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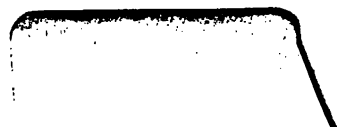
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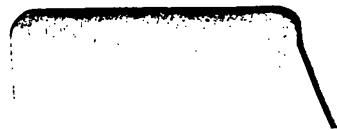
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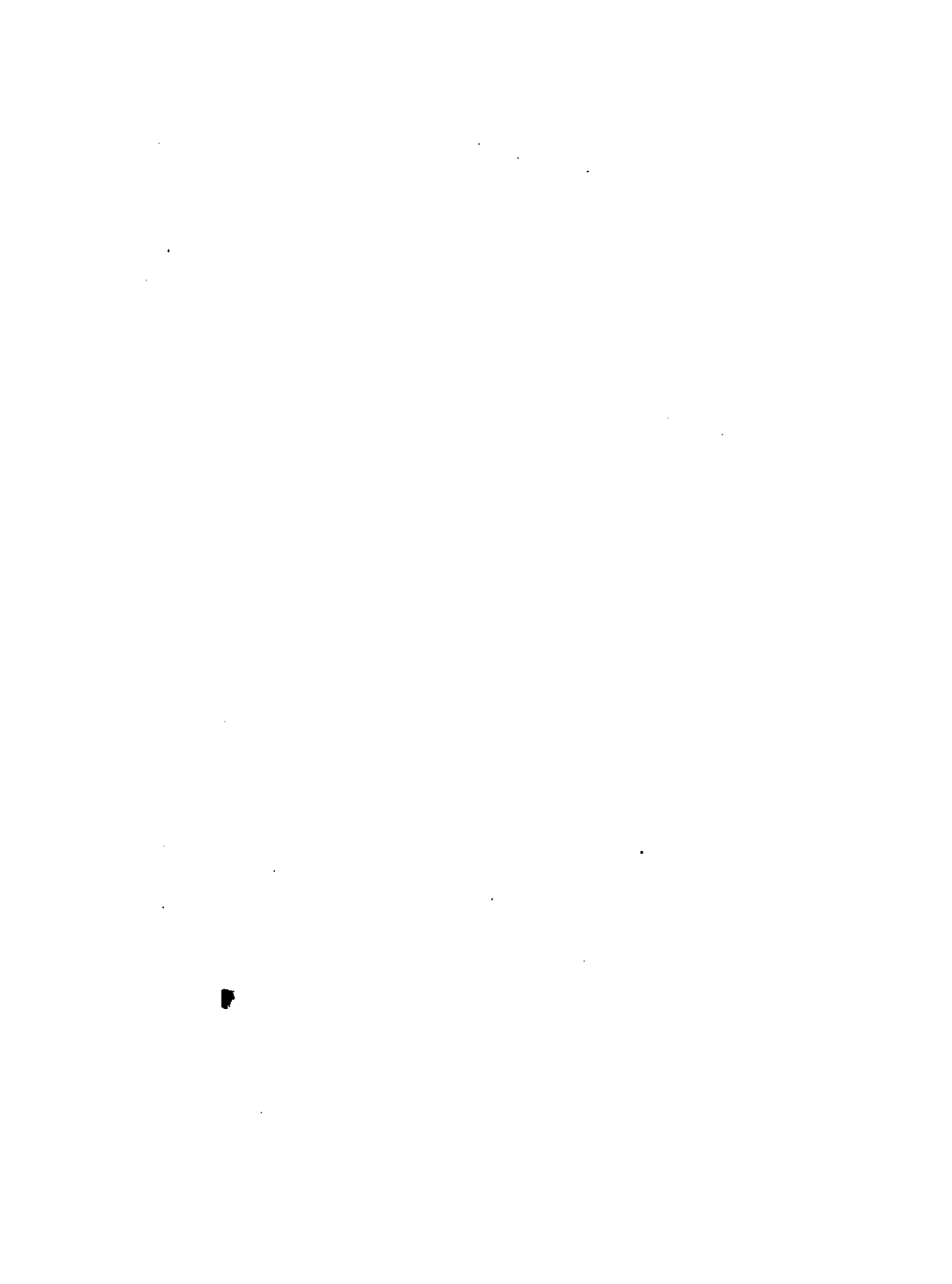












INDIA

THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE

A JOURNEY THROUGH HINDUSTAN

Conducted By

JAMES RICALTON

Author of "China Through the Stereoscope"

Stereographs made by the author

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MAPS

(Bound in booklet inserted in a pocket on the back cover).

- 1 India.
- 2 Environs of Bombay.
- 3 Bombay.
- 4 Cashmere.
- 5 Srinagar.
- 6 Simla.
- 7 Calcutta.
- 8 Benares.
- 9 Agra.
- 10 Delhi.

INTRODUCTION

When our ancestors were yet savages, a Greek historian said that Egypt had more wonders than all the rest of the world. It is true that the country along the banks of the Nile claims the first of the seven wonders of the world, and it may still be said that Egypt possesses greater wonders in the line of architectural achievements than the rest of the world; but the ordinary traveler desires to see something besides monumental achievements in masonry and architecture. When asked, as I have often been, in what country may be seen the greatest number of things to increase one's knowledge and to add to one's pleasure, I have named India. If the traveler wishes to see beautiful architecture in many styles, he will find it in India. If he desires to look upon the grandest mountain scenery the world has to offer, he will find it in the Himalayas, amongst which twenty Switzerlands, side by side, could be hidden away, and Mont Blanc, the highest peak in Europe, would be overtopped some fourteen thousand feet by Mt. Everest and nearly as much by Kinchinjanga. If he wishes to visit a country where princes are very rich and the people are very poor, let him go to India; or if he wishes to be in a country where he can see many types of the human family and hear many languages spoken and witness caste wide-spread and arbitrary, let him go to the great world of the Hindus. If he feels himself to be something of a Nimrod, the fauna will test *his prowess* with the fiercest specimen in the animal

kingdom, the Bengal tiger. If alone to behold what has been termed "a dream in marble," the Taj Mahal, one should go to India; but, besides that matchless structure, India justly claims many of the most beautiful and unique specimens of architecture in any country. Her mosques, her temples, her religious shrines, her tombs and memorial monuments, surpass in number and often in size and magnificence those in other parts of the world. Everywhere in western countries are examples of Gothic, Roman, Greek, Byzantine and Egyptian architecture, but besides these, in Oriental India may be seen Buddhistic, Jaina, Dravidian, Chalukyan, Saracenic, and Indo-Aryan architecture never seen in the westward countries.

India is not only the country of many races, many castes, many languages, much wealth and much poverty; it is the land of many religions and innumerable priests. It is a world of fanaticism and a home of mysticism. Buddhism, Hinduism, Brahmanism, Jainism and countless other isms originated in this strange land. It is the birthplace of pestilence. It is the country of the fiercest animals and the most venomous serpents. Is it not then a true wonderland and a land of all the world in which to see and learn?

Throughout the vast empire pastoral scenes are novel and strange. Instead of fields of western cereal grains, the traveler sees poppy and paddy fields, and fields of indigo and jute. Palm, tea, and cocoa plantations are new features in the landscape. The flora *is rich and varied*, but most trees and shrubs and

flowers are strangers, except to the botanist. The herds of the fields are strange, embracing specimens previously known only in zoölogical gardens. I mention these things as hints of the many strange and wonderful things to be seen in the great peninsular world of Hindustan. When Pausanias said that Egypt had more wonders than all the rest of the world, he probably knew little of India, and had in mind the Pyramids and the tombs and temples of the land of the Nile. None will claim for India, even in her golden days, the culture of Greece and Rome, but, at the present time, few if any portions of the globe possess a fuller and richer field for the intelligent traveler in pursuit of knowledge, pleasure, or adventure.

Few are able, personally, to visit that teeming world-empire; but it is now becoming well-known, that, next to real travel and personal observation, the stereographic itinerary affords a most realistic, permanent, and pleasurable alternative. It is not exaggeration to state that I am frequently meeting those who have acquired a fuller and more accurate knowledge of places and things in foreign countries by means of stereographs accompanied by special maps and guide books, than I myself possess after visiting the places and seeing those things on repeated occasions. Ocular observation undoubtedly possesses advantages over stereoscopic, so also the latter has points of advantage over the former:— foreign countries are visited always at great expense, and often under con-

ditions of considerable discomfort. Many wonderful things in India, when seen in reality, are often in a debilitating temperature, and under liabilities to pestilential maladies, while, when seen through the stereoscope, the expense is a trifle; there is no exposure to pestilence; you are among the comforts of home; it is wonderland you reach directly from the fireside. Besides, there is often a witchery and a charm in stereoscopic scenes not found in the real presence of places and things.*

I have been appointed to serve as personal guide for those who are to make this stereoscopic itinerary through the great and wondrous Hindu country—the land to which I have referred as containing so much of unusual interest for the student and the traveler.† Our sight-seeing journey will be confined to one hundred places. This is regrettable, but we could not see all of India even by visiting a thousand places, much less a hundred; neither can a student possess all information by taking a course in college. But we can gain some knowledge from a hundred points of view, and, what is more important, a desire to learn more. To make the most of travel, whether real or stereoscopic, the traveler must be a keen, careful, and intelligent observer. He cannot be apathetic; he

* As to the great possibilities of the stereograph I would refer the reader to some very interesting literature on the subject issued by the publishers of this tour. It will be sent free on request.

† *Publishers' Note.*—Mr. Ricalton has personally made several long visits to India, traveling all over the country from north to south and from west to east. He probably knows the land and its life far more intimately than any other American traveler. He himself visited each place and made the stereographs which are used in this journey, and so has a direct, first-hand acquaintance with all the sights of which he speaks in the following pages.

must be alert, enthusiastic, persistent, insatiable in his desire to see and know.

In topographical studies, the points of the compass should always be determined. How often, after entering a strange city in the night and for the first time, I have discovered in the morning the sun rising at the most absurd point of the compass. This is bewildering and a positive hindrance to a correct knowledge of locality. The disarranged compass will refuse to be adjusted and one's ideas of places and direction will thereafter remain forever erroneous. This is true also of stereographic travel. In topographic subjects, direction must be understood. A mistaken direction in travel often results disastrously. I once remained three days and three nights in a Californian jungle twenty-five miles from any habitation and without food, because I lost direction; so the stereo-itinerant may be twenty-five miles from topographic truth and accuracy, unless he conforms his vision, and adjusts his position, to the points of the compass. To enable him to do this, an excellent system of patent map diagrams, to which frequent reference should be made, accompanies this book.

With this brief foreword, we are ready to go over broad seas to the land of theosophy, the birth-place of religions, the home of the magician, the land where fair women are hidden from view, the land which, as I hope we shall learn on our journey, surpasses all other parts of the world in both natural and artificial wonders.

JAMES RICALTON.

Instructions

1. Experiment with the sliding rack which holds the stereograph until you find the distance which best suits the focus of your own eyes. This distance varies greatly with different people.
2. Have a strong, steady light on the stereograph. Take care that the face of it is not in shadow. It is a good plan to sit with the back toward the window or lamp, letting the light fall over one shoulder directly on the face of the stereograph.
3. Hold the stereograph with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The less you are conscious of things close about you, the more strong will be your feeling of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.
4. Think definitely, while you have your face in the hood, just where your position is, as learned from the maps and explanatory text. Recall your surroundings to mind—i. e., think what is behind you; what lies off at the right; at the left. You will find yourself richly repaid for the effort by the fuller "real"-ness of each outlook.
5. Do not hurry. Take plenty of time to see what is before you. Notice all the little details— or, rather notice as many as you can each time; you will be surprised to find, the next time you look at the same place, how many things you had failed to notice at first.

SEEING INDIA

Some one has said, that, to read a book without first reading the preface is just as improper as to enter a house without rapping at the door. It is presumed therefore that you have read the preface wherein I have set forth as succinctly as possible some of the numerous attractions in the great country over which we are now to make our way. In "The Story of India," (page 338), and other chapters on the land and the people (pages 327, 356), other facts are given that will add much to the absorbing interest of our journey over the "Gorgeous East," the home of one-fifth of the population of the globe.

India is a land of fable and fiction; but at all places we shall find constantly recurring evidence that fact is stranger than fiction. We shall see a universal struggle for a miserable existence, and curious customs, curious costumes, and often next to no costumes at all. We shall be amongst a medley of races speaking more than a hundred different languages. We shall learn how much England has done to improve the condition of this oriental world of many races, tribes, languages and religions. We shall be the western descendants meeting the eastern descendants of a common, but remote ancestry—the Aryans. We shall be constantly in the midst of and passing through a new and strange flora and fauna, and different aspects of agriculture. In the midst of so much that is strange and unseen and unknown, you are likely to become a persistent catechist, and a persistent and intelligent catechism is the high road to knowledge. In our journey over this mystic wonderland, I shall endeavor to

anticipate your questions and answer them to the best of my ability.

We shall approach the land over which we are to wander, as most travelers do, at the port of Bombay. The Portuguese were early expansionists and acquired territory in Hindustan in the sixteenth century. There are few harbors on the coast of this Hindu land, and, when the Portuguese found this ample bay and shelter, they very naturally called it *Boa Bahia* (good bay or harbor), which name was gradually changed to Bombay after the English occupation in the seventeenth century. The island bounding the "good bay" on the sea-side took the name of Good Bay Island, and the town founded thereon the same name. Now the town of Good Bay has become the second city in the British Empire with a population of about nine hundred thousand. If it be our first glimpse of Oriental life, many strange scenes will meet our gaze.

If we have not forgotten what we gained of geographical knowledge at school, we may remember that Bombay is situated about midway between the northern and southern limits of the peninsula, on the western coast and about nineteen degrees north of the equator. Consult our general map of Hindustan (Map 1) and verify this; it is worth the trouble. Next, having the locality clearly in mind, turn to Map 2, which shows the city of Bombay by itself. In its insular situation, Bombay has sometimes been likened to New York, the island extending north and south, and corresponding in length and width to Manhattan. The Arabian Sea laves its western exposure, while the eastern front borders the spacious bay and harbor, in which vessels anchor, and from which the landing is made. See also Map 3.

The first standpoint we are to take is marked with a red-encircled figure 1, in the town, nearly west of the landing-place. In order to reach it a traveler must first pass the usual custom-house formalities; then he gazes about with a sense of bewilderment at the queer Oriental aspect of things. The people of the lower classes munch a substitute for tobacco which gives a blood-red expectoration; it is a combination of palm-nut, betel-leaf, and lime, and is used over the whole eastern world. Bayard Taylor says, in one of his writings, that when he first landed in Bombay he thought that most people had hemorrhage. If it be towards evening, there may appear, winding through the streets, milch cows after a new fashion—great, shapeless, lop-horned water buffaloes. The cawing of numberless rooks greets the ear; dark faces are seen everywhere, save an occasional “red-neck,” as the Boers were wont to call the Englishmen. After a long sea voyage land odors are grateful, and a short walk enables one to recover his “land-legs,” but he soon becomes conscious of vibrating tropical heat, followed by increasing perspiration and decreasing energy.

Our first position, which we have just located, is to be on a tall tower from which we can get an extensive outlook over the southern section of Bombay, though much of the city will lie behind us. Notice particularly the direction and length of the two red lines which diverge from the encircled 1, for they include between them precisely the part of the city which we shall find spread out before us when we take our first stand in Bombay. The directions of the diverging lines tell that we shall be facing south. The map promises that certain large buildings quite near our

standpoint will be included in our field of vision, and that we shall look beyond them out to sea.

Now we are ready to take our first position in India.

Position 1. Over University and Secretariat, south from Rajabai Tower, Bombay

Here we are on another continent. Remembering that we are looking south, we understand, of course, that the greater part of India's vast area is at our left reaching far towards both north and south; that Europe is far off behind us at our right; and that our faces are turned toward the great Indian Ocean, though the Arabian Sea stretches immediately before us.

Should we sail away from this city in the direction towards which we are looking, we would pass along the Malabar coast, and at a point about eight hundred miles southward, we would reach Minicoy Island (see Map 1), situated between the Laccadive and Maldive groups and about two hundred miles westward of Colombo. I mention this small island, because most travelers to the eastward by the way of Colombo are cheered by a glimpse of this first land after a rather long sea voyage from Aden. To our right hand, towards the west and southwest, an unbroken expanse of water extends to the coast of Africa, fifteen hundred miles away; to our left and eastward for less than one mile, the city of Bombay extends to the harbor. The European city much as it appears before us, showing elegant public and commercial buildings, continues northward (behind us) for one mile, where the native city joins with the European—

there we shall take our next position to see what is claimed to be the finest railway station in the world.

Again turning to what is before us, the extreme southern end of the island forms a narrow peninsula a little to the right and out of our line of vision and two and a half miles distant. On that extreme point of land, called Colaba, are located a lighthouse, observatory, hospital and military barracks. European steamships reach Bombay from the west (right). A ship crosses beyond our line of view eastward about four miles from this point; then she swings northward and anchors in the "good harbor," directly to our left about one mile away.

A little to our left, one mile distant, is the terminus of the Bombay, Baroda and Central Indian Railway. Dimly we can see now in the distance the Dolphin Light on a small island. Back Bay, an arm of the sea, is only two hundred yards to our right; this bay is two miles wide and on its farther shore rises Malabar Hill, the highest land near Bombay, one hundred and eighty feet. It is the most popular suburb of Bombay, and is well taken up with beautiful homes. Between us and Back Bay on our right is a public resort or common, one-half mile long and two hundred yards wide, called the Esplanade. Here on certain days, notwithstanding the oppressive heat, both natives and Europeans engage in all sports and games of the day. Beyond the Esplanade, and between the railway line and the beach, often may be seen great numbers of tents occupied by families who have been compelled to flee from their homes in parts of the city where the plague has made its appearance.

The building with the square towers is greater and more imposing than it appears to be from our ele-

vated position, its frontage on Mayo Road to the right being four hundred and forty three feet and each wing being over eighty feet in width. This great pile, stately in appearance and stately in its use, is what the English call the Presidential Secretariat, a Government office building, containing private rooms for the Governor, committee rooms, offices of the Judicial, Revenue and Military Departments. The roof and towers of another fine structure, upon which we look down, tell something of the elevation of our view point on this Rajabai tower, the full height of which is two hundred and sixty feet. That building, which seems to crouch beneath our high perch, is University Hall, a fine edifice in the ornate French style of architecture, and sometimes called Cowasjee Hall after Cowasjee Jehangir, a wealthy Parsee, who contributed generously towards the cost of erection. The clock-tower on which we stand is an adjunct of the University and library, a grand pile in fourteenth century Gothic style.

Beyond the Secretariat, a little to the right, we see a fine modern structure, scarcely completed, which represents the department of public works; and still farther away we can see towering factory chimneys which indicate up-to-date progress in the industries. Beyond the Secretariat too a street leads to the left in the direction of those high white buildings in the distance, and to the harbor only a hundred yards farther away; there we should find a delightful water-front called the Apollo Bunder, where the heat-oppressed Bombayites flock at sunset to quaff the grateful sea breezes. Near the Apollo Bunder is a commodious building, and across the plaza from the club, recently completed, a many-storied hotel. Could we

turn and look northward over other buildings, we should see a noble structure for the Courts of Justice, much longer than the Presidential Secretariat, and the Post and Telegraph Buildings, the Town Hall and many others. The public buildings here in Bombay surpass in elegance those of Calcutta, and compare favorably with those of any city in the world.

With this survey of the busy Parsee city from the Rajabai Tower, we may descend and pass northward along the bustling Hornby Road to the Victoria Terminus of the great Indian Peninsular Railway to see what has been called by many, and not without reason, the finest railway station in the world. Consult the Bombay map and see where Position 2 is marked in red, northeast of Position 1. The slant of the red lines which diverge from the figure 2 shows that we shall be facing about northeast but that we shall not see to so long a distance as before.

Position 2. The most magnificent railway station in the world—Bombay

Since leaving the Rajabai Tower, we have traveled less than a mile in a northeasterly direction and we are still looking in that direction with the Tower and the neighboring buildings off behind us. Our attention is divided between a droll vehicle and a vast structure which cost one and one-half millions of dollars, and that in a country where labor costs next to nothing. Railway stations are often large and sometimes commodious, but seldom if ever have we seen one so rich in ornamentation, carved in solid stone. The architecture is Italian Gothic, effectively modified in parts

by the Oriental. It is probably the finest building in Bombay and is one of which the people are justly proud. The internal arrangements are convenient, and, being the terminus of one of the great trunk lines of India where many trains arrive and depart daily, it always presents interesting scenes of jostling activity. Beyond this point the black town or native part of the city begins; but it must not be supposed that the beginning of the native section implies a line of demarcation between fine buildings and shanties, for one would find in the native quarter many wealthy business-houses as well as elegant private residences. At the same time no city is without its poor and the squalor which usually accompanies poverty. Bombay has prolific breeding places for most dangerous germs, and one is sure to think of this when he wanders into squalid by-ways.

On the opposite side of the street to our left is the Bombay Municipal Building, not quite in view, but it is a magnificent Gothic pile in stone with a dome and tower two hundred and fifty-five feet high, with a statue which typifies Bombay's claims to urban supremacy in the inscription *Urbs prima in Indis*.

Even from the two positions which we have occupied, we may infer that there is reason for the pride her people have in her public buildings. Eighteen years ago, during my first visit here, I visited a public school, the building of which was the most ornate educational structure I had ever seen in any country; the same structure has now been put to another use on account of its unsuitable situation.

Although we have not time to visit them, it is worth while to mention some of the many admirable institutions in Bombay, if for no other reason than to con-

vince many of their error who believe (as I once believed) that India, being a heathen land to which we send missionaries, has little of the progress and civilized conditions of western countries. I might add another reason:— viz., to show those, especially in America, who are wont to sneer at England's wonderful expansion and benevolent colonization as "world-grabbing," and "territorial greed," what English colonization means; and what is true of Bombay is true of other cities and countries under English rule. Therefore, I mention a few of the educational and benevolent institutions here: — Elphinstone College, a splendid school largely endowed by a wealthy Parsee; the New Elphinstone High School, the object of which is to furnish a high-class and liberal education up to the University standard at fees within the means of the middle classes; St. Xavier College; Wilson College, the largest college for natives in Western India; Alexander College for Parsee ladies; two High Schools for girls; the Mission High School; the School of Art, and many other less noted but excellent schools. Among well-equipped and well-maintained charitable institutions, are:— the Royal Alfred Sailors' Home; the European General Hospital; the St. George Hospital; the Pestonji Kama Hospital; the Gokaldas Hospital; the Jamshidji Hospital; the Grand Medical College; the Jamshidji Jijibhai's Parsee Benevolent Institution; the Jamshidji Dharmsala; the Parsee Dharm-sala; the Bombay Asiatic Society; the Anthropological Society; the Natural History Society, and all other institutions and organizations any western city can claim.

The most curious among the benevolent institutions is an asylum for sick and disabled animals of all kinds.

It is in the heart of the native city only about a mile northwest (left) from where we stand. It is called the Pinjrapol. It covers several acres and has departments for aged and infirm cattle and a department for goats, sheep and asses; another section is set apart for buffaloes, still another for dogs and cats. All these dumb animals are fed and well cared for. Some may question the wisdom of bestowing so much of human kindness on dumb animals. To relieve suffering is always noble and to practise kindness is to cultivate the human heart. A Buddhist priest once told me that the greatest defect in the teaching of Christ is that it nowhere inculcates due consideration for the lower animals. I had a neighbor once, a nominal Christian, often leading in prayer at church, who nailed a living crow to a stake in his field to serve as a scare-crow; when charged with cruelty, he said he wished to torture it for the depredations it had committed in his fields. This man worshipped at the Cross of Christ; he erected a cross and on it crucified an innocent and unreasoning fellow-creature! I could not but recall what the Buddhist priest had told me. The old definition for Deity, viz.:— "God is love," altered only in phrase would be—Kindness is God. Kindness is the greatest moral power in the universe, and the Pinjrapol should be regarded as a noble institution.

Churches and elegant temples abound here and one almost wonders where heathendom comes in. It is here, as it is everywhere, but in truth, vice is neither so common nor so bold here as in the homelands of the missionary.

Coming back again to the sights directly before us, we see close by a droll vehicle, which some call an "ekka" and others a "herdic." It is curious that the term

herdic should find application in the remote Orient. English dictionaries tell us that a herdic is a two or four-wheeled vehicle with an entrance behind and invented by one Peter Herdic; here then is a Bombay "herdic," or a Himalayan "ekka," which is a similar sort of two-wheeled conveyance used in the Himalayas. But it may well be doubted, whether Peter Herdic constructed any such canopy as here shelters the driver and the least sun-stroking portion of his bovine steeds. The canopy for protection from the sun, and the long ungraceful, shirt-like tunics worn by all we see on the streets, remind us that real travel in India is hotter than stereoscopic! Those jaunty little zebu bullocks do not mind the heat; they are valuable servants of man in every part of the East; here they are doing the service of carriage horses. At the corner of the station we see others drawing a transportation cart; sometimes one might see them trotting through the highways before a sort of sulky. They are capable of twenty miles a day and are less expensive than horses. (I once bought a superannuated specimen for a dollar and a half, to be used as an alluring bait to coax a leopard from his hiding place. Cruel, you say? Yes, hunters must be cruel sometimes or they must cease to be hunters.) You can see that the coachman, or herdic-man is perched well forward; this is necessary because, instead of using a whip as most drivers do, to correct disinclination to move with sufficient speed, the bullock-driver delivers a quick and effective twist of a delinquent animal's tail according to requirements.

I have already had occasion to refer to a race of people in Bombay noted for integrity, enterprise and

benevolence. Our next position will be a short distance westward from our first, and on the sea-beach of Back Bay where we may see and learn something of a people possessing those rare oriental qualities—I mean integrity, enterprise, and benevolence. Be sure to find this third position on the western shore line of the city. We are to face eastward.

***Position 3. Parsees worshipping the new moon—
view east to B. B. & C. I. Railway, Bombay***

We are here placed in rather an unusual position—out in the bay at low tide. The water is still ebbing; we see the ripple marks on the soft bottom, and pools of water had to be avoided in reaching this place. We have come so far out in order to reach a place beyond the foremost of all the people scattered over this muddy beach. We have our backs to the west where the new moon is in the sky. These men in long white robes are Parsees who are here to worship the new moon; they worship also the sun, the earth and the sea—or rather it would be more correct to say that they worship, not these things in themselves, but as the grandest symbols of the Infinite. They are too intelligent a people to worship these things except as manifestations of the Unknowable. Some people like to pray on house-tops, and others in solitude. We see then why some of these worshippers have come far out to be away from the multitude and near to the retreating sea. I cannot but admire their choice of Deity symbols—fire, water, the sun, the moon, the earth, the sea. They are sometimes called fire-worshippers; but this characterization the Parsees do not accept as a symbol, the same as a Christian re-

gards the cross as a symbol. Could they reverence grander symbols?

Each of the two men near us holds a prayer-book; one is reading; the gaze of the other is towards the thin crescent in the west behind us. Other worshippers are scattered over the muddy surface of the beach; some remain at the causeway. At this moment there are only a few; sometimes this entire sea-front is lined.

But you will say, who are the Parsees, and what is their religion? Well, briefly told, they are descendants of the ancient Persians or Iranians. The ancient Persians or Iranians, like other ancient peoples, and modern people, too, for that matter, had a great religious teacher or expounder called Zoroaster; and the teachings of that great religious leader were compiled into a Zoroastrian Bible called the Avesta, or Zend-Avesta. Very little is known about the personality of this Persian philosopher; some authorities claim he lived a thousand years B. C. and others place him back to 6,000 B. C.; but more recent and more credible writers place his time at 600 B. C. So little is really known about him that some have been led to believe the name to be mythical. He undoubtedly was an historic teacher, and his birthplace was in some part of Persia. The Zend-Avesta is better known than its author, and its teachings are in many respects, excellent.

S. A. Kajadia, author of *The Teachings of Zoroaster* and *The Philosophy of the Parsi Religion*, says:—
“Ancient as the Zoroastrian religion is, no more comprehensive, lucid and intelligible definition of the Great Creative Cause can be found in any religious books of the modern religions. It is worthy of note

that Milton, who wrote nearly twenty-five hundred years after Zoroaster, had grasped the true spirit of the Zoroastrian ideal of God.

Unspeakable who sit'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works, yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine."

About 640 B. C. there was an Arab invasion and conquest of Persia, when Zoroastrianism, which had swayed Iran for centuries, was crushed before the militant and aggressive faith of Islam. Many Iranians involuntarily transferred their allegiance to the Crescent and adopted the faith of their conquerors; a few, however, unwilling to embrace the new religion or to suffer the ban of persecution, fled eastward to different parts of India, the greater number to Bombay here, where they are now called Parsees after the name of a province in Persia, called Pars, whence they originally came.

A religion which has produced the characteristics of the Parsees cannot be devoid of moral power and excellence. Bombay contains about ninety thousand of these Iranian refugees; their ancient fatherland probably contains an equal number. We see then a remnant of this noble race, pursued and persecuted, almost extinguished, by the fanaticism of Islam; this scarcely seems like a survival of the fittest. These men before us are followers of Zoroaster, worshipping after their ancient fashion the natural elements which typify the Ahura Mazda (The All-Knowing Lord). You will observe their rational and cool attire for a hot climate.

these worshippers we see a very curious sort of
—an irregular cylinder of card-board, covered with

oil-cloth and flattened and open at the top. It is impossible to account for the various irregularities and convolutions of the Parsees' head gear. I wish, however, you could see the exquisitely beautiful personal attire of Parsee ladies which consists of a light robe of thin white silk, extending from the head to the feet in a graceful flow which would put to ridicule the stiff and ungraceful European styles.

In connection with our first and second positions, reference was made to the elegance of public buildings; do not fail to observe another example in the highly ornate building near the bay in the distance (east). It is the office building of the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway. We can see a portion of the railway station at the extreme left. It is called Church Gate Station; it is from there that a traveler makes his departure for the north of India.

Consult the Bombay city map again. When we stood at Position 3 Malabar Hill was behind us and a little towards our left. Thither we proceed for our next position, to visit a strange institution belonging to the people we have been considering. To reach it we pass the railway station which we saw on the shore, turn to the left around the northern end of the bay, ascend an elevation of about two hundred feet, and at the top of that ascend a flight of stone steps. There we shall be at the point marked 4, before the world-famed Tower of Silence, the place where the Parsees dispose of their dead, according to an ancient usage ordained by Zoroaster, the great prophet of Iran. The red lines show that we shall face northeast.

Position 4. Tower of Silence, where vultures devour the Parsee dead—Malabar Hill, Bombay

We are looking a little north of east, in the direction of the native quarter of Bombay; the European part lies a few degrees to our right. The flight of eighty stone steps by which the Tower is reached is on the other side, a little to the right of the Tower. We can see quite distinctly a line of waiting vultures on top of the wall, and one huge bird soaring in mid-air. We can easily imagine that circling corpse-eater to be a sentinel, watching for the approach of a slow-moving funeral procession.

The philosophy of Zoroaster looks with horror on the defilement of Mother Earth by the interment of bodies therein. Earth, water, and fire are sacred, and a dead body is the most repugnant form of uncleanness; therefore, the true disciple of the Persian Prophet must dispose of the dead by some of Nature's methods. Corpses cannot be burned in the fire, nor buried in the earth, nor put into the water; this "Tower of Silence" provides a method of disposal. It consists of a great building twenty-five feet high and two hundred seventy-six feet in circumference. As you see it yonder on the hill it resembles an old-fashioned fort without port-holes. The interior is somewhat elevated and arranged in three concentric tiers sloping downward towards a great well in the center, five feet in diameter. The tiers contain shallow troughs in which bodies are placed. Channels extend from the troughs to the well in the center.

The bodies placed in those spaces are devoured by what the Parsees call heaven-sent birds, we call them vultures. You see them perched around the top of the wall awaiting the arrival of a body. By waiting

here a short time we might witness, first an agitation among the vultures, then a sudden darting downward into the interior; this would mean the beginning of their gruesome repast. In an hour a body is stripped of flesh. The bones are allowed to remain till thoroughly dried in the hot sun; escaping liquids from the body are conveyed in channels to the well where they pass through beds of charcoal in which they are deodorized and disinfected, and thus prepared to mingle with the water of the sea without polluting the sacred element. After the bones have been well dried in the hot sun, they are removed by tongs into the well in the center of the Tower.

Dead bodies when brought here are wrapped in white cerements, and borne to the Tower of Silence on biers carried by four professional carriers. A good road has been made at the expense of a wealthy Parsee from the city to the Tower, and several times a day may be seen a funeral procession, moving along the road towards Malabar Hill. The four carriers are followed closely by two venerable priests, and behind them come relatives and friends. On reaching these grounds, the body is taken to what we would call a chapel, where prayers are offered, after which the bearers with the priests proceed to the Tower where the funeral garments are removed and the nude body is placed in one of the trough-like cavities. As soon as the carriers and priests withdraw, the hungry vultures swoop down in great numbers. The priests and carriers wear garments for the occasion, which are afterwards taken to a disinfecting place on the grounds and thoroughly cleansed. The handling of the body and bones is done with tongs. Parsees respect the dead, but regard a corpse as most unclean;

the carriers on account of their ignoble work are social outcasts.

I have already mentioned the commercial honor, the benevolence and high-minded qualities of these people; in the matter of cleanliness and sanitation we see how strict are the rules handed down from the ancient days. In this connection, it is worthy of observation that, during the many and disastrous visitations of plague in Bombay, the Parsees have entirely escaped.

By securing a permit from the office of the society, called the Panchayat, a person may visit the Towers of Silence. I say Towers, because there are several within the same grounds, generally spoken of collectively as the "Tower of Silence." No visitor, however, is allowed to enter a tower. The grounds embrace many acres and afford a quiet retreat, beautified by trees, flowers, and flowering shrubbery, and commanding a charming view of Bombay and the sea. It is indeed a suitable retreat in which to meditate on the departed dead; of course, to us who are not accustomed to the Persian disposition of the dead, our meditations would be disturbed by intruding thoughts of voracious birds. Eliminating custom and sentiment, and exercising philosophy, there is little to choose between grave-worms and vultures.

You will naturally wonder why our position is so distant from the Tower. I will tell you. The rules of the society are very strict. As I have said, no person is allowed to enter the Tower; even the Prince of Wales was allowed to see only a model of the interior plan. The rules are even more strict in regard to photographing the Tower. I presented to the Panchayat letters from the U. S. Consul asking for this privilege; but the request was firmly though courte-

ously refused; therefore, the only possibility lay in finding a place outside the grounds from which stereographs could be made. I made a complete circuit of the entire area, under great difficulties. Walls and brushwood intervene on all sides. This was the only position outside the grounds from which I could obtain even this partial disclosure of the Tower.

Having now seen something of the Parsee and ancient Persian method of disposing of the dead, we shall return to the city. The route is along a street which follows the beach of Back Bay; when within a half mile of Church Gate station, a European cemetery is passed, then a Mohammedan burial place, and near by, on the same street, is the Hindus' burning place, the last-named showing the Hindu method of disposing of their dead. There we are to take our next position. It will be found interesting to trace the described route on our Bombay city map. The fifth standpoint is marked in red in the usual manner, though we are to have a more limited range of view.

Position 5. Hindu burning place (south), near Malabar Hill—cremating the dead, Bombay

We are facing once more southwards toward the lower end of the city island and the open sea beyond. Back Bay is off at our right.

It is quite curious that on returning from the Towers of Silence one should incidentally pass, first a European cemetery where earth-burial is practised, then a Mohammedan burial ground where the dead are also interred, and, following this reach this burning-place of the Hindus, where the dead are cremated. The Hindus believe that fire, instead of being defiled by dead

bodies as the Parsees hold, is the consumer of all impurity, and that things impure are quite neutralized by it. In brief, the Parsees believe that the vultures are the best neutralizers of corruption; most Europeans and Mohammedans believe that earth is the best purifier; the Hindus choose fire; while the Egyptians, in ancient days, often embalmed their dead. Which is best; who can tell?

But we are here to witness the process of consuming the dead by fire instead of by vultures. We are looking south towards the Rajabai Tower (Position 1), which is only one mile distant. Outside this enclosure to the right, by the gate on the street, a visitor receives a first shock when he sees load after load of wood brought to the gate on bullock-carts. . . . I mean when one is not accustomed to any kind of cremation and first realizes that so much cord-wood is to be consumed in burning human bodies. We see at once that this burning-place is of the ancient type, a funeral pyre and not a modernized crematory. The grounds are not beautified as are those about the Tower of Silence; here is only a long open space with a high board fence on one side, and a line of sheds on the other filled with benches for the use of friends attending the burning of bodies. We see eight or ten burning-places, each place being indicated by a square screen which is placed to prevent the wind from making an uneven combustion. There are as many burning places as there are wind-screens.

At my request one screen has been removed to show the pile which is beginning to burn. In this place the wood and the body are placed in an iron grate with upright supports. If you look closely, you may see the feet of the body with several layers of wood beneath,

and one above. In many burning places no iron frames are used; instead, a trough-like cavity in the earth is dug to receive the ashes. Several tiers of wood are placed over this opening in the earth; upon these the body is placed; over the body there is then placed another tier of wood; but the amount of wood is not always the same. Often poor people cannot afford a sufficient amount of wood to consume the body entirely, when portions are left to be devoured by jackals and vultures; and often the vicinity of burning places is strewn with bones and skulls.

We can see partially, on the right, a table surrounded by benches. When bodies reach the burning-place they are deposited on that table for the removal of funeral coverings, after which they are bathed in that tank to the left. It is not unlikely that the tank contains a small portion of water from the sacred Ganges. When Hindus are expected to die they are often carried many miles to the banks of that sacred river; for to die there is a sure passport to heaven. When the Ganges cannot be reached, sometimes portions of a body not consumed in the burning are taken or sent to be thrown into the stream, whose waters ensure salvation. Often before the fire is kindled, the head is sprinkled with Ganges water and smeared with Ganges mud.

When all the preliminary rites have been performed, some relative of the deceased, with a brand in his hand, invokes by name the holy places, saying:—"May the gods with flaming mouths burn this corpse!" Then, after passing three times around the pile, he stops with his face towards the south, and, stooping on one knee, applies the fire to the pile at the head, while the attending priest repeats this prayer:—"Fire! thou wert lighted by him, may he, therefore, be re-

produced from thee, that he may attain the regions of celestial bliss. May this offering be auspicious." When the body has been reduced to ashes, the priests in attendance sometimes recite the following texts.—

"Foolish is he who seeks permanence in the human state; unsolid, like the stem of the plantain tree; transient, like the foam of the sea.

"When a body formed of five elements, to receive the reward of deeds done in its own former person reverts to its five original elements, what room is there for regret?

"The earth is perishable; the ocean, the gods themselves, pass away; how should not that bubble, mortal man, meet destruction?

"All that is low must finally perish; all that is high must ultimately fall; all compound bodies must end in dissolution, and life is concluded with death.

"Unwillingly do the remains of the deceased taste the tears shed by their kinsman; then do not wail, but diligently perform the obsequies of the dead."

The fire used in kindling the pile must not be from any other pile nor from an unworthy source. Each mourner, before returning to the home of the deceased, touches fire while the priest recites:—

"May fire grant us happiness!"*

There is much that is repugnant in the burning of bodies, as practised here, yet the funeral pyre has been common to many countries in all ages, and we see how people differ as to the best mode of disposing of the dead, as they do on many other subjects. Men are cast in different moulds and cannot always harmonize in

* See *Modern Hinduism* by W. J. Wilkins.

thought; a lack of absolute knowledge results in speculation, and a dread of the unknown often compels reason to abdicate.

We will not be loth to leave this gruesome place and find our way back to the Ballard Pier where we first came ashore. From thence a sailing boat would take us eastward over the bay to a famous island six miles from Bombay, called Elephanta. Our next position is before a famous landmark on that island. Consult Map 2, "Bombay and Environs."

Position 6. Drunken dance of the eight-armed divinity Shiva, rock-hewn Temple, Elephanta

This island of Elephanta where we stand is a formation of trap rock six miles in circumference, some points of which are more than five thousand feet above the bay. When first visited by the Portuguese, they found near this temple a huge stone elephant, which quite naturally gave the name to the island. Many years ago, the head fell from the monolithic elephant and in 1864 it was placed in the Victoria Gardens in Bombay. The island is covered with tropical vegetation. Landing is made at a long pier on the north-west side; we reach the temple on a bluff above, by a flight of over one hundred steps. Luxuriant trees behind us overshadow the front, and the dark trap rock above the entrance is festooned with tropical creepers; the front of the over-hanging rock is supported by a number of pillars, or columns, similar to those before us. In this position we are between the first and second tiers of supports. The upper portions of these supports are cylindrical and delicately grooved, and are therefore columnar in form, while the lower parts

are square and may be called pillars. We are standing in the narrow entrance; beyond the tiers of pillars on our left the full length of the main space is one hundred and thirty by one hundred and twenty-three feet, while the height from the floor to the ceiling is from twelve to fifteen feet.

The most wonderful thing about this cave or temple is that it has been chiseled from the solid trap mountain without modern appliances. This is true of all cave shrines and it is said there are one thousand in India. While the sculptures are beautiful, the amount of labor required is incomprehensible. There are in all twenty-six of these finely formed columns and sixteen pilasters, and the wall-panels in every part are decorated with allegorical carving—one of them we see at the end of the space we occupy.

Most of the cave temple shrines in India are either Buddhist or Brahminical; these are Brahminical and mostly in honor of Shiva, the third in the order of the Hindu triad*—Shiva the destroyer; and it would seem that Shiva the destroyer is so bent on destruction that he has not spared his own lithic representative, which you see on the wall. The figure we see beyond is that of Shiva engaged in a mad dance, a sort of a dervish affair which he is said to engage in at eventide, attended by a retinue of demons. In all other parts of the cave we find other religious representations of Hindu divinities, amongst which Shiva appears to be most revered.

The time at which these rock-temples were made is not known; it is supposed to have been seven or eight red years ago. It is believed, that, although the is performed the vast work, Greeks and Bac-

the chapter on Hinduism, page 362.

trians had something to do with the design and ornamentation. Many natives do not believe they are of human construction at all, the work being too gigantic for the hand of man. It is said by some writers that the early Portuguese settlers are responsible for their destruction—that they amused themselves by firing cannon into the caves; but this is not probable. The trap formation is always full of fissures and grows fragmentary when exposed, and maybe no human agency is chargeable with the destruction.

Although Shiva is the destroyer, those living suppliants before his dancing figure imagine he may at will change his destructive office and become a preserver. Another compartment at the end of the great cave towards our right contains a bust of Shiva and his wife, Parvati, nineteen feet high. The Great Cave is called by the Hindus a Shiva Lingam Temple, a class of temples not uncommon in India, temples which, as implied in the word Lingam, bestow favors of sexual fecundity. Some time in February, during the Shiva festival, great numbers, especially women, flock here to pay homage to the Lingam Stone in a compartment near where we stand.

Do not forget that we are looking across only the entrance, that the full length of this pillared temple is one hundred and thirty feet, and that in every part it is decorated with colossal and finely sculptured divinities. Even though we are limited to this one position, and although our study of Elephanta has been brief, I hope you have obtained a visualized idea of Elephanta which will be valuable and permanent.

I have told you that there are a thousand cave-shrines in India; our limitations will allow us to vis-

only two, but these two shall be of the best. Now we are to set out for the second, and should consult Map 1. We return to Bombay, and from the beautiful Victoria Terminus Station, which we saw (Position 2), we take a train northeastward two hundred and thirty miles to Aurangabad, then from that station a pleasant drive of ten miles takes us to our next position (marked on the map by the number 7 in red), before the wonderful caves of Ellora.

***Position 7. One of the world's marvels—beautiful
Dravidian Temple cut in solid rock (northeast)
Ellora***

We are near a small village of some eight hundred inhabitants in the western part of the Nizam's vast territory. Out here, a short distance eastward of the village, along the escarpment of a crescent-shaped hill, there is probably the most wonderful series of cave temples in the world. They extend along the face of the semi-circular elevation for a mile and a quarter. There are thirty-four important cave temples, representing different religions and different styles of architecture:— twelve are Buddhistic, seventeen are Brahmanical, and five are Jainist. Imagine a distance of one and one-quarter miles along which beautiful temples are hewn from solid trap rock, and that not in smooth, plain surfaces, but in elaboration of style and ornamentation, in Jain, in Hindu, and in Dravidian orders. All are interesting, all are wonderful, but we have taken our position before that which has been universally pronounced the masterpiece of the whole series, a matchless example of Dravidian architecture.

is called the Kylas, and Fergusson, the great authority on oriental architecture, has this to say of the

Kylas:—"Independently of its historical or ethnographical value, the Kylas is, in itself, one of the most singular and interesting monuments of architectural art in India. Its beauty and singularity always excited the astonishment of travelers, and in consequence it is better known than almost any other structure in that country, from the numerous views and sketches of it that have been published."

