

# JOURNAL

OF

## A WINTER'S TOUR IN INDIA:

WITH

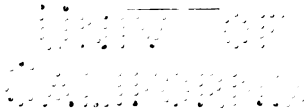
### A Visit to the Court of Nepaul.

BY THE

HON. CAPT. FRANCIS EGERTON, R.N.

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With Illustrations.



TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1852.

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TO YNU  
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## PREFACE.

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I HAVE but little to say by way of introduction. The journal from which the contents of the following pages are taken, was written during a voyage to India and Ceylon and back, which, though undistinguished by any exciting adventures, was exceedingly agreeable to my companions and myself, and was performed with hardly more inconvenience or difficulty than usually accompany voyages in less distant lands. As a sketch, however, of the everyday life of tourists in our eastern empire, the book may perhaps not be unacceptable to the general reader, and as such, I venture to lay it before the public.

JUNE, 1852.

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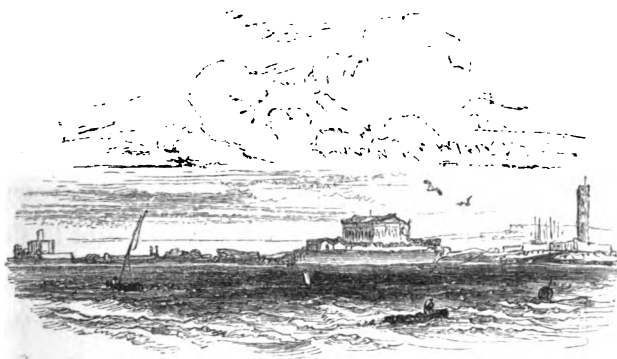
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# JOURNAL.





ALEXANDRIA.

## CHAPTER I.

Embarkation for India—The Passage—The Transit—Suez, the Red Sea,  
and Aden—Arrival in Ceylon.

SOUTHAMPTON, *Saturday, Oct. 19, 1850.*—As usual, afraid of being too late, I find myself too early, cooling my heels about Southampton with nothing to do but to stare into shop windows, and to look at the shipping in the docks. The luggage part of the business, thus far, seems to be well managed, without any sort of trouble to the owners. The train brings one down within a few yards of the

dock in which the steamer is lying. One's traps are put on a truck and tumbled off to the wharf, a small sum being paid at the dockyard gate for portage and dock charges. At the wharf the luggage is weighed, the cabin luggage separated from that intended to be stowed away in the hold, the bill for extra weight paid, and one may either take up one's residence on board, or march off with one's carpet-bag to an hotel. I chose the latter, and went to the Dolphin, where we had ordered rooms, by no means an unnecessary proceeding about the date of the sailing of the India Mail steamers. Whilst waiting for my future companions, I strolled about the docks which contained our vessel, the "Ripon," and a number of other steamers, large and small, principally those belonging to the West India Mail, and Peninsular and Oriental Companies. Two or three merchant vessels and a large American steamer, the "Washington," were also in the docks ; the latter is to sail to-morrow for New York, at the same time as we start for Alexandria. Whilst I was wandering about the docks, talking to an old *soi-disant* man-of-war's man, whom I had fallen in with, and who amused himself by predicting the destruction of all large steamers by the sea's breaking all

their backs; the West India Mail steamer, the "Thames," came in very unexpectedly, a triumph for the new route. In the evening, I fell in with Captain Peel, who is to be our fellow passenger as far as Alexandria, and by eight o'clock was joined by Grosvenor and Frederick Leveson, and by Lord Frederick Fitzroy, who is going out to be *aide-de-camp* to the new Commander-in-chief in India, Sir William Gomm.

*Sunday, Oct. 20.*—After an early breakfast, we were joined by some friends who had come down to see us off. We all went on board the "Ripon," which was lying alongside the wharf with her steam up. The "Washington" was also smoking away, and another small steamer was in the act of starting, so that the docks seemed busy enough for a Sunday morning. The decks were crowded with people, either passengers, or come to see their friends off. The mail comes down attended by several cocked hats, and officials under them. It is embarked in a series of boxes; the bell rings for all non-passengers to go ashore; great lamentations from some, great shoutings from others; everybody in the way of all the hawsers, which are at last cast off and away we go, preceded by the "Washington." The

weather was fine, and the water smooth, always a good thing to begin with, and we passed the Needles soon after twelve o'clock, stopping there for a few minutes to send away the pilot, and one or two others, who, by making interest with him to give them a passage ashore, had contrived to accompany their friends thus much further on their voyage. That done, away we went, steaming down channel at a respectable, but not a great rate, about  $8\frac{1}{2}$  knots. This increased towards dark, the wind drawing aft, and square sails and studding-sails being set. At dinner we formed our own clique; our party, with Peel and sundry acquaintances, sitting opposite one another, on either side of the narrow table. These seats we are supposed to keep at breakfast and dinner all the way to Alexandria, and as nearly as possible corresponding ones in the steamers from Suez, unless changed by mutual agreement. We are rather crowded at dinner, the steamer being, as usual at this time of year, very full, and nobody sick; but there was good attendance, and plenty to eat of fair quality. At seven, there is tea and coffee; at nine, hot and cold grog. Even the ladies now and then do a little in that line I see. At half-past ten they put out the lights. I think almost everybody was in bed before that.

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*Monday, Oct. 21.* — We passed Ushant without sighting it. Many passengers were too unwell to appear at dinner, not an unusual occurrence in these parts. Pace improved, thanks to the freshened breeze.

*Tuesday, Oct. 22.* — Sea, what sea-sick passengers call very rough, but with the consolation that the wind is fair. In the evening a great many people see Cape Finisterre, I can't. A fine mild sunset.

*Wednesday, Oct. 23.*—Squally, but still a fair wind; we were going  $10\frac{1}{2}$  knots all night. An event for the landsmen in the carrying away of a studding-sail boom. Passengers are beginning to recover. Dinners much more numerous than they were. Towards evening, although there is still a great deal of motion, some of the lady passengers pluck up courage and do a little singing. The band, too, does its best to enliven the company. It consists of six or seven of the stewards, who play brass instruments for an hour in the morning on deck, and a mixture of brass and string instruments in the saloon in the evening, and really do it very well. At eight o'clock, we passed the Burling's revolving light; about ten, the light on Cape Roca, near Lisbon.

*Thursday, Oct. 24.*—In the morning we were off Cape St. Vincent, which we passed at no great distance. Passengers begin to crowd the upper deck. People appear, of whose existence on board we were quite unaware. The cabins below give up their till now half dead denizens. Everybody seems delighted with the view, and of course talks about Nelson. Water quite smooth towards the afternoon.

*Friday, Oct. 25.*—Such a row was made in bringing the ship to an anchor, and in making the preparations for the same, that we got little sleep from two to five A.M., when the anchor was let go in Gibraltar Bay. Passage, four days and nineteen hours. Weather showery, with fine intervals. Grosvenor and I landed for a walk about the place, so did many passengers. I had often seen it before; he had not. We just walked to one or two of the most remarkable *points de vue*, which one could reach in a two hours' ramble (all the time could allow), called on Sir R. Gardiner, the governor, and went on board again at half-past ten. At eleven we were under way again, and standing up the Mediterranean with a fine W.N.W. breeze after us. The hounds were out when we left Gibraltar Bay, and it was amusing to watch the field on the hills to the right of Algeiras.



*Saturday, Oct. 26.*—Lovely calm weather. Pass Cape de Gatt about ten A.M. About three P.M. see the coast of Africa, both a long way off.

*Sunday, Oct. 27.*—Prayers were read in the saloon, and a sermon preached by a missionary, a Wesleyan I believe. In the evening there was a Scotch service, and a very long, strange discourse, the object of which, as far as I understood, was to prove the respectability of Nicodemus, which I am not aware that anybody had any doubts of. We passed a French steamer going to the westward.

*Monday, Oct. 28.*—Mediterranean weather. Six A.M., pass the island of Galita. Eight P.M., pass Cape Bon. Passengers so far come to life that they actually dance on deck in the evening. There is just enough motion to make the said dancing a labour of some difficulty and danger. Saw the "Sultan" steamer this morning.

*Tuesday, Oct. 29.*—At two A.M. saw the island of Pantellaria, and at two P.M. got into quarantine harbour at Malta, where we are to remain, putting ourselves into quarantine here, in order to avoid being put into it at Alexandria, where the sapient authorities have determined that, having all the plagues of Egypt in full force, they will not import a

fresh one in the shape of cholera from Malta, where the said cholera has been extinct for some time. It is a great bore for those who have not seen Malta, or who have friends living there, in which latter class I and several other passengers are situated.

*Wednesday, Oct. 30.*—H.M.S. "Medusa" arrived at eight A.M. with the Marseilles portion of our mail, so at four P.M. we started for Alexandria. In the morning I and sundry others went in a shore-boat, towed by another one, to look at the grand harbour. There were no men-of-war in it except the "Dragon" and a few other steamers. There seem to be few alterations from what it was in old times. It was blowing fresh when we started, and when we got clear of the island we suddenly ran into a vicious cross sea, which of course caught us at dinner, and sent all the dishes and plates flying, much to the horror of the stewards and to the amusement of those passengers who were to windward. There was not any event to distinguish the remainder of our passage to Alexandria, off which place we arrived at three A.M. on the morning of Sunday, Nov. '3, though we did not get into the harbour till past nine, owing to delay on the part of the pilot. We landed immediately, and after a desperate encounter with an army of donkey boys,

who, strange to say, did not succeed in mounting us on their animals, reached the Hôtel de l'Europe, where we put up. The first thing to be done was to find out when the transit administration intended us to start for Cairo, so some of us went to the office and found that the first batch of vans was to start this evening. Whilst on board the "Ripon" the passengers had arranged themselves in parties of six, and had drawn lots for the numbers of their vans, the number determining whether such parties were to go in the first van or in the twentieth, according to the number drawn. We got number eight, but exchanged with number eighteen, and had reason to rejoice that we had done so. The first advantage was that we got a night's rest in Alexandria, which gave us plenty of time to get a bath and to go and see the sights, such as they are. The Pacha's palace, a large tawdry building, in bad French taste, the slave market, the Turkish bazaar, Pompey's pillar, the needle, and Said Pasha's garden, near which is a curious ancient mosaic, representing Medusa's head, are, I think, pretty nearly all there is to see.

*Monday, Nov. 4.*—After a night of some sleep and more mosquitos, we embarked in the canal boat at about seven. Here we found another advantage

in our being in the second batch. Our batch consisted of only eight out of the twenty or more vanloads which constitute the Desert caravan; so that we were not nearly so crowded as the first canal division must have been. The canal, which everybody knows was constructed by Mehemet Ali at an enormous sacrifice of life, is much like any other widish canal, and passes through a low and swampy, but apparently very fertile country. In one place a large wild boar was galloping over the country, disturbed, I suppose, by some European looking sportsmen, who were shooting in an adjoining field. Occasionally we passed tolerable looking houses, and constantly boats of all descriptions, which always got out of our way in a desperate hurry, for no Egyptian boatman dare impede the progress of the barges belonging to the Pacha's transit administration. We were all (about sixty of us) in a large track-boat, similar to, but broader than an ordinary canal passenger-boat, but with the roof made strong enough to serve as a deck to carry passengers; the pace was about six or seven miles an hour, our barge being towed by a small steamer, the fulness of the canal at this time of year allowing of a greater rate of speed than usual. At one time the

crew thought fit to take advantage of the wind, which was fresh and fair ; so they set a huge lateen sail, but a squall coming on, the sail took command of the boat, and sent it scraping and bumping against the bank, almost upsetting it. There was as much noise in getting the canvass in as there would be in bringing a seventy-four into harbour ; and, once in, the sail was not set again. A pretty avenue of evergreen trees forms a pleasing approach to Atfeh, where the canal terminates on the left bank of the Nile, and which we reached at about three P.M. Here the canal boat is taken through a lock, and brought alongside the Nile steamer, so that the passengers and their luggage are transferred from one to the other without difficulty or delay. Atfeh is merely a village of mud huts, with a few large houses inhabited by the transit agency people, and other Europeans in the Pacha's service. Of course a good deal of enthusiasm had to be got up at this our first view of the mighty Nile, which, at this season of the year, is a fine rapid muddy river—but we are going to India, not up the Nile, so we will not be enthusiastic yet. Our steamer was much like a Herne Bay boat, had two beautiful oscillating engines of, I fancy, about forty-horse power, an

English engineer, and an Egyptian captain who spoke English. Her crew was so numerous that they could afford four men always at the tiller, and look-out-men all over her, perpetually screeching to the steersman to avoid the numerous boats which crowd the river. We were very tolerably fed, and the vessel seemed to go very fast, so that we all got into exceedingly good humour. When evening came, the fore-cabin, being the smallest, was given to the five or six ladies; and the after-cabin was appropriated to the forty or fifty gentlemen. Nobody went to bed, there being no beds; but we all "caulked it" out on cloaks or cushions very comfortably, some preferring the deck, some the cabin floors and sofas, and I believe all slept very tolerably. The banks of the river are flat, generally six feet or so above the surface of the water, and quite green at this time of year. What with this, and the crowd of boats with their wonderful lateen yards, of all rigs the most picturesque, the little villages with their minarets and date trees, and the glorious sunset, the whole scene was much too agreeable for us to be inclined to grumble at the slight inconveniences of our vessel.

*Tuesday, Nov. 5.* At daylight the pyramids were

in sight right ahead. They looked to me steeper than I expected. We passed between two parts of the unfinished barrage of the Nile, an immense work certainly, (I hear there are doubts as to its utility,) and about half past nine A. M. we arrived at Boulac, the port of Cairo, of both of which places there are descriptions enough already. We put up at Cairo, at the Hôtel de l'Orient; very indifferent accommodation, but not bad feeding. A donkey-ride to the citadel (which afforded a beautiful view from the ramparts,) a visit to the Turkish bazaar, and a ramble about the town, to stare at the odd dresses and people, passed away the day until dinner time, and at six, the vans drove up to the door to take us across the Desert. Here, the carpet-bags which we were allowed to keep out for personal use at Alexandria and on board the canal boat, are given up to the authorities at the transit office, to be sent to Suez by fast camels, no luggage being allowed in the vans, for the best of reasons, that there is not room for any. A small bundle not larger than you can carry in your hand, is all that can be taken with comfort. Each caravan consists of five or six vans, (yellow boxes on two high wheels, tight fits for six persons, but perhaps rather the better for the tightness as

you do not bump so much against one another,) each drawn by four mules or horses, and each driven by Arab coachmen who sit on very small boxes in front. There is also to each caravan an outrider on horse-back, and to each van a black fellow who hangs on anywhere, and acts as conductor and extra flogger to the horses. We started at a rattling pace, and got over the first five or six miles in something under forty-five minutes, not so bad for Desert travelling. The change of horses at each stage made a very picturesque scene, with the wild-looking Arabs standing about the horses, under the red light of a huge blazing torch or bundle of faggots placed in a cresset in the midst of the group. At the fourth stage we found a very good meal which did duty for tea; at the eighth stage (where there are bedrooms, and accommodation good enough I believe to tempt invalids from Cairo to stay some time occasionally for the benefit of the pure dry Desert air,) we had another more extensive meal, which I suppose one must call supper, and at No. twelve another meal which we ate late enough to call it breakfast. All these meals are included in the twelve pounds which each person pays as transit money from Alexandria to Suez. In fact the only expenses one has to pay



extra are the hotel bills at either terminus, and at Cairo, and anything in the way of wine, spirit, or beer which one may think proper to order. At No. eight station we fell in with one batch of the homeward bound passengers, and at No. ten Lord Torrington was just changing horses when we passed. The trip across was accomplished without any adventure, but there were so many passengers on their way across from the outward and homeward bound boats that the unfortunate horses (of which the transit administration has 700, and ought to have 1200,) were half dead with fatigue, and we constantly had to jump out to help them to drag our van out of the sand. The road is, all things considered, very tolerable, wide, and most of the stones removed. This, however, renders it here and there rather deep with sand, and the drivers, who seem to have great contempt for any stone smaller than a millstone, often choose the open country, and one does get *rather* bumped then. As to weather nothing could have been finer, and we were only too glad to have our great coats to put on. In fact we did not take them off until about eleven on *Wednesday, Nov. 6*, when we changed horses for the last time at the post above Suez, which place we reached at a little after noon.

There is an immense hotel built at Suez by the transit company, but if it were twice the size it could hardly be equal to the demands of 250 passengers. There could hardly have been a smaller number at it within the last three days. Fortunately a good many of our fellow-passengers thought fit to go on board at once, so that we who remained got beds, and were right glad to turn into the same pretty early. Suez is a wretched place, consisting of a number of mud huts, and houses surrounded by a mud wall, which also includes the aforesaid hotel, and the houses of Captain Lindquist, and one or two other Europeans. Captain Lindquist is the Peninsular and Oriental Company's agent, American consul, and I don't know what else besides. Before turning in, some of us took a stroll about the place. We fell in with a beautiful little gazelle, quite young, and hardly higher than a good-sized cat. I never saw a nicer little pet. There are signs of activity about Suez in the shape of sundry Arab boats building, freighting, or under repair. They take European goods to Jiddah, Mocha, and other ports, and bring dates, coffee, and water to Suez. The latter is very bad here, quite brackish. I believe Captain Lindquist gets some of his from the Nile,

and some from Madras or Ceylon. It was amusing to watch the camels, hundreds of which we had passed on the road, arriving with baggage and cargo for the "Haddington" (our steamer). Several cressets full of pine faggots were blazing on the wharfs, about which the animals with their drivers were grouped, men and beasts swearing most vociferously in their respective languages; for if any animal can swear, camels can and do. It was all very picturesque; so was my bed, particularly when I awoke in the morning and found three bugs walking over the pillow.

*Thursday, Nov. 7.*—Fine and hot, but not intensely so. After a short ramble I went on board the "Haddington," to secure our berths, look after luggage, &c. I found the steamer's decks in great confusion. Baggage not yet sent below, passengers looking hot and alarmed about that portmanteau which they can't find anywhere, which they want immediately, and which the steward thinks is in the fore hold under the cargo. A few new passengers have replaced the two or three who had accompanied us only as far as Alexandria. Among the new arrivals were Sir W. Gomm, the new Commander-in-Chief in India, and Lady Gomm. We are, in all, I believe, one hundred and twenty-

six first-class passengers. There were lying here the E.I.C.'s steamer "Akbar," and an Egyptian steamer. At four o'clock, all the passengers, goods, and baggage, being shipped, the "Haddington" weighed, and we ran down the Gulf of Suez; high rocky hills on either side, and a long expanse of sandy beach between them and the sea. A lovely evening, and a young moon, with a fair wind, made the start very pleasant. All things considered, we have, as yet, been very prosperous, and the Desert part of the trip has proved much pleasanter than I anticipated. As we did it, there is no hardship, and little fatigue for any man, though, for ladies or invalids, it would be rather hard work; but the other party, the first batch, were not nearly so well off as we were; they had three broken nights instead of two, having only part of the second in bed at Cairo. The other two were passed either in the canal boats or in the Desert vans, and the first was broken by their having to change from canal-boat to steamer at midnight. All this may be much better arranged when the talked-of railway is made across the Desert. As far as I could judge, there seemed little local difficulty to overcome between Cairo and Suez. The drifting sand, which I have

heard mentioned as likely to prove an obstacle to a railroad, would have been as powerful a destroyer to a common one; but the fact is, that the Desert here is more stony than sandy. With an improved transit, and steamers equal to the Cunard vessels on both sides of the isthmus, people might make their winter's trip in India instead of Italy; and with lower rates of passage-money, Indian officials might run home for their holidays, and a fresh instalment of health and energy, in not much more time than it took people, a hundred years ago, to go from London to Edinburgh. The steamer we are in now is an iron boat, of about 1500 tons, and nominally 500 horse power. She is not a fast boat at all, as steamers go now-a-days, and has not such good saloon accommodation as the "Ripon," though her cabins are perhaps rather larger. The greater portion of her crew is composed of Lascars, of whom she has, I believe, upwards of 100, dark, slight, active-made fellows, who sleep anywhere on mats, and jabber to one another all day and all night. There are not above six or eight English seamen; they take the wheel and lead, but seldom go aloft. The vessel herself is adapted to the hot climates she is employed in; much more open than those on

the other side of the isthmus, and has punkahs in the saloon, which are very pleasant at meal times.

*Friday, Nov. 8.*—Fine fair wind. At eight A.M. we were in the narrows of the Gulf of Suez; high rocky land on each side, with a wide expanse of sand running up the base of the hills. We were told that we saw Sinai, and perhaps we did.

*Saturday, Nov. 9.*—Our first really hot day. High land in sight on the African side. Judging from the distance, I should think it was little less than 10,000 feet in height. At five we passed the island of St. John, a small barren rock. At noon the twenty-four hours' run was 216 miles—nothing to speak of considering the weather we have had.

*Sunday, Nov. 10.*—Divine service on deck; the missionary reading and preaching. The Lascars, who generally appear in a *plentiful scarcity* of garments, came out to-day in snow-white garments and coloured sashes and caps. Thermometer getting up, about 86° to-day; the run at noon only 207.

*Monday, Nov. 11.*—A head wind makes us feel cooler, although the thermometer has risen to 92°. A revolution took place. The fore-castle, till now sacred to gentlemen and cigars, was invaded by the lady passengers, and taken without resistance.

People sit there talking and trying to sing, with more or less success, until ten at night. The evenings are pleasant enough on deck, though very stuffy below.

*Tuesday, Nov. 12.* — A head sea, but not very much of it; enough, however, to stop the "Haddington's" way a good deal. We passed the island of Gib-el-Thor, and a group of eight or ten rocks, all volcanic. Worse and worse runs, only 190 miles to-day. After dark we saw and answered the blue lights of a steamer going north, the "Ajdaha," I suppose, with the Bombay mail.

*Wednesday, Nov. 13.* — At daylight land was visible on both sides. The town of Mocha nearly abreast of us, and distant about eight miles. It is a large town in appearance, with several towers and minarets. There were a few merchant vessels lying in the roads. The change in the weather here was delightful; there was a pleasant breeze, fresh and cool; and the water in the bath was quite cold, instead of being half-tepid, as it has lately been. Fish seemed to swarm around us. All along this coast the hills have the most fantastic and picturesque shapes; on the African side, the mountains seem higher and grander: one mountain was said

to be one hundred miles off; if so, it must be something tremendous in height. Soon after noon we passed the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. The passage we went through is about a couple of miles or less in width, and is formed by an island on the Arabian side of the main straits. There is a cairn of stones on the island, erected, we were told, in memory of a field officer of Baird's army, who died here when that general was with his sepoy, on his way to do battle with the French in Egypt: it makes a good landmark for this passage. The distance from Asia to Africa I should guess at about twenty-eight miles in the narrowest part. We reached Aden at about midnight, and immediately began transshipping the Bombay mails and passengers to the E.I.C.'s steamer, "Sesostris," whose captain is very anxious to be off immediately. There are eight or nine ladies, and about a dozen gentlemen, going in the "Sesostris," whose whole accommodation is, I hear, one cabin, and that the captain's.

*Thursday, Nov. 14.* — Up before daylight to get a ramble before the heat of the day begins. An immense number of shore boats surrounded the steamer, each boat's crew consisting of a more than half-naked party of chattering Arab boys, the



queerest looking mortals I ever saw. Some of them have their hair frizzled in a succession of little curls, and dyed a brickdust red; some have their heads closely shaved altogether; some have their hair as Nature gave it them, but all have got more than their share of tongue, and most of them have learnt some little English, not invariably of the most refined description. On the beach was another set loudly vaunting the excellence of their ponies or donkeys, and as urgent to get us to mount them as the Alexandria or Cairo boys. We mounted and started for the cantonments. Aden is certainly one of the most singular places I know. It is one heap of peaks of limestone and lava, with hardly a green thing growing upon them, and, like Gibraltar, is approachable from the land side, by an isthmus of sand only. I should guess the peninsula to be about three miles in length and the same in breadth, of very irregular shape, and rising into several peaks of considerable height, and of the most fantastic forms, most of them crowned by either an Arab tower, or some other work. From the beach to the cantonments, a distance of about three miles, there is an excellent road along the base of the hills, with the harbour on the left. The road divides about

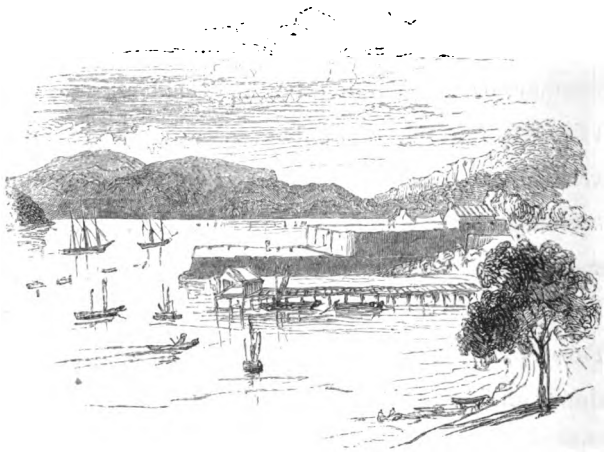
half a mile from the cantonments, that to the left leading to the only gate on the land side ; that to the right leading through a deep gorge to the town, first ascending a steep hill crowned by a great stone gateway, protected by some guns, and guarded by sepoys. The gorge is a singular work, made, I believe, by the Arabs ; it is about 80 feet deep, and 15 or 20 wide, and is spanned by a bridge high over head, connecting some part of the works I suppose. Beyond the gorge is a descent leading to the cantonments and town, which are situated in the crater of an extinct volcano. There is little to see in the town, which consists of a large collection of Arab huts, and some better kind of houses for the troops, &c. ; so we merely looked at it, and then rode off with an officer of engineers to look at the defences. These seem considerable, a high solid stone wall and ditch, stretching across the isthmus, with platforms for heavy guns, and calculated to resist the attack, not only of half-naked Arabs, but of regulars, and artillery to a great extent. Crowds of half-dressed Arabs were hard at work, jabbering away all the time, and waggons drawn by oxen with huge strange-shaped horns, were dragging great blocks of stone about. A few Bombay artillerymen

seemed to be in command of the various parties ; steady-looking Englishmen in white dresses and white caps, or hats well covered to keep the sun off. The place is under the Bombay government, and the garrison, which consists of a wing of H.M.'s 78th Highlanders, a sepoy regiment, and some Bombay artillery and engineers, is about 1500 strong. At the gate, every Arab who enters the place is obliged to deposit his arms, a wise precaution which the Arabs don't much like, but which is very necessary. Towards ten o'clock it began to get warm, so we cantered back to the inn which some Parsees have set up near the landing-place, and where we had ordered breakfast. We got a better one than I expected, capital fish being the staple thereof. The rest of the day was spent by us and most of the other passengers in lounging about the verandahs, where we were tolerably cool, and, at all events, better off than we should have been on board the steamer, where coal-dust was flying about all day, as usual, when coal is being supplied. The inn is a queer place, one long ground floor connected by wide verandahs, in one of which a number of beds are placed for loungers to snooze away the time upon. One wing was given up to the ladies, and

the other appropriated to the gentlemen. A wise-looking Parsee, in an oilskin cap, like a water-can, and flowing white robes, keeps the inn, and a shop for the sale of "Europe goods," the charges at both being, as may be expected, tolerably high. A mob of donkey and pony boys thronged the doors all day, demanding baksheesh and customers vociferously, whenever one showed one's nose beyond the doors; officers of the 78th came down to see if they could find any acquaintances among the passengers; races were got up between donkeys or horses, the owners of which ride like centaurs; and, in fact, the time passed away less slowly than might have been anticipated. One of the officers of the 78th has a "hansom," a style of vehicle I should fancy very ill adapted to this climate. After dinner and a stroll towards steamer point, all hands went on board, and by eight o'clock we were under way again for Ceylon. I am glad to have seen this very strange place, and equally glad that I am not likely ever to have to live here, though the garrison are said not altogether to dislike the place. It is not considered unhealthy, but the water is very bad. Most of it has a bitter taste, not exactly salt, but very near it. I believe there are only two wells of

really fresh water in the place, and the supply from them but scanty. The population I heard stated at 25,000, though a guide-book says there are 40,000. Taking it at the least calculation, it is a considerable increase from 4000, at which number it was calculated when the place was taken. The society of the place is not extensive. A reinforcement of ladies came out with us in the "Haddington," who must be a very welcome addition, and who, I believe, increase the number of English ladies to about a dozen. We found the company's corvette, the "Elphinstone," lying here, and a couple of small steamers which had been with pilgrims to Jiddah, the port of Mecca, and are now on their return to Bombay, or the Persian Gulf. Besides these, and a few Arab boats, the only vessels in the harbour were a couple of colliers. Except that Grosvenor was taken ill a few days after we left Aden, there was nothing worthy of notice in our voyage from that place to Point de Galle, which we reached on Tuesday, the 26th of November. The weather was almost uniformly beautiful, and the sea smooth, until the morning of the 24th, when after passing through eight-degree channel without sighting any of the low group of islands, the Maldives, we

encountered the sea caused by a strong north-east wind blowing down the Gulf of Manaar, the passage between Ceylon and the main land. It was nothing to hurt us; in fact, few people were rendered sea-sick by it, but it stopped the ship's way a little, and wetted the decks. She certainly is a slow boat, this "Haddington;" and the numerous faults in her interior arrangements and provisions caused a pretty strong letter to be written, and signed by nearly all the passengers, which will, I hope, have some effect.



POINT DE GALLE.

## CHAPTER II.

Point de Galle and its Inhabitants—The Road to Colombo—Colombo—Colombo to Kandy—The Bridge over the Mahawelliganga—Kandy—The Temple, its Guardians and its Contents—Cingalese Music—Lady Horton's Walk—The Botanical Garden—Muttua Pattna—The Road to Pusolawa—Coffee Plantation—Scenery and Climate at Pusolawa—Newera Ellia—Ascent of the Mountain of Pedro Dallagalla—Unsuccessful Elephant Hunt—Return to Kandy.

*Tuesday, Nov. 26.*—The view of Point de Galle, after daybreak, or rather when the previously very thick fog rose, was very pretty, though not particularly striking to any one who has seen tropical vegetation before. After Aden the green leaves are quite refreshing. As you enter the little harbour you leave the town on your left; opposite is the beach, backed by forests of cocoa-nut trees, with a distance of tree-covered hills, and, on the right, well wooded rocky banks, with a fine white surf dashing upon them. Of the town little is visible from the anchorage. The Dutch town is concealed by the ramparts, lofty solid erections, built by the Dutch, and the prominent objects are the old church and

the new lighthouse. The latter is made of iron and painted white, and is a very conspicuous object. The "Achilles" steamer was awaiting our arrival, and sailed in the evening with the China mails and passengers which we had brought with us: the "Haddington" also sailed a little later for Calcutta: about a dozen merchant vessels, and a host of the queer country boats, were also in the harbour. We had not intended landing in Ceylon for a longer period than the stay of the steamer allowed, but the state of Grosvenor's health determined us to stop a month (until the arrival of the next monthly steamer) to see what that period of rest might do for him. We landed at about ten this morning, and I do not recollect ever feeling so hot as I did this day. The people on shore however said it was warm for the time of year, and the heat was of a damp kind—the most unpleasant of any in my opinion. We landed at the wharf, or jetty, passed through an archway in a huge mass of building, which serves as fortification and custom house, and entered the town. The houses have mostly a ground floor without an upper story, high tiled roofs and verandahs. Glass windows do not abound, though you see them here and there; they are mostly replaced by cane or



lattice work, very cool and pleasant. The floors are tiled, the walls painted or whitewashed, and ceilings there are none. You are puzzled to know why the rain should not come through, as you see the daylight through the intervals of the tiles. Generally, the rooms are separated from one another only by bulkheads or partitions, which reach no higher than the side walls, the roof being the common and only cover to all, so that you have the satisfaction of hearing all that your neighbour says or does. Crowds of natives surrounded the passengers, offering for sale tortoiseshell combs and other articles, ebony sticks, elephants' teeth (not tusks, but grinders), precious stones, &c., for which they generally demanded about ten times their value. The dress of the men is not pretty; it consists of a piece of linen, descending from the waist to the ankles, something like a tight petticoat, leaving the shoulders bare, and a comb of formidable dimensions stuck into their hair, which they wear long, and tied in a knot at the back of the head—altogether the most grotesque and unmanly costume I ever saw. They are said to be the mildest of people, but, like many mild races, deceitful and even treacherous. Courage is I fancy not one of their virtues. As to the women,

the few I saw here were not favourable specimens. Except a kind of veil over their head and shoulders, their dress was much like that of the men. I was told that the women are allowed as many husbands as they choose, and that it is not unusual to hear a Cingalese child speak of his second or third father—a curious state of society, seldom, if ever, found in even the least civilised nations. It was amusing to stroll about the town and stare about one, for though it was intensely hot in the sun, one could generally keep tolerably sheltered; the ramparts and many of the streets having plenty of trees about them. One article of manufacture we patronised was the Chinese umbrellas, made of paper and bamboo. The cheapness, considering the quantity of work and ornament in these chatties, as they call them here, surprised me: they were only one shilling each. In the evening we strolled out beyond the town, not far, only to the old Roman Catholic chapel, which stands on a hill overlooking the lines, and from which the view in the "Overland Mail Diorama" is taken. I do not think that the said diorama did justice to this view, which is pretty and worth going to see, particularly if one is only going to stop in the island as long as the steamer

stays, as it gives one a good general idea of the place, and the nature of the scenery. There is, however, a much better and prettier view farther off, on the other side of the harbour. After our walk I went to take leave of such of our fellow passengers as did not end their voyage here. They embarked about seven, and will, I fancy, have a boisterous voyage to Madras against the N.E. monsoon. We heard here of the frightful accident which has happened at Macao, the blowing up of a Portuguese corvette, with the loss of nearly every soul on board. One can only regret the event, and be thankful that it was not an English vessel. We dined at what they call the Mansion House, and afterwards marched off to Mrs. Bogaar's boarding-house, where we had engaged beds. On our way we stopped for five minutes in the street to listen to some music that was going on in a private house, which proceeding on our part appeared to give great offence to a stout gentleman, who was I suppose the host, though I am not aware that we committed any further impropriety than that of standing quietly in the middle of the narrow street, and saying good night to a quondam fellow passenger who passed by.

*Wednesday, Nov. 27.*—Up soon after five and out

for a walk round the ramparts. We are not yet acclimatized I suppose, for we felt the heat considerably, and were not inclined to stir out till the evening. Sundry people called, and from each came an invitation to dinner. We accepted the first, that of Captain Maclean of the artillery. Before dinner we got a one-horse carriage and drove out to Dr. Garstin's, who had also invited us to pay him a visit at his country house. He is the clergyman of P. de Galle, and has a bungalow on a sugar-loaf hill about four miles from the town. The road thither is lovely. After passing through the native town, it leads up a valley covered with one sheet of green, either grass or trees, enlivened with countless flowers of all colours, to the foot of the hill; it then winds up the hill to the house, not too steep to drive up comfortably, and affording many pretty peeps here and there. The views from the bungalow are charming, only there is, if any thing, rather too much wood. One gets rather tired of seeing such endless forests of dark green, a common fault I think in tropical scenery. The doctor took us for a short walk to see his cinnamon and nutmeg plants. The colour of the fruit of the latter, when ripe, is really beautiful; it is then as if it had been split open, of

a delicate pearl colour, and showing the brilliant purple mace round the stone. In shape and colour it is not unlike a nectarine, and it is curious that the same plant should bear at one time buds, blossoms, and fruit, both unripe and ripe. Some tame sambre, or deer of the elk breed, were in the grounds, and we saw a couple of mongoos wandering about. According to all accounts the latter, if they live on snakes, must be well off for food here, what with tic polongas, carawellas, water snakes, rat snakes, and I don't know what others. The former are very venomous, but people seem to trouble their heads but little about them. About dusk we returned to dinner; a small party and a pleasant dinner, in a cool room.

