brought me comfortably in at fall of eve to Mr. Studd's factory at Seraiah. Here a good dinner and a warm bed closed the day.

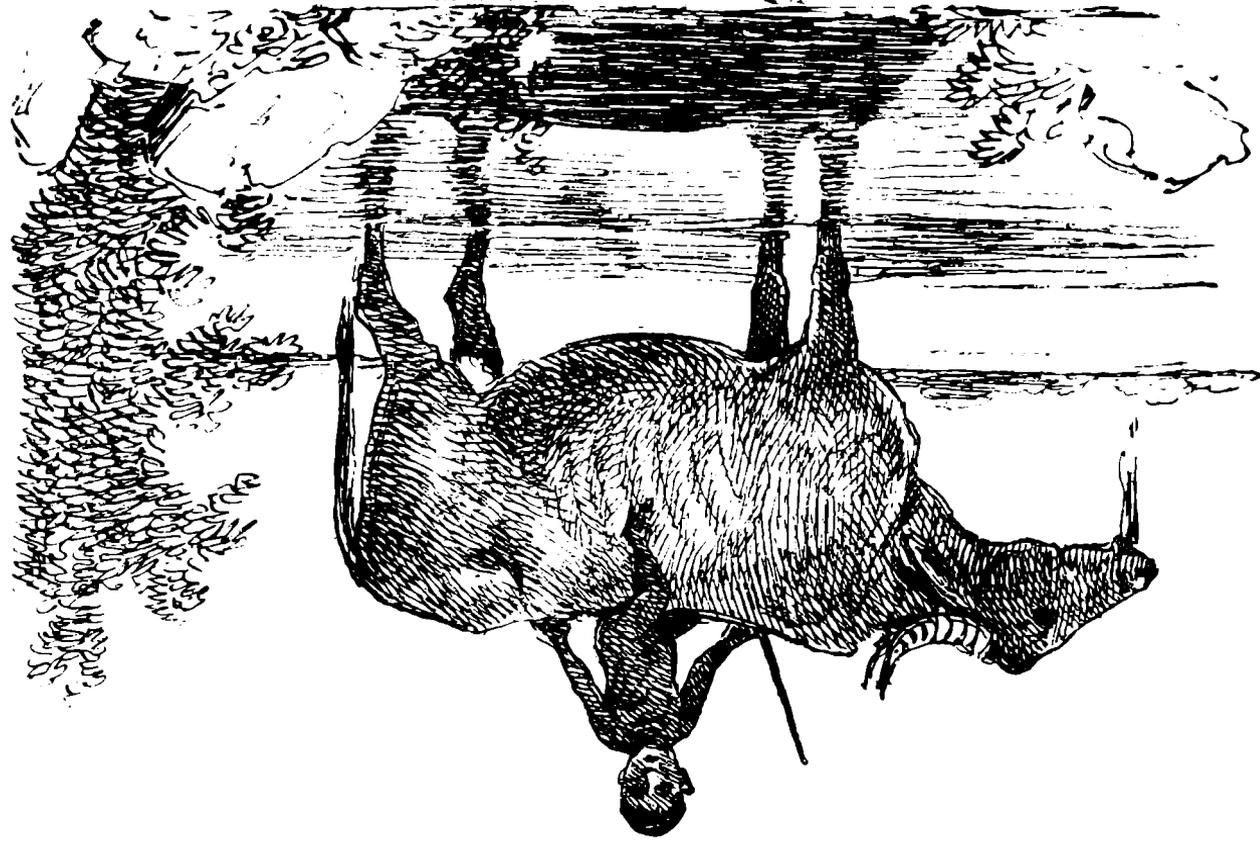
The country through which I passed, save some few green spots, was low and uninteresting, chiefly covered with paddy.

The most remarkable fact I saw *en route* was a little imp, counting certainly not more than four years of existence, riding a burly black buffalo, whom he guided and punched, as fancy suited him, with the most autocratic nonchalance. No lady on a couch could have appeared more comfortable, or lolled with greater luxuriousness of ease, now at full length along the beast's back, now with the legs hanging down, and the chin pillowed on the dorsal vertebræ; every attitude and pose imaginable this little brown nudity, with enviable ease, attained and changed at will.

November 28th. — Rode out with Mr. Inglis before breakfast to see and reconnoitre pictorially the celebrated lion of Seraiah, "Bheem Singh's stick," about two miles from the factory.

This is the myth:—Bheem Singh (giant, hero, itinerant, origin and family unknown) was taking a walk with a banghy load on his back. This being a voluntary task, he became sick of it, deposited his load in one place, and, after another stride or so, stuck his stick into this spot, where it has ever since remained.

The banghy loads are represented by two large



mounds of earth at some distance from the stick ; these I had not time to visit. The stick itself is a lofty column !

I returned to breakfast, and afterwards, at the solicitation of my host, drew a rough sketch of his horse "Nimrod," the winner of the hurdle-race at Sonapore.

We then went, accompanied by cold meat and beer, to the "lathee" (stick), where I drew the pillar, my companions making a very comfortable drawing-room for me in the buggy, the shafts of which were supported by two Hindoos and a bamboo.

We then refreshed ourselves under the banks of the magnificent Peepul, and I started in Mr. Studd's buggy for my next halting-place, Dooriah, while my comrades went off in another direction with horses and dogs to seek for hares, which are numerous in this district.

A drive of four miles with a capital horse, by the Kalpoorah factory, brought me to "Eothen," who had been sent before. He carried me merrily on to the Dooriah factory, where I was hospitably received, fed, and cherished by Mr. Gale, in return for whose kindness, dreadful to relate, I upset and smashed a monster bottle of gin, inundating his table and carpet with the odorous contents, and in self-retribution staining my own drawings, which will smell of gin for the next month.

Wednesday, November 29th. — I make it a point during this weather never to stir till the world is decently warmed, not only because it is more comfortable, but because, both for myself and servants, I am convinced it is far more healthy.

Fog, damp grass, and nipping cold are ungenial and unwholesome comrades to an empty stomach.

“To shake hands with the newly-risen sun” is said by an old writer in *Blackwood* to be a very fine thing “after a night upon the heather.” The sentiment is poetic, but in the cold season in India the sun newly risen is a most unpleasant sun. He gets up with a dirty face, and his hands are cold and clammy.

So if travellers in India take my advice, they will make much of themselves in bed (I speak of cold weather, of course); at 7 o'clock rise and dress comfortably, and not sally out upon their way until fortified with breakfast. This I did this morning. When I left my room the whole house smelt violently and reproachfully of gin, and I observed servants scrubbing the victimised table frantically.

Three horses of Mr. Slade's transported me in a buggy to Mr. Daunt's house, the prettiest spot I have yet seen.

The place is called Sahibgunge, and is a large mart for saltpetre and grain.

After a luncheon of praiseworthy wild-duck, beer, and salad, Mr. Daunt drove me in his dog-cart half-way to Rajpore (about three miles), where I took horse, and rode leisurely in. Mr. Slade had dined, so I joined him at his tea, and finished at 9 o'clock with a beef-steak, and that happy termination of all our troubles—bed.

There is in this neighbourhood, some five miles off, a very curious and extensive mound of earth, with a large brick-built circular edifice at the top of it, touching which tradition says that it is commemorative of the deposit on the spot of one of the divine Boodha's quarters, when that deity was divided into four parts. *Credat!*

Thursday, November 30th. — Left Rajpore after breakfast, Mr. Slade driving me the first stage, and then leaving me with his buggy and two horses to make my way to Peepra, some fourteen miles from Rajpore.

I reached Peepra at about 12 o'clock, and finding that Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt were in the district, I mounted "Eothen" and rode on at once to Moteeharee, where I was kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. Here, to my great delight, I received the last two budgets from my dearest wife, which had been following Lord Dalhousie, and then me, for the last fortnight, having been sent in his private packet with Sir J. Hobhouse's despatches.

Friday, December 1st.—Paid visits to the residents of Moteeharee—two families—and inspected the post-office, after which we crossed the lake and had an hour's shooting.

I bagged three brace of partridges, a quail, and a hare. We crossed in an extremely ricketty vessel called a boat, but in truth merely a "tar" tree (fan palm) scooped out.

To preserve an unbiassed equilibrium in a standing posture in such an affair required some dexterity.

Moteeharee, or "the Pearl Necklace," as the word signifies, is remarkable for a series of horse-shoe lakes which form a corresponding set of peninsulas. They are supposed to be meandering points of a former river, but how cut off and isolated deponent sayeth not. They form beautiful sheets of water, and are a great ornament to the station, which consists of three houses, one sugar-factory, and a bridge.

Saturday, December 2nd.—Took a view of the lake

from Fletcher's house, and after luncheon drove with him to Segowlee, a distance of fourteen miles, where we arrived just as the shades of night closed around us.

I had here the pleasure of shaking hands with my kind and excellent friend, A. P. Martin, whom I mentioned in my first volume, and whom many years before I had known a thin bachelor, now a stout father and husband. He received me as his guest, and the pleasure of our meeting, I need scarcely say, was mutual.

The horse which had brought us in the last stage of our drive belonged to Major Rowland Hill. A note, alluding briefly and mysteriously to a certain impetuosity and waywardness of disposition, and giving sundry admonitory hints as to his management, was sent to me from the animal's proprietor by the hands of a "shutur sowar" (camel-driver).

This account of our steed was confirmed by the syce, who begged us in an under-voice to enter the vehicle quickly and cautiously, because the horse "stood up!" accompanying the intimation with an action of his hand intended to represent the movement.

These warnings did not serve to inspire confidence, and it was with some inward misgivings, bravely disguised by our outward seeming of indifference, that Fletcher and I entered the buggy, I undertaking the steerage; and, sure enough, no sooner were we in than the beast commenced a series of undulating plunges, presenting us with a succession of different views of his back and tail, the latter part of him, with its supporting quarters, being (apparently with *malice prepense*) pointed at us first on one side, then on the other, with alternate wriggles and an incipient elevation, as if threatening

each time a plant with his heels, and it needed the constant and repeated assurance of the syce to convince us—what, however, proved to be a fact—that he “never kicked” and had “never killed anybody.”

We continued, however, to make ourselves small, and, like “Bob Acres,” sit “edgeways” in each corner of the vehicle until these spasmodic undulations and threatening bounds (after a cruel episode in which the crupper parted company), gradually subsided into a steady and slapping trot of at least twelve miles an hour.

Sunday, December 3rd.—A quiet day. Rode out in the evening to choose a spot for an intended picture of the 4th Irregular Cavalry.

Enjoyed this day the delights of another long letter from my beloved wife, which had again been following, first Lord Dalhousie and then me, for some days.

Monday, December 4th.—Early this morning there was a stir and excitement throughout the station, and between 7 and 8 o'clock a large troop marched by my tent, with camels, standard, &c. &c., the soldiers in full accoutrements, and the native officers in picturesque attire.

After breakfast we all adjourned to the grove previously selected, and after forming a *tableau vivant*, under the trees, of the actors I intended to introduce, I set to work and got through the composition of the group (which comprises twelve or fourteen principal figures) on the ground.

Tuesday, December 5th.—The whole day passed at the picture. Drove with Hill in the evening, and had half an hour's “scene-painting” at the trees after dinner.

Wednesday, December 6th. — Encore le tableau. As we rode through the lines in the evening I was much amused with several scenes.

It is now the time of the Mohurrum, the great Mahomedan festival, and all the Mussulmans are relieved from duty, and more or less in a state of excitement.

Here and there groups were seen in their yellow quilted dresses engaged in the elaborate genuflexions peculiar to the sect, while the strange, wild cry of "Allah el Allah" sounded at intervals.

We stopped for some time to watch a process which I had never before seen.

A rebellious and obstinate camel had lain down where he had no right to lie, in the opinion of his attendants, and refused on any terms to rise, and there was accordingly a gathering to raise him, willy-nilly, and the scene was absurd.

Two bamboos were cleverly inserted under his belly, one just behind the elbow of his fore-legs and one was just before his hind ditto, cross-ways. Five or six fellows on each side seized each end of the bamboo, and at a given signal commenced a hearty "heave all together," while the whiskered trooper, with a rope fixed into the recumbent's nose, pulled away like grim death at that tender organ, diverting the monotony of his task by an occasional punch on the head or kick under the jaw, as his caprice or convenience might dictate.

The old camel, however, was not to be had. "Grinning horribly a ghastly smile," until his "open countenance" appeared likely to split, and uttering an unearthly groaning, he contrived to make such a dead

weight of himself that the assembly were fairly non-plussed.

Once, aided by an extra strong heave, they succeeded in raising him a few inches, when—crack went both bamboos, and down settled our friend firmer than ever.

We left him *in statu quo*.

I am told that this is not an unfrequent trait in the camel character.

In the evening we all adjourned to a large bungalow to witness a troopers' "tomasha," which consisted of sword and buckler playing of sorts, &c. &c.

Thursday, December 7th. — Strolled into the lines in the evening in search of the picturesque.

I have done injustice to the camel. He is dead. It was not therefore *obstinacy*, but exhaustion, and while his tormentors were punching and kicking him, the poor wretch was dying, and had no friends!

Friday, December 8th. — Perpetual picture, which progresses well and satisfactorily. Dined at R. Hill's.

The officers of the regiment are very anxious that my picture should be engraved, and are exerting themselves to obtain sufficient subscribers to meet the expense.

Segowlee is celebrated for idiots, cripples, deaf and dumb, and the goitre! There is an amiable fool who frequents the house here, and is on high terms of privilege and intimacy with the officers; a sturdy, well-built fellow, with a frame of iron and a right merry countenance, with a ringing jovial laugh that is pleasant to hear.

His great amusement seems to be to follow one or other of the officers and chat every now and then,



charging a tree like a bull with his shoulders, uttering at the same time a sort of invocatory shout to Ram or Mahadeo, while the concussion of his shoulders against the tree sounds like the distant boom of a twelve-pounder.

There appears to me a considerable "method in his madness."

Another of his fraternity is a woman who walks about and howls horribly.

Saturday, December 9th.—This evening Major Hill held a parade of his regiment, and a pretty and exciting sight it was. The bright yellow dresses and red breeches, high boots, and steel caps, form an extremely picturesque costume, and are seen to great advantage when the men are in a body. The regiment was nick-named the "Yellow Boys."

Being just after the Mohurram, the troop was a little out of practice, and as many of the men had been newly-mounted on unbroken fillies (purchased at the Sonapore fair) and other untamed steeds, there was not so great steadiness in their movements as there might have been.

Indeed, it is to me a marvel and mystery how they managed such rabid quadrupeds at all.

It was all very well while they were standing still, and even at a steady walk there was no outrageous outbreak—nothing, at least, beyond an occasional shriek, plunge, kick, or such trifle; but no sooner was the word "Trot" given, and the movement commenced, than the most frightful screams and uncontrollable caracolings and plunges commenced, far beyond human power to control.

Anyone acquainted with the real nature of the Indian horse will understand the scene. I have treated of him and his peculiarities in my first volume.

Barring these accidents and unavoidable defects the regiment appeared in gallant trim, and went through its manœuvres beautifully.

"Eothen" became highly excited, and his master little less so. The only rather ludicrous part of the scene was afforded by the trumpeter, a great big fellow in rich crimson.

Now in these corps the word of command is given by the trumpet.

This man was mounted on a great white horse, with a Roman nose, oyster eye, and pink nostril, not highly educated. When the manœuvre of retreating by alternate squadrons commenced, and the sham shooters (the native troopers so call them) were rattling and scrimmaging over the field, firing away at imaginary foes like so many fire-spirits, the trumpeter's horse became unpleasantly restless, and every time he raised the trumpet to his lips, or rather, stooped his lips to the trumpet, and slackened rein, away scuttled old nosey and splutter went the trumpet in broken and incoherent gaspings, like an asthmatic madman.

Sunday.—A quiet day. Wrote and closed my letters to my dearest wife.

I start for Nepal on Monday.

Though it is not my habit to draw on Sunday, I was tempted with a sketch of some grass-cutters' tattoos returning with their loads, as they are decidedly objects worth recording.

There are some hundreds of grass-cutters, one for



THE NATIVE GRASS-CUTTER.

almost each trooper; and early in the morning these fellows sally out in troops, bestriding their plucky little steeds in eccentric and unimaginable attitudes.

They remain out all day, and in the evening there are seen the same number of what appear, at a short distance, to be itinerant or locomotive haycocks, but which, when nearer, are found to be the identical tattoos toddling along under an enormous load of dhoob-grass, their little blood heads bobbing and nodding under their supernatural load; a tape fastened to the bridle passes over the top of the haycock, and is tied (*more orientali*) to the pony's tail, and he is thus steered from behind.

Monday.—Martin's dear little baby was christened by the Patna clergyman, who came over for the occasion. Major Hill was one of the godfathers, and I stood proxy for an absent friend.

The next day I bade farewell to all my friends, excepting Major Rowland Hill, who, to my intense satisfaction, had proposed to accompany me on my trip to Nepal.

At 6 p.m. we both entered our palankeens, and when we reached the river, some half mile from the house, we suddenly heard, to our astonishment, a loud and hideous howl. It was "the idiot Muhabeer," who was evidently waiting for us, and who escorted us to the banks with his usual musical accompaniment.

He was not to be shaken off and I heard his merry laugh in jovial confabulation with R. Hill, as we started from the other side of the river which he had crossed with us.

CHAPTER II.

MY JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Journal continued.—Preparations against Cold.—Start with Rowland Hill from Segowlee.—Detention on the Road.—Reach Bichakho.—The River Raptée.—Escort sent by the Rajah to meet us.—The Bhanrea, or Hill Porter.—His form and character.—Dinner and bed in Tent.—Picture of my companion in early morning.—Start on Elephants.—Rowland Hill's fishing efforts.—Disappointment.—Skill of Native Fisherman.—Sheeshuguree.—Muharoodru - Khutree.—The "Dandhee."—Arrive at Chitlong.—Find the Seræe occupied by a "big" Captain.—Refuses to turn out.—Are received hospitably by a "small" Captain.—The Nepal Troop leaves the Seræe on a Shooting Excursion.—Approach Kathmandoo.—Are met by a Brother of Jung Buhadoor.—Affectionate embrace.—Reach the Capital, and are received at the Residency.

AWARE, before I commenced my official tour in the cold season of 1818-49, that my postal wanderings would lead me to Segowlee, near the frontier of Nepal and well knowing how much Nepal itself contains which is new and interesting to a traveller and artist, I had resolved to visit the far-famed valley of Kathmandoo.

Major Thoresby, the resident, to whom Sir John Low, my fellow-passenger on board the steamer, had written on my behalf, was good enough to facilitate the expedition by a clear description of the route, with distances, time, and manner of travelling, and promised to depute an escort on the part of the Nepal durbar, with an elephant, to accompany my steps and aid my progress.

On my arrival at Segowlee, as described in the last chapter, I was fortunate enough to secure a *compagnon de voyage* in the person of Major Rowland Hill, commanding the 4th Irregular Cavalry; a gentleman not unknown either to fame or to fortune, a tried soldier, untiring itinerant, inveterate sportsman, cherisher of a beard rivalled only by the *homo barbatus* of Father Mathew, and last, though not least, a right merry companion.

At Patna, acting on the considerate advice of Major Thoresby, I had laid in an extra store of warm and consolatory vestments, being tenderly alive, personally, to the pain and discomfort of cold.

One particular device in this branch of my preparations I shall ever pique myself upon, and strongly recommend to travellers in general, and Nepal visitors in particular.

From a piece of warm, thick, and comfortable soft English horse-blanketing, I manufactured, in addition to thick coat and waistcoat, a pair of extra pantaloons, exactly a size larger in all points than those which I ordinarily indued.

The satisfaction derived from this outer article, removable at pleasure, was beyond description.

At first starting on a morning's march, my legs,

thus made much of, preserved a very enduring temperature, and afterwards, when a risen sun and walking exercise induced a conscious sense of superfluous cloth, relief was simple and obvious. I recommend the hint to Mr. Murray, if ever he publishes a hand-book or guide to Nepal.

“Here the traveller removes his coat; here he takes off his trousers”—would be a striking passage in such a work.

The evening before I left Patna I had exhibited myself in my elaborate costume for the amusement of my hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Loughnan, and their guests, and I here present the contrast in the two equipments.



Tuesday, the 12th.—We had started from Segowlee in the fond anticipation of reaching “Bichakho” at early

dawn, and thence making our first march at once ; but these delusive hopes were rudely dispelled. At 7 o'clock in the morning our palankeens were bumped down on the ground, and we found that we had still twelve miles to go, while our petarahs* were yet far in the rear.

The glorious snowy range, with its fore-ground of dark and frowning mountains, was before us. We exchanged looks of undisguised chagrin, as we poked our night-capped heads from the palkee doors ; but we determined, at all events, to wait for our petarahs, as in them were all the *edibilia* for the next two days.