Do you perceive, that this is not a cave temple, but a regular temple *entirely in relief and yet cut from the solid rock* by which it is surrounded? It is unique, even in a country which claims a thousand cave temples; and do you realize the extent of this excavation, and the size of this peerless monolithic structure? The quadrangular court is one hundred and fifty-four by two hundred and seventy-six feet and the scarp behind is one hundred and seven feet high. The main portion of the structure, called the Vimana in oriental nomenclature, is nearly ninety feet high, which is equivalent to seven or eight stories. That fine porch before the Vimana is supported by sixteen columns and connected therewith by an elegant bridge, and before the first porch is a second porch, also joined to the first by a bridge; the second porch is joined to a screen or highly decorated wall which separates the entire space from the outside. The court is flanked by a peristyle cloister with cells and halls, not for priests, but filled with divinities of the Hindu pantheon. The first porch is what the Hindus call a Mandapam, the place occupied by the Nandi bull, and on either side of the Mandapam or porch is what the natives call a deepdan which is really a lamp-pillar. One of the pillars we can see, and how richly it is sculptured. These lithic lamp-posts are forty-five feet high. On either

side of the first porch is an elephant in stone about the natural size, but, our position being on top of the enclosing screen or wall, the elephants are not in view. A fine portal is cut through the screen, on the outside are monstrous sized sculptures of Vishnu and Shiva with their fellow divinities, and immediately within the entrance is a relief sculpture of Lakshma, the consort of Vishnu.

When we consider the gigantic proportions of this temple and the elaboration of detail, it is difficult to tell which impresses the beholder more, the magnitude of the excavation or the inconceivable amount of artistic work. You may notice a native placed by the door beyond the lamp-pillar; this has been done to give a standard of comparative measurement. I hope, as you look upon this miracle in stone, you will recall the comparisons made at the outset of our itinerary between the wonders of Egypt and the wonders of India. This masterpiece of temple-building is not so old as the Egyptian wonders, yet about twelve hundred years have passed since the patient artisans transformed this flinty mountain into the countless forms of beauty we see in this maze of architecture.

I have said that this is a Dravidian temple. It may not be amiss to repeat here, that Dravidian is the term used to distinguish the primitive and the purely Indian races belonging to a region in the south of the peninsula called Dravida, from peoples of the north who are of prehistoric origin, the race originally coming from a region east of the Caspian in central Asia.

When we reach the primitive land of the Dravidians in southern India, we shall see other magnificent examples of Dravidian architecture.

Again you should consult the general map of India. Three hundred miles north of Bombay you will find the famous old city of Ahmedabad, once the greatest city of western India; there we shall take our next position. Trains from Church Gate Station on the Bombay & Baroda Railway take passengers in a few hours from Bombay to the ancient city.

Position 8. "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His Prophet"—prayers in Mosque, Ahmedabad

We are in the court of the Jumma Musjid in the city of Ahmedabad. For once I need not tell in what direction we are looking—a Mohammedan at prayers makes a reliable compass if you know the latitude and longitude of his sacred city. We have already seen something of Brahmanical worship; now we see followers of Mohammed engaged in their much-praying. The Prophet of the Faithful requires his disciples to pray five times a day—at sunrise, at noon, in the afternoon, in the evening and in the night. Mecca and Ahmedabad are in very nearly the same latitude (Mecca, of course, at the west), we know, therefore, from the direction towards which the men's faces are turned, and from the shadows, that they are engaged in their afternoon prayers, and that the time is about three o'clock. You know that Mussulmen during prayer always turn their faces in the direction of Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed. I have known them to turn their backs on Mecca while engaged in their devotions, but never intentionally; it was on ship-board while the ship was making a devious course among many islands. I prompted those in error as to direction with my pocket-compass, for which they thank me. Mecca, towards which their faces are tur

now, is sacred not only because it was the birthplace of Mohammed, but because in the great mosque at Mecca is the Kaaba, the most sacred shrine in the Moslem world; it is a cubical structure forty feet on a side, and is believed to be a direct gift from God signifying that they are the chosen people. Within the shrine is kept a heaven-sent stone (meteorite) which was once red (red-hot), but is now black with the sin and suffering of humanity. The house for it, sent by Allah, is preciousy inclosed in a great mosque with seven minarets. The Kaaba once contained three hundred and sixty idols which the Prophet destroyed. It is also believed to be the praying place of Abraham. It is towards the Kaaba that the Mussulman turns his face when the muezzin calls to prayer. The prayer of the Mohammedan is accompanied with many attitudes, with bows, prostrations, and genuflections.

He recognizes seven doors by which sin may enter the body, and those seven ways are the seven gates to hell; they are:— The eyes, the ears, tongue, hands, feet, stomach, and the organs of sex. To guard all those doors requires constant vigilance and perennial prayer.

The ritual of the Koran is very strict. It has five observances:— Ablution, prayer, fast, pilgrimage, and tithes. No one can engage in prayers without first making his person and his garments clean. Every mosque contains a bathing tank; every traveling Mussulman carries a chatty (water-vessel) with which he can perform his ablution before his devotions. His fidelity in the observance of religious rites is quite remarkable. He is evidently not ashamed of his religion; in whatsoever place he may be, on a railway train, on a ship's deck, in his room or in the open

field, he has or procures a little water for purification, then spreads his prayer-mat, turns his face towards the Kaaba, bows and prostrates, and silently repeats the prescribed prayers of the Koran.

Possibly you did not expect to find Mohammedans in India. We hear so much about them in Turkey, in Egypt, and in Arabia, we are not unlikely to forget that Islam extends over Persia, Afghanistan, and into India. One charge against this religion is that it has always been politically aggressive and made converts with the sword. Nine hundred years ago, the Mohammedans established themselves here in northern India, and for several hundred years they held sway and ruled the country during its golden age,* during the dynasty of the Mogul emperors, who were Mohammedans; and today under the English there are well nigh sixty million followers of the boy who once was a shepherd and a camel-driver.

This position showing these men at prayer is not a "posed" one as might be suspected. This is the regular afternoon observance of the ritual requirements, and, although usually sincere, we cannot fail to notice two on the line whose faces are turned slightly away from the Kaaba towards the photographer; in these worshippers, as in the rest of mankind, "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." I have told you that Mohammed destroyed the three hundred and sixty idols in the Kaaba. He was opposed to all idols and images. A photograph is an image—therefore, most Mohammedans are savagely opposed to being photographed; these men are apparently indifferent. A man attempting to photograph a praying group of Mohammedans in Hebron, Palestine, would be in considerable danger.

* See "The Story of India," pages 345-349.

There is no European hotel in Ahmedabad, but at the station, as in most large stations in India, one can find eating and sleeping accommodations. An early morning train on the same railway by which we traveled from Bombay, would take us one hundred and twenty-five miles northward to a station near the base of Mount Abu. Travelers leave the railway at Abu Road and ride sixteen and a half miles by carriage up to a famous mountain retreat four thousand feet above sea-level. Close by the hotel at Mount Abu we can see a typical phase of native life.

Position 9. Primitive native life in India—Hindu women grinding at the mills

When we look at these dirty, miserable people, poorly clad, half-fed, and not housed as comfortably as our cattle, I want to remind you that there are probably more than one hundred millions conditioned like these in this great and populous country. I refer to the women grinding at the mills.

The first thing that impresses one everywhere is the number of poor. Then one wonders what can be the cause. It has been estimated that ten millions sleep the year round under the open sky. The average earnings of a man and family, according to Bishop Thoburn, are five cents a day. Two dollars a month is extra munificent as an income. One authority says that forty millions go through life with too little food. The entire costume of millions is only a dirty cotton rag about the loins. Sir Charles Elliott says that one-half the agricultural population from year's end to year's end do not know what it is to have their hunger satisfied; yet it is only in time of famine that people die of starvation. The average yearly earnings of a man in England are \$175, in France \$130, in Aus-

tria \$80, in Spain \$60, in Russia \$45, in India \$7.50.

What are the causes of this wide extent of poverty and misery? Some say it was the many centuries of war before the English occupation. During those periods of continuous warfare the chiefs hoarded the wealth of the state, and the vast wealth of the country is still with the few. There is probably no country in the world where the rich are so rich and the poor so poor. Another cause is probably the great amount of money contributed for building shrines and temples. Still another cause is the great amount of non-producing land. Scarcely fifty per cent of the arable land is actually under cultivation. All these causes are being removed under the English.

You see these women using the ancient home-made hand-mill. I think they are grinding millet; they rarely can afford to use wheat. The millet meal is made into flat disks by adding water and possibly a trifle of ghee (buffalo butter). They are baked against a fire made with dried cow-dung.

You wonder how people live? Well, living is not so difficult as many people think it is. Along with a millet scone, these people will have a bowl of rice. This food, *in sufficient quantity*, would be considered as possessing ample nutriment for a horse, then why not for a man? When we reach Benares I will show you a miracle of muscular strength, who lives on just such food. Such fare is pity-provoking to an Occidental epicure, but those dusky youngsters appear as plump and merry as Western "kids." The trouble with these poor people is a lack of quantity, not of quality; five cents a day do not provide a great quantity of millet. Neither is sleeping under the open sky detrimental to health, as people only now in the twentieth

century are beginning to learn. People hasten to admit a little pure, fresh, oxygenized out-door air to the sick-room, to revivify the weak or fainting, but the fetid, de-oxygenized, microbe-laden indoor air is still usually considered good enough for the comparatively well. Not a whit less rational would it be to provide good, fresh, and nutritious food for the invalid, but let the well eat from the slop-bucket; for I consider most indoor air an atmospheric slop-bucket. Starvation is not healthy, and, when these coolies have a sufficient amount of their simple food, they are as strong, and indeed stronger than the so-called well-fed. Their simple life does not then seem to prevent health and strength. We readily admit, however, that, with the half-famished millions of India, life is too "simple"; it is pitiful want and insufficient nourishment.

Calling your attention for a moment again to the life before us, that woman in the white gauzy wrap, on the right of the second mill, is not a miller—she is only lending a hand for amusement. She is an ayah (nurse) who cares for children of a better class, or maybe of a European family. The true coolie woman is invariably a "rag, a bone, and a hank of hair," and usually up to the elbows in cheap glass bracelets. The feminine instinct for personal decoration is truly wonderful. Isn't it a climax of the absurd to attempt to beautify these forms with jewelry? Maybe it is a working-out of the law of compensation, but I think it would be better to invest in more millet.

That little tile-roofed stucco shed is not the domicile of these people—it is too pretentious; that is the sleeping quarters of the hotel cook. The coolies live in rude straw-covered shacks, farther away from the hotel, where the smoke and smells from their odorifer-

ous fuel will not reach the guests. Those millstones are probably made of granite, as the formation of Mount Abu is of that rock. The receptacle holding the grinding stones is made of baked clay. The motive power is yet far removed from electricity, it is not steam and neither wind nor water, but the most primitive of all, the human hand; the hopper of the mill is the same manual power. Not everything in sight is Indian—the table and tubs and wash-basins are obviously of western mould. A peep through the trees shows in the distance the rugged character of Mount Abu, boulders and granite peaks standing out in magnificent chaos in every direction. Beyond the mill-women we see some of the countless orders of servants connected with domestic service in this land of caste and many servants. The *dhoby* and the *bheestie* (washerman and water-carrier), stand by the small building, and a variety of domestics are on the rock beyond; but should you ask me to enumerate the various classes and castes, I should be compelled to give the reply which Pizarro gave when asked for the size of his army—"Count the leaves of the forest."

Off to our right only a walk of ten minutes, there is a beautiful little lake hemmed in by rugged peaks, called Gem Lake; the name must refer to the emerald, for the water is emerald green. A charming promenade surrounds this lacustrine gem. At one point among cavernous boulders I found signs of a human habitation. From it emerged an ash-smeared, half-clad and speechless man whom you are now to see for yourself.

***Position 10. Hermit at Gem Lake doing penance,
exposed to mid-day sun and intense fires, Mt.
Abu***

How strange are the eccentricities of the human mind! This man is seated under a tropical, meridian sun; that is not enough. He is, as you see, surrounded by fires of dried cow-dung which make a strong heat with little smoke—he has placed a cloth over his mouth and nose to guard against the smoke. Perspiration trickles in streamlets down his body. Here he will remain for a long period, perhaps two hours. He is doing penance. What must his sins have been to require this atonement! What a price to pay for a purified heart! He lives in a cave a few feet away to our right. Gem Lake is close behind us. Before he roasts himself, he bathes in the lake, then covers his body with oil, then with fine cow-dung ashes. When he emerges from this furnace, he will apply another coat of ashes and retire to his cave to partake of a dry crust—the donation of some passing almoner. Ten years ago he took an oath of silence and since that time has not spoken a single word to a fellow mortal. For thirty years he has lived in this cave and for ten years he has not for a day failed in his self-imposed purgatorial penance.

Along with most foolishness there is often some wisdom. The vow of silence would be well for some occidental people. Such men as this are known by different names—hermit, anchorite, recluse, ascetic, fakir, fanatic and crank. These strange orders of beings are generally called fakirs in India, and der-
hes in Turkey, Egypt, and Persia. Mohammed was
used to monasticism and it was not practised by
sulmen until six hundred years after his death.

Now there are eight hundred thousand Mohammedan fakirs in India, and over a million Hindus. Some are sincere, but more are impostors. Some live in communities, and others in solitude. They have generally succeeded in winning from certain classes some amount of respect and sometimes veneration.

Self-sacrifice has been called the brightest gem in the Christian character. Self-denial is usually a virtue, and, probably for that reason, penance in some forms elicits sympathy and respect; but in eastern countries there is so much imposture and there are so many disgusting forms of self-mortification that sympathy is lost rather than won. We can enumerate only a few:— One order claims to observe ten of the proper qualities of the dog, viz., to be always hungry, to have no fixed place of abode, to watch during the night, to leave no inheritance after death, not to abandon his master although abused, to content himself with the lowest place, to yield his place to any one who wants it, to return to the person who has beaten him when offered a morsel of bread, to keep at a distance when someone is bringing him something to eat, and not to think of returning to the place he has quitted while following his master.

One traveler claims he saw a fakir in India who never ate at all, that he carried a black stone which he sucked instead of taking food, and that he was rolling in obesity at forty years of age. Those black stones would sell in New York! Sometimes an original type of the genius fakir may be seen transformed into a human wheel by tying his wrists to his ankles and placing a bamboo into the angle formed by his knees and elbows for an axle; making a tire of chopped straw, mud and cow-dung, which he binds along his

backbone, he starts on a journey of several years. A brass cup for water is hung on one end of the axle, and a hubble bubble on the other; unicycles we sometimes see, but the *unicycle humanis* belongs to the East! In this way the fakir-wheel perambulates from village to village, where crowds gather to wonder and also to contribute their *annas* (small coin) in quantities sufficient to renew a punctured tire. Another form of penance is to keep the hands closed without relaxing, year by year, until the nails grow through and project from the other side. Some place living coals on their scalps till burned to the bone. Others bury themselves in the earth for eight or ten days without food or water. Another method of obtaining sympathy and respect (or, as they would claim, of acquiring soul-culture), is to hold a piece of red-hot iron between the teeth till it is cold. Hindu fakirs go entirely naked. Some of them are undoubtedly insane; it is difficult to believe they are not all insane. Our tramps in their peripatetic laziness are slightly akin to the fakir mendicants; but the former do not often elect to nourish themselves on a "black stone." Although the tramp element in our population is much more criminal than the fakir craft in India, it shows very little inclination towards any form of atonement.

It should be stated, before taking leave of this strange example of the inexplicable vagaries of the human mind, that the fires by which he is surrounded were only beginning to burn when this view was made and that before his penance is concluded each heap be a brilliant glow of coals.

1 miles from Gem Lake, nestled among granite
rs, at the foot of embossed ranges of the same

formation, there is a famous temple more agreeable to look upon than an incandescent hermit. We are to take our stand now before that temple.

Position 11. Dilwarra, the noted Jaina Temple on the almost inaccessible Mount Abu

This temple is remarkable not only for its situation, but for its beauty, especially its beauty within, and interesting because it is a Jaina temple. Who are the Jains? Well, a few words of explanation before we proceed to study one of their most wonderful shrines:—

The Jains have been considered dissenters from the so-called orthodox Hindu faith. They ignore the Vedas which are the ancient books of revelation with the Hindus. They do not believe in the Supreme Being of the Hindus. They believe that the material earth is eternal, that the mind of man and of all animals is eternal. They refuse to acknowledge anything which is not an object of the senses. They recognize nothing as superior to man. They believe that man is capable of reaching a stage of elevation and perfection worthy of worship. This highly spiritualized state is reached, they hold, not by good deeds, meritorious works or noble lives, but by self-renunciation, by self-imposed physical suffering, by extravagant penance. Both Hindus and Jains believe in penance; they believe in spiritualization through physical suffering, hence their veneration for jogis and fakirs. (Gautama himself was an ascetic and attained Buddhahood through asceticism.) In this respect they coincide with the Hindus. In the matter of asceticism, they have three orders. The first degree is reached by renouncing one's family, cutting off the hair, and wearing only clothes of a tawny color. The second order requires

that all dress should be abandoned, except a mere rag to cover nakedness, and that the hair should be pulled out by the roots. He who would aim to reach the highest degree, called Nirvana, and which is akin to divinity, must be entirely naked, eating only rice, and that only once in two days. When man attains Nirvana, he is well-nigh a deity; he ranks with priests and rajahs, or he becomes what we would call a saint, whose image may be placed in temples. The Jains, like Buddhists, are prone to honor their saints with images and the more elevated the saint the larger the image or statue.

The Jains believe in reincarnation. They are even more careful than the Buddhists about protecting the lives of animals; they eat before sunset, that they may avoid taking the lives of microscopic creatures; they sweep the ground or the table before eating, for the same reason. The Hindus have a ceremony by which to expiate the accidental taking of life; the Jains have not, hence their great scrupulosity in that respect. They discountenance *suttee*, but a widow cannot marry. Mr. Harrington says that, "in general, Jainism is more metaphysical and less ethical than Buddhism." In our western world we seldom hear of this sect; but it came into existence about 600 A. D. and began to decline about 1200 A. D. Formerly it was considered an off-shoot of Buddhism; later, as a dissension from true Hinduism; now it is placed in a middle ground between Hinduism and Buddhism.

The Jains possess many beautiful temples in different parts of India, and in a unique style of architecture as developed about 450 A. D. One of their before us now, or rather we see two principles combined in one and called the Dilwarra

Temples. There is nothing imposing about their exteriors. They are too near nature's vast temples of rock to appear imposing without. Withhold judgment till you see within. They are built of pure white marble transported for several hundred miles and up this rugged mountain.

The more modern of these two temples was built over six hundred years ago, or at the same time as the tower of Pisa. The older and nearer was built when Peter the Hermit was exhorting for the first Crusade, over eight hundred years ago. Think of conveying such quantities of building material some three hundred miles, and to the summit of this almost inaccessible mountain, several thousand feet high! And, when you have seen the interior, you will be at liberty to make comparisons between the building of this and the building of the Pyramids. The clearing of the ground for these temples cost \$2,800,000. The building of the temples cost \$9,000,000 and the time required was fourteen years.

I must not fail to tell you that the main portion, the most beautiful part of the temple, cannot be seen from this point; it is within that plain wall and consists of what might be called a peristyle or double colonnade of pillars, encompassing the temple on all sides. Behind the pillars of the peristyle are highly ornamental cells, fifty-five in number, in solid white marble, each cell containing a marble image of some sainted Jain, similar to those we shall see in the magnificent porch from our next position, and similar, also to the cross-legged images common in both Buddhistic and Jain temples. Note the pyramidal upper portion, in successive stories supported on columns. This is the chief characteristic of the Jaina style. The charming pil-

lared court within that rough exterior wall is ninety by one hundred and forty feet; the farther and later temple is arranged after the same order.

Notice the pastoral character of our surroundings here—a flock tended by a tiny, shock-headed Hindu shepherd, buffaloes and the ordinary Indian bullock; the cattle mostly white and the people all black. The causeway beyond that date-palm leads to the temple entrance between the two buildings, where a ticket of admission must be shown. A series of low buildings at the left of the first temple serve as accommodation for pilgrims.

It must not be supposed that these are the only temples on Mount Abu. There are many, and almost in any direction where suitable, reclusive places have been found about the mountain scarps there are more temples. The Dilwarra are the most celebrated. Although the surroundings have a peaceful aspect, there are eerie places among these rocks and mountains: hyenas abound, and, if you want fiercer game, a short stroll from this temple and you may encounter the leopard and the man-eater.

For a glance at the interior we will pass along that stone causeway, turn to the left and down a flight of steps, and take our stand in the portico.

Position 12. Worshippers before an image in the exquisitely carved Temple of Vimala Sah, Mt. Abu

We are looking from the portico of the Temple of Vimala Sah, the builder of the older of the two Dilwarra temples, towards the central portion or great cell containing a beautiful image of Parswanatha to whom the temple is dedicated. The entrance to the

central cell is to the left of the image we see, and a portion of the mirror door we can barely see. A corresponding image is to the left of the door and dimly visible. On either side of the central structure are somewhat similar porches. A double row of columns surrounds the entire court, as observed from our last position; I mention this a second time, because, now that you have seen some of these richly carved columns, you will better know what two rows around the entire court signify. Behind the columns are the fifty-five cells afore mentioned. At the farther end of the court and between the cells and the double tier of pillars is a series of monolithic marble elephants with touches of effective color on their pure white marble.

Look at this maze of pillars in such endless variety of design, in such delicacy of execution, and from this position we can only see a few of the countless pillars in this one temple! The second and younger temple is no less marvelous than this; and most wonderful and beautiful of all are the ceiling panels no two of which are alike. The figures of birds, animals, and all forms of life may be counted by thousands. It is a labyrinth of gauze and lace in pure white marble, or it may be called a lithic poem. Before this manifest expenditure of money and labor, one is awed; and this is only one of many Jaina temples in India.

Not far away in the plains below there are the ruins of a Jaina city with temples much more extensive than Dilwarra; both the city and temples were destroyed in the Mohammedan inroads in earlier centuries, only a few beautiful pillars remaining, such as those before us.

One wonders how money for such costly structures can be accumulated in a country where famines are

common, and where poverty is universal. When I have referred to the wide extent of poverty, I have also mentioned the great wealth of India. There are many wealthy men in the Jaina sect, whose liberality is shown in the building of such temples as this. It seems, in the Jaina, as in all other religions, worship too often takes the form of material offerings—temples and ecclesiastical shrines, while the least learned and most simple should know that real worship is the heart's devotion.

Owing to the remoteness and inaccessibility of the spot where we are now, this temple is seldom filled with a great throng of pilgrims. At this moment only a few are present; this is at an early hour, and it is not unlikely that the presence of the camera has caused some to retire. You see two kneeling with faces towards the mirrored entrance, within which are the representative images of their adoration, the sainted Parshwanatha, Gomat Iswara Swami, and other eminent saints. In the presence of this bewildering maze of sculpture one feels as though in the midst of snowy caverns hung with myriads of glistening stalactites, or buried and canopied by a witchery of interminable frost-work; yet, however beautiful and fascinating we must part with this fairy-hall and move on to other scenes.

The general map of India should now be consulted in order to understand where we are to make our next observations. Leaving Mount Abu we travel northward four hundred miles to Delhi, thence northwest three hundred miles into the great northwest territory called the Punjab. We are to halt at the chief city in that province, called Amritsar.

Position 12. Map 1

Position 13. India of tomorrow—handsome school-boys of Amritsar, at the Golden Temple beside the Holy Tank

We have taken our point for observation at a very sacred place in the city, by a sacred water and a sacred temple. There is seated before us a school of Hindu boys, or maybe I should say Sikh boys, for Sikh has a peculiar significance to those who know the different races of India; and there across the water is a wonderful gate which leads to a sacred temple by a bridge partially in sight.

Before explaining further about this pool of water, the gate and the gathering of sombre-faced boys, I must tell a little about the Punjab province, its peculiar people, and the city of Amritsar. The Punjab is a rich northwestern state nearly as large as England and Scotland together, and much larger than all the New England States. In ancient times it was the theatre of many conflicts; in 300 B. C. Alexander the Great led his conquering forces beyond the Indus and into the Punjab as far as the Hydaspes, a river now called the Jhelum and it is supposed that the city of Jhelum is the place of the great decisive battle between Alexander and Porus. In the year 1100 the Punjab was overrun by the Mohammedans. In 1469 there was born in Nankanda on the banks of the Ravel river, one Nanak, who, like so many others, became possessed with the idea that he was inspired, and began to teach, and while thus engaged was transported bodily, as he claimed, to the gates of Paradise, where he received a golden goblet of *Amrita* (the water of life). Then God said to him, "Nanak, I am with thee, and whosoever shall follow thee shall be happy, indeed." Nanak had been in a trance, and

when he awoke he uttered these words :— “In religion there is no Hindu, and there is no Moslem.” These words became the call-words of his religion, Nanak was soon regarded as a prophet, and was believed to work miracles. Many accepted the call to his apostleship, and his followers were called Sikhs, which is the Hindu word for disciple. This new prophet was illiterate, but one of his followers wrote a book giving an account of his teachings ; this book, or Nanak Bible, is called the *Granth*, or the *Granth Sahib*, and is written in the Punjabi language. This sacred book of the Sikhs is carefully preserved in the Golden Temple, which is just at our left, and which will be shown from our next view-point. Sikhism, says Hughes, is “a pantheistic system similar to Hinduism, but rejecting the caste orders and idolatry.”

In 1708 a successor of Nanak, one Govind Singh, succeeded in consolidating the Sikh religionists into a powerful military force. Amritsar here became the capital and military center of the Sikhs, where they numbered seventy thousand horsemen ; and under the vigorous rule of Runjeet Singh became a warlike and formidable power. After the English occupation the Sikhs ventured to make unprovoked attacks on them and were repeatedly repulsed ; in 1849 they were finally dispersed at Guzerat, when the Punjab was annexed to the British possessions in India. Under the English the Sikhs retain their ancient military prowess, and they are considered among the bravest and most faithful of England's native soldiery.

I have given this brief outline of the Sikhs and their home-land because we are now in their most important city and before their most sacred shrines. Amritsar owes its chief importance to this tank of water beside

which we stand. The word Amritsar signifies "fountain of immortality," the city taking the name given to the tank. This sacred reservoir was built in 1581 by Ram Das, one of the Sikh prophets. It is over four hundred feet square. In 1761 a Persian Shah destroyed the temple and defiled both temple and the pool with the blood of bullocks, but its virtues are restored so that now immersion in this water will, it is believed, absolve the vilest sinner. This manner of absolution is surely to be preferred to that of the Hindu fakirs, or the Jaina ascetics, particularly in a hot country like the Punjab, when the heat often reaches 112° in summer.

You can hardly believe that these gentle-visaged school-boys are to become the fierce Sikh warriors of whom the world has heard so much. The boy at the extreme left of the first row holds something in his hand and you will scarcely guess what it is. It is the regulation Hindu school-boys' slate made of board, fashioned as you see it, and painted on both sides. Another boy near the center of the school holds a similar boys' instrument of torture. I mean the slate concomitant of fractions which, according to the old proverb, "drive me mad." Several teachers stand in the rear. I think those three wearing the snow-white turbans are teachers, because whatever else in a Hindu teacher's attire may be at fault his headgear must be spotless. These boys are seated on a tessellated pavement of marble of different colors; this beautiful pavement, twenty-four feet in width, surrounds the entire pool, and is enlivened everywhere by vendors of beads, miniatures and such-like.

Now, I will direct your attention to the superb gateway, almost rivalling the temple in size and beauty—

I mean that magnificent structure across the tank and to the left. It is through that arch and along that fine marble causeway over two hundred feet in length that the Golden Temple is reached. The doors of that arch under the gateway are plated with silver. Stairs lead to the Treasury rooms above, where can be seen thirty-one pillars of silver nine feet long and four and a half inches in diameter. In the Treasury rooms are also kept the ceremonial and processional articles in gold and silver—among them a canopy of pure gold weighing ten pounds and set with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, also a diadem of diamonds with strings of pearls for pendants. All these are worn when the Granth (the holy book) is carried in procession.

This gateway is on the west side of the holy tank; beyond is a small square and on its east side is what is called the Akal Bungah, a fine and highly ornate structure with a gilded dome, now partially in sight over the square building to the right of the gateway. In that building initiations into the Sikh confederacy are performed. The rite of initiation is called *pahal*. In the *pahal* the novice drinks the water that has washed the feet of a Sikh prophet and also has some sprinkled on his hair. There are other *pahals* equally extraordinary. The entire sacred enclosure is surrounded by buildings for the accommodation of from five hundred to six hundred priests.

We have been standing by the northern side of the tank. We will next move to the eastern side, so that the Golden Temple will be before us, and in line with the causeway and the gateway which we have been considering.

Position 14. Fakirs at Amritsar, richest city of the Punjab—south across the sacred Tank to the Golden Temple.

Now we are before the famous Golden Temple. The great and beautiful gateway is hidden beyond the temple. We are on the east side of the tank; the causeway is on the west side. Remembering that this "pool of immortality" is four hundred feet wide, you understand that the intervening water is about two hundred feet across, and that is the reason why the gilded shrine is not brought nearer. The Temple scarcely looks as beautiful as the splendid gate and arch we saw from our last view-point. The lower portion of the building is of white marble, but all above the line of white is gilded copper, giving all the sheen and glitter of polished gold. The splendor of so vast an area of burnished gold is very effective. On those walls are chosen passages from the Granth, written in Punjabi characters.

There is an entrance on each side, but foreigners are allowed to enter only on the north side. The splendor within exceeds the splendor without—there is a great extent of surface gleaming in gold; the walls are decorated with flower pieces. On the east side the great high priest, on an elevated seat, reads passages from the Granth, which is placed on a costly ottoman under a silken canopy. When the priest rests from the Granth lesson, he waves his gilded chauri (fly-whisk). During the reading many pilgrims seat themselves about the holy book, and sometimes chant words from its pages accompanied by antique musical instruments. Cloths are spread upon the floor on which are cast offerings of flowers, money and cowries. Cowries are offered in great quantities. Most people

are familiar with the highly polished cowrie shell, sometimes known as the *cowrie-moneta* because so widely used as money. These shells were once used in ancient Assyria, are still largely used in Africa, and to some extent in the East Indies. The money-cowries are chiefly from the Maldive Islands. They are still used for temple offerings. A century ago twenty-five hundred were of the value of a rupee (fifty cents). In these days of better money units it requires five thousand cowries to equal a rupee in value. Enormous quantities of such shells are deposited by pilgrims on the floor of the Golden Temple. Sweetmeats are presented to foreign visitors, who are expected to acknowledge receipt by a small contribution. A highly decorated pavilion on the roof was formerly the seat of the Guru (priest). A broom of peacock feathers is used for sweeping this *sanctum sanctorum* of the Sikh cult.

Amritsar is only forty miles eastward from another great and interesting Indian city; I mean the city of Lahore. The general map of India shows its location. For our first outlook over the city we shall climb to the top of an ancient wall and look down into one of the principal native thoroughfares.

Position 15. Looking (N. W.) down a street of oriental shops and homes towards Vazir Khan Mosque, Lahore

It is said that in ancient times Lahore was a great city of a million inhabitants; but there seems to be no record of its prehistoric greatness. Within its historic period its population has dwindled to something like 180,000, yet the traces of extensive ruins surrounding the modern city prove a greater Lahore

in the early centuries. Milton refers to it in his verses, and Ptolemy even mentions it as early as 150 A. D. Very early writers say it was the resort of all nations. Shiraz and Ispahan were famous Persian cities in the days of the Mogul emperors, yet a saying of that time was that if Shiraz and Ispahan were united they would not make one Lahore. In the time of its former greatness this locality was on the highway between Persia and the valley of the Ganges, or I may say between the near East and the far East, and that naturally increased its trade and its wealth. While Amritsar was the religious capital and center of the Punjab, Lahore was and continued to be the political capital. Since it came into the possession of the English in 1849 it has assumed a new period of development, and the suburban traces of the ruins of its former greatness have become a line of formidable defensive works, forming an *enceinte* seven miles in length, which intimates that Russian or other invaders will meet some resistance in this direction should they succeed in forcing the Kyber Pass.

The city before us is an important railway center, with workshops covering one hundred and twenty-six acres, and employing two thousand men. The cantonment, or military and European quarter, occupies the entire outlying neighborhood, and embraces many beautiful gardens and private homes. The native city is centrally located and surrounded by a brick wall fifteen feet in height. For our first place of visual study I have chosen to look off from this wall. Modern buildings, however fine, need not engage our attention in India. We are in search of scenes peculiar to the country, therefore have I chosen a native thoroughfare in the native quarter.

A typical Indian city aspect is what we have not thus far had before us. And here in the heart of Lahore we look down into a typical street, in a typical town. The street is narrow, dingy, not too clean. The buildings are not of wood, nor of stone, and seldom of exposed brick. Over all India, indeed over most oriental countries, the building material exposed to view is chiefly stucco. A soft kind of brick is in general use, but it is generally covered with stucco; here we can see exposed brick, but the rule is stucco exposure. Floors and roofs are generally of stucco; cisterns and kitchen sinks are of stucco; bathrooms are invariably floored with stucco; drains from sewers are lined with this material. Often the finest modern structures are finished in stucco. All this is possible because of the absence of frost. Nearly everything in sight is stucco. So far as building material is concerned, we may call the Orient a world of stucco.

At this moment the street below is not so full of life as at an earlier hour. To catch an instantaneous stereograph of moving figures in this dark street requires a strong light from a meridian sun, and at mid-day most people retire to shady nooks; those we see are of the middle and lower class. The rook family may always be seen in great numbers in every part of the Orient; its members are very active and garrulous pilferers. It is often difficult to make a photograph that does not show some of them. In this case you may notice a poorly defined specimen in mid-air near us. Farther along the street, perched in that projecting balcony, you may see another, or apparently a larger one. Probably a kite, as they are numerous in all parts of the country.

Have you noticed the oriel windows? They are com-

mon in every street, and some are very beautiful, but those are of the common order. We can only see the towers of the Vazir Khan mosque. There are no bells in those towers. The Moslems do not like to imitate the Christians in the use of bells. An official called the muezzin takes the place of a bell. He comes forth from a door in one of those minarets and chants in a wailing voice five times every day a call to prayer. While chanting, he places a finger in each ear, turns his face towards Mecca, and in weird tones sends forth the *izann* in the following words: "God most high" (four times), "I attest there is no God but God; I attest that Mohammed is the prophet of God; come to prayer; come to the temple of salvation (twice). There is no God but God." To the morning *izann* the words "prayer is better than sleep" are added after "temple of salvation." I am afraid some fairly good Christians will be inclined to doubt this morning addendum.

Do you observe there are no sidewalks in that street; that in place of a sidewalk there is an open sewer; and do you notice, over the sewer just below, a small bedstead and another similar one on the roof of the second building on the left? Those are frames on which to sleep and are called charpoys. A bedstead like the one on the roof costs about fifty cents.

I came here about mid-day, so you may know from shadows that we are looking about southwest. Following to the coast in the direction in which we are here looking, we should reach the busy port of Karachi; and following a line directly southward we should reach Bombay. Towards the west we are in line with Kandahar in Afghanistan, and eastward nearly in line with Lhasa in Thibet.

If we climb down from our place on the wall and turn in an opposite direction, walking only a short distance, we come to a curious native market, called a chatty-market.

Position 16. Rival pot-sellers in the chatty-market, Lahore

Here we are among the offered wares. A chatty is a vessel common to the entire Oriental world; it appears to be a *sine qua non* of existence. It is one of the most useful and indispensable articles in India; its various uses are beyond enumeration, as are its forms and sizes. It is essentially and originally a vessel for holding and carrying water; but it is used to hold and to carry everything. It is made from all materials, but generally of clay or brass. It combines the use of the pail, the bucket, the basket, the bag, the jug, the kettle, the oven, the wash-bowl and the bath-tub. You see a variety of them here in the market. The large ones on the ground are earthen; those on the stand are of brass. Such vessels are sometimes even used as boats—I do not mean singly, but by tying two or three or four or as many as necessary under boards lashed together a strong raft is made in a few minutes. They are sometimes used for head-covers when the heat of the sun is intolerable. One inverted over another forms a good oven. Water is boiled, rice is cooked, bread is baked, and milk is churned in chatties. Brass chatties are more stylish and of course more expensive; natives traveling by railway always carry a chatty, often a brass one. Mussulmen must have their chatties at hand for ablutions five times a day before prayers, and they cannot drink water from vessels used by a "Christian dog." We see many sizes and many kinds; some are very large and some are

small and in the form of flagons such as you can see beyond the stand; those are used chiefly for carrying drinking water. They are made of porous clay which allows a very rapid evaporation, thereby rendering the water cool and drinkable. I think that group under the shelter of thatch are preparing a meal in chatties; for a moment their attention has been distracted by the photographer.

Such earthen vessels are inexpensive; one of those near at hand should not cost more than two cents. We can see from this point only a small portion of this market, and it is only one of many chatty markets in the city. The great demand for these useful articles may be understood from statistics which show that there are engaged in the manufacture of this form of earthenware in India one-half million persons. One caste cannot eat from vessels used by other castes; it would cause personal defilement and loss of honor. If, as is claimed, there are in the Brahman caste alone one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six divisions, caste surely favors the chatty trade. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Many of the different sects and castes have a distinguishing mark called the sectarial mark, usually on the face. Do you notice that these three men nearest to us have each a white line on the nose and a light blotch in the center of the forehead? That is undoubtedly their sectarial or caste mark.

We shall now leave the native city and find another position in the cantonment where we can see an antique gun which did effective work in its time at the game of War.

Position 17. Leisure and gossip by the old Zamzamah gun that roared in Indian wars four hundred years ago, Lahore

This huge old bronze gun, as you may see, has been retired and honored with an elevated platform which we may consider a pedestal. Retired of course because its days of usefulness are over—it has been superseded by the more effective breech-loader of modern days, as the automobile has superseded the stage-coach, or the reaper the scythe and sickle. It has, however, not been retired as many effete and antiquated war-guns have been; it has been elevated to this conspicuous place of honor beside a great popular thoroughfare where it can be seen by all persons. Like other "big-guns" it has been honored with titular distinctions; it has been called "the hummer," "the roaring lion," "the fire-breathing dragon." In 1761, nearly a century and a half ago, it roared for the Afghans at Paniput; in 1818, more than fifty years later it roared against the Afghans at Multan. That grim old muzzle has dealt forth so much of death, has roared so often and so loudly in many wars, that it became a proverb—"Who holds Zamzamah (The roaring lion) controls the Punjab." The Sikhs called it the Bhangianwali Top, which signifies the cannon of the Bhangi confederacy. After the battle of Multan, it was placed at the Delhi Gate of Lahore, where it remained for over forty years, when it was removed to its present place of honor.

The fame and historic interest of this old gun have been further increased in recent years by the pen-craft of Kipling, who has located incidents in *Kim* first here by the old "hummer." If you have read that fascinating story you will remember this:— "He sat,

in defiance of municipal orders—astride the gun Zamzamah on her brick platform opposite the old Ajaibgher—the Wonder House, as the natives call the Lahore Museum. Who hold Zamzamah, the ‘fire-breathing dragon,’ hold the Punjab; for the great green-bronze piece is always first of the conquerors’ loot. There was some justification for Kim (he had kicked Lola Dinanath’s boy off the trunnions), since the English held the Punjab, and Kim was English.” Does it not seem quite wonderful that a gun becomes famous as well as a person because of all it has done? That because Zamzamah has been a passive slayer of men, she has acquired a celebrity—and almost a veneration throughout the entire world? Is it not further surprising, that in Persia or in India one hundred and fifty years ago there were foundries capable of casting a bronze piece of these proportions? You will observe that the carriage has a third wheel, and that all the parts are highly ornamented as well as powerfully constructed.

We see amongst this band of wallahs (fellows) one under the axle, and can almost imagine him to be the same that Kim knocked off the trunnion, were he in a less composed state of mind and less observant of the photographer. Could we turn to our left we should face the fine structure which the natives call the Wonder House, that is, the Museum, and it truly contains many exhibits wonderful to a traveler from the western hemisphere. Back to our right is a fine modern cruciform cathedral; indeed the street by which we are standing is flanked by many imposing up-to-date edifices, so that one is constantly surprised to find in far-away points of far-away India so much that is abreast of the times. But we must forego many points of at-

traction such as the house occupied by Kipling, the Fort, the sad tomb of Anar Kali, the favorite of a harem who was buried alive because she was seen to smile at the approach of a prince whom she was forbidden to love; also the Shalimar Gardens and many other charming places in this capital of the Punjab.

Again the general map should be referred to and Lahore located. We continue our journey northwestward for one hundred and seventy-four miles to Rawalpindi, the largest military station in India. From Rawalpindi our course turns from northwest to northeast, for we must not leave India without seeing something of the renowned vale of Cashmere. The first stage of the way is thirty-seven miles, which takes us to a very popular mountain retreat called Murree. Murree is the great northern sanitarium of the Punjab. Barracks for soldiers and villas for civilians are nestled everywhere on commanding summits and shady slopes at a general elevation of seven thousand feet, the higher peaks reaching nine thousand feet, with the snowy range of the Himalayas in the distance.

Now turn to the special map of that region (Map 4). Murree you will find near its western limits. At Murree the traveler is booked for Cashmere by a through tonga service, a distance of one hundred and ninety-five miles. The usual time is three days. One hundred and ninety-five miles in a mountain tonga (a ponderous, jangling, two-wheeled cart) is a novel experience in itself, but following a highway excavated along the perpendicular walls and gorges of the dashing Jhelum river for over a hundred miles, and this succeeded by a gallop of more than thirty miles

through the enchanted vale of Cashmere, constitutes a unique journey never to be forgotten. The map shows the road followed. There are dak-bungalows (government rest-houses) at every stage of the journey, where food and lodging can be obtained. I cannot but regret that, for us, it is possible to stay at only one point in the winding and romantic course of the Jhelum! our one halt is to show you a primitive style of bridge by which the dashing current is crossed. The spot where we are to take our stand is marked 18. You see the diverging red lines reach only a short distance across the river, indicating a limited range of view.

Position 18. Crossing the boiling floods of the Jhelum river by a bridge of one raw-hide rope at Uri, Cashmere

Since leaving Murree we have covered one hundred and thirty-three miles of the distance to our destination in Cashmere. We are now near a station called Uri where the road has reached a lower level in the river's tortuous passage from the mountains to the plains in the Punjab, and where the mountaineers cross the stream. I have called this a bridge; it may be a misapplication of the term, and if you choose you may call it just a river-crossing device; but, however designated, it is an interesting gauge of human progress, when we compare it with the mighty spans of steel and wire which characterize our modern bridges.

Among the Himalayas several kinds of primitive bridges are in use; there are two kinds here before us now. The one we see in use consists of a single strand of raw-hide rope made fast to either shore by

an anchorage of stone, and then elevated and supported by a few rude sticks. A saddle or carrier is made from the crotch of a tree inverted over the rope; a loop of rope is attached to each pending arm of the saddle; through these loops the legs of the passenger are thrust, while his hands clutch the projecting top of the saddle. A small pull cord extends from the saddle to a bridge-tender on each side of the river. Sometimes the passenger assists the pullers by a hand-over-hand effort on the carrier rope; then again one hand is used to balance his position while with the other he favors the puller as in the case before us. You see the pull-cord depending from the carrier-rope to which it is attached by rings.

The facilities of this curious transport service are not confined to passengers; bags, baskets, bundles and all sorts of produce and commodities, also the smaller kinds of live stock, such as sheep, goats, pigs and poultry, are attached and carried over. Cattle are taken to a point on the river where the current is less violent, and are made to swim, while the driver or owner of the animal holds fast to the tail, where he performs the dual function of helm and pilot.

The current in this gorge now is running twenty miles an hour, as you may believe if you will notice the blurred appearance of the water, and yet this is an instantaneous stereograph. With deep water running at this velocity you can easily understand how there is a sense of insecurity to a giddy-headed person in making this suspended transit. There is one provision against liability of losing one's hold; a rope or ap is sometimes used to lash the passenger to the e.

r the benefit of the experience I crossed and re

crossed, but would not allow myself to be bound to the saddle, as I felt there was more risk in the weakness of the raw-hide rope than in the possibility of falling out of the saddle; therefore I chose in either case to depend on swimming free from any entanglement. By a mis-adjustment of the pull-cord I was kept for several minutes suspended out over the shooting current, where I felt most comfortable when I looked skyward and away from the gleaming water. I do not recommend the adventure for nervous nor for vertiginous travelers!