*Thursday, Nov. 28.*—At half-past five we started for Colombo; our carriage a small phaeton, an extra mail-coach, put on by the civility of Mr. Lee the agent. From Galle to Colombo is seventy-two miles, along an excellent road, nearly level, and generally close to the sea. There are some exquisite bits of scenery along this road, particularly at some of the bridges, which cross the numerous streams. Near the sea these streams are more like lakes than rivers; they are very wide, contracting only at the

outlet, where alone is there any perceptible current. Some of these, however, are navigable to river craft for some distance, and discharge a very considerable body of water into the sea. To Bentotte, about half way, the road leads along the belt of cocoa-nut trees, which borders on the beach almost without intermission. There is, I think, no effect of wood scenery more singular than that of a forest of these trees; there is generally an absence of underwood, and a strange light and shade from the numbers of perpendicular trunks with thick foliage at top, which gives a different effect from any other kind of scenery. At Bentotte we stopped to breakfast in a cool open bungalow, where we feasted on oysters, for which the place is famous; they are, however, more like what the Americans call "clams" than oysters. We started again after breakfast, and arrived at Colombo at a little after three. The whole line of road from Galle to Colombo is a series of villages, and was rendered gay by the numbers of people, bullock-waggons, and native carriages, which we met. Several fishing stations afford employment to an immense number of people, who formed picturesque groups along the beach. About four miles from Colombo we found a great crowd of people

working at a bridge or dam, with a couple of elephants assisting, the first time we had seen those animals really making themselves useful. A little further on is a banyan tree, not so remarkable for its size, as for the arch it makes across the road, a fitting approach to the capital of Ceylon, and an excellent subject for a landscape-painter. Beyond this, large comfortable bungalows get more frequent, and the police-stations, and the numerous native huts, denote the approach to the capital. At last we emerged from the palm-trees, and arrived on an open green space, with the sea on the left, a fresh-water lake on the right, and the town of Colombo in front. The Green is the Galle Face, the promenade of Colombo. We took up our quarters at the Royal Hotel, a large building with a colonnade running along the front, and but little glass in the windows. We had heard much of the badness of the Ceylon hotels, and both here and at Galle were greatly surprised at finding them so much less bad than we expected. The first thing to be done was to order some light garments for jungle wear: they are very cheap and well made here, double sewn, to stand the beating and tearing of the washermen of these parts. We got ours made by Mr. Findlay, an English tailor

established here, and also ordered some leech-gaiters, which are worn in the jungle to keep off a kind of leech that infests the damp grass, and is very persevering in its attacks. Leeches and ticks are the two plagues of the jungle. Colombo is a very different looking place from Galle: it has wide streets, generally lined on each side with trees, a good many large houses—not a few with some architectural pretensions—all cool-looking, with an abundance of Venetian blinds, but almost all looking rather dilapidated—this is, I fancy, owing to the rains, which prevent the paint or whitewash from ever looking new. The native town, or pettah, outside the fort, is very large and populous; it consists of long streets of native huts, interspersed with bungalows standing in their own compounds or gardens: the huts are generally small constructions of clay, with roofs thatched with palm-leaves, and verandahs of lattice-work round them. Every house seems to be a shop of one kind or another, a very large proportion, apparently, for the sale of grain, vegetables, or fruit. The harbour contained a few merchant vessels, a considerable number of country craft, and the little colonial steamer. At the custom house there seemed to be



a good deal of business going on. Cattle are small here : we met quantities of small carts drawn by one or two of these cattle, sometimes with a couple of natives in the cart, jogging along at a good pace. There was a wedding going on near one of the villages we passed to-day ; the bridegroom was walking along the road in a magnificent velvet coat, embroidered with gold, a servant holding an umbrella over his head, and a crowd of people round him ; he looked, and must have been, rather warm than otherwise : the bride followed at some distance in a little bullock carriage, also surrounded by a mob ; but we passed so quick that we could not make out what she was like.

*Friday, Nov. 29.*—A walk in the morning and a ride in the evening, the only exercise we took ; General Smelt and his secretary kindly lending us the horses. Several residents called, and, as usual in these hospitable parts, we got numerous invitations. In the evening there was a ball in honour of St. Andrew's day, given in the council chamber, a fine large room, with a large punkah perpetually going : there were few ladies, but an immense number of gentlemen. Who should arrive here to-day, to our great surprise, but the Nepaulese

ambassador, Jung Bahadoor. He arrived in the E.I.C.'s steamer "Atalanta," and is going on a pilgrimage to Ramisserim, a very holy place in the northern part of the Gulf of Manaar.

*Saturday, Nov. 30.*—This morning the Nepaulese ambassador paid his visit of ceremony to the Governor, Sir G. Anderson: he was received with a guard of honour, and the band of the 37th regiment; and afterwards he sent his two brothers over to our hotel to invite Grosvenor and us to Nepal, an invitation we were but too glad to accept. It was rainy in the afternoon, so I sat and read in the garrison library nearly all the latter part of the day. The library is a fine open room, with a very good collection of books and periodicals; but one is tormented by a very small description of fly, which is constantly quite close to one's eye, and occasionally gets into it: it is next to impossible to get rid of these creatures. Dined with the General, not by any means an unpleasant thing to do.

*Sunday, Dec. 1.*—Adam's Peak was very conspicuous to-day from the Galle Face, the clouds which had previously concealed it having cleared away. It is a fine conical hill, one of a lofty range,

towering above the mist of the plains below. We heard the bishop preach in a hot church on the ramparts, which overlook the harbour. The congregation was in a great part military, including most of the authorities.

*Monday, Dec. 2.*—The Governor held his first levee to-day, which was attended by all the notables of Colombo and the neighbourhood. Nothing can exceed the absurdity of the appearance of the natives; high gills enclosing brown and particularly ugly faces, topknots and tortoise-shell combs, tight frock-coats, and the tight petticoat continuation: I never saw such figures; most of them wore a small sword, slung short over the shoulder. There were also Roman Catholic priests, officers and dignitaries of all descriptions, with a guard of honour of the 37th. We sat in the library verandah opposite, and looked on. The evening was excessively wet, but not so as to prevent us going to dine at the house of the chief justice, Sir Anthony Oliphant. At dinner a cocoa-nut flower was opened for our edification: it looks, when closed, like a pod, some two or three feet long; but when cut open, the most beautiful wax-like flowers burst out of it: one can hardly believe that so many delicate flowers can ever have

been packed in so small a compass, and one can wish one's worst enemy no more difficult task than to have to get them all back again. After dinner Lady Oliphant had a party. I never saw anything prettier than the way in which the rooms and verandah were ornamented with cocoa-nut flowers and palm-leaves. This style of decoration is one of those things that must be seen to be appreciated; and, besides its exceeding gracefulness, has the merit of being very easily prepared. Lady Oliphant's native servants had arranged it all in two or three hours. Out of doors, in spite of the rain, they had an illumination. Halves of cocoa-nut shells full of oil, with floating wicks in them, with here and there a flaming torch, made of cocoa-nut fibre dipped in oil, were placed in all directions about the grounds, with the most brilliant effect. The party included the Nepaulese minister, and all the *beau monde* of Colombo, and was enlivened by the band of the Ceylon Rifle regiment, which played remarkably well. The performers are all, or nearly all, Malays. We retired early, having to start betimes in the morning.

*Tuesday, Dec. 3.*—We started per mail at a quarter to six; breakfasted half-way at Amba-pooisie

about eleven o'clock, and arrived about four at Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon. The road is a very good one; the distance about seventy-four miles; we travelled in a kind of sociable, which carries four, besides the driver, and one outside, and is drawn by two vicious nags, which are changed every seven or eight miles. For the first few miles we went through a thickly populated and highly cultivated country, rather flat at first, but gradually rising and growing more hilly. Kandy is only about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, but to reach it one has to cross the Kataganava Pass, which is between 4 and 5000 feet in height. The views from this pass, looking back, are most beautiful, stretching far over a hilly and richly wooded country, the rather sombre colouring of the foliage relieved by that of the paddy fields, which occupy the bottom of the valleys, and which looked like series of broad steps of the brightest green velvet. At frequent intervals along the road we found crowds of workmen, and occasionally an elephant, hard at work repairing the roads, which have suffered much from the heavy rains which have lately visited this island, and continued for an unusually long period. The road itself is excellent, but is, they say, unnecessarily

carried over a high part of the mountain, which might have been crossed some way to the right at a lower elevation. At the summit of the pass is a monument to the engineer, Captain Lawson. Whatever the defects of the roads may be, there seems to be no lack of traffic, for we passed several hundreds of bullock-waggons, principally laden with rice going up to the coffee plantations for the use of the coolies employed there, or with coffee going to the coast for exportation. I am told that a clear profit of 15,000*l.* sterling per annum is obtained from the tolls on this road alone, which, I suppose, pays pretty nearly the expenses of the 4000 "pioneers" employed in the island upon the roads generally. About four miles from Kandy the Mahawelliganga river is spanned by as fine a specimen of a wooden bridge as I ever saw anywhere; a single arch of 205 feet span, built of ebony and satinwood by Colonel Fraser, and so constructed that any one piece can be taken out and replaced, if required: the arch, which is like lattice-work, quite open, is eminently adapted to stand during the floods, which here rise as high as, or higher than, at any place I ever heard of; though the crown of the arch was somewhere about eighty feet above the

level of the river when we saw it, not very long ago the water rose to within five feet of it; the engineers were not so much afraid of the water itself as of the drift timber which was washed down in this flood, and which was expected to carry away the whole bridge bodily; however it stood the pressure gallantly. Among other things washed down in this flood, were the bodies of two elephants, which must have been drowned in endeavouring to cross the stream higher up. Passing the botanical garden at Paradenia, a twenty minutes' drive brought us to Kandy. Here we were hospitably lodged by the colonial secretary Mr. M'Carthy, at his bungalow, I should think about the pleasantest residence in Kandy. The owner himself was absent at Colombo, in fact we had hardly seen him at all, and I think his lodging three people he had never seen before was a piece of civility one would scarcely expect to find anywhere, even in the East where everybody is so hospitable. Our late fellow passenger Colonel Braybrooke, had written to Captain Bird of the Ceylon Rifles, to announce our coming, and he met us at the entrance of the town. I hardly know what we should have done without him. He did everything for us, got us our ponies, told us where we could get the things

we wanted for an intended tour, in fact was indefatigable for us. Mr. Buller, the resident or rather the government agent, came up soon after we arrived, and carried us off to the temple adjoining his residence, which was the palace of the old kings of Kandy. The temple was erected about 100 years ago, on the site of a very ancient and still more sacred one, and it contains the holy tooth which some old Cingalese dentist extracted from the jaw of the god Budhoo. We did not see the holy tooth itself, it being much too precious to be shown to common people, except on particularly great occasions. Mr. Buller offered to show it to us, but he said it would entail our being shut up for some hours in the stuffy little place where it is kept, whilst the chiefs and priests removed the one large brass, and six smaller golden diving-bell-like cases, under which it is placed; a penance neither he nor we were inclined to undergo, merely to see a jaguar's tooth, or whatever it may be. The outer brass cover is loaded with gold chains and jewellery, the regalia of the ancient kings: some of it is rather fine and set somewhat in the mediæval style. I rather coveted three fine cats'-eyes, which were among the jewels. The value of the whole is stated



to be about 15,000*l.* A strong iron cage with two locks encloses the shrine in which the tooth is kept, one key of which *çage* Mr. Buller retains in his possession, another is kept by the head man, so that both parties may be certain that neither has stolen the precious relic, or the jewellery. The former is not without its value, as there is a tradition current among the Cingalese, that the possessors of it will always be the rulers of Ceylon. The temple itself is only remarkable for the singularity of its architecture. The head man, who took us over it, showed us some golden bowls (said to be of very pure metal), of some size, perhaps ten inches or so in diameter, and pretty thick, which were sent from Siam as presents to the shrine, and a vast number of statues of that eternal Budhoo, among them two or three made of crystal. The dress of the head man beat almost anything I ever saw. A flat wide cap of some light material, great puffed out sleeves, and I am afraid to say how many yards of muslin about his waist and body, constituted the greatest portion of his attire, with which he was so loaded that he looked more like a conglomeration of balloons than a human being. The whole temple smelt strongly of a perfume produced by a particular kind of flowers,

some yellow and some white, which are brought by the natives in great numbers as offerings to Budhoo. This perfume was rather overpowering, besides which the priests, gentlemen in yellow sheets and nothing else, were good enough to keep up a diabolical row with tomtoms and trumpets, during the whole of our stay in the temple, by way I suppose of keeping off the devil, which it certainly must do, if that personage is at all musical. Certain it is that the Cingalese do not weaken the charm for want of practice, for they begin their noise at daylight, and go on at intervals till near nine at night, to the utter prevention of sleep or rest in any of the houses near their sacred shrines. After a comfortable quiet dinner at Mr. Buller's (whose drawing-room by the way is that of the old sovereigns of the island, from which those personages used to view their capital), we were not sorry to adjourn early to our comfortable beds at the bungalow. It certainly feels cooler and drier here than at Colombo, but confound those mosquitos.

*Wednesday, Dec. 4.*—Early rising is the rule, not the exception, in this part of the world, so between five and six we walked round "Lady Horton's walk," a promenade of two or three miles in length, made

under the direction of the wife of one of the island governors, round the hill at the back of the pavilion, the official residence of the governor when he visits Kandy. It is nothing more than a broad gravel walk cut through the jungle, and affording glimpses of the most beautiful views one can well imagine. At all events it is a proof of what a little good taste can do at a very trifling expense. Like all unreclaimed tropical land, the bank on either side of the road is one mass of thick, literally impenetrable jungle, impenetrable at least to a clothed European. During the heat of the day we did not move out much, but a good many people called, and some ponies were brought up for us to look at, some four-legged things or others being required to help us in our country excursions. It ended in our purchasing three very tolerable nags for what I thought very little money, twelve pounds each, including saddle, bridle, and halter. We had afterwards some other dealings with the party from whom we bought these animals, an Englishman named Hamilton, and we had every reason to be satisfied with him. In the evening General Smelt arrived on his tour of inspection, and was received with a salute of thirteen guns, the echo of which among the hills had a fine effect; the reverberation

brought down a smart shower of rain, after which we got a bandy or small one-horse vehicle, and drove off to Paradenia to see the Botanical Garden, near the great wooden bridge. We had a letter to Mr. Thwaites who has the charge of the garden, and he good-naturedly showed us over the grounds, which are extensive and very prettily laid out, and contain, besides all the known indigenous plants of the island, a fair number of foreign ones. Among others we were shown coffee, cinnamon, nutmeg, cotton, many different kinds of palms, and numerous beautiful creepers. The travellers' palm, which when cut into with a penknife pours out a small quantity of pure water, or of what closely resembles pure water, grows here, but is not indigenous. The funds allowed to the garden are said to be insufficient to keep it properly in order, weeds springing up so rapidly that it is impossible for the few men whom they can afford to keep at work to destroy them. Porcupines and squirrels, too, do a great deal of mischief. The latter are very pretty and very bold little animals; grey, with a black stripe down each side of their backs. A great dinner at the detachment mess of the Ceylon Rifles concluded the day very satisfactorily. We had

forgotten to bring our evening dress with us, and I felt rather shabby among so many smart people.

*Thursday, Dec. 5.* Early this morning came our Mentor, Captain Bird, to show us a ride to a fine *point de vue*, Muttna Pattna hill, commonly called Mutton-button. It was a good opportunity for trying the ponies, which went very well, and we had a very pleasant ride. On our way we called at a coffee plantation, very deservedly rejoicing in the name of Fairy-land, for it is one of the prettiest spots I ever saw; and we reached the summit after a ride of about an hour and a half. Muttna Pattna is a conical hill, and commands a magnificent view not only over Kandy, but also over the ranges of hills on either side. The town lies at one's feet, spread out as in a map. It is certainly very well situated, in a basin formed by the expansion of the valley, and well supplied with water by an immense tank or rather artificial lake, formed by stretching a dam across the valley; a simple method of obtaining a great supply of water which was very common among the ancient Cingalese, as well as the modern, and which might very advantageously be imitated elsewhere. In this tank is an island on which is the powder-magazine, formerly either a pleasure-house

of the king's or a residence for his wives, and on its bank another good-sized building, now the library, but formerly some adjunct to the palace. The native town of Kandy lies below this tank and to the right of it, and is a collection of small houses on either side of streets regularly laid out and tolerably wide; every other house a shop of one kind or another, pretty well supplied with European goods. There are, besides, some English shop-keepers established here, and in fact one can get nearly anything one wants at Kandy. However, all this has nothing to do with Muttua Pattana, except that you see the great features of Kandy from its top, where you may sit down in the coarse lemon-grass which covers it, and enjoy the beautiful view without fear of finding a great gorged leech inside your shirt-collar when you get up again, these voracious little animals not living so high up. The lemon-grass above mentioned is a coarse kind of grass, which when bruised smells exactly like lemon syrup. An oil called Citronella is, I believe, expressed from it. We were none of us sorry to get back to breakfast, after which shopping and other preparations passed away the time until two o'clock, at which time we were invited to take tiffin at Colonel Drought's,

the commanding officer of the 15th regiment. Here we met the general and several other officers, and tasted what is considered a great luxury, and is, at all events, an expensive article, viz., the shoots of the young cocoa-nut. The expense is in that, to get this dish, a tree must be destroyed, and as every cocoa-nut tree is, I believe, valued at two-and-sixpence per annum during its existence, the capital represented by a dish of two or three "heads" must be considerable, as dishes of vegetables generally go. The heads in question had belonged to some trees lately blown down and sent as a present to our hostess. In the evening the 15th was inspected by the general, and went through all kinds of manœuvres in, as far as I could judge, excellent style. The men looked in capital condition, and there were only ten in hospital, not one of them ill enough to be in bed; a fact which speaks well for men and officers.

*Friday, Dec. 6.* We were to have been off for Pusolawa at six this morning, but circumstances delayed us until nearly seven, when we started in Captain Bird's one-horse chaise, which conveyed us as far as Gampola, a distance of fourteen miles, where our ponies had been sent in care of the horse-keepers the evening before. The road divides from

that to Colombo at the Paradenia bridge, after crossing which it turns to the left up a pretty valley gradually ascending to Gampola, a large village with a dirty rest-house, where we got some coffee and eggs, as a kind of *avant-déjeuner*. The roadside inns or rest-houses in Ceylon are generally government property, and are kept by a government servant, who is called the appoo, and who receives the sum paid to government by any traveller who occupies the building, and furnishes them with such provisions as the place affords. He is obliged to keep a book in which each traveller records the sum he has paid to government account, and any complaints he may have to make. The Gampola rest-house is quite a palace compared with some of them, and one can even get porter and such like luxuries there. The village cottages are much like one another, generally built of mud and reeds, with thatched roofs of palm-tree leaves, an excellent material for lasting and keeping out water, they say; mud floors, and the street front generally open to the road; so that one has little difficulty in studying the domestic economy of the inhabitants, who when they want to retire into private life hang up screens of rattan in front of their verandahs. Judging by



the quantity of people in the village, very few could have been at work in the fields, for every house had its complement of ugly half-dressed men squatting in front, idly staring at the passers by. They looked in that attitude like a cross between monkeys and toads, only that monkeys don't wear combs in their back hair, and look a good deal more intellectual. Leaving Gampola, where Captain Bird parted company on his return to Kandy, we crossed a ferry close by, and immediately commenced the ascent to Pusolawa, the scenery growing prettier at every step. Pusolawa is about thirteen miles from Gampola, and twenty-five from Kandy; the road is quite driveable all the way. We put up there at a comfortable rest-house kept by an Englishman named Coate, from whence the views towards the Dimbola mountains are quite lovely. One may see much finer mountain scenery in many parts of Europe, I mean much grander, and giving one much greater ideas of vastness and distance, but I never saw more beautiful hill and dale, mixed with forest scenery, anywhere than in Ceylon. There is no lack of running water, but one sometimes rather wants a lake or wide river in the valleys or the distance. After dozing away the heat of the day, the sun being

too powerful for Europeans to be much out in it with safety, we walked over to a coffee estate belonging to M. Worms, a very civil elderly German gentleman, who with his nephew had walked over to the rest-house to invite us to dine with him and to see the process of coffee collecting, &c. I hardly recollect a more lovely evening than we had for our walk: we were in luck, as for the four months preceding they had hardly had a day without rain. The coffee bushes on this estate are planted on each side of a ravine, along the bottom of which runs a rapid stream, led by little channels to the various buildings in which its motive powers are required. The process of preparing coffee for exportation seems simple enough. The ripe berries are gathered by the coolies, who receive about three-pence for each bag of, I think, thirty-five pounds, that they bring in. The coffee is then pulped; that is, the outer covering (the skin and pulp) is removed, by first being softened by steeping in water, and then squeezed off by a machine worked by water-power; then it is dried on trays placed on great elevated platforms, another parchment-like skin comes off, and the coffee is packed in bags and is ready to be sent away. The pulp is serviceable as manure, so that if coffee fetched any

tolerable price, I should think the thing ought to pay well, labour being so cheap and the cultivation so easy. This estate is rather more than three thousand feet above the sea, coffee not liking a low elevation. The ground seemed well kept and free from weeds, the coffee bushes four or five feet apart. After a very pleasant walk we adjourned to the house, a small bungalow full of dogs and cats; the former of several kinds, but mostly Chinese, tied up in all kinds of odd places all over the house. Mr. W. gave us a capital dinner, and what one rarely gets in these regions, an excellent cup of coffee, after which we returned to our rest-house. The Ceylon people say that the climate of Pusolawa is the healthiest and pleasantest in the world. It was certainly delightful whilst we were there.

*Saturday, Dec. 7.* Our coolies, who, with a Malay servant we had engaged at Colombo, came up late last night, this morning declared they would not go on except on an advanced rate of pay; so we discharged them, and after some delay procured a fresh set to take our traps to Nuwera Ellia, a proceeding which rather astonished the first set, as they had fancied we could get nobody else to carry our things and that therefore they had us in their power. As

they had broken their contract we revenged ourselves by only paying them the strictly legal sum due for carrying the traps to Pusolawa, and declined to give them any back fare whatever. After all it is mighty little that the poor wretches get, a shilling a day per man, for which sum he is bound to carry I think thirty-five pounds, twenty-five miles. (Ninepence a day is the regular fare, but they will not always go for that sum, and most people agree to give a shilling.) The "per contra" is that they can live well on two-pence halfpenny per day, and that they don't trouble the tailor to any extent, their garments being quite homœopathic in quantity. By far the greater number of these coolies are not natives of Ceylon, but come from the Malabar coast, work here for a few years, and go home when they have made their little fortunes. They, as well as the Malays, who form another important item in the population of Ceylon, and from whom the Ceylon Rifle regiment is recruited, are very easily distinguished from the natives. Our servant is a Malay, by name Zamitt, a strong active fellow, with the most repulsive countenance imaginable. He trots along with the coolies, carrying his luggage in a small bundle, and keeps the coolies up to the

mark. We had sent the ponies on over-night to Rambodde, ten miles on ahead, Grosvenor being hardly recovered enough from his late attack to ride twenty-six miles on end, and a small pony chaise being procurable here, in which we drove to Rambodde this morning. The road indifferent, requiring repairs here and there, but the scenery more and more beautiful as one gets more into the mountains. Rambodde itself lies rather lower than Pusolawa, and commands if possible a still more lovely view, enlivened by some fine waterfalls. The nature of the ground makes the road take a very zig-zag direction and one is tantalised by seeing the rest-house apparently close by, when one really has five or six miles to go. From being lower than Pusolawa and more among the mountains, they appear higher and grander than they did, and one begins to imagine the road which one sees winding up the mountain in front to be a regular Alpine pass, though the greatest height it attains is only about six thousand four hundred feet. Several coffee estates are on this line of road in various stages of cultivation or preparation; many only partly cleared; the largest trees killed by scotching and barking them at the foot, and left to fall as soon as the wind

and their own decay may knock them over, the coffee bushes growing from among the "détris" of the fallen trees, and apparently flourishing most in scanty soil in high places. The fallen timber is left to rot and to serve as manure. Two or three of these ghost-like trees fell as we were looking at them, and I was not sorry to be well on the other side of some others which looked anything but safe on the "weather side" of the road, in the strong breeze then blowing. After breakfasting at Rambodde we mounted, and commenced our journey to Nuwera Ellia. We began to ascend almost directly after leaving the rest-house, and from the various turns of the road obtained some beautiful bits of view over the lower grounds we have just left. However about half-way up the pass the road enters the jungle, and there is very little view after that, even if we had not got among the clouds, which were good enough to give us more or less of a ducking. Up here we were glad enough to get off and walk, turning the ponies over to the care of the horse-keepers, who in this part of the world always attend each animal. They will keep up with the horses at the ordinary rate of travelling, about four miles and a half an hour, and will on a pinch carry small articles

of baggage, or even a gun if required. We were lucky in getting three very good men from Hamilton. They gave no trouble, were always where we wanted them to be, and took great care of the horses. The summit of the pass is about three hundred feet above the plain on which Nuwera Ellia is situated, and about two miles from it; the whole distance from Rambodde being about sixteen miles. The place itself is merely a collection of bungalows, scattered here and there over the surface of a plain or valley lying between the Pedro Dallagalla and another lower range. Many of the bungalows look very comfortable. There is also a small native village or bazaar, an unfinished church, and a barrack for the troops, who are mostly convalescents sent up from the regiments below, this place being the sanatorium of the island. The men who arrive here debilitated by fever, or by the mere heat of the lower grounds, soon recover in the cooler air of these regions, which are at a height of six thousand feet above the level of the sea. They are usefully employed in cultivating gardens, fattening pigs, and other rural work; they are besides builders, the greater part of the church being the handiwork of the men of the 15th regiment: the men, who are about one hundred in

number, are commanded by a field officer and a subaltern of the 15th. The rest-house is kept by an Irishman named O'Connor and his pretty wife. They gave us a good dinner in which we proved the merits of Newera Ellia fed pork, and soon afterwards we were not sorry to find ourselves under the blankets, which the cool night air rendered very acceptable.

*Sunday, Dec. 8.*—Up at daylight, intending to get up Pedro Dallagalla, the highest mountain in Ceylon, eight thousand two hundred feet above the sea and two thousand odd above Newera Ellia. The fog, however, remained over the mountain until about seven, when, as it looked a little clearer, Leveson and I started. I had no notion it would prove such a job. The path by which one can usually ascend pretty easily had not yet been cleared, and was quite overgrown with a fragrant shrub covered with flowers, called by the natives the Nello. They say that this shrub flowers only once in seven years, when the jungle fowl come to eat the seed and are thereby for the time rendered stone blind. This story was confirmed afterwards by some sporting men, who believed it, and had seen the blind birds, though of course they could not know for certain



that their loss of sight was caused by the plant. All I know is that it wet us through, and gave us a great deal of trouble to penetrate it, and that we were both glad enough when, after two hours and upwards, scrambling, pushing, and hauling, we reached the summit. There is a large cairn of stones on the top, which is for a short space round free from trees, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country, a conspicuous object in it being Adam's Peak. With my glass I fancied I could make out the small house or temple which is built over the impression of Budhoo's foot, on the very top of the peak, to visit which so many pilgrims go every year. This little temple is in such a windy position that it is supported by chains, and the impression it covers is believed to have been made by Budhoo with one foot, whilst the other was at Gyah in the north of Bengal: a tolerably long stretch. The peak stands out from the range like a sugar-loaf, and was for many years considered to be the highest point in the island, but it has been ascertained that it yields the palm by two or three hundred feet to Pedro Dallagella. The low grounds towards Kandy were covered by a thick blanket of fog, but there was much left in the view that was fine, and quite repaid

the trouble of the ascent, not to mention the fresh pure breeze which met us at the top, and was quite delightful to breathe. We got down in about an hour, wet, dirty, and too late for church, so we stopped at home until the afternoon, when we mounted our ponies again, and rode off to tiff with the brothers Baker, two Englishmen who have settled here, and are trying sundry experiments in the farming and other ways. Brewing is among their experiments, and at all events I can answer for the beer, for I never drank any better in my life than that which we got at their house. Before tiffin they took us about five miles down the road leading to Badulla, to a point which commands an extensive and beautiful view in the direction of the district called the Park. It looked a more grassy, less wooded country than that which we have lately passed through, but we were rather late, and this view, to be well appreciated, requires to be seen when the sun is at a certain height, and before the clouds rise. We saw some monkeys jumping about among the trees on the other side of the ravine, and crossed the tracks of an elephant, some wild pigs, and deer. Two or three wild-looking, more than half-naked men, we met, were, we were told, bee-hunters. They are

said to have a curious method of getting the honey : they catch a homeward bound bee, tie a thread to her leg and follow her through the jungle to her hive, a plan which must require sharp eyes and hard skins. The honey-bird is also known in Ceylon. We got back to a late tiffin at the Bakers' bungalow, a small temporary residence which they occupy until a larger house they are erecting is finished. They and their wives must be rather crowded just now, there being a third brother staying with them, and occasionally a fourth, an officer in the Ceylon Rifles, who is going with us to try our luck against the elephants. They are all more or less sportsmen, but particularly the two eldest, one of whom is only just recovering from a "collision" with a rogue elephant from which he only escaped by the brute losing sight of him in the long grass. He was a good deal bruised, but not seriously hurt. Both have had plenty of narrow escapes from buffaloes, &c. The weapon they use against the buffalo must be a queer one, a single rifle, carrying four to the pound, and weighing twenty-one pounds, being the "shooting stick" of one brother, and the other owning a rifle of eighteen pounds weight, carrying six to the pound; pretty heavy articles to

carry through the jungle I should think. The ride home after tiffin was very pleasant. In the evening came a note from De Montenac of the 15th, saying that he and a friend were going after some elephants reported to be near, and inviting any of us to go. I accepted, the other two declined, as they had made up their minds to return to Kandy to-morrow.

*Monday, Dec. 9.*—At De Montenac's quarters before daylight; his companion turns out to be a brother of an old shipmate of mine: neither of them seem much the worse for a tropical climate, barring being a little sunburnt. After a hasty breakfast we started, each man attended by a gun-bearer for his second gun, and a tracker, and after toiling all day through jungle and rivers, mud and long grass, came back empty-handed at about five, having followed the tracks of four elephants for a long distance and seen nothing of the animals themselves, but once fancied we heard them a long way off. There were innumerable traces of bears, chetahs, and deer of various kinds, but the only living things we saw were a monkey or two and a few birds. Notwithstanding our ill-luck, however, I am glad I went; that kind of walking gives one more idea of the

general features of the country than any mere road travelling from village to village can do. Here the jungle lies in thick, almost impenetrable masses, spread over the hills, occasionally opening upon plains of patna, or long coarse grass, and traversed by rapid streams. After dinner at De Montenac's quarters I was walking back to my inn by moonlight, and found that some large animal was following me quietly along the path at some little distance, which I fancy was probably a chetah, for it turned off into the bushes when I ran towards it. These animals have, I believe, been known to attack a man in the dark, from behind, but very seldom. They are not the hunting chetah of India, but more of a panther's breed, and are very destructive amongst dogs, fowls, and pigs. One of them last week, and in broad daylight, carried off a pig from the middle of the village. People here seem to consider buffaloes as much more dangerous than any other animal belonging to the island. Bears seem to be the next most formidable animal, and then elephants. Rogue elephants are, however, I should think more to be feared in reality than either. They are elephants which have been driven out of a herd by the others, and live in a solitary state. They are almost

invariably very savage, come straight at you without any provocation, and are difficult to kill because charging with their trunks in the air, you cannot get the front shot. The plan in that case is to fire the first barrel at the trunk whilst the brute is about twenty yards off. Elephants are very touchy and sensitive about their trunks: if you can have the luck, or steadiness enough, to hit it, he curls it up immediately, and then you have the front shot open to you. Not having been in the position to try the effect of this manoeuvre, I cannot answer for the agreeableness of the situation: it must require tolerable nerve to hit an elephant in the right place when he is coming thundering down straight upon one. For the last ten years a rogue elephant has every now and then made his appearance on the pass between this and Rambodde, and has once killed a postman. Sportsmen have several times been after him, and he was once wounded.

*Tuesday, Dec. 10.*—I started soon after daylight for Kandy. A ride of fifty miles on wretched ponies is never a very pleasant operation. One was hardly strong enough to carry me at all, another stumbled so much that I expected to find myself sprawling at every moment, and the last which I found at

Gampola had got a bad habit of cutting his fore fetlocks with his hind feet. The weather lovely but rather warm. I saw several snakes near the road, one of them said to be very venomous.



CAUDELLY.

## CHAPTER III.

Our Party separates—The Road to Matele and Dambool—Cingalese Rest-houses and Roads—The Rock Temples of Dambool—Habboorene—A Jungle Path—Encampment at Minera—A Buffalo Hunt—Talipot House—Scenery at Minera—Wild Elephants—Determine to Push for Trincomalee—Shoot two Buffaloes—Remains of Ancient Buildings at Caudelly—Rejoin the Highroad to Trincomalee—Embankment and Ancient Sluice at Kandellai—Arrival at Trincomalee.

*Wednesday, Dec. 11.*—All day occupied making preparations for our start for Minera, where we are to make another attempt against the elephants. Leveson, Baker of the Ceylon Rifles, and I forming the party. Grosvenor is not considered quite strong enough yet, and returns to Newera Ellia instead. Ponies and coolies were sent on to Matele, and in the evening we followed in a bandy. The distance about sixteen miles, the road very hilly, and a deep ford to be crossed. The greater part of the journey performed by the light of a young moon, not bright enough to show the scenery. We dined, or rather supped, and slept at the house of Mr. Templar, which still shows evident marks of its occupation by



the rebels in the last affair. They had possession of the whole place for a short time, and amused themselves by thrusting spears through the ceiling, and doing other valiant acts, until some fifty or sixty soldiers arrived, when the rebels cleared out in great consternation. Fighting there seems to have been none in this neighbourhood, unless some firing in the jungle, which the Rifles had to clear, could be called so. They are an odd set these Ceylon Rifles, almost all Malays, not by any means bad soldiers, but difficult to hold in when their blood is up. I am told that they cannot get any recruits now, owing to the practice of sending them to Hong Kong, which they don't approve of at all. We were very comfortable at Mr. Templar's. He has a beautiful tame fawn of the spotted deer kind, which wanders about the house, and is as familiar as any dog. A strange peculiarity of this kind of animals is that if one has breathed on its food it rejects it instantly. I don't know whether other kinds of deer are equally delicate.