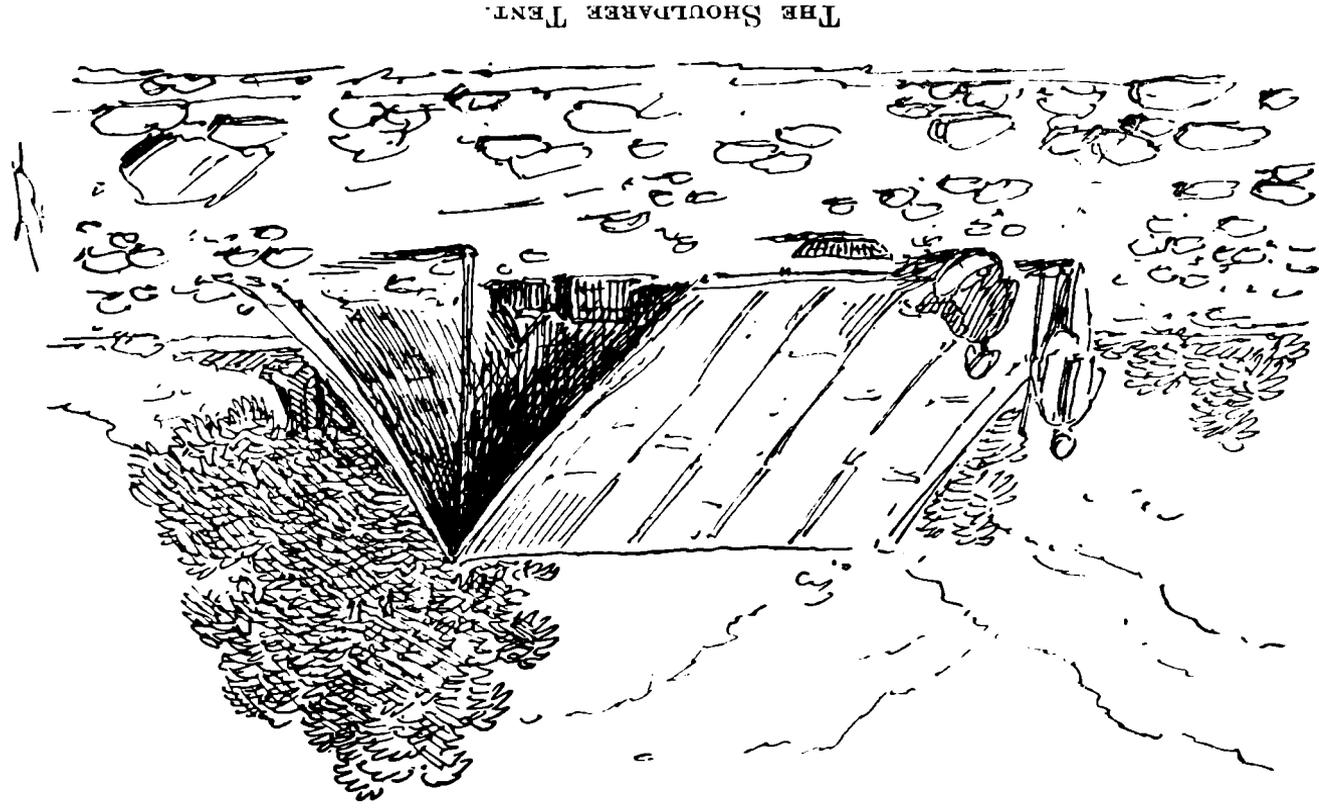
After half-an-hour's patient waiting, the "banghywalas"† came up, puffing and grunting, and we started for our last stage, first through the long coarse grass, reaching the bearers' heads, and then through thick forests of splendid *sál* trees, whose crimson flowers glistened gloriously through their green setting. The bearers made great demonstrations, shouting and hallooing vehemently to scare (as they said) any inquisitive and fasting tigers that might be prowling about !

At about 12 o'clock we emerged from the forest, and entered the bed of the "Raptee" at Bichakho. At once the whole features of the scene were altered :—a pawn, or public-house, of an entirely different build ; people utterly unlike either Beharees or Bengalees ; strange dresses, strange baskets, new language, and stout legs.

The bed of the Raptee is at this season, and at this spot, nearly dry, and presents a large space covered with boulders of moderate size and all manner of

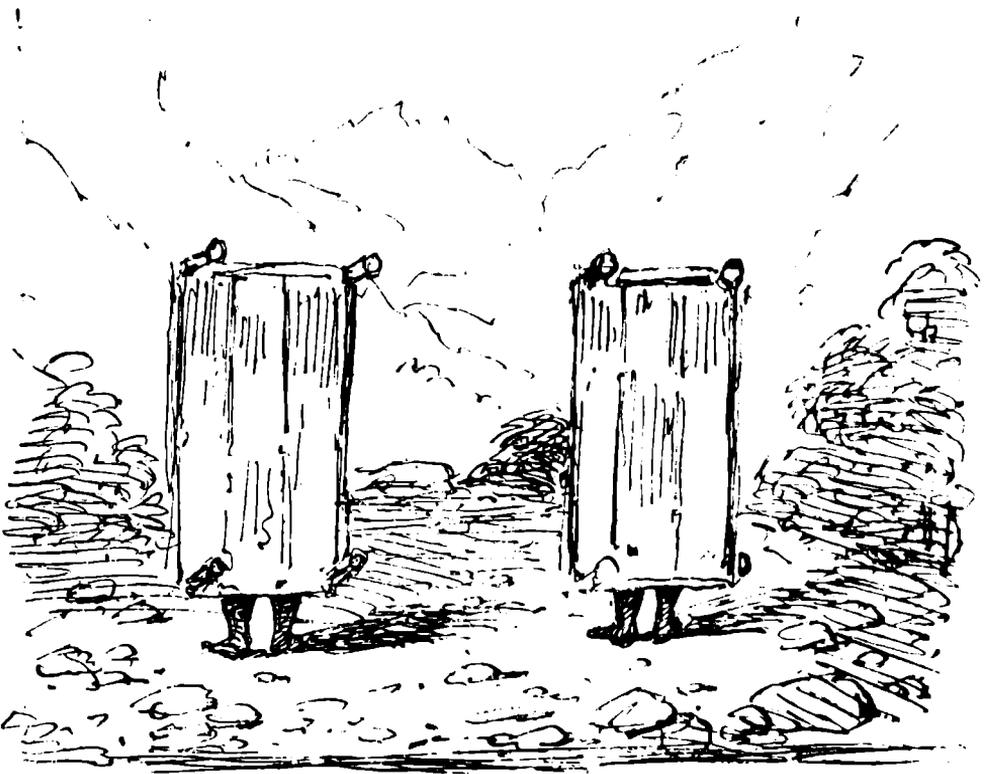
* *Petarah*—tin travelling-box.

† *Banghywalas*—the men who carry the petarahs.



colours, with a meandering stream of running limpid water, pleasant to look at, but it is said to be unhealthy to drink ; as the natives describe it, " it takes possession of your stomach " (" Pet men dukhil kurta ").

In the midst of this stony plain we pitched our little *shouldaree*, a small tent supported on two poles, just big enough to contain our two charpoys (beds) and a table for meals.



THE CHARPOY.

Here we found awaiting us a military escort consisting of a jemadar, a havildar, and sepoy, deputed at the kind suggestion of Major Thoresby, by the Rajah of Nepal, to escort us, with an elephant, and a host of hill porters remarkable for merry faces and big calves ; each of these fellows carries a " dhoka " or basket, made of cane or



NEPALESE ESCORT.

bamboo, like a gigantic pottle, small at the bottom and capacious at the mouth. This he carries on his back, fastened by a band, which crosses his forehead. When he stops for breath he frequently rests on his stick, which he places under his basket, illustrating the riddle of Œdipus, by exhibiting the *τριτατον ποδα*, or third leg of his mystic being.

After the basket itself is crammed, they heap all sorts of things at the top.

When really fatigued, the bearer rests by leaning backwards against the rock or bank, and relieves himself by gasping exhalations.

τριτατον ποδα.



“Bhanrea,” or hill-porter, is “homo canephoros” entirely. He is never seen without his “dhoka” or basket, and if Buffon’s theory is right, will, in the course of ages, have a hunch on his back, a dorsal callosity like a camel, sign of perpetual bearing. “*Khoosh-mookh*,” “merry-faced” rascal! however heavy his burthen, his head is light; the fellow, unless scratching, is always laughing. Row him, and he laughs; kick him (as I have seen), and he laughs all the merrier.

No fleshly antithesis can be more striking than that which is represented by the sturdy mountaineer of Nepal when compared with the native of the plains, but more especially the Bengalee.

There is an independent straightforward “look-you-in-the-face” abandon in the one, the very antipode of carriage and expression to the other’s supple “*jo-hookm*” * servility. This contrast is rendered more

* *Jo-hookm*—“Whatever your order.”



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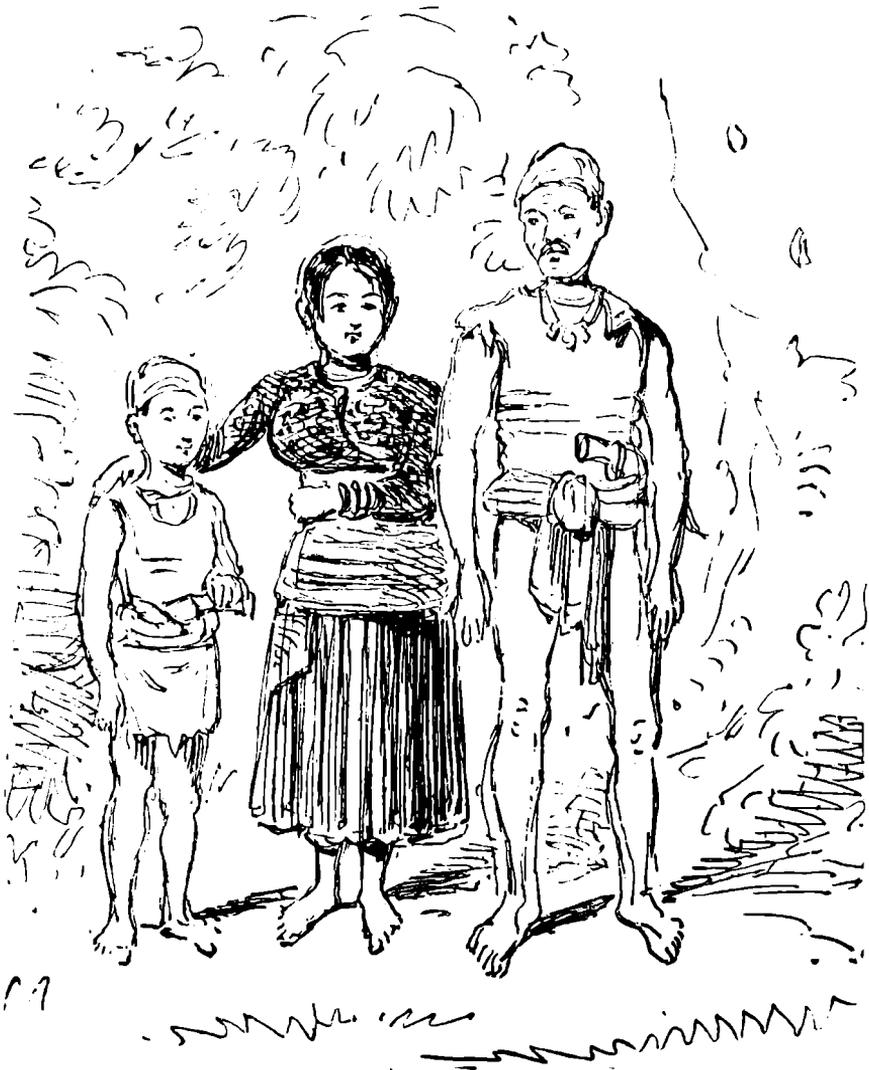
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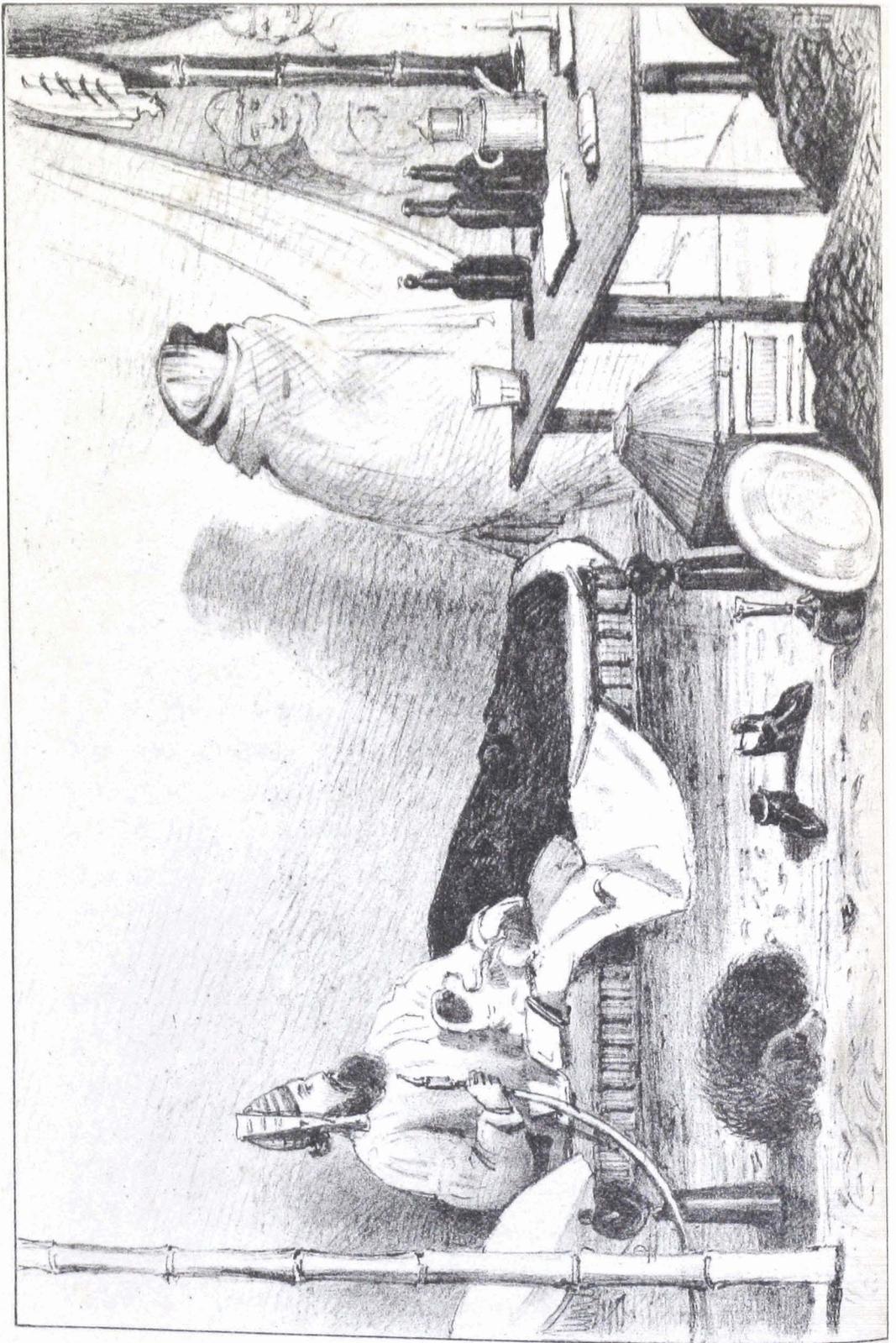
* *Jo-hookm*—“Whatever your order.”

forcible when you are suddenly put down, as we were, in the midst of them, and for the first time, after long association with the other Indian bipeds.

Directly I got out of my palanquin I was surrounded by the fellows, each with a grin, more or less merry, on his dirty face—bold, and yet not a bit impudent. They all had caps on their head of coarse cloth, somewhat like an Englishman's soiled night-cap of days gone by.



FAMILY GROUP OF PEASANTS.



Our long journey gave us a voracious appetite, and attractive as were these groups of dirty fellow-creatures, we turned to our breakfast at once, and with exceeding relish. After that, as it was far too late to start on our march, we consoled ourselves with sketching. I took a rough view of the *Serai*, and booked a group of peasants.

We then took a quiet stroll along the bed of the river, and after a simple and most enjoyable dinner, turned into our beds and slept soundly.

Wednesday, the 13th.—My first impression on awaking in the morning was the picturesque effect produced by my companion in bed, with a Neapolitan night-cap of cerulean blue, tipped with a bright red tassel; his own extensive beard slightly dishevelled by nocturnal repose; pipe in hand, a cup of coffee on the charpoy, with a number of *Vanity Fair* before him. “Fop,” a pet spaniel, on the bed, and “Grouse,” another, below it; petaraks, camp-table, empty bottles, sanguinary raw joints of mutton suspended on the poles, and blending harmoniously with the more subdued red chintz of the “shouldaree” lining, and all the other paraphernalia of an Indian itinerant. This unusual and romantic combination produced a most picturesque *ensemble*, which I have faintly portrayed in my sketch, and to effect which I made a great martyr of myself by heroically exposing my hands and arms to the tender mercy of the cutting air.

Acting on the principle laid down in a former part of this journal, we scrupulously comforted ourselves with chops and other hot meats before we started. Our intention was to ride on ponies, but the Nepalese jemadar

made it a particular request that we should mount the elephant, evidently with a view of outward seemliness and dignity; and, partly to please him, and partly because it did not otherwise jump ill with our own ideas, we suffered ourselves to be elevated to the "howda"—a most uncomfortable seat, covered with black velvet, and an uncompromising iron rail, evidently intended for Baboos, and not for gentlemen with straps to their trousers. When fairly mounted, away we went, over big stones, and then through rich forests, every step showing us a diversified and widely romantic scene.

Half-way we dismounted for luncheon, and by 5 o'clock we reached Hetounda, a most picturesque place, entirely surrounded with noble mountains, and on the banks of the Raptée, the stream of which was here much larger than we had yet seen it.

My companion, who was enthusiastic in piscatorial propensities, rushed to the stream with flies and rod, and fished till dark, but without catching a single fish. I went to bed with a terrible rheumatic head-ache.

Thursday, the 14th.—At Hetounda we left the tent behind us, being informed that we should find a most comfortable hotel at Bheempedee.

We started, on our established principle, after breakfast, on the elephant, and passed through a diversity of romantic and picturesque scenes. The irrepressible Raptée presented its sinuous stream every five minutes, and we crossed it some twenty-five or thirty times. At a place half-way we astonished the minds of some unsophisticated natives in an assemblage of about five huts, dignified with the name of village, by the ceremony of tiffin, spread out in great form along the

squared trunk of a tree. Before we arrived at this spot we had encountered a native angler, whose movements and devices afforded us much amusement. He had a very delicate rod, a single piece of hill bamboo, with a line and a little clumsy brass hook, which he baited with a most unpleasant-looking sort of grub or maggot, found by the river side; but his skill was marvellous; he knew every likely spot in the tortuous Rapteree, and running a few yards before us, had generally caught a fish or two before we came up to him.

He was accompanied by an active wiry boy, who aided his operations in a manner entirely new to civilised fishermen. At each chosen spot the youth rushed into the water and grabbed wildly at the stones, just at the point of the rapids or falls, for the purpose, as afterwards explained, of rousing such of the piscine tribe as might have sought for refreshment and repose under them.

Why fish thus disturbed and excited should more readily be taken in by fictitious baits is not to me only, who am a novice, but to my companion, experienced in the ways of the finny tribe, a marvel—but it was clearly successful.

The whole of this march we passed through the most romantic scenery—rich forests, stern and frowning mountains, with the restless, fretting Rapteree, winding and gushing along, making wild music among the stones. As we approached Bhempedee, there was an appearance of partial cultivation, varied by a few patches of green and yellow, with enclosures of low stone walls, exactly like what I remember in Derbyshire.

The resting-place or Seracee (*Anglice*, Hotel) at Bhempedee, so called because the deity Bheem put his foot

in it during a walk, was a two-storied brick building with sloping tiled roof, at the foot of a stupendous mountain with a narrow path, the route of our next march, discernible from below.

The upper story, reached by a precipitous ladder, was occupied by ourselves and various perambulatory Orientals; and the mud floors, bare walls, and rickety pillars, combined with the noise, the dirt, and the smoke, afforded a combination of disagreeables under which it reflected high credit upon us to come out jolly.

Friday, the 15th.—At Bheempedee we bade farewell to our elephant, and started at about 7 o'clock, after a breakfast lamentably but necessarily light (as we had almost exhausted our edibles), to breast the ascent of Sheeshuguree.

We accomplished the ascent manfully, and though we occasionally turned round, pretending to be smitten with love of the picturesque (which might by cavilling minds have been considered open to suspicion), to admire the "view" below, yet, taking all circumstances into consideration, we did, as I said, accomplish the ascent manfully.

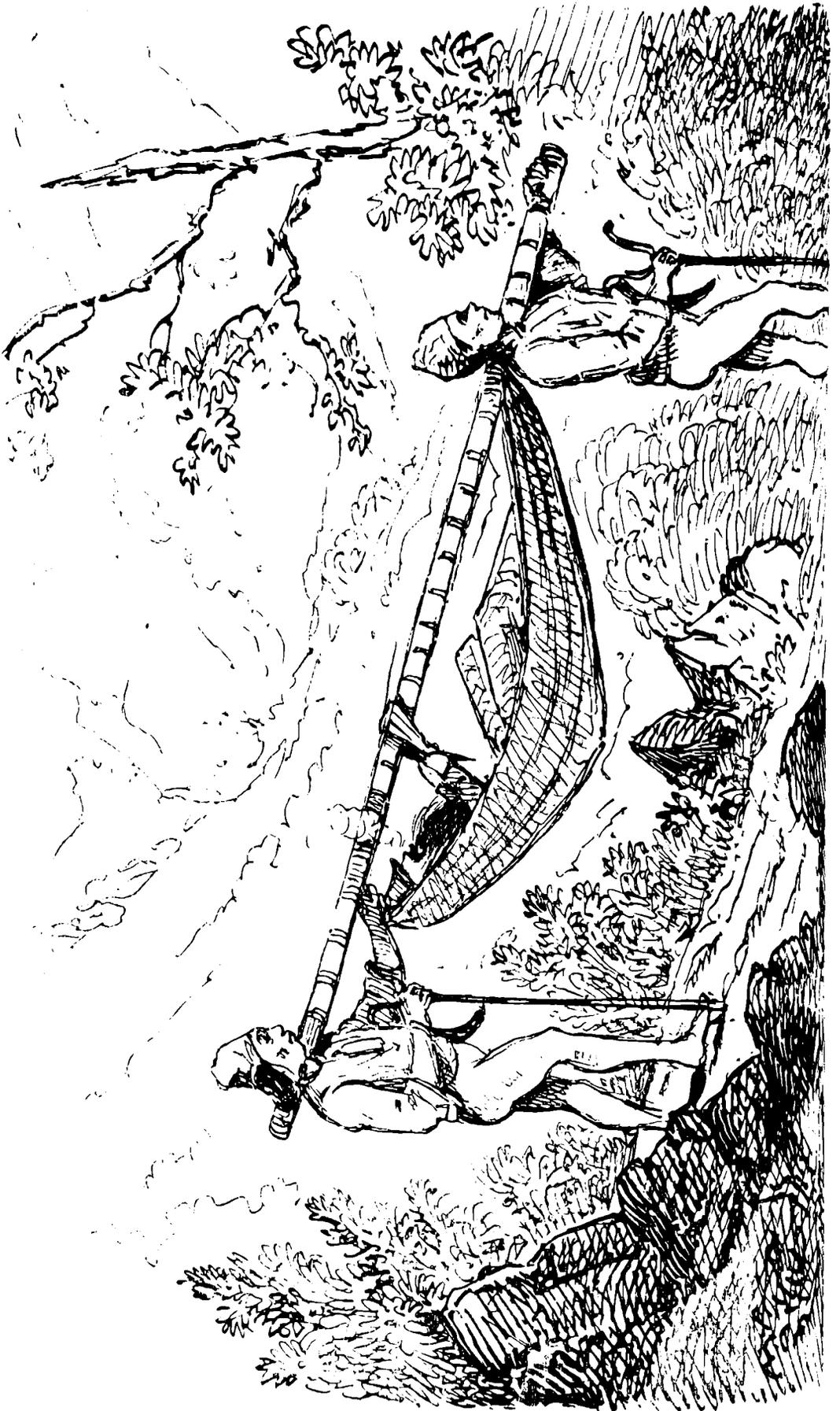
At Sheeshughuree we were met and greeted by Captain Muharoodru-Khutree, who has charge of the fortifications, consisting of two or three stone walls with embrasures for a gun or so, and a narrow inlet with a sentry mounted upon it. He was a pleasant-faced and very gentlemanly man, and conducted us into a cosy room, with a warm carpet and a very comforting fire-place.