To sit for a time on the bold rocks behind where we stand and witness the conveyance of goats and pigs across this one aerial strand would afford diversion of an unusual kind: the binding of obstreperous animals to the saddle, the wriggling and floundering in mid-air, accompanied by the melody of pig-squeals and goat-bleats, constitutes a Himalayan combination concert and tableau, ludicrous and rare.

By this time you are wondering what are those huge, ragged strands suspended across to the right and up the river from the one I have been describing. They are the remains of a former bridge of a type somewhat different and still not uncommon among the lower Himalayas. It was, when in use, more nearly in the form of a true bridge than the single rope, but which of the two bridges claims priority of use or invention, mountain annals (traditions) offer no testimony. The old bridge was formed by two heavy cables of twigs or withes, bound and interlaced to a thickness of about five inches; those were held apart and supported by transverse sticks which can be seen still dangling from the unbroken cable. For the foot-way, sections of split timber or bamboo were placed at stepping distances on

the cables. Over this sagging, wind-swung affair the mountaineers passed to and fro as did their antecedents, back I suppose for milleniums. When the old suspension bridge failed, this single rope followed, but whether, as aforesaid, it may be considered a progression or a retrogression in bridge structure, I know not. At other points on the Jhelum they use yet another kind of rope bridge, which consists of three ropes, one for the feet, and one for each of the hands. This I found to be the most secure and the most practicable.

There are patches of cultivation on favored slopes among the mountains far above and beyond those granite walls of the river, and any surplus of the scant products of the mountain dwellers is brought to the highway along which we are traveling, for a market. It is said that one human life a year is the average annual sacrifice in the transit of one of these suspension bridges.

Trace the road approximately eastward on our local map and thirty miles beyond Uri you find the town of Baramula. There the table-land of Cashmere begins, and there the Jhelum has had to force a passage of the mountains before it could dash for one hundred and fifty miles through continuous winding gorges to the plains in the Punjab. At Baramula the traveler usually rests for a night and in the morning with a fresh relay of horses, mounts another tonga and starts on the last stage of thirty miles over the vale of Cashmere. Throughout the entire distance the route is a poplar lined avenue to the country's capital, quaint city of Srinagar. At the spot marked 19 we are to take our stand and look along that tree-lined roadway.

Position 19. Wayfarers on a straight thirty-mile road lined with stately poplars—Baramula to Srinagar

Have you ever seen a prettier vista of arbored shade, or a road so straight and so closely lined with tall and graceful trees? We did not see such in the plains of India; they belong to a more northern latitude, or to greater altitude. These trees have a familiar appearance to me. They recall early schooldays; for hard by the old school-house stood two of these tall, prim poplar trees. They were the school-ma'am's court of appeal; they furnished the switches, and I have never ceased to be grateful for the benevolent brittleness of poplar twigs. Every school-boy knew the tender quality of poplar shoots, and when despatched to bring in the usual instrument of penal suasion, he knew well how to favor an unfortunate colleague in the choice of a lenient switch. So you see to this time I have not forgotten the tender mercies of the poplar tree. How then can I resist, in the presence of this charming avenue of poplar trees, calling your attention to the fact of this great indebtedness?

Think of a gallop of ten miles, then a relay of horses, and off again for another ten miles, a second relay for a third ten miles in a noisy but not uncomfortable tonga, and all the while between these walls of grateful shade; and as we dashed on we could peer out through these aligned trunks into fields of cultivation quite unknown in the hot plains of India. Along both sides of this road are rich fields of wheat, barley, rice and maize; there are yellow patches of ripening flax, which remind one of the time when home-made line was in the order of domestic life in rural homes. W

have left the flora of the plains for that of the temperate zone. We see no more the palm, the mango, the acacia, the banyan and the sacred bo-tree. We have been suddenly transported from the tropical to the temperate, and our old dendral friends are everywhere—the maple, the pine, the spruce, the elm, the chestnut, and such gladsome old fruit-tree neighbors as the pear, apple, peach and the plum. Where these trees of hardy fruits flourish, it is scarcely necessary to tell you that the climate is bracing and salubrious. I wish that for a moment you could step between those white-trunked poplars, to look north or south to the blue line of serrated mountains which bound this famous plain extending eighty miles from east to west and twenty-five from north to south.

At this point we have before us a few Cashmerians, who are seemingly engaged with us in a sort of mutual inspection. The two on either side of the way are of the merchant class, dressed much like the Hindus of the plains in huge turbans and in what might be called in our country ample and unconcealed shirts. If not graceful, they are surely not uncomfortable in warm summer weather. The Cashmerians are tall and dark like their congeners of the plains; they are said to possess physical beauty; but, if this must be admitted, their physical beauty cannot be disassociated with physical cowardice. An uplifted European fist will put to flight half an acre of these turbaned stalwarts. They are aggravatingly persistent salesmen; Europeans on their arrival are pursued most relentlessly by tradesmen offering their wares. They will not recognize any ordinary and polite refusal to buy; they follow at the heels of a new-comer in great numbers until he is compelled to resort to a personal attack for his own

deliverance, when, no matter how great the number of pursuers, they flee in mortal fear; for this reason they are excellent people among whom to dwell, to give a man confidence in his own prowess.

Does it not surprise you to see a smooth stone road shaded by trees and extending for a distance of thirty miles, and that in a mountain region until recently inaccessible to wheeled conveyances? Does not this beautiful highway recall the time of *Lalla Rookh*, and make one to wonder whether the princess passed here on her eventful journey?

But here we are hemmed in, and our view is obstructed, therefore we will hurry on over the last ten miles of our tonga journey, pass through the ancient capital, Srinagar, and climb to the summit of a height where we shall obtain an unobstructed view of a small portion of the Vale of Cashmere—famous in song and fiction. Map 4 marks our next position with the number 20 and indicates that we shall have a long outlook southwest over the country. This position is given also on a special map of Srinagar, Map 5, which you should now see.

Position 20. An earthly Paradise, the world-famous Vale of Cashmere, watered by the winding Jehlum

“The Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave.”

We have ended our thirty-mile ride in the mountain tonga; we have passed through the city of the Sun (Srinagar) to the outskirts, and ascended a rocky elevation called *Takht-i-Suleiman*, which means the

Throne of Solomon. Surely have we never thus far in our itinerary taken up a position either so high or so honorable as that we now occupy on the Throne of Solomon. The occupant of a throne can seldom behold the splendor of his own gilded seat; so with us; our splendid *Takht* rises nearly a thousand feet above the outstretched vale. The arms of our lofty throne are spurs of rugged granite such as you see to our right; the back is an ancient temple perched on the highest point; and the ample robe which overspreads our royal seat extends far and wide in variegated fields of every hue.

This then is our position; and from it we are looking southwest over the graceful windings of the river Jhelum. Those sinuous turns characterize this stream for a great portion of its course through the valley; they are mentioned in history and registered in art; in all books on Cashmere we find reference to the winding Jhelum, and in art it is claimed that the leaf pattern in the well-known Cashmere shawl was taken from this bend in the river's course. This may be true or it may not. Tradition and truth are often so intermingled that authentic history is an attainment of great difficulty. It is not difficult, however, to see the correspondence of form, and, as some writers claim that this capital was founded as early as 59 A. D., its antiquity may justify the claim to the river-bend origination of the leaf-pattern in the Cashmere shawl. The interminable sinuosities of this river form miles of Hogarth's line of beauty. If the secret of beauty in form lies in the double curve, as maintained by Hogarth, then we understand why the eye is pleased by the continuity of double curves in the windings of the famous stream.

I have referred to the many-shaded squares in the landscape; those dark spaces are green, and the lighter shades are caused by different crops or different stages of maturity in the crops. You will notice tall lines of poplar trees by the river and along the roadsides, showing that Jehangir, in whose reign they were introduced had a predilection for this species. You will notice also fruit-trees toward the river—whether peaches or apples we cannot at this distance determine. I know, however, that not far to the right there is a large apple-orchard which at this time is bending with fruit. I know also of a peach-orchard a few hundred yards farther to the right, laden with unblemished beauties. In the same direction lies also the cantonment or European suburb, where the English Residency, church, library, and a good hotel are located. Those houses at the foot of our Throne are native homes of the middle class and the large native city of Srinagar, containing nearly 120,000 inhabitants, lies in the same general direction to our right.

Down the river, towards our right and only a few hundred yards below, we should find many family boats called house-boats, because they have all house-keeping accommodations; they are chiefly used by Europeans during the summer season. Many languishing, heat-exhausted Europeans from the plains come up here to Cashmere to find a health-restoring retreat. Some bring tents and others engage house-boats for the season; in these boats they find all the retirement and comfort of a private home at a moderate expense. Such floating homes are always in charge of a native family, who perform all housework and navigate the boat (when the house becomes a boat), to any desired place throughout the entire val-

ley, the whole plain being intersected by streams and canals and forming a sort of a vastly extended Venice.

You can partially imagine the magnificent command of our vision from this point. Could we remove the haze which at the present moment obscures the horizon, and turn our gaze in other directions then we might see the glistening snows on giant peaks which stand sentinel along the mountain walls and hem in on every side this dreamy vale. We are in sight of the main Himalayan range, the Kara-Koram range and the Hindu Kush range, and from each range are looming up and piercing the sky many peaks over 20,000 feet high. Mount Godwin Austen, the monarch of all the surrounding peaks, rises over 28,000 feet; Agram 25,000 feet, and northward is Nanga Parbat over 26,000 feet; then eastward is Harmamakh, nearly 17,000 feet. Such a circle of snowy mountain monarchs can be found in no other quarter of the world.

For an outlook in another direction from this same eminence we turn to the right and descend the slope to the spot marked 21 (Maps 4 and 5). We are to be about two hundred feet higher than the surrounding valley, and to look directly westward over what we have called the Land of *Lalla Rookh*.

Position 21. The Land of Lalla Rookh—westward from the "Throne of Solomon"—Srinagar, Cashmere

We are still looking over the cantonment, but now towards the native city which we partially see among the trees in the distance. We are three-fourths of a mile from the heart of the native quarter; but we can see the upper portion of the palace of the Maharajah away at the right. The palace is centrally located

on the bank of the Jhelum. We may call the level space on the left of that straight avenue the playground of the cantonment, as it is there all games and sports are held. It is often called the polo-ground, for it is where that popular equestrian game is played. The river is but a few yards to the left of that ground, and at the farther side, on the left, you can see a portion of the artificial bank of the river. The tonga-road passes at the left between the polo-ground and the bank of the river. You notice white lines intersecting this common in every direction—those are foot-paths, the first to the right leaving the avenue beyond the great chenar trees, leads to and along the right bank of the river to some European shops, and then onward to the native city. The second path leads to the tonga and post-offices, also near the bank of the river. A commodious, modern and well-managed hotel stands back in the open space to the right of the road. From the hotel a path leads across the polo-ground to the English Residency, to the Club and Library, all on the right bank of the Jhelum. Wherever may be found even a limited control by England you will find the Residency, the home and office of a Government official called the Resident, whose duty it is to watch and guard the interests of England.

A few words of Cashmere history may not be amiss at this point. To most people it is a far-away, little-known mountain country something like Thibet, but of course it is like Thibet only in her remote elevation. For several centuries this land was ruled by Hindu princes, who were succeeded by Tartars. Towards the end of the fifteenth century the Great Mogul Emperor Akbar annexed Cashmere to his Indian Empire and built a strong fortress on the top of a hill

nearly as high as this Throne of Solomon where we stand. The hill crowned by Akbar's old fort might still be seen from where we stand, could we turn a little to the right. Akbar was succeeded by Jehangir, to whom Cashmere as well as other parts of his empire are indebted for many commendable innovations, among them the planting of trees and the making of beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds. Magnificent old plane-trees—called chenar trees in Cashmere—are still seen, which were first introduced by that enterprising ruler. Note the two great umbrageous chenar trees just across the bridge below; those and many others in the vicinity owe their existence here to Jehangir. In 1753 the country fell into the hands of chiefs from Cabul. In 1819 the Cabul usurpers were driven out by a general under Ranjit Singh, and, when the English conquered the Sikhs in 1846, a treaty was made in which Cashmere was assigned to Golab Singh; since that time the country has been under the rule of the Singh dynasty, which has always proved faithful to English sovereignty. During the great Mutiny the Singh ruler sent a military contingent to assist the English at Delhi; they showed their loyalty in the same way during the Afghan war.

A descendant of the Singh line is ruler at the present time and is known as Maharajah Partab Singh, G. C. S. I., Major General in the British Army. You will remember that Ranjet Singh, the great Sikh leader was known as the "Lion of the Punjab." Descendants of the "Punjab Lion" still rule Cashmere; from another view-point (Position 26) you will see Maharajah Partab Singh himself. In consideration of the practical independence granted to Cashmere by and in the treaty following the Sikh war, Ma-

harajah Partab Singh is required to maintain an army sufficiently strong to defend his frontier against any possible invasion from the north. This seems to be essentially the extent of England's nominal sovereignty over Cashmere and in connection with which the Residency already referred to is maintained.

We see again the Jehangir poplars—as we may call them, since he first introduced them to beautify roads and water-courses. Only two or three years ago rows of venerable trees lined that avenue but we see now the young trees which have taken their places. Just below we see one of the many canals which intersect the city and its surroundings and give to it its Venetian character. This canal emerges from the beautiful and historic Dal Lake, which is only a few hundred yards to our right, and empties into the Jhelum two hundred yards to the left. Notice the graceful gondolas of this Himalayan Venice. Market boats also pass this way between the lake and the city bearing all sorts of vegetables grown on floating gardens in the lake. Dal Lake has been rendered so famous in the celebrated romance of *Lalla Rookh* that I must not fail to refer to it here. Not great in area, it is only five miles in length and two and a half in width, but its background of towering mountains which mirror their sparkling snows in its crystal-clear water and its foreground of a level, fertile plain, extending to an opposite range twenty miles distant give a charming Alpine setting. In certain parts there are acres of lotus with pink-tinted flowers from six to eight inches in diameter, and, as one is paddled in his canopied gondola amongst the lake fields of gorgeous bloom, he is free to pluck and fill his boat with the massive and exquisitely colored floral cups. The sur-

face of the water is almost hidden by the broad floating leaves; the flowers stand high above the water and sway gently in the breeze. Imagine then the flower romance of floating through a wide lake of such glorious inflorescence. In certain places along the shore the lake has become so filled with water vegetation that a person may walk upon the surface, which has the springiness and resilience of a wire mattress; such parts have been made into floating gardens. The matted surface is covered with rich earth and on it all kinds of vegetables of excellent quality are grown. Think of a gardener tilling his ground and experiencing all the while the uncanny sensations of seismic vibrations! The vegetable markets of Srinagar are supplied largely from these floating gardens.

Another curious feature of the lake is its production of an edible nut. I have already mentioned floating through acres of lotus; in other places you would pass through acres of thick-matted vegetation which in the sea one would call sea-weed; it produces a delicious nut called the water-chestnut; this is dried and ground into meal, one pound of which is sufficient for a day's food. While your boatman paddled you through this field of under-water chestnuts, he would occasionally lift for you on the end of his paddle a tangled clump and place it in the boat that you might pick and open chestnut burrs such as you have probably never seen before. All the while the boat would be gliding upon sparkling water, the issue of a mountain spring.

It was undoubtedly on a part of that lake that the gardens and palace of Jehangir were situated. The present ruler maintains a summer retreat there, which

in some degree meets the glowing descriptions of Moore in *Lalla Rookh*. There is considerable of ornamental splendor and sensuous beauty at the present time—bowers of roses, crystal streams, nightingales, fragrant groves made radiant by oriental hours, as conceived by the fancy of the great Irish melodist, would scarcely be an exaggerated embellishment for modern conditions. There are deep, fragrant groves, there is a luxuriance of roses in the Shalimar Gardens; I believe there are nightingales; the source of the lake is a clear mountain stream, indeed every mountain gorge is rollicking with crystal fountains or glacial streams. And amidst such surroundings it is not difficult to imagine the arrival of Nur Mahal after the splendor of her departure from Delhi, and her romantic journey, and the surprise that awaited her at the steps of the palace by the lake.*

“Oh! to see it as sunset when warm o’er the lake
 Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
 Like a bride full of blushes when lingering to take
 A last look at her mirror, at night ere she goes.”

It is a common saying that true love never runs smooth; an occasional quarrel seems to be the normal order of the heart-uniting process; even Jehangir and his “Harem’s Light,” the lovely Nur Mahal had a quarrel and a reconciliation, and romance has it that the emperor enjoyed the intense delight of making-up in the same old garden. Moore has immortalized the tale in the following lines:—

“And well do vanished frowns enhance
 The charms of every brightened glance;
 And dearer seems each dawning smile
 For having lost its light awhile;

* See Moore’s *Lalla Rookh*.

And, happier now for all her sighs,
 As on his arm her head reposes,
 She whispers him with laughing eyes,—
 'Remember, love, the Feast of Roses.'"

Turning again to the scene before us you see a number of giant plane trees. A grove of such trees is called a *bagh*, and there are many umbrageous *baghs* around Srinagar. Across that field to the right, and on a clear stream flowing from Dal Lake, is Chenar Bagh, another to the left on the banks of the Jhelum is called Munshi Bagh; both these groves in the summer contain tents of season sojourners. By remembering then the house-boat facilities, the tenting *baghs*, and that large and well-kept modern hotel which you see on the right, the deterrants of a trip to the land of *Lalla Rookh* are quite removed and replaced by incentives.

Yet our idea of the city of Srinagar will not be correct if we judge altogether from old imperial conditions as pictured by romance, or from the modern Europeanized outskirts, or from the natural charms of mountain streams or lotus-covered lakes; therefore, we will follow that straight tree-lined road into the heart of the native city, and stand where our Map 5 shows the number 22 in red, upon the right bank of the Jhelum. The river there is spanned by a primitive log-built bridge, and every prospect, if not pleasing, is typical of the old Cashmere capital.

Position 22. *Every-day life in the Vale of Cashmere, quaint bridge and houses in the City of the Sun*

This then is the City of the Sun, as it has been alled in poetic fancy; but you will readily see it has ttle of the splendor of the great luminary after which

it has been named; it might more appositely be termed the city of filth and intolerable stench. I suppose the trifling matter of cleanliness is scarcely a thing to be considered in bestowing titular designations. Worthy or unworthy, its great name-sake deigns to flood it with bright sunshine a good part of the year, as may be seen from the verdant roofs everywhere in sight. This is one of the curious features of the city—the houses are wooden or wood and clay, and almost uniformly covered with earth which soon becomes overgrown with grass, so from an elevation the houses become a bird's-eye expanse of grass-patches. The city lies on both sides of us, i. e., on both banks of the Jhelum which follows its winding course for two miles within city limits and is crossed by seven bridges, all similar to this except one, which is of stone and iron. The houses of wood and mud are usually windowless, dilapidated, ramshackle affairs, dirty within and without and populated with entomological millions who dispute bed and board with the nominal owners. There are better houses than these before us, but these are typical; even the large and pretentious temples are often grass-roofed, while other parts of the same structures may show ornamentation in wood-carving of considerable merit. This quaint bridge is self-explained, hand-made or ax-made, buttressed with interlocked timbers anchored by enormous quantities of stone. Mechanical lines are ignored; beauty is not considered; a means of transit is the only object to be attained. There is a big gap in the road of progress between this bridge and the great modern structures of the outer world; yet there is no inconsiderable gap between this and the single-rope bridge shown you on our way hither to Srinagar (Position 18). We see

ice-shields protecting the bridge-piers, and we know therefrom that ice-floes endanger these bridges when winter relaxes its icy grip. We see, too, the gondolas of this Himalayan Venice as they are paddled up and down the stream. You surely will not fail to notice with the boys on the buttress a single specimen of the houris of the north; but I did not see any of these nymphs of the Mohammedan Paradise who would be likely to prove dangerous with their black eyes; black eyes are quite innocuous when coupled with qualities and conditions already referred to.

A nearer view may prove or disprove my unkindly criticism; therefore we will walk up the bank of the river for a short distance where we will stand near the door of a native home and see both sexes of the Cashmere *genus homo* in neighborly and family confab. The number 23 marks the spot on Map 5.

Position 23. Shelling rice and gossiping with the neighbors—home life of contented citizens of Cashmere

There are four women in this door-yard group, but you observe that two only allow themselves to be photographed; one has purposely turned away her face, the other has hidden hers behind a neighbor. Backsheesh is the only talisman by which the photographer can secure a pose from Mohammedan men or women. Mohammed forbids the making of likenesses but backsheesh is often more persuasive than the prophet of Allah! That the posing is done demurely and with respect is manifest from the morose countenances of the two women who face the camera, neither of whom is liable to be mistaken for an houri. It would be fair, however, to determine Cashmere types

from these low-class women. The country has a reputation for pretty women, and there may be some, but, as in all Mohammedan and Hindu countries, they are about as invisible as the angels. Yes, when I first rested my camera for this picture, there was a stampede for the seclusion of their miserable domiciles, but my Cashmere boy, by a flourish of coin, prevailed against the teachings of the Moslem faith and they fell back into their former positions.

Is there anything we can learn from this door-yard scene? We see a thatched roof, showing that roofs are not invariably of grass-covered earth; thatch is undoubtedly a later innovation. In other places I have mentioned the universal fondness of the female sex for personal decoration. Are the Cashmere women an exception? Do you see any signs of an exception, or do you again see ear-rings and bracelets, and maybe anklets, only for grimy skirts? The women do much of the drudgery; here they are shelling rice. That man with the rice-pounding stick is a pretender; the seated woman belongs to that rice-mortar if I may so call it. The other woman pounds with a child in her arms. A relay of rice-pounding women are seated and hiding their faces. The two men on the door-step are persons a cut higher, as shown by their snowy turbans of puggrees. Those close fitting skull caps are common with the Cashmerians. You notice baskets made of willow twigs, also basket-scoops for winnowing the shelled rice from the husks. The unshelled rice is dark in color, resembling barley. I have sometimes complained of photographic art, because it does not show dirt, yet here the shabby garments of these people almost display their grimy condition.

That scowling woman's feet are quite as black as her eyes, and quite unbecoming an houri.

I am sorry we cannot peep inside. I do not think you would care to lodge therein. It would more than satisfy the author of *The Simple Life*. It is the "lowly thatched cottage," indeed, but a little too lowly for western fancy. There remains for that tyke of a boy a hirsute triumph yet to be achieved. We will leave them now to gossip on about this great event in their lives, and to atone as best they can for this violation of a decree of their holy El-Koran.

We pass a short distance up the river and over to the opposite bank, a point marked 24 on the map, to examine a house-boat such as are used in this delightful summer resort.

Position 24. Delights of summer in the Vale of Cashmere—music for a house-boat party on the Jhelum River

We are on the left bank of the Jhelum, opposite the polo-ground and the modern hotel seen from our former position (Position 21), on Takht-i-Suleiman. The buildings on the opposite bank show we are out of the native city and in Europeanized conditions. The large buildings are stores and offices. The river at this point is the anchorage for numerous house-boats. Notice the gigantic chenar tree across the stream. Only a half mile below us on this side of the river is an interesting museum, which we shall see before we leave the city (Position 26). The Post Office, the Residency, the Library and the Club Buildings are all to our right on the opposite side of the river.

I have heretofore mentioned the house-boat as one of the facilities of travel and outing in Cashmere. Now

Position 24. Map 5

we see one, or indeed, several, some on the farther side of the river. This is a representative pattern. You will understand the exterior construction at a glance—made of wood and roofed with shingles; the hull of heavier timber. At the stern are lockers and the kitchen; next to the kitchen is the dining-room or saloon. The first room beyond the open deck is the general utility-room or sitting-room and reading-room combined. You will notice the upper deck where potted flowers are kept and where the occupants of the boat come out to spend the evening hours. The domestics, who usually embrace an entire native family, live in that mat-covered boat at the left, or in a similar boat quite apart from the occupants of the house-boat, except for service. This family of natives constitutes the crew as well as the various orders of domestic servants. The children on the upper deck probably belong to the crew of the house-boat. A house-boat party, can, of course, dispense with crew and servants if desired.

You naturally wonder how these boats are propelled? By paddles, scull-oars and poles; no steam, naphtha, gasolene or electricity is in use at this time, but probably they soon will be; man-power is still the most economical. These boats are conveyed through canals, over lakes and on the river to many parts of the valley, where they are moored until a change of place is desired.

The most conspicuous thing in sight is the itinerant musician who sits by the river bank strumming quaint Cashmerian airs on his *sitar*; the *sitar* is a sort of oriental guitar, the body of which is made from a gourd; that long neck is lined from end to end with shiftable frets on which are placed and tuned four or

often five wire strings. Its music is sweet and soft, especially when mellowed by an expanse of water. One may infer from this how easy it is to add a musical novelty to an outing in a house-boat.

Now we walk down this same side of the river until we reach the Museum, at the point marked 25 on the map, when we shall find a man and his son weaving the famous Cashmere shawls.

Position 25. Humble shawl-weavers at Cashmere patiently creating wonderful harmonies of line and color

This exhibit of weaving was prepared for Her Excellency, Lady Curzon, who was visiting Cashmere at the time. Our stand-point is at the door of the Srinagar Museum. The Museum had been put in order and some of the finest specimens of manufactures for which the country is noted had been collected and placed on exhibition by His Highness the Maharajah. Notice how this weaver has been encompassed by an embroidered screen, to exclude the gazing crowd while the Vicereine of India inspected the manipulation of the famous Cashmere shawl.

The Cashmere shawl trade at one time gave employment to twenty-five thousand men and exceeded one million and a half of dollars in annual value. The Franco-German war gave the death blow to the industry. It is now almost a thing of the past. Before us we have an old-time shawl weaver who by the order of the Maharajah has brought his loom to the front of the museum to show to Her Excellency, Lady Curzon, his manner of weaving. The following description is from John Callet's *Guide to Cashmere*:—"The real, richly embroidered shawl is now seldom

manufactured, and in its place woolen goods of cheaper quality, in the shape of squares or oblong shawls, plain or embroidered, are produced.

“Shawls are of two kinds, loom-wove (*Binaut*) where the whole pattern is wrought on the loom with an endless series of threads of all colors, and *Amlikar* in which a foundation is laid of a plain or variously colored fabric, the surface of which is minutely worked over by hand in patterns embroidered in fine woolen thread or silk. In shawl goods the qualities of fineness and softness depend on the wool used.

“A shawl-loom is worked thus:—The pattern is first drawn on paper, and from the picture a rough sketch is produced. From this the master-workman dictates the pattern, so many red threads, so many blue and so on. The working weavers follow his dictation, and thus the pattern is evolved. This special training goes on from generation to generation. The shawls are made in small pieces, which are eventually sewed together.

“The hand-made shawls which do not touch the loom at all are similarly made in pieces, which are joined together afterwards. The best kind of woolen fabric is known as *Pashmina*. Coarse, inferior wool is used in the manufacture of *pattu*, of which various patterns in imitation of English tweeds are now made. A good piece of *pattu* is not a bad imitation of real Scotch home-spun, though, of course, much inferior in finish and durability.

“Kashmir embroideries are famous for their fineness, elegance of design, and beautiful arrangement of color. The workmen have some practical knowledge of what the complementary colors are, and know that setting a color beside its complement sets out both to

the greatest effect. The variety of Kashmir shawls is great; the best way to become a judge of these, and also of the embroidery on fine *pattu*, is to visit the large shops, where articles, from a cover for a sofa to the most expensive *pashmina* shawls, may be seen in great abundance and variety."

You have probably seen old-time looms in our own country somewhat after the fashion of this: it is primitive and crude in its mechanism, but its products are sought after by royalty. I think the piece of cloth in this loom at present receives its hand embroidery after it leaves the loom. I have told you that the high-priced shawls are mostly embroidered by hand, and in sections, which are finally united by deft needle-work, and sold at prices ranging as high as \$4,000. Is it not wonderful that these poor people with clumsy hand-made tools can turn out such costly fabrics? What do you think of two dollars a week for this high-skilled labor? We are wont to think that skilled labor always commands its price; conditionally it is true perhaps. Look at this patient, skilful man with a family to support, working, not a union-contracted day of eight hours, but from sun to sun, with no half-holiday, and for a paltry two dollars a week. Skilled labor does not always command its value.

If you turn from this example of Indian industrial art to the ordinary life of the people, you find the boys of the City of the Sun are very much like urchins anywhere else.

Position 26. Children playing "Hop Scotch" in Srinagar

Almost everybody has played this very game; a diagram is marked out by scratches on the ground or by chalk-marks on a pavement, and the players in turn hop through it on one foot, kicking a pebble from one section to another. With slight modifications the game seems to be played in nearly all quarters of the earth, though nobody knows where or how it originated.

This mud-plastered house with the dirt-covered roof is like thousands of others in the crowded native quarter. If you were to go inside, you would find few or none of what you consider essentials for housekeeping. The family sleep on rugs on the floor; dishes for cooking and serving food are few, and nobody has an extensive wardrobe to be cared for, so the cares of housekeeping are reduced to the minimum.

Hindu boys, when they leave young childhood behind them, go through a religious ceremony corresponding in a sense to the "confirmation" services in some Christian churches. Their secular education as a rule does not go beyond the rudiments of reading, writing and reckoning, but many of them pick up through practical experience very good facility in simple arithmetic. Individual boys now and then show both intellectual ability and ambition; such youths fill the Mission schools and the Government colleges. But, now that the colleges have been turning out graduates for a good many years, the perplexing result of such higher education is an enormously excessive number of book-learned men compared with the number of professional and clerical opportunities

for self-support. Disappointed hopes turn to bitterness, and bitterness multiplied by exchanged confidence of grievances leads to what writers on Indian affairs call the "social unrest," with its occasional tragic outbreaks that startle the rest of the world. The problem of a healthy, serviceable outlet for the educated Hindu's energy is a problem whose seriousness is at least commanding consideration by British authorities, though a full solution seems still very far off.

Meanwhile, for those who do not do any disquieting amount of thinking, life in almost any Indian city is so full of entertaining sights that every day has something interesting to offer a spectator at the show. To American or British eyes Srinagar in particular offers spectacles more suggestive of poetry and romance than of life in a practical world of bread-and-butter problems. Our next position, on the river-bank near where the shawl-weavers were at work, will give us a typical experience.

Position 27. Oriental Hospitality—State barges of the Maharajah conveying guests, Srinagar

The Residency, where the official representative of the British Government lives, is a mile away upstream. The native city is down-stream. Those beautiful poplar and chenar trees are again reminders of Cashmere's remoteness from the enervating heat of India's lowland districts, and her nearer kinship to our own home-lands in point of climate.

These boats with the awnings are carrying toward the Residency the Viceregal guests of the native ruler of Cashmere; they have just come from the Museum

a few rods away. A magnificent carpet was spread over the landing steps in readiness for their descent to the boats, so that noble feet might not have to tread common earth and stone. It is such ceremonious splendor as we used to read about in the old tales of Aladdin and his princess-bride. The host on this occasion, the hereditary prince of a district a little smaller than New York State and Pennsylvania, is—to give him his full title—Major General His Highness Sir Partab Singh Indar Mahindar Badahur Sipari-Saltanat, Maharajah of Kashmir and Jammu. He succeeded to the throne in 1885, is a naval commander of the Star of India, and receives here in his own dominions an official salute of twenty-one guns; in other parts of India nineteen guns. His palace-home (in the native town, a short distance below the quaint bridge which we saw from Position 22) is elegantly furnished, partly in the native fashion and partly with modern European articles such as any British or American man of wealth might use. A British "Resident" is practically his Prime Minister, and between them a good many modern ideas are materializing for the benefit of the people. About two and a half million people come under his rule. A good many of them are country folks remote from this twentieth century; but at least those who live in this picturesque capital city of His Highness have a prospect of better times for themselves and their children, because of a royally authorized and patronized movement for the commercial development of old native handicrafts. The really fine Industrial Art Museum on the river-bank just behind us surprises many a traveler into exclamations of wondering admiration over specimens of engraved and beaten

copper-work, silver-work, carved wooden ware, embroideries and woven stuffs. And it is not merely a collection of old masterpieces of workmanship and artistic feeling; fortunately for Cashmere, the people of the present generation are proving that neither taste nor skill died with their ancestors.

The usual way of traveling through Cashmere is less poetic and less comfortable than a river-voyage in one of these royal barges. Our next position, on one of the mountain roads leading back from Srinagar towards Murree, will show quite another sort of conveyance, which serves, at need, for the journey of one hundred and fifty-five miles over a wonderfully grand and picturesque road along the gorge of the Jhelum.

Position 28. A hill-country ekka with passenger and baggage coming from Cashmere to Murree

I have already given a brief description of a journey from Murree to Srinagar in a Himalayan mail tonga; I made the return in the style which you see here. My choice of an ekka rather than a tonga was the result of necessity, as I planned to stop at points *en route* in order to secure stereographs of desirable places, and I must be accompanied by an interpreter. We could not both ride at the same time—as you will readily perceive from the construction of our carriage—except during long down-grades when we would crawl up under that roof of rags. An ekka has no springs; that great pouch below the axle is to hold fodder for the horse. The compartment above the axle is for baggage; the third space is for passengers, often containing five or six with heads thrust out on every side, reminding one of a market crate of

poultry; so that the general aspect of a well-stocked traveling ekka is a snarl or conglomeration of horse, humanity, rags and ropes.

Seven days and one hundred and fifty-five miles of ekka travel leave impressions mental and physical not soon to be forgotten. One fare for the entire distance between Srinagar and Murree by mail tonga is nine dollars. An ekka with exclusive use may be hired for the same amount. Coolies can be hired for carrying luggage at the rate of four annas or twelve cents a stage, and the stages vary from ten to fifteen miles. The regulation burden of each coolie is fifty pounds. Think of carrying on the head a weight of fifty pounds a distance of fifteen miles for twenty-four cents! In the matter of expense, how far does our express service prove an advantage over coolie transportation? In expedition the express may claim an advantage, but as regards cheapness and breakage the coolie is preferable. Could legislation be made to consider the interest of the people before the interest of the express companies, and thereby bring about a parcel post system, we might have our small packages carried as cheaply as in European countries or as cheaply as by the coolies of India and Cashmere.

There are ten stations between Srinagar and Murree averaging about fifteen miles between stations. With but a single horse, and that one as you see not altogether a Bucephalus in his make-up, the team would seldom make more than one stage a day. Neither ekkas nor tongas travel at night; the road is then blocked by long trains of bullock-carts which travel mostly at night to avoid the extreme heat of the sun in the confined gorges of the Jhelum. At every station there is a public rest-house established by the Gov-

ernment. The government tax for a night's lodgment is eight annas (twelve and a half cents). Meals are ordered *à la carte* and are paid for extra, but the rates are moderate. The rest-houses are provided for the use of European and Cashmere officials, whose duties oblige them to travel on the road. European travelers are, however, allowed to occupy them, with the understanding that officials have the first right to the accommodations. Servants and followers are not allowed to occupy the rest-house. The keeper of the house, called the *Chowkidar*, furnishes all comforts possible at fixed rates. A register is kept by the *Chowkidar* in which visitors are required to enter their names, to specify what they have received and the prices paid. This register is also a complaint book in which the traveler is asked to enter his grumbles. I really found it unnecessary to enter any complaint. My Cashmere boy slept on the floor of the verandah and complained only of fleas which he declared were "too much plenty." A somewhat wearisome succession of days of alternate walking and riding, and meals of the *Chowkidar's* preparation, left something to be desired, but all made easily forgettable by the grand music of mountain cataracts, the sublimity of bottomless gorges and the grandeur of ever-changing prospects. This ekka ride ended on the seventh day.

It will be a good plan to refer again to the general map of India and find Simla north of Delhi. Our next visit is to be to Simla, and, in order to understand the characteristic features of the place, you should have an idea of its location. At Murree we take a *tonga* and *bindi* and thence go eastward by rail to Amritsar. There a branch railway extends north thirty miles to Kalka at the foot of the mountains. At

Kalka we again take a tonga a distance of fifty-seven miles, all the while climbing higher and higher into the foot-hills of the Himalayas, and it must be remembered that even the Himalayan "foot-hills" would be considered great mountains anywhere away from the world's highest range. The road is nowhere straight; the tonga-horses gallop around sweeping curves; they halt every ten or fifteen miles for relays, when dusty travelers may enter the rest-houses for a cup of tea, then off again at a break-neck gallop as on the road to Cashmere. This wild ride continues until the tonga reaches an elevation of seven thousand feet.

A special map of Simla is provided for use at this stage of our journey. Consult Map 6 and you will find our twenty-ninth position marked in the usual way near the bottom of the map, a short distance outside the hill-top town. The red lines show that we shall be facing directly towards the wonderful summer capital of the Indian Government, nestling among the evergreen crests of the sub-Himalayas.

***Position 29. Simla, the beautiful Himalayan resort,
from the highway to Kalka***

We have stopped here on the wayside to take a first look at Simla. We are still one mile from the tonga station in the center of the town; but here we obtain a good general view of the central portion and some of the principal buildings. It has a marvelous situation. "A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." Here is one set on a hill over seven thousand feet above the sea—indeed some of the peaks, as the one whose slope begins up near the sky-line at the right, exceeds eight thousand feet; and yet a great number

of private homes and many public buildings are almost hidden by the dark evergreens which abound at this elevation.

This district of Simla, in which we are now, includes eighty-six square miles. Simla itself is not only the summer capital of the Government of India, but also a Sanitarium, and it is the headquarters of the Indian army throughout the year, for these reasons it becomes a place of great importance and especially of great activity during the summer months. In the winter it is largely deserted, except by the garrison and the native population, and all this ground is often covered with heavy falls of snow.

Yonder slope on which the town is built extends for one thousand feet into a densely wooded vale below. The sky-line is a narrow ridge scarcely a hundred feet in width, and extends from that dark wood on the right toward the left or westward for two miles to Observatory Hill and the Palace or Viceregal Lodge. Beyond that ridge there is an abrupt descent of a thousand feet, thickly wooded, but with a northern exposure and consequently with too little sunshine for dwellings. It is, however, the haunt of innumerable monkeys who often scamper along the housetops in the bazaar portion of the town. The mountain whose base slope we see at the right is called Jakko, and is encompassed by a beautiful road and promenade five miles in length. The sinuosities in that road afford charming glimpses into deep ravines and out over sunlit valleys. By-paths at every turn lead to private cottages hidden among many-colored rhododendrons. Jakko Hill is dotted with villas to the summit; the endless slopes below the level of that ridge hide away cosy homes which are constantly surprising

one by their sudden and unexpected appearance as one rides along.

The topography of Simla is extraordinary; it might be described briefly as a broken and irregular series of mountains connected by ridges and separated by deep valleys, and every slope clad with firs, deodars, oaks and rhododendrons. At the bottom of every valley is found a clear mountain stream. Northward in every direction may be seen the glistening snows of the main range which does not seem far distant, so pure is the mountain air, and yet the nearest of the snow-capped peaks is twenty-seven miles from Simla in a straight line, while the nearest of the central Himalayan range is more than fifty miles away. Between the main range and Simla there seems to be a world of mountains and of valleys, sometimes clothed in boskage and at other places with sharp pinnacles piercing the sky. The world-embracing views are often truly sublime. Southward (i. e., behind us at the left) on clear days the plains at Amballa can be seen seventy-six miles away. Just imagine standing on yonder ridge, or by those villas on the slope of wooded Jakko, with your vision commanding a view of plains seventy-six miles to the south, then turning in an opposite direction and gazing at the snowy summits of the highest range in the world, fifty miles to the north! May not that be called a comprehensive landscape? Sometimes on a clear morning there can be seen a silver line winding among the intervening mountains midway between the great range and the beholder. It is the mighty Sutlej river, near its birthplace, starting on its wild career to the sea, a descent of six thousand feet.

We here command a general view which enables me

to refer readily to important places not within our field of vision. Could we pass over that ridge to the extreme left and descend twelve hundred feet by a sequestered and shady path, or by a winding rickshaw road, we should reach a pretty vale called Anandale, where are the race-course, the public gardens, and the cricket ground. It is the place where all out-door sports are held. Near Anandale is a charming wooded glen with grassy slopes and giant trees and cosy nooks for sauntering lovers. There are many outlying stations where good rest-houses are located, and at which exceptional scenic vistas may be enjoyed.

Mushobra is only four miles from Simla, beautifully located and possessing an excellent hotel and near which an annual fair is held, called the Sipi Fair. It is sometimes called the "Sipi Matrimonial Fair," as some claim that when the fair was first established it was chiefly a match-making institution, and that mountain maids went there to display their charms and to make marital conquests—in short, a matrimonial market. Night-walks at Mushobra are rendered somewhat uncanny by prowling leopards. By a long day's trip to Narkanda one may obtain a glimpse of a goodly portion of the world from a height of nine thousand feet.

The road around Jakko Hill affords a delightful drive, and late in the afternoon and in the early morning it is quite animated with rickshaws, carriages, and horse-back riders of both sexes. One romantic stretch in the road with unusual aspects is called the Ladies' Mile, because a favorite speeding place for equestriennes. You would not think from the low and flat appearance of the base of Jakko, seen from where we stand, that it rises steeply a thousand feet above that

horizontal ridge, or that its circumference is five miles. The summit is easily reached by shady paths, and when reached one finds a strange, solitary dweller—a fakir or hermit with troops of monkeys for his companions. When the hermit wishes to assemble his simian friends, he shouts a call-word which they quickly recognize and they come scampering from every part of the hill for a treat of gram (peas). They come in hundreds and of all ages and sizes and denominations. Simian mothers come carrying their babes; some are recognized bosses domineering the different bands. It forms a curious spectacle.

By following that ridge towards the left for one mile, Observatory Hill is reached, and the Viceregal Lodge, or Viceroy's Palace, which we shall see from another point (Position 32). The sharp turn in the road in front of us is a suggestion of the roads everywhere about Simla. Often sheer plunges of several hundred feet are made into woody ravines or rocky chasms. Prospect Hill, to which we shall go for a position overlooking the military station of Jutogh (Position 32), lies behind us now and at a much greater elevation than the road at this point.

I must call your attention to the situation of the Town Hall, which occupies a central position at the foot of Jakko Hill and on the top of the ridge, a trifle to the right of the open space among the trees. It is a large new stone structure with Gothic features, a *multum in parvo* affair, containing the Gaiety Theatre with corridors and foyer, a masonic hall, municipal offices, a police station, a public library, the finest ball-room in India, fifty by seventy feet, ball-room galleries, drawing rooms, and so forth. On festal occasions the plaza about the Town Hall pre-

sents a lovely scene, filled with fine equipages, rickshaws and coolie-borne jhampans. Near it is Christ Church, shown now by that square tower with four sharp spires. I call your attention particularly to that church because we shall be standing just before it at our next position. It stands at the east end of a plaza, on the top of the ridge which forms the watershed of the Simla district. This plaza is the public play-ground of Simla; it has the promenade and the band-stand with the post office at the west end and the Town Hall in the center. That central opening on the skyline is an observation point for the snowy range. The Government buildings extend from the center of our line of view towards the left; a few of them are in sight, but it is difficult to identify the different buildings from our position. I think the many-storied structure in the center line is the *Kutchery*, which signifies Court-House. The Secretariat is shown in part at the extreme left, while the Foreign Office is still farther to our left.

As one glances at this town perched on this steep slope suspicions of landslides haunt the intending domiciliary; but there is generally nothing to fear, as most foundations are on rock. The buildings thickly clustered together below the Town Hall constitute the chief center of the native bazaar, although many villages are scattered around Jakko and among the hills near by.

Before leaving this point you must not fail to notice the true signs of Anglo-Saxonism in the group before us; with those natives are English boys and girls on their way from school. When all were asked to stop momentarily and give life to the stereograph negative, the Anglo-Saxon spirit of fun and fight

showed itself in the pugilistic attitude of the two small boys—the boxing pose comes first to the mind of the British scion, ever ready for a fight—the *mon droit* (my right) of the English coat-of-arms symbolized by little fists.

We will now follow this highway up to a position near Christ Church, which has been pointed out to you, and look southward. The local map marks the spot with a 30. (Notice that the central district of Simla is given by itself on a larger scale, in the corner of Map 6.)