*Thursday, Dec. 12.*—We started for Dambool at about seven, and reached Nalande about noon, distance sixteen miles. We went slowly, to allow the horse-keepers to keep up, and not to fatigue the

ponies. The road thus far is tolerable, but had been rendered slippery by the late rains, a continuation of which thought fit to bother us. Nalande is a village, that is, there is a rest-house there, and two or three huts. The rest-house was the first specimen of the genuine inland rest-house that we had yet seen. It consists of one large thatched shed, supported by wooden pillars. Under the shed are built two separate rooms, the mud walls of which only reach the roof at two sides, the space above the remaining walls serving to admit air and a little light, that between the rooms doing duty for a dining-room, and that between the walls and the outer supports of the roof forming a verandah, which runs round the building. The furniture, of which a printed placard orders great care to be taken, consists of a sofa and four chairs, none of which, at present, retain any of the cane which once formed an integral portion thereof (which fact has called forth a remark in the rest-housekeeper's book that we are not *all* cherubs) a very ricketty table, and the remains of a bedstead. The rest-housekeeper however did his best, and gave us as good a breakfast as he could, having been warned of our probable arrival by some coolies, who had been sent on ahead

with a tent, &c., and whom we were to find at Dambool. Not long ago, a rogue elephant walked into Nalande at night, and pulled off the roof of a hut, much to the consternation of the inhabitants. There is a curiosity here, an old iron cannon, a nine pounder or thereabouts, supposed to have been dragged and left here by the Dutch, though why on earth they brought it here I can't imagine. From Nalande, which we left at about two, the road is execrable, if it can be called a road at all. The river Nalande was highish, the water coming a good deal over one's ankles, but that was nothing to the mud which followed. It puzzles me how the ponies ever got through it at all. As to the country, it may be pretty, and in fact we did get some glimpses of well wooded mountains, but it was too misty and rainy to see much of it, and through the greater part of the road the jungle is so thick on either side, that even if it had been ever so fine, I should not think we could have seen to any distance. The state of the track delayed the coolies who had preceded us, as well as ourselves, and they only arrived at Dambool a few minutes before us. Our ride had been about as disagreeable as any I ever remember taking, and we reached the rest-house

wet through, and very hungry. We made the coolies light a good fire in one of the godowns, (small cooking houses, &c., about the rest-house,) and dried ourselves and garments as well as we could, got some dinner, and turned in, Baker having sent on some "jungle beds," which answered sleeping purposes very well. Dambool rest-house is larger, dirtier, and more dilapidated than that at Nalande, but boasts a stable, and various other adjuncts which the other does not.

*Friday, Dec. 13.*—The morning was quite lovely, and the air after yesterday's rain deliciously fresh and cool. We went early to the rock temples of Dambool, which are situated in, or rather under an overhanging part of a huge mass of gneiss, which rises to a height of (I should guess about) seven hundred feet above the plain of Dambool. We turned off from the main road at a short distance from the rest-house, up a jungle path, which soon brought us to the rock, and ascending that by a rough stair or path for two or three hundred feet, arrived at the temples. In front of them is an inclosure of half an acre or so, entered by a small gateway of clay, with a tiled roof. The enclosure is planted with palm trees, and contains among other

things an altar, on which pious people deposit offerings of sweet-smelling flowers, and a slab of stone, bearing what I take to be an ancient Cingalese inscription. The rock overhangs to about eight or ten feet from the ground, the whole length of the front of the cave being about two hundred and thirty feet. The space between the ground and the overhanging lip of the rock is occupied by a clay wall pierced for doors and windows, which forms the temples. These are three in number, (at least we saw three, and I did not perceive entrances to any more,) none of them of any very high antiquity, having been made, we were told, about five hundred years ago, by king Ramewhama the First, whose statue adorns the largest temple. There are three colossal statues of Budhoo, one of which I was told was forty-seven, but I think more likely thirty-seven feet long; the others respectively twenty-five and eighteen feet in length; but the most remarkable object is an immense series of paintings representing events in Cingalese history. They are, as might be expected, very rudely executed, but are not without their value, as records of events connected with the old native dynasties of the island. There are, besides, an immense number of statues of Budhoo,

in various attitudes, generally squatting like a Turk, except the three large ones, which are in a reclining position, and paintings of him without number. The place is certainly well worth seeing, but we were glad enough to get out of the close perfumed atmosphere, into the cool fresh air outside. The historical events recorded in the paintings on the roof and sides of the largest temple are said to go back to an immense antiquity. Perhaps some day a Cingalese Archæological society may enlighten us on those points, though I cannot say that Cingalese ancient history will ever be very interesting to me. There is no saying however what may not be discovered about the ancient inhabitants of the island, for there exist immense masses of ruin, and vestiges of enormous embankments, and other works which show that it was once the habitation of a rich and energetic nation. The statues in the temples are almost all cut out of the rock, and covered with chunam. We were shown over by a boy-priest with a shaven crown, who seemed to treat Budhoo and his residence with mighty little reverence or respect. Priest's robes in this part of the world consist of a yellow sheet, thrown not ungracefully about the body, generally leaving the shoulders bare. From

the rock we had an extensive view over the plains of Dambool, apparently one mass of jungle, the Nalande hills breaking the outline of the horizon to the westward. Elephants occasionally walk to the top of the rock, I suppose to enjoy this view, and the face of it is marked with a white track made by the porcupines. During the last insurrection a party of soldiers were lodged in the temples; neither priests nor natives seemed to consider their sanctity violated thereby, I believe. We returned to the rest-house, and after breakfast mounted, and rode on to Habboorene, a short day's work, only sixteen miles. Going slowly, to prevent the coolies who were with us carrying the tent and provender from loitering, we did not reach our destination until about three o'clock, the road between two walls of jungle which only open here and there on grassy glades, or plantations of coracan, a coarse kind of grain of which they make cakes in this country, and of which elephants are very fond. Through some of these intervals we got glimpses of Sigiri, and other heights, the former a strange helmet-shaped rock on which are the ruins of an ancient fortress, one of the above-mentioned monuments of the former civilisation of the country. A mile or so from Dambool the road

diverges to Anarajapoorā, the site of the most extensive remains in the island. We had not time to visit either of these two places, the latter of which is not considered by any means over healthy. At a short distance from Habboorene, we turned off the track to look at a small lake or tank hard by, where we thought there might be some game. A few wild fowl were on the lake, and on the narrow margin, some buffalo, and some deer. The former were, however, tame animals belonging to the inhabitants of the neighbouring village; the latter soon made themselves scarce. We found the Habboorene rest-housekeeper (a Portuguese half caste) ill in bed with some disease we were none of us doctors enough to prescribe for. However, he got up, and got what he could for us, before we could persuade him to go to bed again. Some medicine we had with us, came in usefully here, as there was a great deal of fever about, among the few natives in this little village. We strolled down to the Habboorene tank while the dinner was getting ready; it is only a pool among rocks, and is chock full of alligators, which, however, one seldom sees. There were no ducks on it, as we had expected there would be. The rest-housekeeper has a fine tame spotted deer, which wanders about



with a bell fast to its neck, and is almost as familiar as the one at Matele. Our cook, a native, with very small allowance of clothes, a huge knife, and a good temper, turns out to be a trump. We got a very good dinner, and were all fast asleep before nine. We have each a mattress (a very thin one,) and a pillow (a very hard one,) and as the nights are just now very cool one sleeps well enough. I always sleep in pyjamas, *i.e.*, wide loose linen trowsers, the regular Indian mode of sleeping, and a very comfortable one. Elephants were heard close by in the night, but the neighbouring jungle is too thick to go after them with any prospect of success.

*Saturday, Dec. 14.*—Thus far we have been pursuing the high road between Trincomalee and Kandy, and a pretty specimen of a high road it is. To day we turn off to the right for about seven miles to Minera, along a jungle path, and an elegant article of its kind that is too. One generally follows the bed of a small stream, well powdered with huge loose stones, and overhung to about the height of a mounted man's waist, with good, wholesome, strong thorns, of all shapes, sizes, and directions, on which one's garments, and oneself are almost constantly getting impaled. Now and then, however, we had

breathing places, in pretty, green, turf-covered glades surrounded by fine forest timber. The most singular part of this jungle travelling is, that you may go for so long a time through a country you know to be teeming with animal life, and yet see nothing but the insect creation, and a few birds, with perhaps a monkey or two. Until we reached the open ground about Minera lake we hardly saw a living thing, except our own party and two or three travelling natives, and even there, all there was to see was a small party of pelicans, with a few spoonbills, white flamingos, and ducks. There were myriads of elephants' tracks, looking as if people had been perpetually putting down portmanteaus on the mud and long grass, but on going a little further on one came in sight of several herds of tame cattle feeding about, which leave little chance of elephants coming down in the day time at least. These cattle we found to be driven by Mussulmans, called here Moormen, and form caravans or tavalums, by which dried fish or meat is conveyed from here or from Jaffua to the cultivated districts. We had met several of these tavalums on the road. The cattle are very small, quite different from the buffalo, which are sometimes used for this purpose also, but

are more used for agricultural work. The former are mild, timid looking animals with humps on their shoulders: the latter are larger, much more wicked looking, with their horns pointing back, something like the buffalo of the Pontine marshes, and without hump. We skirted the lake for a short distance, and pitched our tent near a large rock, about one hundred yards from the margin, at about one P.M. A colony of great grey monkeys abandoned the rock at our approach, after looking at us with great gravity for some little time. The cook was at once set to work at the tiffin or breakfast, whichever it might be, and a messenger sent off to the village for the aratchi or head-man, to know about our chances of sport here. As he could not arrive for some little time, seeing that the village is some way off, we sallied forth in chase of a herd of wild buffalo, which were reported to be standing in the water, at about four miles distance. There we found them sure enough, about thirty of them standing in the water, with little else than their heads and back-bones above the surface, but not an atom of cover to conceal our approach, so that there was nothing for it but to go straight at them, which we did, getting deeper in the mud and water

at every step. Of course no sooner were we within three hundred and sixty or seventy yards of them, than away they went bellowing and splashing like mad, the four or five old bulls of the herd turning round every now and then, and looking angrily after us. I certainly thought it was as well that they did not run at, instead of away from us. Our twelve barrels (supposing the gun-bearers to stand firm, which is problematical) would probably have stopped two, but the remaining eight-and-twenty or so would have been disagreeable customers on ground without trees, and covered with mud and water half-way above one's knees. Probably had they charged, only one or two of the bulls would have done so viciously, the others would have merely scampered on in pure fright, and the plan would have been for us to separate a little, and wait for a broadside shot at one of the bulls, which might attack a companion, a mutual assistance system which would imply great confidence in one's brother sportsmen. I can't say it was exactly pleasant either to stand in the water which one knows to be so full of alligators, so that altogether though disappointed at not getting a buffalo, we were not sorry to regain terra-firma, and commence, as it turned out, an

unsuccessful hunt after elephants. We might have shot some deer, pea-fowl, or jackals, not to mention a mongoos or two, and some monkeys, but believing that we might be near the larger game, we did not fire, and came back to our tents empty-handed, some time after dark. Tent, rather I should say, but the coolies have built us a small house, of the leaves of the talipot palm, (a few of which had been brought to wrap the bedding, &c.) in which Leveson's and my couches are placed, Baker sleeping in the tent. The night was cool and lovely: elephants, jackals, and deer were heard close by, the latter barking like a dog. I wish some of these beasts would come out in the day-time sometimes, by way of a change.

*Sunday, Dec. 15.*—Lovely weather again: we are at all events in luck as to that. Being Sunday we did not shoot. However, we shifted our camp to another place about six miles off, on the border of the lake, so as to be further from the tavalum people, and from the fires they keep up to dry their fish and meat by. To get to this place we had to pass through the little village of Minera, where the people were said to be all sick with fever and measles. I saw none looking worse than the average, though I

fancy all the village turned out to see us go by. All our own coolies seem very well, except two, who started ill, and were sent back yesterday, at their own request. We pitched our camp just clear of the edge of the forest, our ponies being picketed under the trees, within the circle of little huts and fires, which the coolies make for themselves all round the rear of the tents. It makes the horses more safe from cheetahs or bears, which might possibly attack them. We strolled about, mended our clothes, read our one book, (Shakspeare) and dozed through the day, in the evening taking a quiet walk along the edge of the lake. How pretty it was! The view reminded me a good deal of a Cumberland lake, with more wood, and a higher distance. The sunset I never saw equalled: it was the perfection of colour. An ugly old alligator was swimming about near the edge of the lake, his snout and eyes only above the surface of the water. Altogether it was one of those views, which without any extraordinary magnificence, or any very prominent feature, give a greater effect of repose, and have more influence over one's imagination and memory than many which are in mere points of scenery infinitely grander and finer. A pretty feature of the lake's scenery is the

broad margin of grass, varying in width, from one to five hundred yards, which almost entirely surrounds it, at least at this time of the year. At dark, we sent out men to track elephants, and turned in ourselves early. Mosquitos not very annoying, ants much more so. Leeches and ticks as yet we have hardly seen at all. The former are not numerous about Minera, luckily for us.

*Monday, Dec. 16.*—Up and ready before sunrise, soon after which our trackers came in and reported elephants about four miles off. Mounted our ponies and started. After riding about four miles along the edge of the lake, occasionally diverging into the jungle paths which make short cuts across projections of the forests, we arrived at a spot where elephants were said to have lately entered the jungle. We dismounted, and each of us followed by his spare gun bearer, and preceded by a tracker, silently, and as quietly as possible, commenced our chase. It soon turned out, however, that we were on the track of a single elephant, probably a rogue, and as they often go great distances, are very dangerous, and next to impossible to shoot in such thick jungle as that we were in, after about an hour's stalk, we gave it up, and returning to our ponies proceeded to

a river which we had reached from the Saturday's encampment, when we were after the buffalo. Baker had thought it a likely find for elephants, and a herd was reported to have been seen there. Sure enough we came upon the fresh tracks of seven elephants, one a young one, the others all good sized. We dismounted again, left the ponies and their keepers alongside the stream (as clear and pleasant a brook as one would wish to see) and escorted as before, commenced another scrambling chase. The track took us across, and up the river through all kinds of jungle, and over all kinds of ground for about two hours. At last a loud crashing among the trees close by, gave token of something being near. Only a monkey jumping from tree to tree, and breaking off a great rotten branch. A few minutes afterwards, another and a longer continued crashing. This must have been a deer from the pace at which he went away, and I fancy it must have put the herd of elephants on the *qui vive*, for after we had advanced for about ten minutes, a tremendous crashing within twenty or thirty yards made Baker and me who were in front, run forward as fast as the abominable thick jungle would allow, and I had just time for a full view of a large



elephant crashing away through the trees, and the back of a smaller one following. Baker, who was a couple of yards ahead on a small elevation, an ant-hill I suppose, saw another, and from the noise we judged that there were several more, probably the herd of seven whose track we were on. It is quite useless to fire at an elephant unless one gets a fair close shot at the mortal spots in the head, and on this occasion the jungle was so thick that firing was out of the question. It was very mortifying, particularly as this was the only glimpse we ever got of wild elephants. After a fruitless attempt to persuade the natives who were with us to go round, and try to frighten the elephants, so as to get them to some more open jungle, which they were afraid to undertake, it was voted useless to attempt to pursue the herd, so we turned to go back. We had not been long on our return, and had just reached rather a good spot of ground, about ten yards or so ahead, pretty clear of underwood, and a couple of large trees affording good cover, when we suddenly heard two or three elephants crashing right for us through the jungle. As they were coming, it seemed as if they must come straight out of the wall of jungle opposite; we were in a capital place, all fully

expecting a front shot when the brutes suddenly stopped, trumpeted, and we heard them bolt off in another direction. I suppose they had winded or seen us. The pace at which they had bolted, left us no hopes of catching them, so we, excessively disappointed, returned to our ponies, and rode back to the tents, to console ourselves with whatever the cook had prepared. Our ill-luck seemed to follow us, for in the evening Baker and I went after snipe, of which we had seen a great number on the two previous days. To day there was hardly one to be seen, and we only got a couple and a half between us. A large alligator rolled quietly off the bank into the water at our approach, and we got within a short distance of a fine flock of pea-fowl, and of a pelican, but being loaded with snipe shot it was useless to fire at either. Wading through long grass, mud, and water, without getting any shots was wearing to one's patience, and fatal to one's boots, which in my case at least were rapidly becoming mere wrecks; so we trudged back again and told the aratchi to go and get us a pea-fowl for to-morrow's breakfast, as our small stock of fowls had gone the way of all fowls. He at once caught one of his tame buffaloes, and stalked the peacock

or rather pea-hen from behind it, returning in less than an hour with the bird. Whilst we were dining, an elephant came down to the other side of the inlet or bay of the lake, by which we are encamped, and trumpeted loudly. It was moonlight, but a light mist which was rising from the lake prevented our seeing him. He could not have been far off, and was not improbably the rogue on whose traces we were in the morning. To day we determined to push on to Trincomalee to try and get a boat there in which to run down with the monsoon to P. de Galle, instead of returning as we came. To-morrow, in furtherance of this plan, we shift our tent six miles further to Caudelly.

*Tuesday, Dec. 17.*—We started about daybreak. The road, as before, is a mere jungle path, very wet, and well furnished with thorns. The horse-keepers and gun-bearers go with us, the tent and provision carriers following as fast as they can. Skirting along a piece of rather open, but very marshy and muddy ground, I, who happened to be rather behind the others, saw some animals move, which I thought at first were elephants, but almost immediately made out to be buffalo. The trackers instantly pronounced them to be wild ones, and we at once

dismounted and began stalking them. I never was on worse ground for a run. A strong sticky mud for a foundation, with great hard knobs of hard earth, covered with thorns and stiff grass, were its bad points, whilst its merits consisted in its having a number of detached trees, good points of refuge from a charging buffalo. We had not stumbled far before the herd saw us and ran off a little distance, when they stopped, turned towards us, and the bulls came to the rear and looked vicious. Baker, who was in front, saluted the nearest bull with a shot. I fired too; both shots, I think, told, but away went the whole herd, and Baker after them. He wanted to get a second shot, but a bramble caught his foot, and over he went, a regular "cropper," into the mud, his gun going off so near him, that his leg was slightly scorched by the flash, and the ball splashed the mud up close to his foot. I was horribly frightened, for I thought the gun had burst, and that he was probably much hurt, which must have been the case had the mud been more solid. It was a fortunate escape. In the mean time, the herd had stopped again, and came towards us, evidently much annoyed at our incivility; both of us had reloaded. A shot from Baker turned a part of the herd to the

right, his shot telling on a fine bull. I fired right and left at the leading bull of the left hand division, which tumbled over, got up again, staggered about a dozen yards, and then fell never to rise again; Leveson blazing away at him too. Each of us ran up to his bull as fast as the ground would allow, each keeping a tree in his eye (at least, I know I did), in case his friend should get up and charge, as they often do. As my bull, which was at first rather difficult to find in the long grass, although not forty yards off, was still breathing, I settled his accounts with a ball through the head from my second gun. I had just reloaded, when I heard a loud cry of "Look out! he's coming!" and, turning round, saw Baker's buffalo up, looking very wicked, and evidently inclined to charge. His gun-bearer instantly discharged both barrels of his second gun straight into the air in a paroxysm of terror, and Baker, who was reloading, was very near finding himself in an awkward fix, as brother Jonathan would say; for, with all haste, I could not have got near enough to be of much use, had the brute really charged. Fortunately, he could not gather strength enough for that before Baker had reloaded, and he dropped him with a bullet through the heart. The

ceremony of kicking the gun-bearer then took place with considerable unction, and we then adjourned to the other bull, which was still breathing, and had to be put out of his pain with another ball through the head. The whole thing did not take more than ten minutes, and was very exciting while it lasted. I was pleased with the performance of my gun, a smooth-bore, made for me by Lang, both balls having gone in behind the shoulder, not two inches from one another, the bull being at a distance of about forty yards. The natives who were with us seemed greatly edified at our success with the buffalo, and so were we, for we had been told that it was next to impossible to kill them with guns carrying an ordinary bullet. Ours were all No. 14, except Baker's, which were No. 12. In open ground I certainly should prefer a heavy conical ball to an ordinary bullet. If the ticks had not annoyed us, they certainly had not left the buffaloes alone. Each of them was covered with a multitude of immense specimens of that horrid insect. When all this was done, we rode on about two miles, to the banks of a clear running stream, where, when the tent came up, we formed our encampment in a sheltered spot, under some fine spreading trees, and

close to the track of a herd of elephants, which had crossed a few hours before. The place is called Caudelly. Sent a party to the dead buffalo, for the horns and meat, with which they soon returned loaded. Our Malay servant is excessively disgusted at not having been up in time to stick his knife into either buffalo, as he is not allowed by his religion to eat any meat, at the killing of which he has not assisted. After breakfast, or rather, tiffin, during the preparation of which a small but most venomous snake (the carawella, a little black and white demon) was killed by one of the coolies, we had another long unsuccessful walk after elephants. We saw hardly a living thing, except one peacock, which I fired at, at a distance of about seventy yards, and missed. On our return we had a delicious bath, in a tolerably deep pool of the clear running stream by which we are encamped, first setting people above and below to look out for alligators, of which, however, there was little danger here, as the water was clear and low. I confess that, near Minera, in crossing some of the muddy inlets which sometimes reached considerably over one's knees, I was not sorry to get out of the water. Alligators do not often attack men, but sometimes they do, and there

is no fun in running the chance of it. The coolies made their circle of fires nearer than usual to the tent to-night, on account of the supposed vicinity of elephants, and they jabbered to one another all night over their beef about the events of the day. I believe we have risen a good deal in their estimation through our success against the buffalo.

*Wednesday, Dec 18.*—At daybreak this morning, just as Baker and I were standing at the door of the tent rousing up the coolies, a fine elk ran through the camp within five or ten yards of us. From its tracks, it had evidently been hovering about our fires for some time, attracted probably by curiosity. After breakfast we mustered the coolies, sent back the cook, tent, beds, and the most useless of the coolies to Kandy, and with only a small stock of clothes, and a few coolies to carry them and the guns, started ourselves for Trincomalee, the main road between which and Kandy we joined at Galoya. On our way through the jungle we passed some curious, and apparently extensive ruins, much overgrown with jungle, and standing on the bank of a small stream. They appeared to be the remains of some large building, or of a great platform on which the building had been erected. One part



forming a kind of wharf or embankment was made of very large stones, and was tolerably perfect. The whole of the upper part of the Caudelly country is supposed to have been once a great lake, and to have been drained and cultivated in the palmy days of Cingalese prosperity. These ruins and many others which exist about here, but which we had not time to visit, such as Anarajpoora, Polinarua, (only twelve miles from Minera, but the road said to be impassable, being overgrown with jungle) &c., are proofs I suppose of this prosperity, but of quite unknown date as to construction. At Galoya we found the rest-house in a pretty mess. The river rose in the late floods, washed away the clay walls to a height of five feet from the ground (and at least twenty-five from the present surface of the water), leaving the wooden supports, the roof, and the upper part of the clay walls remaining. The inner walls, having no supports, were almost entirely demolished, as were the stables, godowns, and rest-housekeeper's hut. What little furniture there might have been, is probably now in little bits, dancing about in the Indian ocean. It is a very feverish, unwholesome place, and we did not stop, as we wished to reach Kandellai, eighteen miles further on, as early as

possible, to shoot some snipe. To do this we had to carry our guns with us, always a disagreeable operation in a long day's ride; and Leveson had, to make it more comfortable, slung his over his shoulder, the consequence of which was, that he, to a certain extent, imitated Absalom, only that that gentleman did not carry a gun, and that he remained pendant to the tree, while Leveson was clean dragged out of his saddle, and comfortably deposited on the ground, fortunately without hurting himself. I wonder it did not happen to all of us, whether with or without guns. There are two small rest-houses between Galoya and Kandellai, at one of which, called Aleutoya, we fell in with Mr. Whiting, the Government agent of Trincomalee, on his way to Galle, to fetch his daughter, who had been our fellow-passenger from England. I believe he does not intend to attempt to bring her across country by this horrible road; it must be terrible work for a lady. Much better go round by sea. He gave us a very discouraging account of our prospects of getting round to Galle in a boat, and it became a question whether we had not better return at once by the way we had come. However, we had got so far on our road to Trincomalee, that we were very

little disposed to turn back, and, after some debate, we settled to take our chance and to go on; so Mr. W. went his way, and we went ours. The road is generally very uninteresting, two walls of jungle the whole way, hardly an opening in them, and so many streams to cross, that in the rainy season it must often be impassable. Near Kandellai there is a large lake or tank, evidently partly artificial, the embankment and sluice by which the height of the water was regulated still existing. The latter still discharges the superfluous water of the lake, which is now so full that there is no grassy margin visible where Baker last year saw and killed an elephant. The water was now deep, close up to the trees, and considerably above the level of the road below. We were told that the lake swarmed with alligators; but, as is generally the case, none were visible. We had carried our guns the whole five-and-twenty miles to shoot snipe, which, when Baker was here before, were very abundant on the marshy ground and paddy fields behind Kandellai rest-house; but to-day, of course, the ground was as dry as a bone, and not a snipe did we see, barring one which was fired at, but missed. However, one of us shot a fowl,—for it was quite impossible to

catch and kill any of them in an orthodox manner, —and off that we made the best meal we could, and then laid down for the night.

*Thursday, Dec. 19.*—We had a particularly unquiet night, for in the middle of it our best horse was taken ill, and we were continually up physicking him with brandy and laudanum, a small stock of which we had with us, in case of anybody being attacked with cholera, and which the horse speedily finished, but did not seem anything the better for. In fact, at four, when we prepared to start, he was still so bad that we settled to leave him, and to ride and tie with the other two, the twenty-five miles to Trincomalee. It was very hot, and the ponies seemed rather done with their previous work, so I, as the heaviest weight of the party, took the heaviest share of the walking, no great work with good shoes in a cool climate, but rather a bore in “half boots” (not what we call half boots in England, but about the quantity of leather usually allowed to one boot distributed between two,) and a tropical temperature. The country one sees little of, the wall of jungle on either side being almost perpetual and impenetrable. Tracks of elephants were fresh and common. Ten miles from Trincomalee is the rest-house and small

village of Pallampoota, the remains of a bridge across a small torrent, and a suspension bridge for foot passengers made of creepers interlaced. It would have made a pretty picture. After Pallampoota the road gets more hilly, better and prettier. In fact gigs are often sent thus far to help travellers on their way to the maritime capital of Ceylon. We reached the Trincomalee rest-house at about noon, and at once set to work to get a boat to take us to Point de Galle, a doctor for the sick horse (which its keeper had after all contrived to lead in after us,) and baths for ourselves. Invitations came to us from the fort where the officers' quarters are, to make the said quarters our residence, invitations which we were not sorry to accept. We were all most comfortably lodged by the officers, and in fact lived upon the fat of the land while we remained there. I was pleased with the view from Trincomalee on approaching it from the land side. From the quantity of little bays and creeks which form the harbour one often catches glimpses of the sea when one least expects it. It has all the effect of a well-watered, hilly country, full of little lakes, and abounding with the most luxuriant vegetation. However we were not much in the humour for admiring views. Accounts came

in very unfavourable to our boat expedition. There were only five dhonies or native boats in the harbour, and of these only one would go with us, and she required fifty pounds for the trip, a pretty fair price to pay for a thing the size of a large fishing boat, without a cabin, and for a run of three or four days, which we in our innocence expected it to be. The knottiest point however, was that these dhonies, though very fast off the wind, can do nothing on a wind, *i.e.* they go very well with a fair wind but behave worse with a foul one than ordinary vessels, and it was very doubtful whether any power on earth could make her weather Foul Point in the prevalent wind now blowing; the said Foul Point being a tongue of land stretching out to the southward and eastward of the harbour, very much in the way of anything wanting to get down the coast that way. At last it became evident that our only plan (seeing that our object was to avoid missing the monthly steamer at Point de Galle,) would be to get ponies and to start across country again for Galle; but where were ponies to come from? Our military friends sent out emissaries, and it transpired that a Moorman had some four-legged things to let. These were secured for two pounds ten shillings, two to be sent on

to-morrow to Kandellai, our own "well" pony and Baker's accompanying them, and pushing on to Galoya on the following day; we to start on the said following day on a pony lent by an officer of the Rifles, and the Moorman's third nag, so as to catch our own and Baker's ponies at Galoya, and to reach Habboorene that night. This diplomatic arrangement was come to at once without much debating, seeing that there was no other feasible plan, and after that we had a pleasant dinner and went to bed. My bed was very comfortable, but its rope fastenings went off in great cracks all night like pistol-shots whenever I turned, and woke me and my host, who slept not far off, every now and then.



ADAM'S PEAK, FROM THE "GALLE FACE," COLOMBO.

## CHAPTER IV.

Obstacles to our intended Sea Voyage—Alteration of Route—Trincomalee—The Lover's Leap—The Harbour and its Defences—H.M.S. "Salamander"—Stories of Elephant Hunters—Departure—Our Steeds—Return to Kandy—A Cingalese Lady—Arrival at Colombo, and Return to Point de Galle—Arrival of the "Hindustan"—A Few Words about Ceylon.

*Friday, December 20.*—Cloudy but consequently cool. We started off Zamilt the appoo, and the four best coolies with the guns and carpet bags, promising them extra pay if they do twenty-six miles to day and the same to-morrow, in good time. Doing that they will reach Habboorene at the same time as we do. The relays of ponies were also seen off, and letters despatched by tappal or postman to friends at Matele, and to Mr. Hamilton at Kandy to beg them to help us on. (The post in these parts is carried by men who run five or six miles an hour, changing every seven miles or so, and is almost as regular in fine weather as the London post.) That done there was nothing else to be done, and we began to hope



that we really should catch the steamer, though Job's comforters on that point were not wanting. Having set our minds at ease the place was to be looked at. The flagstaff *par excellence* is within the precincts of the fort, which by the way is, like all the important forts in the island, of Dutch construction, and I believe very correct plan, Coehorn or Vauban, or some such great man's system, I don't know which. From the flagstaff one has a really fine view, such a view as Mr. Burford might well put into one of his panoramas. It stands on the highest part of the northern end of the point of land which, jutting out into the sea in a shape somewhat resembling a boot, forms the harbour of Trincomalee. The heel of the said boot is occupied by the fort, and the water all along the sea faces is deep close to the base of the cliffs, which rise to a height of about four hundred feet. On the extreme end of the point, and at about that height from the sea, is a small altar at which a Buddhist priest weekly performs some ceremonies, and throws offerings of sweet-smelling flowers into the sea—a graceful form of worship at all events. From this place tradition relates that a Dutch lady threw herself into the sea in despair at the departure of her lover, whose ship

had that moment passed the headland. The story loses a little of its romance from the fact of the lady's being Dutch. One can't help thinking what a splash anything Dutch would make coming from that height. One of the versions of the story is that she tried to jump on board the vessel itself; if so it was lucky for all parties that she missed. Ships of any tonnage can and do pass so close to these cliffs, that it really looks as if one might jump on board, or, to use the common simile, throw a biscuit on their decks. The cliff is a sheer descent into the sea, but a few stunted trees have here and there found soil enough to grow in the clefts of it. It was a cloudy day and consequently a bad one for the view which, like all tropical scenery, requires strong light and shade to show its beauties. I don't think it very grand, certainly not comparable to Rio Janeiro. It is more what one would call a very pretty view of wooded hills and water, with a good foreground of rocks and tropical plants. In the afternoon I and several others went to the dockyard, and from there on board of H. M. steamer sloop "Salamander," just arrived from England, and now undergoing the pleasant process of a thorough refit. I cannot understand the object of sending such a

vessel as the old "Salamander," the first steamer of her class ever built for the navy, to such a distant station. She had been packed off at a few days' notice from England, having previously been employed carrying troops and stores about the channel, and has not had an opportunity of unstowing her hold for seven months, so that her officers were not sorry for the chance of doing so now. Under the circumstances visitors on board were rather in the way than not, so we remained but a short time on board. On landing we walked up to Fort Osnaburgh, which overlooks the dockyard, and is one of the defences of the entrance of the harbour. It is strongly situated, perched on an eminence of two hundred feet or so in height, would hold two hundred or two hundred and fifty men, and with another battery or two would I should think make an attack on the entrance a disagreeable thing to attempt. From its position I don't think that a ship could elevate her guns sufficiently to touch it, while shot from the fort would fall plump on the enemy's decks. Sober Island, given by the Ceylon government to the navy, is opposite, a pretty island with walks, &c., and a good bungalow. The government also finds a house and grounds for the senior

naval officer, and a very comfortable residence it seems to be. The dockyard is neat and compact, and contains a considerable quantity of stores, to the value of several hundred thousand pounds I believe. Ships of large tonnage can lie alongside the dockyard wharf, though they seldom do so for fear of getting rats on board. Trincomalee town consists of a few good houses belonging to the authorities, two or three churches of various denominations, and a vast number of native houses or huts. The streets, or rather roads (for there is so much foliage that they hardly look like streets), are kept in good order under the surveillance of the police, who seem numerous and efficient. A wide plain or glacis separates the town from the fort, and forms the promenade, parade ground, and race-course of the place. Having both sides open to the sea, there is generally a pleasant breeze here, and it is therefore cooler than might be expected. The burial ground, full of monuments, is close by. Some time ago a certain regiment lost a number of men by an epidemic. A monument of about thirty feet high was erected by the survivors in memory of the poor fellows. Not long afterwards another regiment lost about the same number of men by the same sickness.

The survivors raised a considerable sum of money, and applied to their commanding officer to get a monument erected near that of the former regiment, only stipulating that it should be a foot higher than the other ; a curious method of showing their greater sorrow. Just now the garrison, which consists of two companies of H. M.'s 37th regiment, some Ceylon Rifles, and some artillery and engineers, is very healthy, though they have had their share of sickness. One of the officers showed me a queer beast which had been found near here, something like an armadillo, inasmuch as it was furnished with scales and burrowing claws, but unlike it in shape, and in the "lay" of the scales. The natives seemed to think it more or less of a curiosity, and I could not find in Cuvier any description that exactly answered to the beast in question. We settled that it was some kind of ant-eater, and therefore offered it potatoes, which it would not eat. Dinner was enlivened by sundry anecdotes of elephant hunts, escapes from alligators, &c. Among other stories was one of a lucky officer of the garrison here, who some time ago went to a certain pass at no great distance, having heard that elephants had been seen in the

neighbourhood. Having arrived at the pass, he sat down to rest himself, and to wait for some coolies who were behind. He had hardly been seated ten minutes, when two elephants walked straight up the pass to within ten or twelve yards of him. Down they went to his right and left barrels; hardly were they dead, when up came two more elephants; second gun right and left, and down they go; and so on, until, in eight shots, seven elephants lay dead before him, and an eighth had gone away wounded. The officer who had had this luck was considered a tolerably successful sportsman, having killed from two hundred to two hundred and fifty elephants; but no one is known to have equalled Major Rogers, who is believed to have killed upwards of two thousand of these animals. He left off counting after his twelve hundredth elephant, and went on for several years afterwards, always very successfully, until his death, which was caused by lightning. One secret of his success was that he paid high for his information, and had regularly organised a body of trackers and gun-bearers, the latter of whom he could depend upon, not to do as ours did, and the former of whom were perpetually on the look-out. Being magistrate of the district of Badulla, he had

great influence in that part of the island, about the best for sport, and his bungalow was the resort of any unfortunate native whose crop had been injured by an incursion of wild elephants. Tuskers are very rare in Ceylon, and even Major Rogers hardly got one in a hundred and twenty elephants. It seems cruel to destroy these noble animals for no apparent object except for sport; but the fact is, that every elephant killed is a benefit conferred on the island, for they do an immense deal of mischief to the crops, not to mention the rogue elephants, which every now and then take off a man or two from the population. They are very savage, attacking people who have no intention of disturbing them. Not long ago, one ran out of the jungle, and trampled to death an old woman, who was quietly at work in a field. Alligators are fiercer in the northern parts of the island than in the southern, it seems. One officer, crossing a river on horseback, had to dismount, the stream being too strong and deep for his horse to carry him over. He had been snipe shooting, and had his gun loaded with snipe shot. About half way across the stream, he, being to leeward of his horse, saw an alligator coming down straight at him. The brute,

instead of making for the quadruped, tried a dash at the biped, who with some difficulty dodged him until he could get his gun ready, when he gave him both barrels into his eyes, and the reptile bolted and did not re-appear. I can fancy the sportsman's satisfaction at reaching the opposite bank. Not long ago, a tappal, or postman, was carried away by an alligator, and never seen again. In fact, we had innumerable anecdotes of events of flood and field, nearly all our hosts being more or less of sportsmen. Early to bed to-night, as three A.M. is to be our starting time to-morrow.