Here we concocted a scrambling but most acceptable breakfast, and I took the opportunity of a vacant hour to draw a sketch of my host and his little boy.



MUHAROODRU-KHUTREE AND SON.

After breakfast we again started on our march for Chitlong. Descending the hill we had just toiled up during the later part of this descent, which is extremely precipitous, we both trusted ourselves for the first time to the tender mercies of the 'dandhee,' the character of which is illustrated in the sketch. To ride in this little bit of dirty canvas, fastened only with two hooks to a



wooden pole, and thus suspended, helpless and ungraceful, to trust oneself to the support of men with only human powers of equilibrium, down a narrow pathway of two feet wide, covered with loose and ragged stones, with a precipice of several hundred feet at your side—to do all this voluntarily requires decided pluck, courage, and a most confiding disposition. To be happy under such circumstances and scream with laughter, as myself and my companion did, is a high flight of heroism!

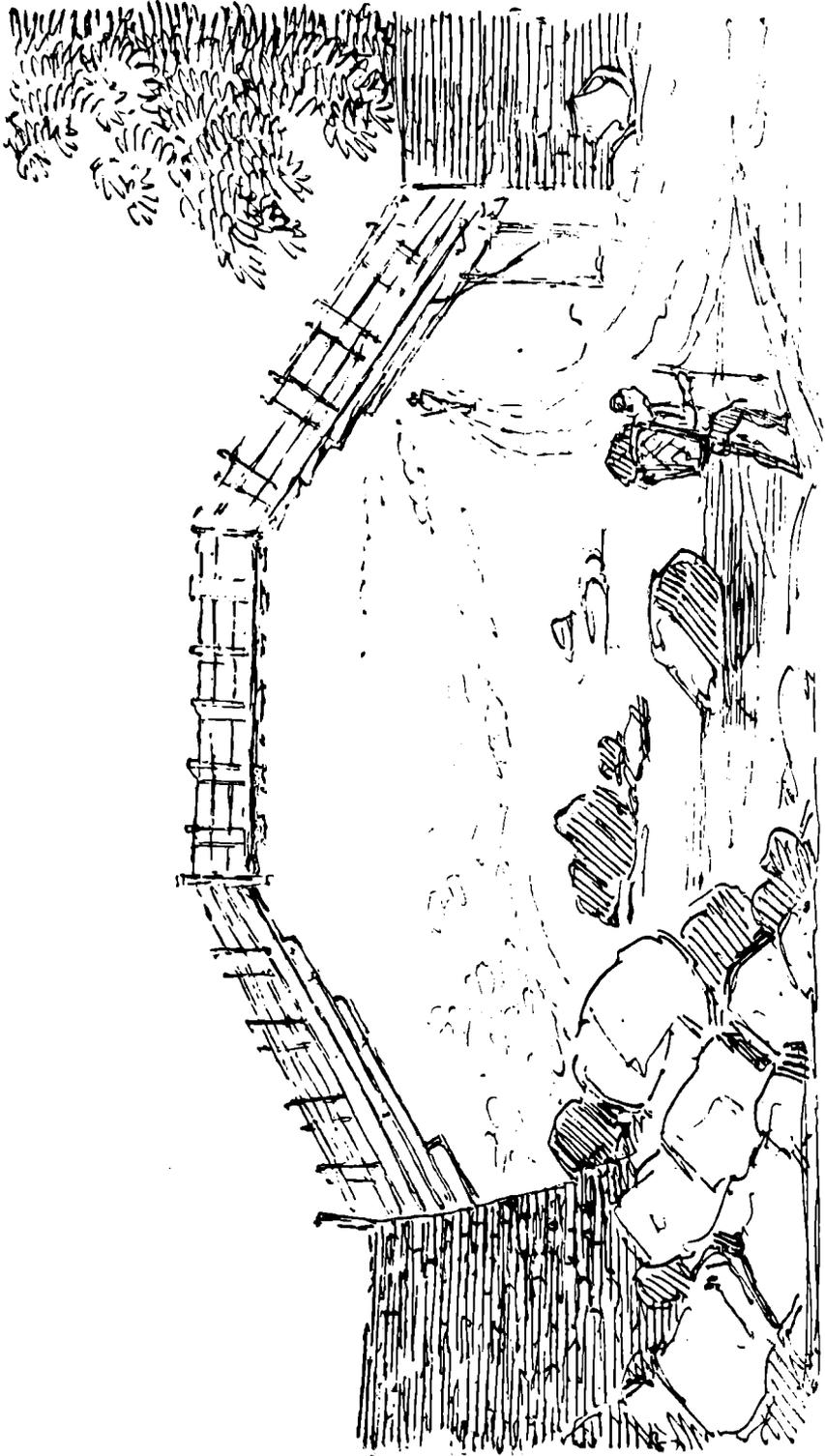
At the bottom of the pass, and as soon as ever I was delivered from the canvas prison, thankfully conscious of solid bones, and while the peril passed was fresh in our memory, I portrayed my companion as shown in the picture.

Immediately beneath the Sheeshuguree Ghat is a noble stream, which dashes and roars along over masses of rock, its translucent waters positively animated with fish (trout and muhaseer). My comrade here again essayed the capabilities of his tip-top rod, but without success. Whether from the cold, or the transparency of the water, or from a deliberate and malicious pleasure in baffling a civilised fisherman, the victims would not bite, and the fisherman was in despair.

While these efforts were in progress, I completed my sketch of the dandhee, and astonished an old woman in a most picturesque village built on the very edge of a foaming stream, by requesting her to sit for her profile!

When the piscatorial efforts were fairly completed, we started once more on our ponies, and after a few yards progress saw a very curious specimen of a wooden bridge, the only one of the kind I have ever witnessed.

A very pleasant ride, diversified only by my getting



THE ECCENTRIC BRIDGE.

up to my knees in crossing the river, brought us to the valley of Chitlong, where we arrived at close of evening.

On reaching the door of the Serae, however, we were doomed to disappointment. A surly sentinel with a formidable musket informed us that the "burra" (big) captain of the Nepal force had just taken up his quarters there, and that for us there was no room.

We insisted, however, on sending our salaam* to the great man, intimating our wish to have the honour of an interview, and communicating the fact that we were on our way to visit the Resident, and were under the protection of an escort sent by Major Thoresby with the concurrence of the Maharajah, and the "Mister Sahib" (or Minister). Our conductor also added that we were respectively a "Major" and a "General," the latter being the only part of my designation (of Postmaster-General) which his military ideas at all comprehended!

The great captain, on receipt of this message, had the condescension to appear at the door, smile, and shake hands—but this was all! He showed no disposition whatever to grant us admission, and we were compelled, therefore, to retrace our steps, in the dark and bitter night, to another and smaller house of entertainment about a quarter of a mile off, which, under orders sent by the "big" captain's emissaries, was vacated for our reception by a "small" captain.

But if the great captain's manner and treatment were discourteous and cavalier, that of the smaller captain was beyond all description kind and civil under the

* *Salaam*—compliments.

highly trying circumstances of compulsory ejection on a cold night, just after he had made himself comfortable!

This most gentlemanly and unselfish of men greeted us with unfeigned cordiality, turned out his followers, bag and baggage, with zealous alacrity, led us himself up a break-neck ladder, and inducted us with smiles and soft speeches into the very corner where he had himself been just nestling; and oh, superhuman effort of benevolence! with his own hands he put on more wood to the fire, whose genial warmth he had just been enjoying, and was about to quit for the cold and nipping air.

“Look on that picture and on this.”

Saturday, the 16th. — I awoke, alas! with a most violent bilious headache, an old accustomed enemy to which I am much subject, and had hardly the will or the power to look out of my window to see the “big captain” with his troop pass by.

They were on their way towards the Terai on a grand shooting excursion, in which the Rajah, the Minister, and the Resident were to participate, and several regiments were ordered off to join the battue. This movement has already given rise to a suspicion of sinister intention, and the Calcutta papers mentioned it as a significant circumstance at the present crisis. Of this we shall hear more on our arrival at Kathmandoo. The sepoys are stout-made fellows, each carrying a musket, sword, and the perpetual “kookree,”* but their style of marching was exceedingly slovenly. They wrapped themselves up in any old clothes they had, over their regimentals, and thus presented an unmilitary and particularly

* *Kookree*—hill-knife.

seedy appearance as they passed. I was so ill that I was compelled to resort to the "dandhee" again, and such is the force of habit and the confidence inspired by the stout calves and unerring feet of these sturdy mountaineers, that I felt no misgivings, but, with the reposing faith of a child, actually dozed on my journey up the great Chundagiree, or Mountain of the Moon. At the summit of this noble mountain a grand spectacle burst upon us, the valley of Kathmandoo.

It is a glorious sight. A succession of majestic mountains, of a stern and sombre character, both in form and colour, rises, range over range, from the base of the valley, in the form of an amphitheatre, the whole being crowned by the sublime range of the snow-capped Himalaya—the dazzling whiteness of whose peaks, at the moment we first saw them, made the white clouds which hung around and below it appear almost grey. A grand and sublime sight, which must ever mock pen and pencil, and makes man feel his own littleness and the greatness of his Creator.

The city of Kathmandoo, at a distance of about six miles from the base of Chundagiree, is not a striking object from the summit of the mountain, and this is owing chiefly to the dull and sombre colour of the houses and other buildings.

After passing an intervening village, we were met by an employé deputed by the Resident to conduct us to his house, and about a mile further on by Juggut Shumsheer, one of the brothers of the Minister, who was on his way to join the shooting-party. Here, under the instructions of the lieutenant, we performed for the first time the ceremonial usual on introduction to

a Nepal big-wig, viz. the embrace in true theatrical style, like the "appeased father" in the play, first over the right and then over the left shoulder. This affectionate salutation, *malgré* my inexperience, I accomplished with considerable skill.

Another hour's ride brought us to the city, which we entered at the eastern, and emerging at the western gate, shortly afterwards reached the Residency.

CHAPTER III.

NEPAL.

Brief Account of Nepal at the time of our Visit.—Epitome of past Events extracted from Dr. Daniell's History.

It is not within the scope of this autobiography to enter into a historical account of Nepal, but it may be useful to give the reader some idea, if not of the country itself, at least of its relations with the British Government at the time of my visit.

From 1765, when the first Goorkha invasion of Nepal took place, and we gave assistance to the Nepalese, up to 1801, no events of any importance occurred.

In the latter year, however, a British Resident was appointed by the Nepalese, but he was a failure, and was withdrawn in 1803, and the relations between the countries became gradually worse till 1814, when war was proclaimed by the British.

It was during the wars which succeeded that the name of Gillespie and others, but especially of Ochterlony, became notorious.

In 1816, the Goorkhas submitted, a treaty was signed, and portions of the Nepalese territory were conceded to the British.

A Resident was again appointed, in the person of Mr. Gardiner, and pending his arrival Lieutenant Boileau officiated for him. Not long after this the country itself became the theatre of the most appalling outrages. The young King died, and his wife, as in those days it became her, and six female slaves, immolated themselves as sutes. The King himself was a cipher, the whole government being vested in one Bhema-sena Thápá, who, after ruling Nepal for five-and-twenty years, was eventually murdered and his corpse flung upon a heap of rubbish in the streets.

A continued succession of intrigues and struggles succeeded the death of Bhema-sena, and war with the British was, in 1843, only averted by the skilful management of Mr. Brian Hodgson the Resident.

In 1843, one Matabar Singh, the nephew of the deceased Bhema-sena, returned from exile, effected the destruction of his enemies, and rose rapidly in favour with the court and the army.

At this period, the celebrated Jung Bahadur appeared on the scene. He was a nephew of Matabar Singh, described at the time by Major—afterwards Sir Henry—Lawrence, as an intelligent young man, expert in military matters and profoundly versed in intrigues.

These characteristics were shortly afterwards exhibited in no ordinary manner, and as the events connected with them had occurred only a short time before my visit, I will give them more in detail, quoting for the purpose the narrative given in Dr. Daniell's admirable *History of Nepal*, published in 1877 :—

“ He (Jung Bahádúr) continued to ingratiate himself with one of the Ránís, who held the chief power in the Court, and at last,

finding himself in a firmer position, he began to develop his ambitious projects. On the 18th of May 1845, Mátabar Singh, who, though prime Minister, had become unpopular at Court, was summoned to an audience, where he expected to find the King : he was killed by a rifle-shot fired from the zenana gallery at the end of the room.

“ His body was then thrown out of the window, and dragged away by an elephant to the banks of the Bagmati at Pashupati. Next morning Jung Bahádur reported the circumstance officially to the Resident ; but for the time the King was said to have been the slayer of the prime minister, and the deed was acknowledged and even boasted of by the King.

“ Subsequently, however, it appeared that Mátabar Singh was killed by his nephew Jung Bahádur, at the instigation of the Queen ; and the King, who was little better than an imbecile, was made to take the credit of the deed.

“ Jung Bahádur now took a prominent part in the government, though not actually included in the ministry, which consisted of a sort of various factions, the prime minister being Gagan Singh.

“ In 1846, Sir Henry Lawrence left Nepal, and was succeeded by Mr. Colvin, who, however, was soon obliged to quit the country on account of ill-health, leaving Major Otley in charge. On the 15th of September 1846, the Resident was surprised by a visit at midnight from the King, who in much agitation informed him that a fearful tragedy was being enacted in the city.

“ This is what is known as the Kot massacre, and as it is an important event in the history of Nepál, it may be as well to give a detailed account of it.

“ The King at this time was a mere tool in the hands of the Rání, who, after the murder of Mátabar Singh may be said to have been the actual ruler of the country. In the coalition ministry she had one especial friend named Gagan Singh. This noble, on the night of the 14th of September, was shot in his own house while he was in the act of performing his devotions in a private room.

“ Who instigated this deed has never been satisfactorily determined, although afterwards a person named Alí Jáh, said to have been the murderer, was executed. The Rání at once blamed her

enemies in the ministry, and insisted on the King assembling all the ministers and nobles in council to find out the assassin.

“Fath Jung and his colleagues, surprised at the untimely summons, hurried to the place of meeting at the Kot, a large building, somewhat in European style, near the palace. Here, in the meantime, were assembled the Rání, Jung Bahádur, his band of brothers, and his faithful body-guard armed with rifles. The Queen’s party was carefully arranged and heavily armed, whereas the members of the council came as they were summoned, in a hurry, each from his own house, and with no weapons but their swords. There is no doubt that the whole affair was arranged beforehand, and that written orders were given by the Rání to Jung Bahádur.

“A stormy discussion ensued, insults were freely exchanged, and when Fath Jung laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, it seemed to be the signal for an attack by Jung Bahádur and his faithful soldiers, who in the meantime had guarded the entrance of the building. In a few minutes thirty-two of the nobles of the country and upwards of a hundred of the lower ranks were shot down. The poor King, alarmed by the noise of the struggle, mounted his horse and rode off to the Residency. On his return within an hour, he found the gutters around the Kot filled with the blood of his ministers, and what little power he possessed in the State was gone for ever.

“Jung Bahádur, backed by his band of brothers and the army, was now the most powerful man in Nepál. A few of the old Sirdárs, however, still tried to make head against him, but without success. On the 2nd of November, thirteen more of the Sirdárs were put to death, and in December the King fled from the country to Benáres.

“The Rání, who had hoped by means of Jung Bahádur to establish her own power and to secure the succession to her own children, found herself bitterly disappointed, and was soon obliged to leave the country and take refuge at Benáres.

“In 1847 the King made an attempt to regain his power, and advanced as far as Segowli. Several plots were formed to assassinate Jung Bahádur, but without success, and the only result of them was that the agents were put to death, and the

King declared by his conduct to have forfeited his right to the throne. Accordingly, on the 12th of May, he was deposed, and the Heir-Apparent placed on the throne. The King now determined to make one struggle more, and entered the Terai with a small force, but he was attacked and easily taken prisoner.

“From this time Jung Bahádur has been the undisputed ruler of the country. The old King is a prisoner in the palace. The present King is kept under the strictest surveillance and not allowed to exercise any power whatever. The Heir-Apparent is also kept in a state of obscurity, being never permitted to take a part in any public business, or even to appear at the Durbárs to which the British Resident is invited. In fact, one may live for years in Nepál without seeing or hearing of the King.”

The above extracts will give a tolerable idea of the rather peculiar state of affairs of this country at the time of our arrival.

CHAPTER IV.

KATHMANDOO.

Arrival at Kathmandoo.—Interview with the Ministers.—Proceed in Carriage to Palace.—The Rajah.—Jung Buhadoor.—His Costume.—Bhooteas.—Description by Ctesias.—Promenade in the Garden.—Jung Buhadoor's Show-room.—Chandeliers and Guns.—The Gun.—Lelit Patun.—Abode of deposed Rajah.—Jung Buhadoor sits for his Portrait.—“Narayan” floating on Tank.—Nautch Girl sits for Portrait.—Unsuccessful.—The Lama.—Wild Dog.—Newar Woman and Child.—Expedition of Army to the Terai.—Alarm in Calcutta.—Portrait of Nepalese Girl.—Nepal Dog and Sheep.—The Chilmeer Pheasant.—Leave Kathmandoo.—Reach Chitlong.—Fountain.—Loss of R. Hill's little dog “Fop.”—Group of Monkeys.—Baby in Basket.—Reach Segowlee.

Sunday, December 17th.—Five days before we arrived the Maharajah's lady had presented him with a son, being the second of the gender, and the fourth, counting noses, of his family. This being the sixth day from the birth, and that on which the deity is supposed to write the child's destiny (“Nuseeb”) on its forehead, a grand durbar was held at the Palace, and we all attended in such state as we could muster. Between 4 and 5 o'clock P.M. a carriage drove up to the door, and a stout

individual, in turban and shawl, was announced; he entered the room, where our party (Major Thoresby, Major R. Hill, Captain Cripps, and myself) were assembled, and embraced us affectionately in turns; we then marched out, Major Hill and Captain Cripps with the visitor in the Rajah's carriage, and myself with the Resident in his buggy.

On reaching the Palace we were greeted by a discharge of motley music, poured forth, with greater zeal than taste, by a numerous and emulative band. Jung Buhadoor descended from the steps with his brothers, and after a fraternal embrace all round, marshalled us into the grand hall of audience—the Minister taking the Resident by the right hand, and myself by the left, and the other two gentlemen being conducted in like form by the younger brothers. Here we were introduced to the Rajah, who was contented with a mild salaam, as it is not etiquette for him to embrace males. The scene was interesting and picturesque.

The King himself, good-looking, though not intellectual, was clad in an elegant dress of gold and pink, and a turban glittering with diamonds; he was seated in Eastern graceful repose, on a gorgeous red velvet bed (for it was neither throne, chair, nor pillow), richly bordered with gold braid. One leg was on the seat, the other hung down with easy negligence, and exposed, in sad incongruity, a dirty worsted sock. Nautch girls were introduced, and went through their monotonous cantation and movements for our amusement. After *half an hour* we received our *cong e*, and both H. and I were presented with a handsome *kookree* by the hands of His Majesty. I was much

struck with the manner and bearing of Jung Buhadur, the Minister ; there is a promptness and decision about him that quite corresponds with the determined energy he has displayed in the late exciting events. His countenance is shrewd, his ways open and prepossessing, and “*savoir faire*” considerable. His dress was extremely elegant, consisting of a splendid robe of real sable trimmed with gold, a turban set round with diamonds, and a necklace of real emeralds round his throat ; his nether garments were not quite in keeping, being a light pantaloon of common material, with black leather shoes, but as the robe was long this was not observable.

The only mistake in the costume was the cruel addition of an English silk neckcloth, which his brothers had adopted as well as himself.

Monday, the 18th.—This morning I had my first subject, a “Bhooteah” man and woman. Among a peculiarly filthy community, the Bhooteah is pre-eminently dirty. To almost all the lower classes of Nepal, water, as an ablutory medium, is a myth.

The Bhooteah is said not only not to wash, but never to change his clothes, wearing them until they drop from him by voluntary segregation.

My two specimens fully sustained the character of the class, of whom more hereafter. Ctesias, a Latin author, who lived some 400 years B.C., described the inhabitants of Bhotan thus :—

“These people,” says he, “inhabit the whole range of mountains as far as the Indus to the westward. They are very black, but otherwise remarkable for their probity, as other Hindus are, in general, and with whom there



BHOOTEAHS—FROM LIFE.

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BHOOTEAHS—FROM LIFE.

is a constant intercourse. They live by hunting, piercing the wild beasts with their darts and arrows, but they are also swift enough to run them down.

“ They have the head and nails of a dog, but their teeth are longer, and they bark like dogs, having no other language ; yet they understand the Hindus, but express themselves by signs and barking. They have also tails, like dogs, but longer and more bushy.