Position 30. Before Christ Church, at Simla, India's charming summer capital in the Himalayan mountains

This church, the first erected in Simla, dates back to 1840; but the erection and history of the present edifice are best summed up in the inscription on the corner-stone:—"The first corner-stone of a new church, for the station of Simla, to be called and known as Christ Church, Simla, was solemnly deposited, with prayers to Almighty God for His blessing on the designer, the architect, the builders, and the benefactors to the same, by Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, in the presence of His Excellency, Sir Hugh Gough, Bart., G. C. B., Commander-in-chief in India, the Hon. J. Cadwalader Erskine, Sub-Commissioner, North West Frontier, and of several of the gentry, and military officers resident in Simla, on the 9th of September, A. D. 1844, in the 8th year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, The Right Hon. Sir. H. Hardinge, Bart., G. C. B., being Governor-General

of North West Provinces. *Deo soli per Jesum Christum sit gloria in Sempiternum.*" We see then that for over sixty years this has been an English church, so that Simla is by no means a new place; but sixty years ago the attendants were not so numerous as they are today, neither did they come and go in those handy little man-power rickshaws which we now see waiting at the church door. The gowns were probably not so fine, nor the jampanies (rickshaw men) so immaculate, if indeed there were jampanies at all sixty years ago. This is the state church and it is here where the Viceroys and Vicereines attend service; but they do not usually enter at this door. The Viceregal equipage with runners and out-riders passes before this door and around to a private entrance on the opposite side of the building.

From our present position you may again draw conclusions as to the extraordinary outlooks in Simla. We are looking towards the plains, and a line running directly south from where we stand would pass very near to Delhi and Cape Camorin. We can discover the contour of mountains beyond deep intervening valleys, and those ranges are but foothills to the monarch ranges lying far north; the ranges such as you see here constitute the world of mountains to which I have already referred, not in regular chains as those appear to be, but an incomprehensible world-chaos of ranges, peaks, spurs, valleys, ravines, and gorges, bounded on the far south by hazy plains and on the distant north by snow peaks piercing the sky. You see how the banks of clouds match the mountain ranges; at the bursting of the monsoons, when black thunder clouds, cleft with lightning flashes, come rolling over those mountains, the appearance is truly grand. Here

again you see bungalows partially hidden among the fir-trees down on the mountain side. Simla as a capital, a hill station, or as a Sanitarium includes six square miles, and throughout the entire region you would be greeted by similar outlooks. The place has **now** a population of about forty thousand, but only between four and five thousand are Europeans.

It is needless to tell you that there are many Sanitaria or mountain stations in India, and needless, moreover, to tell you why so many mountain retreats have been established; you, of course, know of the languishing heat of the plains. Farther on in our itinerary (Positions 37-40) we shall visit another mountain station, if possible, even more beautiful than Simla.

Rickshaw men are not always so spotless in their attire; but these are private jampanies, hired by Europeans at about \$3.50 per month. If Americans or Englishmen at home had to do the work of a horse at \$3.50 a month, a jampanie strike would soon be on. The ladies of Simla vie one with another in making original and sometimes fantastic costumes for their jampanies. At this moment there seem to be no carriages waiting at the church door; but in a few minutes there may be many elegant turnouts with gaudy *syce* (grooms) in attendance. You cannot fail to observe that our position here is again on a high terrace, so the rickshaws which must travel to those distant bungalows will be compelled to make a long detour to reach the lower road leading there. Have you read Kipling's story of *The Phantom Rickshaw*? These jampanies in their white robes darting silently along the hidden by-ways at midnight would be spooky enough for "phantom rickshaws."

Just beyond the rail opposite the church is a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet down to a foot-path and a rickshaw road leading to native shops and to the oldest hotel in Simla, viz.: Lowrie's Hotel.

Thither we go for a glance at native stores—but a Briton will not understand you if you say "stores"; here you must say "shops." Our thirty-first stand-point is located on the town map.

Position 31. Native shops and traders, along Lower Bazaar, Simla

We are now looking northwest. We have come down from the church by that narrow road to the right, and again ascended to our present view-point near the afore-mentioned Lowrie's Hotel. We are facing towards the Town Hall which we see at the right, distinguishable by its Gothic features, and then far away we can identify a portion of Observatory Hill near where the Palace is located. The street below leads past the Town Hall to the Post Office at the west end of the Mall or Plaza. Here the way is lined with a poor class of native shops, but these are what we desire to see rather than the European with which we are quite familiar.

If you are unacquainted with Oriental methods of negotiation, these shops would prove a school in which you must take some degrees before undertaking to do buying successfully. The first-named prices would probably dissuade you from all hope of making a purchase. Then you affect absolute indifference about buying, and jeer at the preposterous attempt at extortion. Soon the shop-keeper will commence his invariable course of "coming down." Increase your indifference

and feign contempt—he will recede again in his price. Leave the shop and he will probably call after you a lower figure. Stride on in magnificent and lofty contempt. A few days later, if you are anxious to make the purchase, pass the door of the shop, accidentally, as it were, but be careful not to look in. The shopkeeper's greedy eye will not escape you; he will hail you; he will urge you to come in "just to look"; but didn't speak to, nor recognize him—walk haughtily on. Days afterwards, or weeks maybe, casually pass the shop again—you will be sure to hear the—"Here, mauster!" "How much?" Offer, say, one-fourth of the original price, and it is not unlikely you will hear a mournful "all right," accompanied by a solemn asseveration that you have ruined him; and yet when you are gone he will gloat over his profitable transaction. This system of barter is common to all Oriental countries; it is extremely tedious, but the intending visitor to the East must familiarize himself with it, else endure an unremitting "bunco." It is very unlike our one-price system; but it is a system in which resistance is an economic necessity.

These are typical native shops—low, cheap sheds with open fronts that may be closed in with boards at night. Daily, troops of half-wild monkeys may be seen scampering and chipping along these roofs. Jackals are the night scavengers of Simla, and their wild concerted yells as they prowl about among the forest-embowered houses are not contributive to sleep. During my late visit to Simla, two of those animals found their way into the bathroom of Lowrie's Hotel, near where we stand now. The bathroom is on the ground floor near the wooded hillside; the outer door was unfastened, the night prowlers entered, and the door

closed upon them. They were discovered by the earliest morning bather, whereupon the proprietor, knowing that I was an American and presuming that every man from the country in which the pocket-gun does a good part of the life insurance business must have his "policy" about him, asked me to assist him to dispose of his unbidden guests in the bathroom. I soon despatched one by a shot from my revolver, but number two secreted himself behind the bathtub and I was obliged to enter the room and demolish him with the butt end of a billiard cue.

The howls of hyenas in the valleys below often disturb the fitful sleep of the timorous; but such night sounds only add the charm of weirdness to one's unique environment, especially if accustomed merely to such gentle night-sounds as the discussion of the katy-dids or the chirping of hearth-crickets.

Grass cutting is a regular industry in Simla. Every keeper of horses must include a grass-cutter among the numerous servants attached to his domain, however small. In every approach to the town at all hours you will meet grass-men with great bundles of their special commodity on their way to the grass-market. You see three grass-vendors before us now. They may be servants or they may be grass-sellers from among the mountains. I have met them ten miles from town bearing such burdens for the market. Grass-cutters receive about the same pay as jampanies. There are wood-sellers also, who bring to the city in this fashion great bundles of limbs or faggots to the wood-market.

Along this street, and indeed, along every street in Simla, you would see in the coolness of the early morning lines of hill agriculturists bringing in to

Simla various market products. Have you any desire to know what fruits and vegetables are grown in the sub-Himalayas? It always impresses me very strangely to see familiar flowers or plants or vegetables in a far-away country. The hill-men in this neighborhood raise cucumbers, pumpkins, peas, beans, spinach, tomatoes, radishes, carrots, cabbage, cauliflower, artichokes, turnips, celery, asparagus, rhubarb, onions, ginger, beet-root, lettuce, etc. The principal fruits are apricots, strawberries, wild cherries, quinces and peaches, while mulberries and raspberries are found wild on the hillsides. Municipal orchards have been planted and cultivated which now supply the station with considerable quantities of good English fruit. When we see European vegetables and European fruits, and find European climate at these points of elevation in the midst of the languishing tropics, we naturally wonder what would England do in India without these hill-stations.

You must not be led to believe from this view that only native shops are to be found here. Beyond this part of the street in either direction you would find large and well-stocked English and native shops. There are six hotels in Simla and several boarding houses; so you may easily understand, how, with the advent of the Government officials and their families along with the influx of other sojourners, Simla becomes a gay and festive and fashionable place in the summer season.

Now, just imagine we are in one of those "phantom rickshaws" and we will scud along this same street and then along a broad drive one mile to the Viceregal Lodge, the official residence of the Viceroy. We pause at the spot marked on the map with a 32 in red.

Position 32. South front of Viceregal Lodge, Palace of the Viceroy, at Simla, the charming Summer Capital of India

We are facing westward. Simla is behind us. We stand on the leveled crest of Observatory Hill which commands beautiful vistas in every direction, from the plains south to the snowy range in the north.

This magnificent pile was completed in 1888; it is the official residence of the Viceroys of India. It was first occupied by Lord Dufferin during the last year of his reign. It is built chiefly of gray stone, quarried in the neighborhood. Towelle says:—"The grounds are beautifully laid out. It is approached by a long road winding up from the Guard-House and through a well laid out garden. The roadway is lined with flower-beds and ornamental shrubs. To the west are terraces well turfed, prettily planted with ornamental shrubs and flower-beds, round the margin of well kept lawns. In the grounds are three houses for the accommodation of parts of His Excellency's Staff—Observatory House, Squire's Hall and Curzon House." Every part of the interior is spacious and admirable. The entrance hall is thirty by forty feet; the dining-room, thirty by seventy; the drawing-room, thirty by sixty; the ballroom, thirty by seventy, and there are numberless other rooms in similar magnificent proportions. The entire palace has been furnished and decorated without regard to expense. It is lighted throughout by electricity—giving it a fairy-like appearance on occasions of state and festivity.

The Viceregal Lodge is truly a palace eminently of the high representatives of the British Crown whose occupancy it has been erected. We have referred on more than one occasion to the

late beautiful Lady Curzon. This was her vice-imperial home for a term of years, and how many times she has entered beneath these grand porches in stately equipage! How often the spacious Council-room within has been occupied by statesmen and native princes! and how often too have high-born dames, décolletées, with sparkling tiaras and sweeping trains, graced the embowered dancing hall!

You will note that those palace guards are natives, that the servant with fantastic cap is a native; in fact all the numerous servants belonging to the palace are natives; there is obvious policy in this.

Our next position will be a half mile southward (left), on Prospect Hill, looking towards Jutogh, a military station. It is in line with our present position, about two miles distant, as the map shows.

Position 33. Jutogh, a military station, from Prospect Hill, Simla

Our stand is now on the west side of Prospect Hill and we are looking west-northwest towards the military station of Jutogh, which is over a mile from where we stand. This position has been chosen for a two-fold purpose, viz.: to show the character of one of the many English military posts at a high elevation, and to furnish an example of what I have several times had occasion to refer to—the grandly mountainous character of the sub-Himalayas. We are standing at an elevation of seven thousand feet, while Jutogh is a trifle lower. We can see the soldiers' barracks on one point and powerful batteries located on the smaller peak. Those batteries of course are intended chiefly for local defense and are capable of

sweeping any approach in case of a tribal uprising. A single glance will show you the admirable sanitary conditions of such a place. You see the soldiers' quarters on that crest, swept by cool mountain breezes, and the homes of the officers with their families in those houses a little below and to the westward. What a vigor-restoring place for men who have been long held in camps on the scorching plains! Only a small number of troops are kept at a place like this; but military summer sanitarium are maintained at many suitable places throughout the Himalayas, between Assam on the east and Afghanistan on the west, as already mentioned. We visited a hill-station at Mount Abu. There are others at Poona near Bombay, at Bangalore, at Ootacamund far south, and also along the western Ghats (See page 337). The mountains furnish a European climate in a tropical country which is often smitten with pestilence and under a torrid condition of heat. Jutogh here, like other hill-stations, is fanned by cool upper currents, and during the monsoon floods it has a perfect drainage. Mountaineers are proverbially hardier and braver than a people reared in a level country, and it may be that dwelling even for limited periods in these rugged places imparts somewhat of these qualities to soldiers. If mountain climbing and mountain air and the majesty of mountain scenery tend to impart war-like qualities, the graduates of Jutogh should be brave and fierce and hardy.

There are two roads between Kalka and Simla; what is known as the old road passes along the base of Jutogh and is now mainly used for carting purposes; it is the lowest of a number of roads to be about Jutogh. You can identify a freight-cart

creeping along near the intersection of a still older road. Here you have a good opportunity of noting the general character of the tonga road between Kalka and the capital, indeed, the character of a road any where in the Himalayas—how continuously winding, how steep the slopes, how deep the valleys, and how high the mountain crests; and then again, as at Simla, we see how range succeeds range. We are looking well towards the north and it is still range beyond range until space defeats our vision. This is what I have been calling, for the want of more comprehensive adjectives, the limitless world of the sub-Himalayas. In this wild of mountain and valley one must travel several miles of ascent and descent to cover one mile of latitude or longitude. This mountain climbing necessity reminds me of a curious custom among the donkey-drivers and muleteers of this region; they slit the nostrils of their animals from two to three inches in order to facilitate breathing, believing as they seem to do that fuller inspiration and expiration depend on nostril space.

People at home often wonder why travelers visiting these sub-Himalayan stations do not penetrate to the main range. This glimpse into fifty miles of the sub-ranges ought to suggest a reason; fifty miles in a direct line means one hundred and fifty miles of ascent and descent.

With this glance at a mountain military post we return to Simla, and from Simla we start out on a trip to the native state of Bhuj, twenty-two miles north of Simla. At Sunni, the capital of Bhuj, we reach the head-waters of the Sutlej river. On this trip the traveler journeys by what in this region is

called a jhampan, a sort of sedan chair carried by two coolies. The route passes around the north side of Jakko, through the village of Kasauli and along an excellent carriage road as far as Mushobra, five miles from Simla; at Mushobra the carriage road ends and a rickshaw road continues through winding stretches of deodars and along dizzy winding slopes and jagged crests until we reach a spot of great beauty in the midst of a region where every outlook is marked by grandeur and sublimity. This spot is our next point of view.

Position 34. Charming Naldera, the favorite retreat of Lords Lytton and Curzon

We are looking south-southwest, with Simla at the extreme right on that high mountain ridge, about ten miles distant by the road we have followed. Mushobra lies over beyond the line of view to the left. Beyond this level, terrace-like pasture land and yonder range of mountains lies a deep valley dotted with native cots and cultivation, and behind us, only two hundred yards away, one might stand on perpendicular ledges and look down into a valley one thousand feet below, where a branch of the Sutlej winds its course through a bird's-eye landscape. This is becoming a popular retreat. It was here that Lord Lytton came to escape the cares of State. It was also here that Lord and Lady Curzon came to be away from the artificial, to enjoy the Simple Life; to be away from court ceremonies and boredom in a thousand forms, and to be near Nature who never tires her devotees.

We cannot but wonder while we gaze over these velvety pastures—the favorite dream-land of Lord Lytton, where he was wont to come to be rid of all the tedium and grandeur of the palace—whether it

was here that the inspiration of his beautiful poem, *The Palace of Omartes*, came to him. Lord Lytton lived in a palace at Simla, but he preferred to live in a tent at Naldera. His poem is this:—

“Omartes, king of the wide plains which north
Of Tanais pasture steeds for Scythian Mars,
Forsook the simple ways
And Nomad tents of his unconquered fathers,

And in the fashion of the neighboring Medes,
Built a great city girt with moat and wall,
And in the midst thereof
A regal palace dwarfing piles in Susa,

With vast foundations rooted into earth,
And crested summits soaring into heaven,
And gates of triple brass,
Siege-proof as portals welded by the Cyclops.

One day Omartes, in his pride of heart,
Led his high-priest, Telentias, through his halls,
And, chilled by frigid looks
When counting on high praise, asked, ‘What is
wanting?’

‘Where is beheld the palace of a king,
So stored with all that doth a king beseem;
The woofs of Phrygian looms,
The gold of Colchis and the pearls of Ormus.

‘Couches of ivory sent from farthest Ind,
Sidonian crystal, and Corinthian bronze,
Egypt’s vast symbol gods,
And those imagined unto man by Hellas,

‘Stored not in tents that tremble to a gale,
But chambers firm based as the Pyramids.
And breaking into spray
The surge of Time as Gades breaks the Ocean?’

'Nor thou nor I the worth of these things now
Can judge; we stand too near them,' said the Sage.
'None till they reach the tomb
Scan with just eye the treasures of the palace.

'But for thy buildings,—as we speak, I feel
Through all the crannies pierce an icy wind
More bitter than the blasts
Which howled without the tents of thy rude fathers.

'Thou hast forgot to bid thy masons close
The chinks of stone against Calamity.'
The Sage inclined his brow,
Shivered, and, panting, round him wrapped his
mantle."

Like most people King Omartes saw with his eyes,
but Telentias saw with his soul, and who chooses a
palace before a retreat like Naldera sees with his eyes
only.

"It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the mind descries."*

Referring again to the landscape before us, we are
on a plateau rolling in places, and sometimes covered
with groves of beautiful deodar, a kind of cedar
(*Cedrus deodara*), while the slopes are often aflame
with red-flowered rhododendrons; the grazing places
about the pools are enlivened with feeding flocks. A
half-mile to our right is the native village of Naldera.
There are suitable places in every direction for camp-
ing and tenting, and golf-links have lately been added
to its attractions. It was probably the many charms
and associations of the place, with the euphony of
its name, which disposed Lord and Lady Curzon to
re their youngest born Alexandra Naldera.

Erabbe.

Twelve miles or more intervene between here and our destination on the Sutlej. The whole distance is intensely picturesque and wild—mostly a winding descent of several thousand feet. The heat increases as a traveler descends and he is soon passing paddy-fields and clumps of banana plants, where the higher temperature and tropical flora tell unmistakably when the level of the lower plains is reached once more. After five hours, and near nightfall, the village of Sunni is reached, with its rest-house near the Sutlej built by the Rajah of the native State of Bhuj. It is without furniture save a charpoy (a kind of bedstead), which any traveler is free to occupy for the night. Our next standpoint is near Sunni, on the bank of the Sutlej.

Position 35. Inflating bullock-skin boats for crossing the swift Himalayan river, Sutlej

We are on the left bank of the Sutlej, looking up stream. The channel is rock-bound and the stream is strong and rapid, narrow and deep. As you now stand looking at the head-water of this great river of the Himalayas, you must not be forgetful of the privilege you possess in being able to see so important a river in its upper course among the mountains. You will say it is not large; no, at this season, not so large; notwithstanding its apparent smallness at this point, it is a great and important river. Its name signifies "The hundred channeled." It is the largest of the five rivers of the Punjab. The Sutlej here, like the Bramapootra, the Ganges and the Indus, has its origin in Thibet at an elevation of twenty thousand feet above the sea. Think of a descent of twenty thousand feet before it reaches the sea, and what a waster of water-power! How long has it been chafing

and thundering to cut its channel from Thibet by a zig-zagging course to the plains? This time could not be estimated in years, but only in geologic periods. I doubt whether it would be exaggeration to state that the erosive work done by this river in its course of four or five hundred miles among the Himalayas would exceed the cutting of a thousand Panama Canals. Its full length before it unites with the Indus is one thousand miles. In its lower course it is navigable for boats of considerable tonnage; in its upper course, as may be seen here, it is navigable for *dreas*. A drea is an inflated bullock-skin used as a boat. You see them before us.

I have crossed this river several times on these inflated bullock-skins; and I am sure that underwriters would call the operation extra hazardous. The method is briefly this:— The drea-man, after inflating the skin as you see them doing here, places it on the water and places himself on his stomach athwart the skin with his feet in the water; he holds a short paddle in his hands. The intending passenger sits erect, astride the drea-man. This gives a very precarious equilibrium; the drea is exceedingly buoyant, the stability is that of a floating cylinder; feet and paddle in the water on either side form a very insignificant bilge-keel. Paddling with the feet and with the real paddle gives the propelling power. An ounce of misplaced avoirdupois on either side insures a plunge into the deep and wrathful Sulej. When many passengers or much cargo are to be taken across, two skins are bound together with sticks; this produces greater stability. I have seen hill-women with babes on their backs sit astride the drea-men in the regular fashion and cross this swift stream from this very point.

You have observed how the skin for this purpose is taken from the animal in one piece and how all openings in the skin are closed except in one leg which is left open for inflation. You notice two men engaged in the process of inflating, by blowing at the aperture left open for that purpose. When the skin is sufficiently taut the blow-leg is closed by a leather thong. One man has completed the work of inflating, two are hard at it and one has just arrived with his skin-boat already "blown-up." These *drea-wallahs* can drive the skins across the river during high floods when the best swimmer would be helpless in the powerful current. The *drea* seems to be a step beyond the primitive coracle of Wales or of a similar boat used in Egypt, and about as far removed as possible from ocean-liners. Its use often involves a ducking; but a plunge in the river is not a serious inconvenience to these people so simply clad. I might mention that sometimes two of these boats will cross side by side, so close that the passengers can touch hands and thereby maintain a safer balance. If the inflated-skin idea were advanced a little, to the degree of connecting several skins with boards, a strong and inexpensive raft could be constructed—indeed the modern life-rafts of steel cylinders on our ocean steamers embody exactly the same idea. However, the *drea* on the Sutlej presents an interesting picture of man's early attempts at navigation.

Manning these queer boats we have types of the hill-men of this region; our next point of view, which is only a few steps away, will give you a chance to see types of hill-women of Sunni.

Position 36. Native Bhuji girls on the rocky banks of the Himalayan mountain river Sutelj

We call these Bhuji girls because they belong to the State of Bhuji; we might call them Sunni women because they come immediately from the village of Sunni, near by; because they came originally from the hills, we may refer to them as hill-women. They were bathing in the Sutelj; my interpreter, by offers of backsheesh, persuaded them to pose for this picture. Very seldom, if ever before, have they seen a European; they are shy and suspicious. One of them has her palms placed together as the Hindus place their hands in prayer; whether this implies prayer, or pose, or courtesy in this case, I do not know. They come very near being beautiful; their hands and facial lines are beautifully modeled; their eyes are houri black. With fair complexions, and rosy cheeks, I am sure they would form a tolerable quartette of Nereides. They are gorgeously bejewelled—ear-rings, nose-rings, finger-rings, necklaces, toe-rings and bracelets galore. Their clothes are of cotton; they live in stucco shanties; they sleep on charpoys; they have no stoves. They live mostly on rice and fish and parched corn. They attend no church, no school; they have no dances nor picnics; no parties; no automobiles, no bicycles; no pianos. They fall in love I suppose, but have no courtship; they marry after a fashion; they have children; they die and get buried in a wooden box away back in the mountains, . . . and that's all, poor things!

A long journey intervenes between here and our next place of observation, and it will be well to trace its course on the general map. First, assume a return

(by jhampan) to Simla, whose location is now familiar. Between Simla and the Kalka railway station at the south a narrow-gauge railway has lately been constructed—a triumph of engineering which makes the “summer capital” much more easy of access than it used to be. A branch railway covers the route from Kalka to Amballa. From Amballa a through line extends more than nine hundred miles eastward to Calcutta. Another railway, a long, northward line, leads up again for three hundred miles towards the Himalayas. That route crosses the Ganges and a deadly jungle called the Terrai; then by a celebrated two-foot gauge railway the traveler again climbs the Himalayas. This railway is essentially a series of loops and curves and switch-backs until it reaches a height of 7,000 feet at Darjeeling. There we shall find our next point of view.

Position 37. Nepalese porter-girls who carry baggage many miles for two-pence. Darjeeling

We are standing on the old tonga road in the approach to Darjeeling and facing northeast.

Most people who have given some attention to things Indian, have heard or read something about Darjeeling. When at Simla I stated that we would visit another mountain station; this is the station to which I referred. If it be possible for any inhabited portion of the sub-Himalayas to surpass Simla in grandeur of mountain scenery, that portion is Darjeeling. Our first view here is much like our first view of Simla (Position 29). Again we have a city on a hill and on a mountain scarp. At Simla the crest of a ridge formed the central part of the town; the same here—the open space on the sky line is the Mall, the municipal center, the plaza, the promenade, the

public rendezvous; a subsequent position (39) will be at a public fountain on that ridge.

European shops and hotels follow the line of that upper range of houses. The Governor's Pavilion is situated to the left of the wooded hill-top. Yonder ridge extends in a broken zig-zagging course for miles in either direction. The valleys are deeper than at Simla. At the former place we referred to a wooded slope of a thousand feet; from the Mall at the top of that ridge down to the Teesta river beyond, the descent is six thousand feet! That ridge continues to the left for about two miles and for several miles to the right, and throughout the entire distance every available site is occupied. There are schools, churches, public offices, clubs, hotels and shops. We are looking (northeast) across a deep valley, which lies to our left, far below us, and which is covered with tea plantations. There are tea plantations scattered among the mountains in every direction. Many of the buildings which cover the hill-side are shops; some are kept by native merchants from the plains, some by Europeans, and some by dealers from Cashmere. Down to our left beyond that large square building a native out-door market is held every Sunday. You cannot fail to notice the presence of trees here as at Simla. Although about the same elevation as Simla, the flora is much more tropical. Sixty degrees Fahrenheit is the average summer temperature. In January it sometimes falls to thirty degrees. The winter is the best season; snowfall is rare of late years; the air is clear and bracing, and the views of "the snows" are magnificent beyond description.

Nearest and most conspicuous in our immediate vicinity are two Nepalese girls—porters, or express

girls, or what shall I call them? Their occupation is that of carriers. On the arrival of every train, such girls are found at the station in great numbers for the purpose of carrying luggage of all sorts to the homes of the passengers. Luggage carriers are not confined to the Nepalese; Bhotanese and Thibetan women also engage in this kind of work. On the arrival of a train there is great rivalry amongst them and a lively scurrying to and fro to capture luggage. They carry not only hand luggage, but trunks, boxes, baskets, produce, crates of chickens, in short any portable commodity. They are strong and willing and usually good-natured, and carry enormous loads up the steepest acclivities without complaint, for a pittance that makes western chivalry ashamed. They not only are willing burden-bearers, they are honest and virtuous girls. The two Nepalese girls before us served as my porters during a somewhat protracted sojourn in Darjeeling. The lass on the right was first engaged to carry my photographic outfit. On some occasions I required two porters, when the one on the left was engaged; this quite naturally created bickering jealousies. The first I called Cleopatra and number two I called Semiramis. Their contentions became so clamorous that something had to be done. I held a little Hague tribunal all alone and decided to employ for the day the first-comer. This did not answer, for they were pounding at my door at dawn. I finally decided to dispense with the services of Semiramis and retain Cleopatra on account of priority of engagement, besides, the latter was somewhat cross, as may be seen by her face, and otherwise unworthy her ancient namesake. It is plain that both possess the universal sex-love of decoration. Their ornaments

are of real silver, crudely made by hand in the mountains. Their aprons are of home-spun. Instead of carrying their loads on their heads as women do in the plains, they use wicker baskets supported by bands extending over the head.

Galvanized, corrugated iron is in common use for roofing, as may be seen in the chalky whiteness of many roofs reflecting strong sunlight. Observatory Hill is seen at the top of the ridge on the left, and, as the name implies, it commands a marvelous panorama of the snowy range, including peaks a hundred miles away, as well as the valley of the Teesta, six thousand feet below.

For a change of scene we may follow the old tonga road to the right a short distance and then to the left; there we shall see a feature of road-making quite unusual in western countries, where feminine convention tends towards ornamentation rather than towards manual service or wealth-production. We shall be facing north.

Position 38. Twenty-woman team on a Darjeeling highway (north)

Should the eye of a rampant "woman's-righter" fall upon this scene it would surely produce shock and commotion. Here are twenty women drawing a road-roller; these are Himalayan knights of labor. There are several races represented here—Nepalese, Thibetans, Bhotanese, Sikkimese and many others. They work from sun to sun for seven cents a day and are quite well pleased when they find employment at those rates. Here then rights are absolutely equal, for such work is not confined to women; men do similar work. Therefore do not say "how brutal!" without doubt

these women are healthy and happy, and I know they were merry when I made this view. Labor of any kind makes for happiness; well occupied minds and hands rarely suffer from unhappiness.

“Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.”

Suicides are common amongst the unemployed, and thieves are bred of idleness; and it is not improbable that many who are most inclined to pity this “brutal” enslavement are groaning from some ailment that comes of indolence. These twenty are happy women; they are happy because they are healthy; and they are healthy because they are laborers. These women also break stone; it is better to be a hale stone-breaker or a vigorous and merry roller-puller than to groan with gout or to be a puling invalid. If I were asked to state what I considered the most stupendous error of the age, I would say the pursuit of money as a possible means of happiness—our age is clever and yet it does not know that happiness lies alone in health and “Honor bright.”

But from what I have observed do not rally to the inference that I would imply women should be thus employed. I only wish to recognize the plain fact that no honest labor is ignoble; that happiness is inseparable from some sort of labor; that he or she who ignores labor, which always embraces the all-important essential of sufficient exercise, will sooner or later pay a physical penalty; therefore do not waste your sympathies on these strenuous hill-women, you may rather envy their joyous labor-songs, their vigor, their happy contentment that never comes of indolence nor of ease.

When these knights of labor buckle on their armor

they do not cast off their jewels. Their necklaces are not for the ball or the opera; one gown is for Sunday and the same gown for Monday. If jewelry be pretty it is pretty every day in the week, and cheap jewelry is not easily spoiled. We saw the jewelry-decked girls on the Sutlej (Position 36); here seven hundred miles eastward, among different tribes, it is still jewelry decoration of the human form. What do you think of indurated soles that can resist the sharpness of newly broken stone? Rough and grimy feet do not always typify hard hearts, nor do indurated soles always represent callous souls.

We see by the roadside the graceful and feathery bamboo. This we did not see at Simla, and we learn therefore the effect of four degrees of latitude—the difference between Simla and Darjeeling. Incidentally, we learn from this scene the excellence of the roads about Darjeeling. Every slope is flanked by hard roads such as we see being made by these strenuous females.

By following this road for a quarter of a mile we should reach the Mall.

Position 39. Bhotanese milkman with curious bamboo-jars at the public water fountain, Darjeeling

We are at one end of the Mall by the public fountain; this is the central portion of the Station, and roads radiate from this center in every direction, including upwards and downwards. Zig-zagging roads, heights and depths, hills, valleys, gorges, ravines, slopes and crests, ascents and descents, and other geographical eccentricities here would bewilder the most highly developed bump of locality. Darjeeling even

surpasses Simla in landscape diversity and scenic wonders. It is another wonderland of the world.

Between Cashmere and Darjeeling the whole of Switzerland could be set down five times lengthwise. The small Himalayan province of Nepal could contain three countries like Switzerland. The very small province of Bhotan, packed away amongst the Himalayas, is five thousand square miles larger than Switzerland. To carry the comparison a little further—thirteen countries equal in area to Switzerland could be placed along the Himalayan range between Herat at the western end of the Hindu Kush and the eastern boundary of the Himalayan range. In the neighborhood of Darjeeling is an observation peak called Tiger Hill from which may be witnessed in one panorama, eleven glittering summits all over twenty thousand feet high. This, I believe, can be said of no other view-point in the world.

But more about the peaks hereafter. Let us consider the life before us. Here is a Himalayan milkman, with a Himalayan horse, carrying a number of milk-cans made from joints of bamboo—natural cans with lids made from sections of the same wonderful tree—or rather wonderful grass, for the bamboo is the king of grasses. Such milk-cans are not always carried on the backs of horses; a greater number are carried on the backs of men and women who come in daily from outlying mountains and valleys to peddle the milk from house to house. The milk is that of cows, goats and yaks. The cows are small and inferior as in all parts of India. Goats are about the same the world over, lean, mean and omnivorous. The yak is a bovine with a shaggy coat, a bushy tail, a shapeless form, a bad temper, and a relentless antipa-

thy to Europeans. Many milkmen come to this rendezvous after distributing their milk and from this place they start off in many directions, some descending far down into the valleys, others climbing to even greater altitudes. All these hill-people are offensively dirty. In recent years a dairy and creamery has been established on a hill a few miles from the town and from which most Europeans are now able to obtain both milk and butter; so that yak and goat milk is now chiefly sold to the natives.

A hundred yards to the left there is a band-stand where the band plays once a week. A few hundred yards farther to the left is a beautiful park called the Shrubbery, enclosing the residence of the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, who spends the months of May and June, September and October here. Observatory Hill, at the end of the Mall to the left, is encompassed by a beautiful drive and walk corresponding in some measure to Jakko at Simla.

You will notice the native policeman on guard in his box by the bulletin board. The fountain and flower-urn and other features give quite a modern appearance to the Mall.

Directly behind us, several hundred feet down the mountain side, is the Sunday native market which is usually so great a thoroughfare that it is difficult to push a way through; still farther down the steep declivity are well-kept botanical gardens containing an interesting collection of plants peculiar to the region round about. You see again the graceful bamboos bordering the hillside.

Were we to continue in a direct line from where we stand northeast we should pass through the eastern end of Bhotan and at a distance of four hundred miles

should reach Lhasa in east central Thibet; or, traveling directly northward, we should pass through the state of Sikkim, bordering on Darjeeling, and the center of Thibet which lies only about seventy miles north of our position. A line directly southward would pass through Calcutta and the middle of the Bay of Bengal.

Now let us leave the Mall and pass around Observatory Hill to try to catch a glimpse of "the snows." See the general map.

Position 40. Up to the everlasting snows of Mount Kinchinjanga (28,156 feet), forty-five miles north from Darjeeling

If an inhabitant of Mars should visit our globe and ask to be shown the grandest conformations and physical phenomena on our planet, I would certainly advise him to traverse the Himalayas. Our itinerary has brought us to a point on a northern scarp of Observatory Hill in Darjeeling, where we catch a glimpse in the early morning, before the sun has illumined the sombre foliage which embosoms the many villas on the near-by hill. You see the heavy bank of night-fog rising from the bed of the Teesta; it rises like a majestic proscenium to hide the glory of the snows from all save the early riser. Often before nine in the morning this bank of mist rises to the level of the snows and for the remainder of the day they can be seen only through the drifting clouds. This, however, is not the case at all seasons; during the winter months, or from October to January, the weather is ideal and then these stupendous barriers of ice, snow and rock reveal their radiant summits unscreened all day long. Mount Everest, the king of the Himalayas, and the mountain monarch of the world, is about forty-five degrees to the left and one hundred and twenty

miles distant; it can be seen indistinctly from certain points as a diminished peak on the sky-line. From where we stand our vision commands the snowy range east and west for a distance of one hundred miles; but our present view confines us to a narrower angle. Kinchinjanga, the Viceroy of the Himalayan range, which rises 28,156 feet towards the stars, forms the center of those awful heights ahead. You may say that those peaks do not look so high. But, if you do not understand the effect of distance and the angle of vision and the foreshortening of perspective, and have not imagination to correct the deception of distance, you will derive more disappointment than pleasure from contemplating this group of mountain giants. Forty-five miles intervene between us and that rival of Mount Everest. We are standing at a point seven thousand feet above the sea; Kinchinjanga pierces the sky twenty-one thousand feet above us, and yet you might think she is but a hillock forty-five miles away. We are looking directly north. Seven miles nearer us than Kinchinjanga is Kabru, a little to the left of the former, 24,000 feet in height. Narsing, that second peak to the right of the "Viceroy," is only thirty miles distant and reaches a height of over 18,000 feet, while Pandim, the first to the right of Kinchinjanga, is ten miles nearer us, with an elevation of 22,000 feet.

Could we reach that loftiest summit of untrodden snow, and continue looking northward, we should behold a continuation of great mountains and deep valleys; twenty-five miles to the north we should see Mount Chomiumo, thirty miles away, and Kamba Pass at a distance of forty-five miles with an elevation of more than fifteen thousand feet; looking eastward we

should see Mount Chumalari (nearly 24,000 feet) sixty miles away, and higher than the highest mountain in South America. Then Mount Donkia, lying forty-five miles east of Kinchinjanga and sixty-five miles north-east of Darjeeling would loom grandly to a height of 23,136 feet—over four thousand feet higher than Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa. In the same cosmos of stupendous battlements towers Kanchenjhan (22,500 feet), more than seven thousand feet higher than Mount St. Elias, and nearly five thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc.

This in some degree enables one to understand how the Himalayan giants dominate all other altitude aspirants of the world. They are as unapproachable as the poles; but their great distance diminishes their apparent height and vastness.

Between us and the nearest of these great mountains are four great rivers, the Rangeet, the Pamman, the Kulhait and the Rathong, all glacial-fed streams debouching into the Teesta, already mentioned as six thousand feet below us to the eastward. We see the lighter vapors arising immediately below, and, beyond the wooded spur dotted with cottages, we see the great bank of fog rising from the valleys of the two rivers—the Rangest and the Kulhait. This valley is eight miles in width, the bank of fog fits the valley, and rises and spreads out to fill the whole heavens with cumuli. Still farther away we can see a dark wooded range many miles wide; beyond that is the valley of several rivers having their source from fifteen to twenty miles away among the six great glaciers wedged among these prodigious mountain masses.

Several attempts have been made to scale Kinchinjanga, the last in 1898 by an American party led by

a Swiss guide, but every attempt has proved a failure. The virgin snows remain untouched by man. At the summit there is no life, animal or vegetable, no message from the teeming life in the wooded vales below, no voice nor bird-note, no sound save the hiss of beating snow and an occasional crash of glacial ice.

In the whole world outside of the Himalayas we know how few peaks exceed sixteen thousand feet, and yet, it is claimed that in the entire Himalayan range there are eleven hundred peaks each exceeding twenty thousand feet. It helps to understand the vastness of these masses of land and rock when we state that it is a well demonstrated scientific fact that a plumb-line is drawn considerably from the perpendicular by the proximity of the Himalayas, and that the waters of the seas southward are drawn several hundred feet towards them. As a corollary to these ascertained facts it follows that ships sailing from Ceylon to Bombay or Calcutta are literally sailing up hill.

“Northward soared
The stainless ramps of huge Himala's wall
Ranged in white ranks against the blue,—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful,—whose uplands vast
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with God.
Beneath the snows, dark forests spread, sharp laced
With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds;
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echo pheasants' call and panthers' cry,
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones and scream
Of circling eagles; under these, the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of these divinest altars.”

Our next observations will be made in Calcutta. The general map will refresh the memory if necessary in regard to its location at the mouth of the Hugli near the head of the Bay of Bengal. Map 7 gives us the city by itself and should now come into use to give our knowledge of the town strict definiteness and accuracy. Our forty-first standpoint is set down in the southern part of the mapped district. The direction and divergence of the red lines show that we are to face north and look along a broad thoroughfare with a large open space at the west (left).

Position 41. Clean and airy Chowringhee Road (Esplanade at left), looking north over Calcutta

We have taken our position on the roof of the new Young Men's Christian Association Building where we look north along Chowringhee street and over a portion of the spacious public esplanade called the Maidan, in the splendid city of Calcutta.

Calcutta here is one of the largest and most magnificent cities of Asia, the capital of Hindustan, and the seat of the supreme Government of the British in India. It is spread over eight square miles along this east bank of the Hugli which is the great western branch of the Ganges. The city at our feet is nearly a hundred miles from the sea by the winding course of the river which, between Calcutta and the sea, passes through a dreary waste of low and level country covered with giant grass and brushwood, the haunt of tigers and other beasts of prey. This great metropolis has now a population of nearly nine hundred thousand. It extends three miles northward from where we stand and a mile and a half southward (behind us), a mile eastward or to our right, and, by a walk of one mile

across the magnificent esplanade to our left, we should reach the Hugli, which is lined with ghats or docks throughout a good part of its course through the city. To our left across the esplanade near the river is the Citadel of Fort William, the most extensive fortress in India, begun by Lord Clive, after the battle of Plassey in 1756. The works of this fortress are so extensive that from nine to ten thousand men would be necessary to defend them. Immediately around this great public park below us lies the fashionable part of Calcutta. The Government House, the most magnificent pile in the city, is just outside our view at the extreme northwest. The grounds of the Government House embrace six acres, beautifully kept and approached by three grand gateways. The Town Hall, the Legislative Council Building and the High Court Buildings are all in the neighborhood of the Government House. For a half-mile north of the esplanade the city is modern and largely European. A short walk directly north of the Government House is Dalhousie Square, on one side of which is the Post Office; its white dome we can distinguish now in the northwest. We shall see it again from Position 45. Beyond that is the native portion of the city, which continues northward for over two miles. In the native quarter the streets are narrow and dingy, the houses mean-looking; the lower parts of the houses are bazaars, the upper parts are dwelling places. That section of the city is filled with a low and heterogeneous population, often half naked—some more than half—and those who practice the habit of wearing clothes are often bedizened in tawdry and fantastic garments. In the European section here around the ~~Maidan~~ the streets are broad, the houses

are detached and surrounded by spacious grounds. Suburbs in many directions are far-reaching and dotted with fine villas set in tropical foliage. You see in the towers, chimneys and clouds of smoke in the distance the signs of industry; you may infer from the electric tramway on this broad thoroughfare that electricity is to the fore in this oriental metropolis. Along Chowringhee Road are located the best hotels, the mint, theatres, the Imperial Museum, the best European shops and many other important buildings. Yet even on this modernized thoroughfare you see a feature of the old order of things in the slow-trudging bullock-cart; in the native quarters you would find the old order in prevalence.

Walks and drives intersect the Maidan (at our left) in every direction, and, when the fierce Indian sun has set and the soft Hugli breezes fan the esplanade, it presents a scene of great animation and beauty; turnouts are darting in every direction, pedestrians stroll, lovers saunter; "bikers" spin, and chauffeurs trumpet all less speedy locomotion to make way. Pastoral effects come from feeding flocks, as you may see even from this partial glimpse, while statues of the great, that are gone, and some of the living, in great numbers look from their pedestals on this daily panorama of the fleeting gayety of life. There are memorials to Lords Bentick, Lawrence, Hardinge, Mayo, Auckland, Sir David Ochterlony, Sir James Outram, Sir W. Peel, Lords Dufferin and Roberts, while additions are constantly being made not only in statues, but in every direction which can add beauty to the splendid breathing place of the city.

As this position affords our only general view of Calcutta, let us study for a moment direction and to

pography. We are looking directly towards Darjeeling and our last position in the mountains. Following a straight line a little to the right of the Post Office, in two miles we should reach the Howrah Bridge which spans the Hugli to Howrah, the great suburb of Calcutta on the western side of the river (at our left) and which is the terminal of the East Indian Railway. (We shall see the bathing there when we take Position 43.) Towards the lower or southern end of the Maidan the course of the river turns westward and at a point four miles from where we now stand are the famous Botanical Gardens on the right bank of the Hugli (Positions 52-53). Still farther down the river is the well-known Kalighat temple which we shall visit later (Position 48). The Zoölogical Gardens and the Belvedere are both south of the Maidan; the Belvedere is the name of the grounds and Palace of the Lieutenant Governor of India.

If we cross the Maidan to our left and to the point marked 42, a little south of the Government House, we find our next position for study.

***Position 42. Welcome fellows in thirsty India—
bheestis (water-carriers) with their leather bottles
—Calcutta***

We are looking east across the northern end of the Esplanade or Maidan; we can see the southern entrance to the grounds of the Government House; off at the left we see a statue of Lord Lawrence (See page 215). Let me ask you to notice this broad hard boulevard with a median line of lamp-posts on which you see a warning to careless drivers, "keep to the left." This fine metaled drive follows the bank of the Hugli for two miles; other fine drives branch

from it in many directions and are shaded by wide spreading bo-trees (*ficus-religiosa*). But the most interesting feature of this view is the assemblage of water-carriers, called *bheestis* (bees-tees). There are many hundreds of thousands of bheestis in India, indeed I do not think I should be far away from the truth in saying that there are millions employed as water-carriers in this parched and thirsty land. The bheesti is the universal water-carrier; even in large cities where there are public water-works and hydrants at every corner and water is furnished to every house, the bheesti is still required to carry water for many purposes. A very small proportion of the inhabitants of India are supplied with water from public water-works. Wells are scarce and water must often be carried great distances. In a torrid clime like that of India vast quantities of water are used, and not only for domestic purposes—much agricultural irrigation is done by the bheesti; he is an important factor of life in India, and not only in India, but in most oriental countries. In Palestine and in Egypt in ancient times, as at the present time, the bheesti under different names has been the water-purveyor. His skin-bottle has been the water-vessel of the ages. Such bottles were in use in Greece and Rome; Homer mentions them in both the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*; they are mentioned by Virgil in his *Georgics*, also by Herodotus; they are used in Spain in the present day and are called *borrachas*. The effect of heat on these skins is referred to in Psalms xix : 81—"I am become like a bottle in the smoke (big-headed) yet do I not forget thy statutes." The expansion of these skins (bottles) by fermentation is referred to in Luke v : 37—"No man putteth new wine in old bottles" (skins),

etc. How these skin-bottles are prepared is quite obvious, except in the matter of tanning, which requires special treatment to secure entire imperviousness to water. In some cases, however, they remain untanned. In some parts of India street-sprinkling is done by wagons for that purpose as in European countries, but by far the greater part is done by the bheesti with his skin-bottles.