*Saturday, Dec. 21.*—After all, the Moorman never sent the pony till five o'clock, about which time we got away. Our kind hosts topped up their attentions by getting up at a heathenish hour to see us off, and by one of them lending me a wonderful pony, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Shuck, an animal somewhere about two feet high, and disproportionately high courage. At least, nothing but his courage could possibly have made him carry me the dismal twenty-five or twenty-six miles to Kandellai. Mere strength could not have done it, for he could not have had it. I felt all the time that I ought to be carrying the pony, and did



try walking once, but found the little brute so obstreperous about being mounted again, that I did not dismount a second time till we arrived at Kandellai, where we found the fresh steeds. Leveson's mount was a fair pendant to mine, and the pace we contrived to keep up, by dint of flogging and spurring, was something under three miles an hour. The rest-house keeper expected us, and our servant had had the sense to leave some tea with him, which we found ready on our arrival. I hardly remember ever feeling anything so refreshing as this tea was. A twenty-five miles ride does not sound like any great work, but when done on wretched ponies, along a dull road of not the best kind, and under a tropical sun, it becomes tolerably fatiguing. The fresh horses were a leggy chestnut and a brown pony—the latter my mount, as being the strongest. Our start was a bad one. The brown pony would not go at all, and the leggy chestnut would only follow the brown pony. However, a judicious administration of stick brought both to a sense of their situation, and we contrived to reach Galoya at a better pace, and without further event than a ducking from a heavy shower of rain. Here we found our servant and coolies preparing to start

together with our own ponies. We engaged a chulo-bearer (a chulo is a species of torch, made of long pieces of fibrous wood bound together at intervals, and emitting a considerable blaze when lighted,) for the double purpose of scaring away rogue elephants, or bears, and for showing us the road. Partly to give the ponies easier work, partly because we had had enough riding, we walked the ten miles to Habboorene, which we were very glad to reach. Managed to get some supper, and then to sleep; a carpet-bag for a pillow, and a blanket for a bed.

*Sunday, Dec. 22.*—Start at daylight again, nobody very willing to stir so early. We found a fresh pony here sent out by Hamilton from Kandy, so that we could now send back Baker's little rat of a pony. The weather was lovely, and the ride much less disagreeable than yesterday's, the ponies being fresher, and the roadside not so continuous a wall of jungle. The road itself too, much less muddy and dirty than when we came along it before, and consequently much easier work for the animals. Breakfasted at Dambool: I had some tea in my pocket, and the rest-house keeper furnished some eggs and country bread. While breakfast was getting ready I fed and rubbed down the nags, which after

two or three hours' rest carried us without any apparent difficulty the remaining sixteen miles to Nalande. Thirty-three miles in this climate is very fair work for a pony carrying fourteen stone or so. At Nalande we found a fresh relay of ponies sent from Matele by Mr. Templar, relieved by a couple more on the road, so that we did our last stage easily enough, and reached Mr. T.'s house at about half-past seven. A good dip in a tub full of cold water, and a change of raiment not very much for the better, but a little for the cleaner, made me a little more presentable than I otherwise should have been, which was requisite as this time Mrs. Templar was present. However I can't say that either Leveson or I would have looked well in Rotten Row under circumstances of costume and general appearance.

*Monday, Dec. 23.*—At seven start in a bandy (or gig) sent out by Hamilton, and reach Kandy at half-past ten. We passed this road or rather the pretty part of it in the dark before, so that its scenery was new to us. One part of it is quite lovely, particularly from near the top of the pass where one looks back down a long vista of valley to the Nalande country. All day we spent in the house, for it was too hot to

move about, and besides, all my shoes were gone to be repaired. Talking of shoes, they make capital ones for dry weather in Ceylon, but they don't stand wet for five minutes. The material is monkey's skin, and the price suited to the most moderate means, about four shillings a pair, I think. I was sorry not to be able to go out and take leave of some of the people who had been so civil to us. In the evening we dined quietly with the Bullers, and were not sorry to turn in early. Just as we were going away Mrs. Buller received a visit from the wife of a native chief, the most favourable specimen of the Cingalese females that I had seen. She came with two or three attendants, and a child about whom she wished, I believe, to consult Mrs. Buller. The simple white folds of the Cingalese dress sat well on the graceful form of the lady, and the language sounded all the prettier for coming from such, for Ceylon, unusually pretty lips.

*Tuesday, Dec. 24.*—Start per mail at gunfire. Two other passengers only were in the vehicle. It was a lovely day, but the latter part rather hot and dusty. A large cobra goya, a kind of huge lizard, which has, I was told, been found as much as seven feet in length, walked leisurely across the road. This one

might have been five feet long, and seemed very little alarmed at the proximity of our rattling vehicle. They are harmless, except occasionally destroying fowls, and their flesh is said to be poisonous, probably only very unwholesome, which nearly amounts to the same thing. Breakfast at the half-way house at Ambapoosie, and reach Colombo at half-past three. The "Hindustan" is not telegraphed yet, so that we are safe to be in time. We dined with the Artillery mess, and to bed early.

*Wednesday, Dec. 25.*—Off at three o' clock in a very rattling mail-cart. We felt very disreputable as we passed the open doors of the church at Galle, and saw all the congregation turn their heads to see the noisy vehicle pass. Both of us were right glad to arrive, and to take a snooze of some hours, after which we had our Christmas dinner with the Macleans. Found Grosvenor here, having preceded us by a day or two, much the better for his second visit to Newera Ellia. We were rather in luck in having left the "Haddington" when we did, for it appears that she had a very bad passage to Calcutta, and at Madras, the surf was so bad, that she could hardly land her passengers.

*Dec. 26 and 27.*—No particular events. We strolled

about the quiet little town of Galle, to Mrs. Gibson's hill, so called after a lady who lives there, and educates a number of girls at her own expense. Her house is very pleasantly situated on a hill commanding a charming view of the harbour. Dined one day with the Talbots and another day at home, and on Friday night heard to our great satisfaction the "Hindustan's" signal-gun announcing her arrival off the port.

*Saturday, Dec. 28.*—As early as possible I went off to the "Hindustan" to see about our berths, speedily followed by half the residents at Galle. I found Henry Loch on board, which was pleasant. Land again, tiff or rather dine with the Macleans, spend the day in paying visits, bills, and packing up traps, and at six P.M. we embarked on board the "Hindustan" for Calcutta. Of course in such a quiet little place as Galle the arrival and departure of the mail steamers are no small events, and almost every English person in the place was on board to see friends or acquaintances off. About dusk the non-passengers landed, and we steamed out of the harbour, the entrance of which is so awkwardly narrow that they are obliged to send out canoes with flaming torches to light the steamer on her way out. What queer

things these canoes are, long narrow affairs, often merely a hollowed-out trunk of a tree, with the top sides sewn on with cocoa-nut fibre, two outriggers fast to a sharp-ended log of wood, which floats alongside and serves as a support without which the canoe would certainly capsize immediately. The clergyman of Galle told me that he came down the coast once in one of these boats, and placed his bed on a slight platform placed on these outriggers. I can hardly fancy a cooler bed; it must have been like sleeping on a raft, just lifted clear of the water. Altogether though I am not sorry to leave Ceylon, I am not displeased with the island. Except in the shooting way, in which I fear we are doomed not to be successful, for it requires more time than we have to spare to ensure success in that line, we have been very fortunate, and have seen as much as could reasonably have been expected in the time. I should much like to spend a couple of months among the elephants in the "Park" country. After all it is now no distance from England, and there is very little trouble in the journey. One is booked like a parcel at Leadenhall-street, and delivered in the same way at Galle or Calcutta, or wherever one may be going. It is a

five or six weeks passage, and will be done in four weeks soon, if they get better steamers on the line. If I were to go out again on a sporting excursion, I should take two or three guns No. 12, a light bell tent, and a few good, strong, light boxes, to hold clothes, &c. A camp bedstead with mosquito curtains, and a small canteen, with cups, plates, and the other table paraphernalia, would be nearly all one would want to carry out from England. Jungle clothing can be got better and cheaper at Colombo than in England. I believe that the best book on Ceylon is still that written by Knox, a sailor who spent twenty years in captivity on the island. His plainly written account of the manners and customs of the natives bears evident marks of truth in it. How curious the state of things was for many years after we had possession of the coast. Beyond a ring of some four or five miles in average breadth we had no territory at all, the native kings ruling the whole centre of the island. The disastrous result of the first attempt to subdue the interior of the island is well known, and the tree on the banks of the Mahawelliganga where Major Davie's small force was massacred, is still pointed out. There is an old Malay still living in Kandy who in his cups relates with great glee how



he stuck his creese into the throats, and cut off the heads of the British officers and soldiers. The unfortunate major whose imbecility or cowardice caused all this misfortune, lived several years afterwards in Kandy, almost unnoticed, and adopting nearly the habits and dress of a native. The exact date of his death is unknown. Poor fellow! whatever his errors or faults may have been, he suffered a severe punishment for them. I suppose no country can be richer in vegetable products than Ceylon. There are upwards of one hundred different kinds of palm, gigantic ferns thirty feet high, rhododendron trees, and fruit and vegetables ad infinitum. In fact one difficulty of the island is the vegetation. A road left unexamined for a few months is at the end of them impassable, a garden carelessly looked after is one mass of weeds in a week. It is almost as productive in the animal world. From the elephant to the mouse deer, there is almost every description of game. Lions, tigers, rhinoceri and hippopotami are not found, but instead of the former they have chetahs or rather panthers, and plenty of bears. The elephants are supposed to breed in some of the many valleys, which have not yet been explored by Europeans, for small as the island comparatively is,

there are not a few of these valleys which have not been visited by any but the veddahs, if by them. By the way I don't think I have mentioned the veddahs; not that we saw any: that is not so easy; but anybody who visits Ceylon is in duty bound to mention the veddahs, the most curious, and certainly the wildest race of men existing so near to a civilised community.\* There are two kinds of veddahs, those of the villages, and those of the trees. The former are semi-civilised, and live in huts, but have little communication (none that they can avoid) with white men, and as little with other natives of Ceylon. However they know the use of the bow and arrow, with which they will wound an elephant in the foot, track him for any number of days until he lies down from the pain in the festering wound, and then they eat him. These veddahs do, I believe, wear some apology for garments. The others do not, or so little that it may be called none. Their country being almost all marshy, generally under water, they live among the branches of the trees which grow out of the said marshes, and their food is anything they can get in the way of fruit, and game

\* I have heard since of a race of wild people said to exist at no great distance from Calcutta, but I have not the particulars concerning them.

when they can kill it. Something in the same way as the diggers of North America, (*mutatis mutandis*) whom I believe they resemble also in stature, being seldom more than five feet in height. Then there are the rodiahs, or outcasts, the *Parias* of Ceylon. Physically speaking they are much the finest race in Ceylon, but they are looked upon by the rest as outcasts, unfit to be communicated with. At one time they were liable to be put to death if they touched or "came between the wind and the nobility" of a high-caste Cingalese, but we have altered all that, and at present, though despised they are not molested. I think the tradition is, that they were cursed by Vishnu or Budhoo, or somebody, for eating beef. Vishnu is here almost always represented sitting under a cobra which stands erect on its tail with its hood spread out. This a cobra once did to shelter that gentleman from the sun, and ever since the cobra has been considered sacred by the Cingalese. Grosvenor killed one, rather to the dissatisfaction of a horse-keeper or driver who was with him, and whose stick he took for the purpose. I must say I should not respect that prejudice. The Cingalese think that a cobra lives in each well, and that he keeps other serpents away. I did not hear

of any accident to Europeans, though the natives are not seldom sufferers from snake bites : the reason is I fancy, that Europeans generally sleep on bedsteads, natives hardly ever ; then the former wear clothes, which loose as they are would keep off a snake's first attack, and shoes which making more noise than bare feet alarm the snakes. There is little or no fish in the Ceylon rivers : they are too subject to freshets for that, but the sea abounds with fish. One kind particularly, that called the Ceylon salmon, is excellent. In minerals there are various kinds of precious stones found, the commonest being moon and star stones, but I believe they also find sapphires and emeralds, &c. The pearl fishery is not now productive. Cinnamon stones peculiar to Ceylon, sapphires many, rubies and emeralds more scarce. They showed me a few very fair rubies at Colombo. Sapphires may be bought here for three pounds a carat, in London nine pounds is the price I was told. The pearl fishery is said to have been much injured by Sir R. Horton, who made one great crop of all the oyster bank, leaving none, and thus the goose that laid the golden eggs was destroyed.

## CHAPTER V.

Passage to Madras—The Surf and Massoolah Boats—The Madras Club—The Esplanade—General Appearance of the Town—Re-embarkation and Departure for Calcutta—Arrival off the “Sandheads”—The Hooghly—Garden Reach—First Impressions of Calcutta—The Bengal Club—Chowringhee and the Maidân—Indian Servants—Mosquitoes—The Cathedral—Government House—Arabs and Walers—Calcutta Carriages—A Mesmerist—First Experience of Palankeen Travelling—The Races—Shops—The Promenade of Calcutta—A Native Visitor—The Mint and the Cossipore Foundry—Revolt Scene on the River Side—Preparations for Departure.

WE were just three days making the passage to Madras, where we anchored on the evening of the thirty-first of December after a pleasant passage. We landed directly with the purser, who was kind enough to give us a passage in his boat. There was not so much surf as I have seen and landed in, in many other places, but there was enough to have made it an unpleasant affair in anything but the usual “vehicle” here, the massoolah boat. These have been so often described that I need say no more of them than that they are sewn instead of nailed tubs, made very light, on the principle that bumping

hurts a light thing less than a heavy one, just as a light man hurts himself less than a Daniel Lambert when he tumbles down stairs. At the Peninsular and Oriental Company's office we found a good Samaritan in the shape of an old school-fellow of Grosvenor's, who got us rooms at the club, a much more comfortable arrangement than that of having to go to the hotel, which is here said to be very bad. The said club is an immense building, a long way from the landing-place, not less than three miles I should think. It is very comfortably fitted up, and well furnished with papers, magazines, &c., which we sat reading until bed-time, for it was useless to go out in the dark.

*Wednesday, Jan. 1. 1851.*—Up at daylight, and out for a drive before going on board. Madras does not boast of many sights that I know of. One of the principal ones is the fine equestrian statue of Sir Thomas Munro, advantageously placed in the centre of an avenue leading along the esplanade. Crows, and such like dirty birds have however taken great liberties with the statue, and they say it is hardly ever seen without one of these creatures sitting on it. One of Her Majesty's regiments was exercising on the parade ground as we passed. The

town seemed endless, covering an immense quantity of ground, each great house being in a field or compound of its own. Owing to the climate and the rains most of these houses have a rather dilapidated appearance outside: I can't say what they look like inside. Some of the bungalows outside the town have a look of English comfort which is agreeable. I fancy that one might have a fine general view of the place from the light-house, a fine handsome granite column, but we had not time for any more than just a drive through the streets. There were numbers of people taking their morning ride or drive, (among them some of our former fellow-passengers in the "Haddington") white-robed natives on foot, excessively stiff sepoy, and excessively limp water-carriers, &c. Altogether there is a mixture of Oriental and European which is rather pleasant. At eight o' clock we re-embarked, the surf a little higher than last night, but not more so than was agreeable, just giving one a faint idea of what it might be. Whilst waiting for our own boat it was amusing to watch the other passengers going across the surf, and the catamarans kicking about in and about it. All the massoolah boats are under government authority. Whoever pitched upon

Madras for a seaport must have had queer ideas of the requisites for that purpose; but perhaps it was difficult to get a better, as there is hardly a port from Calcutta to Cape Comorin, and in the few little places there are, there is only water for the smallest craft. By half-past eight we were off for Calcutta, the water like glass, and the "Hindustan" doing near ten knots an hour, and increasing her speed as she burns her coal. She is certainly a fine steamer but susceptible of improvement, her masts being rendered nearly useless by the position of her funnels. I don't think her cabin accommodation so convenient as the "Haddingtons'," but our feeding was much better, partly perhaps because there were not so many passengers. In the evening, New Year's day was kept up by the passengers and crew, the former with the officers of the ship doing a grand game of leap-frog all round the deck, the latter getting up a kind of procession, in which a seaman covered with old hammocks, &c., enacted a donkey, led by the ship's butcher as a costermonger, singing a song very well in character. It was rather well got up. Our run was altogether very prosperous, and we arrived off the Sandheads, as the mouth of the Hooghly is called, at about midnight of Friday the third, where



after a considerable amount of fireworks we picked up a pilot, and at daylight of the fourth proceeded up the river. When I came on deck we were going slowly along, Saugor Island famous for fever and tigers on our starboard side, a quantity of country vessels around us. As the daylight got stronger our pace was increased, and we were soon powdering along at a great rate with the flood tide. At thirty minutes past nine we passed the anchorage of Kedgerree. Several large vessels were going down the river, generally in tow of steamers. I suppose that at times, the "Hindustan" was going over the ground at a rate of eighteen miles an hour. The banks all the way up on both sides of the river, are low, and the country flat and uninteresting, apparently populous and well wooded, but the whole aspect is dried-up looking after the fresh green of Ceylon. It was not at all oppressively hot, except in the sun, and the run up the river was pleasant enough. The sudden turns and twists the ship is obliged to make from the position of the sands, bring one occasionally within a stone's throw of one bank or the other, making it necessary to be excessively cautious with the helm, and to be continually jamming it hard over on one side or

another. The current too is so strong that it is constantly giving the ship a sheer, which it requires considerable skill and attention on the part of the pilot to meet. One of the shoals, perhaps the most dangerous, is called the James and Mary, after a ship of that name which, the story is, touched on it, instantly capsized, and went down with every soul on board. The pilots are well paid, somewhere about eight hundred pounds a year, besides a present from each ship they may have to take up or down, but they have a long apprenticeship to serve, and plenty of hard work and heavy responsibility for their money. At about three o' clock we turned the corner of Garden Reach, and came in sight of the "City of Palaces." This first view of the capital of India is certainly very fine. Garden Reach is the reach of the Hooghly which passes Calcutta, and was as usual filled with shipping of all sizes and nations, amongst which the magnificent vessels of Messrs. Green and others, ships of one thousand to fifteen hundred tons, and equal in appearance to any men of war of equal size in the world, were pre-eminent. Of course they have not the heavy formidable look of armed ships, but for neatness aloft, and beauty of hull, they are, I think,

unsurpassed. They are no unimportant feature in the first view of Calcutta, nor are the numberless boats and country craft which crowd the river, the former sometimes graceful in hull, but all wearing a look of dilapidation which they owe to the climate and the rains. On shore, the appearance of the buildings is striking enough. Government House, the Town Hall, and the houses in Chowringhee, are all fine large piles, with some architectural pretensions, but we had not much time to look at that part of the view, for no sooner was the anchor down, than there rushed on board a crowd of people, some to meet friends, some to get news, some to stare about them and at the new comers. Among the visitors came some of the officers of, and some of our fellow-passengers in, the "Haddington," which vessel is lying near, looking so smartened up that I hardly recognised her. A friend of Leveson's, Sir James Colville, had sent one of his native servants to meet us (a tall gentleman in white robes, a flat turban-like cap, and a shawl round his waist), and a carriage to convey us to our destination. Thanks to one of our fellow-passengers in the "Haddington," rooms had been engaged for us at the Bengal Club, which was very fortunate, as there

was hardly a room to be found in any of the hotels in Calcutta. Leveson and I lodged here, Grosvenor putting up at Sir John Littler's, next door. The Club is in Chowringhee, a district bordering on the Maidân (the great esplanade which surrounds the fort), and lying with its front parallel to the river. The Maidân is a flat of, I should say, about two miles by one, with a monument or two on it, a few large trees scattered here and there, and several wide roads crossing it in various directions—one, leading along the bank of the river, is the Hyde Park drive of Calcutta, and is one of the most beautiful and singular drives of its kind in the world, at least at the time of the year when the evenings are cool and fine, and the large Indiamen fill the river. They lie so close to the shore, that, from Chowringhee, their masts seem to rise from the plain. The only man-of-war here now is the Spanish corvette, "Ferrolana," a heavy-looking vessel, with raking masts and a strange stern. Fort William, said to be one of the most perfect fortifications in the world, is an immense work, a heap of angles crammed full of guns, and would require, they say, somewhere about 10,000 men to garrison it; no inconsiderable fault I should think,

for any general with 10,000 men in a fortress would be sure to want to have them out in the field if an enemy were about. The Club here is particularly convenient: each resident in it has a capital bedroom and bath-room, and the run of very comfortable reading and billiard-rooms, a particularly good dinner at seven, and other meals whenever he chooses. I engaged a kitmudgar to wait upon me at table, a dark gentleman in flowing white robes, and a white cap. Besides him I was told that I must have a bearer, who won't wait at table, but makes the beds, cleans boots, and does the valet business. Plenty of these men are always waiting to be hired: I was referred to the baboo, another dark gentleman of a portly aspect, and who speaks English, and these men were engaged. The kitmudgar is perpetually salaaming at the door, and the bearer stands silently looking at me when I am dressing, rushing up every now and then with a boot or a looking-glass. He does not understand English, and I can't tell him I don't want to be dressed, having been in the habit of doing that operation myself; so it ends in my ejecting him forcibly from the room (much to his astonishment), at the door of which, when I go out, I find him

squatting like a black and white toad, jabbering to the other bearers in an under tone, probably telling them what a very "green" master he has got. The kitmudgar does understand a little English, not much. People think it better that they should not understand it at all, as they are fond of listening to, and retailing their masters' dinner conversations. Our first evening in Calcutta was spent in receiving visits and fighting mosquitos. These last are excessively pertinacious: the cold weather drives them into the houses, and they will not leave one alone for a moment. After dinner, at which we met a number of people, all full of offers of assistance in various ways, a game of billiards or two passed away the evening; and then came the serious operation of getting into bed without admitting mosquitos inside the curtains. Here the bearer certainly came into play, but between us somehow or other a trumpeting brute or two got in and were hanging on to the curtains over head, full of blood, when I awoke in the morning.

*Sunday, Jan. 5.*—Griffins both of us, Leveson and I walked to church this morning, about as incorrect a thing to do in Calcutta, as it formerly would have been for a fine London lady to go to

church in a hack cab. We went to the cathedral, a large ugly building in a semi-gothic semi-card-board style, with a flat roof, a tower and spire. The service well performed, and singing very tolerable. It strikes one as singular at first that every person should have a large arm chair to him or herself. At first sight it looks as if the congregation was much scattered, and a great deal of room wasted. In fact this church, which in England would hold 700 or 800 people, does not hold more than 500 I should think, but it would be impossible to exist in the hot weather, with the same number of people in the church as there would be in England. After church we were driven back to our Club, by a good Samaritan in a buggy. Went to tiffin at Government House with the general, who, unfortunately for us, starts "up-country" to-morrow or next day. Before tiffin we went with Yates to look at Cook's stables, whence we also hired two buggies to take us about during our stay, Calcutta buggies being simply cabs with heads, but open backs to admit of a free current of air, and of the syce who always accompanies a buggy to look after the horse, squalling close to one's ear to the passers-by to get out of the "sahib's" way. European lungs are

much too aristocratic and luxurious to admit of so great an exertion. Mr. Cook being a horse-dealer as well as a livery-stable keeper, we saw a vast number of horses of various descriptions in his stables, among them some good-looking Arabs, and some powerful New South Wales horses, Walers they call them for shortness. The Arabs were at prices ranging from 1600 to 850 rupees : ten rupees going to a pound sterling nearly. The Walers ranged from 1200 to 600 rupees. This trade in New South Wales horses has lately started and seems very likely to answer. They come of a very good stock, are strong, hardy, and enduring, seem to stand the Indian climate very well, and are less vicious than the country-bred horses. The staff seem to have provided themselves with a tolerably numerous stud, and some of them have even got carriages to travel up-country in ; to be drawn by men or horses according to circumstances. Government House, like many other huge buildings, is said to have very little room in it, and its furniture is in a very dilapidated state, no governor-general having yet been found patriotic enough to spend 5000*l.* or 6000*l.* in upholstery for the benefit of his successors. However it is a handsome edifice, with



suites of great pillar'd and punkah'd halls, floored with marble, and ornamented with busts and a few statues. The carpets of the great rooms are of native manufacture, very soft and pleasant, and the view from the windows looking over the garden and the Maidán is very animated and pretty. The general plan is that of a central mass, surmounted by a dome, with four curved wings springing from the centre, so that from whatever side it is seen the effect is nearly the same. It is approached from two sides by four handsome archways, upon which are placed great stone lions, and at the various fronts are sundry brass guns, trophies of the Sikh and China campaigns. Altogether I think the effect very good, though I daresay there are plenty of defects to an architectural eye. A strange arrangement, strange at least to us griffins, is that the kitchen is on the other side of the way, and that all the dinner, or anything else, that is eaten in Government House, has to cross the street to reach it, besides coming a good distance across the compound. I should like to see an English cook's face if he was told that dinner for No. 18, Belgrave Square, was to be cooked at No. 8, and brought in hot. After tiffin I read and lounged about the Club till it was

cool enough to take a walk, in which I was silently followed by the kitmudgar whose presence I was not aware of until I turned to come back. He probably thought my going to walk such an insane proceeding that it was necessary to go and look after me. We dined where we tiff'd, at Government House. The general had only a small party. The *consommar*, or head-butler, is a very old fellow, quite a picture, with his white beard and venerable look. He wears a medal for Maharajpore, and has been fifty years and upwards in the service.

*Monday, Jan. 6.*—I commenced the day with an early ride on a strong chestnut Waler, sent by one of our civil hosts of the Bengal Club. We only went to trot about the Maidân, with Captain Mayow, aide-de-camp to the deputy-governor of Bengal, Sir John Littler. The queerest things here are the native carriages. Nobody is known ever to have seen a new one. They resemble very small hackney-coaches, of extreme antiquity, hung very high above four ricketty wheels, none of which appear to belong to each other or to the coach, and they are generally drawn by one tall and one short pony, whose whole ambition seems to be to pull different ways. Once started, they seem to get

along tolerably fast, and, ricketty as they look, accidents hardly ever happen to them. If they did upset, the native who is almost invariably calmly seated on the roof (besides the driver, and four or five dark "insides") would get a most elegant "cropper." A few people, among them some ladies, were riding, but mostly on their way home, for we went out at eight o'clock, rather late for Calcutta. Part of the day was passed in looking about us, making preparations for our voyage, Captain Mayow kindly volunteering his assistance, which we found invaluable. During the day, Grosvenor went with Sir John Littler to see an operation performed on a native in a state of mesmeric sleep. I was to have gone, but missed Captain M., who was to have driven me to the house of the operator, Dr. Esdail. The operation was completely successful; it was the removal of a tumour weighing twenty-five pounds. The patient suffered no pain, knew nothing of the operation until he was awakened, lost comparatively little blood, and was not weaker than usual after an operation of the kind. When he felt for the tumour and found it gone, he said, "My life is saved!" Dr. Esdail has performed many severe

operations under similar circumstances with complete success. It seems strange that a science so little known or used in England should be so successfully carried out in India. Is it, perhaps, that the natives of the latter are more susceptible of the mesmeric influence than we are?—*Quien sabe?* as the Spaniards say. Dined with Sir James Colville, a party of twenty-four, for which we were late, owing to a mistake about the buggies. We had to go in palankeens, our first essay at that sort of work. I felt very much as if the bearers were going to tumble me out every moment, but I suppose I shall get used to it in time. It was a very pleasant party, and a capital dinner. Ladies and gentlemen all leave the table together out here, a much better plan, in a warm climate, than that of the gentlemen sitting over their wine after the ladies are gone.

*Tuesday, Jan. 7.*—Races this morning at seven; or, rather, as soon after seven as the fog cleared up. Almost every morning in this season, a thick mist is spread over the Maidân, on which the race-course is situated, with the stand at the end of it, furthest from Government House. From thence one has a good view over the course, which is nearly circular,

and might advantageously be rendered still more nearly so, as there are some sharp turns still left in it. The only race in which people appeared much interested, was the last, which came off at about nine o'clock. This last was a sweepstakes, in which seven started, all Walers or Arabs, and was won by Boomerang, a wiry-looking Arab, who has signalised himself repeatedly on the Calcutta turf. It was a very pretty race. An English thoroughbred mare, by name Antagonist, appeared to be the most dreaded opponent on the turf, but she had only a walk over to-day. Among the carriages on the ground were a four-in-hand, and a Hansom with two horses, driven curricule fashion, besides a number of phaetons, buggies, &c., many belonging to rich natives, and a considerable number of equestrians. The stand was well filled with ladies and gentlemen. It was, altogether, a strange sight to unaccustomed eyes, what with the variety of costumes, and the number of vehicles and people. After the races, the owner of the horse I had ridden there drove me back in his buggy. We spent the greater part of the day in shopping. There are capital shops in Calcutta, but everything seems enormously dear, though, generally speaking, the

articles are good. About the most expensive things are books, sent out by the overland mail. They are charged the same number of rupees here that they are shillings in England, *i. e.*, a fraction over double. The China bazaar, where we went to get some tin boxes (or pettaras)\* for our up-country trip, is a long, narrow, dirty street, lined with small shops, into which the owners vociferously invite one. Almost any article is to be found there, and certainly fifty per cent. cheaper than in the European shops, but one must look sharp not to get trumpery for one's money instead of good solid articles. Mayow was again our very civil and indefatigable guide. After the shopping, I went for a ride on the Maidân. The Calcutta world was out driving or riding; some tolerable turns-out, but seedy-looking about the harness, and the horses ill-groomed. I am rather disappointed in the Calcutta carriages, having heard a good deal about them. A quiet dinner at Sir John Littler's, and a game at billiards at the Club, finished the day. The fog to-night was very thick, and when we came over, the jackals were screaming

\* I should not do that again if I were to return to India. The bazaar pettaras were always getting broken or out of order, whilst those we got in English shops were solid, and lasted the whole trip with very trifling repairs.

close by, on the Maidân. They are very bold here, and come right into the town.

*Wednesday, Jan. 8.*—We settled our time of starting and paid a visit to the post-office to “lay our dâk.” The number of bearers required is stated, the halts one intends to make, and the time of starting. Half fare is paid down at once, to ensure that the traveller does start, and to pay the bearers for the trouble of coming to the several stations, if he should change his mind. Shopping and business all day. The others went to the botanical gardens. I had to remain at home to receive money, &c.

*Thursday, Jan. 9.*—Another day’s racing in which the English mare again won, giving her opponent, a very handsome Van Diemen’s Land horse, two stone and upwards. Two jockeys got thrown in the course of the day’s sport, one of them rather hurt. It was fortunate that he was not killed, as he was knocked off by his running against a post whilst going full gallop. We effected some changes in our dâk arrangements to-day, Loch having determined to go with us. The post-office people don’t like starting a party of four palkees on the same day, as there might be a difficulty in finding

bearers for them all, and besides there may be other parties on the road too, so we go in two parties as far as Patna. We have purchased our palkees, giving eighty rupees (eight pounds) each. To-day we had a large dinner party at Sir John Littler's, twenty-six people, and some music in the evening.

*Friday, Jan. 10.*—It is certainly very pleasant now in the early morning before the sun gets up. I rode to-day to the "Hindustan," where Loch wanted to do some business; she is lying alongside the wharf refitting, and of course in great confusion. After breakfast came a visitor, a native calling himself Raig Punniath Bahador. He wanted and got a little money for a dispensary to be established somewhere in Calcutta; a smooth-spoken, sharp-looking man he seemed to be. After some more shopping, which seems by the way to be eternal, we went sight-seeing with Captain Mayow. The mint and the Cossipore foundry were our objects to day. The former, a fine building surrounded by a colonnade supported by Corinthian columns, is supposed to be very perfect of its kind. We did our mint thoroughly, saw everything, from the bar of silver to the coined rupee. It seemed very simple, as most ingenious things do, but was accompanied by a



peculiarly disagreeable buzzing noise from the engines which made one glad when the sight-seeing was over. Colonel Forbes, the director, was sent for to England some time ago, to show the people at home how to go to work, I believe. An odd feature in this establishment, but not peculiar to it, in India, is the small amount of wages received by the native workmen, the highest being about eighteenpence a day. The establishment is extensive, covering a good deal of ground, and employing five steam-engines. Cossipore foundry is a good deal further on, up the left bank of the Hooghly, and to reach it one has to pass through a part of the native town, a strange jumble of huts and houses without much attention to plan or order. Captain Broome, the superintendent, showed us over the works, where just now there is not much doing, there being but small demand for the principal article of their manufacture, namely artillery, and no casting being in progress. The planes, lathes, &c., are almost all in one fine lofty room, said to be the largest in India, or at all events, in Bengal. Some small guns were being turned, or bored in this room, and a few other minor works going on for government, and for the electric telegraph now being laid down between

Calcutta and Diamond Harbour. Captain Broome seemed able to turn his hand to anything; and, besides being a capital mechanic and superintendent, is the author of an interesting history of the Bengal army. After a late tiffin we returned to town. On our way we stopped at a ghaut, or landing-place, where they burn the dead bodies of the poorer classes: the very poorest cannot afford to buy the necessary fire-wood, so they merely bring their dead down to the river and literally shove them in, to float down to the sea, or to be eaten by vultures, the water of the sacred river, as is well known, conveying them straight off to Paradise. Sometimes they bring down people they choose to fancy to be at the point of death, stuff their mouth, nose, and ears, with the sacred mud, and if that does not finish them, leave them there to die, or simply tumble them into the water. Some of these poor wretches have been rescued by charitable Europeans; and there was, perhaps is, a hospital established, and people kept on the look-out for instances of this practice; but it is a thankless office, for the people themselves are not the least obliged to them for their rescue, as they lose caste, if they return to their families, after being voted dead on the banks

of the Ganges. There have even been instances of their demanding compensation from their rescuers. The scene at the ghaut is hideous enough. When we saw it, three corpses were burning on separate piles, the half-consumed legs of one, and the head of another, sticking out from the burning wood; the blackened and shrivelled bodies, crackling among the flames, giving out an unctuous and filthy smell. A multitude of dirty adjutants, and disgusting looking vultures, were stalking about close by, hardly getting out of one's way, or else perched on the surrounding huts and houses, waiting for an appetite, or until the meal was sufficiently cooked—whilst some others were in the water, greedily pecking at and devouring what were perhaps human remains; the whole ground around being strewed with carrion, and bones of all kinds—human and animal. It was altogether about as revolting a scene as I ever saw; and is, I suppose, always taking place at low water. The adjutants are, as everybody knows, great cranes, with India-rubber throats, and cast-iron stomachs, which walk about Calcutta, and are extremely useful as scavengers. They eat anything, from a thirty-two pounder to a baby. After looking up

some of our travelling gear, we took a quiet ride, and then went to dinner at the Club.