“ The Hindus call them *calystrii*, or ‘ dog-faced.’ They live upon flesh, dried in the sun. The men *never bathe*, the women only once a month. They rub their bodies with oil. They generally live in caves. Their clothes are of skin, except a few of the richest, who wear linen.”

So far *Ctesias*, who has apparently mixed up men and wild dogs in his brain together ; but whatever fables he has swallowed, in one point he is unmistakably correct, “ the Bhooteas never bathe.” My two specimens fully sustained the character of the class ; they were horribly dirty, and their “ caparisons ” most “ odorous,” as Mrs. Malaprop would say.

In the afternoon we went to pay our *devoirs* to the Minister, General Jung Buhadoor, at his own house. He received us, as usual, at the door, hugged us tenderly, as before described, and we started off hand-in-hand, like a parcel of school-girls, and promenaded round his garden to the tune of “ Nancy Dawson,” and “ Drops of Brandy,” played by a troop of violent musicians.

The garden was a square piece of ground rudely dug and lately planted with trees, which, however, we could not admire, because they were concealed by a covering

of straw laid over each to protect its infant years from cold and snow.

Our walk savoured of the ludicrous. Major Thoresby, the mildest and most excellent of men, rather quaintly got up, held fast to the Minister; I was clawed by Colonel Bam Buhadoor, who inserted his fat fingers, clad in worsted gloves, through mine, and held up my hand most inconveniently high; Hill was grabbed by a short stout man, named Coolman Sing; and Cripps struggled on in the clutches of another, Khubeer-Khutree.

In this order we marched on the narrow raised walk of the garden, making convulsive efforts at conversation, feeling supremely ridiculous, and horribly cold—the band blowing and banging away, taking short roads and cutting us off at stray corners, each individual straining his nerves to attract attention and blow himself into notice. We then ascended to the top of a tower, some five stories from the ground, up a succession, not of stairs, but ladders, when rifles were brought, and sharp practice commenced at targets below.

This diversion being concluded, to the great relief of our party, we adjourned to the Minister's large room, and, after a few minutes' chat, took our leave.

Hill and I were again honoured with a fur cloak and a musk deer (deceased) containing the bag of precious scent untouched. The Minister's room was a handsome hall, larger and wider than that at the Palace; large chandeliers were ranged down the centre on each side of the wall; at the very top of the room were two rows of engravings, comprising some of the best of modern works, which were almost undistinguishable from the height at which they were hung; below, and at a very



good viewing distance, were some absurd pictures, by a native artist, of the Minister and his brothers.

Several cupboards with glass doors contained guns and rifles, and on a table were spread out several boxes with pistols by different masters.

The walls of the room were painted with coarse unwholesome paint, the windows and cupboard-doors being dark green ; a billiard-table was among the heterogeneous furniture of the hall.

Jung Buhadoor paid me the compliment of showing me several of his choicest guns, and one especially, among the number, which he said was a "very good gun." When I looked at it, he added, in a careless, indifferent tone, "This is the gun I shot my uncle with"; a pleasant little announcement, highly characteristic of the man.

Another amusing sight was a picture of a royal durbar, by a native artist. The Rajah was seated at the farthest part of the room, fronting the spectator, while the members of the Assembly sat in line on each side ; but as it was thought disrespectful to make the Rajah smaller than his subjects, his figure, distant as it was, was the largest of the group.

The same principle was observed in the attendant group—those of the highest rank, being nearest the Rajah, were made the biggest, and decreased in size as they approached the eye—a style of grouping which was novel and peculiar. Perspective and politeness being antagonistic, the first necessarily gave way.

My excellent host was one of those ancients of India, who was accustomed from the first years of his Indian career to follow the bad practice (then universally

prevalent) of rising long before the sun—while Aurora was still comfortably tucked up in Tithonus's bed. Under the influence of this, his second nature—for the climate of the plains affords the only reasonable pretext—he thought it necessary to continue the evil custom even in Nepal at Christmas, when the cold is intense, and when there is, even between 6 and 10 in the morning, a thick drizzling mist, which totally obscures your view and cuts up your miserable mortal frame with shivers and rheumatics.

Even in the plains I had always eschewed the untimely disturbance of rest, and risen decently when the world is warmed. It was, therefore, with no little struggle that I could bring myself to face the mist and frost and piercing wind of a Nepal morning at 5 o'clock, while the cold moon was still hanging her light out in the grey heavens.

Major T. took a sort of savage delight in witnessing my misery, asked me whether I felt it cold, gave impossible consolation that I should "soon be warm," and indulged in other inhuman pleasantries at my expense.

Having, however, very few days before me, and being anxious to see all I could, I made up my mind to brave this combination of miseries, as I should otherwise have seen but little, and lost the benefit of Major T.'s ciceronism.

Thus one day, at the awful hour of 5 A.M., Major Thoresby and myself started on foot for the city of Patun, formerly called Lelit Patun. The prefix is now lost, and its meaning hidden in obscurity. Lelit is said to have been the name of a Lapoo, or household servant, of a former Rajah, who built a temple in the vicinity of

the town, which has since been named after him. It is situated about two miles and a half from Kathmandoo, to the south-east, and, like the former place, contains many curious and interesting temples, most of which are of the same peculiar form and character as those in other parts of the valley. Hunooman, Bheem Singh, and Garoodh seem (next to the mighty Muhadev) to be the most popular divinities in Nepal.

The monkey-general's image, incarnadine with bright and polished paint, an ape's face, and a preposterous tail, is very conspicuous. A pillar with a very shiny image of this divinity stands exactly opposite the Minister's new palace.

Two figures of Bheem Singh's lion, neither couchant nor rampant, but in an upright sitting posture comprising a little of either, are seen before numerous temples, and behind these grim door-keepers are frequently another pair, with legs and tail and attitude corresponding, but the nose converted into a peak, and the mane into wings—a sort of questionable hybrid between the “Singh” and the “Garoodh.”

The largest of the temples at Patun contains, at present, the captive person of the deposed Rajah, Rajendra Bikram Shah, whose person, in default of a “Habeas Corpus” Act, is in durance vile, under the surveillance of a military guard whose arms and accoutrements are perceived hanging up in a temple opposite.

One of the temples contains carved representations of a series of tortures, a mode of punishment which seems to have afforded amusement to former potentates.

Some men were *in extremis* of decapitation, others

suspended by the heels, apparently to facilitate the same operation. One unfortunate was in a great jar, into which he was apparently being pressed down like sardines, or preserved tamarinds, by ruthless little stone men. Another was being pounded and smashed in a cauldron.

We returned to breakfast, and at 12 o'clock General Jung Buhadoor came for his portrait, attended by the usual stout satellites privileged to embrace and be embraced.

General Jung was splendidly arrayed. A light-green silk turban, tastefully adorned with pearls, diamonds, and emeralds, a splendid diamond pearl in front, with emerald-pearl drops, out of which sprang a single bird of paradise feather, formed without any exception the most elegant head-dress I ever saw or dreamed of.

His coat, a kind of frock, was a dark-blue velvet, broadly edged with gold, the sleeves of red velvet, and the upper richly embroidered with gold; a gilt belt with a square plate of diamonds across his breast, and another with a still more splendid centre of diamonds encircled his waist.

In the evening H. and I went to the country house of the Rajah to see the Bala Neel-Kunth, a prostrate figure of Narayun, lying on his back in a dirty tank, the whole carved in grey stone, some eighteen or twenty feet long.

The figure, built up from the bottom of the water, is so formed that it appears to be floating, and by the dim light on the tank, enclosed with water and overshadowed by trees, looks very awful and ominous. His pillow is formed by cobras' heads—more painful than pleasant.



THE FLOATING NARAYUN.

The deception is clever, and multitudes visit the spot and pay for the entertainment.

There is here a square court-yard, enclosed on three sides with large houses fantastically and rather richly carved, the northern side being enclosed by a wall, in which are inserted twenty-one water-pipes of stone, with alligators' mouths, one large one in the centre and ten smaller on each side. Through these pipes the mountain stream is made to pass, so that a fountain of water is perpetually playing through the mysterious "muggers'" mouths on the ground below, and causing a pleasant and refreshing splash and murmur, which in hot weather must be delightful.

In another tank were hundreds of the Seer-mahee, tame as calves, swimming about in the clear transparent water. They were tended by a deformed man with fingerless hands, who fed them daily.

Wednesday, the 20th.—Turned out again at light, which might be called crepuscular, and in a thick fog, to see the celebrated Sumbonath, a Buddhist temple held in high veneration by the Bhooteas, who daily visit it, and demonstrate their devotion by circling round all the temples, great and small, contained within the same precincts.

Snow had fallen during the night, and was visible on the summit of Chundagiree. The top of the snowy range, tinged by a blush of celestial rosy red, was glorious.

It is a most strange place, crammed with miscellaneous and inconsistent sanctities, and indicative of the mixed religions peculiar here, Gunesh and Mahadeo being side

* Alligators.

by side with Boodh. An ascent of 550 steps leads to the great temple. At the bottom of the steps is a great monster, Boodh. At the summit are the temples, figures, and columns ; but the first object is a brazen thunderbolt (Bujra) on a circular pedestal containing brass relievos of all sorts of animals.

After breakfast the Lieutenant and Aide-de-Camp brought a celebrated nautch-girl, a slave of the Minister's, for her portrait. We had noticed her at the Palace, not only as a good-looking and rather graceful girl, but as possessing all the characteristics of a Nepal face. But we were sadly disappointed on a closer inspection. She was almost plain, and her mouth was black with pawn. They had, moreover, decked her out with "jewels and silk attire," and she was uncomfortably conscious of her finery, sat in awkward and ungracious attitudes, and, in short, both she and I made a mess of it.

Thursday, the 21st.—Again a matutinal excursion, the ground covered with a heavy hoar frost. We visited the celebrated Boodh temple, but were unfortunate in the day, most of the Bhooteas being absent. We met a magnificently dirty group on our road, accompanied by a lama, and made an assignation with them to come to the house for a sitting, but they were faithless. Another party, however, came, and I got a good sketch.

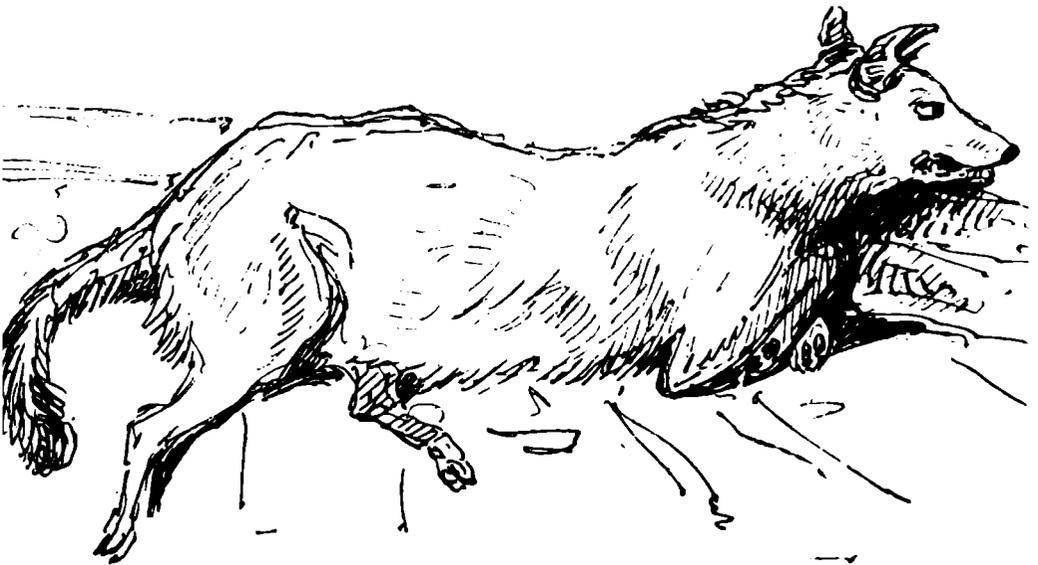
An hour afterwards, a wild jungle-dog, which I had asked General Jung to send for his picture, arrived, but alas ! dead. He had gone off suddenly on the road, as his conductor said ; but as he was cold and stiff when he reached the house, we were inclined to suspect the truth of the story.



THE LAMA WITH ROSARY.

He was an exceedingly fine specimen, the image of a large jackal, the nose a little shorter, the ears a trifle rounder, and the legs longer and more muscular, and altogether more noble-looking.

This specimen differed in some respects from one that I drew years before at Cuttack, of which I then made a sketch (here appended), but especially in the tail, which was more bushy.



THE WILD DOG.

The Durbar moonshee, named Luchmee Das, who came in shortly afterwards, while talking of their dogs related to us the following credible story of their habits.

He said their dogs were in the habit of silently approaching other animals in the jungle and tickling their tails, and then, watching their opportunity, drawing out their victims' entrails. Another trait is that they are in the habit of surrounding and drawing animals into a corner where there is only one exit; a number of them in some way poison this path, and the devoted

animal who passes, licking and browsing the grass and shrubs, is driven mad, and, like the sculptor, "makes faces and busts," and perishes in convulsions. Lucknow and Ctesias might run in a curricule !

In the evening we rode slowly through the city, and were thus enabled to appreciate the odour of the drains, which are certainly the foulest I have ever witnessed. Other towns are content with leaving their refuse in the drains ; Kathmandoo's drains are ostentatiously filled full to the brim, and flowing over with black beastly and indescribably foul.

Friday, the 22nd.—No morning excursion. To-day, after breakfast, composed a tableau of a Newar woman and children for a picture.

This is the day fixed for the departure of the Maharajah and the Minister on the first stage of their great hunting expedition.

The hour and movements having been duly prescribed by the astrologers, at about 5 o'clock we heard the gun booming forth a royal salute in honour of His Majesty's exit. Major Thoresby ridicules the idea which has been widely disseminated touching this expedition, and as the Nepalese have nothing to gain, and everything to lose by collision with us, he is, perhaps, right.

But, looking at the critical position of our affairs in the Punjab, the late discovery of conspiracies, the act in which, however despicable themselves, boasted openly of promised aid from Nepal, and the known disaffection of large bodies in Behar and Patna, this movement is certainly calculated to excite suspicion. Twelve regiments, with I don't know how many guns, have been sent down, and the camp is formed at Kukreehull



within a few miles of the frontier—a formidable army, *certes*, for a hunting party! But what appears to be a very strange arrangement, the deposed Rajah comes from his prison at Patun, and takes up his abode in the city during the absence of the reigning monarch. The regiments only are left him; and if the old gentlemen could bring them over, raise his standard, and block the mountain pass, he might keep out his rival and the “Buhadoor” brothers with ease. Possibly they wish to entrap him into a scheme of the kind, as an excuse for moving him bodily, *nous verrons*.*

Saturday, the 23rd.—To-day I had as a sitting specimen of a pretty Nepalese—a young woman probably not of the highest respectability, but certainly nice looking, and gracefully clothed in a red muslin *saree* and a long green shawl, which she wrapped round her person in such a way as to form a massive and classical drape.

The girl was sent specially for the purpose, as Jung Buhadoor said I had painted so many ugly people that they would say in Calcutta there was no beauty in Nepal.

A Thibetan dog and sheep, and a specimen of the small black cattle of Nepal, were afterwards added to my collection.

The animal usually called the Nepal dog is a native of Thibet. He is described by Kirkpatrick as about the

* In Calcutta there was an incipient panic when the movements of the Nepal army was known; but the alarm was somewhat allayed when a leading article appeared in the *Friend of India*, saying that while all Calcutta was alarmed at the idea of an invasion by Jung Buhadoor, Mr. William Tayler, the Postmaster-General, was taking the Minister's portrait in his capital.



THE NEPALESE BEAUTY.

size of our English bull-dog, but he is usually much larger. That from which my sketch is taken is rather below than above the usual size. The head is something like the mastiff's, but the expression is lowering and sulky. The girth is peculiarly deep, the legs powerful, the tail is a thing *per se*, turning over the back and falling down on all sides, so that the root, or caudal insertion, as the scientific world would say, is not discernible. It is a tale in two volumes.

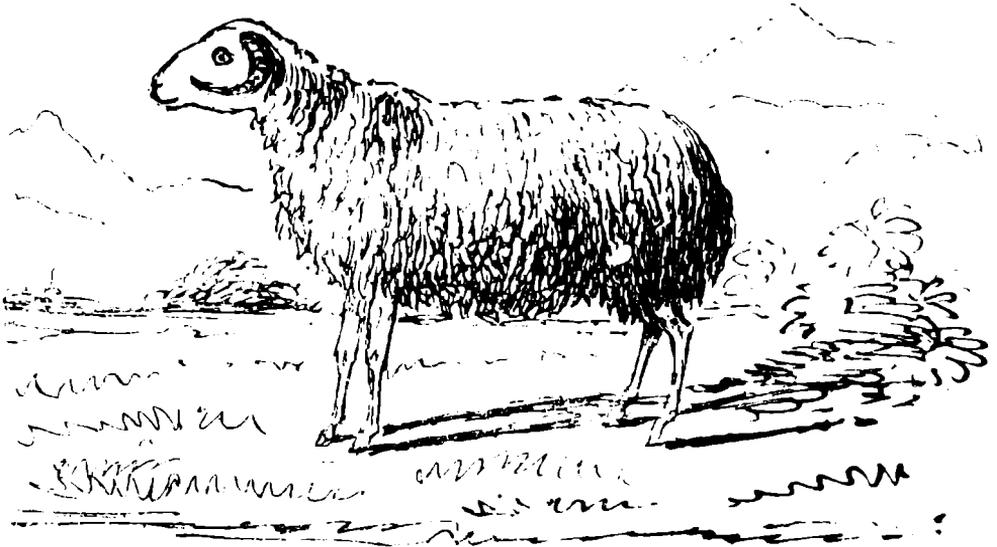


The Minister, I am told, has much finer dogs, but he sends them to the hills, as their life is precarious in the valley.

These dogs are excellent watch-dogs, and are kept for this purpose by the shepherds. There is a fable that during the Nepal war they were used at the pickets as sentinels.

This is probably a confusion of substance, like that made by Ctesias in his account of the Bhooteas. That the sentinels were accompanied by dogs is not improbable.

The sheep is a very elegant animal for a sheep, with a small blood head, large eye, and very long legs.



They are employed as beasts of burden by the Bhooteas, who load them with salt. The flesh is poor, and only used by Europeans for soup. The cattle of Nepal are small, but game-looking, neatly built, with small heads, clean legs, and a pointed elevation on the withers, which is coated with hair, but quite unlike the Bengalee type. They are generally black or red, sometimes spotted.

Sunday, the 24th.—Morning walk to Bala-Nel Kunth. Sketched a lama in the evening. All went to Pushpotee. Here is *the* temple of Nepal as regarded sanctity; Europeans are not allowed to enter its precincts shod.

The approach to this sacred building is through an old and desolate-looking town, the single street of which before paved with brick, is now being re-paved with stone by order of the Durbar. The temple is at the end of the street, and is sheltered by an overhanging hill and a grove, the Bishenmotee running between them. It is just the dark, sheltered grove which one can imagine to be dear to the superstitious devotee.

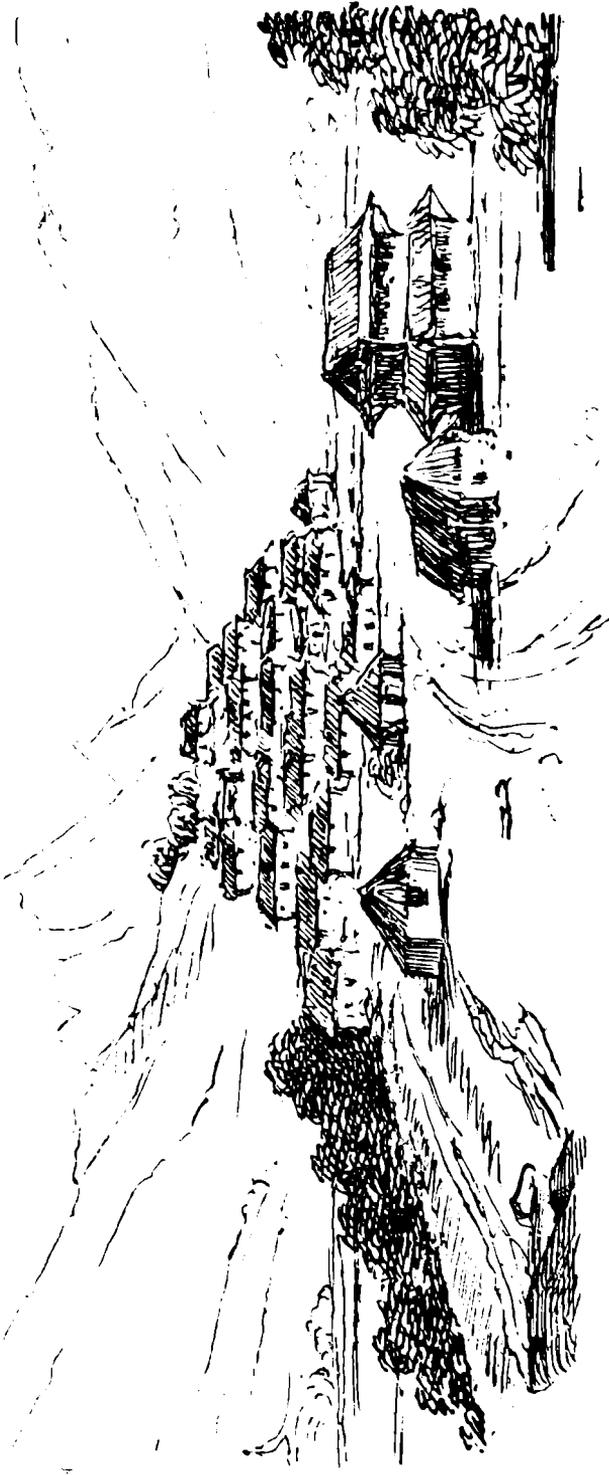
To avoid the great temple, which blocks up the road like a terminus, and which, as we did not wish to unshoe, we did not choose to enter, we made a slight *détour*, and examined the smaller temples at the back.