He belongs to a certain caste, and is therefore in a class by himself; he would about as soon lose his head as dishonor his caste. These fellows belong to an "occupational" caste; that is, one based on similar occupation. Although they are grimy and half-nude they would consider themselves defiled and dishonored were they to partake of food or drink from a vessel which you or one of another caste had touched. Here then we have exemplified the saying:—"What is one man's food is another man's poison." Their food is often filthy and offensive; that does not matter; with them food does not defile no matter how unsanitary unless it has been touched by a hand of another caste. Notwithstanding the bheesti's punctiliousness in the matter of caste, you can secure his service of drudgery at ten cents a day.

To find another place from which we can study Indian life we turn sharp to our left and walk northward one mile to the point marked 43 on our map. There, at the end of the great floating Howrah Bridge, we may witness a scene common at many points along the banks of the river within the city.

*Position 43. Bathing at a ghat on the Hugli by
Howrah Bridge, Calcutta*

We are looking up the Hugli River and westward from the Howrah Bridge. This position is taken to give you an idea of the Hindu bathing habit; much bathing does not necessarily signify great cleanliness any more than much praying denotes much sanctity. This bathing is ceremonial rather than sanitary; it is in obedience to the Koran rather than from a knowledge of hygiology that many Mussulmen bathe (of course I am referring only to the lower classes), and with the Hindus bathing is the only means of effectually counteracting or removing spiritual pollution. To avoid and remove pollution it is necessary that there should be complete immersion; so the regulation method is to close the nostrils with the thumb and forefinger and plunge over; one hair left above water might bring spiritual disaster. The bath is necessary before eating, before entering a temple, and in many other cases. The polluting touch of the most friendly European requires a bath-absolution. Even the Buddhist makes a bath a sacred act before worship. Throughout the entire East the bath seems to be considered a sort of aqueous fumigation. Many of those who are so careful about attending to the orthodox bath are altogether ignorant and indifferent about the simplest laws of health and cleanliness. The Hugli in which you see all these people bathing is an arm of the Ganges, but the water of the Ganges has lost some of its virtue before reaching Calcutta, indeed, the Hugli has wandered so far away from the Ganges as to be well nigh an utter scape-grace; it answers, however, for ceremonial bathing. There are many bathing places along the Hugli in this vicinity. There are

at least seven beyond this on the same bank, and probably as many more in the opposite direction. The next bathing ghat beyond this is where you see those buildings extending towards the river; at that place men and women bathe together. When possible a Hindu bathes in a natural stream—even the water of the holy Ganges would lose much of its salvatory efficacy if put into a tub. As you learned at Benares, it matters not how filthy and polluted the water, its application is a religious requirement, and, as with some who are not Hindus, externals must receive scrupulous consideration, no matter how iniquitous the inner man.

On certain festal days a much greater number would be found here; at such a time the streets leading towards the ghats are lined with bathers going and returning and carrying chatties and other articles of the bath. You have not forgotten our study of the chatty market at Lahore (Position 16); you may here notice some brass chatties on the beach—those are used at the bath for pouring water over the head before the concluding plunge below the surface. The absence of entire nudity is probably owing to English law rather than to innate modesty.

The Hugli above the Howrah bridge is a scene of shipping activity; a swing in the bridge allows the passage of smaller craft. The ocean-liners are below this bridge.

Our next position, marked 44 on the map, you will find on a street leading to this bathing place. We shall see there a crowd of morning bathers stopping to witness a street showman's exhibit.

Position 44. Street showman exhibiting superbly handsome snakes before an admiring crowd, Calcutta

India is a land of snakes, and a trip over the great country without seeing a specimen would be inexcusable; therefore if we cannot see the deadly wild order we will halt a little with a professional snake exhibitor.

There is probably nothing in India which more clearly shows the benighted ignorance of the masses than their folk-lore and their superstitions concerning snakes. Whatever inspires fear breeds superstition, and mystery begets credulity. Ignorance is the soil in which a belief in the miraculous grows; therefore, when the people are mostly ignorant we may expect belief in mantra, charms, exorcisms, incantations, in every form of preposterous supernaturalism. In India there is certainly a justifiable source of fear in the reptilian fauna, when the average annual death-rate from snake-bites alone exceeds twenty thousand people, and, when it is remembered that many cases are not recorded in order to escape inquest, it is not unlikely that this is far below the true aggregate. The credulity of people with regard to snakes is not confined to the people of India; in every country there are popular superstitions and popular ignorance about the snake family. I think about half the world still believe that with their harmless little tongues they can sting, when they can only threaten. Nearly every animal by its instinct of self-defense warns an intruder—can say in the various languages of the animal world—Beware. The snake darts out its forked lingual organ; woman, its primeval conqueror, flourishes a

broomstick; the dog growls; the bull paws the earth and bellows; while the poor, much-maligned crawler offers only a silent protest. Next to a mouse a woman fears a snake, and she ought to; ever since she plead, "The serpent beguiled me," she has been slandering the poor beast. In India many more women than men are bitten by snakes—here is the eternal and inevitable law of retribution—enmity is still between the serpent and the woman.

The snake is sacred to nearly every tribe in India save probably in Bhotan, where, it is said, a certain class, on finding the burrow of a python, smoke him out and then at once set to work to devour him. Is it then any wonder that natives quickly assemble to witness any exhibition of a creature so closely related to their religious beliefs, and so instrumental in the death-rate of the population? We have before us itinerant exhibitors of snakes; there are thousands in this country whose sole occupation has to do with snakes. Wherever you see these fellows halt to exhibit their wiggling stock in trade, you will find a European; from the westerner they expect backsheesh; from a fellow-countryman they may expect a worshipful recognition of their ophidian protégés, but no fees. Government rewards are offered for the destruction of venomous serpents, but in many cases the corrective is worse than the pest because it sets many natives to breeding snakes for the reward.

The largest snake we see here is a small python, non-venomous and easily tamed. The smallest is the deadly "Russell's viper." You can easily distinguish the widely known cobra (cobra-da-capello), the venomous species which is responsible for the death of twenty thousand people annually. He is easily

known by his erect striking attitude and by the flattened condition of his neck, which always assumes this form when he is enraged and ready to make an attack. There is a dark figure on the back of the flattened neck which is called the "spectacles" because of its semblance to a pair of spectacles, but in this view it is only partially seen. When the cobra is not irritated his neck takes on the usual shape and he remains prostrate. Cobras strike by thrusting forward with the erect part of the body, but they do not, as many believe, spring from the ground to make an attack—at least I have never seen them "jump" as many believe they do, and I have killed several very large cobras in their native jungles. In every case they behaved like other snakes, except in their pugilistic attitude of defense. Venomous show-snakes usually have their fangs removed, and these fellows are snake-exhibitors rather than snake-charmers. The latter use a musical instrument, made from a gourd attached to a bamboo reed. The snake-charmer is a humbug out-and-out. The snake has no properly developed sense of hearing to enable him to know musical tones; if he had, he never could be charmed by the vile, strident noise that comes from the so-called charmers' reed. The absurdity of what pretends to be snake-charming should be obvious to any observer. The charmer, while he sits within easy reach of his snake, gives him a quick tap with his hand to irritate and put him into his erect mode of defense; then he plays on his reed and constantly sways his body back and forth to hold the attention of his snakeship. At the first opportunity the cobra will lower his body and break away from his entertainer, when the latter snatches him by the tail and by a tantalizing jerk brings him back into posi-

tion. In this way the charmer holds his deaf and reluctant auditor, and this performance is what is popularly called snake-charming!

While traveling in Ceylon I took considerable trouble to test the snake-charming capabilities of these pretenders. I offered a professional one rupee for every cobra he would bring from snake-haunts by his musical charm, feeling confident that a creature with tact enough to beguile a woman would never himself be beguiled by anything so charmless. He accepted my proposition. We went to the jungle, to the most serpent-haunted nooks; he played on his reed, and, as he played, peered into every nook; he swayed his body to and fro and gave many variations to the weird shrill notes of his instrument; but the cobras didn't "show up." I saw he was disinclined to remain by me, and was constantly adjusting the ample folds of his grimy garments. While he continued to pipe in a half-hearted way he strolled away behind a thick covert, and while there called excitedly—"come quick, mauster!" and sure enough there was a cobra making his way in the thicket. I soon brought him to bay and dispatched him with my cane, then promptly liquidated. Of course, the Orphean charmer was pleased, but I was not. I had a suspicion from the outset that he had a tame specimen ensconced somewhere in his clothes; my suspicion was quite confirmed when my vicious onslaught with my cane was encountered with such extraordinary passivity. I had lost not only my rupee, but also the glory of a worthy contest with a real venomous and ferocious reptile. In short he showed too little fight to be a wild snake. I sought further evidence of the deception of snake charming; I said, "Come on—more cobras, more

rupees." He hesitated; I insisted. We went to another place where he performed another pirouette of snake-charming music and motion; there was no response. He made two excuses, one, that no more snakes would appear on the same day after one had been killed; the other, that cobras are afraid of foreigners. The demonstration was complete, but it was unnecessary, or should be unnecessary to even a casual observer. Yet considerable money is spent in India in hiring these pretending snake-charmers to rid compounds of the dangerous creatures, and it is said a considerable trade is done in first populating the surroundings of bungalows with snakes and then receiving a remuneration for securing their riddance.

One reason for the mortality from snake-bites is manifest in this scene—notice the bare feet and bare legs; here the men are in a city thoroughfare and wearing their gayest togs. In their humble cots at home, often surrounded by jungle, they always claim the privilege of primitive innocence and go about in Adamic dishabille; their home privilege of nudity is the cobra's opportunity, but the cobra does not seek opportunity—he is a night prowler; he acts, like most snakes, only on the defensive, and strikes with his deadly fangs only when molested or trodden upon.

You see a few *annas* and *pice* (Indian coins) scattered upon the outspread cloth. The man who holds the "Russell's viper" holds in his right hand a small snake-stone, which they claim to believe, applied to a snake-bite, neutralizes the poison.

I believe the snake is the most universally dreaded and loathed creature in the animal kingdom. Why does a morbid imagination, as in the case of delirium tremens, turn to snakes? Simply because they are

the most loathsome to the normal mind. I do not hesitate to say that much of our repugnance is prejudice increased through all ages by misrepresentation, and ignorant credulity. Every calumny conceivable has been charged against the snake—that he stings with his tongue (a thing a snake never does, but people often); that he charms his prey; that one species forms himself into a hoop and pursues his victim. It is said that the Malabar basilisk kills by a look. In Bengal the whip-snake is believed to flick people on the back with its tail, producing a fatal wound. One species in the Punjab is said to drink the breath of people when asleep. Another variety is said to tie up the legs of the buffalo with its coils, and then suck its milk. In some quarters they believe when the lamp flickers, a cobra has entered the house.

The various remedies for snake-bites in India are worthless. Many kinds of snake-stones are in use; some they pretend are taken from the head of the snake, some from the charred bones. Crooke says* one is recorded as being found in the detritus of the Sutlej Valley; another on examination proved to be a calculus taken from some animal's stomach. There are numerous other cures, all equally absurd; snake-bite cures are as prevalent as rheumatism cures and about as efficacious. There are four hundred and fifty species of snakes in India, which is nearly one-third of the total number in the whole world.

When we were looking up Chowringhee street from the Y. M. C. A. building, we had a distant glimpse of the Post Office and I spoke of Dalhousie Square. Now we will take our stand on a building directly overlook-

* See Crooke's *Things Indian*.

ing that square. You will find the spot on our city map marked with the number 45, and the red lines show that we shall face northwest. Chowringhee street and the Maidan will be off behind us.

Position 45. Looking northwest across tree-shaded Dalhousie Square and its charming little lake to the Post Office, Calcutta

We are standing on a balcony of the Telegraph Office building, at the southeast corner of Dalhousie Square. We are looking across a portion of the square to the Post Office, that great white building with the huge dome, flanked by colonnades which we can see reflected in the water of the tank. The Hugli is only a few hundred yards to our left; as we are looking northwest we can see the river and the Howrah bridge in the distance. Not so far away, and to the left, we can recognize the masts of ships lying at their docks. The bathing ghat which we visited (Position 43), is at the end of that bridge on the Calcutta side of the river.

One hundred and fifty years ago a British fort stood where the Post Office now stands. Only a short distance beyond the Post Office there is a building with a tablet of marble built into the wall which marks the place known to history as the "Black Hole of Calcutta." The Nabob of Bengal had captured and plundered this early fort after a spirited defense. The Governor fled, and many of the English were taken prisoners and cast into a deep dark dungeon over night. In the morning, out of one hundred and twenty-six, only twenty-three were found alive. This fort was the first Fort William. Forts in those days contained a punishment cell called the "Black Hole"; the

punishment cell of old Fort William became the memorable "Black Hole of Calcutta," and its old site, as I said, is now built over at the farther side of the building we see beyond the Post Office.

Dalhousie Square was formerly called the "Tank" because of this body of water, which forms a source of supply for the bheestis or water-carriers. This beautiful breathing place for the panting summer population is lined on every side with shady walks and filled with tropical flowers and shrubbery. On the opposite side of the square from where we stand—that is, the north side—is the Secretariat, a noble structure which occupies the site of the old Writers' Building where many illustrious Indian statesmen commenced their public career. We see below us on the near side of the square a portion of an important building—the Dalhousie Institute, built to contain statues and busts of famous men. Among its many memorials to great men are those to the Marquis of Dalhousie, Brigadier General Neil, Sir Henry Havelock, Sir James Outram and General Nicholson who led the attack on Delhi.

The English under the English East India Company, represented first by John Charnock, established a footing here as early as 1686, that is over two hundred and twenty years ago, when the present great city was only a small native village. Now this square is the very heart of a vast and tumultuous city, surrounded on every side by great buildings, electric tramways, offices and shops, and bustling social and commercial life.

We frequently hear narrow, uninformed and envious cynics refer to British world-development as the expansion of Grab and Greed. But any fair-

minded, unbiased traveler, looking over this great city and witnessing its marvelous development, which typifies modernized conditions in every part of the great empire, cannot but admire and feel grateful for what Britain has done for the uplifting of the world.

Our next position you will find marked on the map with the number 46.

***Position 46. How Hindu cows enjoy life in Calcutta
—sidewalk scene on Harrison street, looking
west***

Did you ever before see so many animals apparently in a state of supreme bliss? Did you ever before see a herd of fat kine in the possession of a monopoly of all good things? They are at this moment in command of the sidewalk and the sidewalk is a thoroughfare in a great city; they are fat, and by their blinking composure we know they are unmolested and in the exercise of their bovine prerogatives. Talk about glorious independence and liberty! The most radiant, liberty-enjoying American is a craven, law-oppressed slave when compared with these cows. They not only command the sidewalk, but they command the street; they occupy temples and shops; they walk into private homes; they stampede the sweetmeat stalls and partake, unrestrained and unchastised, of all the "sweeties." Their license is unrestricted; their authority is unquestioned; they have the freedom of the city; they are Cows Plenipotentiary. Superstition may be a bad thing for people, but it is a good thing for cows. Hindu cows don't need to work out their own salvation—it is worked out for them. They hold heavy policies of life insurance; they not only enjoy hospitality, but they command the privilege of access

to hospitals. Their right to the law of habeas corpus is never questioned. Their giving of milk is optional. These cows are sacred, and anyone can tell by their closed eyes that they are devotional. With all their luxurious and pampered conditions of life we may infer from their glossy coats that they never had a twinge of gout nor a moment of dyspeptic depression. What more could mortal beast wish? What a blessed thing to be a holy cow! Feasted, privileged, honored, worshipped, the tenant of souls departed, apotheosized! When the day of transmigration comes I would like to engage to be a *Bos-Indicus*.

At just what time the cow began to be looked upon as sacred to the Hindu does not seem to be known. It is well-known that back in Aryan times there was no restriction on the killing of cattle. Crooke in *Things Indian* says:— "In states under a purely Hindu government, like that of Nepal, cow-killing is strictly prohibited; and in recent years the Hindu revival has led to a serious agitation in favor of prohibition of cattle-slaughter. To this appeal the answer of the Indian Government has always been, that not only the British troops and residents, but also a large number of Musulmen and the menial population consume beef; prohibition of slaughter is out of the question. In spite of these measures serious *emeutes* have occurred which cause much embarrassment to the Government. . . . Where the people can act themselves, as in their caste tribunals, the penalties for killing a cow even by accident are very severe. Fra Paolina, writing at the close of the eighteenth century of South India, says that if a Brahmin killed a cow or man, all his caste-fellows unite against him, cut off his scalp-lock, deprive him of his sacred thread, and expel him from

their caste. He is then put upon an ass with his face towards the tail, and in that manner conveyed beyond the boundaries of the place. In upper India, many a poor creature convicted of cow-slaughter has been forced to march up one bank of the Ganges from the sea to its source, and back again by the opposite bank."

Again, in other tribes milk is considered a filthy excrement. All Indian cattle, except the water-buffalo, are classed under what zoölogists call the zebu. They are differentiated from ordinary cattle in possessing a hump over the shoulder which is considered a tit-bit for soup-making; they have a different number of sacred vertebrae; their voice is also different in having a hoarse guttural grunt, similar to the grunt of the yak of the Himalayas, which because of its voice has been called the "grunting ox" (*Bos grunniens*).

About the yak it is related that during the Thibet war of 1854-55, when the Nepalese troops suffered for want of food, their leader prevailed upon a pliant high priest to declare that yaks are deer and not oxen, and consequently their meat could be lawfully eaten by the Hindus. Only the yak has the right to the motto claimed by the inhabitant of the Empire State (Excelsior); for among all animals it alone is found at an elevation of twenty thousand feet.

For our next glimpse of Calcutta life we are to move over to a point east of Chowringhee Road, where you see the number 47.

Position 47. Hindu goddess Kali, the Terrible, who demands bloody sacrifice—idol in street, Calcutta

We are in a street leading east from Chowringee Road as this man bearing an image of the goddess Kali passes by. He comes from a factory where these images are made, and this completed one is being conveyed to the customer who ordered it. A very flourishing trade is done in the manufacture of gods and goddesses—I say in the manufacture of gods and goddesses, knowing that more or less intelligent Hindus will tell you that these are regarded only as symbols of impersonal forces, but the great majority of Hindus believe that these figures embody the actual spirits whom they worship.

Kali is a Hindu goddess, the wife of Shiva. She is the cruel, dark goddess of Destruction. She is sometimes called Durga or Tara, also Parvati. The name Calcutta is derived from *Kali ghat*, or the landing place of Kali. According to a legend, when Shiva's wife was cut to pieces by order of the gods, a finger fell near here on the bank of the Hugli river. At the place where the finger fell a temple was built about three hundred years ago. This temple we shall visit later (Position 48).

You will notice in this representation of Kali that her huge black tongue is protruding and that her arms are extended—her foot rests upon the prostrate body of Shiva, her husband—also that she wears a necklace of skulls. She is usually represented as having only a zone for a garment, decorated with the hands of her enemies; her ear-rings are the bodies of her vanquished foes. Wilkins thus refers to Kali:— “In the dreadful war with the demons, Durga, or Kali, or Tara, as she is called at this time, gained a great vic-

tory over Rokta Vija, the commander-in-chief of the enemies' forces, and was so elated by her feats of prowess that she began to dance so vehemently that she shook the world, and the gods were afraid that it would fall to pieces. In their distress they cried to her husband Shiva for help. As he saw no other means of pacifying her, he fell down prostrate, amongst the slain. Directing her gaze to the ground, she observed that she was dancing upon the body of her husband, and became at once calm with shame, and thrust out her large tongue. In the image which represents her at the Kali Puja, or Kali Fair, she is black as her name implies, and her husband is lying down under her feet. Her tongue protrudes from her mouth; her forearms are extended, one hand grasping a sword, another the head of a giant, and the other two signalling to her hosts. As ear-rings she has two dead bodies of her foes; her neck is adorned with a necklace of skulls, and her only garment, a zone, is made with hands of her vanquished foes, whilst her hair falls down in long tresses to her waist. Intoxicated with the blood of her foes, her eyes flash with rage, her eyebrows are dyed with crimson, and her blood flows down her breast. Her worship is in keeping with her character. It takes place on the night of the new moon, at midnight, when numbers of animals are sacrificed to her. The darkness of the night, the bleating of the victims, the flashing of the sacrificial knife, the shrieks of the ministering priests as they cry, *Jai, Jai, Terra*, the flicker of torches, the gestures of the intoxicated worshippers, make this one of the most terrible of all the festivals in India."

Most images are made of strips of bamboo filled out with straw and plastered with mud and dried until

they are rigid; then they are painted and decorated. Domestic images like the one before us are often made largely of wood, then painted and gilded in part, and gorgeously ornamented and draped. Finally, before they are suitable for worship, they must be re-dedicated, consecrated or sanctified by a priest. The process or ceremony of consecration—or the operation of endowing the wood and mud images with the potentialities of the real Kali, or Darga, alias Parvati or Tara—is curious. The image is mud, but the touch of the priest can make it a goddess. After the material part of a Kali has been constructed and placed in the home of him who has ordered it, the next thing is its ordination, or the awakening of the goddess, which, according to Wilkins, is somewhat as follows:—

“When the time arrives for the commencement of the worship, the head of the family, after certain purifying ceremonies, declares his name and expresses his purpose to perform the Darga Puja with proper rites. He then in due form appoints the officiating priests, who in his name and on his behalf perform the ceremonies. . . . The most interesting part of the ceremony is that in which the goddess is invited to visit the house, and dwell in the image that has been prepared for her. The priest, in order to obtain this blessing, after several other ceremonies have been performed places his right hand on the breast of the image and says ‘Om! Welcome, Devi, to my house with thy eight Saktas. Accept my worship done according to the Sastras, O Dispenser of blessings; O Lotus-eyed! I perform this great Autumnal festival. Respond to me, O great goddess; Annihilator of all transgressions in this unfordable ocean of the world! Save me, blessed goddess, I salute thee, be-

loved! O Sankara (Siva) protect my life, my honor, my offspring, my wives and my wealth. As thou art the only defender of all, O goddess, the most beloved in the world, enter and stay with this sacrifice as long as I am worshipping thee.' First the right eye, then the left, then the eye on the forehead are touched by the priest, and after this the other parts of the body, and an appropriate mantra recited, by which means the ceremony of Pranpratishtha, or the giving of life to the image is performed."

Many other secondary ceremonies follow for several days. If then life is given to the image in this way, how can the more intelligent Hindus declare that the Kali image is only a symbol? I cannot answer my own question; I cannot expound dogma. On the fourth day the goddess is supposed to take leave of the image, accompanied by elaborate dismissal ceremonies.

For our next study we will proceed to Kali Ghat temple, a few miles down the old bed of the Hugli, where we shall see sacrifices in honor of the black-tongued goddess. The spot is a little too far from the center of the town to be set down on our local map.

***Position 48. Seven goats slain, but Kali wants more
—horrid sacrifice to the Hindu goddess, Calcutta***

We are in the inner courtyard of the well-known Kalighat temple, built on the spot where Kali's finger fell (See page 158). The Hugli is only a hundred yards distant in the direction towards which we are looking. We can see at the right some steps leading up to the main portion of the temple. To the left are a number of timorous kids or half-grown goats bleat-

ing an unheeded appeal. The bystanders are attendants and those also who have brought sacrifices. Most of them are more attracted by the camera than by the gruesome work in which they are engaged. There is no sign of a devotional feeling in these cruel sacrifices. This beheading goes on day by day. The principal religious festival of the year takes place on the second day after the Darga Puja, when the temple is visited by thousands of pilgrims. On those days the slaughter of innocents is sickening to witness. It is one of those scenes displaying so much ignorance, superstition and cruelty, that one feels that the world is still very dark. This brutal work goes on year by year, all the result of execrable superstition—the British Government permits it in the name of religion, for the sake of peace and harmony with the natives.

A V-shaped post is placed firmly in the ground, the victim's head is wedged firmly in this, a pin is placed over the head of the bleating animal, and a savage stroke with that hooked knife does the work. These executions are performed in rapid succession, and on certain days from one to two hundred ghastly heads may be seen heaped up about this guillotine. The quivering carcasses and bloody heads are carried to the market places, to be sold at extra prices and eaten with unusual zest because they have a sacrificial flavor. Notice the heap of tough clay for the deadly knife to fall into that its keen edge may not be dulled.

How far these sacrifices are to gratify the blood-hunger of Kali, and how far to put pice in the temple coffers and advance the price of meat, we are all free to imagine.

A member of a rich family, who owned a large estate out here beside the river, cleared the jungle,

built the temple and donated one hundred and ninety-four acres of land for its maintenance. A priest and his descendants have controlled this temple property for three hundred years. They have taken the name Haldar, and at the present time continue to hold the estate. They have amassed vast wealth, not so much from the proceeds of the property as from offerings made to the shrine by penitential Kali-worshippers.

It is a dangerous thing to attach a blood-god to one's pantheon; it puts a premium on cruelty and sacrifice, and gods and goddesses are not always satisfied with animal sacrifice. You have read of Thuggism which refers to a class of professional robbers and murderers in India—a kind of secret religious fraternity, murdering stealthily by strangling, by breaking the backs of their victims, or by poisoning with datura (a deadly narcotic thorn-apple). Indeed, the Thugs practised systematic killing in many different ways. It is admitted that Thuggism had its origin in Kali-worship. Many thousands of people were killed by Thugs in India, which is to say that many thousands of human beings were killed by Kali-worship.

This hideous reveler in blood is supposed also to have power to bestow favors. Families in sorrow, or parents desiring a son, vow to Kali that if the favor is granted a kid will be offered to her. In the main part of the temple there is a gorgeous but tawdry image of the goddess. In front of the temple there is a platform on which the priests read the *Sastras*. Sheep and sometimes buffaloes are slaughtered. At all times the sights in and about the temple are abominable. On great occasions, when the approaches are jostling with people leading their sacrificial victims

and the temple and the beheading place are crowded with grimy and ill-visaged pilgrims squirting the red saliva of betel-juice over everything, together with the bleating of sheep and goats, the floor slippery with blood, the stifling air redolent of personal fumes and every knowable and unknowable stench, it is what one might imagine to be a union of Hell, Pandemonium and an abattoir.

We leave the repulsive scene and jostle our way through the approach lined with beggars, lepers, jugglers, jogis, and fakirs, stopping for a moment not far away to witness the performance of a professional penance-doer.

Position 49. Hindu devotee doing penance on a bed of spikes near the shrine of Kali, Calcutta

When we were at Mt. Abu we had occasion to say something about jogis or fakirs.* We are now before another of those queer men. He is said to be doing penance. I do not think it is penance so much as it is a "stunt" for alms. If this feat of torture be a real austerity, his offenses must be many and great—if for tips, he is a fakir indeed. This fellow is called a religious devotee. Do you think there is the right sort of heart in that corpse-like carcass with which to worship? You say—judge not—I say a man who does not think is a fool, and even unuttered thought is judgment. We see in this case, as we saw at Mt. Abu, that the body is smeared with ashes. Does this mean "sack-cloth and ashes?" More ashes than sack-cloth there seem to be. What is that cloth spread out by his side signify? There is one big English penny deposited thereon. It is clearly a bid

*See pages 50-51.

for pennies—piety for pence—penance for pay. His eyes are closed as were the eyes of the sacred Hindu cows, therefore he must have acquired yoga or union with Divinity, yet I noticed that he occasionally glanced towards the cloth by his side. This is a droll occupation.

Crooke tells about some orders of jogis who have possessed so much yoga that they could die at will and return to life at a concerted time. One day a jogi of this order mistook his reckoning and never revived. Others have themselves buried for a time and then resurrect when they feel like it. It would probably be no great economic loss to the country if they did not “feel like it,” for as Crooke says, “most of them are little short of impostors and sturdy rogues.” Some, however, are worthy men, and lead useful lives. The same authority above referred to states that there are *five million beggars* in India, that of these seven hundred thousand are religious mendicants, and that the number of fakirs and jogis must be much larger.

You will see that this jogi wears a rosary. The rosary is generally worn in eastern countries; its use was probably introduced to western countries as late as the time of the Crusades. The Buddhists, the Hindus and the Mohammedans wear rosaries. The beads are made of many substances—pearl, coral, wood, and many kinds of stone. The number of beads in a rosary varies greatly. The sects differ in the number of beads worn; a Shiva worshipper wears thirty-two, or that number doubled; a Vishnu worshipper one hundred and eight. Many of their beads are made with facets, and much importance is attached to the number of facets. A celibate jogi wears beads with

eleven facets; wedded jogis wear beads with only two facets. Some wear rosaries made of dead men's teeth, and others those made from snake-bones. These rosaries are used to tally their worship. Our jogi on the bed of spikes wears a long string, but how many and what they signify I cannot tell.

We should see at least one of the characteristic sights in the Zoölogical Gardens of Calcutta.

Position 50. Famous "man-eater" at Calcutta who devoured two hundred men, women and children before he was captured

I know what that fierce brute is thinking at this moment:—"Only for those sturdy bars, I would feast once more on human flesh." I know that by his record of two hundred similar feasts, he could not fail to entertain such a thought, if tigers have thoughts. The tablet on top of this animal's cage states that he has devoured two hundred human victims, and if the fact of this record had not been clearly established it is not likely it would be registered in such a place. Higher records than this are claimed for some man-eaters, but it is always difficult to obtain absolute certainty in such matters. Sometimes a man-eater will appear at places forty miles apart in the course of a day or two.

There are several reasons given as to why the tiger acquires the habit of killing human beings. Sometimes a mother tigress with cubs finds it difficult to supply her young with food, and this urgent family requirement compels her to make indiscriminate attacks. In other cases decrepitude, or physical disability renders it necessary to capture something less agile and fleet than common game, and when once he

has tasted human flesh a preference is formed which encourages the practice of killing human beings. It is much easier to creep stealthily up to some native hut where children are at play about the compound, and snatch a child, than to pursue a deer.

Because of the extension of railways, the development of agriculture, and destruction by hunters this ferocious beast is becoming more retiring than in former times. Hunter reports that in three years one of these dreaded man-eaters killed one hundred and five people, another eighty, while a third was the dreaded pest of thirty native villages; a fourth killed and devoured one hundred and twenty-seven people, and for many weeks closed an important highway to all travel. It is believed that Bengal is the original home of the tiger, and from thence his habitat has gradually extended northward to China, eastward to the Malay peninsula, and latterly to South India; the fact that there are no tigers in Ceylon leads to the reasonable inference that the migration had not extended to southern India before the separation of that island from the mainland. There are no tigers in Africa, and it is admitted by those who are familiar with the characteristics of both animals that the tiger is a much more ferocious beast than the African "King of the forest."

Fish-stories are proverbial. Snake-stories may easily rank second as a field for the licentiate of hyperbole. Tiger-stories will surely take the third place. Exaggeration concerning the size of tigers and their deeds is so great and so common, and the statements of hunters and naturalists are so diverse, that it is very difficult to reach the truth. One man gives a case of a tiger with a bullock in his jaws jump-

ing a six-foot hedge without breaking a branch. Others tell about their skipping off freely with cows in their mouths, when the cows are much taller and larger than the tigers. Of course, there are innumerable joke tiger-stories connected with hunts and hair-breadth escapes, wherein the beast in the story has been expanded to forty feet; other narrators with less gullible auditors or less magnifying power in their visual organs have contracted their quarry to fifteen or twenty feet. We may expect something like accuracy from such authority as Captain Forsythe, who claims that a tiger over ten feet is unusually large, or from the famous sportsman Sir Samuel Baker who fixes the average at nine feet six inches. Baker's estimate corresponds with that of Mr. Sanderson, another eminent hunter, who says the largest he has ever killed measured nine feet six inches from tip to tip. The moral is obvious: with any respect for truth about fish, snakes or tigers, beware of hyperbole!

There is, however, no question about "Mr. Stripes" being a very powerful and ferocious beast. Undoubtedly he is sufficiently powerful to drag an ox for a distance when occasion requires; but, as for leaping across chasms with an ox in his jaws or hopping over six-foot hedges with a cow, you will do well to remember the sapient speech of Josh Billings:—"It is better not to know so much, than to know so much that isn't so." Even our school-books are filled with these absurd exaggerations that a modicum of common sense ought to repudiate.

The government of India offers rewards for the killing of these animals so destructive to human life, yet there is little likelihood of their extinction, as the

deep haunts of the Tarai and the reed-covered plains of Bengal are likely to remain secure coverts for many generations to come. The annual average death-rate from tigers is about ten thousand human beings, yet, great as that number is, it is scarcely one-half that chargeable to the deadly cobra.

The stories told about a tiger's sucking the blood of his victims are now known to be myths; there are still many theories offered as to how he destroys his prey. My belief is that he has no particular method, but seizes it in any sort of "catch-as-catch-can" as other animals do; he has, however, a regular way of devouring his "kill," eating first the hind quarters, if his repast be from an ox, and returning a second day to finish the carcass.

There are several ways of hunting this fierce denizen of the jungle: the safer and more comfortable way is on the backs of howdahed elephants that roam about in such jungles as the Tarai until a specimen is located and surrounded; after a sharp encounter he is usually soon brought down by gun-fire from the occupants of the howdahs. This method usually affords little opportunity for the poor brute to show his prowess in self-defense. Elephants for such hunts must be thoroughly trained, otherwise they are liable to become frightened on facing a tiger, in which case a stampede is likely to occur, when the howdahs with their occupants are sure to be precipitated to the ground and liable to be attacked by the infuriated animal.

A second method is by staking out a bait in the shape of a cow or an ox and then constructing a perch within easy gun-range of the bait. This hunter's perch, called a *muchan*, must be higher than can

be reached by the spring of a tiger; on this the hunter secretes himself until the tiger, hearing or smelling the living bait, creeps stealthily forward within range of the hunter on the muchan. When hunting the tiger in this fashion I have been frequently told by experienced Indian hunters never to be accompanied by a *chikaree* who is not a trained hunter, for the curious reason that the sight of a tiger will so fill a native with terror that he cannot repress a nervous cough, which of course frightens away your quarry.

A third way of hunting the tiger is by stalking him in his native haunts; this naturally requires more courage and involves more risk on the part of the hunter. The veteran, courageous hunter prefers to take some risk, and to offer his antagonist some opportunity of defense; he rather scorns the muchan and the howdah as unsportsmanlike handicaps placed upon his enemy; he considers his powerful modern rifle quite an equivalent of claws and teeth in a mortal combat. Few hunters are killed on the muchan or in the howdah; but not a few while tiger-stalking, which requires great courage, and quick, unfailing marksmanship—a wounded tiger means a hair-breadth chance for life.

While we are in Calcutta we should improve the opportunity to see a typically splendid example of the native architecture.

Position 51. Jain Temple, the richest place of worship in Calcutta

Fergusson, the preëminent judge of oriental architecture, says that, with the Jains, building a temple is a prayer in stone which they consider highly ac-

ceptable to the Deity and likely to gain them favor both here and hereafter. Here we can behold one of the most beautiful Jaina prayers in stone. What higher incentive could a devotee have to build a beautiful and costly temple, than to feel that merit and acceptability are according to beauty and costliness? We here see only one of a series of beautiful buildings surrounding this court, all filled with a maze of exquisite decoration. The fine main entrance is to the left beyond that pool of water; the home (or one of the homes) of the wealthy builder of this temple is to the right. A second court with a floor of mosaics, shaded by rich canopies, under which dances in honor of the Jaina saints are held and accompanied by instrumental music, is also to the right. These courts are often crowded with worshippers and the air laden with perfume and incense; fountains play, and the bloom of flowers of many colors adds contrast to floors of marble and the snowy statuary. In every direction you can see how pure white marble has been chiseled into forms of beauty. That magnificent structure beyond the court, the chief temple with clustered tower, gleams within and without from a mosaic of mirror-glass which gives the effect of myriads of brilliants hung upon the walls. The highly polished floors appear to be pools of limpid water reflecting the mirrored columns and the delicate tracery of marble lace-work—a labyrinth of stalactites in a cavern studded with gems—or an arctic frolic of soft snow overspread with glittering jewels.

This is a Jain temple which we have called the richest and most beautiful place of worship in Calcutta. You have not forgotten our visit to the famous Jain temples at Mt. Abu (Positions 11-12).

When at that temple I told you something about this branch of the Hindu, or as some say, of the Buddhistic religion (pages 53-54). The term Jain is from the word *Jina*, which means "spiritual conqueror." A prince named Vardhamana, born in 599 B. C., was the founder of Jainism. The spiritualized saints are sometimes spoken of as Jinas and sometimes as Tirthankaras or deified mortals. Wilkins says:—"These they declare to be greater than even the chief deities of the Hindu pantheon. Statues of these beings in black and white are to be seen in their chief temples. They are all of the same style of feature, quietness and calmness being their chief characteristic—nothing at all approaching to the grotesque, as appears in many of the ordinary Hindu objects of worship; and the Jain temples for beauty and cleanliness are in every way superior to those of the orthodox Hindu. . . . The following epithets applied to the saints will show the profound reverence that is paid to them. They are called Jagatprabhus (Lords of the world), Kshinakarma (Free from ceremonial acts), Sariagna (Omniscient), Adiswara (Supreme Lord), Devadideva (God of Gods), Tirthankaras (Those who have passed over the sea of life), and Jinas (Victors over all human passions and infirmities)."

Some Jinas are mythical and some are believed to have been historic personages. You can see about the beautiful court before us many statues; they represent these deified mortals, or the Tirthankaras. The early saints or mythical ones are believed to have been huge (old myths like modern lies tend towards exaggeration); the historic or real personages, normal in size. There are many divisions and subdivisions of the Jains. Schism is rife in Jainism as in every

“ism.” According to the same authority before quoted, one of the main divisions is subdivided into two great classes, viz. :—“The Swetambaras or white-robed ; and the Digambaras, or air-clad, i. e., naked. Between these the most bitter animosity prevails. Probably the Digambaras originally went about naked or nearly so ; now they simply divest themselves of their upper garment, a many colored one worn during meals ; the Swetambaras, on the other hand, retain their clothes during their meals. This, however, does not constitute the only or main difference between them. The Swetambaras decorate their images with jewels ; their opponents consider this action to be wrong. The gurus of the Swetambaras eat their food from vessels ; those of the Digambaras must take it from the hands of their disciples. The Swetambaras assert that the *angas* (Scriptures) were the work of the immediate disciples of the Tirthankaras ; the Digambaras affirm a much later origin for them. The Swetambaras assert that women cannot obtain Nirvana (Heaven) ; the Digambaras deny this.” The above is chiefly interesting as showing how Jainism like other “isms” the world over runs to schismatic divisions and frivolous distinctions ; and the above is only one division of a long and tedious list of sects, cults and castes into which this branch of Buddhism or Hinduism is separated. You will realize then, to understand fully the significance of the scene before us, this beautiful temple with its daily crowd of worshippers, its decorations, its symbolism, would require more time and space than we are able to assign to it.

The Botanical Gardens of Calcutta are deservedly famous, and we should not omit to see one or two

of their chief attractions. The grounds are beside the Hugli river a little below the city proper and on the other side of the stream.

Position 52. Among the aerial roots of a single banyan tree, one thousand feet in circumference, Calcutta

We are in the Botanical Garden at Calcutta, beneath a tree of world-wide celebrity, the eccentric banyan tree; I say eccentric because trees seldom throw off roots from their branches, as this one does. We are among the aerial roots, or among the multiple trunks of the largest and most celebrated banyan in India and probably in the world. In our geographies, in our school books, in books of travel and history, in botanical works, we have seen pictures of the banyan tree and I think in many cases of this identical tree. In books the entire tree is usually shown; but the tree is so wide-spreading that one must retire to a considerable distance in order to bring it all within the angle of an ordinary photographic lens and that gives the effect of smallness. Instead, therefore of showing you the entire tree at a distance, I have chosen to bring you in here among its wonderfully multiplied trunks.

We can see at this moment but a small portion of the area covered by this tree; there are two hundred and thirty-two of these aerial roots, many of them as large as ordinary trees. Its wide-spreading crown overhead covers three acres. The main trunk is about fifty feet in circumference. It was sixty-eight years old when visited by Sir J. D. Hooker in 1850, making it at the present time about one hundred and fourteen years. It is now in vigorous growth and promises well for another century. It is the chief attraction of

this magnificent out-door botanical garden. Travelers from every land have stood under its umbrageous crown. It is carefully protected and often a chosen nook for picnickers. These curious trees were known to Milton, who refers to them in the following couplet:—

“Such as at this day to Indian known,
In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms.”

This widely known tree belongs to the fig-family, two species of which are found in many eastern countries. The banyan is a wild Indian fig-tree (*ficus Indicus*). The other is the sacred fig-tree (*ficus religiosa*). They are both sacred; the latter is sometimes called the peepul tree, and in Ceylon it is universally known as the sacred bo-tree; the former was regarded as the home of gods and spirits. Bishop Heber when he first witnessed its many dendral columns and its ample shade exclaimed, “What a noble place of worship!”

The multiplying habit of this old banyan tree is encouraged by the caretakers of the garden; it has given renown to both the garden and the city of Calcutta. The slender rootlets which thrust down from the limbs towards the earth are often protected from the encroachments of wanton boys and the possible transgression of an omnivorous goat by being incased in pieces of bamboo until securely rooted in the ground. It would seem advantageous, if other trees, especially fruit trees, would adopt the habits of the banyan tree.

The generic companion of the banyan tree, the peepul or bo-tree, is undoubtedly the most religiously cherished tree in the Orient. Fergusson says:—“If not the oldest it is certainly among the most ancient

of the idols that still command the adoration of mankind." This universal reverence for the peepul tree is owing to the alleged fact that under it Buddha obtained enlightenment at a place not far from Benares. The King of Ceylon begged for a branch of that tree, but it would have been sacrilege to cut a branch. By some sort of a miracle a branch became severed from the tree; it was sent in a golden vase to the king who planted it in Anuradhapura, the ancient capital; and today it or its offshoots may be seen, old and gnarled, but still worshipped annually by thousands of devout pilgrims. It is more than two thousand years since the tree was first taken to Ceylon and now about every Buddhistic temple throughout the entire world you may see this venerated and much-worshipped tree-idol. So, then we may regard the banyan and the peepul as the twin-saints of the arboreal world.

Another particularly interesting sight in these gardens we may see from our next position.

Position 53. Grasses at whose feet men are like insects—enormous bamboos in Botanical Gardens, Calcutta

The bamboo belongs to the grass family and has been called the King of Grasses; yet from its structure and its great size it may properly be called a tree; and if classed according to its manifold utilitarian purposes it may easily be called the most useful tree in the world. It is most abundant in tropical countries, yet it is sometimes found in many varieties as far north as latitude 35°, as in Japan, where its artistic features have been recognized and where it flourishes in many species and in great abundance.

In many tropical and sub-tropical countries one can

scarcely imagine how the inhabitants could live without the bamboo; it is their food, their shelter, their clothing; it is their staff of life.

The growth of those stalks is peculiar; it multiplies by shoots springing up from the parent root in the earth, until, like other grasses and reeds, it forms clumps; hence we speak of clumps of bamboo. Branches do not appear until a shoot has reached its full height; this shows a wise provision of nature, because lateral branches in a close compact clump such as you see here, would be destroyed in an upward growth. When the stalk has reached its full height the branches spring out horizontally from the joints. The growth of the bamboo is very rapid, sometimes exceeding three inches in a single day. I have seen in Ceylon a young giant bamboo seventy-five feet in height, the growth of only eighteen months. The sprout or shoot as it bursts from the earth has the full thickness of the mature stalk, about four or five inches. Such young shoots are edible, and may be seen in every oriental market. They form one of the vegetables on most tables, even European tables in the East.

We passed from a consideration of the sacred banyan and the sacred peepul trees to the bamboo. Would it be more than just to complete the dendral trinity by apotheosizing the beneficent utilities of the bamboo? In speaking of the uses of the bamboo, it is possible to mention only some of the more general. Books have been written on the bamboo—a whole volume has been written on some of its manifold uses alone. Its grass-like leaves are fodder for cattle. Mackintoshes or rain-coats are also made from them. The wood contains much silica, and when burned the

ashes make an excellent polishing powder. Sections of the flinty wood are used in producing fire by friction. Every joint is a hollow cylinder which is easily made into water-vessels, milk pails, drinking cups, pint, quart and gallon measures. During our war in the Philippines, I found most of the native soldiers carrying a canteen made from a joint of bamboo. Houses are made from bamboo. In transporting liquids of various kinds, instead of using barrels they use a section of bamboo eight or ten feet long. In the Himalayas and other mountains, water is conveyed from springs in cool elevations down to the valleys in pipes made from bamboos. The inter-nodes or joint-partitions are removed and each bamboo forms a durable pipe from twenty to thirty feet in length; these are telescoped to form a continuous line of pipe which can be extended for miles. It is needless to mention in detail the innumerable artistic and utilitarian uses to which the bamboo is put in Japan. In Canton I secured some strong and artistic chairs made from heavy bamboo without the use of a nail or other metal, and at twenty-five cents apiece. Many kinds of musical instruments are made from this wonderful grass—farming implements, cooking utensils, road vehicles (except the wheels), suspension bridges, fences, scaffolding, beds, pillows, flagpoles, guns, swords, canes, clubs, flower-pots. In the Courts of China it is the penal flagellator for all minor offenses—the “birch” of the Celestial Empire. It is the anchor chain of the Chinese junk; it is the rope of the *Tankia*, i. e., the boat-dwellers or water population. Many kinds of boats are made of it; three or four bamboos lashed together make a buoyant raft. Twenty-five cents worth of bamboos will make a boat

to carry several tons. A few large trunks placed one within another will provide masts for ships of several hundred tons.