*Saturday, Jan 11.*—Our last day in Calcutta, and the last day of the races for this meeting. Having nothing better to do I went to them, and afterwards breakfasted with Stopford, a relative of my former gallant chief, the Admiral. His bungalow is in a pleasant park-like compound, a little way from the town, and is surrounded by his stables in which he had some fine Arabs and Walers. The Arabs when they are good-tempered seem to be the nicest pets in the world, but a vicious Arab is said to be the black gentleman himself personified. Stopford's Arabs almost overpower one with their tameness, running over one to get bits of sugar-cane, of which they are excessively fond. It is said to be good for them and to make their coats shine. After a good breakfast we drove home again to pack our pettaras and palkees and to make our other preparations for starting. At three o'clock the packing was over, and we started the baggage and palkees off under the care of a kitmudgar whom we have engaged to act as servant and interpreter on the journey. He does not seem to be very bright, but I dare say we shall knock a spark or two of intelligence out of

him before we have done with him. The palkees, &c., were to meet us at Barrackpore whither we went with the Littlers in the evening.



NATIVE CARRIAGE—CALCUTTA.

## CHAPTER VI.

Scenery on the River—Barrackpore—The Garden and the Menagerie—Separation of our Party—Palankeen Travelling—A Bad Night—Scenery—Burdwan—Dāk Bungalow—The Road, and the Travellers thereon—Parasnath—Dangerous Vicinity—Bengal Officials and their Suite—Quit the Delhi Road—Arrival at Gyah—Picturesque Scene—The Lady and the Tiger—Arrival at Patna.

BARRACKPORE is the country seat of the Governor-General, besides being the military station of Calcutta, from which it is distant about fifteen miles. Our conveyance there was the Governor's barge, a great clumsy craft, with comfortable airy cabins, a good promenade deck well sheltered by thick awnings, and towed by a steamer. Certainly river-navigation is in its infancy in India, or else the rivers present difficulties utterly unknown to any other streams. They still stick to the old plan of having flats towed by steamers all the way to Allahabad, instead of conveying the goods or passengers in the steamers themselves. I hear, however, that they are now trying a steamer on the model of the American

river-steamer, and that she seems to answer. They certainly have some difficulties to contend with, namely the great floods in the rainy season, and the varying depths of the channels. However I should think they were not insuperable. Time and money will do much. Our view up the river was very pleasant; the banks are studded with villas, (bungalows I should say,) and Hindoo temples, alternating with wild ghauts, whose broad flights of steps leading down to the water are prominent features in all oriental albums and such-like books. Very picturesque they are too. Great numbers of boats were driving up with the flood-tide, and crowds of people moving about the banks. Now and then we saw a small fire near the margin of the stream, probably some pious individual cooking one of his near relations. The country is flat, so that one sees nothing beyond the banks. Soon after dusk we reached Barrackpore, where we found a good dinner and capital beds. After being eaten by mosquitos in Calcutta, it was quite delightful to turn into a bed without the necessity of mosquito curtains; for here, whether it is owing to the thorough draught, or to the fresh paint with which the house has lately been adorned, I don't know, but there were no mosquitos.

Our bright domestic and the palkees came soon after dinner, and were placed under the care of the guard in the recesses below.

*Sunday, Jan. 12.*—In the morning we had a very pleasant walk about the grounds, and to the menagerie. The gardens are very pretty, and contain a great many plants I know nothing about, besides specimens of almost all the different sorts of trees which can be got to grow there. The menagerie is not so extensive as it has been. There are two rhinoceroses, a fine tigress, a giraffe, some leopards (one a black one), tiger-cats, monkeys, ostriches, a huge tortoise, and some birds. About the most curious animal is a rare monkey called an oolook. It is tailless, black, and travels about the trees in a surprising manner, making great bounds with its arms, swinging itself from branch to branch. It seemed quite tame, and very gentle. In the garden among the greatest ornaments, are a red-leafed plant brought from Brazil, and a very large blue convolvulus, which last seems pretty common in this country. Barrackpore itself is merely a village of officers' bungalows and sepoy's huts (or, as they call them, lines), standing about the Governor-General's palace, and on the edge of a wide plain,



the parade and exercise ground of the troops. The garrison at present consists of five native regiments, and some artillery, the guns drawn by bullocks. At half-past ten we went to church, in a small chapel close by, the congregation consisting principally of officers and their families. After church came the operation of re-stowing the palkees of Grosvenor and Leveson, who start to-night, Loch and I following to-morrow. Our hosts gave them the benefit of their experience at this work, and I am sure that Lady Littler was at least two hours employed in making changes in the arrangements of the palkees, and in replacing things we had crammed in among our traps, with others she voted more useful. In fact we owed all the comfort we had in palkee-travelling to her. The two started after tiffin, the steamer taking them and their goods and chattels as far as Hooghly, on the opposite bank of the river, from whence they are to make a fair start. Loch arrived just before they went. After their departure I went with the Littlers for a drive round the park, and to look at the rhinoceroses, two fine specimens of that hideous animal. A few people were out riding or driving. A French homœopathic doctor came over here to day. He

seemed to be a sensible fellow, but strongly imbued with the idea of French superiority in everything over everybody. The jackals came in under the window and serenaded me this evening—a compliment I could very well have dispensed with.

*Monday, Jan. 13.*—Started for the parade-ground at daylight, to see the sepoy's under arms. I went however in the wrong direction, and missed the parade, which began exactly at gun-fire. A number of recruits were drilling in various stages of dishabille. They seemed fine, tall fellows, and appeared to do all they had to do very respectably. After breakfast I had some letters to write, and that, with our preparations for starting, filled up the time very well until it was time to take our departure, the ladies assisting us as they had done the others. Loch, being up to the moves, was not as much in want of assistance as I was. We took leave of them and started in our palkees at a quarter to five, our hosts declaring their expectation of seeing us back again, as they don't believe we shall be able to reach Bombay. Crossing the Hooghly at the Fulta Ghaut, by a ferry, about two miles above Barrackpore, we continued our route at a slow trot, about three miles and a half an hour. The bearers jog

along pretty evenly, and the motion would not be very disagreeable, were it not for the monotonous song which accompanies it, and the halt they make every thirty yards or so to relieve bearers. There are eight bearers to each palkee, four at a time, besides one massaulchee, or torch-bearer, and three bearers for the luggage. Each luggage-bearer carries two pettaras, slung at each end of a bamboo. The gun-cases and a black leather bag or two occupy the place of one or two pettaras. During the night we had a smart storm of wind and rain, and some difficulty in getting the bearers to go on while it lasted. However we gave the men double baksheesh at the end of the wet stages. I did not sleep much the first night of palkeé-travelling, but if I had, I fancy the being roused at the end of eachs tage to pay the bearers their present, only a sixpence for each palkee, would have made one rather sulky.

*Tuesday, Jan. 14.*—At day-break we turned out for a walk alongside the palkees. The road is excellent, and about as wide as an English turnpike-road. The country flat, populous, and highly cultivated, generally with paddy or sugar-cane, and the scenery very uninteresting; some fine timber

standing here and there in clumps. During the night we had passed through the town of Hooghly, a largish place, and had crossed a stream by a bridge of boats. The stream was so low that the descent to, and the ascent from the bridge, was almost perpendicular. We met a detachment of native infantry escorting treasure, and at about half-past nine A.M. reached the town of Burdwan, where there is a neat church, and some good bungalows belonging to the collector and other officials. A little before reaching Burdwan we had met a great number of camels going south, fine-looking animals, with very light burdens. I was surprised at meeting camels here, as I had been told they never came further south than Benares. They were led by two or three stout Afghans. Burdwan\* is only remarkable for its coal-mines, and for ground having been first broken here for the intended railway. Accounts vary as to the quality of the coal, and there seem to be many opinions as to the expediency of commencing the railway at this

\* I ought to have mentioned the Rajah of Burdwan, whom the first batch of our party visited, the richest and most hospitable native in India. They say that his income last year amounted to 360,000*l.*, after paying 200,000*l.* to the Company. His delight is in entertaining his friends, including all Europeans, and in playing at billiards; in fact, a regular trump.

end, or the other. We lounged away four hours in the dāk bungalow, breakfasting, washing, and dozing, and afterwards we started again. Passed on our right an extensive building, some little way off the road, a square-shaped affair, with a plentiful crop of small domes, probably some great man's tomb. Some heavy rain drove us into our palkees again until about eight o'clock, when we reached another bungalow, where we had some tea and eggs, after which we started again, making ourselves snug for the night. I turned regularly into bed, sleeping in pajamas and dressing-gown, besides which I was not sorry to have a blanket over me. When the rain ceased, it was a delightful moonlight night, the torches almost unnecessary.

*Wednesday, Jan. 15.*—Still the same flat country, but some hills in sight in the distance. We breakfasted at Assensole, one hundred and twenty-six miles from Calcutta. Our own stores supply tea, &c., the house the fowls, eggs, chupattees, or cakes, which are the staple bread hereabouts, and are by no means bad, not unlike scones in Scotland. The bungalows in Bengal are, like the Ceylon rest-houses, government property, only that being more frequented they are cleaner and better kept, having

bath-rooms, &c., attached; and that a rupee is charged to each traveller, on this road at least, whether he stops a day or an hour—fair enough I think, considering the expense of getting them up, and keeping them in order. However it is, I believe, complained of as expensive, by those who have families, and are obliged to travel. We stopped at Assensole, a couple of hours, washed and dressed, and dried things, which had got wet in yesterday's rain; then, at half-past eleven, on again. Country rather prettier. At this time of year it does not look burnt up; we passed several good bridges, some of them on the suspension principle. Ford a wide shallow river, the bridge over it a fine long one of many arches unfinished. The said river must give a good deal of trouble in the rains. Meet a good many hackeries, alias waggons, laden with various kinds of produce, and another train of twenty-eight camels. Also a great man and his suite, a straggling procession which included forty or fifty picturesque retainers; some armed with lances, some with swords, some with long oriental-looking muskets, and some bearing shields, others in disguise as sepoys, with caps apparently obtained from the minor theatres, bare legs, and muskets and bayonets of the time of Queen Anne; the

great man himself looking very dirty and seedy, with two or three of his suite equally so, all mounted on sorry nags, and closely followed by a very gay red and gold palankeen, containing, we supposed, the great man's wife; the palankeen surrounded by a tag-rag-and-bobtail guard, and succeeded by a led horse with its tail and main dyed red, five elephants, one with a silver howdah, and a camel. From one end to the other I suppose the procession—if so scattered and ragged an array could be called a procession—could not have been less than half a mile in length. The great man made us a very low bow, which we courteously returned; but I may as well mention here that we afterwards heard he was only a servant of the inhabitant of the gay palankeen—Ranee somebody or other, on her way to worship at the shrine of Juggernaut. The country gets a little more picturesque near Gaira, where we supped.

*Thursday, Jan, 16.*—Another lovely night, I was quite sorry to turn into my moving bed, where however I slept pretty well. Reached Domera at half-past nine A.M. For a mile or two before reaching there, the road is said to be dangerous on account of tigers which infest the jungle about the Parasnath hills, under which Domera is situated.

Troops marching through were not, I believe, allowed to quit the column, and many anecdotes we afterwards heard of accidents occurring in consequence of neglect of precaution, &c. Parasnath, of which one has a good view from the dâk bungalow, is a very sacred hill (which perhaps rather accounts for the quantity of tigers), and is one of a range of hills said to have been selected as a sanatorium by the Bengal government. The range is not much above eight hundred feet high, but the air of the summit is much more wholesome than that of the plains. The dâk bungalow kitmudgar (*i.e.* the house-steward) told us there was a rich Rajah living on the other side of the hill. We could not make out his name. We started again about eleven, and reached another bungalow with an unpronounceable name, at about six, the road all along very good, and considerable traffic on it. We found the bungalow occupied by two Bengal officials, and were debating about going on without disturbing them—for these bungalows only consist of two rooms—when they rushed out and asked us to join them. Unfortunately they had dined, or else we should have been better fed than we were on our own resources and those of the bungalow. However we did not fare badly. Indians certainly know how to make



themselves comfortable; one who was going along the high road on a tour of duty, had seventy waggons to carry his tents and baggage; the other, who was going to his station in the jungle, where his power would be almost that of an emperor, but who had no regular road to his domain, had two-hundred and fifty coolies. This gentleman gave wonderful accounts of the number of tigers about his neighbourhood. Three men had been carried off from his encampments within a very short time; and one of his assistants had been chased by one in broad daylight whilst riding along a path through the jungle. The animal was seen by some bearers, stalking him like a giant cat. Fortunately perhaps for himself, he was unconscious of his unpleasant pursuer's vicinity, and as he was going along at a canter he got away. We passed these gentlemen's baggage and servants, about five miles ahead. They had obligingly offered to send servants on with us, to order the butler to open his stores and supply us; but we declined, being already well provided. The night lovely, and moonlight very brilliant. As yet we have made about seventy miles a day.

*Friday, Jan 17.*—We arrived at Barah, at half-past nine A.M. On again at eleven. Two miles

beyond Barah, the road to Gyah and Patna, quits the main line, turning to the right. We have hitherto been travelling on the great Delhi road, now we are on a less beaten and much inferior track. The hills above Gyah soon appeared at a distance of about fourteen miles ; the country about us flat and highly cultivated. For some distance the road led along the bank of a nearly dry river, some times passing through great groves of fine trees. About five miles from Gyah, we passed a small village with a great number of temples, some in ruins, some still apparently in use—no great architectural beauty in either—but one of them is said to be of great antiquity. The village lies clustered round a large building which has attached to it a considerable enclosure, surrounded by a high brick wall. Through a large gateway I caught a glimpse of a pretty garden ; some great man's residence I suppose. At the entrance of the town of Gyah, we found the servant of the district judge, with an invitation to his house, to which we proceeded at once. The road leads through the outskirts of the town, which I was sorry for, as I wanted to have had a better view of the place, which is considered a good specimen of a native town, and possesses temples of great sanctity. One of

them has a curious dome, and an impression of Vishnu's foot made when the other foot was on Adam's Peak in Ceylon. It was, however, too late to see any of these things. All we did see was a picturesque town, a singular three-arched bridge with little figures of Hindoo deities on the parapets, the hills surrounding the town, one of them crowned by a temple having a long flight of steps leading up to it, and some large artificial tanks. The town looked dirty, and I should think full of subjects for an artist. One bit we passed, would have made a charming picture, with the still water of a large tank, with flights of steps descending into it, the palm trees, the ruins, and the glorious full moon rising over them. After a pleasant dinner and a thorough repair of pettara, ropes, &c., we were sent on our way rejoicing, an eclipse of the moon honouring our departure. An anecdote of a tiger adventure was told me at Gyah. A young lady travelling alone in a palkee was surprised at finding herself, palkee and all, suddenly dropped, the bearers bolting at a particularly smart pace. Looking out she saw it was only a tiger quietly walking about, some twenty yards off. She had the sense and presence of mind to shut the palkee doors and to remain perfectly still, probably a

*little* alarmed. In process of time, the bearers returned with torches and loud yells, and no more was seen of the tiger. It is by no means unusual for ladies, even young unmarried ladies, to travel alone in India, or, at all events, without any male friends. Our friend of the seventy waggons, told me he once met at a dâk bungalow, two young ladies just from England, travelling up-country entirely unprotected. They had come some hundreds of miles without difficulty or annoyance (though not understanding a word of the language), and were going some hundreds more. Fortunately, he had a friend with him, who was going the same way, an old bachelor, who volunteered to escort them on their road for some distance at least. The bearers must be a well behaved set of men to admit of such proceedings, wretched and ragged as they look.

*Saturday, Jan. 18.*—Country still flat, well cultivated, and intensely uninteresting; road abominable, sun hot, wind cold; right glad were we to reach Patna this evening. In the mornings it is odd to see the way in which the natives wrap their heads up: it seems as if that was the only part of their persons they care about keeping warm. At a distance they look like great white birds with black

legs. At Patna we were put up by Mr. Gough, and here we found Grosvenor and Leveson established. They have travelled rather faster than we have, thanks to a lift or two they got, and to their having avoided the rain we encountered the first night. We were to have gone on to Segowlee at once, but it was settled that we should not do so, but should sleep here, and go on to-morrow, a better arrangement, but one which entails some small expense in demurrage. Mr. Gough has a house full of sporting and other trophies; tigers', boars', and alligators' skulls, Sikh weapons, memorials of Lord Gough's campaigns, in which two of our host's sons were also engaged; a shirt of chain-mail belonging to some late Sikh warrior, many swords and daggers of strange shapes, besides quantities of other curiosities of the kind. In the evening we had music from the ladies, and then it was not unpleasant after our palkee-sleeping, to turn into a stationary bed. The evening was so cool, that we were right glad to find ourselves alongside of a good coal fire.

## CHAPTER VII.

Patna—Ferry across the Ganges—Moozufferpore—The Tirhoot—Mootypore—First View of the Himalayas—The 10th Bengal Irregulars—An Indian Pic-nic—Enter the Nepaulese Territories—Camp at Basowlia—The Tirhaj—Abandonment of our Palkees—Quit the Plains for the Hill Country—Our Encampment at Hetowra—"Marching"—The Seesipani Pass—Fortress of Seesighurri—Method of Hunting—Troops on the March—Change in the Character of the Scenery and Domestic Architecture—Attention of the Officials—The Chundagiri Pass—Magnificent View—Descent into the Valley of Nepaul—Durbar Horses—The Valley of Nepaul—Arrival at Khatmandoo—Singular Scene—The Residency.

*Sunday, Jan. 19.*—There is no church here as yet, though they have one building, so we staid at home in the morning, or merely strolled about the immediate neighbourhood. From here, we four all go on together, having laid our dâk to Segowlee on the Nepaul frontier for four palkees. However we had many little arrangements to make for that purpose, the most important being the lightening of our loads, by the discarding of all unnecessary baggage. The native servant too, who accompanied Leveson and Grosvenor from Calcutta,

is discharged, and our traps are to be carried by only six bearers, one and a half to each man. My own traps now consist of two pettaras, a hat-box (a square one, containing socks, handkerchiefs, &c., besides a hat), a pistol-case, and gun-case. The pistol-case is empty, the weapons going in my palkee, in which also are carried a palkee bed, two pillows, two blankets, a coffee-pot, a few books, and a small quantity of provisions, with a pair of slippers, and a dressing-gown. Almost all the remnant of our provisions is left behind, some tea, coffee, sugar, biscuits, wine, and brandy, being all we carry on in that line. Before breakfast we looked over Mr. Gough's stud. He has several handsome Arabs and Walers, and the best appointed carriages I have seen in India. His phaeton and greys would look well anywhere. After that a juggler came and performed some poor tricks, indifferently. A mongoos he brought with him killed a snake, not a venomous one I believe, but it showed the manner in which the mongoos "nails" its enemy with a rush. Had it been a venomous snake the result would have been the same, for it was seized by the throat in an instant, and never let go until it was either dead or incapable of

motion. Among Mr. Gough's stud is a pony given him by Jung Bahadoor, our Nepaulese friend, said to be the one he rode up the Gholia of Patna, a huge granary close by. The feat was celebrated in the "Illustrated London News," and must have been a difficult one for the pony, for it is a huge dome rising from the ground, and ascended by a steep winding staircase. The "Illustrated News'" drawing of it is, I think, very accurate. It was built in 1786, as a granary to prevent famine in the district, and proved entirely useless. There is a very singular echo in the building. In the gaol of Patna there were some Thug informers, about fifteen in number; one told one of our party that he had assisted in four hundred and fifty murders, all on boats between Benares and Calcutta. The informers were kept in gaol both to have them at hand, and to prevent their returning to their old trade, which though much diminished, is not yet by any means extinct. Seven miles from Patna is the military station of Dinapore, but we had not time to visit it. After a four o'clock dinner Mr. Gough drove us down in his barouche to the ghaut where we were to cross the Ganges. It was odd to be in an English carriage, drawn



by what looked like two English horses, trotting through as un-English a town and population as ever I saw. The native town of Patna is excessively crowded, dirty, and picturesque, but there is nothing very remarkable to be seen in it except the opium factory. At the ghaut we found several large boats in which our palkees were placed, and then, after taking leave of our host, embarked in another and started, Mr. Gough sending some birkindars, or policemen, with us as far as the other side of the river, a distance of four or five miles, as there is an island in the middle, three miles broad, which we passed in our palkees. A present of a few shillings sent the birkindars back very well satisfied. The night was close and sultry, and soon after we were across thunder and lightning began to be heard and seen to the westward, and about midnight we got it, though the thick of it seemed to pass ahead. However it rained as it knows how to rain in tropical climates. There were several water-courses or nullahs to pass, but none were very deep, though the banks were steep and the bearers made an immense noise when crossing them. The rain increased as the night waned on, and at two in the morning of Monday

the 20th, reached its worst. It was all we could do to get the bearers, who, poor wretches, could hardly stand on the now slippery ground, to get on at all. Once they put us all down, and took shelter under some trees, and were with difficulty persuaded to start again. At daylight we were still five miles from Moozufferpore, in a rich plain very much cultivated. Some of our traps were left behind, so we waited for some time, about half a mile from the town, and when the things came up moved on to the house of Mr. St. Quentin, where we were to put up, and where we were, as usual, very hospitably received. Two large rooms were appropriated to us, and we got a very good wash, dress, and breakfast. After that a council of road decided that we should stop where we were for the night, our hosts kindly pressing us to do so. The roads were in fact so slippery, that I rather doubt whether we should have got on at all, at least with any reasonable rapidity. It rained almost incessantly during the remainder of the day, but we took a short walk through the mud to look at the town, in which there is little worth seeing except the people. It is an extensive and populous town, like Patna or any other native place, in this

part of India, low houses with little shops in front, of course unglazed, the articles for sale generally exposed in baskets. Grain, caps, and metal cooking utensils were the principal articles I noticed. A smart thunder-storm came on just before dinner, which was enlivened by the company of the district judge. His house stands on the opposite side of the piece of water which fronts our present domicile, and with some very fine timber about it, looks like an English country-seat. Near it is the race-course, an almost invariable accompaniment of an Indian station. The following day (*Tuesday, Jan. 21.*) it was finer, and at about eleven we were enabled to start again. I don't recollect ever seeing a richer country than that which we passed through to-day, and every inch cultivated. The atmosphere too, purified I suppose by the explosion of thunder and lightning, was clear and fresh. Great masses of clouds still lingered on the horizon towards the Nepal country, and the monotony of the scenery was relieved by a good deal of fine timber, growing in clumps here and there. We are now in the Tirhoot district, which ranks among the most fertile in India. The most money-making cultivation is that of indigo and opium, but grain of several kinds

is also grown in large quantities. We were rather delayed to day, in consequence of some of our bearers being taken ill, and on passing Mootypore the residence of an indigo planter, we found that we should not reach the next station, twelve miles farther on, until too late to ask the Resident there for a dinner, so we invited ourselves to the Mootypore gentleman's house, apparently a very cool proceeding, but what we had been assured was quite the custom of the country. We found stopping here an Englishman, who had come from England with Jung Bahadoor, but who could give us no information of his movements, which we wanted to know, so as to regulate our own thereby. Whilst waiting for tiffin under the verandah, we got our first view of the great range of the Himalaya. They could not have been much less than two hundred miles off, and there they stood, towering into the sky, the most magnificent range of snow I ever saw. From east to west they extended as far as the eye could reach, including two of the highest mountains in the world, the Dwahal Giri, and the Gossein Thàn, neither of which is supposed to be less than twenty-nine thousand feet in height. The former

is said to be thirty thousand feet, and the latter five hundred feet lower. The Cumsing Giri\* is in the same range or series of ranges, and is the third highest: Humboldt I believe, says that it has the greatest altitude of the three, but more recent surveys award the palm to the first-named. The whole view gave me a greater idea of vast extent than any I ever remember seeing, and the effect was increased by the seeing them so suddenly, there not being a hill in sight when we entered the house. This effect was owing to a fresh westerly breeze, which had sprung up and dispersed the clouds.

*Wednesday, Jan. 22.*—Daylight found us at Mutti-hari, where there is a civil station, the magistrate of which was absent at a pic-nic, but had left word for us to make use of his house for any purpose we pleased, whilst the giver of the pic-nic had sent a note inviting us to join it, and had placed carriages and horses at our disposal, to enable us to do so; in Indian parlance, “had laid a buggy dāk for us.” However we settled to go on to Segowlee some of

\* I am not quite sure about the name of this mountain, as I believe it is also called the Cunchin Junga; but all the time we were in these parts, I heard it called, and called it myself accordingly, the Cumsing Giri. The maps place the Cunchin Junga on the frontiers of Thibet.

the party thinking we should be able to get on quicker from there. We reached Segowlee at about ten, and found every soul except natives gone off to the pic-nic, and nobody who could speak English. On our way we had been passed by the Rajah of Bettiah, a rich old fellow, who lives near here and had been to bathe and get sanctified at some holy place. He was travelling in a carriage with some ragged mounted attendants after him. We found at Segowlee, that our dâk had been laid to Nepaul, but that Doctor Oldfield who is attached to the Residency there, and who by previous arrangement was to accompany us to Khatmandoo, was at the pic-nic eight miles off. Soon after our arrival at Segowlee, the native adjutant and some of the native officers of the 10th Bengal Irregular Cavalry came up, and the former puzzled me much by handing me his sword, which I politely declined, not knowing exactly what to do with it. Loch told me I ought to have made a slight bow; the offering of the sword being a civil manner of showing their weapons to be at our disposal. Loch came out strong as interpreter, and a trooper was ordered to mount to tell Captain Verner of our arrival, but in the meantime the adjutant and surgeon of the regiment came in on some duty, and

easily persuaded us that the best thing we could do would be to join the party at the pic-nic. As it was only eight miles off and we could not reach Segowlee before night, I was not sorry to go; so after a wash and a hurried breakfast we were mounted on troopers' horses, and attended by half a dozen orderlies, away we went. The regiment stationed at Segowlee, is called Verner's Horse, or the 10th Bengal Irregular Cavalry. Armed with carbine and sabre, not the European sabre, but their own native sword, the tulwar, and mounted on fine powerful-looking country-bred horses, they seemed to me as serviceable useful cavalry as any I ever saw. They are all volunteers, and are raised in the following manner. A head-man of a village or district, reports his desire or ability to raise a number of horsemen. Having got leave, he assembles so many of his dependants, his friends or his family, who are duly enrolled. Each man provides his horse and equipments, for which he receives a certain sum per month from government; twenty-five rupees a month, I think; native officers and non-commissioned officers so much more in proportion. A commandant, second in command, adjutant and surgeon, all of course Europeans, are then appointed; the former settles what the uniform is to be,

and the regiment is formed. As light cavalry they have shown themselves very useful at different times. Our escort had got on new uniforms, and looked very gay and picturesque. The dress consists of a blue frock coat of peculiar cut, yellow trowsers and jack-boots, a small flat red turban, and red facings: the horse equipments blue and red, the headstalls, cruppers, saddle-cloths and martingales (which they have drawn very tight), gaily ornamented with those colours. We rattled along at a pleasant canter over the country, sometimes across the fields, sometimes along wide grassy roads, and in about an hour arrived at the encampment where the pic-nic was going on. As a picture of Indian life in the cold season, it was well worth seeing, and a merrier party, or one more determined to enjoy themselves, I never saw. One's ideas of pic-nics as they are done in England, with a lobster in a newspaper, a salad, a cherry tart and a beef-steak pie, (probably mixed by the breaking of the dishes,) to be eaten on damp grass under the trees, give no notion of an Indian pic-nic. We found about twenty large tents pitched nearly in a circle in a tope of mango trees, surrounding a bowling-green like a piece of turf. One big tent, about the biggest, served as a drawing-room. Well carpeted, with a good brick



fireplace, a piano, sofa, chandeliers, and in fact the usual drawing-room furniture down to the "Book of Beauty," and so on: it was as like a drawing-room in a country-house as possible, barring the absence of windows. Another large tent made an equally comfortable dining-room, and a great awning-like construction supported on high poles, called the zimiana (spelling uncertain), served as a promenade during the heat of the day. The other tents were the residences of the various members of the party, some of whom had come one hundred miles and upwards to join it, among them two young ladies who had travelled about that distance, dâk, and entirely alone. After being presented to some of the ladies who were assembled in the drawing-room, we all adjourned to tiffin, which was followed by music and dancing in the drawing-room, the latter being apparently the chief indoor employment of the whole party. This passed away the time until four o'clock, when elephants, horses, and carriages were announced, and we all sallied forth on a *pig-sticking* expedition, as wild-boar hunting is usually called in India, got up in a hurry. Of the five elephants, two were mounted by some of the ladies, the others with a crowd of men serving as beaters. Although our

luck was against us, inasmuch as we saw no boars, it was very pleasant, for the scene was very gay and animated, and we had two capital gallops after jackalls, one of which was lost and the other speared. After, at all events, a very pleasant ride, we got back to the tents at about dark, had a very good dinner, and were then driven back to Segowlee in a barouche belonging to one of the party; the road in the half light resembling a drive through an English park, and the night quite cold enough to make a great coat or two very acceptable. I should think the pic-nic style of life we have just left, must be rather good fun. This party had already been here a week, and talked of remaining a fortnight longer. I never saw a set of people so determined upon, and so successful in, amusing themselves. At Segowlee, we found our bearers all waiting, and our party reinforced by Doctor Oldfield, started for Nepaul at midnight.

*Thursday, Jan. 23.*—At daybreak, we were still in the same flat country. The mountains ahead, and the roads slippery from the recent heavy rains. We crossed several nullahs or water-courses, and arrived at Bassowlia at about noon. This is the first town in the Nepaulese dominions, and is at

certain seasons of the year a particularly unhealthy place. Here we found a set of tents pitched for Jung Bahadoor, whose brother, with a regiment, was waiting to escort him up to Khatmandoo. Our palkees were speedily surrounded by a great crowd of villagers and soldiers. The difference in the physiognomy of the Goorkhas and the inhabitants of the plains, struck me immediately; the former have round Chinese-like faces and small eyes; the latter, the sharper features of the Hindoo. The Nepaulese, too, is a much stronger looking animal, with well-shaped powerful limbs, contrasting strongly with the slight forms of the low-country bearers. A number of elephants were moving about in various directions; crowds of people jabbering round us, probably about us; and several dirty, more than half-naked fakeers, black repulsive-looking men, covered with ashes, which gives a ghastly appearance; their hair long and shaggy; altogether not a bad scene for a painter of Indian life. Jung's brother either knew not, or would not tell, much about the movements of the minister, as Jung is almost always called, but said he had been waiting there some time for him, and that he expected him soon. To avoid the crowd we moved on a mile or

two, and then halted under a grove of trees to breakfast, the prog consisting of cold meat and beer, the top of a palkee doing duty for a table. Soon afterwards we entered the Tirhaj, a belt of woods which runs along the base of the hills for an immense distance; in fact, with a few intervals for not much less than seven hundred miles, if I am not mistaken, and varies in breadth from ten to twenty miles. Where we crossed it, it is about ten miles in breadth—a thick tree-jungle, swarming with wild elephants, tigers, and other game, to such an extent that it is not considered safe to leave the beaten path, and that the bearers will not go through it at night. After the 15th of March this road is considered to be closed, in consequence of the malaria, called the *owl* (or *oöl*, as I believe it should be spelt), which rages after that date, owing to the decayed vegetation, and which is fatal to European constitutions. In fact, not even the natives pass through the district at that season if they can help it, except the *dâk* runners or postmen, and many of them, poor creatures, fall victims to it. At present the road is healthy enough. We reached Bichâco at about three o'clock. Here we found ponies and a great number of coolies, by which we and our

traps are to proceed, the road from hence becoming impracticable, or at all events very difficult for palkees. They were left here to go back to Bassowlia, where they will remain until we want them again. Restoring and arranging our traps caused a delay of half-an-hour or so, when mounting our little Shetland-pony-like steeds, we started up the Pass. The coolies here are as different as possible from those we leave behind. Here they are short, thick-set men, with legs fit to carry elephants. Each man carries a huge basket, in which (or on which, if too large to go into it) he puts anything he may have to carry, the weight of it falling in great measure on a strap which passes over his forehead, the other supports on the shoulders. In this manner they will carry nearly two hundred pounds for a distance of twelve or fourteen miles per day, no trifling work over such paths as these are. I should think the average load was near one hundred and fifty pounds. Following the path of the bed of a river which in the rains becomes a considerable stream, we reached Hetowra (sometimes called Ytonda) at about seven o'clock. The scenery is pretty, the sides of the wide ravine up which the road

lies being precipitous, and very thickly wooded. It was up this ravine that the main body of Sir David Ochterlony's army marched to invade Nepaul, the detachment which turned the enemy's rear going up a pass to the right. One part of the Pass is through a very narrow steep ravine, just wide enough for an elephant to pass. They tell a story of an elephant having died here when Sir David was returning from his successful expedition, and that a great part of the army was detained some time by the impossibility of removing the huge obstacle. It was dark before we reached Hetowra, and it was not exactly pleasant riding through the thick wood, infested as it is believed to be, by wild beasts. The coolies kept well together in the rear, and did not get up till some time after us. For some while before they came up, we could hear the yells they uttered, partly to keep in company with one another, partly to frighten away the wild beasts. We found tents pitched and dinner ready, materials having been sent down by Mr. Erskine, our Resident at Khatmandoo. Grosvenor, Leveson and I occupied a large red and white tent, which we afterwards found had been sent by the Durbar, not for us, but for Jung. However, we knew nothing about that; the

subadar, who met us here with an escort of ten soldiers, said nothing about it, and as Jung was not here, there is no harm done; so we dined comfortably in it, and then made our beds there, and slept remarkably well.

*Friday, Jan. 24.*—We are now “marching,” as our present mode of travelling is called. Soon after day-break our camp breaks up, the servants and breakfast-things go on about six or seven miles, and after a cup of tea and a biscuit, the almost invariable accompaniments of a “getting up” in India, we follow them slowly. To-day we crossed the Raptée river upwards of twenty times, breakfasted at a pretty spot on the right bank of the river, and arrived at Bhimphady, at the foot of the Seesipani Pass, at about five o’clock. We encamped there for the night. The scenery all along the road is very pretty, the road itself rough and stony, here and there excessively steep. Fortunately for us, they had made some small preparations for Jung’s return, by repairing the little bridges which cross the stream; not that there was much to repair in them, as they consisted merely of a couple of trunks of trees laid across, with a little turf or brushwood upon them. It

was evident that we were rising, for the air was sensibly cooler.