The Lingam and Yoni, with all the other mystical emblems, and most obscure figurant attendants of Muhadev's worship, here abounded in endless variety.

It is said that during the late Seikh campaign the deposed rajah went to Pushpotee, with a drawn sword in hand, to consult the oracle whether it should be peace or war with the Feringee.* We observed several new temples in the course of erection; one for each of the Buhadoor fraternity, as an expiation for their participation in the late revolution.

Monday, 25th December.—Christmas-day. Paid a visit in the morning to Gunesh-than, a temple built of

* *Feringee*—"European," word corrupted from "French."



NASKUTTYPORE, OR VILLAGE OF CUT-NOSES.

the edge of the Bhagmutee, at the spot where the river makes its exit from the valley. We passed by the town of Kirtipore, famous for its resistance during three sieges by the Goorkha Rajah, in one of which the Goorkha conqueror, Pritinaraim ordered all the people's noses to be cut off, and changed the name of the place to Naskuttpore.*.

During the day, drew a view of the Residency and of Sumbonath, and a picture of the uncommon pheasant called the "Chilmeer"—"argus pheasant." We have several times eaten this bird, and excellent it is. In the evening, paid a second visit to Pushputee, and ascended the hill Koilas, where we interrupted a whole tribe of monkeys, who were enjoying the remains of a native picnic.

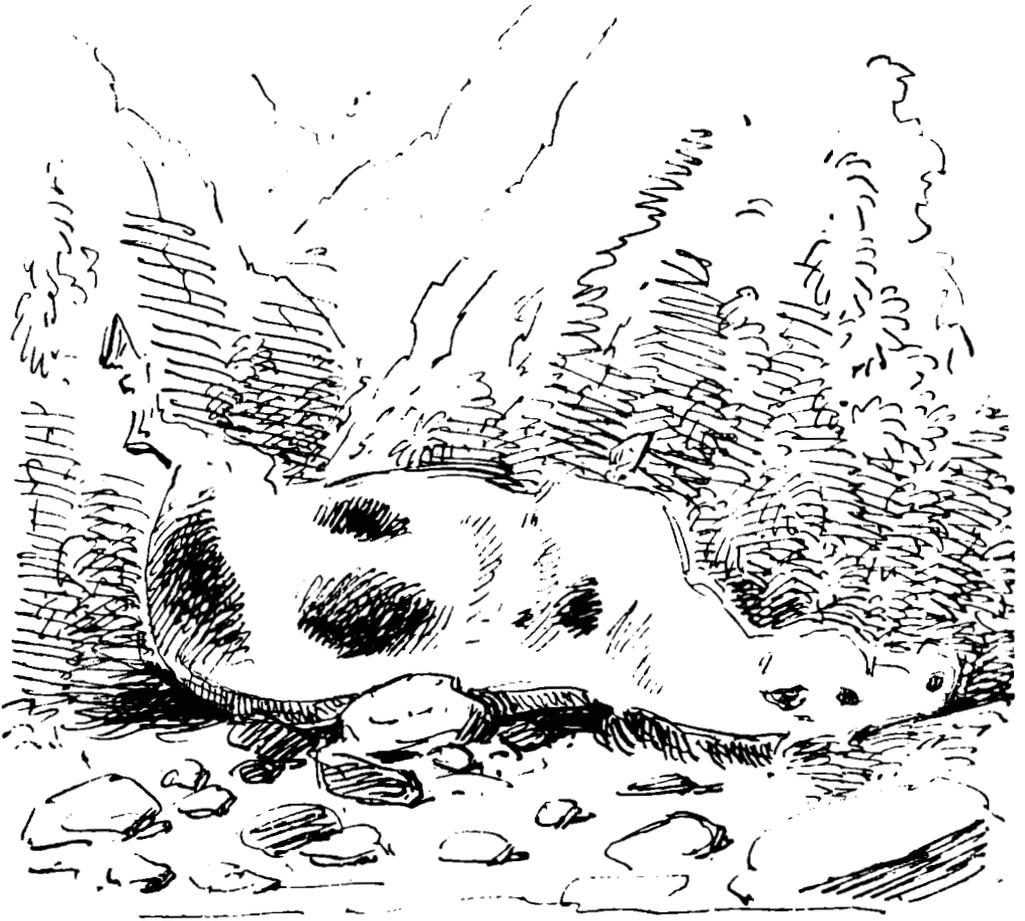
Tuesday, the 26th.—Started at half-past six, our kind and excellent host accompanying us through the town. About ten minutes past nine we commenced our ascent up the mighty mountain Chundagiree. We arrived at the top at half-past ten precisely.

There is a hill held very sacred close to this temple called "Koilas." Koilas is the summit of the mythological mountain Meru.

On our route we found a dead pony lying on the path. He had evidently fallen during the descent; his hind leg was scarified, and he was quite wedged in among the stones. He was not the only victim in these precipitous passes.

We reached our tent at Chitlong at about 11 o'clock with appetites not easily to be described. My com-

* Village of Cut Noses.



FALLEN PONY.

panions, Hill and Cripps, with laudable zeal, started out in search of woodcock. I remained, and, seated on a sloping terrace of grass, basking in the sun, the glorious range of mountains on all sides, and the murmuring brooks gently tinkling, like that which gave Mendelssohn the idea of some of his beautiful melodies, at my feet, I passed several most enjoyable hours.

Cripps has part of the Residency Guard with him. We took their tent, and joined it to our own, sending them for shelter into the suraee (or inn), and thus made a

suite, with the dinner-table at one end and the beds at the other, where we passed a very pleasant evening.

Wednesday, 27th December.—Under an accumulation of clothes, such as I have depicted in Chapter II., consisting of three English blankets, an unusually thick wadded quilt, a dressing-gown of the same calibre, and an enormous great-coat made of English horse-blanket, I still felt mournfully conscious of the external cold, from which we were separated by only a single canvas.

We rose at half-past 7, and underwent the operations of the toilet in undisguised misery, my stockings feeling like snowballs, and my shirt being as cold as a Neselrode pudding.

The mountains which surrounded us completely excluded the genial rays of the sun; and thus, while seated at a 9 o'clock breakfast, we continued shivering and shaking with cold, which we attempted to alleviate by rubbing our hands on the hot-water plates, and fondling the warm toast, as it was brought in.

In the midst of these anxious and elaborate devices to procure a decent temperature, a zealous Bengalee Khidmutgar, thinking to surprise and please us, brought in a dessert-spoonful of frost, or, as he called it, ice (burf), which he had in his simplicity scraped from the top of the tent; to him a genuine curiosity.

We started on our march at about 10, and passed the scene of our inhospitable ejection by the "burra captain," where I sketched the fountain or well.

All wells, pools, springs, and fountains are invested with a halo of religious sanctity in the minds of the superstitious Hindus. In Nepal, wherever (as far as my observation extended) a stream issued from an artificial

pipe, the pipe is formed into the resemblance of a gaping monster, supposed to be an alligator, but with the snout turned up, in a style which no alligator can accomplish.

This peculiar head occurs perpetually among the Nepal thaumatology. The great water-pipes near the Bala-neel-kunth are headed with the same ornament.

Shortly after starting, an accident befel Hill's pony, which might have been more serious. In crossing a bridge, composed of a single plank, rendered slippery by the frost, the ill-fated animal slipped and tumbled head over heels into the stream below.

Fortunately he slipped at the first step, and his fall was broken by the bushes on the bank. Had he come down from the centre he would have received his quietus, as a fall of six feet upon hard and pointed stones would have been sufficient to knock his life out of him.

Our march was most enjoyable, the sun was just civilly warm, while a dry and invigorating breeze sported coyly over our faces. The noble range of mountains all around us, the murmuring of the winding river, the patches of cultivation at the foot of the hills, formed a succession of beautiful pictures.

We reached the foot of the Sheeshuguree mountains at about 1 o'clock, and rested for half an hour on the banks of the stream.

A villager came at our request from the village, and caught with a casting-net some fish from the river, which afterwards graced our dinner-table. These fish had all the appearance, in shape and colour, of trout, but their mouths were altogether different, utterly devoid of teeth,

the lower jaw being placed far behind the upper, and from its formation adapted only for suction. They were however, very nice eating.

At the very summit of the mountain our eyes were delighted with the sight of a splendid rhododendron covered with its magnificent flowers, an unusual sight as they seldom flower till March or April.

This was my dear wife's birthday; we drank her health, in the Captain's room, with a blazing fire.

Thursday, the 28th.—Started after breakfast, as we had only the descent from Sheeshuguree to accomplish.

Before starting, I drew a sketch of the pass, *i.e.* a square aggregation of loose stones on which, by a figure a sentinel is supposed to stand, in perpetual surveillance of the surrounding country.

Below are the remains of what is called the fort, a piece of black wall, with two or three embrasures for guns, a bank, and some loose stones.

This fort is said never to have been completed, the absurdity of the situation, out-topped as it is by several other hills, being pointed out by some European.

Our horses had been sent down the evening before to Bheempedee, and we found them ready saddled when we reached the bottom of the mountain.

About half-way on our march we met two gentlemen who were essaying an excursion into Nepal; but as the Rajah and all the Court were absent, and the Resident was about to leave the capital himself, Captain Cripps was commissioned to request them to go "bok agin." This he did civilly and privately, but they refused to be persuaded, and after a chat we left them.

Shortly afterwards occurred the only sad accident of our trip—R. Hill lost his pet “Fop,” a precious little dog, favourite of all.

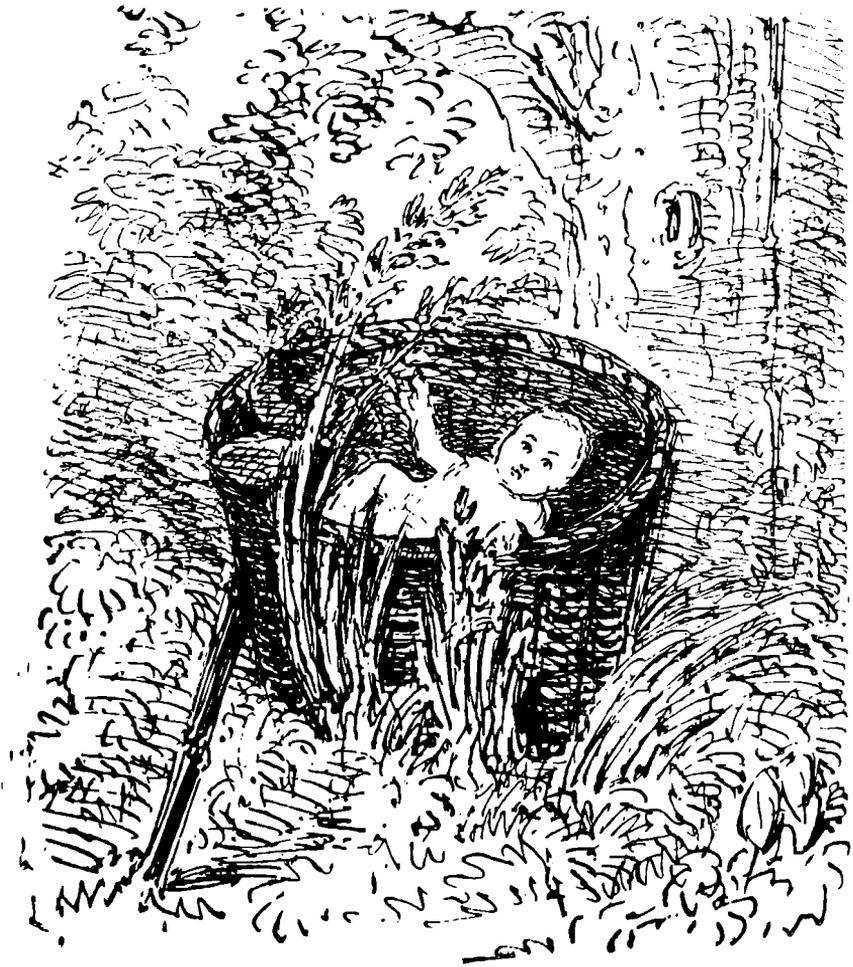
The poor little animal followed some jungle fowl into the wood, and was, as we supposed, carried off by a cheeta. While waiting in hopes of his return, we were much amused by watching the antics of a bevy of monkeys. They were assembled in a tree which overhung the river; exactly under the tree was a heap of stones.

As we sat quietly on the stones on the opposite side, I perceived an elderly monkey come cautiously down the tree, then step on the rock, peering round with that busy look that only monkeys can command, and at last settle himself down upon the stone, and, after a few more precautionary glances, the old fellow began lifting up the stones with his hands, grabbed from underneath them something—whether animal or vegetable we could not tell—and popped into his mouth first one, then another, with evident delight. After a short time the rest of the family made their appearance, first middle-sized, then little ones. Down they came, some head foremost, some backwards, clinging on by tails and legs, jumping, skipping, scrambling, and scrimmaging, the young fry taking great liberties with each other's tails, and making great fun of the business altogether; but finally alighting, they turned to the practical part of the diversion with intense gravity, and up went the stones and in went the paws, and munch away did the merry party incessantly. We asked several of the attendants what our friends were enjoying, but they could give no information.

We reached our tent at Hetounda late in the evening.

Towards the end of the march we saw, at a little assemblage of huts by the wayside, one of the large porter's baskets, supported, as they always are, by a stick. The only tenant of this basket was a dear little busy baby, who was stretched at length on a substratum of dirty clothes.

The basket was placed among a thicket of bushes, and the dear little thing, quite unconscious of the



unusual concourse of spectators, was intently occupied in clutching at a twig with two leaves on it, that it just managed to touch but not to hold.

It was a sweet sight. The basket with the bushes reminded me of the legend of the Corinthian capital.

Friday, the 29th.—Started at dawn for Bichakho, and reached Segowlee at day-break of the 30th.

Here ends the Nepal journal.

N.B.—I ought to have made the baby brown, but he looks so dear and bright as he is, that I could not bring myself to cast a shade upon him.

CHAPTER V.

FROM NEPAL TO DARJEELING.

Leave Nepal and return to Segowlee.—Visit to Bettiah.—Christ's Village.—Roman Catholic Priest.—Service in the Church.—Take the Portrait of my Host and others.—Also of Muhabeeb the Idiot.—Leave Segowlee for Darjeeling.—Reach Caragaon by Water, and proceed to Purneah.—Kishengunge and Titalya.—Description of Titalya.—Great Fair.—Encampment of the Morshedabad Nawab.—Mr. Burg, the Sporting Postmaster.—Leave Titalya for Dinajepore.—Mode of Progress.—Our Elephant bolts in fear of Tiger.—The Vicious Mare.—Reach Darjeeling.—Am received by Dr. Bowling.—Great Disappointment at the Scenery.—Leave Darjeeling.—The Glories of Kinchinjunga.—Alarming Occurrence.—Reach Boornyeet Mr. and Mrs. Barnes.—Purneah.—Child and Calf.—Caragaon.—Colgong.—Fable of the Kosi river.—Rajmahal.—Arrival of Steamer.—Re-cross the Ganges.—Reach Malda.—Stay with the Drummonds.—Fisherman.—Report of Tiger.—Reach Dinajepore.—Ramsagur Tank.

Friday, December 29th.—Started at dawn for Bichakhi as we were anxious to reach the end of our stage early. Found our palkees there, and, after a scrambling breakfast, entered our boxes. Hill shot two lovely birds in the snow.

Saturday, the 30th.—Reached Segowlee at daybreak.

Sunday, December 31st.—Drove with Mr. Macdonald, the well-known indigo-planter, to Bettiah, where there is a Roman Catholic mission, established many years ago. We breakfasted in Father Baptist's house, and afterwards attended mass. Father Baptist is a Capuchin Friar, and preserves in Bettiah solitude the costume of his order. His dress consists of a long cloak of mulberry cloth, confined by a white cord, which, owing to the protuberance of his person, rests just under his chest; beard, shoes, and naked feet are very like those of a Lama. He is a stout little man, of astute and intelligent countenance, twinkling eye, baldish head, and prominent corporation. He is an Italian by birth, but understands and speaks Hindustanee. Mr. Macdonald and he conversed in Latin, and I began to fear that my supposed familiarity with the language "in which Maro sung" was a delusion, as their conversation was utterly unintelligible. I attempted a short sentence of what I flattered myself was not unclassical Latin, when left alone with the worthy Father, saying, while looking at a sketch I had just finished of the chapel, "Ornamenta hæc ab ornamentis templi haud valde differunt." To my horror the fat little man answered irrelevantly, and in evident ignorance of my classical effort, in Hindustanee!

We all went then to the building used as a church. There was a large congregation at the mass, and the usual amount of indifference, listlessness, and apathy which a Christian assembly too frequently presents, but no frivolity or unbecoming behaviour, and among a few, principally aged persons, and some younger women, an

appearance of intense devotion. The sacrament was administered to four recipients, two men of middle age and an elderly woman of peculiarly pleasing exterior, and a remarkably good-looking and graceful girl, who received it devoutly, and the women prostrated themselves with a semblance of sincere self-abasement after they had swallowed the holy wafer. It was an interesting and impressive sight to witness so large a concourse of natives assembled to worship, so far as their knowledge and information went, the true God; and while watching their cleanly appearance, decent and calm exterior, their attention and devoutness, and hearing them chant, not badly, the exquisite strains of the "Kyrie eleison" and "Gloria in Excelsis," I felt my heart swell with sympathy and satisfaction.

The general appearance of the Christian village is extremely favourable. Their houses are neater and more cleanly than those of the unconverted natives. They themselves are well dressed, on the best terms with the other inhabitants and the Rajah. Macdonald tells me their behaviour is excellent, their word to be strictly relied upon. The women are faithful and chaste, only two instances of illegitimate birth having occurred during many years.

Monday, January 1st.—New Year's Day. This being my last day at Segowlee, I occupied my time in drawing likenesses of my host and hostess. The whole station met at dinner at Martin's, in celebration of New Year's Day, and a merry round game at commerce concluded the evening.

Being desirous of visiting the favoured station of Darjeeling, I started on January 2nd, at six o'clock,

from Segowlee, and went thence, *viâ* Patna, Bhagulpore, and Monghyr, to Caragola, on the banks of the Ganges, where the road to Darjeeling commenced. My daily journal on this trip is not worth entering, as I have before mentioned the several stations passed.

From Caragola I proceeded to Purnea, and thence, *viâ* Kishengunje, to Titalya, where I arrived on Thursday, the 11th of January.

The name "Titalya," philologists say, ought to be spelt and pronounced "Teetooleah," from "Teetoo," a tamarind-tree, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because there are no tamarinds in the neighbourhood. The place is by no means of a cheerful or inviting aspect.

A large tract of broken and uneven ground, a village and mango tope, sundry black and dilapidated huts, and a dâk bungalow, appeared to constitute all its natural and permanent attractions. I ought to have seen the snowy range; but an obstinate and impenetrable mist, which never removed its envious veil for a single moment during my sojourn of two days and a half, obstructed the view. I arrived opportunely during the celebration of the fair—an infant gathering, established for the first time last year, with a view to promote an interchange and reciprocity of communion and barter between the mountaineers and lowlanders. The scene that presented itself to my view as I approached, elephant-mounted, from the Kishengunje road, was wild and picturesque. Scattered in and among the straggling trees of a large mango grove, were erected the booths of the lowland hawkers and shopmen, chiefly from the neighbouring stations of Purneah, Rungpore, and Dinajepore. The various goods were laid on the ground, and laid out with

as much display and ostentation as their taste and fancy could suggest,—shawls, carpets, cotton-stuffed quilts, countless brass pots and vessels, vidree hookas, sweet-meats, and all the other odds and ends of an Indian bazaar, glittered and smelt as such things usually do; while the scene was greatly diversified by the strange groups of hill folks, Bhooteas, Lepchas, Nepalese, *et hoc genus omne*,—a curious and motley race, who will be described elsewhere. The most striking feature of the whole assemblage was the encampment of His Highness the Nawab of Morshedabad, with a splendid tent of crimson cloth in the centre, and surrounded by hackeries, ekhas, and bylees, with crimson canopies and magnificent and very complete travelling equipage befitting the wealth of the noble owner. But the fair was a failure, from some unexplained cause. The attendance was not so numerous as the year before; the hill ponies were ripe; not worth buying; there were no arms, no curiosities, nothing that an European could purchase; and it is clear that without better management and greater spirit the adventure will fail!

The Postal Department is represented by an individual who, as far as I could discover, has neither house nor office; a sort of locomotive being of very questionable appliances, but who made a great display at the races in shirt-sleeves and bare elbows. This unusual amusement had elevated Mr. John Burg into such a state of enthusiastic unreason, that his answers on postal matters were wild and unintelligible, and I thought it better to eschew the subject till my return. The man was in an unnatural state, printed himself as “Mr. Short-wind,” and on a question arising regarding a cross

in the race, sent into the stewards a sort of post-office map exhibiting his route and final position !

On the morning of the 14th I started, in company with Mr. Scott, the magistrate of Dinajepore, for Darjeeling, and this was the mode of our progress : The first stage, from Titalya to a mile beyond Sunyasee-cottah, we performed in gentlemanly and decent style in an easy buggy with a horse aged but progressive. Thence a baker's cart, and mare of suspicious practices belonging to my companion, brought us to the Siligoree bungalow, sixteen miles from Titalya, where we breakfasted with Brian Hodgson, who has fled from the winter cold of Darjeeling, and is here sojourning. Eight miles more after breakfast, in the cart, showed us a locality called Adulpore, that is, some mud-brick pillars covered with thatch in the middle of the Terai. Here was to have been found an elephant of the Morshedabad Nawab's, which had been sent on for my use ; but when we reached the changing-place a frantic man rushed forward to say that the elephant, having "found the smell" of a tiger, had fled incontinently into the jungle, and, for all he knew, had killed the mahout and vanished into unknown regions. This was a decided event, and as the suspicious mare was in a state of manifest exhaustion, the sun's rays maliciously perpendicular, I myself suffering from giddiness caused by exposure, and the next stage (Punkhabaree) eight miles distant, our situation was quite sufficiently disagreeable to satisfy a cockney in search of occurrences.

There was no help for it, however, so on we went in the baker's cart, though slowly and with intervals of pause, and horrible presentiments of a dead stop, which were not, however, destined to be realised.