When the tree grows old it secretes within its culms a delightful beverage. If this is allowed to remain within the hollow joints it becomes a concrete substance with valuable medicinal properties, called *tabascheer*. This substance is found to be wholly silicious matter which resists acids and is quite indestructible by fire, and with alkalies it forms a transparent glass. It is recorded in Chinese history that the seed of the bamboo has preserved the lives of thousands. Hindus eat the seed mixed with honey and consider it a rare delicacy, equal quantities of each being placed in a joint coated with clay and roasted over a fire. Nearly all fishing articles are made of it; it is used as a tile in roofing houses. The famous Wizard of electrical science, from whom Nature can hide scarcely any of her secrets, was the first to learn that the silicious fibre of the bamboo forms a durable carbon—the carbon now long familiar in connection with the incandescent light. It has been said, that in China, this wonderful reed is of greater value than her mines. Its uses are so numerous, so various, and so beneficial that we can scarcely see how the country could exist without it.

It is said that this graceful and benevolent king of the grasses is a favorite of the fierce tiger whose yellow coat simulates the corresponding color of the bamboo, among the clumps of which he is wont to seek a grateful shelter.

We have seen thus far in our journey many people of the middle and lower classes. It is indeed not often

that an ordinary traveler has any opportunity to meet personally a representative of the higher ranks of society. It is by special privilege that you now have a chance to see at his own home a man of high rank and vast wealth.

Position 54. His Highness the Maharajah of Tagore in Durbar costume with jewels worth \$200,000, in his palace, Calcutta

We have heard so much about the wealth of India and her wealthy princes that I have decided to present you to the Maharajah of Tagore. He is the owner of vast estates, the possessor of magnificent palaces in Calcutta, and, though a prince of high rank and possessing enormous wealth, is as genial and unpretentious a gentleman as could be found in the humblest walks of life. Through a letter from our consul in Calcutta, who was on intimate terms with this prince, I was enabled to visit him on several occasions. He speaks English fluently, is well informed on current subjects, and entertains with exceeding generosity and courtesy. After a pleasant conversation which continued for some time, I said to him:—"Is it possible for your Highness to permit me to make stereographs of your several palaces?" He replied:—"You are quite at liberty to photograph all my buildings—interiors and exteriors. My castle is across the street," pointing across the way to a magnificent stone castle displaying all the architectural features of baronial times. Continuing, he said:—"I have one palace a few miles out; my grandson will drive you in my carriage to that, and on your return he will accompany you through the castle." I accepted his generous offer and visited both palaces, which I found very beautiful. The country mansion is situated in

spacious grounds ornamented with flowers and shrubbery and pools, fountains and statuary. The castle is a more costly building, richly furnished. This, the grandson told me, was kept solely for the use of the guests of His Highness, which, of course, embraced the highest dignitaries of the Empire, including the Viceroy and government officials.

It was during a third visit to the palace, and by appointment, that this stereograph of His Highness was made. He was dressed in his splendid Durbar costume—that is, his state dress—with jewels and jeweled sword and other precious badges of rank, and a turban of costly fabric with a tuft of finest plumes tipped with rare gems. The front of his turban gleams with a cluster of brilliants. His side-arms and the scabbard of his state sword are encrusted with sparkling old diamonds of the first water. He has just arisen from a richly carved state chair of solid satinwood; the drapery about the room is of the finest material and the product of the cunningest loom-craft. His necklace of several strands includes many shells and stones rare and precious. The robe is satin, edged with gold and his sash is a miracle of needle-work.

After my negatives were made I was a little curious to know the value of this matchless costume with its decoration of gems; so, before taking leave of His Highness, I ventured a query as to the value of the gems on his person. He smiled benignantly and replied:—"It is very difficult to tell, because some of them are almost priceless heirlooms, but I think a moderate estimate would be four laks of rupees (\$200,000)." But more beautiful than the priceless gems on his person or the gorgeous palace in which he lived, was the unaffected, unassuming, unpre-

tentious naturalness of his bearing. I could not but feel that many a purse-proud westerner might profit by the example of meek courtesy displayed by the Maharajah of Tagore.

We are next to visit the most sacred city in India—Benares. Jerusalem is the sacred city of the Christians; Mecca that of the Mohammedans; and Benares is the holy city of the Hindus. No traveler to India can afford to leave the country without visiting the shrines at Benares on the sacred Ganges. Consult the general map again. Benares you find four hundred miles northwest of Calcutta; thither we shall go for our next study. A special, local map of Benares is also provided, where our successive positions are definitely located. You will find Position 55, for example, marked on the Ganges river itself with diverging red lines reaching to one of the banks.

Position 55. A burning ghat on the Ganges at Benares

We are on a small craft on the sacred Ganges, facing the left bank. The river is flowing towards our right, Calcutta is about four hundred miles away in that direction (southeast) and Delhi as far away at the northwest.

Benares here before us is one of the most sacred cities in the world. It is one of the most famous cities in Hindustan. Delhi was the Mohammedan capital; Benares was and is the Hindu capital. No historian seems to know when it was founded. On account of the multitudes of transient dwellers (pilgrims), it is difficult to obtain an accurate census of the population—probably four or five hundred thousand would not

be far amiss. Over six centuries before Christ, Sakya Muni (Buddha), on his way from Gaya where he received Nirvana, sojourned here to begin his work of enlightenment. It is inferred from this fact, that, unless the city had then been a place of considerable importance, it would not have been chosen by so great a prophet. The great Hindu authors wrote and sent out their works from this place.

We are soon to land and walk amongst those temples, those holy bathing-places; but before we land, and while yet floating upon the sacred waters, let us reflect, that three thousand years ago and possibly more, there were shrines along those banks, and many worshippers here just as there are today. No doubt an early Benares city stood on that bank before us at the time of the Aryan invasion;* and no doubt Benares saw the rise of Brahmanism out of the early Vedic religion. Probably for over three thousand years, according to Max Müller, "the priest and philosopher have sat side by side in Benares, and together have woven that closely elaborated web of faith and practice in which the Hindu mind is today enmeshed. The vision of that early past is dim but enticing, and it floats before the eye like the picture in some magic crystal. When Babylon was an upstart, contending with lordly Nineveh, and the early Jewish heroes and kings were welding the Israelitish tribes into a nation; while the Phoenician barks were yet content to plough the sheltered Mediterranean, not yet daring to attempt the white cliffs of Albion; while the Grecian communities were slowly and jealously forming themselves into commonwealths, and Athens was hard' more than a name, and Rome not yet thought of, he

*See page 339

in this quiet retreat by the calm flowing Ganges, and amid the teeming, fruitful plains, dwelt thoughtful seers and proud priests, and hither, to worship at a hundred shrines, toiled streams of wistful pilgrims."

Here then is a city as old as the cities of the ancient empires. That those banks before us were trodden by the feet of pilgrims three thousand years ago, is an overwhelming thought. Gautama walked there and taught his doctrine of how to attain perfect peace of mind, more than twenty-five hundred years ago. Since that time countless millions have visited the shrines and bathing-places; countless thousands have been transformed to ashes at the burning-places whence we can see the smoke issuing even at this distance and at this moment; millions in treasure have been expended in erecting those beautiful temples which line the bank of the river for many miles. The kind and gentle teacher, the first defender of lower life, Buddha, took up his abode for a time a little north of the city in a deer-park, just in the direction in which we are looking. The great Buddhist monarch Asoka ruled at Patna 250 B. C. and exercised great influence at Benares. The great Chinese devotees, Fa Hian, at the beginning of the fifth century, and Hiouen Tshang, in the seventh, came here to Benares to obtain manuscripts of the Buddhist scriptures. The reports of these Chinese pilgrim adventurers say:—"Families of great wealth whose houses are stored with rare and precious things are to be seen. The people are gentle and polished and esteem most highly people given to study. Some cut off the hair; others reserve a tuft upon the crown, go naked and are destitute of any kind of clothing. Some besmear their bodies with ashes. There are thirty monasteries (Buddhist) con-

taining about three thousand devotees; there are a hundred temples of the Hindu gods, and about ten thousand heretics (Hindus)." This was written by Chinese travelers more than thirteen hundred years ago, and their descriptions harmonize perfectly with the conditions of the place today.

Many centuries ago Buddhism lost its hold on India, and now Benares is the religious capital of Hinduism. Those beautiful structures we see now are buildings belonging to the city which lies immediately beyond them; they are temples, palaces and shrines surmounted by domes, pinnacles and minarets, and others extend along the bank for miles. Those wide and long flights of stone steps extending down to the river are broken by broad platforms where you will see fine Hindu shrines, bathing houses, and preaching canopies. All these places are continually in a state of great agitation with pilgrims from every part of the country, dressed in every style of garb; some are undressed, others listening reverently to some expounder of Hindu beliefs. Some are laving themselves with muddy but holy Ganges water; others are watching some pious ascetic powdered with ashes; they are counting beads in the water; they are drying themselves with towels; holy bulls mingle with the pilgrims. Some are under huge umbrellas; some indulge in copious gulps of the holy water unfiltered; to them, holy water cannot be impure, even when dead bodies and living are immersed in thousands nearly side by side.

You naturally wonder what has made Benares a purification place for the Hindu, and what origin of its sacredness. Wilkins in *Modern History* gives the following legend as showing the ori-

the sacredness of Benares:—"On one occasion, Brahma and Siva quarrelled respecting their respective positions. As Brahma declared that he was supreme, Siva cut off Brahma's fifth head, and thus was guilty of the most heinous crime of injuring a Brahman, Brahma being the progenitor of the Brahman. After giving vent to his anger, Siva found himself in a most miserable plight; the dissevered head of his rival adhered to his hand, as the blood of a slaughtered guest adhered to the hand of Macbeth. In order to get free from the dreadful sign of his revengeful spirit, Siva wandered from shrine to shrine and practiced the most arduous penances, but all was in vain till he reached the sacred city of Benares. There he lost his burden; and, following his example, his worshippers weighed down with the burden of sin go from shrine to shrine, but in Benares, of all places find peace of conscience and the assurance of salvation. As Siva found relief in this city that no other place could give, it is but natural that his followers should wish to dwell in the place that was so beneficial to their deity, and which they believe is especially dear to him."

A Hindu priest thus writes in reference to the sanctity of this holy of holies:—"It is commonly thought by Christians, Mohammedans, and others who are unacquainted with the truth, that this holy city of Kasi (Benares) rests upon a portion of the earth. But such an opinion is altogether erroneous, as it has been revealed to us by the gods, and as our senses are at times permitted to discover. The world itself, since the days of its creation, has remained supported upon the thousand heads of the serpent Ananta (eternity), and so it will continue to be upheld until

the command of Brahma shall be proclaimed for it to be forever enveloped in the coils of that interminable deity. Now, when the judgment takes place in the city of Kasi, within a circumference of ten miles from its center, it alone will remain firm. For it rests upon the heads of Ananta, but is fixed upon the three points of the trident of Shiv or Mahadeo, to whose care it will be entrusted. All who now die within its walls are blessed, and those who are found within it on that eventful day shall be blessed a thousand fold.

“Ages before the Mohammedan conquest of this city by the Sultan Mohammed, which happened in the seventh century; ages before it was made subservient to the Patans, which was a hundred centuries earlier; ages before Kasi was the second capital of the Hindu Kingdom of Kanauj, which was the case a hundred centuries before that; ages before history has any record, Shiv built this wonderful city of the purest gold, and all its temples of precious stones. But, alas! the iniquity of man contaminates and destroys the beauty of everything divine. In consequence of the heinous sins of the people, the precious materials of this sacred place were deteriorated, and eventually, changed into stone, by permission of the founder, Shiv. . . . Lately, the excesses and wickedness of the inhabitants are again increasing, and now the indignant Shiv is beginning to display his anger by turning the stone edifices into huts of mud and thatch.”

From the first appearance of man on the earth to the present day is it not marvelous, what the human mind, endowed with reason, is capable of believing? Mental illumination seems to be as rare as the gem

in the lithic world; and average human beings are not unlike the pebbles on the sea-shore, innumerable and of every color and kind, but rarely can be found a "gem of purest ray serene." While Benares to Hindu eyes is the most holy place in the world, to outsiders it is the wickedest city in India.

Again calling your attention to the scene on the shore, you see several boats about this ghat; these are used for carrying passengers up and down the river for a panoramic view of the several miles of temple and ghat-lined bank of the river. This near ghat is used chiefly as a boat landing-place; it is now early in the day and that is why you do not see the river filled with bathers; but, at the ghat towards the right, you can see them coming down from beneath huge umbrellas to the river. Near the center of the bank you will notice a thin cloud of smoke issuing from near the edge of the water; it arises from the burning-ghat, or the place where bodies are burned. There are several people standing on that elevated platform peering down at the burning bodies. Many of those beautiful shrine temples, having been erected on silt-foundations, have been undermined by the river and now lie half submerged in water.

For our next position the boat on which we now stand moves near the burning ghat, so that we may witness the gruesome process of Hindu incineration. Notice the location as marked on our local map.

Position 56. "Who dies in the waters of the Ganges obtains Heaven." Bathing and burning Hindu dead—Benares

We have brought our boat near to the burning ghat where we can closely inspect the preparation for the

burning of bodies. You have not forgotten that while in Bombay we visited the Hindu burning-place (Position 5). Here for a second time we are before a burning scene, or rather we see the preparation of the pyres and the preparation of the bodies to be burned thereon. There are here before us three bodies and two pyres. Two bodies are in the water by the river's edge. The wood is much like what we call cord-wood. You see the height of the pyres, and that on one is already placed the body of a man; we know it is the body of a man because it is robed in white; we know that the corpse at the edge of the water is that of a woman because it is wrapped in red cloth. There is hardly an hour in the day when the smoke and fumes of the burning dead are not ascending from this rude crematory. Sellers of wood do a prosperous business. The process of burning is somewhat lengthy, but not unworthy of being related.

The corpse is brought here to the ghat tied upon a rude bier of bamboo and carried on the shoulders of relatives, who as they move through the city streets keep up a chant of, *Rama, nama satya hai* (The name of Ram is true). The corpse is swathed in white cloth if a male, in a red one if a female, and is at the ghat deposited with its feet in the Holy Ganges while the pyre is being prepared. Wood for the pyre may be purchased on the spot, though in some cases relatives bring it with them; expensive scented wood is sometimes used by the wealthy.

After the pyre has been constructed and the corpse laid thereon, comes the ceremony of applying the fire. A very curious feature of this rite is the position held by the ghat attendant. This man is always a Dom, i. e., of a caste so degraded that should he,

even inadvertently, touch a dead body it would be contaminated beyond remedy. And yet by an ancient rule the necessary materials for cremation must be obtained from one of this despised caste. Sherring in his *Castes and Tribes of Benares* says:—"The Dom supplies five logs of wood which he lays in order on the ground, the rest of the wood being given by the family of the deceased. When the pile is ready for burning, a handful of lighted straw is brought by the Dom and is taken from him and applied by one of the chief members of the family to the wood. The Dom is the only person who can furnish the light for the purpose, and if from any circumstance the service of one cannot be obtained, great delay and inconvenience are apt to arise. The Dom exacts a fee for three things, the five logs, the bunch of straw, and the light." When all is ready, the son of the deceased, if he be so fortunate as to possess one, comes forward and receives in his right hand a torch. After walking with this seven times round the pyre, taking care to keep his left hand away from the pile, he sets fire to it at the head and the foot and soon all is in a blaze. The relations withdraw to the top of the bank, where they sit in mournful silence, watching the body of the departed friend or relative being slowly reduced to ashes, and when all is consumed the ashes are gathered together and flung out on the bosom of the river.*

You will not forget that the bathing ghats of the living are in loathsome proximity to this ghat; indeed, the waters of both places are constantly inter-

mi " Many dying people are brought here to

* See Parker's *Hand-book of Benares*.

the bank of the river in their last agonies. To die even near the sacred river is Heaven assured. On all roads leading towards the sacred territory of Benares may be seen the dying borne on litters, and many are overtaken by the last summons before these holy precincts are reached.

A little towards the left at the top of this bank is a suttee pillar which we shall visit later (Position 58). Towards our right is a famous tank called Manikarnika-Kund; thither we shall go for our next view. The map shows exactly where we are to stand.

Position 57. Hindu pilgrims bathing in the sacred well of their god Vishnu, north bank of the Ganges at Benares

I have told you the legend which shows the origin of the extraordinary sacredness of Benares, and that the holy city with its precincts is not of the earth, but separate and distinct—a bit of celestial territory. Now we are looking into Manikarnika-Kund, the most holy place or spot in all the holy area. This tank is the *sanctum sanctorum* of the most sacred city in the Hindu world.*

Every pilgrim who visits Benares, after he has received absolution and purification in the sacred river and performed all the routine ceremonies at the ghats and temples, starts from this tank to walk around the entire celestial ground, a distance of fifty miles. He completes the circuit here at Manikarnika-Kund by a douche in this reeking pool which one author has called the “paradise of microbes.”

Here is the Rev. Arthur Parker's graphic descrip-

* See *Indika* by Hurst, and *Modern Hinduism* by Wilkinson.

tion of this nasty holy tank:—"Within a railed enclosure is a square tank, having on each of its sides a staircase of stone leading down to a pool of stagnant water, fetid with the rotting flowers which have been cast into it as offerings. In this the visitor sees the most sacred spot in Benares. To bathe in that filthy water means to the Hindu to obtain deliverance from all penalties, even for sins of the deepest dye. The liar, the thief, the murderer and the adulterer may here wash and be clean, in a spot which the foot of the purest Christian man or woman would instantly defile.

"There are many legends connected with this well, the most common being this:—"Once upon a time the good lord Vishnu, in a time of great drought, dug out with his discus, not without great pain and labor, this well to succor his faithful worshippers. His sacred sweat filled it to the brim with a pearly flood, and when Mahadeo arrived and looked down into its limpid depths, he saw reflected as in a mirror his own charming visage. Enraptured with the sight and full of the praises of Vishnu, he asked him to name for himself some great reward, to which the dutiful Vishnu replied that he could wish for nothing better than that he might always have the company of Mahadeo himself. Now great indeed was the delight of the god, and in the excess of his emotion his body trembled with rapture, when lo! from one of his ears right into the midst of the well there fell a jeweled pendent, making it sacred for all time. And this is why, to this day, it is called Manikarnika, the well of the earring. Between the well and the ghat on a raised platform is a small marble representation of two minute feet. This is the *Cherana Paduka*, the monument of Vishnu's foot, for here, it is said, the god alighted

and marked the spot for ever by the sign of his own foot-prints.

Now let the visitor look around him, for he is at the very heart of Hinduism. Above him towers a lofty temple, the gift of the Raja of Ahmety, and below, along the edge of the sacred stream, are several others, massive and richly carved, but all slowly sinking into the bed of the mighty river. Around him surges a motley throng of pilgrims and devotees of all kinds; here is the naked yogi with matted locks and smeared from head to foot with sacred ashes, and side by side with him the gentle Sanyasi, as clean as the other is foul, carrying in one hand his gourd of sacred water and in the other his bamboo wand which never touches the ground. Nuzzling about among the crowd, foraging for sacred flowers and leaves and dropped rice, are sacred bulls; at your ear comes the familiar whine, 'Bakhshish give here, sir; one rupee, eight anna, four anna. I am a priest, sir, I make prayer for you,' and turning one sees what is surely not the least sad of all melancholy sights here, a fine young Brahman, with fair skin and intelligent features, over which the shadow of greed and cunning is only just creeping, taking up the mixed rôle of beggar, tout, bully and general fraud, probably in succession to one of the fat sons of the Ganges, squatted down there by the water side.

"Small comfort is it to know that his few words of broken English were learned in a Government College, or perchance in a Mission School. But saddest of all is it to see the little bands of pilgrims, whose dress proves them to be strangers to Benares, who are hurried from shrine to shrine by hired touts. Slowly they descend the steps of the sacred well and seat

themselves in a row. Down by them squats a Brahman, twice-born of heaven. His unctuous voice rolls out a few magic mantras which the poor creatures with bowed heads try to repeat; bits of sacred grass are twisted round the fingers and stuck into the girdle; one by one the sacred ingredients, flowers, rice, etc., are added to the pile in their hands, and then a final dab on the shoulder of each, and out comes the fat hand, and the little eyes glitter, as from crevices of the waistband and the corner of the cloth are brought out one by one the hoarded coins. Then a step or two, and the little company ducks down into the noisome flood and all is over; the crown of piety is won."

The water of this pool is never renewed except as replenished by the rains of heaven; evaporation slowly removes the water and leaves the filth. All the pearly drops of Vishnu's sweat were evaporated three thousand years ago. It is now a turbid, malodorous cess-pool.

Another shrine spot is hard by and we will hasten to leave this holy pool to stand by the old sacrificial place of Hindu widows. (See the map.)

Position 58. *Suttee pillar at a Benares burning ghat where Hindu widows died on their husbands' funeral pyres.*

We are still on the same (north) bank of the river, only a short distance from the tank of Vishnu and the burning ghat. Directly before us here you see a small, low pillar which marks the place where Hindu wives formerly burned themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands. It was once a custom in India for Hindu widows to commit suicide in this manner. The act of self-immolation was called *suttee*

(often spelled *sati*). We have already referred to Thuggee or Thuggism and how it was sometimes done by means of poison. In remote times poison was a common means of taking life in India. It is said that suttee had its origin in a law compelling widows to burn themselves on the bodies of their husbands, because in so many cases the death of husbands was owing to poison administered by wives. Husbands were often poisoned for the most trivial offense, real or imagined; and as a corrective for these feminine misdemeanors the penal law of suttee was enforced. In later centuries it became a voluntary sacrifice in proof of fidelity and devotion, and, when a faint-hearted wife had not the courage or loyalty thus to accompany her lord to the other world, the neighbors forthwith shaved her head as a mark of degradation, and compelled her to do all sorts of drudgery for her husband's family.

While you look at this spot try to think of the terrible agonies of the numberless uxorial sacrifices, the living cremations that have taken place.

I will give a brief account of some attendant circumstances of a suttee as witnessed by Europeans since the British occupation.* "Having bathed, the widow, dressed in her clean garments, and holding some cusa grass, sips water from the palm of her hand. Bearing cusa and tila on her head, she looks toward the east or north, while the Brahman utters the mystic word *Om*. Bowing to Narayana, she next declares:—"On this month, on this day, I (naming herself and her family), that I may meet Arundhati (the wife of Vasistha, the guru of the gods), and reside in Swarga, that the years of my stay may be

* Colebrook's Essays

numerous as the hairs of the human body; that I may enjoy with paternal and maternal progenitors, and the ancestry of my husband's father; that, lauded by the Apsarases (Celestial nymphs), I may be happy with my lord through the reign of fourteen Indras (Kings of the gods); that expiation be made for my husband's offences, whether he has killed a Brahman, broken the ties of gratitude or murdered his friend—thus I ascend to my husband's burning pile. I call on you, ye guardians of the eight regions of the world—Sun and Moon, Air, Fire, Ether, Earth and Water, my own soul, Yama (the god of the spirit world), Day, Night and Twilight, and thou—conscience, bear witness I follow my husband's corpse on the funeral pile.'” You will remember that the guru is the wise spokesman of the gods, and his wife's name is Arundhati.

It is the duty of a son or near relative to light the funeral torch after the widow-martyr has repeated her mantras (said her prayers); and the mantras are based on the following principles of Hindu faith:—“The wife who commits herself to the flames with her husband's corpse, shall equal Arundhati, and reside in Swarga.

“Accompanying her, she shall reside so long in Swarga as are the 35,000,000 of hairs on the human body.

“As the snake-catcher forcibly drags the serpent from his earth, so bearing her husband [from hell] with him shall she enjoy heavenly bliss.

“Dying with her husband, she sanctifies her maternal and paternal ancestors and the ancestors of him to whom she gave her virginity.

“Such a wife, adoring her husband, in celestial

felicity with him, greatest and most admired, shall enjoy the delights of heaven while fourteen Indras reign.

“Though a husband had killed a Brahman, broken the ties of gratitude, or murdered a friend, she expiates the crime.”

A common exclamation as a victim enters the fire is:—*Ram, Ram, Sati* (God, God, I am chaste).

When the mantras have been concluded, and some one near of kin has applied the torch, friends who have accompanied the suttee-widow from her home gather around the blazing pile and throw upon it butter and wood; this, of course, is to increase the flame and shorten the time of agony. Cases are recorded in which the self-made victim, unable to sustain the terrible suffering, sprang from the pyre wrapped in flame, while the bystanders with whips and clubs rained blows upon her to compel her to re-enter the fire; if she escapes and recovers from her charred condition, she becomes an outcast. The friends and witnesses of this brutal practise will receive, as they believe, great reward for the part taken in the sacrifice.

While at first suttee was practised as a penal infliction, latterly it was, as already stated, a voluntary act; yet when a widow failed to carry out her declared purpose of self-immolation she was subjected to the most debasing austerities. Sometimes, suttee subjects were drugged almost to unconsciousness before the crucial moment; in other cases great quantities of wood, lashed down, were placed over the two bodies.

Col. Sleeman in his *Rambles and Recollections* re-

lates several cases of suttee which he witnessed, one of which follows:—

“Having satisfied myself that it would be unavailing to attempt to save her life, I sent for all the principal members of her family, and consented that she should be suffered to burn herself if they would enter into engagements that no other member of their family should ever do the same. This they all agreed to, and, the papers having been drawn out in due form about midday, I sent down notice to the old lady, who seemed extremely pleased and thankful. The ceremonies of bathing were gone through before three, while the wood and the other combustible materials for a strong fire were collected, and put into the pit. After bathing she called for a *pan* (betel-leaf) and ate it; then rose up, and, with one arm on the shoulder of her eldest son, and the other on that of her nephew, approached the fire. I had sentries placed all around and no other person was allowed to approach within five paces.

“As she rose up, fire was set to the pile, and it was instantly in a blaze. The distance was about one hundred and fifty yards; she came on with a calm and cheerful countenance, stopped once, and, casting her eyes upward, said, ‘Why have they kept me five days from thee, my husband?’ On coming to the sentries her supporters stopped, she walked once round the pit, paused a moment, and, whilst uttering a prayer, threw some flowers into the fire. She then walked up deliberately and calmly to the brink, stepped into the center of the flames, sat down, and, leaning back in the midst as if reposing upon a couch, was consumed without uttering a shriek or betraying one sign of agony.

“A few instruments of music had been provided, and they played as usual as she approached the fire; not, as is commonly supposed, in order to drown screams, but to prevent the last words of the victim from being heard, as these are supposed to be prophetic, and might become sources of pain or strife to the living.”

The Hindu code says a woman who burns herself shall remain in Paradise with her husband three hundred and fifty million years. Well, that's not a bad term of heaven if the husband be the right sort of a man with whom to live for so great a period, but I can't see what the husband has done that all that prolonged period of bliss should accrue to him. I suppose, however, the Hindu would say—as woman lost Paradise, it is only fair dealing that she should regain it, even by suttee.

This small pillar now tells us of the many terrible sacrifices offered on this spot; it is also one more reminder of what England has done for India and the world, in the abolishment of revolting customs.

A glance along this bank of the Ganges beyond the suttee memorial is not without interest. The wretched and semi-barbarous appearance of the half-nude devotees is repellant; it is difficult to associate intelligence with such aspects of human life, even if it were possible to associate intelligence with the religious beliefs and ceremonies to be witnessed here. You see women in scant robes, some in white and some in red, and both sexes with bare and callous feet. They all appear to be half-starved. Men and women both chew betel-leaves and spit the red juice over everything. You see a barber plying his trade and scattering hirsute tufts to the four winds. Cobblers

do a flourishing business in the repair of pilgrim foot-gear. Everything is chaotic; costly temples are sliding into the river. You see that great remnant of clustered columns half-way down the embankment; many others have reached the river and lie half submerged.

The scenes at Benares are impressive as an ethnographical study, but depressing as a social environment. How can a scene be otherwise than depressing when it tells you of two hundred and fifty millions of people in ignorance, in darkness, in poverty? Benares has been a delusion-school for thousands of years, where millions have been confirmed in error, in superstition, in fanaticism and in false hopes and beliefs. If Manikarnika-Kund near-by, which was once filled with the pearly sweat-drops of Vishnu, were to receive the rupees which have been extorted from the poor, ignorant pilgrims by the priests, it would be filled, I venture to say, a hundred times.

Now let us move a short distance from the bathing and burning ghats, to the door of the home of a marvelous local athlete.

Position 59. Dabee Chowdray Palwan, at Benares, a vegetarian of forty-six years, lifting a 960-pound weight

We are in an age of athletics, or what Kipling would call an age of "flanneled fools." There are few who do not attach great importance to physical culture. There is often, however, a vast difference between athletic sports and games, and true physical culture. Mad and brutal contests under many different names as often mean physical destruction as physical development.

Position 59. Map 8

There are none who do not commend the highest development of the physical man; but the term athletics, as used today, is forced in its application to cover games which are corporeally injurious and morally a serious detraction from a necessary application to work and duty—amusement rather than development. It is practically impossible for children in school or young men in college to have their minds and hearts effectively set on games (athletics) and books at the same time. The blindest ought to see and know this. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is an old platitude, but it is true. "All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy," is the trite counterpart—equally true. Both extremes are obviously wrong, and both extremes often seek apology in these stupid old proverbs. Many seem to believe that Sandow's physical culture books and schools will make Sandows, that physical culture will transform invalids into athletes. The highest, the best, the only real physical culture is an abundance of every kind of natural out-door recreation.

The cat and the tiger never attend gymnasia. Nature makes athletes; the gymnasium helps a little. Nature makes poets, schools help a little sometimes, sometimes they do not. Nature makes orators; education retouches. Nature made Edison and then plenty of experimental exercise (hard work) completed him. Nature made Corbett, the most agile pugilist in the world; Nature made Sullivan, the most invincible fighter of his day. Nature made Jeffreys, the champion of the world. Practice improved them, but Nature made them. Gymnasia did little or nothing for them. All the training in the world won't make a cow as agile as a monkey. Training only makes the

most of Nature's endowment, no more. As proof of these simple, axiomatic statements I present to you here this view of Mr. Dabee Chowdray Palwan, one of Nature's athletes.

Palwan is not a large man—about five feet seven and a half inches—and weighs, if I remember correctly, a little less than one hundred and seventy pounds. He is a vegetarian; he never read a book on physical culture; he was never within the walls of a gymnasium or any place for physical training. As a young man he had reason to believe that his muscles were naturally somewhat superior in certain qualities. He found he excelled in lifting weights and had a surprising strength, greatly surpassing that of most men. When he learned that he was becoming a wonder amongst his neighbors, he gradually fell into the business of giving exhibitions of his prodigious physical qualities. He adopted the primitive way of showing his strength by lifting stones. He chiseled suitable stones into symmetrical forms resembling huge curling-stones with cross-pieces in the center as a hold. You see several of different sizes about the yard of his bungalow. As he grew in years and strength he increased the size of his lifting-weights. You see him here as he lies on his back, with muscles not large but hard as steel, bearing on his uplifted arms *nine hundred and sixty pounds*. The weight of the stone was well authenticated by English officials. Its weight was further established beyond doubt when three of us made the attempt to move it from its place, which we failed to do. The stone was not brought to this elevated position by others and then sustained for a moment on his uplifted arms. It was brought to this position by Palwan unaided. In a

seated posture he tilted the stone from its flat surface to its edge between his knees, then, lying prostrate, he brought it upwards towards his chest by efforts almost painful to witness. With elbows thrust down by his side, he wedged himself beneath it until it was well over his chest, then the final muscular effort was made; it was sublimity in muscular exertion and human effort. As the muscles in the chest and arms became more and more rigid, his veins became gorged and stood out like whip-cords. As the half ton of stone moved slowly upward, inch by inch, a tremor shook his whole frame; the compress bands on his biceps looked as though about to snap; his eyes were closed in an agony of effort; and thus the great stone was sustained till the camera secured for you this negative—only a second—when, with a tremendous muscular effort, he tossed the half ton to the earth beyond his knees. This wonderful feat of strength was then repeated for a second negative.

You see no great rolling muscles about this human wonder; his muscles are not large, but they are of steel, made so by nature and kept in best form by exercise. Training is good because training is exercise, but it is too often unnatural, mechanical and insufficient. It was not Palwan's vegetarianism that made him strong, but it did not prevent him from being strong. Young men should not be so far deluded as to believe that they will be Palwans if they live as Palwan did, or that they will be Sandows, if they study and practise his theories of physical training. No man was ever great by imitation, and seldom much greater than his natural endowments.

I paid Palwan, I think, a dollar for each of the two lifts, a handsome fee for a poor Hindu. He lives

and sleeps in an unventilated and unsanitary mud hut close by. He has no knowledge of physiology, hygiene or sanitary philosophy; his dietary is chiefly rice. There is little doubt but what this same Palwan could toss over his head the best athlete of the best college team in America, and he is presented as an example of an athlete not made by athletics.

If we trace the course of the Ganges river on our general map of India, up-stream toward the north-west, we find the city of Cawnpore about two hundred miles above Benares. Our next position will be taken on the river-bank of that "city of melancholy fame."

Position 60. Peaceful now, but stained with horrible memories—north at the Massacre Ghat on the Ganges, Cawnpore

We are standing on the bank of the Ganges at a spot rendered sacred by one of the cruelest and most pathetic events in the annals of India. Let us recall somewhat of the story of the Mutiny. There was a line of native kings who long ruled in India called the Mahrattas.* England had many wars with these rulers. In the south they were finally overthrown at the memorable battle of Plassey, which gave England sovereignty over the greater part of India. The last king of the Mahrattas was Baji Rao. An adopted son of this king became the inheritor of all the estates, jewels and houses of Baji Rao; he had been trained and regarded as a prince. When Lord Dalhousie came to rule in India, he declared that after the death of Baji Rao, the adopted son—called Nana Sahib—should cease to be considered as of the line of kings, and should therefore be allowed to inherit

* See page 340.

only private property. This gave great offense to the disinherited Nana Sahib. He determined on revenge and instigated the terrible uprising of 1857, known in history as the "Indian Mutiny." This, however, should be regarded as only one of the immediate and minor causes of the mutiny.

Nana Sahib lived a short distance up the river from the place shown in this view. The Indian soldiers recognized in Nana Sahib a legitimate successor of the Mahratta dynasty and it was not difficult to arouse them against the English rule. The one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Plassey was chosen for the mutiny. The English commander here at Cawnpore had only a small force, but he did not believe an attack would be made; so, instead of placing the English people—men, women and children—in the magazine for safety, they were simply taken within the lines of a small military guard where they were almost defenseless. The mutineers fired upon the helpless band, killing indiscriminately. After great numbers had been killed, and after unspeakable deprivation and suffering had been endured for many days by the survivors, a note came from Nana Sahib to General Wheeler, the English commander, saying:—"All those who are in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie, and who are willing to lay down their arms, shall receive a safe passage to Allahabad." General Wheeler thought it a great offer; others were suspicious of the revengeful ex-prince, but General Wheeler prevailed. All the half-starved English people were brought to this place on the riverbank, by that old ruin, the remains of a bathing ghat. Twenty-one boats were filled here at the edge of the river, the people being only about one-half the num-

ber that had been attacked in the enclosure at Cawnpore, a few miles from this place. The other half had been killed and thrown into a deep well near the place where they were murdered. When the greater number had been placed in the boats—a few being still on the shore because there were not boats to accommodate all—Sepoy mutineers who had been secreted near-by opened fire on the laden boats.

The boats were smashed, and those of the English not killed by bullets were knocked into the Ganges. Many struggled back to the shore, but were killed or captured on reaching the bank. Of all the great number, only four escaped to tell of the treacherous and merciless butchery. Of the twenty-one boats, one went ashore a mile below; the occupants still alive were captured, carried to Nana Sahib's headquarters at Cawnpore and placed in two small rooms where they suffered for two weeks unmentionable indignities. When Havelock's forces were approaching, the victims were removed to another house, and there, only a day before Havelock's arrival, the fiendish Nana Sahib ordered Mohammedan butchers to enter the space occupied by the poor English prisoners and finish the bloody work. They were armed with knives and swords and were engaged from five o'clock in the morning till half-past ten, before all were hewn down.

When Havelock reached the place, he found only silent rooms filled with mutilated bodies. Not one was spared. Four days were spent in burying the dead.

The English revenge was terrible—General Mill arranged his cannon in a long line, tied a guilty Sepoy to the muzzle of each cannon and blew them to fragments.

This ghat is called by the natives the Sati Chaura

Ghat—by the English, Massacre Ghat. The memories of this spot will remain forever. Most natives probably would gladly forget the bloody and treacherous record of Cawnpore; and it should not be forgotten that some native troops did remain faithful to the English.

Near every city in India, every water-front is lined with dhobies or washermen. You see them now along the Ganges at this point. That bridge over the river is one mile from where we stand; the city is to the left (northwest), about two miles distant. Soon we shall pass over yonder bridge on our way to Lucknow

We must witness one more hallowed spot in old Cawnpore; therefore we go on to the outskirts of the city to visit what no traveler in India fails to visit, the Memorial Well.

Position 61. Memorial at Cawnpore, to British women and children massacred by Nana Sahib, 1857

If I were asked to name the saddest and most pathetic spot in the entire world, I would say that over which the pure and brooding angel stands. Cawnpore, as I have said, is called the "City of melancholy fame." The story of Cawnpore can never die. The name of Nana Sahib will forever remain a synonym of perfidy, cruelty, cowardice, and bestial licentiousness—a worse than Moloch, the arch-fiend of the oriental world. I presume you have read the story of the Indian Mutiny; if you have not seize upon an opportunity. Our last view suggested an incident connected therewith—the murder of innocent men, women and children at the Massacre Ghat. You remember how those people were several weeks penned within the

military lines, and while there how many were killed, and how many died from sickness and were consigned to a deep well for burial. Four men escaped from the slaughter at the Massacre Ghat, and two hundred women were brought back and placed in a house near the palace occupied by Nana Sahib. These, as already stated in the last story, were hacked to pieces by professional butchers from the city, hired to do the bloody work by minions of Nana Sahib. The two hundred bodies of butchered women and children were thrown into a well.

The well is beneath that stone on which the angel stands. The beautiful angel is by the famous Italian sculptor, Marochette. Her arms are folded, denoting resignation; she holds in her hands the martyrs' palm. Over the entrance, but not seen from our position, is inscribed:—"These are they who have come out of great tribulation." And around the well-curb you can almost read from where we stand:—"Sacred to the perpetual memory of the great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana, and cast, the living with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857."

Is it any wonder that the eyes of every visitor grow dim as he stands before this holy shrine, and recalls the long weeks of mortal fear, of agony, and of hunger, thirst and sickness; the bravery of those noble women who gave their garments to serve the gunners and their undergarments as bandages for the wounded; the announcement that all must die; the last farewells after long suffering; the last fond clasping of children as the black visaged butchers entered with gleaming knives. Is it any wonder that the

Anglo-Saxon silently lifts his hat as he passes beneath the arch of that sacred memorial?

The memorial is not confined to this magnificent sculptured screen; a park of thirty acres surrounds this well. The entire park is beautified by trees, shrubbery, flowers and walks, and vistas through the luxuriant foliage reveal the sparkling Ganges in the distance. A Briton loves a hero and does not forget the heroic dead. The Cawnpore Massacre has been called the blackest crime in human history, and if you want to fire an Anglo-Indian heart you have only to say "Cawnpore." Remember, not all who were slaughtered by the butcher prince were English; the bones of American women are mingled with those of their English sisters, fifty feet below that curb-stone on which the weeping angel stands.

Another city of Mutiny fame is distant only a two hours' railway ride, and there we shall next go to look upon some other places associated with the sad and ever memorable Sepoy Rebellion which is another name for the same event in Indian history. I refer to Lucknow; but before entering the city we will halt at the river Goomti to witness a washing scene.

Position 62. Industrious dhobies (washermen) at work in the river at Lucknow

We are looking up the Goomti (a branch of the Ganges), northwest to the iron bridge. The city of Lucknow is a little to our left and extends for several miles up and down the river-bank. The famous Residency is only a half mile to our left.

I have casually mentioned dhobies before, but here near Lucknow the river is lined with them. Dhobies are professional washermen—they infest every pool,

pond, tank, brook and river, and lake in India. We have seen them before during our itinerary; we saw them at Cawnpore on the Ganges. Here again the river is alive with them.

The dhobie belongs to a low caste and has had bestowed upon him, in all probability, more curses than any other specimen of the *genus homo* for the reason that he destroys more clothing per annum than all other sources of wear and tear combined. He either pounds with a stick or heaves above his head the garment he is washing, and brings it down with a tremendous swash upon a stone or rock chosen for the purpose; he revolves the garment in his hands at every blow and after the buttons are off one end he changes to the other, until the article is thoroughly de-buttoned; of course, I am not at this moment thinking particularly of my own shirts which have often been shredded by this process, but of any garment that comes between the dhobie and his flinty washboard. Even a new garment after a first deal with a dhobie is expected to be buttonless. After a second it will be frayed at every vulnerable point, and very few fabrics have quality to withstand a third wallop upon the dhobie rocks. He never uses an ordinary washboard or wash-tub, and seldom soap; even if you furnish it, he sells it and pounds a little longer on the same old stone in the same old way. You will readily notice, however, that these dhobies are not using stones, this is exceptional and easily understood; the river here is passing through an alluvial plain and there is not a stone within miles. Instead of a stone, a slab of wood is braced up near the edge of the water; the articles to be washed are placed upon it and beaten with a stick or bundle of twigs. This

method is about as destructive to clothes as the commoner method of swishing them on a rock. When the sand of the river-bank is sufficiently clean, washed clothes are spread out thereon to bleach and dry, otherwise cloths are spread over the ground to receive the washed articles. One fellow has erected a clothes-line but that shows too much enterprise for a native; the innovation was surely prompted by an English mistress.

A dhobie wash and a dhobie laundry always emit a distinctive odor or rather a pair of them; one is betel-leaf and the other the smoke of the dhobie shack. Mr. Dhobie is cheaper than John Chinaman by about one hundred per cent; but his work is about one hundred per cent inferior to John's. There are no female dhobies.

Lucknow is the capital of Oude, and covers an area of thirty-six square miles. It has a population of nearly three hundred thousand. We should not find here the beautiful architecture seen in northern and western India; but what Lucknow lacks in architecture, she makes up in history. We learned much of the tragedy of war (assassination) at Cawnpore; we shall learn more in this old capital on the Goomti. We heard from Havelock and his brave men at Cawnpore (page 206); we shall hear from them again at Lucknow. So we will forsake the dhobies and wander over to that memorable theatre of struggle, the Residency.

Position 63. Baillie Gate from the east—torn by mutineers' guns during siege—where the rescuers entered. Lucknow

We are now before the famous Baillie Gate, the main entrance to the historic Residency at Lucknow. The Baillie Guard was stationed only a few yards to the right of this gate, and how bravely that guard fought and held their post the world knows. No one who can recall the story of the siege of Lucknow can stand before this gate unmoved. It was here that the noble Havelock, followed by the kilted Highlanders, entered after many hours' of hand-to-hand fighting through the streets and lanes of Lucknow. The Residency building is only a hundred yards within and towards the right, although the entire ground may be called the Residency. The large building occupied as a hospital is also to the right and immediately inside the entrance. (It may be necessary to explain that the term Residency in English colonies means the official residence of a Governor or a Government official appointed to oversee British interests in that place; but in the history of the siege of Lucknow the term "Residency" includes the entire place occupied by the defenders.) When Havelock entered here, it is said that the sick and wounded crawled from their cots in the hospital near the gate, and in a feeble way cheered and waved to their deliverers; and when he entered the Residency the meeting of the rescuers and the rescued cannot be described—starved and emaciated ladies fell upon their knees before their dust-stained and blood-stained deliverers; the invincible Highlanders caught the children from mothers' arms, kissed them and passed them from hand to hand; the weak and hungry tried to cheer, but

their voices were choked with gratitude; they could only sob and weep their happiness. Although the arrival of Havelock brought increased security, their full deliverance was not accomplished until the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell in November, two months after Havelock's force had entered the Residency. Sir Colin Campbell with re-inforcements entered also at this gate. Very near where we stand is a fine obelisk erected by Lord Northbrook with an inscription in memory of native officers and Sepoys who died near this spot nobly performing their duty.