*Saturday, Jan. 25.*—Started at seven, to get over the Seesipani Pass. The ascent is particularly steep and rugged, though not by any means precipitous. Our little unshod ponies distinguished themselves universally by the gallant way in which they climbed, as well as by their sure footedness and strength, but I preferred walking over the greater part of the Pass. At about a quarter of a mile from the summit stands the fort of Seesighurri, with a village near. An officer received us here, and took us to a good-sized building used as a resting-place for the Rajah, who sometimes goes this road on his way to shoot in the Tirhaj. The room has a large fire-place and good wooden shutters, evidently calculated to keep out the cold. From the rafters a rudely stuffed tiger-skin was hanging; the late owner had been killed on the hill opposite with bows and arrows. These seem common sporting weapons here. We met several natives armed with them, one party of whom had just killed a deer. They hunt the deer with a number of dogs (some carrying bells), and shoot them as they rush by. After



leaving the fort, the interior of which we did not visit, the line of road was much enlivened by a great number of soldiers, on their way to meet Jung. Their uniforms and glittering arms, as they wound along the passes of the hills, had a most picturesque effect. They were nearly all dressed in blue jackets, white cross-belts, the Nepaulese cap, and white trowsers, and at a little distance looked quite as well as most continental troops. Few, however, wore shoes; the reason being that, at the death of the Ranee, a general order was issued that, as a sign of mourning, the use of leather shoes be discontinued, and the hair cut short. The Brahmins alone were exempted from this order. Those who were not properly clipped by a certain time had their hair pulled out by the roots, and two or more unfortunate slave girls were burnt with the old lady's body. It took us about three hours and a half to get over this Pass, the descent of which on the other side is very nearly as steep as the ascent. From the summit we got a view of the snowy range. After crossing we halted for an hour to breakfast, near a wooden bridge built by Jung. There is a change in the character of the scenery as one goes on, from a thick tree-

jungle to wide thinly-wooded slopes of grass. Strangely enough, the northern aspect is most wooded, while the southern is almost entirely devoid of trees. The houses here are also very different in appearance. They are good-sized structures, sometimes three stories high, built of red brick, with tiled roofs and projecting eaves, European-looking at a distance, but with a touch of Chinese in their details. At the breakfast place we found two capital mules, sent down by the Durbar to help us on. They had the most comfortable saddles, and were the best mountain beasts I ever bestrode. In fact, the Durbar is excessively civil. The Durbar answers to our Court, these mules, &c., being the Court conveyances of Nepal. Our young zemindar or subadar, or whatever he is, who met us at Hetowra, is also very civil, giving up his tent, &c., and constantly offering his pony, or anything else that he may have, for our use. He lodges himself in the serai, or kind of rest-house, which is erected by government for the use of coolies, &c., near each halting-place. Nahl Sing and Rumbukhur Sing, two sepoy of the escort, had gone on ahead, and had seen a woodcock, which they marked down, and Loch

shot, a welcome addition to our dinner. Chitlong is a largish rambling village in a long valley immediately under the steep part of the Chundagiri Pass, at the foot of which we encamped for the night.

*Sunday, Jan. 26.*—It was bitter cold in the morning, the frost on the ground all about us. Another fresh batch of ponies was supplied by the Durbar, and we started up the Pass at about eight. A stiff pull up, of three-quarters of an hour or so, brought us to the top. The view, looking back, had been fine enough, but never in my life did I see such a glorious view as that from the summit of this pass (looking northwards), or rather from the top of the hill, some hundred yards or so to the left of it. I should think it probably the most magnificent and extensive mountain view in the world. No description I could write would give an idea of the extraordinary magnificence of this view, but a mention of its principal points may give some notion of its extent. At one's feet lies the valley of Nepaul, now completely covered with a sheet of mist, except one solitary knoll, with a temple, whose brazen top shines in the sun like a lighthouse on an island, rising out of a sea of

mist. The head of the valley immediately below, is alone quite clear of fog, and contains the little village of Thänkote, about 2000 feet below, and almost immediately under our feet. Beyond the valley rise chain after chain of mountains, and at the back of all, at a distance of 120 to 200 miles, rise, in a line from east to west, of certainly not less than 300 miles in length, the great snowy range of the Himalaya, containing the three supposed highest mountains in the world. The clearness of the atmosphere, the beauty of the colouring, and the magnificent appearance of these towering mountains, made certainly the most glorious scene I ever saw. I can imagine nothing finer. The thought that we were then ourselves at a height of nearly 8000 feet above the sea, and that the ranges of mountains between us and the highest range are some of them 10,000 to 12,000 feet in height, may help to give some idea of the extent of the panorama. We sat for a long time on the grass, enjoying the view, until at last it was time to go on. There is a small ruined bungalow at the head of the Pass, which would make a very pleasant residence if repaired, for the climate here must be delightfully cool. There was snow on the ground

in the shade, but the sun was warm enough. Descending the Pass, which is stony and rugged in the extreme, in some places almost perpendicular, we reached Thänkote at about eleven. The doctor and I walked down the Pass, the others coming down in doolies or hammocks, which (another piece of attention from the Durbar) had been sent to convey us. Each dooly is, on ordinary roads, carried by two men, but on this Pass they had five each. The hammock is slung to irons attached to a pole, each end of which is carried by the bearers. When extra bearers are required, they lash a bamboo across the lowest end of the pole, and a cooly takes each end of the cross bar. No. 5 comes in as a relief, and to steady the whole concern. We got some fine bits of view every now and then at the different turns and twists of the descent, and reached Thänkote in about half-an-hour. Here we found some horses sent by the Durbar to replace the ponies. Horses are very seldom used, except on show occasions, and these had evidently not been out for some time, and were so fresh that we had some little difficulty in getting on them; and, when we were mounted, in preventing them from fighting with one another. However, we

got on very well after the first mile or so, which was over an abominably ill-paved road. It is astonishing how these unshod animals got on over the stony ground ; neither horses nor ponies had a shoe among them, yet hardly a stumble occurred. The syce in attendance at each horse kept up one perpetual call of "*Dek!*" meaning "look, or take care," an injunction the animals seemed perfectly to understand. For about four miles, we passed along a road raised on a narrow causeway, three or four feet above the fields on either side ; the country excessively well watered by little streams, led from the neighbouring hills, and every spare inch, apparently, under cultivation. Occasionally we came to a cluster of cottages, under a peepul tree, a position always considered favourable, as that particular kind of tree is considered sacred, and is supposed to shed some of its influence over the houses near it. The generality of the houses beyond the towers are, however, scattered singly all over the valley, and give it a singular appearance. Cresting a low range of hills, which runs along the valley, we at length came in sight of Khatmandoo. This is another most remarkable view, and a very beautiful one. A picturesque quaint-looking

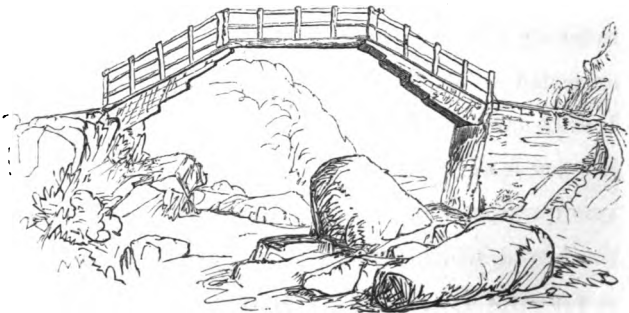
temple, and cluster of red wide-eaved houses, profusely adorned with carved wood-work, form a pretty foreground; in the plain below is a broad river, on the opposite bank of which stands the town, with its numberless Chinese-looking temples, the brass-work with which they are ornamented glittering in the sun, and a tall "läth," or monument, rising from among them; on the left, the temples of Sumbhoo Nath placed on a wooded hill; and for a background, the Cumsing Giri (somewhere about 200 miles off), and its attendant range. The houses here, as well as the temples, are remarkable for the quantity of beautiful carving in wood which decorates the exterior. It is generally in a grotesque and not always very decent style; but the lattice-work of the windows is often really beautiful, and some of the patterns, in a kind of arabesque, are in very good taste. This view is, of course, for grandeur and extent, not to be compared to that from the Pass; but I am not sure that it would not make a better, or at all events a more characteristic, picture. The whole aspect of the country, as well as the cast of features of the people, is eminently Chinese; at least as far as I can judge from descriptions and sketches, not having

been in China myself. Continuing our route, we met a portly gentleman, in a scarlet and gold jacket, English epaulettes, a native cap and feather, and strange-looking fur trimmings above his elbows, who stated that he had been ordered out to receive us. After a few civilities he remounted his steed, and, followed by his suite, four or five ragged men, holding on by his pony's tail or mane, he preceded us into the town. We passed, on the right, a large summer-house and walled garden, belonging to the king; on the left, at a little distance, the arsenal and its attendant buildings; crossed a narrow bridge, over the shallow but wide river, having a gateway at each end of the bridge, surmounted by a kind of coat of arms, with serpents or dragons for supporters, and enter the city of Khatmandoo, the capital of Nepaul. The houses are two or three stories high, built of red brick with tiled roofs; and the eaves, windows, and doorways, profusely ornamented with carved wood-work. Streets and houses, as far as we could see into them, seemed equally dirty — the former paved with brick, stone, or tiles. The most curious scene, however, was that in the principal square of the town. The place is a conglomeration of



gaudily painted, richly, but most grotesquely, carved temples, with great projecting eaves (just like the little porcelain temples one sees everywhere in the old china-shops at home), the roofs covered with plates of polished brass, and finished off with brass bell-shaped ornaments, besides innumerable little bells hanging from the eaves. Strange-looking granite statues of bulls, or fabulous animals, on low columns or pedestals, are mixed up with these temples, which seem to have been dropped by some Chinese magician here and there, without regard to order of any kind. A crowd of soldiers, in every variety of uniform, some few in native dress, but mostly in red or blue European uniform, with shakos covered with brass, not drawn up, but waiting for parade, and scattered all over the square, on the steps of the temples, in fact, in every direction, made a most extraordinary and animated scene. It was an exaggeration of anything I ever saw on the stage, and almost worth the journey from England for that alone. Our escort very unceremoniously cleared the way for us through the crowd, which formed a lane, and returned our stares with interest. We were soon through the town, and in a few minutes reached the Residency,

where we were hospitably received by Mr. Erskine and his assistant, Captain Nicholetts. The latter is also commandant of the escort, about seventy sepoy's of the Company's army, who are always stationed here as a guard to the Resident and the treasury, in which certain sums of money are always kept. The Residency is a particularly hideous building, standing in a tope of various kinds of trees, and has in its compound one or two other houses for the other Residents, or for visitors. The whole English society at present consists of the Resident, his assistant, the doctor, and the assistant-resident's wife and children. The sepoy's have their "lines," as native troops' barracks here are called, just outside the compound.



BRIDGE IN NEPAUL.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Singular Laws—Ducks—Irrigation—Push-Putty—Great Buddhist Temple—A Queen under “Surveillance”—The ancient City of Patan—The Arsenal—Temples of Sumbhoo Nath—Bhootias—Reception at Court—A Walk in Khatmandoo.

AFTER breakfast, and a consultation as to our future plans, we all started for a walk about the neighbourhood of the Residency. There are a quantity of orange-trees in its neighbourhood, principally the small mandarin orange, bearing a very pleasant, very well-flavoured, fruit. Many of these belong to the Durbar, and we were told that the taking of any of the fruit was punishable with the loss of one's left hand—a second offence, with that of one's right—and number three, with that of one's head; such being the punishment for any kind of theft, which is therefore not a vice often indulged in by the Nepaulese. Somebody once suggested, I believe, to Jung, that there was a physical difficulty in the way of incurring the last penalty, one hand at least being almost

absolutely necessary for the commission of a theft ; but his answer was that people were such thieves that they would steal, even if deprived of all their limbs. Mutilation is one of their staple punishments, and the Residency surgeon has had some curious cases of it brought to him for cure, principally for offences against caste. The present surgeon has not seen any, but he has only been here ten months ; his predecessor had a good many. It remains to be seen whether our friend Jung will alter these laws after his visit to England. The sentence is generally carried into effect at one blow of the native knife, whether the hand or head be the limb to be operated upon. They are very expert with this weapon, many of them being able to take off a buffalo's, or a man's, head at one blow. In the course of our walk, we met a number of people carrying home baskets-full of ducks. They take the ducks out in the morning, to any neighbouring pond or tank, and at dusk they collect them again, and take them home. At a certain signal all the ducks rush for the basket, and the last duck in gets a licking, which they seem to be quite aware will be the case. I was told of this, but did not see it.

However, the same kind of thing is an every-day occurrence in parts of China—substituting a boat for a basket. A great many people were returning home from working in the fields, almost without exception fine athletic fellows, not tall, but strongly built hardy-looking men; the women not generally good-looking, though some few tolerable. Artificial irrigation is very extensively used all over the valley, and every few hundred yards one finds a brick or stone tank, ornamented with bas-reliefs or statues of various sacred animals or deities. An immense deal of washing of dirty clothes and bodies goes on at these tanks. Our walk was accompanied by a soldier of the Nepaulese troops, a small guard of whom always attends at the Residency; and no member of, or visitor at, it ever goes out without being followed by one of them; in reality, I suppose, to report on his movements, but ostensibly to see that no insult is offered to him. These men are not in the least obtrusive, and sometimes rather useful, particularly in keeping off crowds, when one is sketching or examining some particular object. The views in the evening light were charming, and our walk altogether exceedingly pleasant.

*Monday, Jan. 27.*—A thick fog reigned over the valley, until nearly eleven o'clock, when, after a very substantial breakfast, we all sallied forth on ponies to see Push-Putty, a great Buddhist temple, the Laboratory, and the ancient city of Patan, enough to see in one day. Push-Putty, is a very sacred place, a heap of odd, brass-covered, bell-surmounted, picturesque temples, inhabited by dirty fakeers, and almost as dirty but more amusing monkeys, both monkeys and fakeers as sacred as they are dirty. It is on the banks of the river Parbutti, one of the most sacred of their streams, and is the place where they hold their suttees. At their last Royal suttee, that of the Ranee or queen, they burned at least two slave girls with the corpse. Some said five were burned, and though the Nepaulese account was, that it was a voluntary sacrifice on their part, some of the Hindoos of the Residency's escort stated, that though such is always said to be, it seldom if ever is the fact; and that in their case, the unfortunate victims were drugged with opium and bang, and secured by bamboos to the pile. Of course, one cannot interfere with the proceedings or customs of an independent state, but one may hope that Jung will bring back more reasonable ideas

from England, and will put a stop to the practice which has been forcibly suppressed, and is now nearly, if not quite extinct, in our own Indian possessions. It is said, that he has already sent to recommend the abolition of the punishment of death in many cases. The river at Push-Putty, is crossed by two pretty toy-like brick bridges, under one of which the Royal suttees are usually performed on a platform erected in the centre of the stream, which is only a few inches in depth. Non-royal corpses are burned on the bank, the ashes collected, and thrown into the water, which then conveys them straight off to Paradise. A corpse was waiting this operation at the Ghaut, attended by a low-caste Brahmin. The fire-wood had not arrived, and a large monkey was sitting a little way off, gravely watching the proceedings. He got tired of waiting at last, and moved slowly away, and we followed his example. Push-Putty with its temples, bridges, and the opposite bank covered with fine trees, would make a very pretty picture, but an artist would find it difficult to give the full effect of the quantity of glittering brass with which the pinnacles and roofs are ornamented. After lingering some time about this place, we remounted, and rode, or rather

scrambled, to the Buddhist temple, a distance of three miles or so, by the road we went. It is simply a mass of brick-work, like a pyramid of two or three steps, leading to a dome, from which rises a brass-covered pinnacle, the latter as usual, polished, and the brick-work whitewashed. On one side of it, there is a kind of altar, but the whole affair is more a large altar, than a temple, and is considered very sacred by the Bhootias, or inhabitants of Bhootan, a colony of whom occupies a cluster of houses round it. These people are a very singular race, and their features are as different from those of the Nepaulese, as the latter differ from the Hindoos. In appearance they resemble Esquimaux more than anything else that I know of, and their dress is not unlike what a mixture of that and Chinese might be. The men were athletic fellows enough, and some few of the younger women almost good-looking, *almost* only, and very few of them that. In fact it would require something very much out of the common way to look well under the coat of dirt most of these people wear, besides their long hair, and their other garments. They come here generally in October and November, and go away home again in March, and their object is partly to



worship, partly to barter goats' hair and other small goods, and to buy red and blue cloth. Some of them are tolerable workers in silver and brass, and we made attempts to invest capital in some of the specimens of that workmanship, but they were unaccustomed to so direct a mode of barter, and would sell nothing. Our fidus Achates, Nahl Sing, said he would bring some of these ornaments another day, but he either forgot it, or could not manage it; at all events he never brought any. Continuing our ride towards the town again, we passed the "Lâth," or monument before mentioned, a minaret-like structure which I should guess to be two-hundred feet high, and which is a prominent object from most parts of the valley. Nobody seemed to know exactly why it was erected, or by whom, at least I don't remember anybody's telling me. At the Laboratory, where we dismounted, we found a good many artificers at work, at almost all kinds of mechanical trades. One man was repairing a watch, he was said to be the only workman in Nepaul who could; others were making a silver throne for the King, or rather covering a wooden one with silver plates; others were at work on a bedstead inlaid with ivory and silver, for

the same personage : muskets were in various stages of manufacture ; in fact almost every description of article in the way of arms or furniture was being made, roughly enough generally, but still showing that they can do what they want themselves. A number of small brass guns were also lying about, some complete, carriages and all. These are also made here, or rather finished here, as most of them are cast in another place. All the workmen are natives, there not being an European in their service ; the only one they had, a bandmaster, having not long ago been shortened by a head, on detection in an intrigue with some fair lady or other. I don't know whether the poor wretch was a British subject or not, but if he was, the Resident could not have interfered further than by requesting, as a personal favour, some diminution of the punishment, as his offence was a capital one by the laws of the country, and consequently punishable by them. One of the escort was once in the same hobble, and was demanded by the Nepaulese government. The then Resident was sorely puzzled how to act, knowing that giving up the man, was equivalent to giving him over to certain death, so that very hour he put him into

uniform, and sent him with five or six comrades across the frontier, sending afterwards to say that the culprit had gone on leave. Probably this subterfuge was equally acceptable to the Nepaulese government as to the Resident. They probably don't want to have any political quarrel with us, though they don't care much about us. The old Ranee of Lahore, whose escape from our territories created some sensation a short time ago, and who is now here, passed in a palankeen as we left the Laboratory. The Durbar has given her a house near that of Jung, which is not far from the Laboratory, and a short mile from the town. The house is a square building with a turret at each corner, and stands low down, close by the river. It looks uncomfortable and shabby enough. Jung's is a great white pile, with green venetian blinds, and glazed windows, and stands in a large garden. We are to see it some day, soon. Crossing a long bridge over the wide shallow river, from the east bank of which there is a lovely view of the town and surrounding country, with its background of mountains and snow, a half-hour's ride took us to Patan, the former capital of the kingdom. An immense elephant left the town by its narrow

gateway as we approached, being taken for its evening walk I suppose, and looked as if it would monopolise the whole of the narrow road. It was, however, quickly ordered out of our way by some of our running footmen, and was marched up a side path out of the road. The most remarkable part of the town of Patan is the square about the Durbar. It is one heap of temples, much more richly carved than those of Khatmandoo, but not so much ornamented with paint. They look, and are, much the oldest of the two masses of temples, and in fact, the whole town has a more ancient and dilapidated appearance. The old Durbar is in a half ruinous state, and we saw some rats taking their evening stroll about the woodwork on the exterior of the building. Close to it, is a very singular old house, one mass of fretted woodwork and quaint carving. It is a great resort of the old King, the father of the present Rajah. He was deposed by our friend Jung, to make way for the present man, and now lives almost unnoticed, in a kind of honourable retirement. An hour was very pleasantly spent in wandering about the place, which swarms at every corner with temples or small altars, most of which last have a little pot-bellied statue squatting on

them, the head of which is often that of an elephant, or some other animal, representations of different Hindoo deities. Some of the more educated Hindoos are, I think, rather ashamed of this plurality of gods, and declare that they only believe in reality, in one, whom they worship under different attributes, and under different figures, representing those attributes. At least, such was the account given by a moonshee, a better educated man than usual, who spoke English, and with whom we fell in, in the course of our peregrinations. Among the temples, there was a singular granite column, not at all ungraceful in shape, having at the top a metal figure of Vishnu, and the cobra standing erect on its tail, with its hood spread out, to shelter him from the sun, representing a legend we had heard in Ceylon, where I believe that remarkable performance took place. Patan is the residence of most of the artificers of the valley, and a great part of its inhabitants were absent at their various trades. The place looked therefore rather empty at first, but they contrived gradually to assemble a considerable crowd of starers, who were assiduously kept at a distance by our escort. They were, however, not at all obtrusive, and

seemed much puzzled at our attempts at sketching. I think both ponies and riders were glad when the sight-seeing was over. We are unlucky in having so little time, it obliges us to crowd too many sights into one day, and we forget much of what we have seen, from the confusion of so many objects. A month or more might well be spent in Nepaul. No intelligence has reached us from Jung yet, and the Durbar declares he knows nothing about him.

*Tuesday, Jan. 28.*—Our shooting arrangements, for the present at least, are knocked on the head. We had settled to go with Mr. Erskine to a place in the Tirhaj, where we should have had a fair chance of a shot at a rhinoceros, an almost certainty of deer, and a probability of buffalo ; but he can't go until Jung arrives, and the Queen's letter has been presented. If he does not go, we shall not get a sufficient number of elephants, and, in fact, the sport will be uncertain, and hardly worth trying for, so we have given it up altogether, and to-day determined to go round by Benares, instead of going straight to Lucknow, which will take a little longer time, but will show us the first-named place. I am not altogether sorry for this, as I suspect our time would have been too short to allow of

our getting any really good shooting, and I think we ought not to miss seeing Benares, the holy city of India. Our departure, on the new plan, is fixed for Saturday, instead of Friday, giving us another day in Nepaul, which is also worth having. We were to have gone to-day to the top of a mountain, seven miles off, to get a fine view of the snowy ranges, but the clouds were so low that we should have seen nothing; so we went, instead, to the Arsenal—the Sumbhoo Nath temples—and to Barjeli. The Arsenal is a large square building, having in its front a spacious parade-ground, on one side of which is a long shed, protecting the field-pieces from the weather. Like most other arsenals, it contains long rows of muskets and other weapons, mostly very dirty, and the former generally, apparently, old English flintlocks. They said they had 200,000 of these. Field-pieces, I think I have seen about two hundred and fifty, mounted and dismounted, inclusive of those at the Laboratory. Mostly from six to nine pounders, one ten-inch howitzer, and some smaller ones, besides a number of small mountain guns. There is one six-pounder field-piece which was taken from us, and is shown with some pride. What

the Arsenal differs in, from any other I ever saw, is, that it is almost entirely built of wood, except the outside walls, which are of brick. A quantity of powder, in canvas cartridges, is piled up on shelves in one place, some shell (whether live or not I don't know) in another, without any sort of precaution. Some fine day or other it will suddenly walk into the air, and astonish Khatmandoo. We were shown over the Arsenal by a cousin of Jung's, a rather sinister-looking man, handsomely dressed in green velvet, embroidered with gold and edged with fur, his gold brocade cap having a rich diamond and emerald ornament in front, from which rose a bird of paradise plume. The worst part of the dress of these people generally, are the slippers and tight linen trowsers. It always gives one the notion of their having got up in a hurry, put on their fine coats, but forgotten to put on their trowsers. To-day, however, our guide had on a pair of gold-laced trowsers, with the straps inside the slippers, which had an odd effect. The staff, of whom there were several, including a good-looking boy, said to be a nephew of Jung's, had the defect in their garments above alluded to. The inspection of the Arsenal being



over, and not having been blown up this time, we went on to the Sumbhoo-Nath temples, which stand on a wooded hill at some little distance, overlooking the town and valley. A flight of stone steps leads straight up the hill from the side of the town, and, on a worshipping day, is crowded with people ascending and descending, which must have a very pretty effect. There are, as usual, a quantity of temples or small altars covered with grotesque carving, and surrounding the principal temple. This last is a solid dome of brickwork, forty or fifty feet in diameter, with niches round the base, containing statues of Buddhoo, which are considered very sacred by the Bhootias. From the top of the dome rises a square wooden structure, covered with brass plates, with a pair of huge eyes painted on each side, and topped by one of the bell-shaped ornaments common in this country: the whole thing, bell, dome, and all, I should guess, to be about one hundred feet high. It is a prominent object from most parts of the valley. The curiosity of the place is, however, the thunderbolt discharged upon the valley by the Hindoo Jupiter, whoever that may be. It is a large brass ball, with a crown-shaped

ornament springing from each end of it, and is placed on a curiously carved stone altar at the head of the above-mentioned flight of steps. It is an object of great veneration, and about as unlike a thunderbolt as anything can well be, that is if one can call *aërolites* thunderbolts. Several *Bhootias* were about the temples, doing various bits of worship, among them a *fakeer* who was going through his kneelings and prostrations very energetically, muttering all the time. The views from various points, but especially from the head of the steps, are quite charming, and some of the wood-carving on a small temple is beautiful. Descending the steps, through the wood, which, like most holy places about here, is full of sacred monkeys, a short ride took us to a summer-house belonging to one of the *sirdars*, a large uninhabited-looking building, at a distance not unlike a French *château*, with a walled garden in front, and behind it some tanks full of clear water, in which were swimming a great number of fine fish. It was curious to see with what voracity these creatures pounced upon some particular kind of green herb which was thrown in, after rejecting rice and other grain with contempt. These fish are

held sacred, yet Jung and his brothers hunted them with otters the other day, for their own amusement. I do not suppose that any of those gentlemen care in reality two pins about their religion, but they are obliged to keep up a certain amount of appearance, to please the people. In this case, the amount consisted, I believe, in their not eating the fish. We heard to-day that Jung has betaken himself to Benares and other holy places to get himself purified of his European contaminations, besides at the former place picking up a fresh wife, the daughter of the Rajah of Coorg, a young lady of nine years of age, described as having received a European education, and a good connection, as she is of high caste. However, Jung has plenty of enemies here, who don't particularly want him back again; among others, a priest, who has considerable influence, and who tries to make out that he is not yet uncontaminated. I suspect the reverend gentleman had better mind what he is about. Jung is not the man to let anybody get to windward of him very easily. Near the summer-house is a recumbent statue of Vishnu on a low pedestal, placed in a small tank. This is considered particularly sacred, and is much worshipped.

They call it Barjeli (I spell it as I heard it pronounced), and at certain times come in great numbers to pray at the side of the tank. The whole valley is, in fact, considered sacred more or less; some spots, of course, more so than others, such as the Push-Putty temples, the Sumbhoo-Nath, and others. To the former, crowds of pilgrims come from all parts of India, at certain seasons of the year. We hope to get through the Passes on our return just before they begin to swarm there on their way up. It is calculated that upwards of two hundred thousand came from India alone, besides Bhootias and others from the Himalaya side. Those last must have hard work of it, for they have to cross some of the snowy ranges, Passes of which are nearly eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. They come warmly clad in red and blue cloth frock-coats, and Chinese-looking boots of the same material, with very thick leather soles. Some I saw, had a sheep or two carrying a small pack, and one had a rough dog, like a Newfoundland. They seem good-humoured people, wonderfully dirty, and a few of the women tolerably looking. The men's immense beards look considerably larger from the quantity of shaggy

hair, which they generally wear long and parted down the middle. One or two I saw with huge plaited pigtails, some of the women with two; but generally speaking, the dress of men and women as regards both hair and garments, is almost exactly similar, so that it is not always easy to tell one from the other. Bought a piece of Melida cloth, manufactured somewhere in these parts.

*Wednesday, Jan. 29.*—We had all letters, &c., to write, so we stayed at home until two o'clock, when we were to go to the Durbar, and be presented to the Rajah. Accordingly at two, carriages came to take us there. These carriages, ricketty affairs enough, are sent by the Durbar people, and the driver and syces receive a small present from the Resident, who duly charges it to the Indian government. One is a landau, the other a palkee-garry, *i.e.*, a kind of light coach, which barely holds four. An officer of some rank, with a fine ornament in his cap, came with the carriages, and accompanied us to the Durbar. Erskine and his companion were in uniform, we in the best plain clothes we could muster. Three men in red, with spears, the Resident's guard preceded, and a lot of dirty syces surrounded the carriages. At the door of the Durbar, were Jung's

brother, and *pro tem.* prime minister, (who rejoices in the euphonic name of Bumb Bahawder) and a number of other officers splendidly dressed in the native costume. We went through stage embraces with each of them, and were then led upstairs, an officer taking each of us by the hand. I can't say much for the stair-case, a steep wooden one, through a trap-door like a ship's hatchway, leading to a small landing, from which we walked straight into the Durbar room; but I believe all the Nepaul staircases are made after that fashion, for the personal safety of the inmates, who can, in case of a row, make each story a kind of fortress. The Durbar room is a long gallery lighted from one side by large glazed windows, an unusual luxury in Nepaul, where I believe there are no glazed windows except those of the Durbar, the Residency, and Jung's house. The walls were adorned with a quantity of French and English prints, and there were a number of cut-glass chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, or placed on pedestals. A row of chiefs sat in arm-chairs on each side of the room, and rose in succession as we passed. At the top of the room, sat the Rajah on a crimson and gold ottoman, with large embroidered cushions. His

dress was most gorgeous. He wore the native cap, with a splendid ornament of diamonds and emeralds, and an ostrich plume, a loose frock-coat-like garment of what looked like cloth of gold, white linen trowsers, and a yellow shawl round his waist. Round his neck some strings of pearls, and a superb diamond necklace, to which hung the largest uncut emerald I ever saw, besides strings of other jewels hanging about him. In person, the Rajah is not handsome, but he has large quick-looking restless eyes, and is continually showing his teeth, which are not worth the trouble, seeing that they are neither white nor regular. He is only twenty-two years old, but the dissipated idle life he leads, hardly ever stirring out of his harem, makes him look much older. The same may be said of his brother, who scarcely less splendidly attired, sat on his left. Besides the usual ornaments in his cap, &c., he wore on his shoulder-belt, a circular brooch-like ornament, about five inches in diameter, and splendidly set in diamonds. We were all seated in arm-chairs on either side of the King, and conversation was carried on by means of the Resident and the Doctor. The King was excessively anxious to find out what we all

were. Grosvenor's and Loch's positions he found no great difficulty in understanding, but Leveson's and mine puzzled him not a little. They were told that Leveson would perhaps some day or other be a judge; why any body should wait for that, was strange to them, whose great people are, *de jure*, judges at once, but what I could be, puzzled them more than anything. Somebody said I ranked with a major, but then how could a captain be a major; that was one difficulty: then, none of them had seen the sea, and their ideas of ships were limited to the small boats sometimes seen on the streams here, and what could a captain have to do with that kind of thing. At last, somebody discovered hanging, just over my head, the engraving of Landseer's "Return from Hawking," which contains, among others of my family, my portrait. This puzzled them more than ever. How on earth, could my portrait find its way to the Durbar?—why had it been sent from England? I don't think they have found it out yet. I believe some bright genius suggested the degrading idea, that, as I was holding the horses in the picture, perhaps I was the syce! Every minute or so during our visit, two men stationed among



others behind the King's musnud, shook a kind of quiver full of ostrich feathers spangled with gold and silver, one of which each of them held high up, and four others waved fly-flapper-like affairs of, I suppose, horse-hair. The former are called moorchals, and are ensigns of royalty. After half-an-hour's sitting, presents were brought in. Each of us was led up to the Rajah in succession, and one of the Court put a shawl over our shoulders, and gave us a cookhery, or country knife, each. The King then put some attar on our handkerchiefs, gave us each some pawn on a green leaf (no visit in these countries being considered correctly concluded without pawn and attar), and we took our leave, led, and stage-embraced as before. The square, in front of the palace, both going and coming, presented a most picturesque appearance. A large guard drawn up, kept a space clear of the crowd, which thronged the rear, and covered the steps of the temples like pyramids of white-robed people. A band made a considerable noise, complimentarily called a tune, at intervals; and, on entering and leaving the Durbar, an official shouted out something, which I believe to have been a list of the King's titles.

During the whole interview, some latticed windows behind the King's seat were occasionally agitated, and a small child was once heard to squall. It was evidently the King's wives, anxious to get a peep at the strangers. We were glad that the Durbar people appeared in their native dresses, instead of the absurd costume they delight in wearing, which they consider as the correct European uniform, and in which they look regular Guys, whilst their proper dress became them amazingly. It was too hot in the sun for our black hats, so we went straight home from the Durbar. On comparing the presents which had been made to us, Grosvenor had received a velvet cap, a row of beads ornamented with gold, a knife and a country sword, and two handsome shawls: we had each a couple of shawls, of no value, and a knife. A little later, some of us went for a stroll through the town. As usual, two sepoys of the Nepaulese guard, not the Resident's escort, silently joined us as we passed the guard-house, and were very useful in keeping back the crowd, which soon collected round us, and in helping us to bargain for some small articles we wished to purchase. The small shopkeepers were immensely

diverted, so was the mob, at our making purchases and paying for them in ready money, a system of barter being the usual one in Nepaul. They have not much money in cash; the only coin, if coin it can be called, that I saw in use in the country, being little square bits of copper. One shopkeeper had a small quantity of English goods in his store, such as needles, tea-pots, empty bottles, powder and shot, &c., &c. In another place I saw some calico with an English mark. There were quantities of brass and other metal pots, strings of red silk or cotton, little pictures of hideous deities, with looking-glasses at the backs, and other valuables. We also visited a rhinoceros, which they keep tied up in a yard; it was firmly secured to a post, by a chain round its neck, and by another one round its fore-legs; they said it was much inclined to be mischievous. Further on, in a wooden cage, near the gate of the town, is a very savage leopard. Our stroll was, in fact, very amusing; the people are so different from anything one sees anywhere else, and if we had had time we might have got some beautiful patterns from the woodcarving on the exteriors of the houses. This art seems to have degenerated here, for none of the new houses

that I saw had any carving equal to what was on the older ones. The sunset light on the snowy hills, showing here and there from among the masses of cloud, was very beautiful, and the evening was quite warm until the sun was down, when it got quite chilly again.



A DOOLY, NEPAUL.

## CHAPTER IX.

A Dinner and a Review—Visit to the House of Jung Bahadoor—Another Feast—Cover Shooting—Nepalese Politics—Our last Walk in the Valley of Nepal—Start from Khatmandoo—The Passes and the Road—Meeting with the High Priest of Nepal—The Cook and his Kitchen—Meeting with Jung Bahadoor—His Suite and his Escort—A Disappointment.