The mare unwisely weakened our sympathies by kicking clean through the apologetic plank supposed to have been intended for a splash-board, of which it was a fair imitation, and through it wounded her master on the shin. When our compassion was gone we insisted more sternly on progress.

We reached Punkhabaree, the first bungalow in the ascent, in time (as we there found ponies) to push on to our intended resting-place, surrounded by mountains and commanding a lovely view of the plains, and with a murmuring waterfall within earshot. Here a blazing fire, comfortable dinner, and warm bed restored our spirits, and the next morning, January 15th, we had a charming and most enjoyable ride into Darjeeling, which we reached between 2 and 3 o'clock.

At Darjeeling I was hospitably received by Dr. Bowling, made the acquaintance of the several residents but was sadly disappointed at the general appearance of the station—a constant, unrelenting fog concealing even the outlines of the encircling mountains, and keeping the mighty Kinchinjunga altogether out of sight.

But we had reached our destination. My labours were over for a time, and I went to rest, though disappointed for the moment, yet relieved by recalling the song,

“What shall to-morrow bring who shall tell?”

Or, as Horace wisely puts it, “*Quid sit futurum cense—fuge quærere.*”

The morning presented the same dark and smothered aspect, with little promise of enlightenment; indeed, the weather, throughout the few days I remained at Darjeeling, was without intermission and beyond all descriptive

foggy, so as not to allow even a glimpse of anything beyond the range of our noses. I determined, therefore, to shorten my stay and return to the plains, and then, after inspection of the remaining post-offices, to re-visit Darjeeling in hopes of a more favourable reception and happier view of the great mountain; but I no sooner issued from my room and turned the corner a few yards outward, than I beheld (for the second time only since my sojourn) the glorious peak of the great Kinchinjunga, "rosy-fingered" with the morning sun, the envious mist rolling off in every direction, and all other signs of an unmistakable fine day.

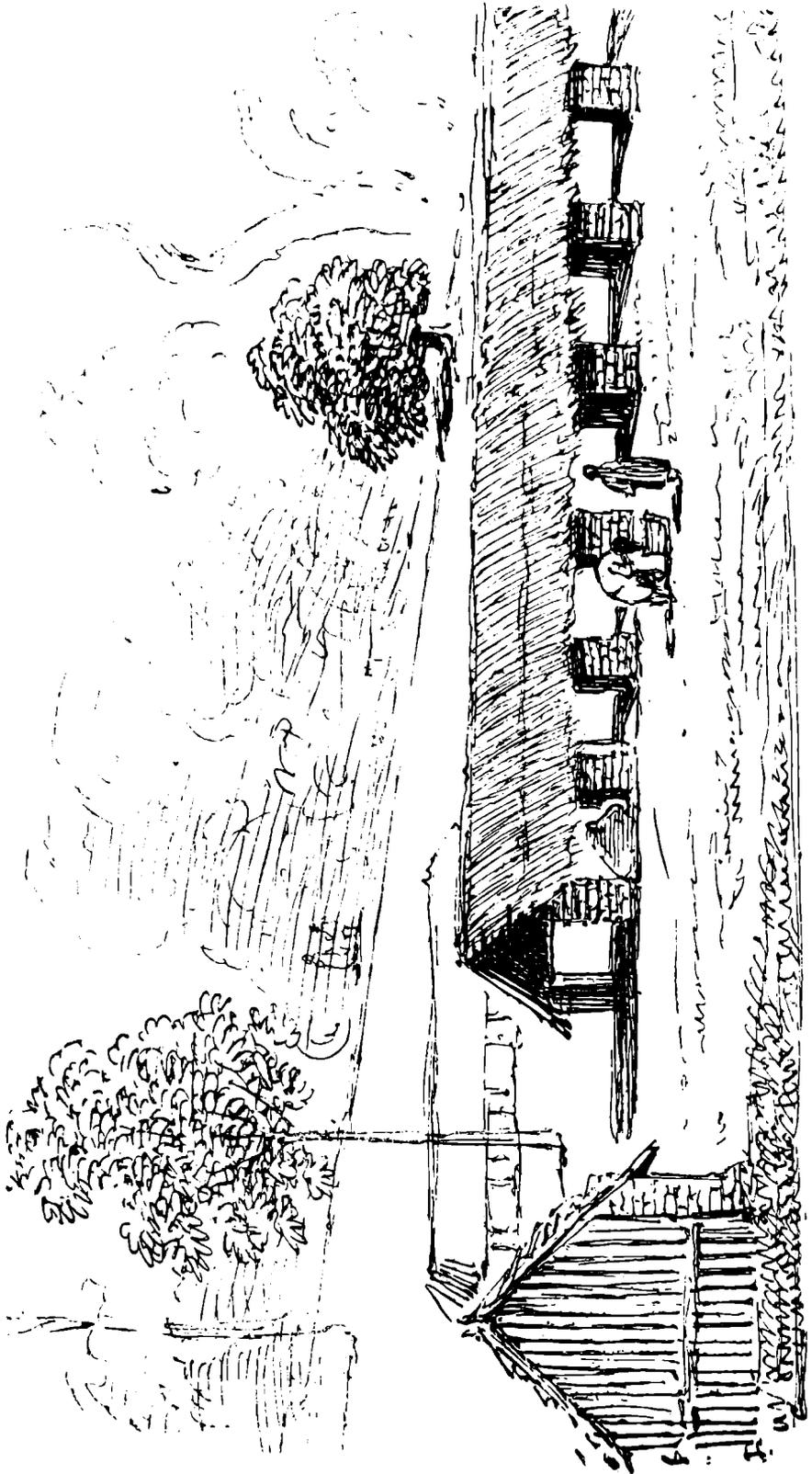
It was too late, however, to change my plans, and I started, lingering over the first half mile of my road, to gaze with wonderment and reverence on the stupendous mass of chiselled snow before me, until a turn of the road concealed it from my sight.

I reached the Punkhabaree bungalow at about 12 o'clock, and here I enjoyed the satisfaction which every traveller must feel when the testimony of his own sense practically convinces him of facts diametrically opposed to the theory of the multitude and the records of history.

I saw a Bhootea washing himself; with earnestness of purpose too, and with apparently no especial cause, dirt counting for nothing. The ceremony was evidently uncommon, as all his companions stood round him with open mouths and wondering eyes.

For myself, I immediately made a note of the fact as an "alarming occurrence," and I hereby solemnly vouch for the truth of my narration.

Early on the morning of the 2nd I left Siligoree, and



having three good ponies and Eothen on the road, I reached Boornye (thirty-two miles) at about 11 o'clock A.M.

Here I was very kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, a venerable couple who have lived, the former for thirty-eight years, and the latter nineteen, in the most unhealthy district in India, and yet are cheerful, hale, and well.

Mr. Barnes is a wonderful specimen of green old age, seventy-four years old. He is upright, active, and energetic, with the figure of a young man, and an eye sufficiently keen and true to place a ball within an inch of the right spot in a tiger's loins. A cheerful heart and pious resignation under the vicissitudes of a long and chequered life, have doubtless contributed, as much as abstemious habits and regular hours, to preserve mind and body unimpaired. But the secret of his health, according to his own statement, is that there is no doctor within forty miles of his house !

I left Boornye, and reached Kishengunje at sunset. Here I took a sketch of Miss Perry, the *fiancée* of my host at Darjeeling. How painful now the thought that nine years afterwards both husband and wife were murdered in the Mutiny !

On the morning of the 6th I rode to Purneah.

Purneah is a district of ill-repute, and as far as my observation extended fully corresponds with its reputation.

Ill-cultivated, barren, and swampy, the country seems fitted for little else than to afford a precarious and scanty sustenance to lean kine with protruding ribs and shabby exterior.

The people are dirtier and more wretched in their

outward guise than any I have elsewhere seen in the plains—darkest among the dark, low of stature, and with vestments of unvarying mud-colour. They appear as if rolled in moist dirt, like the aboriginal man, described by Juvenal, “*compositi luto.*”

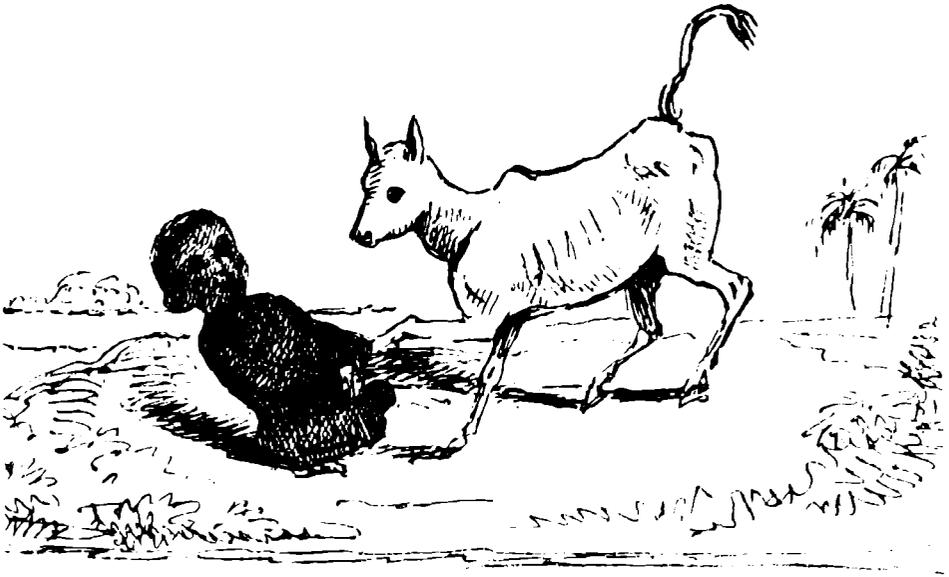
The district is famous for nothing, unless it be the manufacture of “vidree.”

Vidree, or more properly Bidree, as the name derived from the town and province of Beedra, is a peculiar mixture of lead and tin similar to what in England is commercially known as “spelter.” The metal is inlaid with silver, in an ingenious and a most untasteful manner, and is then used for the manufacture of the bottoms of huqqas, cups, trays, and such-like objects. It is the spelter and its inlay of silver combined which constitutes the “vidree.” The subdued grey colouring of the groundwork of spelter, traced over with the harmonising pale tints of the silver pattern, is well suited to the æsthetic taste of the period.

The zemindars are poor and unenterprising, the peasants lazy and apathetic.

There are few or no trees, save on the road to Caragola, which is shaded by a magnificent avenue planted by an English gentleman who rejoiced in the sobriquet of “Chowdree Smith.”

One pretty thing only I saw in riding through the country—a tableau which India only could supply. A little dot of a child of two or three years old, coal-black and shiny as patent leather, was squatted down on the grass by the road-side at the outskirts of a grazing herd, and with outstretched arms was grasping the fore-legs of a calf some few days old.



“SURE SUCH A PAIR WAS NEVER SEEN.”

The expression of the two infants—the human and the bovine—was charming. There was an earnestness and concentration of purpose in the child as he held on to the loosely-knit legs of the little animal. He looked sternly and uttered threatening sounds, while the soft little velveteen “bos,” with its fluffy brown coat and pure white legs, like chesnuts in milk, plunged about undeterminedly, twisting his tail as only calves’ tails can be twisted, and staring softly with big lustrous eyes. Altogether a beautiful picture, to be noted and remembered, and one of which Purneah was not worthy.

Homer calls Juno *βουπις*, or “cow-eyed,” which Pope, for sound’s sake, transposes into “large-eyed,” thereby losing the force and purpose of the epithet. For no eye, save the antelope’s, is half so beautiful as the cow’s, excepting the calf’s. Liquid, soft, and soul-subduing, a woman with such an eye is a born queen,

and yet it is of the species to be revered, if not feared as Homer adds in conjunction, the "venerable," *πρόνια* as well as the "cow-eyed." Helen had not cow's eyes nor Venus; they were fascinating, but not such as to ensure respect, which is the essence of the eye bovine.

From Purneah, after a stay of several days occupied chiefly in writing and business (a very serious embezzlement having taken place in the post-office), I reached Caragola, on the banks of the Ganges, thirty-six miles from Purneah, and then proceeded to Colgong.

There is an annual fair at Caragola, which was in the course of celebration at the time. A miserable sort of *af-fair*, as an inveterate punster observed.

On the opposite side of the Ganges is Colgong, or more correctly written Kahlgaon, a picturesque and very charming spot, of which the Hill House, the residence of Mr. Barnes, and some remarkable rocks, are the lions of the place. The house, built on the crown of a small hill, within a few hundred yards of the river, commands a most striking view of the surrounding country.

After some hours' sojourn with Mr. Barnes and his sisters, one of whom was married to Mr. Loughan, of the Civil Service, I went, on the night of the 25th, on board Mr. Barnes' cutter, which he had kindly lent me to prosecute my trip to Rajmahal, and, before daylight was running along cheerily before a steady westerly breeze, giving all the country boats the most contemptuous leg-bail, and cleaving the dull waters of the great Gunga at the rate of seven knots an hour.

By 7 o'clock we had passed the junction of the Kosi, and with satisfaction, as the channel is there very narrow, and from the constant shifting of the sands the

passage is dangerous. A boat like this under a press of sail would, if she touched the bottom, inevitably execute a somersault.

This "Kosi" is, in Hindoo legend, a lady metamorphosed, daughter of Rajah Kosi, king of Gadhi. She had the misfortune to be united to a Brahmin, over-righteous, who, being dissatisfied with the son which his wife had presented to him, and who was rather a dissolute and rebellious character, requested the gods obligingly to turn her into a river—a small matter in those days, and a very slight favour for so pious a person to ask.

Poor Kosi accordingly had cold water thrown on her sympathies, and thenceforth the current of her affections, instead of setting towards her good man, flowed calmly into the bosom of the Ganges.

The Kosi is said to be larger and more rapid near its source than either the Ganges or the Bhagmuttee, from the irregularity of its bottom, and to be nowhere fordable.

The westerly breeze which had set in the day before blew so strong that I reached Rajmahal at 3 o'clock, after a wonderfully swift passage.

This was the first day throughout my entire tour that I dined alone!

Tuesday, the 27th.—Remained at Rajmahal. The *Sutledge*, another steamer, anchored to coal. A boat-load of cadets, eight in number, sportingly apparelled, and with loaded guns, invaded the peaceful shore in a body, and commenced a violent cannonade against the unwary crows of Rajmahal.

The wing of H.M.'s 80th Regiment was on board,

and the dealings between the soldiers' wives and the native vendors on the bank were amusing to behold.

The contrast between the red-faced burly English barrack-women, with their stalwart arms, broad backs, and bold "devil-may-care" manners, with the attenuated, supple, and cringing native women, was striking. That of the ungraceful, drapeless gowns, obscure vistas of dirty stays and unwashed flannel, compared with the flowing chudder which graces even the lowest of the low among the Oriental females, was still more so.

Before daylight of the 28th I crossed the Ganges in the ferry-boat, and after an hour's pull reached the opposite bank at peep of day, whence I rode into Malda (twenty-four miles); and I hereby warn any incautious traveller who may be approaching this station that it is known by the name of "Ungrezabad," or English bazaar. Not knowing this, and asking always for Malda, I was deluded into an unnecessary circumbendibus of six miles, and might innocently have crossed the Mahanudi, had not an enlightened citizen in fine muslin and shoes undeceived me.

I reached the station at about 9 A.M. The country is strikingly beautiful, and though I suffered as to distance by my mistake, I gained greatly, I imagine, in the picturesque, as the road along the bank of the river is in parts exquisitely pretty.

Thursday, March 1st.—Quiet day at E. Drummond's house, where I found our old friend Francis Dalrymple and his wife.

Friday, March 2nd.—One of the first practical "facts" that presented itself to my notice at this station was the excellence of the fish—mullet, rohoo, and

others, all of which appear to possess unusual soporific qualities.

I did not think it inappropriate to the place to immortalise an individual muchowa (fisherman) who, while we were sitting at breakfast, appeared in humble guise and suppliant position to present his finny capture, a very fine rohoo, to the assistant magistrate.

Fictitious conversation relative to his private and domestic concerns, served to keep the subject in the proper curve, and afforded me an opportunity of taking a faithful portrait.

The man, conscious of some unusual process, to him a mystery, but fraught in his imagination with unknown consequences, and troubled by a perception of a divided duty, compelled by fear and reverence to yield an attentive ear to Drummond's unnatural questions and forced remarks, cast furtive glances out of the corners of his eyes at my unintelligible manipulations.

Just after breakfast Drummond received a note from a gentlemen at the Goamuttee factory, informing him that the usual sign of a tiger (*i.e.* the carcass of a bullock prematurely cut off from the enjoyment of vital air) had been seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the factory.

All immediately made for the spot, and, mounted on the only available elephant, Drummond and self, with a battery of six guns, started in pursuit, and after beating for two hours over a very lonely circuit of patchy jungle, arrived again at the house, with the conclusion that we had been the victims of misplaced confidence.

When three or four days had passed, I made my

way to Dinajepore, when, after an unsuccessful venture with James Grant, a well-known civilian, in search of a tiger, I took a sketch of a large tank, or rather lake, 1,100 yards square, with clear blue and weedless water. This is a holiday lounge for the Dinajeporeans, where the Residents have bungalows, boats, billiard-table, and other appurtenances of recreation.

There are no alligators in the tank, so that bathing is thoroughly enjoyable.

It was with great pain that I heard from F. Dalrymple that he was still without an appointment, still suffering from the unrelenting persecution of his official enemies, though on what grounds it was difficult to say.*

* In stating, as I did in Chapter XVI. of my first volume, that F. Dalrymple had laid himself open to "censure," I made no reference to his official character, but to the one event in his social life which could not, of course, be entirely ignored; though in his case it was accompanied with so many palliative circumstances as to excite general sympathy. His official capacity could never be questioned, but the real fact is given by Colonel Malleson, when, in a passage quoted in my first volume he describes Dalrymple as "one of the ablest men in the Civil Service, but whose prospects had been ruined by long years of persecution, on purely private grounds, by those wielding authority in Bengal."

CHAPTER VI.

SECOND VISIT TO DARJEELING.—JOURNAL CONTINUED.

From Dinajepore to Darjeeling.—Reach Titalya.—My Pony is taken away by Mr. O'Shaughnessy.—Overtaken and recovered.—Description of Road and Bungalows.—Reach Darjeeling.—Thieves' Corner.—Lepcha, Bhootias, &c.—Kinchinjunga.—Hail-storm.—Alarm of my Host.—Visit to Sikhim with Dr. Hooker.—The Pipsa.

Sunday, March 11th.—Started in the afternoon from Dinajepore for Darjeeling, riding and driving the first twenty-six miles as far as the Premnuggur Bungalow, where I entered my palanquin, and for the second time reached Titalya, forty-eight miles distant, at break of day. There I mounted Robin and rode to Siligoree, Eothen being half way at Sunyasecottah; breakfasted at Siligoree, and rode in the afternoon to Punkhabaree, where I met Dr. Bowling, and we dined together at the bungalow.

Tuesday, the 13th.—Started after breakfast on Robin, having sent Dapple on to Kursiong, and expecting to find a pony of Saunders' at Brahmungoora.

On arriving here, however, I was greeted by the

pleasing intelligence that an unknown " sahib " had just forestalled me, and taken the pony posted for me about an hour before I arrived. Dapple, the brave, had come all the way from Punkhabaree that morning; nevertheless, he entered cordially into my feelings, and we gave instant chase to the audacious felon, whom I overtook at the Pucheem Bungalow. It was Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who had, fortunately for me and the success of my chase, dismounted in bodily fear of being precipitated down the khud, a catastrophe which he had narrowly escaped. He had dismounted in alarm and was prosecuting the rest of his journey prudently on foot. The recovered steed brought me into Darjeeling at about 3 P.M. Miserable mist and cloud the whole day.

Wednesday, the 14th.—A splendid morning. Kinchinjunga showed his vast pale face, but not so clean as when I was here last; he has become sallow.

The piece of ground at the entrance of the station is called Thieves' Corner, being the lounge or assembly-rooms *sub dio* of all the questionable characters of the place. There they are a disreputable but most picturesque congregation. Lepchas, Limbos, Bhootas, &c., each tribe has its representative in the Rogues' Club.

Here they sit from " morn to dewy eve,"—basking if there is sun, and huddling themselves up if there is cloud or mist—with listless devil-may-care, good-humoured apathy, some scratching, some employed in craniological researches on their neighbours' heads, others chatting, some sleeping at full length and generally on their backs, others standing triangular fashion, with kilts

anxiously looked for by expectant proprietors, but which the bearer cannot think of taking on till he has finished his gossip with the quaint and merry crew.

Now you turn the corner, then face to the right. Heavens! Say nothing, I beseech you! All language is common-place and inappropriate. Look reverently and in silence, and worship Him “who holdeth the hills in the hollow of His hand,” and “to whom the nations are a very little thing.”

Truly the man who, after having been nursed in cities, *ennui*-ed, or monotonised in the mofussil, or the metropolis, can, turning Thieves’ Corner on a fine day, find himself abruptly face to face with Kinchinjunga, a chiselled world of everlasting snow, the mountain of the universe nearest heaven, and, beholding it, remain unmoved, such a man is not one to be made a friend of. Unhappily, it is but seldom that the glories of Kinchinjunga are exposed unclouded to the view. Nine days out of ten it is obscured by impenetrable mist, or clouds, but when rightly revealed the brightness of his presence is beyond all thought or imagination—glorious! A thing not to be prated of, but felt. No marvel that to the religious imagination of the dreamy Hindoo, the height of those unapproachable summits glittering with refulgent whiteness, appears the road to the celestial mansions, midway between earth and heaven, the resting-place of the “Thrice-blessed,” whose feet are beautiful on the mountains.