One of the saddest accidents of the deliverance occurred at this spot:—On the day the relieving force entered, some faithful Sepoys were left guarding the Baillie Gate, and the advancing 78th Highlanders, taking them to be of the enemy, charged them, bayoneting three, who offered no resistance. When explanations followed and regrets were expressed one of them waved his hand, crying:—"Kootch purwanni!" (Never mind—it is all for the good cause; welcome, friends!) and then fell and expired.

You remember what provoked Nana Sahib's revengeful spirit which resulted in the "blackest crime in human history" (See page 204). The general causes of the Indian Mutiny are several, but one of the immediate and most remarkable was giving cartridges to the native troops which had been greased with tallow—the fat of the cow, which animal is sacred to the Hindu. Think of this apparently trivial offense, and the disastrous consequences. The loss of life in the defense of Lucknow alone was one hundred and seventy officers and over twenty-two hundred men. This does not include the great loss of life at the siege of Delhi and elsewhere. It is the old story

of how much of suffering and loss of life may be charged to ignorance, or to religious fanaticism.

This old gateway, pitted and scarred with rifle and cannon-shot, is a grim reminder of the terrible eighty-seven days, during which, besides the small garrison, men, women and children were imprisoned within. You will notice the tall policeman who is approaching the gate from the Residency, also the native guides near us who hang about the gateway waiting for some visitor from whom they may earn a few annas.

We now pass within the gate, and, advancing fifty yards take our stand near a monument to the brave commander of the Lucknow garrison.

Position 64. Lucknow's memorial to Sir Henry Lawrence and heroes who died in '57

Now we are within the grounds of the Residency, facing northwest; there beyond the mound is the upper portion of the Residency building, now a historic old ruin. There was originally a fine basement in that building; into that refuge two hundred and forty women and three hundred and ten children were gathered. Sir Henry Lawrence occupied a room on the first floor near the center of the building. It was while in that room that a shell from a siege gun of the enemy plunged through the roof and exploded in his room, a fragment of the shell tearing his thigh from his body, giving a mortal wound; he died in two days. In his last moments he would frequently arouse himself and call out to the weeping friends about him:—"Save the ladies, and never surrender!" At such a time military honors could not be extended to his remains; a hurried prayer amidst the booming of

the night-guns and the flashing of rifles from surrounding house-tops, and he was let down into a pit with others of lower rank just beyond the Residency yonder.

In the basement of that building there were born during the siege eight babies who were always thereafter called "Siege babies."

Visitors often ascend the old tower for an outlook over the entire area. An extensive and well-kept cemetery lies just behind the Residency. To this day no native is allowed to enter the sacred ground. It is the most sacredly cherished spot in Lucknow. Two thousand heroic men and women lie buried there. A simple stone marks the grave of Sir Henry Lawrence; it bears a touching inscription by himself:—

Here lies
Henry Lawrence,
Who tried to do his duty.
May the Lord have mercy on his soul!
Born 28th June, 1806.
Died 4th of July, 1857.

There is on the mound to the left a beautiful cross of white marble. This is called the Lawrence Memorial, and on it is inscribed:—

In memory of
Major General Sir Henry Lawrence,
K. B. C.
And the brave men who fell in defense of the Residency
1857.

Not the least interesting things in this scene are the personal representatives of the besiegers and besieged—the two men on the lawn near us. The one on the left is a Eurasian, that is, a man who is a European on one side and an Asiatic on the other.

During the siege, that man occupied the Dr. Farer house only a few hundred yards to the left of where he sits now in friendly confab with a Hindu who was among the besiegers. Whether the Hindu took an active part, I do not know. Now they are both Residency guides; both have served me in that capacity; the latter accompanied me to the cemetery, but was not allowed to enter—(no native is allowed to enter this cemetery). The former, a veteran of the siege, was under no such ban. It is not yet fifty years since the siege of Lucknow, and many are yet living who underwent its horrors and its agonies.

It is not uncommon during such soul-trying crises that incidents occur to excite human risibles even in time of great distress; they occurred at Libby Prison and at Andersonville. At Lucknow, amidst death, suffering and funeral grief, an event occurred which provoked irresistible laughter:—For a time a portion of the original garrison were left to defend a powerful old fort called Muchee Bawan, one mile from the Residency. Sir Henry decided that it must be abandoned and gave the following order by signal:—“Blow up the fort and come to the Residency at twelve o'clock tonight. Bring your treasure and guns, and destroy the remainder.” This order was obeyed—the fuse to the mine under the fort was left long, so that all might be well clear when the explosion occurred. The shock was that of an earthquake and a black cloud of smoke was all that was left of Muchee Bawan. On calling the muster-roll on the following day, one man was missing, an Irish soldier; he was given up as lost. It proved that he had been left behind in a state of intoxication. He was blown into the air, re-
ned to the earth unhurt, and fell again into a

drunken sleep. In the morning, finding the place in ruins and deserted, he started for the Residency, and strange to say he passed the dangerous line unharmed. At daybreak the men inside the Residency gate were surprised to hear a man cry out in Irish brogue, "Arrah, thin, open your gates!" They let him in, and asked him why he had left the fort; with a look of bewilderment and simplicity he replied:—"Sure, an' I didn't see ara man in the place."

In tragic contrast to this amusing siege incident is the story of the poor wife of an officer at Jansee, another Mutiny point, who, when the place was surrounded and there was little hope for escape, drew from her husband a painful and reluctant promise that he would not allow her to fall alive into the hands of the brutal enemy. The promise was given, and, when the fiends broke in upon them, "she sprang to her husband's side, and with a last caress exclaimed, 'Now, Charlie, now—your promise!' He kissed her, put the pistol to her head, and then turned and sold his life dearly to the wretches about him."

With this brief reference to the memorable siege, we will resume our journey westward for two hundred miles until we reach, on the banks of the Jumna, a city which no traveler in India leaves unseen—Agra. Our next position is to be a short distance out from the town. It is definitely located on our special map of Agra, near the right-hand margin.

Position 65. Camel drivers waiting at southeast side of gateway to the famous Taj Mahal, Agra

We are here looking northwest in the direction of the city of Agra. The Jumna River is two hundred yards to our right.

We have left the subject of war and blood-shed and treachery for scenes of beauty. We have reached the world-famed city of Agra. We stopped not for a glimpse of the station or the old fortress, or the busy streets. It is with us, as with other travelers, impossible to linger for common sights, when only three miles away is the peerless Taj Mahal, which to the whole world is chiefly what Agra signifies. When people say:—"Have you been to Agra?" they mean, "Have you seen the Taj?" So we are here to see the queen architectural structure of the world.

This structure before us is not the Taj—it is only the gateway; and yet there are few palaces that can vie with it in elegance of design, or in elaborate beauty of execution. This is surely a noble portal. The ground on which we stand is a square, surrounded by high and powerful walls within which are several shrines in keeping with the entire stately entourage. The great square or court in which we stand was once a caravansary in which pilgrims with camels and elephant trains could find shelter beneath arched galleries around the four high walls.

The architecture, like that of the Taj itself, is a combination of the Hindu and Mogul, and the contrast and harmony of red sandstone with pure white marble are extremely effective. You can see some of the inner doors of the gate, in beautiful masonry; the interior is as massive and palatial as the exterior. It is constructed of red sandstone alternating with marble. Notice the scroll-work in marble over the arched doorways. The serried lines of small domes are of marble, and around the main door-ways are inscriptions from the Koran carved in marble. One may ascend by stone stairways to that first balcony, or still higher, and

stand below those marble domes. From the opposite side, one can overlook the beautiful gardens and the Taj itself. Every dome and minaret glitters with a golden spire. It is about two hundred and fifty years since the Taj and this gateway were completed, and, day by day and year by year during that time, tourists and travelers have been streaming through that gateway to gaze upon the glory of the matchless structure within.

The camels and their drivers in this grand square are in no way connected with the Taj or the surrounding buildings; they are halting for a few minutes on their way across the court on their homeward journey.

We now enter that fine portal on the south side, and pass through to the opposite or north door, from the steps of which we shall behold the world-famous Taj Mahal. (See the local map.)

Position 66. A marvel of beauty—looking north to the Taj Mahal—marble tomb of a Mogul Queen, Agra

This is the wonderful Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building in the world. It is a tomb, and the most magnificent ever constructed to preserve and honor the ashes of a human being. It was erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan in honor of his beautiful and beloved queen, Moomtaj-i-Mahal. There is so much interest attached to this peerless structure and to the beautiful queen whom it commemorates, that some information relating to the builder, the building and the highly honored queen is necessary. It seems that a good deal of error exists and many conflicting statements have been made in reference thereto. I have every reason to believe that the Rev. William Butler,

D.D., is a fully informed and reliable authority on these points and I will therefore make use of his statements:—In many books Moomtaij-i-Mahal is confounded with Noor Jehan,* the consort of Jehangir.

Noor Jehan and Jehangir were the hero and heroine in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. Shah Jehan was the son of Jehangir by another wife. Noor Jehan, Jehangir's wife, had a brother Asuf Jan. Moomtaij-i-Mahal was the daughter of Asuf Jan, and became the favorite wife of Emperor Shah Jehan, and in her honor and memory the Taj here was erected. Moomtaij-i-Mahal died in 1631, her aunt Noor Jehan, the wife of Jehangir, died in 1646. Moomtaij-i-Mahal was married at twenty and died at twenty-nine years of age. At her death she made two requests:—one that the Emperor should not marry again, the second that he should build for her a tomb that would perpetuate her name. The two requests were faithfully fulfilled.

This memorial tomb was commenced immediately. With what love, devotion and fidelity the last request was carried out, you have the testimony before you. The genius required for the creation of this superb mausoleum was found in a Frenchman by the name of Austin de Bordeaux. Shah Jehan knew the rare ability of the man to whom he gave the commission. The Emperor called him Zurrier Dust—"the Jewel-handed." The natives called him Gostan Esau Nadir al Asur, "the Wonderful of the Age." His salary was six thousand dollars a year; besides the Taj he built the palace at Agra, also that at Delhi. The building of the Taj occupied twenty-two thousand men for twenty-two years, and cost in the money of today sixty million dollars, and even this, according to

* Sometimes called Nur Mahal; see pages 87-88.

Dr. Butler, does not include the enormous value of precious and semi-precious stones which were presented by tributary rulers. The wonderful architect and artist went to Goa in behalf of the emperor and is believed to have been poisoned by the Portuguese on account of jealousy because of his great influence at court.

Now that we have learned for whom and by whom this matchless architectural blossom was created, we will consider it in parts. Many eminent word-artists have vainly tried to describe this wonderful structure. It cannot be described—it can only be felt; a rosebud, a bouquet, cannot be described in words, neither can the Taj Mahal—and one may say of those who try, as Pollock said of those who essayed Byron's flights of poesy—"unearthly flutterings made." You can here see for yourself more than the cleverest word-artist could tell you, and yet even this does not show the miles of tracery in precious gems of every color. Butler says when Lady Sleeman was asked by her husband what she thought of the Taj, she quickly replied:—"I cannot tell you what I think, for I know not how to criticize such a building; but I can tell you how I feel—I would die tomorrow to have such another put over me!"

The Jumna river flows towards the right just behind the platform wall of the Taj. The beautiful garden extends from the gate by which we stand to the Taj, eight hundred and eighty feet; the width is nearly a thousand feet. The area occupied by the garden is divided into sixteen equal spaces, and each space is set apart for plants or trees or flowers of a kind. That marble-lined channel filled with limpid water extends the full length of the plaza and sparkles

with playful fishes. A line of twenty-four fountains alternating with water-plants occupies the center of the water-channel. At times when the water supply is not full, the fountains do not play—as at the present moment.

Midway between here and the Taj there is an elevated marble tank forty feet square containing five fountains and around its broad marble walls are placed seats where visitors can view the uplifting vision of white marble by moonlight. Two rows of slender cypress line the interval of space between the polished walks. The cypress is the memorial tree in all oriental burial places, and these are small and slender, so chosen as not to obscure the view but to maintain the symmetry and balance for which every feature in and about the Taj is remarkable. Do not forget that the tank is midway and that the distance between it and the Taj is the same as the distance between us and the tank. Perspective is here deceptive and misleading as to the extent of this approach. This vast enclosure is surrounded by a high and beautifully constructed wall, similar to that which encompasses the caravansary square before the entrance gateway.

At the left of the Taj, in line with it and on the same general platform, there is a splendid mosque three stories high, of red sandstone with marble domes, and on the opposite side another building to correspond with the temple in material and in proportion, though not in design. It is said that the latter structure was erected just to give balance to the other buildings. The galleries and many beautiful apartments in the balance-edifice were formerly used for free occupancy by visitors. The two magnificent side

buildings, mostly in red sandstone, give a most effective contrast in color, counteracting the possibility of too much white from the predominance of white marble. The temple at the left is so situated as to allow worshippers to face westward or towards Mecca.

These three buildings, the Taj, the temple, and its counterpart on the opposite side, occupy an entire frontage of nine hundred and sixty feet on the Jumna river; this frontage, extending back from the river three hundred and thirty feet, constitutes a foundation platform of solid sandstone for the several buildings. Upon this great substructure of solid masonry, a second platform of marble eighteen feet high and three hundred and thirteen feet square is placed. This is the true base of the Taj; and even from this distance you can see how handsomely it is carved and set off in relief panels; the four sides are alike, and remember that the base platform is eighteen feet high. You can see a projection in the middle of the front side of the platform; on both sides of that projection, marble steps lead to the top of the platform which is on a level with the main floor. The crypt, wherein are contained the sarcophagi of Moomtaj and the Emperor, is below the main structure, within the base, and is reached by steps. The cenotaphs or memorial caskets are on the main floor, even with the top of the base where we can see a small door open in the center of the large portal.

In the center of the great platform stands the grand Mausoleum, one hundred and eighty-six feet square with thirty-three feet cut off the corners to overcome a harsh angularity. The height of the golden spire which culminates the graceful dome is two hundred and seventy-five feet; the dome is fifty-eight feet in

diameter and eighty in height. Every part of the wonderful structure is of purest white marble brought from Jeypore two hundred miles distant. These graceful minarets at the four corners of the terrace rise one hundred and thirty-three feet skyward. They are ascended by spiral stair-cases within and of the same snow-white marble. There is another marble tank or reservoir with several fountains between the Taj and the balance edifice on the right. There are within the encompassing walls of the entire Paradisiac enclosure eighty-four fountains tossing silvery spray along every vista of dark green foliage.

The most wonderful of all are the astonishing amount of work and the incredible number of precious stones used in the mosaic decorations. Dr. Butler says a Persian manuscript preserved in the Taj gives an account of all the material used in its construction, recording that crystal came from China, jasper from the Punjab, carnelian from Bagdad, turquoise from Thibet, agate from Yemen, lapis-lazuli from Ceylon, diamonds from Punah, rock-spar from Narbudda, lodestone from Gwalior, amethyst and onyx from Persia, chalcedony from Villiat, and sapphire from Lanka; and this is only a partial list. It is claimed that the entire Koran is inlaid on the walls within and without. The Koran texts in Arabic letters are cut and inlaid in black marble on the outside and in precious stones in the interior. From where we stand, almost two hundred yards away, we can only indistinctly see the decorative mosaic; that in precious stones we shall see at our next position.

Listen to the words of one who has seen the Taj from near the place we occupy:—"The moon had just hidden her face before the approaching break of day.

We looked down upon the immense inclosure crowded with trees mingled together in one indistinguishable mass, gently surging and moaning in the night breeze. Above rose, apparently in the distance, a huge gray-blue mass, without shape or form, which rested like a cloud on the gloomy sea of foliage. Soon a faint glimmer of light appeared in the eastern horizon; as the darkness fled away before its gradually increasing power, the cloud changed first to a light, and then developed into shape and proportion, and the minarets and the cupolas and dome defined themselves in clearer lines upon the still dark sky beyond. Soon the first rosy tint of the dawn appeared, and, as if by magic, the whole assumed a roseate hue, which increased as the sun made its appearance, and the Taj stood before us, dazzlingly brilliant in purest white, absolutely perfect in its fairy proportions. It is impossible to describe it. I had heard of perfection of outline and of graceful symmetry of proportion, but never realized the true meaning of the words until the morning when I watched the Taj burst into loveliness at the touch of the sun's magic wand."

Another pours forth his soul thus:—"As for the structure in the center, the first bewildering glance revealed what seemed to be a delicately sculptured mountain of pure white alabaster, supporting on its crest a sparkling dome, light as a radiant bubble, which might at any moment float away and vanish into air. After one rapturous look at its sublime proportions the last doubt was dispelled forever. The conquest was complete; and I became a worshipper at the Taj, like all the millions who have gone before me."

Now if we stroll along those polished marble walks,

watching a thousand gold-fish dart and flash their shining sides up to the sun, and ascend the marble steps, we shall enter the most beautiful monument ever erected to a human being.—“Love was its author, beauty its inspiration.”

***Position 67. The most beautiful tomb in the world
—exquisitely carved and inlaid marbles at Taj
Mahal, Agra***

Now we are within the marvelous architectural poem where we gain a suggestion of infinite detail, of countless gems, of incomparable skill—where the labor of over twenty thousand skilled artisans for twenty years was expended. And here we see only a part—a single direction; but this one angle of vision will enable you to imagine the vast sweep of the entire space around you. You know the height of the vast dome and the area of this interior with the great domical halls at each corner angle, and yet in every part the spaces are inlaid and enjeweled with gems of every hue; the rich flora of India and Ceylon has been exhausted in finding floral designs to be imbedded in purest marble, every stem and leaf and blossom in precious gems of appropriate color.

We now “stand amid a scene of architectural glory which has no equal on earth. Above us rises the lofty dome, far up into the dim distance. The floor on which we tread is of polished marble and jasper, ornamented with a wainscoting of sculptured marble tablets inlaid with flowers formed of precious stones. Around are windows or screens of marble filagree, richly wrought in various patterns, which admit a faint and delicate illumination—what ritualists would love to call a ‘dim, religious light’—into the gorgeous apartment. In the center are two tombs, surrounded by a magnificent

octagonal screen about six feet high, with doors on the sides. The open tracery in this white marble screen is wrought into beautiful flowers, such as lilies, irises and others, and the borders of the screen are inlaid with precious stones, representing flowers executed with such wonderful perfection that the forms wave as in nature, and the hues and shades of the stems, leaves, and flowers appear as real—almost—as the beauties which they represent.

These ornamental designs are so carefully and exquisitely executed that several of the flowers have as many as eighty different stones entering into their composition, all polished uniform with the marble, into which they are so delicately inserted that you can hardly trace their joinings. They seem as though they had grown there, instead of being separately prepared and placed in their positions by the hand of the cunning workmen, who designed this imperishable and magnificent memorial of human love."

Of the two tombs only that of Moomtaj is seen from where we stand now; that of the Emperor is a few feet to the left, a little larger, in the same design, but not quite so elaborately decorated.

"But the richest work of all is on the cenotaph of the Empress within the screen. Upon her tomb—according to the universal Mohammedan usage—is a slate or tablet of marble, while on the Emperor's is a small box representing a pen-holder. These always distinguish a man's or a woman's grave among these people, the idea being that a woman's heart is a tablet on which lordly man can write whatever pleases him best. And this mark of feminine inferiority was not spared even the beloved occupant of the Taj Mahal.

"But her tomb—how beautiful! The snow-white

marble is inlaid with flowers so delicately formed that they look like embroidery on white satin, so exquisitely is the mosaic executed in carnelian, bloodstone, agate, jasper, turquoise, lapis-lazuli and other precious stones. Thirty-five different specimens of carnelian are employed in forming a single leaf of a carnation; and in one flower not larger than a silver dollar as many as twenty-three different stones can be counted. Yet these are but specimens of the beauties that are spread in unparalleled profusion over this entire chamber. Indeed, Long asserts that he found a flower upon her tomb to be composed of no less than three hundred different stones."

On the end of the tomb next the entrance we find written in beautiful Arabic characters, "And defend us from the tribe of unbelievers"—"unbelievers" means Kaffirs and "Kaffirs" implies Christians, or all who do not believe in the Koran. Moomtaij's own inscription, also beautifully inlaid, is:—"Moomtaij-i-Mahal, Rancee Begum, died 1631."

These words from an unknown author help the imagination:—"View the Taj at a distance! It is as if the spirit of some happy dream, dwelling dim but pure upon the horizon of your hope, and reigning in virgin supremacy over the visible circle of the earth and sky. Approach it nearer, and its grandeur appears unlesened, swelling in all its fresh and fairy harmony until you are at a loss for feelings worthy of the presence. Approach still nearer, and that which, as a whole, has proved so charming, is found to be equally exquisite in the minutest detail.

"Here are no touches for distant effect. Here is need to place the beholder in a particular spot, to a partial light upon the performance; the work

which dazzles with its elegance at the *coup d'oeil* will bear the scrutiny of the microscope; the sculpture of the panels, the fret-work and mosaic of the screen, the elegance of the marble pavement, the perfect finish of every jot and iota, are as if the meanest architect had been one of those potent genii who were of yore compelled to adorn the palaces of necromancers and kings."

Many, as afore-mentioned, have tried and tried and struggled to adequately portray the transcendent loveliness of the world's most beautiful structure, but in vain; one must see; and even then, unless endowed with rare capacity of mind and heart, you will not be able to comprehend nor fully estimate nor feel the wondrous beauty and excellence of this architectural miracle.

Our last view will be from the "balance" temple, looking up the river towards Agra. Consult the local map and notice the reach of the diverging lines.

Position 68. A lovely scene of Indian romance and tragedy, northwest from Taj Mahal up the Jumna to Agra

From our new view-point on the building at the east side of the Taj we have a farewell glimpse of a portion of the Taj overlooking the Jumna. We have chosen this position because, while it affords only a partial disclosure of a portion of the building near at hand, it also brings into view the river, and in the distance the fort and the railway bridge at Agra. The negative was made during the dry season when the Jumna shrinks to a moderate stream. You will see sand bars everywhere exposed. During the monsoons the stream is often a great torrent a half-mile in width.

We can see the walls of the fort at Agra on the bank of the river. In that fort, Shah Jehan, the builder of the Taj, was imprisoned for seven years.

The palace at Agra is also a wonderful building. We can descry the three great white domes of the Jumma Musjid, built by Shah Jehan in the name of his daughter Jehanara, who shared with him his seven years imprisonment in the fort. Besides the incomparable Taj—the fort, the palace within the fort, the Jumma Musjid and other rare structures were erected by the devoted worshipper of the beautiful Moomtaij. After all that the Emperor had done to glorify Agra he was destined to spend seven years within those walls of the fort, where he could have only tantalizing glimpses of these minarets rising from the tomb of his beloved Moomtaij.

Within the walls of yonder fortress are many wonderful architectural creations, besides those outside and not far away. Maybe you have heard of the wonderful tomb of I'timadu-daulah, erected by Shah Jehan in honor of the father of Nur Jehan. It is on the Jumna river not far from the fortress. Within the fortress are the palace of Jehangir, the palace of Shah Jehan, the Diwan-i-Khas which is called a miracle of beauty, the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, and many other marvelous structures.

Calling your attention once more back to this superlative of architectural creations, it is interesting to know that it was the intention of Shah Jehan to erect a counterpart to the Taj on the opposite bank of the Jumna as his own mausoleum, and to make a magnificent bridge span the river, connecting his own final resting place with that of "The Pride of the Palace."

Before leaving this scene of pathetic splendor, this vista of tragedy and romance—and I might also say this mockery of all human ambition—let me submit a valedictory in the heart-felt utterance of a Taj worshipper:—

“We feel, as our eyes wander around this hallowed space, that we have hitherto lavished our language and admiration in vain. We dread to think of it with feelings which workmanship less exquisite has awakened, and we dare not use, in its praise, language hackneyed in the service of every-day minds. We seek for it a new train of associations, a fresh range of ideas, a graver and more sacred corner in the repository of the heart. And yet, wherefore should this be, since no terms applying to other works of beauty, excepting the most general, can be appropriate here? For those there be phrases established by usage, which their several classifications of style render intelligible to all acquainted with similar works of art. But in the Taj we fall upon a new and separate creation, which never can become a style, since it never can be imitated. It is like some bright and newly discovered winged thing, all beauteous in a beauty peculiar to itself, and referable to no class or order on the roll of Zoology, which the whole world flocks to gaze upon with solemn delight, none presuming to designate the lovely stranger, nor to conjecture a kinship for it with the winged things of the earth.”

Six miles northwest of Agra, at Sikandarah, is another memorial of the splendor of India's Mogul rulers. We should not fail to see its witness to Akbar's sovereign greatness, for Akbar was one of the most conspicuous and noble figures of his

time. Our sixty-ninth position will be near where his dust was laid away three hundred years ago.

Position 69. Marvelously inlaid gateway, northwest to tomb of Akbar, Mogul Emperor of the sixteenth century, Sikandarah

We are now before the great gateway of the tomb of Akbar at Sikandarah. Akbar was one of the great and just Mogul rulers of India. He was born in 1542 and died in 1605. He it was who first collected the various tribes into a single empire with himself at its head. He forbade the burning of widows; he encouraged literature and commerce, and was exceedingly liberal in his religious views; it was even claimed by some that he was as much a Christian as a Mohammedan. His spirit of toleration was what most distinguished him from other Mohammedan rulers. He was indeed a leader in religious thought as well as in all that pertained to commercial progress and the arts of peace. The mildness of his character, his strict impartiality, magnanimity and personal courage, are mentioned in praise even by the Jesuits who visited India during his reign. The memory of his good qualities and deeds still lives among the people of Hindustan.

The tomb is beyond this magnificent gateway and we partially see it through the opening; but it will be seen better from our next position. As we did at Agra (Position 65), let us halt before this wonderful portal. It seems even more elaborate, and richer than that before the Taj. Here again your eyes will convince you of a great architectural triumph. This ateway, as at Agra, is of the proportions of a great lace. It is built of red sandstone and covered with namentation inlaid in white marble. On every cor-

ner you see what has been a beautiful minaret, but lacking the kiosk which originally crowned the top. The minarets in two stories are each sixty feet in height, corresponding nearly with the height of the main portion of this great Mogul propylon. The interior contains many spacious halls finished in massive masonry.

You can imagine from the herds feeding near that these costly shrines are not guarded as antiquities so rare would be in western countries. With all that England has done and is doing to preserve them, the monuments of the past centuries are so great and so numerous that reparation and preservation would almost exhaust the imperial treasury.

If we were to ascend to the platform at the top of the gateway we should obtain a panorama of the surrounding country; the village of Sikandarah is nearby; beyond the tomb at the north the Jumna sparkles in the sunlight; towards the southeast the city of Agra, the Taj, and the Fort could be seen, and directly below, surrounded by spacious grounds filled with a variety of shrubbery, stands the great memorial to the wise and good Akbar.

If we pass through that central archway a broad path would lead us to the front of the tomb where we are to take our next stand. We shall be facing west.

Position 70. Tomb of Akbar, Mogul Emperor three hundred years ago—marble lattice in upper story (west)—Sikandarah

Now we are before what is called the tomb of Akbar. It is somewhat away from our experience to call so great a structure a tomb. The real place of sepulture is below, near the center of the first story;

but the memorial cenotaph is on the fourth story. We know how many magnificent buildings were reared by Akbar. Here is what Fergusson, the highest authority on Oriental architecture, says about this great mausoleum:—"Perhaps the most characteristic of Akbar's buildings is the tomb he commenced to erect for himself at Secundra, near Agra, which is quite unlike any other tomb built in India either before or since, and of a design borrowed, as I believe, from a Hindu or more correctly a Buddhist model. It stands in an extensive garden, still kept up, approached by a noble gateway. In the center of this garden on a raised platform stands the tomb itself, of a pyramidal form. The lower story measures thirty feet in height, pierced by ten great arches on each face, and with a larger entrance adorned with a mosaic of marble in the center. On this terrace stands another far more ornate, measuring one hundred and eighty-six feet on each side, and fourteen feet nine inches in height. A third and fourth story of similar design, respectively fifteen feet and two inches and fourteen feet six inches high, stand on this, all these being of red sandstone.

Within and above the last is a white marble enclosure one hundred and fifty-seven feet each way, or externally just half the length of the lowest terrace, its outer wall entirely composed of marble trellis-work of the most beautiful patterns. Inside it is surrounded by a colonnade or cloister of the same material, in the center of which, on a raised platform, is the tombstone of the founder, a splendid piece of most beautiful arabesque tracery. This, however, is not the true burial-place; the mortal remains of this great king repose under a far plainer tombstone in a vaulted

chamber in the basement thirty-five feet square, exactly under the simulated tomb that adorns the summit of the mausoleum. . . .

“The total height of the building is a little more than one hundred feet to the top of the angle pavilions; and a central dome thirty or forty feet higher, which is the proportion that the base gives, seems just what is wanted to make this tomb as beautiful in outline and in proportion as it is in detail. Had it been so completed, it certainly would have ranked next to the Taj among Indian mausolea.”

One is naturally curious to know why these Mogul sovereigns constructed their tombs after the fashion of palaces or domiciles with rooms, halls, and various orders of apartments as though all were for occupancy by the living. The Mogul princes, like the Tartar rulers, made it a rule to build their own tombs—they practised the modern precept:—“If you want a thing done well, do it yourself.” If they desired a magnificent place of sepulture, they must prepare it themselves. They did not, like the Egyptians, believe in hiding their dust within dark, cold pyramids, or within the rocks of the mountains. Instead, they made their sepulchres suitable for places of gayety and amusement while they lived. So long as the founder lived his tomb was a rendezvous for friends, a festive retreat, and the central hall was called a *burrah durrie* (festive place). At the death of the founder, his remains were interred beneath the central hall, and sometimes his wife, or maybe his favorite wife was buried with him, or other members of the family in some part of the mausoleum. When once an interment has been made, it forever ceases to be a place of mirth and festivity. The care of the tomb and gardens is then

handed over to priests who maintain a meager existence from fees and the sale of fruits from the garden.

We shall now ascend to the fourth story where we may look upon the cenotaph of Akbar.

Position 71. Akbar's tomb, Sikandarah; the Kohinoor was once set in the pillar beyond the kneeling man

Here we are in the fourth story, and the cenotaph of Akbar is before us, resting on an elevated pedestal of tessellated marble. This uppermost story, one hundred and fifty-seven feet on each side, is open to the sky, being really a cloistered court with beautiful marble screens set in the rear of every bay. All the screens surrounding the four sides are different in design, and a graceful kiosk crowns every angle. The entire floor area is covered with tessellated blocks of marble in black-and-white. The sarcophagus is of clouded marble with the ever-present symbol of the penholder on the cover, and directly below this, in the dark vaulted chamber of the basement, is the mortal dust of the builder. On one side of this cenotaph is inscribed the motto of the sect he ordained, *Allahu Akbar* (God is greatest) and on the south side *Jalla Jalalahu* (May his glory shine).

Akbar was not only a great builder, and a lover of fine architecture, he was a lover of beauty in every form; his love of precious gems made him the possessor of the peerless diamond known as the Kohinoor. With this he could not part even in death. You can see a marble pillar near the cenotaph; that was once covered with gold and within a casket receptacle in the upper part the Kohinoor was enshrined for over

one hundred and thirty years, until carried away by Shah Nadir of Persia. As this costly stone is probably more widely known than Akbar himself, it may not be amiss to relate something of its history in this connection.

A diamond called the Great Mogul, valued at four and a half millions of dollars, was long considered the largest gem in the world. Crooke in his late work on *Things Indian*, says the history of that stone is still obscure, but from the investigation of Dr. Ball and Mr. Beveridge we may identify it with the Kohinoor. In the history of this regal gem Crooke continues:—“It has been suggested that, in conformity with the practice of changing meaningless names into something more intelligible, the fact that the diamond was found at Kallur on the Kistna suggested the name Kohinoor, or ‘Mountain of Light.’ Legend tells that the stone was worn by one of the heroes of the Mahabharata; but the first historic notice of it is that Emperor Baber states that his son, Humayun acquired it at Agra in 1526 from the family of Raja Bikramajit. Previous to this it appears to have been in the hands of Sultan Ala-ud-din, who acquired it from the Raja of Malwa in 1304. In the revolution which led to the flight of Hamayun from India he presented it to Shah Tahmasp of Persia, and, as Abul Fazl does not mention it among the valuables of Akbar, it apparently found its way into the Deccan, whence it came into the treasury of Aurangzeb, as a present from Mir Jumla. . . .

“Some have supposed that while the gem was in Persia it was cut, or broken by cleavage, and that one fragment is the Orloff diamond, now in the scepter of the Emperor of Russia, while another portion is a

gem at present in Persia. At any rate, the Kohinoor was taken from the Mogul treasury in 1738 by Nadir Shah of Persia, from whom it passed in succession to Ahmad Shah, and thence to Shah Zaman and Shah Shuja, from whom it was taken by force by Ranjit Singh in 1839. He bequeathed it to the temple of Juggernaut, but ten years later, on the downfall of the Sikh power, it came into the hands of the British. In the *Life of Lord Lawrence* may be read a curious story how he put it in his waistcoat pocket and forgot all about it until some days after, when his bearer brought him what he thought was a piece of glass."

The wonderful "Mountain of Light" after all its vicissitudes now adorns the crown of Queen Alexandra.

Now that you have seen one of the hiding places of that historic jewel, the "Great Mogul" (Kohinoor) and with it the wonderful palace tomb of the Great Mogul himself, we will seek another field of study. Consult the general map of India and you will find seventy-seven miles southward from Agra the historic city of Gwalior.

Position 72. Celebrated Man Singh Palace, Gwalior, covered with carvings and enameled tiles

We are looking eastward toward the southern end of an ancient palace, on the top of a celebrated mountain fortress. Before describing this palace I must tell you something about Gwalior. We are in the city of Gwalior, situated within the Dominions of Gwalior. These Dominions of Gwalior, sometimes called Scindia, embrace a territory of over thirty-three thousand square miles, nearly the same as that of the State of

Indiana or a little less than that of Portugal, and contain a population of between three and four millions. There have been Indian records claiming that the city was founded thirty centuries B. C., but this story is undoubtedly only traditional, and more trustworthy authorities place the time at 275 A. D. It is at all events an ancient and historic place, where the ruins of palaces and fortresses tell the old story of contending factions, foreign invasions, the rise and fall of dynasties, the bitter rivalry of succession, and all the vicissitudes through which nations seem to pass in carrying out the human law of self.

At the time of the Mutiny this was one of the last and most obstinate strongholds of native sedition. Whether the stubborn resistance shown by the people was owing to a feeling of security in their impregnable mountain fortress, or to the pride of prestige, or to resolute determination to dispossess the British, it is difficult to say; but it is well known that, even after the defeat of the mutineers at Cawnpore and Lucknow and after the fall of Delhi, it required all the stratagem and valor of the English to overpower the enemy here at Gwalior. The Gwalior Dominions were for a time independent, but are now subsidiary to the English rule, under a native Maharajah, the son of the late Maharajah Sindhia. His Highness the present Maharajah succeeded his father in 1886. Later we shall present you to His Highness, but for the present, let us consider where we are and what is this beautiful structure before us.

We are on what I might call the inland Gibraltar of India, a rock three miles in length, one-half mile in width, and three hundred feet in height. From any part of its summit a panorama commanding the plains

in every direction for twenty miles might be obtained. In the plain not far away there is a little Presbyterian church containing many memorial tablets to brave English soldiers killed at the time of the Mutiny; in another direction stand the glittering white palaces of the present Maharajah. Nature in one of her capricious moods thrust up from the level plain this dome of trap under our feet. It is crowned with palaces and temples; it is tunneled with subterranean passages; its escarpments are alive with sculptured reliefs ranging in height from six feet to thirty feet. As a fortified rock I have called it the Gibraltar of India; because of its palaces, its temples, its altars and its sculptures, I might as fittingly call it the Acropolis of India. Some sculptures are perfect, many have been wantonly mutilated, as has been the case in all parts of the world—iconoclasm is again another evidence of the human law of self. Jainism left its impress on this mount of palaces in some of the most characteristic architecture of that sect. There are near here the ruins of eleven temples. Jehangir had a palace here; so also had Shah Jehan; but I can now show you a portion of only one—the one before which we stand, the Man Singh palace.

We see merely the end of this palace; four others extend towards the left, being almost a continuation of the Man Singh palace. Although you have only a partial view, it is sufficient to give you an idea of the grand proportion and the magnificent style in which the building was constructed. This palace has been called *Chit Mandir* (the painted palace), because the walls are covered with a profusion of beautiful colored tiles, showing candelabra, Brahmin ducks, elephants and peacocks, enameled in blue, green and gold, giv-

ing to the wall an unsurpassed charm and elegance. The inimitable colors of the enameled tiles are as brilliant as they were when first made many centuries ago.

We are looking eastward and at the southern end of the palace; the eastern front is three hundred feet long and rises one hundred feet above the roadway at its base. The south face which we now see is one hundred and sixty feet long and sixty feet in height, showing those fine round towers connected by a battlement of lattice-work; the interior is arranged around the two courts which exhibit singularly beautiful decoration. A view of the plain below is hidden by the majestic Hathiya Paur, or Elephant Gate. At the entrance to that gate a beautiful carving of an elephant was once placed, and this was the origin of the name. The Elephant Gate is connected with the palace and was built by Man Singh after whom the palace takes its name. Passing through that gate and turning to the left a long roadway leads down the side of the rock to the city of Gwalior at its base.

A guard of native soldiers is always stationed here; two of them you see now on duty.

With this single view of a rock-fortress and an Indian Acropolis, we descend by yonder gate. At the foot of the mountain a carriage would take us to the modern palace of His Highness the Maharajah.

Position 73. Great Durbar Hall in the Palace of His Highness the Maharajah of Gwalior, one of India's richest princes

Now we are within the great Durbar Hall of the Prince of the Dominions of Gwalior. Did you expect

to find in the land of the Indies a drawing-room like this? A room in which a court or grand gathering is held is called in this country a "durbar" room or hall. I can discover only one article in the furnishing of this gorgeous apartment which will be strange to anyone who has never visited the Orient. The carpets, the furniture, the massive crystal chandeliers, the frescoing, are all such as we might see in Europe or America; but those objects suspended on heavy silken cords near the chandeliers are *punkahs*. Yes, a punkah is an Indian fan, suspended overhead and made to swing back and forth by a cord which passes through an opening in the wall to a *punkah-wallah* outside the room or outside the building. A punkah-wallah means a punkah-fellow—one who swings the punkah day and night when the room is occupied by people who require fanning. The swinging of this heavy cloth stirs the air forcibly. It occurs to me that in some previous study I have explained this Oriental fanning machine, but this offers a full view. I presume, however, by this time electric fans will be installed in most of the Indian palaces. The ladies of the palace never occupy this fine room; ladies generally like drawing-rooms, but Indian ladies must be hidden away in their own apartments. I remember when I was in the outer court of this very palace with my guide and a palace attendant, I noticed a wing of the building with closed lattice windows; as it appeared secluded and exclusive enough to be a ladies' apartment, I inquired of the attendant, at the same time inadvertently pointing in the direction, if that might be the ladies' quarter. He was startled by my rude index hand and exclaimed—in horrified aspiration—"Don't point towards the ladies!" Of course, I said, "Pardon me!"

There was no one in sight and the part of the building to which I referred was some distance away. The Maharajah follows the custom of his high caste and arranges absolute seclusion for his own family.

On state occasions and during other ceremonial functions these gorgeous chandeliers are ablaze with light, displaying most effectively the gilded ceilings and the rich upholstery as well as the sparkling gems in the durbar costumes of princely guests. Court etiquette at durbar gatherings amongst natives is, of course, very elaborate, and would quite confuse the uninitiated.

We have the special privilege of meeting the master of this great palace and land in his own home.

Position 74. His Highness the Maharajah of Gwalior, one of the richest men in the world

I promised to present you to His Highness, and you are now before him at the doorway of his palatial home.

He is the son of a high-born Maratha family, and was born in 1876. He received a college education at the University of Cambridge, England, and gained the degree of LL.D. from that great institution. He succeeded his father the late Maharajah Sindhia in 1886. His Highness is Hon. Colonel in the British Army, special A. D. C. to King Edward, and Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India. This descendant of a noble line is an excellent type of the newer India of today, keeping well abreast of the times by the reading of European books and journals. Some years ago he became especially interested in railroads and built a narrow gauge road of his own, perfect in every detail, in the palace garden. In 1901, when he

went with his regiment over to China to join the international Allies against the Boxer hordes, he fitted out at his own expense a model hospital ship for the expedition.

As we see him here he is dressed in the uniform of an English officer, excepting his cap which is the stylish turban or *puggree* of a native prince; but on durbar occasions and at ceremonial functions his costume is very costly and picturesque, often of the rarest silken fabrics, embroidered in gold and silver with pearls and rubies to add splendor. The buckles of his shoes may then sparkle with diamonds; his family crest and his sword will gleam with priceless jewels; you can get some idea of the effect if you remember the Maharajah of Tagore whom we saw in durbar dress in his palace in Calcutta, and the value of his costume and jewels (Position 54). H. H. the Maharajah of Gwalior is even more wealthy than the Maharajah of Tagore. In European countries, royalty usually maintains a stud of beautiful horses; here in India princes after a similar fashion show off their wealth and dignity by maintaining magnificent herds of elephants. They have elephant-houses, elephant-gear of every description and elephant keepers to attend the huge steeds. This prince of Gwalior is not only very rich, but he is very generous and very popular. It has long been one of his kindly practices to send one of his elephants to meet travelers at the railway station. It is a novel and interesting experience in travel to be met at the station not by a cab nor coolie porters, but instead by an elephantine omni-

needless to say that, H. H. being educated at
ge, speaks English perfectly and is familiar

with European customs. We see by his side an English official, and behind him native attendants with their sectarian marks on their foreheads.

When we were about to begin our itinerary, I told you that India is a country where the poor are very poor and the rich very rich; the Maharajah is one of the very rich; the Durbar Hall in his palace is a suggestion of his wealth, but only a suggestion. When we reach Delhi we shall see some of his splendid elephants gorgeously caparisoned.

The next position we shall take for observation will be in Delhi, and if you do not clearly remember the relative location of Gwalior and Delhi it would be well to look up the facts on our map of India as a whole. The route to be followed in an actual journey over the ground would take us first northward seventy-seven miles from Gwalior to Agra; then northwestward one hundred miles to Delhi. At Delhi a special local map is provided, for the precise location of our successive standpoints there. You will find the next position, marked 75, near an angle on the western side of a heavy outline which indicates the old wall of the fortress.

Position 75. Curiously rigged camel wagon at east side of the largest Mohammedan mosque in the world, Delhi

We are looking a little north of west, towards the great mosque (Jumma Musjid). We have before us a third style of vehicle; the first we saw in Bombay, the herdic; the second a Himalayan contrivance called an ekka. Here we see a two-story camel wagon. In some parts of this space where we stand camel-wagons

from the country find a halting-ground and the camels are unhitched and allowed to feed while the passengers go to the native bazaars and markets to do their shopping.

These heavy wagons as you will readily see are clumsy and primitive. Male passengers occupy the lower story; women, children and poultry occupy the second. The shafts extend to the saddle or frame on the back of the camel and point skyward at an angle of forty-five degrees. The average speed of one of these camel-rigs is a little over two miles an hour or about the same as the caravan or transportation camel.

There are two varieties of camel, the bactrian and the dromedary—distinguished by two humps in the bactrian and one in the dromedary. The latter is the variety used in most parts of India, and southern Asia, and also in Arabia and Egypt. It is said that the dromedary is now nowhere found in a wild state. The bactrian, however, is still found wild in eastern Turkestan and in the extreme west of the Chinese Empire. Fossil remains of the camel have been found and this tends to confirm the belief that it belongs to a prehistoric mammalia. It truly looks sufficiently antiquated to be prehistoric!

We hear wonderful stories about how nature has provided for the camel an extra stomach which enables it to exist without water for incredible periods—eighteen or nineteen days—those stories are like the fish stories and the snake stories. Credible authorities give five days as the extreme limit, and that length of time in a desert region is wonderful endurance.

The camel is well nigh useless in muddy ground; his great fault is bad temper; but this is in a degree pardoned when one considers the bad treatment to which

he has been subjected by cruel masters ever since man first appeared on the earth. He was probably the first beast of burden, as antediluvians and postdiluvians and camels were contemporaries occupying the same region. An automobile or an Empire State Express is an advance on the prehistoric camel-motor.