*Thursday, Jan. 30.*—Cloudy, but no fog this morning. The Durbar sent a dinner, another custom of the country, but not peculiar to Nepal. As you cannot eat the said dinner, and have to make a baksheesh to the people who bring it, it becomes a rather expensive present. It was brought by about fifty ragged boys and men, and consisted of about two hundred and fifty pots or dishes of rice, grain of various kinds, preserves, vegetables, fruits, cakes, and sundry cooked and curiously nasty dishes, enough to keep a small family for a twelve-month. Many of the dishes were simply green leaves neatly sewed together. The only at all eatable things I tasted were some sugar-candy and

one or two of the preserves. When the feast had been paraded, looked at in front of the Residency, and the necessary acknowledgments made, we retired, and the food became the perquisite of the servants. Soon after dismissing the bearers, elephants came from the Durbar to take us to the review, which they had got up for our edification and amusement. Grosvenor and Mr. Erskine mounted a very large elephant, magnificently caparisoned, with splendid trappings of red velvet and gold, a glittering howdah, and a crupper covered with great silver plates. His tusks had been sawn off to about four feet in length, and ornamented with great gilt rings, and besides one large common bell hanging to his neck, his trappings were ornamented with a quantity of smaller round bells. Altogether, this elephant looked very handsome. It was the first really well-caparisoned one we had seen. The howdah contains two seats, one for the "swell" in front, the other behind for the servant, or umbrella-holder. We mounted smaller, less gaily, but, I think, more comfortably caparisoned elephants, and surrounded by a mob of syces, &c., proceeded in procession to the parade-ground. The first effect of the motion

of an elephant is not very pleasant. It feels something like that of a ship in a short jerking seaway, and might, I think, make any one, liable to that calamity, feel rather sea-sick. We were four on one elephant, besides the mahout, and one seat, merely a pad, something like a gigantic mattress, with rails and a back to it. On this you either squat cross-legged, or allow your legs to dangle over the sides, like mutes on a hearse coming home from a funeral. Arrived at the parade ground, a considerable open space near the Laboratory, we found the troops drawn up three deep, in a hollow square facing outwards, a numerous band of drummers, cymbal-men, and other musicians in a circle near the centre; and in the centre, a carpet and a number of arm-chairs, near which Bumb Bahawder, his brother Budree Nur Sing, and some of the other chiefs, received us. Stage embraces had to be gone through again, rather a difficult operation, considering the gigantic cocked-hats the little men had thought fit to wear. All the staff were in European uniforms, or what they thought were such, and the whole affair was, consequently, more like a display on the boards of a minor theatre, much exaggerated, than a review

of regular troops. Such gold embroidery, such hats, feathers, and epaulettes, were never seen before, I should think. The only one who really looked at all presentable, was Bumb Bahawder himself. He wore a blue frock-coat with plain buttons, blue cloth gold-laced trowsers, strapped over, not inside his boots, immense epaulettes, cocked-hat and appendages as above mentioned, a very handsome sword-belt, and above the elbow, diamond armlets. With his neat thin figure, he looked well enough when his back was turned, but his dark complexion looked badly over his shirt-collar, and rather reminded one of a monkey when one saw his face. After some talk, the troops were put through their manœuvres. The adjutant-general, I suppose he was, a fat old fellow in a dirty red uniform, a cocked-hat, and no shoes, but with a fine clear voice, giving the word of command in what is supposed to be English, sundry bugles enforcing the orders. The exercise consisted principally of firing, which was pretty well done; that is, they fired pretty well together; but one could see the flash in the pan quite distinctly from that at the muzzle, a proof that their arms and ammunition are not of the best. They fired by regiments, and then by file-firing, the



front rank kneeling. After that, a couple of regiments were literally trotted out, to do the manual and platoon exercise, and to go through a manœuvre or two, all done at a trot. Changing front to the left by echelon of companies (as I fancy it would be called), was tolerably done, after which they did the manual exercise to a polka played by the band, no word of command being given, and the men marking time to the music. This was very ridiculous. The conclusion was a rolling fire of artillery, the same defect being very apparent in the guns as in the muskets, only to a greater degree. The troops were then dismissed with a faint attempt at a cheer. There were, I should think, about seven thousand men on the ground, besides those attached to the artillery, which numbered about sixty guns, mostly small field-pieces. All the troops are dressed in imitation of our sepoy, but though many of them are fine men, yet they put their clothes on so badly and so carelessly, are so dirty and unsoldierlike, that the effect is much more ridiculous than imposing. Some of the best troops were, however, said to be absent, having gone to meet Jung. Each chief had, attending on him, one or more men carrying loaded rifles, a pretty

evident sign of their distrust of one another. It was rather odd to find oneself cheek-by-jowl with the very men who, only the other day, were foremost in the destruction of some dozen of their own body. It would have been difficult to ascertain which of them was not actually engaged in murder on that occasion. Mounting the elephants again, with some of these gentlemen, we went to Jung's house, which his brother had promised to show us. A crowd of the officers, mounted on ponies or horses, on which they looked even more absurd than they did on foot, accompanied us to the house, which is the finest in Nepal. I was puzzling myself to know how we, on the elephants, were to get through a narrow archway in front of us, but the animals were turned into the stream, and marched up the river, here only a few inches in depth, under the bridge, to the road leading up to Jung's house, which is entered by a steepish ascent between two walls, rendering the approach a very tolerable place for defence. Passing under an archway, we entered a spacious court-yard, where was drawn up a guard and the band, and here we dismounted from the elephants. First, we were to be walked round the garden, which is in process

of making. There is not much to see in it, except a collection of deer of various kinds, the best of which are, however, lately dead. In a court-yard were some birds of the country; and, chained up near the gateway, a bear, a tiger, and a tiger-cat. After perambulating the garden, and seeing some otters fed, we were taken to the reception-room, a long gallery, like, but larger than, the King's Durbar-room. Two or three organs were here set grinding popular airs all at once; sundry guns, belonging to Jung, principally rifles by Purday, were exhibited; and a native artist showed some drawings of birds, very accurately drawn and coloured, by himself. The minister (Bumb Bahawder, who is acting for Jung,) went and changed his dress for that of his native country; and the change in his appearance was so great, and so much for the better, that at first I did not recognise him, nor his brother, who underwent the same transformation. From a couple of mountebanks, they were transformed into gorgeously dressed Indian nobles. Their caps, with diamond ornaments, and cloaks of purple silk, lined with fur, would have made very tolerable plunder, by themselves. Budree Nur Sing, however, discarded his fine cap for

a small white linen skull-cap. After sitting some time, we were led to the court-yard, to see the feat of cutting off buffalo's heads performed. It is a curious fact, that though they would put to death any man who attempted to practise this feat on a cow, they will commit any cruelty on a buffalo. The feat is performed with a khora, or heavy crooked sword, the inside edge of which is sharp. The minister tried first, and succeeded nearly, but not entirely; Budree Nur then tried, and at one blow the poor beast's head fell; a second he tried on was not so well executed—much to the young man's disgust. In all cases, the animal's head was securely lashed to a small post, driven into the ground, and the blow was given at about six inches from the shoulder, in a direction down towards the knees of the beast. It was a savage but characteristic sight; and was worth seeing, if it were only to notice the expression of face of the operators. I never saw anything more diabolical than that of the two performers: it was like a concentration into one face of the representation of every bad passion human nature is liable to; they could not have looked more diabolical if they had been murdering their own fathers. This

exhibition over, we had a dinner given us. There was no end of dishes, all made of green leaves stitched together, the whole placed on a dirty table, covered with a dirtier cloth, and, excepting some preserved apricots, I don't think I remember ever seeing more nasty things concentrated on one table in my life, not even in an apothecary's shop. There was one fork, two knives and one spoon, with a cut-glass dish to drink out of. The drink, which one of us rashly took for orangeade, turned out so superlatively nasty, that the unfortunate victim was nearly sick. I thought a hard-boiled egg would be tolerably safe; but no, they had crammed or covered even that with some horrid stuff or other, assafetida, I believe; in fact, the only eatable things I saw, were preserved apricots; and I would sooner dine with any respectable apothecary off the things found on his counter than with the Rajah of Nepaul, if he lives as Jung does. The repast over, the tiger was exhibited, led about by a man who held him by a very small chain; the brute appearing rather more frightened than pleased; and then we took our leave, after seeing some boys, belonging to the army, go through a ridiculous kind of grotesque dance. We returned home as

we came, on elephants, except that I changed mine for a smaller one, with a more comfortable howdah. On our way we were stopped by our conductors, who wanted to show us the boring of a brass gun; there was nothing particular to see in this.

*Friday, Jan. 31.*—Cloudy, but cool. Two of the party went up the Shia Poori to see the view of the snowy range, but were disappointed, the clouds being so low. Another went to Patan to sketch. I went with Mr. Erskine to poke about the country, and to shoot snipe, if we could find any. The latter part of the programme was not very successful, for the birds were very wild, and we only got three snipe, a quail, and a woodcock. We saw several of these last in a very pretty wood on the side of a bank, but could not shoot them, on account of the thickness of the cover. It was odd to find oneself cover-shooting in Nepal, on the last day of the season too, and in a wood which might perfectly have been a bank-side in Surrey, as far as appearance went. Some of the escort are very fair sportsmen in their way, that is, they are good hands at marking down game, and one man belonging to the Nepaulese guard, is also a very good shot, and keeps the Residency supplied with

game. Altogether, I was much pleased with the walk, in spite of the little sport we had. Preparations for our start to-morrow filled up the evening.

*Saturday, Feb. 1.*—Raining cats and dogs. The Chundagiri Pass is said to be so slippery that it is doubtful whether we should get across it, and it would, at all events, be very difficult and very bad work for the coolies, so we resolved to stay till to-morrow. I heard to-day what I suppose is the true history of our friend Jung's accession to power. The first move was the assassination of a certain general, Guggur Sing, a great friend and ally of the queen or Maharanee. In the confusion arising from that murder, three other chiefs were assassinated, by whom nobody seems to know, but probably friend Jung was at the bottom of it. One was also cut down by Budree Nur Sing. The Maharanee's object seems all along to have been the placing her own son on the throne, which she could only contrive by removing the king's son (the present Rajah). This, Jung would not at all agree to (he was then not prime minister, I believe, but a man of authority in the army). So the good lady settled to do away with him too. She had long

been the real ruler of the country, and had not been sparing of blood in enforcing her authority, the Maharajah having taken himself off to Patan in a fright soon after the massacre of the chiefs before mentioned. In furtherance of her plans, she got another friend of hers appointed prime minister, with power to get rid of her enemies. Jung, however, got intimation of this, and summoning his friends, he started instantly for the Durbar, where he found the Maharajah and the heir-apparent together. On his way he had met the new *soi-disant* prime minister, and, after a few civil remarks on that gentleman's conduct, he effectually stopped his game, by making a sign to an attendant, who instantly killed him with a rifle shot. That enemy removed, he had little difficulty in getting rid of the remainder. The Maharanee and her sons were sent to Benares, whither the Maharajah, after his deposition, subsequently followed them, and Jung has ever since been in possession of the supreme power. He does not appear to have made any sanguinary use of this power, on the contrary, he rather comes out of the affair with credit, when one considers his education and the customs of the country. After the Maha-



rajah, who had shown himself a vacillating, weak-minded man, had given up the throne to his son and gone to Benares on a pilgrimage, he took it into his head again, that he would like to resume the reins of government, but Jung would not hear of it, and as the old gentleman got some friends together to regain the throne by force, he sent some troops against him, and took him prisoner, since which time he has lived very quietly in Nepal, meddling very little with politics, if at all. The Maharanee is, I believe, still at Benares, where, I suppose, she is watched by our government in return for the Nepaulese taking the same kind of care of the Lahore Ranee, whom we met going about in a palkee with an escort of sepoy and a spearman or two. Nobody seemed to notice her the least. In the evening it cleared up to a certain extent, though heavy masses of clouds still hung over the hills. Some of us went for a walk to take a last look of Push-Putty. On our road there, we came up with a long procession carrying some offering to a temple on the opposite side of Push-Putty hill. The offering looked like a great gilt shield covered with odd figures, and preceded by men carrying some gaily-dressed children. Another man carried \*

long bamboo with some rags, and horse-hair plumes depending from it. What part the children were to play, or what they had to do with the offering, I know not. When we reached Push-Putty, we sat for a long time on a bridge sketching the temples, and watching the monkeys which inhabit them and the wood. They are very diverting animals, and seemed to swim very well whenever any of them, as they often did, happened to fall into the water. On the top of the hill we found some new-looking temples, and a tombstone-like construction with a long inscription upon it. They are in a pretty spot, an open glade, in front surrounded by a fine tope of trees, evergreen oaks, &c. &c. At another temple, at the foot of the other side of the hill, we found the procession which we had previously seen, arrived. A great ceremony was going on. People were chanting and howling, bagpipes playing, and gongs sounding, but they would not let us go into the *enceinte* of the temple, where the row was going on. The bamboo, which was taller by a good deal than the walls, took a violent part in the ceremony, and seemed much agitated. We took a sketch a-piece of the temple, with our usual skill, and then immensely diverted a crowd of boys who had

gathered around us, by trying to sketch them. It looked very stormy again, as we walked home, and we only escaped a heavy shower of rain by a rapid run home, along the narrow embankments which divide the fields from one another, and assist the irrigation of the ground.

*Sunday, Feb. 2.*—The army of coolies was got into motion at about nine o'clock, all our heavier goods having to reach Chitlong as early as possible, and we followed on ponies at about noon, escorted as far as Thankote by the young zemindar attached to the Residency guard, a sharp-looking youngster, who speaks a little English, and whose father has been to England with Jung Bahadoor. The views to-day were still more beautiful than on our first sight of them. The absence of mist in the valley, and the evening sunlight on the distant peaks, added much to the effect. Some of us scrambled up to a neighbouring hill, which commanded the whole range at one view, including the westernmost peaks, of and beyond the Dewal Giri, and the continuation of the valley beyond a low range of hills which appears to close the end of it. This must be the most extensive view of any and probably about the finest in the world. I am

afraid to say how far the right-hand object must be from the left-hand one, not much less than four hundred miles, I should think. I was trying to sketch when my companions started, and when I followed them the mist had risen, and concealed the greater part of the view, so I came back with them without reaching the top. I had seen all the points of the view, but not all at once. From an elbow of the Pass below, too, there is a charming view of the valley of Nepaul. Patan, Khatmandoo, and the rest of the valley, lay like a model map at our feet, and the snowy range beyond seemed barely twenty, instead of going on for one hundred and fifty miles off. The valley of Nepaul looks small to hold so numerous a population. It is said to contain eight hundred thousand inhabitants, the whole population of the country being estimated at three millions, principally Goorkhas, by whom the country was at the end of the last century conquered from the Newars. Few native Nepaulese are now left, most of whom live at Patan. Goorkha is also the name of the first capital of the valley, a place said never to have been visited by any European. The Goorkhas are a hardy, active race of men, but very suspicious, and, I should

think, treacherous. As yet they have been very averse to having anything to do with their English neighbours, more than they could well help, and the only ingress or egress they will allow, is by the route by which we came up, over the Sessipani pass. The Chunda Giri is avoided by another road, which winds round the base of the hill, up the course of the Barg-muti river (on which Khatmandoo is situated) and which is used by elephants or for bringing any heavy goods. We found the Chunda Giri less slippery than we expected. I walked up it from Thankote in an hour and twenty minutes, stopping nearly a quarter of an hour at the elbow of the hill before-mentioned. The descent to Chitlong took about three-quarters of an hour. At the top of the Pass we met the officer and men who had escorted us up from Hetowra. They were intensely edified at our snow-balling one another, a quantity of snow being left here wherever the sun had not penetrated. At last, it was announced to be getting late, and we reluctantly quitted the summit, and descended to our camp, where we found the tents pitched, and dinner nearly ready. A part of Jung's vanguard were also here with some large

packing-cases, which were to cross the Pass tomorrow. His men did not however annoy us in the least, as they were lodged in or about a large serai there is here. An improvement had been effected in our sleeping arrangements. Coming up we had slept on our palkee-cushions, laid on the ground: now we had charpoys or light bedsteads, which were excessively comfortable. The nights are quite cold enough to make any-thing in the blanket line very acceptable. We heard that Jung is at Hetowra, going to show the Segowlee people, some of whom are said to be with him, a little sport.

*Monday, Feb. 3.*—We got away soon after eight, and in something under two hours reached Marho Pa, where a tent was pitched, and we breakfasted. The walk from Chitlong was charming; about four or five miles of a sheep or goat track, along the edges of steep, in fact, sometimes precipitous, banks, overlooking a deep and narrow gorge, in which runs a stream, possessing about the only waterfall in these parts. The ponies had to go round by the path we came up, this one being too rough and narrow for them. After leaving Marho Pa, the road is rather better for riding, until one reaches the foot of the Sessipani Pass;

near this the Doctor and I diverged a little to look at the remains of a copper mine close by. There are some huts hard by, but it looks as if the mine was seldom if ever worked, there being no regular track to the mouth of the shaft, and the heap of rubbish at the entrance not at all fresh; however, I believe, they have got a good deal of copper from it. We got to the top of the Sessipani Pass in about an hour and a half, taking it pretty easy. Near the top we fell in with the Gooroo, or High Priest of Nepaul, who had been to Benares to help Jung out in his purifications, and to transact some business there. The old gentleman got out of his dandy (he was travelling in one of the hammocks before mentioned; dandy is, I believe, the right name for them), and had a long talk with us. He is a Brahmin of very high caste, and looks particularly intelligent and shrewd, but with a mild expression, which is, I think, unusual among the Nepaulese. He told us, among other things, that he had left Jung at Hetowra, waiting for us; and that Jung had already been shooting, and had killed two tigers. Flirt, the Doctor's pointer, thought fit, in the middle of the conversation, to run between the Gooroo's

legs, where she stood wagging her tail, and looking remarkably well-pleased with herself; I thought the poor beast would have suffered severely for thus profaning the holy legs with the touch of her unclean tail; but the Gooroo is much too holy a man to be defiled by such a minor affair, and took no notice of poor Flirt; and shortly afterwards we went our respective roads. The holy man was travelling in his hammock, with a confidential servant, I suppose, in another, and a small train of servants and guards: he and his companion both got out of their conveyances to converse with us. The top of the Pass was shrouded with fog when we passed it, and we were in too great a hurry to stop at the fort as we went by. The Commandant, however, sent a small basket of oranges after us; these are certainly good fruit here, small, like mandarin oranges — in fact, I suppose, the same breed. When we reached Bhimpady, where our tents were pitched, the clouds were hanging about the tops of the hills, and dispensing upon us at the bottom a fair allowance of drizzling rain; which, however, did not penetrate the tents, and did not prevent our enjoying a good dinner, and a rubber of whist



afterwards. One thing strikes me in this camp-life—we see it on a small scale here; it is the manner in which the cook manages to cook the dinner, and the other servants to put it on the table, under difficulties which would make an English cook and butler faint dead away on the spot. Here, with a very fair average “Scotch mist,” alias a very tolerably heavy rain, we had the dinner served up as regularly as if we had been in a good house; the kitchen, being an open field; the grate, a couple of holes, dug by the cook, in the ground; the cooking utensils, two or three pots; and the fuel, a few sticks picked up by the cook and the coolies. They would do the same, as regimental messes well know, were the party ten times as large—of course, allowing a larger proportion of servants. Not the least strange part of the affair is the way in which the other servants contrive to convey the crockery, tables, chairs, &c. : nothing, even to the glass-shades for the candles, ever seems to be forgotten; and the servants themselves appear so miraculously clean and tidy that we would think they had had nothing to do but to dress themselves, instead of having had to carry the whole kitchen-furniture some fifteen or sixteen miles.

*Tuesday, Feb. 4.*—A lovely morning again. Loch and I started ahead of the others on foot, before the camp was raised. We had not got far when we met Jung Bahadoor, galloping over the stony road at a great pace. He was mounted on a rough little pony, and was accompanied by his brother, and two or three others, all their steeds covered with foam, and panting with the speed at which they had come. They pulled up when they saw us, Jung jumped off his steed, shook hands, and commenced a short conversation, the gist of which was, that he had been waiting for us, and could not wait any longer, hoped we were pleased with Nepaul, &c.; then he mounted again and galloped off. Jung was plainly enough dressed, in a silk jacket lined with fur, cloth trousers, and canvas boots coming half-way up the leg, he not being of sufficiently high caste to allow of his wearing leather boots, whilst the mourning for the Maharanee lasts. When he reached our tents, he called on Grosvenor, whom he found not yet dressed. He told him how elephants had been left at Hetowra, where we were expected to have arrived yesterday, to take us on to where he and his party were out after wild elephants; that he had waited as long as possible, but that public business prevented

his waiting any longer. In fact, it was evident that his intention had been to show us some sport, but luck was against us, and we have missed it. About an hour after he had passed Loch and me, we heard the guns of the fort announcing his arrival at the head of the Pass. Not long afterwards we met Oliphant and Cavanagh, who have been travelling with Jung, coming up the Pass on an elephant. They have been enjoying capital sport, wild elephant hunting, caught four, tiger shooting, killed two, and pig-sticking, killed one. Had we been communicated with, we might have come in for the former sport, but it seems that we were so confidently expected down, that they thought it was needless to write. It must have been fine sport, riding one's elephant, one of a hundred or so in full cry through the jungle, catching the wild ones, and reducing them to a state of subjection. The Pass presented altogether one of the most singular scenes I ever saw. During our whole march it had been an interrupted stream of people going up, but now the interruption seemed to cease, and the narrow path was one torrent of elephants, coolies, palankeens, packages, and soldiers. To judge from appearances, every description of article of furniture was being

carried up. A barouche, a state palkee, and two or three other carriages, were being conveyed on men's shoulders, taken to pieces of course, the body of each carriage taking from twenty-five to thirty men to carry it. Then there was a procession of women in dandies, covered with light awnings of various colours to keep off the sun. A fine palkee covered with armorial bearings conveyed a little girl of ten years' old or so, Jung's new wife I suppose, rather a pretty little creature. The ladies in the dandies made no scruple of lifting the awnings and staring at us, thereby giving us an opportunity of returning their stares. One or two of them were not ill-looking. One of our party accidentally pushed one of the dandy-bearers off a little bridge into the torrent, drenching both him and the lady who was in it. There was no room for him to stop and apologise, and when I passed a short time after I saw the lady standing on the bank, evidently excessively angry, and very wet. I walked all the way down the Pass, attended by a Nepaulese soldier, who cleared the way for me. It was one of the most amusing walks I ever had, I think, and though on the narrow, stony path, it was impossible to escape being jostled occasionally

by the many hundreds pouring up the other way, there was no more of it than they could possibly help. Among the strange things we met, were about forty or fifty elephants and a nylghau, which passed us as we were sitting, waiting for our breakfast, in tow of about twenty soldiers. At the same place we fell in with one of Jung's companions in England. He had formerly been in command of the Nepaulese guard at the Khatmandoo Residency, and had picked up a very fair notion of English, so he was selected for one of Jung's escort, and his office turned over to his son, the young zemindar before mentioned. He seemed delighted with the trip, spoke very gratefully of the kindness and attention they had received in England, and thought the most wonderful things he had seen were the Thames tunnel, the street gas-lights, and the carriage horses. The "Albion," one of our ninety-gun ships, he thought a wonderful article, but it evidently rather puzzled him: he did not quite know what to make of it. He talked of the reviews they had seen at Paris, saying the French showed them more troops than the English, but that he had seen none anywhere to be compared to the Life Guards. The man seemed intelligent

enough, and to have made good use of his eyes and ears during his tour. However, our conversation with him was not very long, as he soon had to follow his master, and we to pursue our road to Hetowra. Nahl Sing was perpetually bringing ponies for me to get upon, being much puzzled at my preferring to go on foot, but a desperate feat of mine, viz., walking through a river about a foot deep, quite floored him. We were obliged to explain to the officer in command of our escort that it was a voluntary performance of mine, or I fancy the dandy-bearers and soldiers would have been punished for not carrying me over. When we got to Hetowra, we found that some mistake had been made. Jung had told us that we should find a quantity of elephants and soldiers there, and that with them we might go and beat up for a rhinoceros, said to be within eight or ten miles ; but on our arrival all we found were a couple of elephants, and about a dozen men in charge of them, not nearly enough for sport, so we were obliged to give up the idea. Our subadar seemed much annoyed, and told us he could collect elephants, &c., if we could wait two days. However, this would not do either. We had no provisions, no ammunition, no anything, and,

above all, no time to spare for the after all rather remote chance of finding the animal, so we contented ourselves with requesting him to provide elephants to take us to Bichako in the morning. Loch and I had a pleasant bath in the Rapté before dinner. I should have liked to have seen the elephant-hunt. They usually catch them in pitfalls in the Tirhaj, and only use the hunt system for their amusement. The tame animals, when they come up with the wild one, regularly bully him with their trunks until he submits. The difficulty is for the mahouts and riders to avoid being swept off the backs of their animals by any overhanging branch which may come in the way. To prevent that, there is no howdah placed on the elephant's back, but only a low pad or cushion with stirrups of rope, and a crupper of the same on which to "cramponner" oneself; in fact, to hang on by when one would otherwise be swept off. It must have been splendid sport. Jung, while here, inspected the two hundred elephants which had been caught during his absence, and discarded all that had not good tufts to their tails. These will probably be sold in the British territories, or to anybody else that will buy them.

## CHAPTER X.

Quit the Nepaulese Territories—Segowlee—The 10th Bengal Irregular Cavalry—Chuppra—Ferry across the Ganges—Buxsar—Ghazeepore and its Stud—Scene at Sunset—Arrival at Benares—A Shop and its Owner—The Streets—Ancient Observatory—Temples and Minarets—Scene on the River—Site of the late Explosion—The College—A Court of Justice—The Gaol and the Lunatic Asylum—Departure for Allahabad.

*Wednesday, Feb. 5.*—We started the traps off for Bichako early in the morning, and followed ourselves, on elephants, at ten. The road being very stony and rough, it took us four hours to get that far. I saw some blades, or rather stems, of grass in the jungle, taller than any elephant, howdah and all. I had heard that in certain seasons the grass would often conceal an elephant and its riders, and these blades at this time of the year, few in number, generally in knots of two or three, were a proof of it. We met a number of horses, principally Arabs, purchased by Jung at Calcutta, on their way up to Nepaul. We found our palkees and the army of bearers at Bichako, and here we took leave of our



Nepaulese escort and the elephants, and continued our route in the palkees. Grosvenor presented the subadar with a handsome whip, and Nahl Sing with a pocket-knife, full of corkscrews, besides a present in money for the rest of the escort, with which they seemed much edified. What with re-arrangement of palkees, &c. &c., it was late when we entered our palkees, and the bearers, being anxious to get through the Tirhaj before the tigers' dinner time, and that when the elephants, &c., begin to roam about the forest, ran us the twelve miles to Bassoulia in two hours and forty minutes, yelling and shouting all the time to encourage one another, and to keep off the dreaded, and, probably, imaginary, enemies. It was fast going, considering the road. Just after passing Bassoulia, we halted to dine off cold meat and beer which we had carried on with us. Close by is a patch of jungle where Jung found three tigers the other day, and killed two. On our way up I was rather surprised two or three times to see among the herds of buffalo which feed on the plains about here, the herdsman sitting in the middle of them, on the back of a buffalo. They say that when there they are invariably safe from the attack of any tiger,

however man-eating his propensities may be. After dinner we proceeded again, and reached Segowlee without any further event than the breaking down and total disablement of Dr. Oldfield's palkee. He had to borrow a tattoo or pony to help him on, and did not reach our destination till two hours after Grosvenor and I had got there. It is a good custom not to disturb the inmates of any house one arrives at during the night: the palkees are merely put down under, or alongside of the verandah, and the owner of the house, if the noise of the arrival has not awakened him, sees two or three strangers' palkees in the morning when he turns out, the said strangers probably being, as I fancy we all were on the morning of the 6th, well in the arms of Morpheus until asked if they would have their customary cup of tea. When that was done, and we had washed and dressed, Captain Verner treated us to a review of his regiment. It was a pretty sight, the review-ground, an open plain in front of the cantonment, with a tope of trees on it, round which the troops swept in the performance of their manœuvres. The men have been a good deal on detached duty, and have had but little drill. Nevertheless, as far as I could

judge, they went through their manœuvres very well. The number out was something short of four hundred men. Four suwarree camels used for carrying despatches, &c., followed, and attended upon the corps, as is the custom in all irregular regiments, I believe. During breakfast, in came the "Home News" with the mail of December 24. The Papal agitation the principal intelligence. It took us some time here to settle our money affairs, after which we started on our way to Benares, viâ Chuppra. Dr. Oldfield remained at Segowlee, a great loss to us, though, as a kind of substitute, we have a moonshee, whom we engaged at Khatmandoo, a Hindoo of respectable family, who speaks English, and is to make himself generally useful, as interpreter, &c., but not to act as servant. We reached Muti Harri, thirteen miles, at four P.M. Here we were hospitably waylaid by one of our hosts of the pic-nic, and treated to a substantial tiffin, which, though it came rather early, did very well for dinner. His civility did not end here, for, while we were eating, our palkees were sent on, and we ourselves driven out in one of our host's carriages, whereby we weathered six miles of palkee work, always very acceptable. We caught up the

palkees soon after sunset, and made all snug for the night.

*Friday, Feb. 7.*—We crossed the Gunduck river at about one A.M., the effect of the torches and white groups of bearers on the bank very picturesque. Soon afterwards came a very smart squall, followed by heavy rain, which continued with little intermission until near day-break, and occasionally after it. I know few things more dreary than palkee-travelling in wet weather, particularly at night. It feels as if you made no way, that the torch must go out, that you must be put down until morning, with visions of snakes creeping out from the wet cracks in the ground into your palkee. In fact it is not pleasant. However it did not really delay us much on this occasion, for at about half-past twelve we reached Chuppra, about seventy-three miles from Segowlee, very fair work for twenty-four hours. It is a good-sized town, much resembling Patna in its general features of bungalows, compounds, and their native town. We were, as usual, kindly received, and sumptuously entertained, by one of the civil authorities of the place. The country we came through is still flat, the roads good, but quite

stoneless, huts built of mud and thatched, fields well cultivated, plenty of opium and indigo growing therein, besides other grain of various kinds. We were detained till after ten o'clock by the heavy rain which poured down, and does more to dispirit the bearers than anything else, not to mention the danger to the palkees of their tumbling down, from the slipperiness of the roads. Soon after ten, however, it looked a little clearer, and the rain holding off for a while, we, with some little difficulty, persuaded the bearers to start, and continued our voyage.

*Saturday, Feb. 8.*—Except one smart shower, soon after leaving Chuppra, the weather was fine enough; after day-break quite beautiful. At about one A.M. we crossed the Ganges by ferry, the right bank excessively steep, so that we were carried up standing on our heads, almost. After that, we contrived to lose our way, across a nullah full of water, the right place to cross which, we were some time in finding. It was odd to see palkees by the light of their respective torches, apparently floating on the water, surrounded by dusky figures. The contemplation was enhanced by the knowledge that a false step would send one souse into the holy-water, really too great a blessing for any but a

Hindoo. However, we got through at last, only a little water being shipped in one palkee. After getting across, it was all plain sailing enough, through a finely wooded, perfectly flat country, as green as green could be, thanks to the recent rains. The timber is so fine in itself, sometimes in great masses, sometimes in clumps, sometimes in magnificent old trees, standing singly, that it quite redeems the scenery from tameness. The mangroves, too, are pleasant to look at. The ground under them is clean, quite free from underwood, and the trees themselves generally planted at regular intervals, so that they have a pleasure-ground kind of look about them. We crossed the Ganges again at Buxsar, and close by the ferry dropped in to dinner at the house of Major Sherer, the superintendent of the Company's stud. Major S. had just returned from an inspection of the studs under his charge about here, Poussa, and at Ghazeepore, numbering about ten thousand horses, of almost all sorts and kinds. Of course so large a number of horses is scattered over a considerable extent of ground, and it takes him some weeks to get through his inspection. We were to have seen the stud here, but our late departure from Chuppra brought

us here at eight, instead of four, so we merely ate a very good dinner and then went on at once.

*Sunday, Feb. 9.*—I have not, generally, slept well in my palkee, but to-night I did not wake until just before daylight, when the noise of a detachment of artillery on the march aroused me. The men, all as far as I could see, Europeans, were on foot, the guns, baggage, waggons, &c., drawn by oxen. They had, I suppose, just left their last night's camp to get over the day's march before the sun gets hot. We reached Ghazeepore, twenty-four miles from Buxsar, at about half-past six this morning, and put up at the house of a gentleman whom we had met at Major Sherer's, and who had given us *carte blanche* as to the use of his house. It is strange to walk into the house of a gentleman whose acquaintance we had only made the night before, and to order his servants about and devour his provisions as if we had a right to it all, the master of the house being all the time absent. The servants, however, made not the slightest objection, and we had a capital wash and breakfast in a very short time. All the kitmagar asked for was a note mentioning that we had invaded the house, which he would give his master on his return. Our moonshee does not seem

to approve of our rather rapid mode of travelling, and I should not be much surprised at his throwing us over, a course I should not much regret, as he is not particularly useful. After breakfast, our bearers began to grumble at being detained, so we packed them and the moonshee off, to go ahead for a few miles, we following afterwards in a carriage, politely placed at our disposal by one of the station authorities. We were anxious to get to Benares to-night, and as there is little or nothing to see at Ghazeepore, we pushed on as soon as we well could, stopping only for a short time to see the government stud, which contains about seven hundred horses, three and four year olds, all ready for service, mostly good strong-looking nags, some of them Arabs, and all, I believe, tolerably well bred. It is a branch of the Buxsar establishment, the "present use" store one may call it. The trade in Australian horses is supposed by many good judges to bid fair, eventually, to supersede the Indian government studs, and if it be true, as we were told, that each stud horse costs government twelve hundred rupees (120*l.*) by the time it is brought into the field, while the Australian horse only costs eight hundred rupees, and is equally good, there can be little doubt about



the matter. The Australian trade in that line, is, however, as yet only in its infancy. We had no time to go and see Lord Cornwallis's monument, which is here, and is, I believe, the most curiously-hideous piece of architecture in the world. He died at Ghazee-pore, and his friends insulted his memory by raising a mass of brick and mortar to perpetuate it. Regained our palkees about six miles on. The features of the country are still much the same. At this time of year, everything looks green and fresh. I fancy that if one travelled over the same road in the hot season one would not know it again. Pic-nic dinner on the top of a palkee again, then trudge on. We get a very fair amount of walking exercise between our morning and evening's trot alongside the palkees. The scene at sunset was very pretty, the broad Ganges on our left, and the most brilliantly green field of young wheat on our right and before us, fringed with great masses of trees, the whole illuminated by a most gorgeous setting sun. It was like a very fine English spring scene on a larger scale. The river was covered with boats, the road animated with people returning from work. Many of the strange native carts, containing many more people than could possibly

have been squeezed into a vehicle double the size, if they had not been Indians, were moving to and fro. The boats or budgerows were either floating down the stream very quietly, or being tracked up it. Some of the former were simply large flats, loaded as one sometimes sees hay barges on the Thames, except that instead of hay the cargo was huge bales of cotton. Some had sails with more Irish reefs in them than could possibly be counted. Others seemed to trust to one steersman and to the sluggish current. Nobody and nothing seemed to be in a hurry. The towed boats were being tracked up by their crews. A kind of pendant leads from the mast-head of the boat. To this are attached the ends of as many small ropes as there are trackers, a plan which has the advantage of showing whether every man is hauling his best, but which could not answer except with light rope. I conclude theirs is made of cocoa-nut fibre. Just before sunset we crossed the Goomte river by a bridge of boats. We are not now on the grand trunk-road to Delhi, but find capital bearers on this line. They carry us at a rate of nearly four miles and a half per hour, good four miles, including stoppages. After dark, we made a short cut, which nearly

entailed a ducking, for we had to cross a nullah which was so full of water that the palkees slightly dipped, and had to be lifted bodily out of the water, one crossing at a time, carried by all the bearers of the others, or as many as could clap on. What a row they made! It was a lovely moonlight night, so that we travelled tolerably fast, and a little before midnight reached what we expected to be the hotel, but, to our dismay, found it had been blown up! It ought rather to be said, blown down, for the explosion which caused its destruction was that of some boats loaded with powder which took fire and exploded about eighteen months ago. Thirty boat-loads of powder went into the air, together with an unknown number of human beings. Some say it was a Sikh conspiracy (and the almost immediately following and similar event at Chuppra gave an appearance of probability to the supposition); some say it was insanity on the part of one of the guard; but I don't think one need hunt up conspiracies or cases of insanity, or any other out-of-the-way causes, when people put barrels of powder into thatched boats and send them hundreds of miles in charge of a few natives and in tow of a steamer, as is said to have been the case on this occasion. Our mistake

entailed upon us another voyage in the palkees to the real hotel, about four miles off. These Indian towns cover such a confounded quantity of ground. However, we reached the hotel at about one A.M., and having with some little difficulty aroused the inmates, were not long in finding our way to bed.