On *March 13th*, I was fairly housed at Darjeeling, Captain Samler having kindly offered me a room until I could make arrangements for my residence. Some few days after my arrival we were visited with a

severe and protracted storm of thunder, lightning, and hail, which lasted for some five hours; the hail-stones were in some places the size of pigeons' eggs, and the lightning was very close: one hill in the valley below us was struck. The thunder was not loud, but had a muffled and sullen sound, which savoured somewhat of the sublime. At the close of the strife the whole station was spread with a sheet of thick hail, softened into snow. Such a storm at such a season was unprecedented, so I recorded the fact by drawing my host's greenhouse and garden, as they appeared immediately after the clearance. A wise resident declares that the great comet is near the orbit of the earth. S—— said that the end of the world was at hand. He has an intense horror of heaven's bolt, and at every flash he dived his head into his hands, groaning, "Oh, this is awful! gracious! my head! oh!" Mr. O. S. called immediately after the storm, and entered into a scientific disquisition on the subject of electric fluid and conductors. S—— is now full of conductors, and can talk of little else. This storm has quite unsettled his purposes, and he talks of selling his property and retiring to Guernsey. This is always the plan when anything happens to vex or to alarm him.

From 20th to 27th, monotony. Dined twice with Dr. Campbell, the head officer in charge of the district; drew new figures every day. Nothing can surpass, in interest and picturesque effect, the character and costume of the various hill tribes by which we are surrounded.

Shortly after my arrival I made acquaintance with Mrs. Lydiard, the wife of Major Lydiard, then Assistant Adjutant-General at Dinapore.



W. P. Hodgson

Mrs. Lydiard was a great enthusiast, with a decided talent for painting, and had come to Darjeeling for her health. Having been told by her friend Mrs. Capell, my fellow passenger on board the steamer from Calcutta some months before, that her husband was particularly anxious that his wife should pass as many hours as possible in the open air, I had promised to encourage and assist her in sketching from nature. The result was not only the complete recovery of her health, but wonderful improvement in her artistic powers; she is now to all intents an *artiste*, and she and her husband attribute her success to the unremitting practice in Darjeeling.

It was with no little pleasure that I found, on my arrival at Darjeeling, that the celebrated Doctor, now Sir Joseph, Hooker was there also. He was staying with Brian Hodgson, who had a charming house at Darjeeling, and was engaged in his usual pursuits, of which I shall presently speak. The following account of Mr. Hodgson is taken from Hooker's *Himalayan Journal*:—

“Mr. Hodgson's high position as a man of science requires no mention here; but the difficulties he overcame and the sacrifices he made in attaining that position, are known to few. He entered the wilds of Nepal when very young and in indifferent health, and, finding time to spare, cast about for the best method of employing it. He had no one to recommend or direct a pursuit, no example to follow, no rival to equal or surpass; he had never been acquainted with a scientific man, and knew nothing of science except the name. The natural history of men and animals, in its most comprehensive sense, attracted his attention; he sent to Europe for books, and commenced the study of ethnology and zoology.

“ His labours have now extended over upwards of twenty years’ residence in the Himalaya.

“ During this period he has seldom had a staff of less than from ten to twenty (often many more), of various tongues and races, employed as translators and collectors, artists, shooters and stuffers.

“ By unceasing exertions and a princely liberality, Mr. Hodgson has unveiled the mysteries of the Boodhist religion, chronicled its affinities, languages, customs, and faiths of the Himalayan tribes and completed a natural history of the animals and birds of these regions. His collections of specimens are immense, and are illustrated by drawings, descriptions taken from life, with remarks on the anatomy, habits, and localities of the animals themselves.

“ Twenty volumes of the journals, and the museum of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, teem with the proofs of his indefatigable zeal and throughout the cabinets of the bird and quadruped departments of our national museum Mr. Hodgson’s name stands pre-eminent.

“ A seat in the Institute of France, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, prove the estimation in which his Boodhist studies are held on the Continent of Europe.”

Dr. Hooker had arrived in England in the steamship *Sidon* with the Marquis of Dalhousie, from whom he received the greatest kindness and encouragement, and after a tour through Western Bengal, the hills of Beerbhoom and Behar, to the Soane valley, he had started from Bhagulpore to the Sikkim Himalaya, and was staying at Darjeeling when I arrived.

His time was spent principally in geological investigations, collection of valuable plants, formation of maps and other interesting objects.

The subsequent honour and distinction which he has obtained bear sufficient testimony to the value of his scientific exertions, and renders further notice in a cursory work like this superfluous if not impertinent.

Sir Joseph Hooker's present position as Superintendent of the beautiful Kew Gardens is the fitting conclusion to his public achievements, and his care and guardianship are doubtless appreciated by the grand collection of foreign trees and flowers, and specially rejoiced in by all *sensitive* plants!

In addition to the two who may deservedly be called celebrated—Brian Hodgson and Hooker—Dr. Campbell, the Superintendent of the station, well deserves a few words of reminiscence.

Dr. Campbell had been for many years Superintendent of Darjeeling, and was living there when I arrived, and his character and services were duly appreciated. Intimately acquainted with the people and productions of the territories under his command, he rendered the most valuable assistance to Dr. Hooker in his researches, and both himself and Mrs. Campbell were deservedly popular with all who knew them.

His abominable treatment by the Sikkim authorities occurred a year after that in which I was at Darjeeling, and is related in detail in Hooker's interesting work.

On Tuesday, April 10th, I made an excursion with Dr. Hooker to the Runjeet river, a distance of about eleven miles from Darjeeling, and 6,000 feet lower. We started at 9 o'clock, on foot, passing Leebon, or Alibon, as the natives call it, where is a very promising estate belonging to J. Grant, and, two or three miles further, Ginga village, where there is a temple and numerous posts of piety, long wooden poles with an unveiled wicker basket at the top, and a pendent streamer of common white cloth. The poles, streamers, and flags appended are very common.

We reached the guard-house (some two miles above the river) at half-past 12. At 5 o'clock we went on to the river, where I drew the fact of the locality, viz. a suspension bridge of cane.

The trip was pleasant, and I appreciated the opportunity of acquiring some botanical items from my learned companion, but the change of climate was anything but agreeable; the thermometer was at 85°, and the sudden transition made the contrast more palpable and less tolerable.

But the torment of the place was a diminutive animal of the *genus musca*, well known in these regions, and designated by the title of "Pipsa"—a blood-thirsty and sanguineous creature of insatiable appetite and untiring voraciousness.

If you are bullied by a common fly you can drive him away for a minute or so, though he will return; but this little winged being is irrepressible, like the ghost of Anchises "*ter conatus eram,*" &c.

You see him hovering right in front of your eye, suspended in mid-air by a delicate poising of his liliputian wings, with fixity of purpose and steadiness of aim that is quite appalling. You hit at him hard with your hand or glove, or other appliance. He must be annihilated, or, at least, swept away. Not a jot! the moment your hand has passed there he is in the same spot, with the same dogged determination, positively fixed in the air, and clearly with his mind made up for a human supper; and in another moment, when you least expected it, he is sucking warm blood out of your nose, or your chin or hand, like a vampire; and if the humours of your body are in any measure peccant, you may make up your

mind for a case of pain, inflammation, and swollen flesh.

They say, when you are in for it, you had best allow the little blood-sucker to do his pleasure without interruption, and he will then re-imbibe the "virus" with his modicum of blood, and spare you all unpleasant results. It may be so, but he is a bad little fly, and not to be encouraged. I returned the next morning to Darjeeling, and rejoiced greatly in the cool breeze.

The Lepcha deserves a few lines of description. Considered physically, he is a very pleasant species of the *genus homo*. In countenance Mongolian, or pyramidal, with oblique China-sloping eyes, prominent cheek-bones, short nose, large in the jowl, without beard, a mirthful, laughter-loving countenance, low stature, good legs—unwashed, and in smell unpleasant.

His dress is picturesque, not without grace; that represented in the sketch, p. 103, is one of the best. A small brimless hat of coloured straw, plaited in patterns of divers colours, with two or three feathers of a peacock's tail stuck jauntily into the front (though rather resembling an inverted flower-pot with a shrub growing out of it the wrong way upwards) is still a very picturesque head-piece.

The hair, innocent of brush or comb, is generally allowed to flow wild and dishevelled over the shoulders, but sometimes done up in a tail, *a la Chinois*. Modified silver ear-rings, with a coral or turquoise inserted, and of a peculiar shape, adorn the ears both of men and women.

A loose jacket of red cloth, reaching to the waist, with full sleeves just coming to the elbow, is the outer

vestment, and is worn over the regular and orthodox Lepcha dress, which is a sort of wrapper of cloth manufactured by themselves, very tastily striped with brown or purple. This is confined to the waist by a belt or girdle, the superfluous ends draped over the shoulders leaving generally the arms bare.

When clean, and tastefully arranged, it is a neat and not ungraceful costume; a bow, arrow, and quiver, with the *bâu*, or straight knife, hanging on the left side in sword fashion, complete the full equipment.

But my portrait of the Lepcha is very incomplete, having only reference to his outward peculiarities, and I therefore, quote the detailed and interesting account of his attributes, personal and moral, which Sir Joseph Hooker has given in his charming work, the *Himalayan Journals*.

“LEPCHAS.

“The Lepcha is the aboriginal inhabitant of Sikkim, and the prominent character of Dorjiling, where he undertakes all sorts of out-door employment. The race to which he belongs is a very singular one; markedly Mongolian in features, and a good deal too, by imitation in habit; still he differs from his Siberian prototype, though not so decidedly as from the Nepalese and Bhotanese between whom he is hemmed into a narrow tract of mountain country barely sixty miles in breadth.

“The Lepchas possess a tradition of the flood, during which a couple escaped to the top of a mountain (*Lendong*) near Dorjiling.

“The earliest traditions which they have of their history date no further back than some 300 years, when they describe themselves as having been long-haired, half-clad savages.

“At about that period they were visited by Tibetans, who introduced Boodh worship, the plaiting of their hair into pig-tails, and very many of their own customs.

“Their physiognomy is, however, so Tibetan in its character



Group of Lepchas.

that it cannot be supposed that this was their earliest intercourse with the trans-Nivean races: whether they may have wandered from beyond the snows before the spread of Buddhism and its civilisation, or whether they are a cross between the Tamulian of India and the Tibetan, has not been decided.

“An attentive examination of the Lepcha in one respect entirely contradicts our preconceived notions of a mountaineer, as he is timid, peaceful, and no brawler, qualities which are all the more remarkable from contrasting so strongly with those of his neighbours to the east and west, of whom the Ghorkas are brave and warlike to a proverb, and the Bhotanese quarrelsome, cowardly, and cruel.

“A group of Lepchas is exceedingly picturesque. They are of short stature, four feet eight inches to five feet, rather broad in the chest, and with muscular arms but small hands and slender wrists. The face is broad, flat, and of eminently Tartar character, flat-nosed and oblique-eyed, with no beard and little moustache; the complexion is sallow, or often a clear olive; their hair is collected into an immense tail, plaited flat or round. The lower limbs are powerfully developed, befitting genuine mountaineers; the feet are small.

“Though never really handsome, and very womanish in the cast of countenance, they have invariably a mild, frank, and even engaging expression, which I have in vain sought to analyse, and which is perhaps due more to the absence of anything unpleasing than to the presence of direct grace or beauty.

“In like manner, the girls are often very engaging to look upon, though without one good feature. They are all smiles and good-nature; and the children are frank, lively, laughing urchins.

“The old women are thorough hags. Indolence when left to themselves is their besetting sin; they detest any fixed employment, and their foulness of person and garments renders them disagreeable inmates; in this rainy climate they are supportable out of doors. Though fond of bathing when they can come to a stream in hot weather, and expert, even admirable swimmers, these people never take to the water for the purpose of ablution. In disposition they are amiable and obliging, frank, humorous.

and polite, without the servility of the Hindoos, and their address is free and unrestrained.

“ Their intercourse with one another, and with Europeans, scrupulously honest : a present is divided equally amongst many without a syllable of discontent or grudging look or word ; each, receiving his share, coming up and giving the donor a brusque bow and thanks.

“ They have learnt to overcharge already, and use extortion in dealing, as is the custom of people of the plains ; but it is clumsily done, and never accompanied with the grasping air and insufferable whine of the latter. They are constantly armed with a long heavy straight knife, but never draw it upon one another ; family and political feuds are alike unheard of amongst them.”

While staying at Darjeeling I painted a large picture of Dr. Hooker surrounded by Lepchas examining the rhododendrons which he had brought home after one of his excursions.

The picture, which I gave to him, was taken to London, and another was painted from it by the well-known artist, Stone, from which an engraving was subsequently taken. Mr. Stone's picture was doubtless far superior to mine, but he made one mistake in the size of the Lepcha attendants. The Lepchas are very small men, so much so that they were by the ordinary spectators of my picture held to be young women presenting Dr. Hooker with the flowers, but the artist made them robust men, bigger than the doctor himself.

I also took a sketch of the great Kinchinjunga mountain, from the windows of Brian Hodgson's house, which was afterwards honoured by being reproduced in miniature, and entered as a frontispiece in Hooker's celebrated work on the Himalayas.

In closing this chapter it is a pleasure to recal the

names and memories of those among the residents from whom I invariably received kind attention during my short stay.

Of the gratification afforded by my acquaintance with Brian Hodgson, Dr. Hooker, and Dr. Campbell I have already made mention.

To Captain Samler, with his kind wife, I owe every gratitude for their unceasing hospitality, and it was no little pleasure also to meet Mrs. Loughnan, the wife of the civilian who had so kindly placed his house at our disposal during our three months' sojourn at Baukergunge, as narrated in my first volume. Mrs. Lydiard I have already mentioned as the enthusiastic painter who derived such wonderful benefit from her "outings."

Mrs. D. Cunliffe, the wife of an old friend, also was there for a short time, as well as Captain and Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Loughnan.

And I must not forget Dr. Bowling, in whose house I had stayed on my first visit, and who in after years was brutally murdered with his wife, whom I had known as Miss Perry.

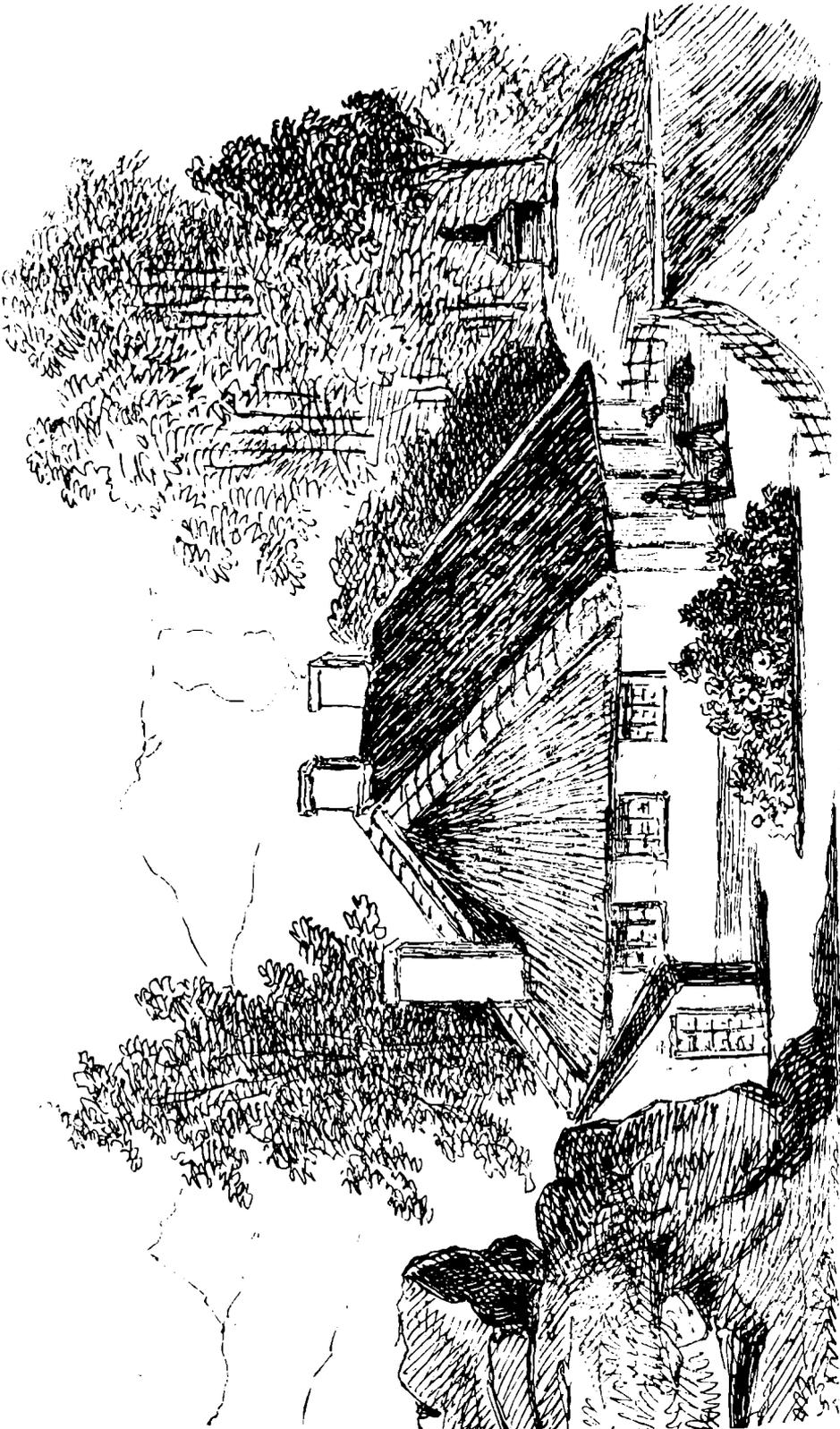
There was a Roman Catholic priest whose acquaintance I was glad to make; and several German missionaries, good men, who, finding their special missions hopeless, had taken to make sausages.

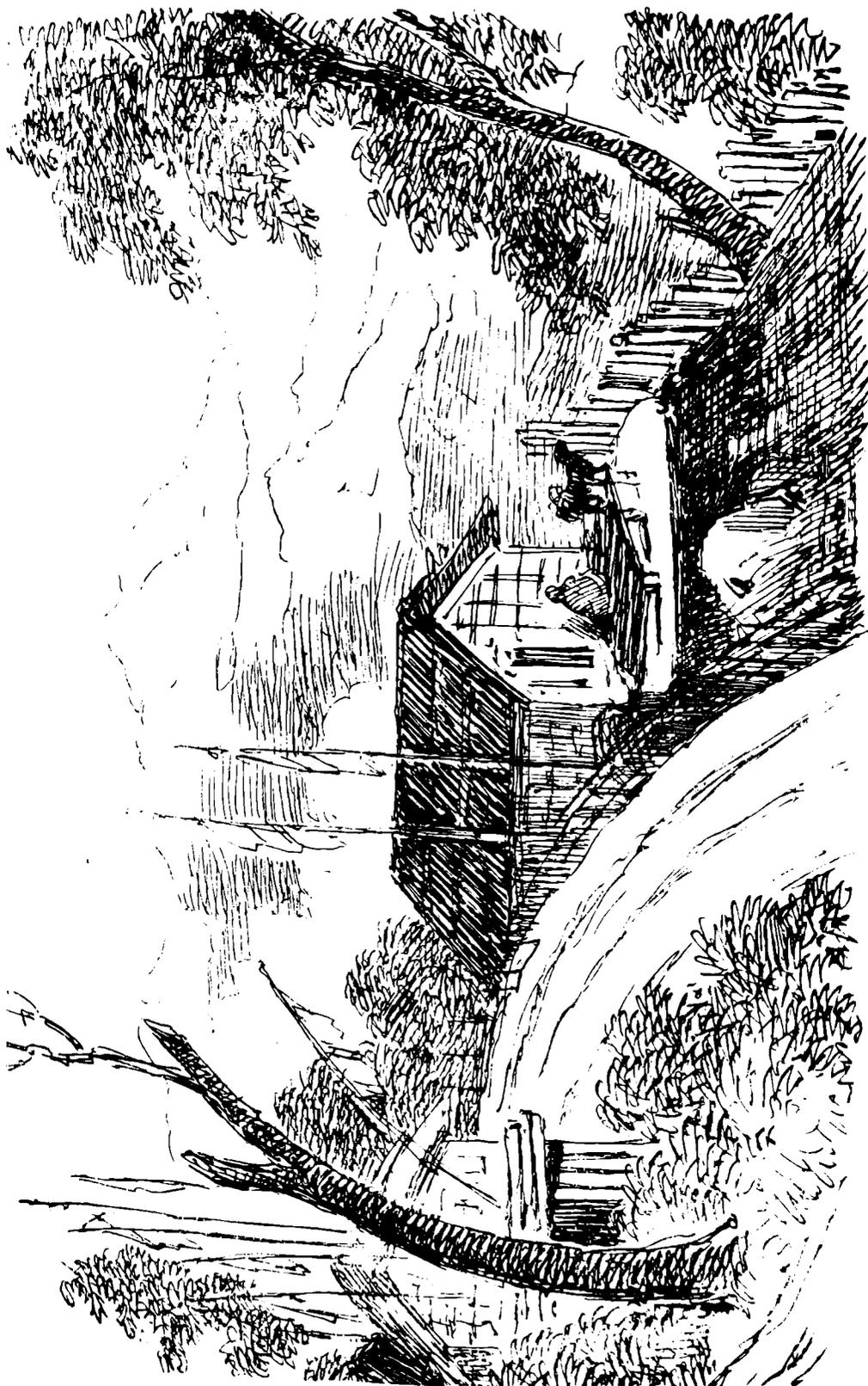
A kind letter, written by Bishop Hartmann, I here subjoin:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"To the General Postmaster Tayler.

"I feel very sorry that you leave Darjeeling so soon. I hoped to meet you yesterday at Dr. Campbell's, otherwise I should have called upon you. God gave you gifts which charm everybody. I regard myself happy for having made your acquaintance.





BHOOTEA COTTAGE.

Nor shall I ever forget you specially in my prayers, as I could do nothing else for you to express my sincere esteem towards you. May the blessing of God follow you everywhere, and may you be a most delightful and safe return to Calcutta. It will always afford a pleasure to me in hearing of your well-being.

“Farewell, then, my dear Sir! God and His blessing with you!