*Monday, Feb. 10.*—Part of the morning we were settling dāk arrangements. We are again forced to split into two parties; Leveson and Loch start to-night, Grosvenor and I to-morrow; there not being horses enough along the road to convey at one time more than two palkees, which from here are placed on trucks fitted for the purpose. About noon came an elephant from one of the officers of the commissariat, who had been written to by somebody, and with it Captain Kittoe, who had been written to by somebody else, and than whom no better guide to Benares could possibly be found. He was kind enough to go with us to the principal objects. First, the elephant was ordered to rendezvous at a particular spot, and we went in a couple of buggies to a merchant's house to look at brocades, kincob, muslins, &c., for which Benares is celebrated. The merchant's name I forget, nor would anybody be the wiser if I didn't, and I saw little which tempted me

much; the only thing I rather coveted being a purple silk table-cloth with a deep fringe or border of gold and coloured embroidery, handsome and cheap, about 25%. I think. There were also Cachmere shawls, gold and silver embroidered muslins, and other glittering goods of the kind, in great profusion, but of no very great value. The house was an odd one, up no end of narrow stone staircases, through low doorways; the shop being a kind of divan round two sides of an open square court on the second or third floors, a third side of which contained the house well, in a recess like a fire-place, the remaining side being the wall of the next house. The merchant was very civil, but seemed indifferent as to whether we made any purchases or not. On our going away, each person was invested with a large collar of sweet-smelling flowers, a remnant of the old custom of making presents to visitors. The elephant was called into requisition, and we proceeded on our tour. Our mount was a very fine she-elephant with a small head (a great point), the upper part of her trunk and her forehead of a cream colour, and a magnificent fringe to her tail, (another great point). As we went along, we got rid of our long garlands by presenting

them to the numerous Brahminy bulls which infest the streets of Benares. It was amusing enough passing along the narrow streets to stare into the first-floor windows, with which we were generally on a level. Sometimes the elephant would come in contact with a slight verandah-like awning, common to the houses here. Down that came of course. Then, again, we were reminded of our position by a sudden contact with a cornice, or with the angle of a house, for we were seated Irish car fashion on a large pad, with our legs dangling over the side or resting on a moveable foot-board, made so, to avoid its being broken by contact with the walls. On our way, the elephant kept a bright look out for Number One. No "green grocer's" shop escaped without a contribution. One counter looked very tempting; so she pretended that one of the eternal Brahminy bulls was in her way; in the meanwhile she swept off a whole heap of grain. At another place she disturbed the domestic economy of a whole shop-full of greens, much to the dismay of the proprietor, and the amusement of the passers-by. The Brahminy bulls are a great nuisance. Fat and pampered, they crowd every street, temple, and alley, and will hardly get out of one's way. Sacred as they are,

however, they do not always get off scot-free, and the Mussulmans, whenever they dare, give them a hearty blow or a good poke, while Europeans drive their buggies straight at them. The Observatory is a very curious object, and the use of many of the instruments is at present unknown. It possesses a huge stone arc and gnomon, and other instruments of stone intended to last as long as the material they are made of, but the falling away of the ground beneath has rendered most of them useless. Who built this Observatory is uncertain, as is the precise date of its erection; somewhere about the year 1500 it is supposed, though it may be much older. Sundry pundits as well as European savans have endeavoured to explain the exact use of the astronomical instruments, without success. The view from the Observatory terrace, overlooking the river, is well worth seeing. We visited a great and very sacred temple, erected by Aurungzebe on the site of a still holier Hindoo temple. We did not go inside it, but the outer court was dirtier than any sacred place I have yet seen. In the enceinte of it is a well, down which the god of the former Hindoo temple jumped when Aurungzebe and his Mahomedans took the place; and as he has not yet

reappeared, he is like the old woman under the hill, down there still, and people perpetually drop flowers down the well, and make it sacredly filthy too. The well is surrounded by a rather pretty little colonnade, and the temple is worth seeing for its mixture of architectural styles, as well as for its singularity. All Benares is clustered with temples of various styles and ages. Among them is a real Nepaulese temple, brass bell and all. It was quite like an old acquaintance among the strangers, and was built by the Maharajah, and belongs to the Nepaulese royal family. It is a very common-place affair of its kind, but very different from any of the others about it. From the river, it looks like a Chinese toy dropped among a quantity of Indian toys. I had heard a good deal about the view of the town from the river, to which we descended after seeing the Observatory, and I was, certainly, not disappointed with it. At the ghaut below the observatory we embarked in a large decked boat and dropped down with the stream to the ghaut nearest to the minarets, which are a prominent object in most sketches of Benares, and which are called the Mado Raiki Minar. The town stands on the left bank of the Ganges, on a high cliff which seems to be



perpetually giving way, so that temples and houses stand in any line but the perpendicular, steps and wharfs almost as regularly out of the horizontal. It looks like a picture out of perspective. The tout-ensemble, the apparently lofty buildings, the broad flights of steps or ghauts leading down to the water, the fine trees mixed with the houses, the innumerable boats, and the constantly moving crowds, make a wonderful picture, as strange in its way as any I ever saw. A wedding was going on, and a long procession in celebration thereof marching along the banks, the bridegroom with a yellow scarf on his shoulder, one end of it held by the bride. The whole party had previously been across the river, a part of the ceremony consisting in stretching a garland of flowers from one side of the river to the other, a ceremony easily performed by stitching flowers here and there to a light cord, and towing it across. We saw them at this from the Observatory terrace. Numbers of holy fakeers are always in waiting at the ghauts to fleece the pious, and to disgust unbelievers. I don't know any sight so repugnant to me, as that of these lazy drones. The Brahminy bulls, though generally more in one's way, are not

half so disgusting as these wretched victims of superstition and humbug. Priests also attend at the ghauts to instruct the faithful, as to what they are to do, and where to do it. There were many people bathing, apparently taking so many dips under, so many sips, and reciting so many prayers. The ablution part certainly seems the most reasonable and agreeable part of their religion. Landing at a steep ghaut, we ascended the minaret, which commands a fine view of the town and surrounding country, as well as of the domestic arrangements of the greater part of the inhabitants, many of whom were performing their toilets on the terraces of their houses. The site of the explosion is plainly visible from here. The whole bank of the river (a cliff seventy feet high) for a long distance, between two and three hundred yards, has been broken down by it. A great ghaut existed there, but there are no signs of it remaining. In fact it is nothing but a chaos of ruin and broken ground, even now, more than a year since the occurrence. Government has however come down handsomely, and the neighbouring houses are gradually being rebuilt. The loss of life I heard estimated by a resident, at at least seven hundred

souls, though it never will be ascertained for certain, as at the time of the occurrence, an immense number of people from all parts of India were sleeping at the ghaut opposite, every soul of whom perished. Several Europeans also suffered, among them the wife of a missionary, who was killed by the violence with which a door was forced against her head. As usual, too, in occurrences of this nature, there were some providential and extraordinary escapes. After "doing" the minarets, we all got into tonjons, small, open, sedan-chairs, and returned to our buggies, which met us in a market-place, from whence we went to see the new college Capt. Kittoe is erecting. The architect laboured under many disadvantages, particularly that of adapting a style of architecture fitted for a cold climate, to one not celebrated for that peculiarity, not to mention the necessity of being his own builder, engineer, stone-mason, glazier, stainer of glass, and general superintendant. In fact, he has to originate everything, for the natives are tolerable workmen and imitators, but not originators. It would be odd if they were. Altogether the college is a credit to Capt. Kittoe. Many natives have subscribed to it, and parts of the building have

inscriptions, denoting that such and such parts are the gift of Baboo so and so, &c.; a good idea, because letting alone the fact that their generosity should be noticed, it makes the said natives more inclined to subscribe, as they are just as fond of notoriety, and the reputation of being charitable, as anybody. The college is to be open to all, white or black, and the languages taught are to be Persian, English, Arabic, Hindostanee, and Hindee, with Latin and Greek if they choose to learn them. The building, in what may be called the old English style, has attached to it houses for the principal, &c., and a pleasant garden. After seeing this, we had done enough, and we returned to dinner at our hotel, after which the first division started for Caunpore, and the second went to bed.

*Tuesday, Feb. 11.*—There is a famous Buddhist temple about four miles off, which we saw from the minaret, and intended to have visited to-day, but it was so hot, and we had such a lot of money affairs to settle, that we voted we had seen it, and did not go. Instead thereof we called on the commissioner of the district, who had just got through a ceremony I should rather like to have seen, the presentation of a khelat, or dress of honour, to a wealthy and

respectable native; a compliment occasionally paid by the government, and said to be highly prized by the recipients. I never saw such a den as the magistrate's office at Benares; it was a small low room, about twenty feet square, ill-ventilated, and crowded with people; in hot weather I should think a successful rival to the famous black-hole of Calcutta. A theft case was going on; the culprit, a native woman, was making her confession or statement in a low voice, to a native clerk, who was taking it down in writing, both of them crouching on the ground near the door. Beside them stood a policeman, armed with musket and bayonet; two or three others, and some peons loitering within call. The witnesses were giving their depositions to other clerks, all similarly seated in various parts of the room, out of hearing of one another. A number of other clerks or moonshees, all squatting on the floor, were writing, and sheets of paper, both blank and written over, were strewed about in great apparent confusion. It looked odd to see so many people scrawling away without tables, but it seems that they never use that article of furniture, but use one knee instead, or steady the paper with the

left hand, awkward enough in appearance. Heard of a knowing way of getting rid of the Brahminy bulls. Everybody knows that to kill or injure one purposely would probably create a revolution; but to send them away to a holy place is quite permissible, even if tigers were as plentiful there as blackberries in an English copse. The intention is, therefore, to send as many as they can collect to the neighbourhood of a good jungle, where, I suppose, many will soon feed their natural enemies. Business over, we went to see the lunatic asylum and the gaol. Both are widely different in their construction from similar buildings in England, of course, but the principle of conduct in both is the same. The gaol is made as nearly self-supporting as possible, and the patients in the other are treated with the utmost possible absence of personal restraint. The doctor, who was kind enough to show us over both, seems to have considerable influence over his patients, and although he has only been at the asylum eighteen months, has managed to do away in a great measure with the use of chains. But one has chains of any weight, and he only, because he murdered a keeper, a European, not long ago. None are ever chained to

any one spot, and only one or two have irons at all. I believe the doctor hopes, eventually, to get rid of irons altogether. There were not a few murderers among the insane, one of whom, who had murdered his mother, has struck out an immense affection for a black cat. The doctor attributed most of the cases to be an immoderate use of opium and bang. The cells are all on a ground floor, surrounding paved courts, with wells in the centre for their ablutions, each court constituting a kind of ward, and each cell closed, if necessary, with iron gates. They had about one hundred patients, including fifteen women. The gaol is laid out on a somewhat similar plan with the asylum, except that instead of separate cells, there are large strongly-barred wards. The prisoners had just returned from work on the roads, &c., and were cooking their meals at little fireplaces of clay, each having in front of it a little square hearthstone-like compartment for its owner to sit and eat in. An attempt was once made to force an alteration in this, and to compel the prisoners to mess together; but the prejudice against this, within and without the walls, was too great, and they were obliged to give it up. Caste stood in the way of their feeding together,

though it did not prevent the culprits committing, and being punished, for their iniquities. It is difficult to get at the opinion of the best informed as to the state of feeling with regard to caste in India, but I think that the majority of persons with whom I spoke on the subject believed that the prejudices concerning it are on the decline. It has, however, its benefits as well as its evils. It undoubtedly strengthens our empire in India to a certain extent, by preventing the union of parties whose conjoint power might be very injurious, and very successfully used against us, for instance in the case of the Mahomedans and Hindoos. A curious instance of the strength of these prejudices is related of some of the Mahratta people. The widow of one of the Rajahs, anxious to put a son of hers, but not of her husband's, on the musnud, (or whatever the regal seat was,) invited all the chiefs to a feast. When they had eaten and drank, she drew aside a veil at one end of the table, and showed that the child had fed with them. They dared never tell this; as if the child were spurious, it would be of a different and inferior caste from themselves, and they would lose their own caste, so they at once acknowledged him as their chief. At least such is



the story. In the gaol were about nine hundred persons, including two hundred women. Hardly anybody in the hospital. They work at various trades, and are allowed free communication with one another, the size of the gaol and the nature of the climate not allowing of solitary, or separate, confinement; but the boys are kept in a ward to themselves. The women, who are, as usual in other gaols, the most difficult to manage, are obliged to spin a certain quantity of thread every day, or to go without certain allowances of food. The majority of prisoners were in for theft, but there were more than a fair proportion of murder cases. In fact I was told by more than one person, likely to be well informed, that murder is unfortunately more common than is generally supposed. The Ganges tells no tales, where so many corpses are every day thrown in; and nobody misses a native. Europeans are not so often attacked: there is such a to-do if any of them are missed. We were attended round the gaol by some keepers, and four guards with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, looking much like the king's guards in an opera. The gaol guards are all dressed and armed like Prussian soldiers, substituting a cap for a shako,

or helmet, and they never miss an opportunity of showing their military skill by presenting arms to Europeans, whether in uniform or mufti. Having "done" these two sights we returned to our inn, and about seven o'clock started for Allahabad, a drive of about seventy-three miles, which was accomplished by half-past seven on the morning of Wednesday.



ON THE GANGES.

## CHAPTER XI.

Palkee Truck Dāk—Bridge of Boats—Arrival at Allahabad—The Fort Tomb of Khosroo Sultan—Road to Cawnpore and Lucknow—College of Lamartinière—Anecdotes of Wolves—A Drive about Lucknow—The Old Palace—The Streets and the People—Tombs of Assaf-u-Doulah and Hussein—An Illumination—A Hunting Party—The “Choke.”

*Wednesday, Feb. 12.*—A great improvement in pace, and not much worse for comfort. The palkee is placed on a truck and well secured, the front pole stretching out between the driver and the syce, who also generally sits on the box, a platform behind affording space for a pettara or two, and a box underneath for any light things. One gets pretty well jolted sometimes, and there is an immense noise; but one goes faster than with bearers, there is not the perpetual stopping to change shoulders, there is no massolchie to run along-side flashing his torch in one's eyes, there is no bother about one's luggage not being up, and one may kick about in the palkee to any extent

without any compunction with regard to the bearers. About daylight we passed a train of battery guns going northward, each gun drawn by about twenty oxen, and attended by some native drivers. About seven, we crossed the Ganges by a bridge of boats, a very rough affair but quite adapted to its object. The great castle of Allahabad comes in sight here, a huge red stone building, with massive circular bastions towering over the river Jumna, which here joins the Ganges. It is the first genuine Indian fortress we have seen, such as is represented in Daniel's drawings. From the bridge you see little or nothing of the town, no minarets or domes, except a few small ones on the bank which is steep and studded with small native huts. Once up the bank though, it improves in appearance; the large plateau about which the town lies, and which forms a kind of huge glacis to the fort, is crossed in various directions by broad avenues of mangoes and other trees, and has a very handsome appearance. We drove to Berill's hotel, a small but comfortable establishment, on the bank of the river beyond the fort. There we fell in with some acquaintances, fellow-passengers in the steamer, and dined very comfortably together before starting

for Cawnpore. After breakfast Grosvenor and I got a carriage, and drove to the fort and to the garden where Sultan Khosroo's tomb is situated. The fort is partly of European, but principally of native construction, the land side presenting the appearance of a regular fortification, with draw-bridges, embrasures, and the other paraphernalia of regular fortresses. The river front is however much the finest in a picturesque point of view. The great bastions, connected by a curtain, are I should think not less than eighty feet in height, and have a grand and massive effect. The interior contains some fine buildings, including barracks for troops, and store-houses containing all the requisites for a long campaign, from long 24-pounders, and 10-inch howitzers, to chisels and needles, all neatly arranged in spacious halls, kept in a wonderful state of cleanliness. The other sights of the fort are, the view from the battlements, which is worth a small amount of broiling in the sun to see, and a curious stone pillar, with an odd figure at the top. The gardens are about three miles from the fort, the road to them leading through the native town, a series of ricketty huts, oddly painted native houses, strange little temples, with fat gods in stone

squatting in them, and queerly dressed groups of people. They are entered from a quadrangle, now used as a kind of bazaar for the sale of vegetables, but formerly intended, I should think, for a fortified serai. The gateway opens on a small enclosure, from whence another gateway gives access to the gardens, which are pretty enough, and principally remarkable for some fine tamarind trees, and the tombs of Sultan Khosroo and his wife Nourjahal. An old Hindoo gentleman of very respectable exterior met us here, and I contrived to make out from him the names of the owners of the tombs, and that Sir William and Lady Gomm had visited the gardens. The tombs are rather mausoleums than tombs, and are three in number, standing in a row along a kind of low terrace. They are much in the style represented in Daniel's and other drawings of Indian scenery, and peeping as they do from among the tamarind trees, look very picturesque. My Hindostanee was not strong enough to ascertain whose the third tomb was. Our old Hindoo was very civil, and presented us with nosegays, and an immense basket of garden produce, which we brought back in triumph to our hotel, and gave to the owner thereof. About two we started again, per

truck as before; the road very dusty, but generally tolerably well shaded, mangoes and other trees being planted at short intervals, nearly all the way. The country still continues flat, and though well cultivated, not so universally so as that we have latterly been going through. The soil seems lighter and poorer than that of the Tirhoot. We passed a great number of waggons going to the southward, and the same of European goods, going in the other direction. I never was in a country which seemed better adapted to railways. There is really hardly a hill worth mentioning, between this and Calcutta, and here there seems to be traffic enough at all events. I should imagine the principal difficulty would be the bridging of the rivers. They vary so much in depth, and rise and fall so suddenly, that it requires immense length and great height of arches in common stone bridges, to cross a now unimportant little stream, as may be seen on the common carriage road below this; but as the bridges have been made for the common road, it is pretty plain that they would be practicable for the railroad. What an immense amount of labour, expense, and even of human life, a railway might save, in the mere transport of troops,

particularly of Europeans. Everybody seems to agree as to the expediency of having the railway, but everybody appears to be afraid of having anything to do with it. A plan I heard of, and which I should rather fancy, if I were inclined to speculate in Indian railways, is to join Allahabad by a railway with Delhi and the northern provinces, the goods then to be shipped on the Ganges for Calcutta, the river being navigable below Allahabad, but not above it, except for comparatively small craft, not at all events for steamers. With an improved river navigation I should think that plan ought to answer. The Indian public having so lately burnt its fingers in playing at banking, seems disinclined for much further speculation, but there are many other reasons which militate against railways in India, which I need not mention. Flies invaded our carriages, and were very troublesome; a large spider also made his appearance in my palkee, and contrived to escape into a corner. I would willingly agree with him for his lodging, if he would eat the flies.

*Thursday, Feb. 13.*—After a fine night's travelling well lighted by the moon, we reached a dâk bungalow at about eight, and stopped for some



breakfast, and about eleven arrived at Cawnpore, a distance of about one hundred and twenty-six miles from Allahabad. Cawnpore was, at one time, one of the largest military stations in India, and covers a great deal of ground. In appearance it is a large straggling place, composed of long ranges of barracks, with numbers of neat bungalows for the officers. There is also a large native town or bazaar, of course. One sees queer names on the shops: Khosree Bux, bookbinder, for one; something Jong Chinaman, bootmaker, for another. There are not a few Chinese tradesmen in India, principally bootmakers, I believe. Give them a boot to imitate, and, I believe, they will make a very fair copy of it at about one-third of the price charged by European shoemakers. The latter's work will, however, I fancy, stand a much severer test, particularly in wet weather. Of the former there is a street-full in Calcutta. We got a very good tiffin at the inn, a dirty little place with a supercilious landlord in mustachios, who said he had nothing to do with the establishment, but to answer questions. We had two offers of carriages, one a barouche, the other a close carriage, the latter of which we luckily for us accepted, and at four we

started for Lucknow. We crossed a bridge of boats over the Ganges, and entered the Oude territory. A guard of suwars, relieved at each stage, accompanied us to the town of Lucknow, and the king had, at the request of our Resident, placed horses at each stage along the road, bobtailed horses like English postboys, driven postillion fashion by postboys in red jackets of antediluvian fashion and materials. We got along at a rate of about eight miles an hour, in spite of a very heavy storm of rain, thunder and lightning, which came on a little before dark, and lasted till past nine, when we reached Colonel Sleeman's residence at Lucknow, the capital of Oude, distant forty-eight miles from Cawnpore.

*Friday, Feb. 14.*—The thunder of last night has cleared the air, and the morning was pleasant and cool, cloudy enough to prevent the sun from being very powerful, but not so much so as to make the day gloomy. As our time is short, we commenced sight-seeing early. Half-a-dozen elephants came at about seven, and soon afterwards we sallied forth to the Lamartinière, about two miles from the Residency. It is a great college built in accordance with the will of General Claude Martin, a French-

man, who served many years and amassed a large fortune in India, and at his death in 1800, left somewhere about half a million sterling for the erection of a college here, and of one at his native place, Lyons. Knowing, however, that there was little chance of any native princes dealing honestly with the funds or the building unless he invested it in some measure with a holy character, he had himself buried underneath the building, thereby constituting the whole building his tomb, which no Mahomedan dares to violate ; and there he lies still in a marble sarcophagus, his marble bust at the head of it, and four plaster figures of sepoy, with their arms reversed, standing round, all in a vault beneath the centre tower of the building. The college is a very praiseworthy institution, educating, clothing, and feeding about eighty or a hundred boys, sons of soldiers of any nation or religion. The boys above-mentioned are Europeans, sons of non-commissioned officers generally, but there are also a good many natives who are day scholars, for caste would interfere with their feeding in common. The head master and his assistants are, of course, English, and pretty well paid, the first receiving somewhere about eight hundred pounds a year. Altogether it

seems to be a very praiseworthy institution, and it is a pity that the difficulty of communication, and apparently its being so little known in India, prevents its being more used than it is. The building itself is a huge pile, handsome at a distance from its size and general effect, but a wretched affair in its architectural details; in plan a large central pile with a lofty tower, and two low semi-circular wings, the whole covered with wretched plaster statues, medallions, and friezes, copies of well-known models. In front of the building is a tall column, standing in a pool of water, looking not a little out of place. We went over the building, the inside of which is in a corresponding style with the exterior, and has nothing very remarkable in it. The officials of the Residency have leave by a special clause in General Martin's will to occupy the building whenever they choose, a privilege they frequently avail themselves of. The view from the top of the college is worth the trouble of the ascent. We returned as we came, on elephants, each of us having one to himself, and an escort of the 3rd Irregular Cavalry, a detachment of which is attached to the Residency guard, attending the party. Two of the Cawnpore officials and the

superintendent of the Oude frontier police were with us to-day. After breakfast we all stopped at home, scribbling and playing at billiards, &c. Colonel Sleeman told us a singular story of the carrying off and "educating" of children by wolves in this neighbourhood. Some time ago, two of the King of Oude's suwars riding along the banks of the River Goomptje, saw three animals come down to drink. Two of them were evidently young wolves, but the third was some other animal. They rode up and captured the whole three, and to their great surprise found that the doubtful animal was a small naked boy. He was on all fours like his companions, had callosities on his knees and elbows, evidently caused by the attitude used in moving about, and bit and scratched his captors as any wolf might have done. The boy was brought in to Lucknow, and after a long time to a certain extent tamed. At first he could not speak at all, but he seemed to have a dog-like facility for finding out what was meant by signs. He lived some time at Lucknow, but what became of him I don't know. Another boy found under somewhat similar circumstances lived with two English people for some time. He learnt at last to pronounce one word, the name of a lady who was

kind to him, but his intellect was always clouded, more like the instinct of an animal than the mind of a human being. There was another more wonderful, but less well authenticated story, of a boy who after his recapture was seen to be visited by three wolves one evening. They came evidently with evil intentions, but after examining him closely, he apparently not the least alarmed, they fraternised with him, played with him, and subsequently brought the rest of the family until the wolves were five in number; which was also the number of the litter the boy had been taken from. A curious part of this story, is the statement that this boy always had about him, in spite of ablutions, &c., a strong wolfish smell. This story my informant did not vouch for, but he said he knew of five instances of his own personal knowledge. The fact of no grown-up person having been found among wolves, may easily be accounted for, on the ground, that probably when grown up to a certain age, the wolves may have lost the remembrance of their adoption of the children; or that they may have met with members of other litters not acquainted with the family. Wolves are very common all about Lucknow and Cawnpore,

and children are constantly getting carried off by them. I never heard better grounds for believing in the story of Romulus and Remus. There are I believe, similar traditions still extant in Scotland. At about four o'clock, we all went for a drive in a carriage-and-four, and a phaeton-and-pair, one of the officers of the Resident's escort accompanying us. The Resident's equipages are very neat and handsome. One requires, however, to be accustomed to the number of syces, and to the postillions' black faces. Our first visit was to the old king's palace. Sovereigns here, have an expensive prejudice against inhabiting any palace that may have been lived in by their predecessor, so the present man is building a great gingerbread house, all over gold and shiny brass, at some distance from, but joined by a long passage to the old one. They form a considerable feature in the view of Lucknow, from the top of the Residency, about the best view one can get of it I fancy. The old palace looks like the stage of a theatre by daylight; dirty, dusty, dingy and tawdry, covering a great deal of ground to very little purpose, and full outside and in, of wretched gingerbread work. The Durbar room is all red

and yellow, with flaming curtains of the same colours, as if the climate was not hot enough without extra assistance to make it look hotter. It contains a handsome throne, covered with gold and set with precious stones, the only really handsome thing in the place, and that is very poor taste. The back of this palace, or rather another front of it, overlooks the River Goomptje, on which floats a dilapidated model ship. The palace seemed full of people. There were sepoy, who eclipsed the Nepaulese army in dilapidation of dress and accoutrements; "swells" in fine shawls and jewelled turbans; dirty niggers in no clothes at all to signify, all wandering over the place wherever they chose, apparently. I was much amused at the sentries, carrying arms in one hand, and then touching their hats, *à la militaire*, with the other. The whole thing reminded me strongly of a scene in a Lyceum extravaganza. The town itself has just the look of an Eastern town as represented on the stage, except that the actors' dresses are generally so much cleaner. And yet one does not know why the natives should look so dirty, for they are always washing themselves and their garments, and as to the servants in European houses, they are miracles



of whiteness as regards linen. The great people here, are much more really oriental in dress, equipage and appearance, than any I have yet seen. The horses, caparisons, the number of elephants and camels, and the quantity of servants who surround or follow each great man as he travels along in his gaily ornamented palkee, all add to the oriental appearance of the scene. We drove on through the town to the tomb of Assaf-u-Doulah, a huge building forming two quadrangles, one leading into the other. A lofty gateway of oriental architecture (I don't know what else to call it) leads into the first quadrangle; another, loftier and larger, leads into the second, which has a praying-house on one side, and the tomb on another, opposite the entrance. This tomb is nothing more than one enormous room with a vaulted ceiling, a smaller room at each end, and a gallery behind. In the middle of the large room is an edifice of gilt wood, a kind of shrine, containing I suppose, the ashes of the individual in whose honour the whole affair was erected. The interior of the building, is not remarkable for any great architectural beauty, but the rooms are well proportioned, and would do well for any grand

ceremony. The gallery opens into the larger hall, by a series of arches, and is raised three or four feet above the floor, the very place for the king and his court to stand, and overlook the populace in the hall below him. In spite of its great size however, the halls looked poor and mean from the unswept condition in which they are kept. The outside too, by daylight, looks poor, from its being all covered with whitewash, but by moonlight as we saw it afterwards, when we could not tell that the whitewash was not marble, it had a really magnificent effect. Further on, there was yet another tomb to see; so to it we went, almost driving over the people by whom the streets were crowded. I never saw a more apathetic crowd, as far as the carriages were concerned. The syces kept on yelling, but nobody seemed to mind, and it was only when the horses were upon them that they ever stepped aside, and then just enough to allow the carriage to clear them. All Lucknow seemed to be assembling, getting ready to commemorate the saint whose tomb we were to visit, Hussein, the devout descendant of the prophet. This building is also a quadrangle, the interior laid out as a garden with tanks, fountains, and toy bridges. It has a model of

the Tâj Mahal at Agra on one side, and some baths and other buildings on another. The tomb or shrine, or whatever it may be called, is opposite to the entrance, and is like nothing but the show-room of a cut-glass manufacturer's shop. Every description of chandelier, of every colour and shape, was there, some hanging from the ceiling, some on upright stands, some for forty or fifty lights, some for two or three, besides glass-work of other descriptions. Almost the only piece of furniture not in one way or another made of or with glass, was a large frame covered with jessamine flowers, which perfumed the whole place. Many of the chandeliers are really very handsome; but what I most coveted were two little filagree gold lamps hanging up in two recesses, both very pretty, and tasteful in design and workmanship. The effect when we went at night to see the whole place, garden and all, illuminated, was really beautiful. The cornices, in fact where ever there was room for the little cups of oil in which the wicks float, inside and out of the quadrangle, and along the street leading to the tomb, were covered with lights. Where there was no place on which to put lights, a bamboo framework was erected, on which were put little earthen

pots, or fragments of cocoa-nut shells, containing oil in which wicks floated. A triumphal arch, constructed of the same light materials, dispensed light to the bystanders, and oil to the passers under it. One could not help wishing an unruly elephant would walk against it. The tumbling over would have been an amusing sight. We drove to the illumination after dinner, in the carriage-and-four, surrounded by the escort of cavalry, and preceded by a lot of running footmen with torches. The whole scene was an enormously exaggerated scene at Astley's, more noise, more glitter, more light, and more crowd, but without the gas. Altogether, I don't know that I ever saw anything gayer or prettier. There is a lofty and handsome gateway on the road between the Residency and this tomb. The name in Hindostanee is rather unpronounceable, but the English residents call it Queen Elizabeth's frill, from the shape of the ornaments at the top, which have some slight resemblance to the points of a frill. It is said to be built after one at Constantinople, but I don't remember any gateway there at all like it.

*Saturday, Feb. 15.*—The prime-minister of Oude came this morning at seven o'clock, to take us to a

shikar party, (*alias* a hunting party), at the king's palace of Heart's Delight, about two miles off. We should think it odd if Lord John had to take all "distinguished foreigners" to the Epping Hunt, or to Ascot Races. Probably Lord John would think so too. Our friend seemed however to take it as a matter of course, and we all sallied forth, we in the Residency carriages, he in a high barouche drawn by four bob-tailed nags, harnessed, and the whole turnout just like the pictures one sees of equipages of the time of George the Third. The minister was dressed in the most unsportsman-like garments I ever saw. A very handsome turban, an embroidered dressing-gown-like robe, beautifully embroidered purple velvet trowsers and patent-leather shoes, with a magnificent sword and sword-belt completing his equipment. He is a good-looking, gentleman-like man, and was excessively civil. We, with an escort of dashing Irregulars, went one road; he, with a tagrag-and-bobtail troop of the king's troops, went by another; we going gently, so as to allow him to arrive a little before us. The palace is, at a distance, somewhat like a French *château*, and is situated in a large enclosure, where a quantity of deer, nylghaus, &c., are allowed to range. The

enclosure is large enough for the animals to be almost wild; in fact the walls are so dilapidated, that they can get out into the open country when they please; not at all, I fancy, to the satisfaction of the neighbouring husbandmen, who however are not much considered in this part of the world. We found the vizier waiting on the steps of the palace, surrounded by a picturesque group of men, holding dogs in leashes, others with hawks on their wrists, and a number of hackeries or small waggons, with chetahs hooded and lying upon them. A quantity of turbaned gentry, destined to assist or to mar the sport, added to the crowd. It rather reminded me of some of Wouverman's pictures. Everybody has heard, or read, of the Indian hunting chetahs, and what we saw in that line was much the same as has been related in every book ever written about India. One chetah only really followed his game, and he certainly looked splendid, as he topped a high wall after a herd of antelopes. Another one missed his aim, and came back at once, quite dispirited at his failure; a third refused to go altogether; and only two deer were caught, a hind and a fawn, neither of which ought properly to have been pursued at all by the chetahs. The fact is, we

were too late on the ground: the antelopes were wide-awake, and would not let the chetahs get near them: if they had not been wide-awake, the noise of the creaking hackeries, and the stupid beaters, who seemed bent on spoiling sport, would, I should have fancied, have been enough to arouse the most unsuspecting of animals. Altogether, I thought the whole affair ill managed. The chetahs seemed, however, thoroughly under control, and we sat on the hackeries cheek by jowl with them, without the least expectation of a bite or a scratch. We "Britishers" thought fit to run after the chetahs once or twice to see the sport, and the minister and his suite, not to be behind-hand in politeness, thought it necessary to run too; it was curious to see the velvet trowsers, and patent-leather shoes, skipping along over the wet grass, and was an excess of politeness on the minister's part, which one could not have expected, and did not particularly want. After the antelope hunt, some lynxes, and a young tiger, which all seemed desperately frightened, were exhibited, and then we had some hawking: a wretched heron which could not fly, some pigeons and partridges, being pecked to pieces for our amusement. The pigeons were the only ones which

almost invariably got away, but a paddy-bird, (a particularly graceful small white crane,) which came foolishly near us, was rescued at our intercession, after showing some good sport, and dodging its pursuers very cleverly. Then came some ram-fights. This was the most singular part of the entertainment. It was the oddest thing possible, to see the way in which the combatants retreated to a distance, till they thought, as it seemed, they would have impetus enough; then the way in which, like knights of old, they rushed to the encounter, coming together in the centre, with a noise like twenty cricket-balls striking twenty bats all at once, and having about as much apparent effect on the stupid beasts' heads. Four or five couple engaged one after the other, and were then led away, apparently none the worse. Some dogs were then let loose after some antelopes which happened to walk across the open space in front. They ran out of sight in a few moments, so we got into our carriages again to return home. The dogs, by the way, were some of them worth looking at, being of a peculiar breed of greyhound, the Rampore breed, very powerful and fierce, smooth skins, and in colour a kind of purple. I was glad to have seen this exhibition, though there



was little or no sport in what we saw and did. The weather to-day was lovely: clear, and except in the sun, quite cool. Except a walk on the house-top, which is made into a terrace, like the South American houses, we all stopped at home until four o'clock, when elephants were brought round, and we went out for a ride through the *choke*, or native town. How to spell "choke" properly I don't know, unless as I have written it, the way it is pronounced. From our howdahs we had ample opportunity for studying the domestic arrangements of the inhabitants, the living-rooms of most of the houses being on the first floor. Most of the houses of the middle or poorer classes are open in front, the front rooms resembling verandahs rather than regular rooms. They are closed in hot or bad weather by means of **blinds**. There seemed to be little furniture. A bedstead or two, a few rugs or mats, and a few pots and pans, constituted the staple of it. In many of the verandahs the owners were seated, idly and listlessly looking on at the scenes passing in the streets. In not a few were good-looking girls, handsomely dressed, and wearing bracelets on the arms and ancles. The characters of these, not fair, but brown dames, would not, I am afraid, bear

close investigation, but were not worse, probably, than those of the majority of the Lucknow ladies, morality being rather at a low ebb among the natives of Oude. In fact the stories we heard, commencing at the palace and continued to any extent, were enough to make one's hair stand on end. The streets seemed unusually crowded, but we were told were not so, the population of (it is said) five hundred thousand constantly circulating through them. In most places there was only just room for the elephants to get along, their great tails whisking into the faces of the passers by or into the shop windows, where if they couldn't break the glass, for the good reason that there was not any, they could and did frequently cause considerable disarrangement of the counter. Sometimes we met an unfortunate equestrian in a narrow place. Horses almost always have a great dislike for elephants, and the consequence was, generally, an immense to-do between the rider and his steed, which generally ended in the animal's bolting up some narrow lane, much to the discomfiture of the rider, and the rubbing of his knees. We made a considerable circuit, coming out close to the king's new palace, an enormous twelfth-cake-like building

covering an immense quantity of ground. At a distance these buildings really look tolerably well, covered with gilding and colours. As to architectural pretensions, they have, of course, none, being something like the Brighton Pavilion run mad; but the general effect is glittering, and unlike anything one ever saw anywhere else; quite unique, as the auctioneers would say. The glimpse we got through the archways (for we were not admitted into it), showed quadrangles laid out as gardens, with statues and fountains. We got home in very good time, after a very pleasant and amusing excursion.



AT ALEXANDRIA.

**END OF VOL. I.**