“I have the honour to remain, my dear Sir,

“Your humble servant,

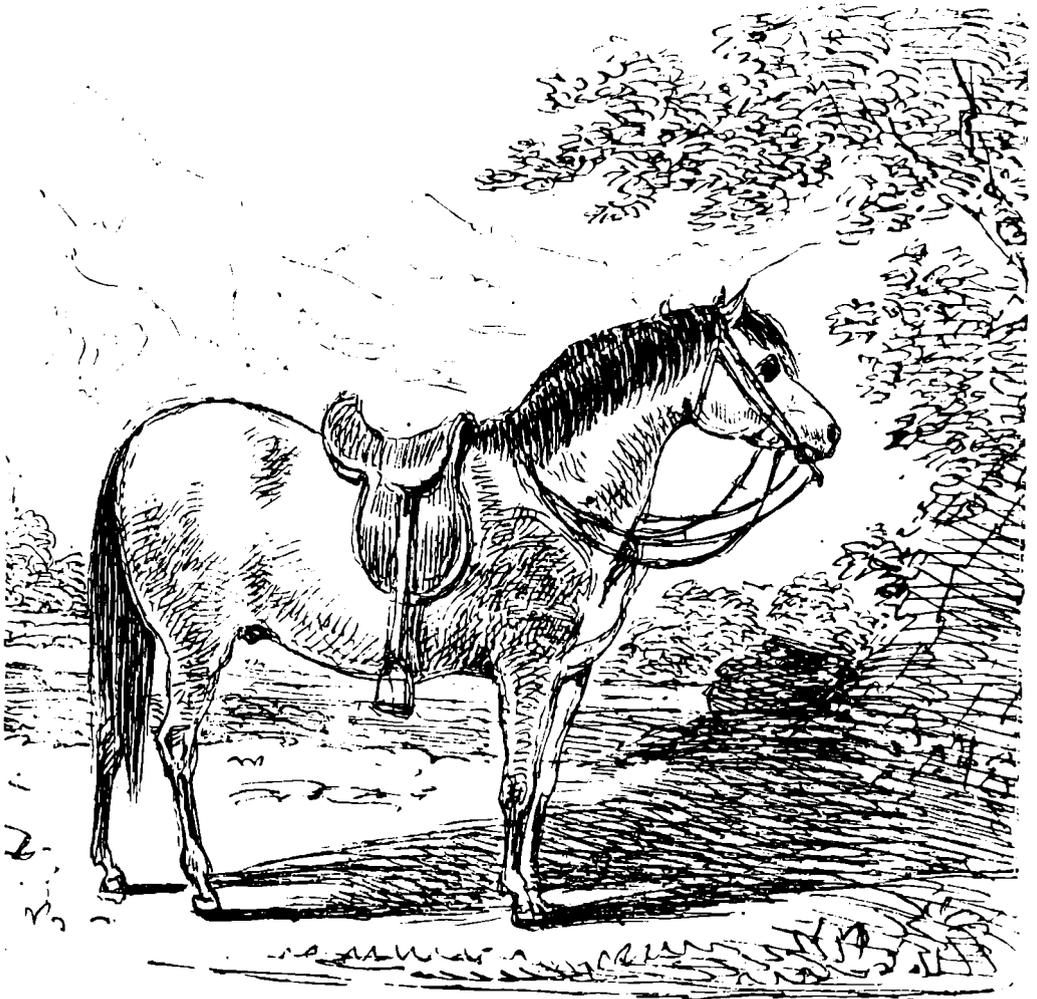
“Darjeeling, 14th June, 1849.” C. F. HARTMANN, *Bishop.*”

Having principally employed myself in taking large views of the glorious mountains and scenery, I had no time for many small sketches, but I herewith give three or four.

The small bungalow annexed is the house which I rented from Captain Samler. It was charmingly situated just by the side of “Thieves’ Corner,” with a view of the glorious mountains on one side and the lower range of hills on the other. My faithful dog is outside the window, watching me as I paint.

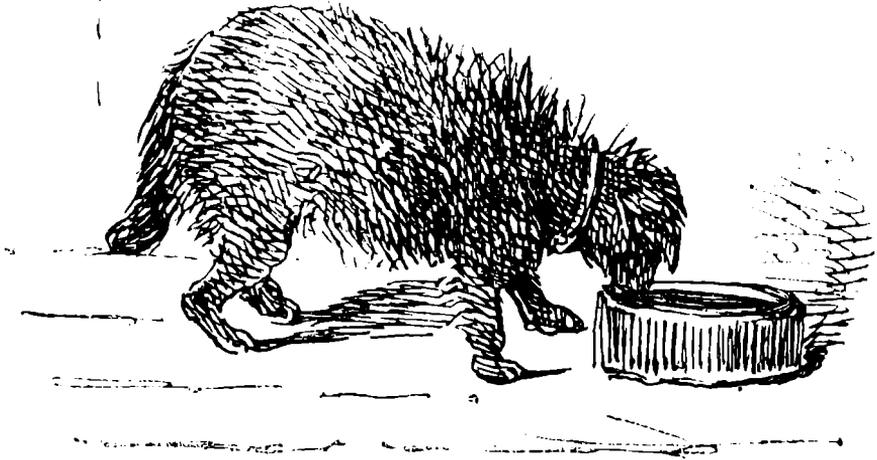
As a contrast to the neat little English bungalow, I give (on p. 107) a specimen of the Bhootea cottages. These houses, scattered without apparent method or order in the recesses of the hills, with their thatched roofs, matted walls, and curious appurtenances of poles and flags of divers colours, are inexpressibly picturesque.

The little pony is my pet "Cherry," who used to carry me over the hills, and would stand by himself at the door of anyone whom I visited, without guardian or keeper, the model of equine patience.



MY PONY "CHERRY."

“Kunchun,” a puppy of the best Nepalese breed belonging to Dr. Hooker, is here given engaged in the engrossing enjoyment of luncheon.



“KUNCHUN” AT LUNCHEON.

Shortly after the incidents above described I left Darjeeling and returned to Calcutta.

CHAPTER VII.

CALCUTTA ONCE MORE.

My Wife returns from England with our eldest Daughter.—Once more in Chowringhee Road.—Arrange a Tableaux Vivant from *Ivanhoe*.—Rehearsals.—Accident to Mr. Drinkwater Bethune.—Amusing Scene during Rehearsal.—Original Verses sung during the Scenes.—Leave Chowringhee and occupy a house, the property of the Nawab of Morshedabad, at Alipore.—Party given for Phreno-Mesmerism.—Address of Thanks from the Post-office Clerks for procuring them a Holiday on Sundays.

EARLY in November the steamer *Bentinck* reached Calcutta with my wife and eldest daughter on board, a joyous re-union after eighteen months' enforced separation.

Feelings on such occasions are not to be described, so I will pass them over and revert to facts. I went on board to receive the precious freight, and in an hour or so we were all settled in our house in Chowringhee Road.

My wife had brought with her an English maid, who, while in my sister's service in England, had attended on our children and been most kind to them. She lived

with us for many years afterwards, securing our sincere regard for her faithful and affectionate conduct.

Our usual daily life was now resumed. Our daughter had inherited the gift which so many of my family possessed, and painted charmingly. Charles Hobhouse was still living with us, and another nephew of my wife's, Richard Jenkins, a young civilian, was added to our domestic circle, though not living in the same house. Charles Hall, also, the son of my first cousin Charles, the eldest son of my uncle the Dean of Christchurch, arrived in India, and stayed with us for some days. He was at that time a griffin in the army, and is now a general, commissioner of Peshawur, and father of grown-up children.

It was not long before we entered once more on festive experiments. Our first tableaux, which I have already described as taking place during our brief residence in the Post-office, had been so successful, and so many of our friends persuaded us to give another entertainment of the kind, that at last we resolved to do so.

My wife and I had some years before gone to a fancy ball, given by Lord Hardinge, in the characters of "Rebecca and Isaac," and her costume had, as I have already mentioned, attracted great admiration. This suggested to us the novel *Ivanhoe* as one of the stories best suited for the new style which I had before introduced in the case of the *Talisman*. We determined, therefore, on its selection. Our eldest daughter, from her fair complexion and luxuriant golden hair, was admirably calculated for Rowena, while my wife in her former dress of Rebecca was beyond criticism. So we set about it with vigour, and were

rewarded for our exertions by general and enthusiastic approval.

One rather amusing little incident occurred during our rehearsal of these tableaux. As I had the entire management of the performance, I could not possibly undertake any character myself, so I made over my “Isaac’s” costume to the Hon. Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, the legal member of the Supreme Council. He entered on the part with great enthusiasm and zeal, of which we had one night convincing proof.

One of the poses in which “Isaac” had to place himself was in the scene so graphically described by Walter Scott, in which, when “Isaac” with “Rebecca” is about to mount the stairs to the gallery at the tournament, “Wamba,” the jester, comes forward and holds a brawn before him. The attitude was to represent “Isaac” starting backward as far as possible, to avoid the abomination of the brawn, rather a difficult attitude to assume, still more to retain unmoved during the interval required.

Mr. Bethune had acquired the pose, and never complained of the difficulty; but one evening, while we were rehearsing the other scenes in the dining-room below, we suddenly heard a tremendous bump in the drawing-room above us, as of some heavy object falling. I rushed upstairs and found the Hon. Drinkwater Bethune with turban and gaberdine somewhat discomposed, and himself just rising painfully from the ground, a long stick and pillow lying beside him on the floor!

The fact was, that, to enable him to surpass himself in the start of his attitude, he had projected a crutch with a wide and somewhat circular cross-beam to support his

back. This he intended to have arranged on the stage concealed by his gaberdine, just before the curtain rose when his attitude would have excited, as he doubtless believed, enthusiastic applause.

With pardonable self-reliance he was rehearsing this ingenious contrivance by himself, with a stick and pillow, when the prop gave way and he came ignominiously to the ground. The incident, as may be imagined, caused intense amusement.

Our rehearsals, as during our former tableaux, were a continuous source of pleasure, varied occasionally by accidental absurdities, of which that just described was not the only one.

Captain Reynolds, who was to represent "Front-de-Bœuf," had for his costume a suit of chain armour fitted over a thickly padded under-dress of yellow chamois leather. At one of the dress rehearsals he had unhappily left the chain armour in his room in the fort and brought only the leather suit, which covered him from head to foot. He had never mentioned this circumstance, and we were looking for his entry when he suddenly appeared on the stage clothed in this eccentric covering, to all appearance like a dyspeptic bilious skin. The effect was electric, and the whole audience was convulsed with uncontrollable laughter, much to the distress and bewilderment of the padded actor.

The performance of these tableaux brought together a large number of friends, whom it is real pleasure at this distance of time to recall.

I subjoin the list of the principal *dramatis personæ* :—

Ivanhoe	P. EGERTON, B.C.S.
King Richard	HON. H. CAMPBELL, B.C.S.
Cedric	CAPT. SCHREIBER.
Wamba	C. HOBHOUSE, B.C.S.
Gurth	H. L. DAMPIER, B.C.S.
Isaac	HON. DRINKWATER BETHUNE.
Friar Tuck	C. PRINSEP.
Prior Aymer	J. POWER, B.C.S.
Brian de Bois Gilbert	F. ELLIOT, B.C.S.
Front-de-Bœuf	CAPT. REYNOLDS.
Grand Master	SETON KERR, B.C.S.
Rebecca	MRS. TAYLER.
Rowena	MISS TAYLER.

MISS WARREN, the MISSES MONTGOMERIE, and MISS GARSTIN.

The following are the original verses sung behind the scenes, with accompaniments adapted by Mrs. Ritchie :—

THE FOREST.

Home trusty ceorls—the twilight's past,
 The shades of night are falling fast,
 And the struggling tempest's fitful blast
 Sweeps o'er the forest gloom.
 Home, home, e'en now 'tis danger's hour,
 O'er Cedric's head dark perils lower,
 From Templar's lust and Norman power—
 Home, trusty bondmen, home.

W. TAYLER.

THE BANQUET.

She comes, she comes, proud Templar own
 Thy wager's lost, thy pledge is gone—
 For ne'er was seen so fair a flower,
 In Paynim Court or Christian bower,
 As she whose steps now softly fall
 Along her kinsman's ample hall.

Hail ! maiden, hail ! of matchless grace,
 Rowena ! pride of Cedric's race.
 She comes, she comes, proud Templar own
 Thy wager's lost, thy pledge is gone.

W. TAYLER.

THE PILGRIM PRESENTED.

Ah ! peerless maiden, couldst thou know
 Who now before thee kneels so low,
 In coarse and humble guise,
 What tumults thy fond heart would move,
 What tears of long-dissembled love
 Would fill those tender eyes !
 Yet stay, fair maid, in pity stay,
 Oh ! turn not yet those looks away,
 Those looks so pure and bright ;
 Still let those accents thrill mine ear,
 That face so fair, that form so dear,
 Still bless mine aching sight.

W. TAYLER.

THE TOURNAMENT.

By my target of brawn
 Thou old caitiff come on—
 'Tis fit weapon to baffle a Jew—
 And on it do I swear
 And most knightly declare
 That all pig's flesh is good meat and true.
 Yes, base Isaac of York,
 The bright honour of pork
 That's maligned by so foul-mouthed an elf,
 Like the champion of pig
 Both by thump and by dig
 I'll maintain with the bacon itself.

THE VICTOR CROWNED.

Joy to the gallant Saxon knight !
 Joy to the lance that won the fight !
 Never was a worthier brow
 Graced by lady's hand than now.
 Twine the wreath, the feast prepare,
 Crown with wine the goblet fair ;
 Strike the harp, and loud and high
 Swell the song of victory.

(Author forgotten.)

THE HERMITAGE.

In Sherwood green the merry laugh
 Affronts the moon's full ray ;
 The Knight and the Friar the bowl they quaff
 And trill the roundelay.
 " Ho ! " quoth the Knight, " what's that I spy,
 Like a pasty of venison good ? "
 " Oh ! the keeper he left it in charity
 When last he came to the green-wood."
 " Ho ! " quoth the Knight, " what's that I see
 Like the bow of an archer keen ? "
 Says the Friar, " The keeper he left it with me
 To keep off the dogs I ween."
 " An I," quoth the Knight, " were a curtal friar—
 All lonely in Sherwood's shade,
 That bow I'd make to mend my feast
 When the keeper in bed is laid."

D. BETHUNE.

THE JEW TORTURED.

I see the pincers glitt'ring red,
 The furnace fiercely glowing ;
 I see thy sable minions dread,
 Their cruel cares bestowing.
 False knight, thy tortures I defy,
 My heart within me dying ;
 The gold thou seekest I deny,
 'Though helpless here I'm lying.

Give me again my daughter dear
 Thy dogs from me are tearing ;
 Give me my child, my only child,
 That far away they 're bearing.
 If she be dead, I'll o'er her weep,
 From all I love to sever ;
 These aged bones thou still must keep,
 And I will sleep for ever.

D. BETHUNE.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT.

Oh ! I implore, by every tie
 Of honour, faith, and loyalty,
 By every boon to mortal given,
 Thy love of fame, thy hopes of heaven—
 If ever thou hast learnt to love,
 Or pity can thy bosom move—
 By every name thy soul holds dear,
 Oh ! hear my prayer, in mercy hear.
 Be kind, be generous, as thou 'rt brave,
 And Wilfred, 'though a rival, save !

W. TAYLER.

THE TEMPLAR FOILED.

Think ye a maid of Judah's race
 Would listen to a suit so base,
 False knight, when she could die !
 A step, a gesture, and I go !
 What though I see my fate below
 And 'twixt us but the sky !
 The eagle chained that scorns to pair,
 Springs not more fearlessly in air
 For freedom, than shall I.

H. TORRENS.

THE FRIAR OVERTHROWN.

1.

The lazy Black Knight has unbuckled his wrist,
 Has ta'en off his gauntlet and doubled his fist ;

While firm as a rock stands the burly fat Friar,
 Convinced that no force can fling him in the mire.
 For the first in a fray and the best at a feast,
 There ne'er was a clerk like the Copmanhurst priest.

2.

But as soon as the Knight's sturdy buffer he feels,
 The burly, fat Friar rolls head over heels.
 "Have a care, my good brother!" he laughingly spoke,
 "I should mumble my mass had my jaw-bone been broke!
 I have lost, here's my hand, for our quarrel now ends!"
 The Copmanhurst clerk and Sir Sluggard are friends.

D. BETHUNE.

THE KING AND THE OUTLAWS.

Hail! hail to the king of the brave and the free!
 Though we bow not to tyrants, we kneel, king, to thee;
 Through the woods let our voices in jubilee ring,
 Hail! Lion of England, hail! Richard our King.

Hail! Richard, hail!

Though no jewels or gold our rude regions should own,
 Our love be thy sceptre, our hearts be thy throne;
 Hurrah! through the woods let our stout voices ring,
 'Tis the Lion of England, 'tis Richard, our King!

Hail! Richard, hail!

W. TAYLER.

THE GAGE OF REBECCA.

It cannot be that in this land,
 Home of the free and brave,
 Should be upraised no champion's hand
 A helpless maid to save?
 Here lies my gage—that silken gage
 Proud Templar shall prevail,
 Weighed in the scales of Heaven above,
 More than thy heavy mail.

God is my shield and my defence,
 My cause is in His sight ;
 And He who knows my innocence,
 God will defend the right.

H. TORRENS.

THE TEMPLAR'S DEFEAT.

The dark red flush is gone
 That beamed upon his brow ;
 Like monumental stone
 The Templar's cheek is now.
 Quenched is the eye of fire
 Which God and man defied ;
 Dead is its fierce desire,
 Its rage and bitter pride.
 Unwounded in the strife
 By Wilfred's sword or spear,
 He yields his forfeit life—
 The hand of God is here.

D. BETHUNE.

THE CASKET.

Orient pearl and blushing ruby,
 Bind them in thy golden hair ;
 Ne'er can these, though meet for you, be
 Fitting for Rebecca's hair.
 Diamonds—when those fair hands lay ye
 Glistening on the neck of snow,
 Wake a thought of her that gave ye
 In the gentle heart below.
 When ye speak, your lord caressing,
 Of past days so drear and dim,
 Lady, feel the Jewess' blessing
 Hangs, for aye, o'er thee and him.

H. TORRENS.

In the midst of these pleasant associations, however,
 my mind was not content, for I felt conscious of stagnation

in my official life. I had for some time past been disappointed at the little encouragement afforded by the Bengal Government, and somewhat disgusted at the transparent manœuvres by which my elaborate report on the reform of the Postal System was ignored, and the re-organization placed in the hands of another. I made up my mind, therefore, to retire from the appointment, and return, when opportunity offered, to the regular line of the service. With this object in view, Henry Torrens having kindly volunteered to place a house at Alipore at our disposal during the interval, we broke up our Chowringhee establishment, had an auction of our furniture and chattels, and transferred ourselves to our new abode.

The house thus lent to us was one belonging to the Nawab of Morshedabad, where Henry Torrens was agent at the time. It was next door to the handsome mansion at Belvidere, then the property of our friends the Charles Prinseps, but, since elevated into the Government House, honoured by the occupation of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

Our temporary sojourn here with our newly-arrived daughter was a period of peace and pleasantness. A young friend, George Morris, then lately arrived, and now "Eheu fugaces," one of the oldest judges of the High Court, being at the time an anxious aspirant for a good seat on horse-back, was a frequent visitor, not only for the pleasure of our society, but also for the opportunity of equestrian practice, over a series of artificial jumps which I constructed for his especial use in the spacious grounds of our residence.

One rather interesting occurrence which took place at our house at this juncture is worth mentioning. There

was at that time in Calcutta a man who gave himself out as a mesmeric professor, and had with him a boy whose person he used to exhibit the phenomena of phreno-mesmerism, *i. e.* the sensibility when in the mesmeric trance of the various organs of the head and brain.

The whole subject of mesmerism having at that time excited considerable interest, we agreed to give the professor and his youngster a *séance* at our house to enable him to exhibit this special form of the mysterious power. We had a large party to witness the performance, which though somewhat ludicrous in parts, was not devoid of interest. The lad, we all agreed, was thrown into a trance; his arm and leg, when handled by disinterested spectators, were found to be in an altogether unnatural condition, and the latter being raised and stretched straight out, remained in that position for a period quite impossible for a limb in its natural state to retain.

But the phreno-mesmeric movements did not obtain general credence. When the boy's organ of veneration was rubbed he commenced repeating the Lord's Prayer; when combativeness was handled he doubled his fists and beat the air as if in a pugilistic encounter; and on constructiveness being touched, he knelt down and began planing the floor.

It was cleverly done, but there was a general consensus of unbelief among the spectators.

One of the few pleasing incidents connected with my official duties as Postmaster-General was the success of my efforts to obtain for the numerous clerks employed in the department the comfort, if not the luxury, of cessation from ordinary business on the Sunday. The following correspondence will explain the facts:—

“ To W. Tayler, Esquire, Postmaster-General, Bengal.

“ SIR,

“ According to request, I have much pleasure in submitting the accompanying address of thanks to yourself from the Christian assistants attached to the General Post Office, and in so doing take the opportunity of cordially uniting in the expression of their sentiments, and offering you my individual acknowledgments for the advantages conferred, in which I, too, am permitted equally to participate.

“ I remain, Sir,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ Calcutta P.M.,

“ C. H. CRICHTON,

“ 11th August 1840.

“ Deputy Postmaster-General.”

“ To W. Tayler, Esq., Postmaster-General.

“ RESPECTED SIR,

“ Having learnt with heartfelt satisfaction that the Government of Bengal has been pleased to recognise our privileges as Christians to exemption from duty on *Sundays*, through the able advocacy and lively interest which you, Sir, have so generously shown in our behalf, we humbly take leave to tender you our great acknowledgments and unfeigned thanks for the same. Indeed, Sir, the inestimable boon which has been so graciously conceded to us is one which we and our families appreciate so greatly (especially in the important concern of religion), that we know not how to express our gratitude for it, but we humbly crave that the great Disposer of every event will vouchsafe His abundant blessing to you and your family for the unexpected favour we have received under your administration and the liberal Government whom we serve.

“ We further solicit that our best acknowledgments may be offered to ‘ His Honour ’ the Deputy Governor of Bengal, should you deem them worthy of his acceptance.

“ We are, Respected Sir,

“ Your most obedient and grateful servants,

“ E. BOTELLHO, Superintendent ;

“ And twenty-nine other clerks

“ Calcutta General Post-office.

on the establishment.

“ 10th August 1846.”