Beyond the camels we see the largest Mohammedan mosque in the world. It is rather distant for an impressive view; we shall, however, see it from other positions when only a portion of the great structure will be in view—therefore, from this point where the greater part of the entire plan is shown, I must tell you something about it. When I say it is the largest mosque in the entire world, you may ask if larger than St. Sophia in Constantinople. Yes, much larger when we consider it in all its parts—its great quadrangular court, its stupendous gateways and its cloisters. You remember the great emperor and builder, Shah Jehan; he it was who erected this, the greatest of all mosques, and it seems sad to relate that in the very year when it was completed he was deposed and imprisoned by his son Aurangzeb.*

Sir Richard Temple says of the Jumma Musjid:—
“This is probably the most beautiful mosque on a very large scale that has ever been seen in the world. Its vast dimensions, swelling cupolas, and lofty arches, its spacious court-yard, arcades, gateway, cloisters, and flights of steps produce ultimately an imposing effect. But even this is hardly perceived at first by the beholder, because his admiration is so riveted by the grace of its forms, the nicety of its proportions, the delicate adjustment of its component parts and the harmony of its coloring. For the material of this structure, the marble lends its whiteness and the sand-

* See page 230.

stone its finest red." Not the least impressive feature of this vast pile is the great platform on which it is reared. The platform is ascended by a flight of forty steps before each of the three massive portals. You can judge somewhat of the majesty of the steps when I tell you that the first on the ground level is one hundred and forty-nine feet long. They rise like the three sides of a pyramid, gracefully narrowing till they reach the portal. There are three gateways approached by three similar flights of steps. The three gateways remind us of those we saw at Agra (Position 65), and at Sikandarah (Position 69). The quadrangle with those encompassing cloistered walls is three hundred and twenty-five feet square; the pavement within is of white marble. When we reach our next position we shall see the enclosure filled with Mohammedans prostrate in prayer. The ponderous gates are ornamented with arabesques in heavy brass. Notice the graceful minarets in white marble, one hundred and thirty feet in height.

The life in the foreground shows you a peculiarity of the oriental man throughout the entire eastern world; he has no knowledge of chairs, nor use for them. The common people seldom use them; they are sitters, or ground-perchers. They seldom stand in familiar confabs. They squat as you see them here; they sit by the hour in this fashion, smoking and chatting. There isn't much manly dignity in this crouching posture, but to them it is restful and not undignified.

We shall obtain from the next position a better and nearer view of the portal to the main portion of the mosque. We ascend to the roof of the wall and look

towards the portal of the mosque proper. The map marks the spot in the usual manner.

Position 76. Devout Mohammedans prostrate at prayer time—Court of Jumma Musjid, India's greatest mosque, Delhi

A few minutes ago the muezzin was up in one of those minarets telling all within hearing of his voice to come to prayer, and sure enough they have come. You see thousands, but you do not see half. The main building beyond is filled and you do not see even half of those within the court. Around the building outside the court, the steps and the ground for some distance away from the mosque are covered with still other worshippers, all in the same prostrate position at the same moment.

We have seen Mohammedans at prayers before (Position 8), but then we did not see them praying in concert; this is a special occasion, at the conclusion of the great fast called Ramadan. Ramadan is the ninth month of the Mohammedan calendar; at the conclusion of the great fast, in imitation of the Christian Easter the Mohammedans have ordained a feast day called Bairam. This prayerful scene marks the end of the fast. Prayer on this occasion is regulated by priests within that mosque. As I told you at Ahmedabad, Mussulmen at prayer go through a series of postures and genuflections; they sometimes stand erect, sometimes the open palms are placed behind their ears; then they are upon their knees; next they prostrate themselves to the earth; here on this day all pray in mechanical rhythm in obedience to a signal from the priest within that mosque beyond the court. (Can you see the priest in his pulpit beneath the cen-

tral arch?) They bow in unison; they prostrate themselves and rise again as one. The effect is very strange—no word is audible; it is silent prayer; even the lips scarcely move. He who knows men's thoughts requires no audible words. This great multitude communes with Allah silently and without "tinkling cymbal."

Some are attired in white garments and others in black, and all have been carefully washed before offering their prayers. You observe the marble basin in the center of the court; it is there that worshippers make their ablutions before prayers. You must not fail to notice the graceful curves in those domes.

This is the second time I have had occasion to refer to the followers of Mohammed and the religion which he founded, which has a following of something like one hundred and forty millions.* There are many evidences that the religion is waning in many quarters. Do the great numbers of the Mohammedan faith prove its author to have been a prophet or even a great man? It would seem to indicate some unusual qualities, but the same may be said of later prophets of the Dowie order. Mohammed was an epileptic. It is often difficult to distinguish between a morbid intellect and one endowed with superior gifts. From all that we can learn concerning the founder of the faith of Islam, it seems beyond doubt that he, like many other men was the possessor of some good and great qualities, and some otherwise.

For a last view about this great mosque we will ascend one of the cupolas and look northward over a portion of Delhi. The city map indicates, by the reach

* See pages 43-45, also chapters on Religions.

of the red lines marked 77, the direction and extent of our next outlook.

Position 77. Looking north from a minaret of the greatest mosque in the world over the famous city of Delhi

We are looking north over the outskirts of Delhi; the principal part of the city is behind us; in the distance to our right is the old fort, containing the famous palace, the Diwan-i-am; Diwan-i-khas; the Moti Masjid and other wonderful buildings. The historic Cashmere Gate which we shall see later (Position 78), lies towards the northwest; the Delhi gate southeast; the siege line of the English at the time of the Mutiny is westward; the famous Chandni Chowk (Silver Street, Positions 79-80) extends east and west across the city north of us, i. e., ahead.

We are looking out from a cupola or balcony similar to the two now before us—I mean the two which crown the lower minarets. We can here study at close quarters and in detail these handsome features peculiar to the Mohammedan mosque. These are not of pure white marble like the ones belonging to the peerless Taj Mahal (Position 66), but of red sandstone, traced vertically with lines of white marble. The great dome and the domical minarets are all lined with black marble while the dark sandstone is lined with white marble. The pavilions or balconies are planted in lotus cups of marble. All the pinnacles are of glittering gold. It is from that high pavilion at the top of the minaret that the muezzin, five times a day, lifts his voice to call the faithful to prayer. This mosque was completed two hundred and forty-eight years ago; at five calls a day for two hundred and forty-eight years,

the devout wail of the muezzin has echoed from these minarets over four hundred and fifty thousand times!

Modern Delhi, around us, is a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants. There have been many Delhis; city has succeeded city, on or near this site, since the remote Aryan times. South of the present city (off behind us) there are ruins of many ancient Delhis covering an area of forty-five square miles. All the ancient cities seem to have forts around which they were built. The Hindu ruins date back to 1052. There are the ruins of five Mohammedan cities, the first built about 1304.

"Delhi has been frequently attacked and often captured. It was sacked by Timur the Mogul in 1398; by Nadir Shah the Persian in 1739; by Ahmad Shah Durani the Afghan in 1756. On the 10th of March, 1739, the small Persian garrison which Nadir Shah had introduced into the city when he captured it was almost entirely put to the sword by the people. He gave his troops, who had been summoned from the encampment outside the city, orders for a general massacre. From sunrise till twelve o'clock Delhi presented a scene of shocking carnage, the horrors of which were increased by flames that spread to almost every quarter of the capital. The Mogul Emperor Mohammed Shah then interceded for the people; Nadir replied, "the Emperor of India must never ask in vain," and commanded that the massacre should cease. A vast multitude of persons had perished, however, and when Nadir left Delhi he carried with him immense treasure, estimated at from thirty to seventy millions sterling, also the famous Peacock Throne, and the Kohinoor diamond.*

* See page 237.

"In 1789 the Maratha chief Mahaduji Sindia captured Delhi, and the Marathas retained it till, in September, 1803, General Lake defeated Louis Bourquin commanding Sindia's army, and gained possession of Delhi and of the family and person of the Mogul Shah Alam.

"In October, 1804, Delhi was besieged by the Maratha Jaswant Rao Holkar, but it was successfully defended by the British under General Ochterlony. From that time to 1857 this old capital of India remained in the possession of the British, although the descendants of the Mogul were allowed some show of royalty and the title of King. Bahadur Shah succeeded in 1837; he was about eighty years old when the Mutiny broke out. With his death at Rangoon in 1862 the last vestige of the Mogul dynasty disappeared."

Later history brings us to the time of the Mutiny when Delhi fell into the hands of the rebels. We will therefore descend, passing northwest through the city to the point where British valor overcame the desperate resistance of the mutineers—the Cashmere Gate. Our position is marked on the local map, and you see we are to stand just beyond (outside) the gate, looking southeast.

Position 78. The Cashmere Gate, battered by shot and shell, where the British entered (1857), Delhi

We are facing southeast as we stand before this shell-torn memento of the siege. We acquired some knowledge of the conditions of the Indian Mutiny at

Cawnpore and at Lucknow,* and Delhi has ever been so closely associated with that memorable event that we must not pass unnoticed this grim reminder of those days.

When the Hindu began to dream of an overthrow of British rule, his mind turned to the traditions and glory of this ancient capital. It is not surprising that both Hindus and Mohammedans should think of the ancient days when Delhi was a city with two millions of inhabitants and with many splendid palaces occupied by kings of their own race. If the English could be expelled—so they reasoned—there would be a new Delhi on the ruins of the old, and all the glories of the ancient days would return. Such dreams fired their imagination. Delhi must be held at whatever cost; accordingly all the mutinous forces available were brought within the walls, amounting to between fifty and sixty thousand men, who had been armed and disciplined by English officers; one hundred and fourteen pieces of heavy artillery were mounted on the walls, and besides the heavy guns they brought in and mounted sixty field guns. The mutineers had in the city a magazine filled with all sorts of ammunition.

Against this great force, well trained and well armed, the English forces, including natives who remained loyal, amounted to less than six thousand.

The city is seven miles in circumference and with this small force it was impossible to make an investment of the city. It was therefore determined to lay siege to the western side. After considerable hard fighting the English succeeded in driving the rebels from a hill known in siege history as the Ridge, which afforded an advantageous position for siege guns. The

* See pages 204-217.

center of the English position lies directly behind us one mile distant. The wall by this gate was known as the Cashmere Bastion; one-half mile to the right from this gate is the Mori Gate, which was also a point of attack. (See the city map.) A little westward of the Mori Gate the wall turns southward to the Kabul Gate one-fourth of a mile farther on, and in another quarter of a mile is the Lahore Gate. Those four gates with their intervening bastions, covering a distance of little more than a mile, included all that portion of the city which the British besiegers decided to attack.

The Cashmere Gate before us was a chief point of attack. The rebels fought with the inspiration of a hope to reestablish their ancient empire and with the vengeance of fanaticism; the British fought not merely with the usual valor of the Saxon blood, but with "Cawnpore" for a watchword,* and with desperation that came of a realization that defeat meant loss of empire and a repetition of Cawnpore. Six thousand in open attack against sixty thousand behind strong defenses, make one think of Balaklava.

It is worth a page or two of detailed history while you gaze at the scars on that old gate, which after fifty years stands as a witness of the bloody struggle.

"On the morning of the 4th of September the siege guns, drawn by elephants with an immense number of ammunition wagons, appeared on the Ridge. On the 6th the rest of the Rifles from Meerut marched in. On the 8th the Jummoo contingent arrived with Richard Lawrence at their head. Many, and amongst them foremost of all, Nicholson, chafed at the delay which occurred in storming Delhi. . . .

* See pages 204-209.

"Investment by the English with their limited means being impossible, it was necessary to concentrate all their breaching power on a portion of the wall selected for a front attack. This was the Mori, Cashmere and Water Bastions, with their connecting curtains. This front was chosen because the fire of the Mori Bastion alone commanded the approach to it, and because there was excellent cover to within a short distance of the walls. On the evening of the sixth of September, a light battery consisting of six 9-pounders and two 24-pounders, under the command of Captain Remington, was concentrated on the plateau of the Ridge to protect the operations going on below. On the night of the 7th, the first heavy battery was constructed at seven hundred yards from the wall. It consisted of two parts connected by a trench. The right portion held five heavy guns and a howitzer, the function of which was to demolish the Mori Bastion. The left held four guns to keep down the fire of the Cashmere Bastion. While darkness lasted the enemy only fired twice; when the morning revealed the British plans the rebels poured in a shower of shot and shell, but the English persevered in their work and before sunset the rebel battery was silenced.

"The English had lost 70 men in the trenches. The left section of their battery maintained a fire on the Cashmere Bastion during the greater part of three days, but at noon on the 10th it took fire and the guns of necessity were withdrawn. By that time No. 2 Battery had been finished—the left section immediately in the front of Ludlow Castle (one-quarter mile to our left) and the right section ninety yards to the front of it. Both were within six hundred yards of the city; the right section had seven howitzers and

two 18-pounders, and the left section nine 24-pounders. . . . At 8 A. M. on the 11th of September the nine 24-pounders in the left section of No. 2 Battery opened with terrific effect on the Cashmere Bastion. The enemy replied and severely wounded the commandant of the heavy guns, but their fire was soon silenced by No. 2 Battery, aided by the mortars in the Kudsiya Bagh (a garden three hundred yards to our left). The walls of Delhi began to fall, and whole yards of parapet came down. At 11 A. M. on the 12th, No. 3 Battery unmasked and pounded the Water Bastion into ruins (half a mile to our right). All through the 12th and 13th the roar of fifty heavy guns was heard day and night without intermission.

“On the 13th, Alexander Taylor—of whom Nicholson said:—‘If I survive tomorrow I will let all the world know that Aleck Taylor took Delhi’—announced that the breaches were practicable. The arrangements for storming Delhi were forthwith made. The first column under Nicholson consisted of three hundred men of the 75th Foot, two hundred and fifty of the 1st Fusiliers, and four hundred and fifty of the 2d Punjab Infantry. It was to storm the breach in the curtain near the Cashmere Bastion. The second column, under Brig. Jones, C. B., was to storm the breach in the Water Bastion, and it consisted of two hundred and fifty men of the 8th Foot, two hundred and fifty of the 2d Fusiliers, and three hundred and fifty of the 4th Sikhs. The third column, under Col. Campbell of the 52d, was to assault the Cashmere Gate, and consisted of two hundred men of the 52d Foot, two hundred and fifty of the Kumaon Battalion, and five hundred of the 1st Punjab Infantry. The fourth column, under Major Charles Reid, who so long and gallantly

held the post of Hindu Rao's house (on a ridge at the left of the English line), was to enter by the Lahore Gate. It consisted of eight hundred and sixty men of the Sirmur Battalion, the Guides and other corps. The fifth column, the Reserve, was commanded by Brig. Longfield, and consisted of seventeen hundred men. Besides these five columns, Hope Grant with six hundred sabres of the 9th Lancers and Sikh Horse, whose duty it was to prevent sallies from the Lahore and Ajmere Gates, were for long under heavy fire.

"On the night of the 13th, Lieuts. Medley and Lang explored the Cashmere Breach (at the right of this gate), and Greathed and Home that of the Water Bastion (half a mile to our right).

"The morning of the 14th was fine and still. Nicholson laid his hand on Brig. Jones' shoulder, and asked him if he was ready. He then rejoined his own column, gave the order to storm, and immediately the heavy guns, which were roaring at their loudest, became silent. The Rifles sounded the advance, and the first and second columns ascended the glacis. The fire of the enemy was terrible, and Engineers Greathed and Ovendon were the first to fall.

"The stormers carrying the ladders were led by Captain Baines and Lieut. Metje. When Baines reached the Water Bastion he had only twenty-five men left out of seventy-five. Both he and Metje were carried disabled to the rear.

The first column was divided into two sections. Nicholson himself led one, and Col. Herbert of the 75th the other. Nicholson was the first to mount the wall. In the other section Lieut. Fitzgerald, who was the first to ascend, was shot dead. His place was sup-

plied, and soon both sections of the first column had carried the breach near the Cashmere Bastion, and taken up their position at the Main Guard. The second column entered by the breach in the Cashmere Curtain, doubled along the open space to their right and cleared the ramparts to the Mori Bastion, where the rebel gunners fought gallantly and were bayoneted at their guns. The column then advanced and took the Kabul Gate, on which a soldier of the 61st planted a flag.

“From the Lahore Gate the enemy kept up a galling fire. Nicholson collected a number of men to storm this gate. As he advanced he found himself in a long, narrow lane lined with marksmen on both sides. Some of the enemy’s guns were brought to bear on the attacking column, and the men fell fast. Major Jacob of the 1st Fusiliers received his death wound. Captain Greville and Lieut. Speke were struck down. The column wavered; Nicholson rushed forward, his lofty stature rendered him conspicuous, and in a moment he was shot through the body and in spite of his remonstrances was carried to the rear to die.

“The third column had been appointed to enter the city through the Cashmere Gate, which was to be blown open by Lieuts. Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Carmichael, Burgess and Smith. Home, with his bugler, was first down into the ditch. He planted his bag, but as Carmichael advanced with his he was mortally wounded. Smith then advanced, placed his dying comrade’s bag as well as his own and prepared the fuses for ignition. Salkeld was ready with a slow match but as he was lighting it he received two bullets; . . . the match was taken by Burgess, and Smith was in the act of giving him a box of lucifers

when Burgess also fell with a bullet through his body. Smith was now alone; but he had struck a light and was applying it when a port-fire went off in his face. There was a thick smoke and dust, then a roar and a crash, as Smith scrambled into the ditch. There he placed his hands on Home, who said he was unhurt, and having joined the column went forward. The Gate had been shattered—not so destroyed as had been anticipated but the third column passed through it. Smith then obtained stretchers and had Burgess and Salkeld carried to the camp, but both of them died—Burgess on the way, and Salkeld a few days afterwards.”

The above is but an intimation of the terrible struggle by which the walls were breached and an entrance to the city was made. It required six more days of hard fighting by this small force against the hosts within the city, before the place was fully occupied by the British.

Does it not fire your blood when you look upon these grim reminders of a handful of our gallant kin scaling these walls and dashing forward with bags of powder under a shower of bullets from the wall to the right, to blow away the ponderous iron-bound gates which barred the portals of those massive archways? It seems almost unkind to mention one hero where all were heroes; but one cannot repress a peculiar tenderness of sorrow, because he who chafed under the delay in attacking the city, and who gave the order to “storm,” and who was first to scale the wall near this gate and then to lead his decimated band along the space within the wall to the Mori Gate, then onward to the Lahore Gate, and who, when the remnant of his column wavered before a galling

fire of rifles from both sides of his advance, rushed before his men to lead them against the last stronghold, was in the moment of victory brought down by a rebel bullet. I refer to the gallant Nicholson. The dream that inspired the stubborn resistance of the Hindu and Mohammedan at Delhi proved only a dream; and the fanaticism of the Mutiny proved ineffectual against English steel and valor.

The old gateway still stands with all its scars and memories. The ponderous gates are gone and some restorations have been made within the arches. You see it is today a busy thoroughfare with one passageway for entrance and the other for exit. You see none of the antique primitive vehicles here, all are of the more modern type because Delhi is becoming modern; but most of the costumes we see are native; we notice two English officers in khaki uniforms. The scene at this moment is more animated than usual, it being at the time of the great Durbar.

During our itinerary we have occupied several positions which have presented memorials of the terrible Indian Mutiny. This will be our last; our positions have offered only hints of those stern times; there are many full and able historical works relating thereto, which, if you have not already read, it is hoped this cursory sketch may prompt you to read.

Extending across the city of Delhi from west to east, the map shows a great thoroughfare called Chandni Chowk, which means in the native tongue, Silver Street; it has been so called because of the great number of silver-shops therein. Our two following positions will be in Chandni Chowk—not a very euphonious name, nor a very beautiful street,

but full of attractions for the itinerant, notwithstanding. Notice where the map indicates our next standpoint.

Position 79. Your money's worth of juicy fruit, at a stand on Chandni Chowk (Silver Street), Delhi

Although we are in Chandni Chowk, or Silver Street, we see little of the street and nothing of silver, but chiefly this fruit stand surrounded by a motley crowd of unwashed Hindus. We are, as the map shows, in the heart of the native city; this region always presents a bustling scene of native business activity. Our next position will afford a better view of the street itself. Here we must content ourselves with giving a little attention to the subject of fruit.

In the first place, there seems to be considerable similarity in the varieties on this stand. Those who have not been in tropical countries are apt to think that the fruits here are of a rare and excellent quality. We hear of bread-fruit, custard-apples, pomegranates, guavas, alligator pears, mangosteens, mangoes, durians, pomelos, papaws, leechus, and many others; but my own opinion is—and I have tasted nearly every fruit in the tropical world—that the merits of all the fruits in the tropics reduced into one would not take the place of a good mellow, juicy apple. None, I think, but will agree that the fruits of India are much inferior to those of Europe. The indigenous fruits are inferior to the same species in other tropical countries. The best fruits have been introduced from abroad. The mango is probably the most common and popular fruit; it is the apple of India. The best varieties of the mango were introduced from the Malay Peninsula, the indigenous kind being intolerable—its taste has been described as a combination of that of

the carrot, geranium and turpentine, a comparison quite correct.

The only fruit on this stand which I can recommend is a small species of banana to be seen suspended in the rear a little to the left of the dusky vendor. Those little bananas are known as "lady-fingers." They are sweet, juicy and well-flavored, and are found at every meal on every European table in India, delicious and as wholesome as apples. The large fruit on the right is a species of musk-melon, found in nearly every country. I can identify a poor quality of pear which grows at elevations, and pomegranates, always seedy, worthless fruit. The mango I cannot discover, it being probably out of the mango season. The papaw is not on this stand, although it grows in India, but of an inferior quality.

The ethnological is more interesting than the fruit exhibit. The half-dressed, squalid appearance of the dark-skinned assemblage about the stand is always repugnant to the stranger. What would you think of a fruit-seller in New York or London sitting amongst edible fruits with nude, grimy knees thrust up before you? Farther back you see several well-nigh nude figures, others with thin, dirty shirts, in whole or in part, which have never known the dhobie's craft. The grimy and semi-nude coolies stare at the photographer, knowing his work is a constant desecration according to the Koran—the making of images.

We will now wend our way to where the map shows the number 80, at the western end of the famous Chandni Chowk, where we can look into the celebrated thoroughfare; yet it is so filled with lines of trees that much of the view will be still obscured. Our

view into Silver Street is, however, on a rare occasion and we shall find the street occupied with something more wonderful than trees.

Position 80. Marvels of richness and grandeur—the great Durbar procession at Delhi

Again we are in Chandni Chowk. From our last position the street was hidden by our nearness to a fruit-stand; from this position it is partially obscured by vast multitudes of people—multitudes so great as to fill windows and streets and to cover the roofs; so that, if we cannot obtain an unobstructed view of the street and its shops, we can see something much grander, rarer, and more wonderful. If never before in the long history of Delhi its famous street possessed a character suitable to its name, it surely does at this time; for never before in past or present, in its many centuries of historic splendor, has Silver Street been so full of silver as at the present moment.

You will understand what I mean when I state that we are so fortunate as to be looking down into this street when it is filled from end to end with the most gorgeous pageant ever presented to the gaze of man, either in ancient or modern times. This pageant is several miles in length and extends beyond this street far out into the suburbs of Delhi, but the portion of the procession which is now passing is composed of two hundred and nineteen of the finest elephants within the Empire, caparisoned in gold and silver and embroidery of gold and costly silks, which represent in value a goodly proportion of the wealth of a vast empire.

Pageantry and spectacular pomp have been favorites

of the oriental mind from time immemorial; they have always been a leading feature of great occasions. This occasion has gone down to history as the great "Delhi Durbar," held to honor and commemorate the coronation of King Edward VII. of England as Emperor of India. The term *darbar* is from the Persian word *darbar*, which implies a prince's court or audience chamber; now it is generally used to denote a grand reception or levee, especially a reception of native princes held by the Viceroy of India. A *darbar* was held by the princes of India when Queen Victoria was made Empress in 1877, but that held in 1902 when Edward VII was made Emperor far surpassed all other previous *darbars*. It was inaugurated by Lord Curzon, at that time Viceroy of India. Lord Curzon was exceedingly popular with native princes, and, through his popularity and his wonderful tact and energy, succeeded in organizing and carrying through this surpassingly magnificent *darbar*. The Viceroy inspired the Maharajahs of the different states and provinces with a spirit of rivalry in preparation for this grand occasion. Fabulous sums were expended in preparation both by the many Maharajahs and by the Government. The wealthy princes brought to Delhi their finest elephants from every state and province, even from Cashmere and other remote states; they brought also their rarest and richest treasures, an exhibition of which, in a stupendous building erected for the purpose, was one feature of the *Durbar*. Visitors came from every part of the Empire and from foreign countries.

Each native prince established an encampment, usually covering many acres and containing many richly decorated tents. And when I say "richly dec-

orated tents," I imagine you have a very inadequate idea of what is meant. I mean tents decorated with needle-work and often fifty feet across, with center-pole and other supports of plated silver, with throne or state chair and other furnishings in gold and silver, and the entire ground area within the tents covered with costly Oriental rugs. An encampment often included from ten to fifteen tents to accommodate the official subordinates and servants of a single prince. These tent encampments extended out over the Durbar Plain near Delhi for seven miles, resembling a vast sea overspread with huge white water-lilies.

Everything was on the same great scale, and extending over a period of twelve days. It included a military review of forty thousand troops encamped on the Durbar Plain. An amphitheatre to hold ten thousand spectators was erected on the plain, in which the Durbar coronation ceremonies were held. On the Sabbath religious services were held, when the outdoor congregation was so large that announcements were made and hymns given out through the megaphone.

Then there were the ceremony of Investiture and the State Ball in the Diwan-i-Am Palace in the Fort; the Review of the Retainers—that is, a procession of all the retainers belonging to the many princes passing before the multitude in the Amphitheatre. There was some marvelous and strange function for each day of the Durbar; but I have only time and space to place before you a glimpse of the most splendid and dazzling, the most bewildering and spectacular feature of the entire Durbar, viz.:—the "State Entry," which included this parade of two hundred and nineteen of the largest and most stately elephants in all India,

richly and extravagantly caparisoned in gold and silver and richest silks, and ridden by their princely owners dressed in durbar costumes, sparkling with priceless gems.

Here is passing before you now, through Chandni Chowk, the most magnificent procession of elephants the world has ever witnessed. The center of this street is taken up with two rows of trees; the space on the right of the trees equals that on the left. On the central ground temporary seats have been put up, extending the full length of the street, which sold quickly at a rupee each. Roof space, as you can infer, has been in great demand at all sorts of prices.

This procession was drawn up in line at the railway station to await the arrival of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Curzon and Their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The Viceroy and Vicereine rode the foremost elephant; they were followed by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—then came princes of the blood in order of their rank; the numerous retainers of the princes followed. I need not tell you how the line of this regal procession, extending for many miles, was crowded with wondering spectators from all over the world; you can see from this position how great multitudes are assembled to witness this scene of incomparable splendor.

Owing to the narrowness of this half of the street, and the dense crowd, along with shadows cast by those trees, the procession in the distance is somewhat obscured. For that reason we will seek another position from which we can obtain a more open and uninterrupted view. About one-half mile from where we stand, and not far from the farther end of Chandni

Chowk, is the great Mosque, Jumma Musjid, with which we have already become somewhat familiar; just south of the great Mosque we will take another position where we can look down and over the line of huge and gorgeously decked steeds bearing their bejewelled masters. The point where we shall stand is marked 81 on our map.

Position 81. The fabulous wealth of India—native Princes in the grand State Entry, Delhi Durbar

Now we are in an open space near the Jumma Musjid; we are looking northeast towards the fortress containing the famous old palace built by Shah Jehan. The walls of the Fort and the palace towering above can be seen in the distance. (Compare what you see with what the map tells of the walled fort.) We see at the left the wonderful flight of steps I described when we were studying the mosque (page 248). Those steps are well covered with spectators except where the outlook is unfavorable. The broad platform at the top is covered with temporary seating accommodations, all taken at high prices by the higher classes.

The Durbar was a historical event of so great importance, that, in order to secure the best possible stereographic representation, the publishers of this tour sent special photographers from London to assist in the work. Previous to their arrival, I had been on the ground selecting the most advantageous positions for photographic operations. One of my chosen points was on those steps, and, even from this distance you may discover my coadjutor now in front of the second raised umbrella to the right. There, at the angle of the steps, I hired from the mosque officials one square yard of space for twenty rupees (\$10). The

photographer at that point and the people are facing eastward, because the procession is advancing from that direction, but near the mosque it turns towards the place we occupy. You can distinguish the procession far away along the wall of the Fort, advancing towards the right.

For a second position—the one we at this moment occupy—I hired from the municipality a space ten feet square on this open ground by the street, with the privilege of erecting a photographing stand thereon. For a monopoly of ten square feet I paid forty rupees (\$20). I erected on this space a platform twenty feet high which I decorated with bunting and English and American flags. On that commanding platform we are now standing; and I am sure we are as near and as high as you could possibly wish to be. I found it necessary to guard my elevated perch against interlopers—it was in the midst of a surging and excited multitude, and it was not sufficient to rope off my stand; it was necessary to hire a valiant native to stand by each post. Even this was not sufficient to keep back those in a desperate search for some slight elevation, so I kept by my side a long pole with which to rap the heads of the intruders. Natives give little heed to a protest from their own kind; but they honor the “big-stick” admonitions of a European.

Now let us gaze and in some degree analyze this scene of unparalleled splendor:—First, observe the fine military bearing of these Sikh guards, carefully groomed, in black uniform with huge red turbans; the line of this grand State Entry for miles was guarded by such superb specimens of native soldiers. For days and nights those men have been busy preparing for this great occasion; every button and buckle and piece

of metal on their uniforms and on their arms has been polished, and now every man stands in military rigidity, a sparkling unit in the miles of troops which compose the guard of honor.

Within the line of soldiers, you see advancing, in the procession, men in unusual costumes, some bearing lances and others carrying princely paraphernalia; those are retainers of the native princes. Retainers are servitors and are higher than ordinary servants. One carries a ladder used in mounting elephants; another is supporting the heavy, depending silken blanket of his master's elephant. You will notice that the elephants are marching two abreast; the great blanket on the first elephant on the right is of heavy tufted silk on the outside, lined with red silk and bordered with silver-thread embroidery. The head-dress is of the same material with a border in dark rich colors surmounted with inlaid silver discs; a long string of silver bells extends around the breast; besides the bells of silver he wears a heavy necklace of solid silver, also bracelets or anklets—whichever we may choose to call them—of the same material. The base of the howdah is of splendid repoussé copper-work, the pillars of silver, the band around the canopy of engraved silver; the arches around the howdah are trimmed with silk. The mahout perched upon the neck of the gorgeously decked mount is swinging his imperial fly-whisk, which is made of the bushy tail of a yak mounted in a silver handle; this is usually kept in motion as a menace to the ever-present flies that honor neither prince nor peasant. The faces of the elephants are gaudily painted, showing figures and artistic designs. The caparison-cloths of other elephants near are even more splendid and costly than the one we

have been considering; they are of heavy cloth embroidered in gold and silver; one caparison-cloth similar to these, manufactured in Calcutta, cost twenty thousand rupees (\$10,000). As already intimated, all the princes vied one with the other to make their Durbar display the most magnificent.

Think of that far-extending line of elephants. To all that is suggested here, could you add the gorgeous colors of rare fabrics, the glitter of burnished gold and silver, and the sparkle of gems on the durbar costumes within that long line of howdahs, it would assist in giving you an adequate idea of the costliness and unequaled splendor of this procession. An estimate not unreasonable placed the valuation of each elephant with his decoration, along with the durbar personal adornment of the princes within the howdah, at \$150,000. Multiply \$150,000 by two hundred and nineteen, the number of elephants, and you will have some basis for comprehending the magnificence of the Durbar State Entry. And you must not forget that even this procession of elephants was only one feature of the State Entry; it contained many military and civic presentations which added much to its interest.

I am sure you have seen in your school-books during your school-days, or in pictures in histories during after years, a great tower near Delhi whose name always offers a stumbling sort of orthography; its pronunciation bothers me still, because it is always awkward to make syllables without vowels; some writers, however, give it a phonetic spelling. I refer to the name "Kutb Minar," a tower surpassing all the towers in the world in the elaborate beauty of its construction. This wonderful old tower is nearly

eleven miles south of Delhi. The distance is usually covered in a *dawk gharry*, and the way is full of interest, as the road passes the ruins of many former Delhis and several wonderful tombs still in fine preservation. Our exact position is marked on the map of the Environs of Delhi, set in the corner of the city map.

Position 82. Kutb Minar, Moslem Tower of Victory near Delhi

The historic and often-pictured Kutb Minar is before us. We are looking northeast; and if we were on the top of the tower looking in the same direction we could see Delhi eleven miles away and the shimmer of the Jumna winding its course through the plain. To make my negative for this stereograph, owing to the great height of my subject I was obliged to move far back into this ragged field, full of shrubbery and remnants of ancient walls. From this position we obtain a full view of the wonderful tower, though we can see nothing of the many remarkable ruins of ancient cities, fortresses and palaces all about this place. We have come here to see the Kutb Minar, and now it claims our attention.

At the beginning of our itinerary I promised many interesting and wonderful things in India. Already, I have shown you the imperial mountain range of the world (Position 40), and what is always conceded to be the most beautiful structure in the world, the Taj (Position 66). You saw at Ellora the most perfect and wonderful rock-hewn temple in the world (Position 7); you saw from our last position the greatest and most resplendent processional exhibition the world has ever witnessed (Position 81). In the same city

you saw the world's greatest mosque (Position 75). At Calcutta you took shelter among the aerial branches of the largest banyan tree in existence (Position 52), there you also saw a man-eater that holds the world's record (Position 50); and here again, you are before a tower which claims a world-record.

When precedence among the world's great towers is claimed for the Kutb Minar, we may think of the Bunker Hill and Washington towers; we may recall the Leaning Tower of Pisa; the Campanile at Florence, or the one at Venice; but none of these are worthy of comparison with their Indian predecessor. The Washington Monument is much higher, the Florentine campanile a trifle higher, but neither will allow of comparison with this. The former may be regarded as a sky-scraping flight of masonry, the latter a truly beautiful pile; but let me give you the comparison made by one whose judgment you will hardly question, that of Fergusson:—

“It is probably not too much to assert that the Kutb Minar is the most beautiful example of its class known to exist anywhere. The rival that will occur to most people is the Campanile at Florence, built by Giotto. That is, it is true, thirty feet taller, but it is crushed by the mass of the cathedral alongside; and, beautiful though it is, it wants the poetry of design and exquisite finish of detail which mark every moulding of the Minar. . . . When viewed from the court of the Mosque its form is perfect, and, under any aspect, is preferable to the prosaic squareness of the outline of the Italian example.

“The only Mohammedan building known to be taller than this is the minaret of the Mosque of Hassan at Cairo; but, as the pillar at Old Delhi is a wholly in-

dependent building, it has a far nobler appearance, and both in design and finish far surpasses not only its Egyptian rival but any building of its kind known to me in the whole world."

It seems that there is no positive record of the time when the Kutb Minar was erected nor by whom; but the conjectural time is 1052 A. D. and the builder one Anang Pal-II. It is supposed to have been intended for a Tower of Victory, but whether of Hindu or Mohammedan origin remains uncertain. It is a tradition of the locality that it was built by Rai Pithora, a ruler whose daughter wished an elevation from which she could view the Jumna river—a plausible tradition, because it represents a very likely feminine whim, and this might therefore appropriately be called the Tower of a Girl's Whim. All towers seem to delight in mysterious purpose and identity. This one is surrounded by mystery; the Leaning Tower of Pisa holds a secret. The dagobas of the Buddhistic world are hiding places for sacred relics; pagodas in China are only exaggerated pinnacles of the dagoba and serve as excellent hiding places for bats, and bats belong to the mysterious members of the Chinese pantheon. All the numerous round towers of Ireland long refused to tell their purpose or who their builders were; even our little American round tower in Rhode Island obstinately keeps its story from the inquisitive world.

The Kutb Minar is two hundred and forty feet in height; the base diameter is forty-seven feet and three inches. The diameter at the top is nine feet. The original cupola was thrown down by an earthquake in 1803, and the entire structure seriously injured at the same time. The cupola was restored in 1829;

but the restoration was badly done—much injury was done to inscriptions; balconies were removed and replaced by flimsy balustrades; a new cupola was made but was never raised to its place; it remains on the mound near the base, a memorial of incompetence and blundering neglect.

There are five stories with four beautifully corbelled balconies; and you must allow at least twenty feet for the missing cupola. The first balcony is ninety-seven feet from the base, the second one hundred and forty-eight feet; the third one hundred and eighty-eight feet and the fourth two hundred and fourteen feet. Do not fail to notice the variety of design in the lower story—the projecting ribs or flutes are alternately angular and circular; in the second story they are circular; in the third they are altogether angular; above the fourth all is white marble. My bearer has appeared at the top, whither I sent him to demonstrate the relative height of a human figure at that elevation; he was too far away and too high to hear my voice—I could only motion to him to assume a pose which would enable one to distinguish a personal presence; I extended an arm, he imitated, and, sure enough, there he stands as I left him years ago!

From this distance we cannot distinctly discern the exquisite ornamental detail, which is so wonderful and which has been called the poetry of this surpassing architectural structure; we will therefore approach to a point from which we shall be able to comprehend the breadth and richness of the detail.

Position 83. Gigantic embroidery in stone at the base of Kutb Minar, Moslem Pillar of Victory, Delhi

Now we are looking directly north, and so near the great Minar that it occupies almost the entire field of vision; we can see the different shades of the sandstone of which it is built; we can see distinctly the two forms of flutes so different from what we ordinarily see in fluted columns; we can now also observe the bands of dark sandstone, beautifully inscribed in Arabic script—three bands in the first story, two in the second, and two also in the third. The inscriptions, being in Arabic, and recording passages from the Koran, make it apparently certain that this part of the work was done by Mohammedans. One inscription reads:—"Allah invites to Paradise and brings into the way of righteousness all who are willing to enter." In *Asiatic Researches* (Vol. XIV, p. 481) the inscription on the fourth band is translated as follows:—"The erection of this building was commenced in the glorious time of the great Sultan, the mighty King of Kings, the Master of Mankind, the Lord of the Monarchs of Turkestan, Arabia, and Persia, the Sun of the World and Religion, of the Faith and of the Faithful, the Lord of Safety and Protection, the Heir of the Kingdoms of Suliman—Abu Muzeffa Altemsh Nasir Amin ul Momenin." Any king with a name like that should be able to build a pretty high tower. This inscription, it would seem, ought to settle the question as to who was the builder of the present Minar; but there may possibly have been previous towers.

Ruins near by are much older than this tower. There stands scarcely seventy yards from here an iron pil-

lar which antedates the Minar by seven hundred years. A little over four hundred feet north of us is the beginning of a second tower, called Alai Minar, which was carried only to a height of forty feet and left unfinished; if completed, it would have been twice the size of the one before us, that is, five hundred feet.

Let us part from another of India's peerless wonders in the use of Stoddard's graceful words:—"Unutterably solemn, therefore, seems this mighty column, looking majestically down from its imposing height upon the silent desolation of the plains. For though from this, the grandest of all Moslem minarets, no voice now calls to prayer, these Arabic inscriptions still proclaim, as they have done for centuries, the mercy and majesty of God."

From Delhi our course turns southward, and, before we conclude our journey at the southern end of the great peninsula, we have yet more than two thousand miles to traverse. The renowned city of Jeypore is set down on our India map southwest about one hundred and eighty miles from Delhi, and midway between Delhi and Jeypore lies the city of Ulwar which most travelers desire to see; therefore—hoping it may not be for aye, but for a time only—we say farewell to the great Minar and to Delhi, for a glimpse or two in the prettily located city of Ulwar.

Position 84. One of the loveliest spots in India—kiosk-bordered tank at Ulwar by a stately tomb of royalty

We are in Ulwar looking across a portion of a beautiful artificial pool of water, often called a tank in the East. Ulwar is the name of a province or state, nearly as large as the state of Maine. The city in which

we now stand is also called Ulwar, and has a population of fifty-seven thousand. The Maharajah who reigns over this state succeeded to the position in 1892, his name being Jai Singh. His Highness was educated in Mayo College, and of course speaks English fluently; he has likewise adopted many English habits. The annual allowance to His Highness was formerly about \$90,000; besides this sum there are extra allowances for a stud of four of five hundred horses and a herd of elephants. You may infer with what magnificence his palace and surroundings are maintained, when you notice the splendid kiosks by which this tank is encompassed. Compare them with the flimsy and ephemeral wooden structures we see in public and private grounds in our own country.

This pool with the beautiful buildings by which it is surrounded, with the Fort above commanding a view of the entire city and valley, constitutes one of the most lovely views in India. Towards our left lie the Palace and the Zenana (the ladies' quarter); towards the west are several handsome temples of Vishnu; northward are other temples and shrines hidden among umbrageous trees; and, beyond those exquisite kiosks, you see the splendid cenotaph of Bakhtawar Singh, a pavilion resting on many white marble pillars. All visitors on entering that beautiful mausoleum are required to remove their shoes. From the cenotaph a magnificent view may be obtained; in one direction the view commands a well wooded plain and in another you would see the Fort far above. Ostentatious peacocks and countless rock-pigeons wander unmolested over its marble pavements.

One of the many wonderful and precious treasures possessed by the Indian ruler here is an elephant car-

riage, an enormous vehicle, two stories high, carrying fifty people, and usually drawn by four finely caparisoned elephants. This was one of the wonderful things which His Highness took to Delhi to take part in the Durbar processions. His stud of several hundred beautiful horses is an interesting sight. At feeding time they are called from the jungle in a furious gallop, clearing walls and fences in a wild race for food.

From our next position I will show you a novel substitute for horses.

Position 85. How beauty takes the air—Indian reet or bullock carriage used by ladies of rank, Ulwar

Many of the wonderful things we have seen in India belong to the middle or remote past; except in railways, locomotion is not an exception. A demonstration is before us; and this is not the first; you have seen the herdic (Position 2), the ekka (Position 28), the camel-wagon (Position 75); you have seen a twenty-woman team (Position 38), you have seen the rickshaw (Position 30). There are many other modes of locomotion which you have not seen, such as the jhampan, the palankin and others; the howdah-elephant you have seen in full glory (Positions 80-81).

One more antique conveyance we have to show you from this position in Ulwar; it is called in native parlance the *reet*; in English we call it a bullock-cart. This is quite stylish in its way, although to us it seems quaint and antiquated; there is splendid dignity in the bullocks; they are surely conscious of a bovine elevation far above the water-buffalo who wallows in the paddy-fields. These bullocks are less fortunate

than the cows of the same species because less sacred; they are compelled to do service; the cow is not. The relationship reminds one of the prospective one between the "new woman" and man—apotheosis and the yoke. The harness is simple enough—a guiding rope through the nose, sometimes an additional hole through the ear with cord attached when a steed asserts his own whims too persistently; we can see a tell-tale ring in the off ear of the nigh ox. (Do not let ox nomenclature confuse you; it is sometimes as with the right and left bank of a river; the right bank is on the left hand when looking up stream, so the "nigh" ox is the one farthest away as we stand just now.)

The construction of the carriage is more complicated than that of the harness. The fancy of both the Hindu and the Mohammedan mind is so imbued with the domical in architecture that a reet as well as a portico must have a dome. It looks like a little mosque with dome and arches and porch, all on a rather unstable platform. The running gear is very crude; but the richly embroidered canopy and curtains have cost the imprisoned inmates of some Zenana months of patient toil. When women of rank go out in this carriage the curtains are carefully drawn, and when they enter or leave it they are entirely screened from outside gazers. This reet is at this moment occupied by girls who may be photographed; ladies are photographic impossibilities, but it is needless to say that in India, as in all countries, not all women are ladies.

It is not difficult to see that the driver is conscious of being photographed. The fantastic tilt of the tail, the spread of the feet and the lordly toss of the head

show that the first ox is not unconscious of the near presence of photographic manceuvres.

We are now ready for another railway jaunt of eighty miles to the city of Jeypore, a place we must not pass without some inspection. To every traveler in India the home interrogatory will often be:—"Did you go to Jeypore?" The city of Jeypore is claimed to have more resemblance to a European city than any other place in India. There we shall find palaces as usual, and poverty as usual; these, indeed, we find in every part of the world. Wealth and poverty, fortune and misfortune, must always co-exist; they both to a certain degree belong to the constitution of man.

Position 86. North from Sangair Gate up Jauhri Bazaar, a typical business street in prosperous Jeypore

We are in one of the principal streets looking directly north; it is about mid-day; the light is strong and the shadows are northward. Watch the busy oriental life in this spacious avenue while I state some facts about this interesting city before we study the scene in detail.

The city of Jeypore is the capital of a state of the same name which covers fifteen thousand square miles, or about twice the area of Massachusetts. The state has a population of nearly three millions, and this city about one hundred and fifty thousand. The name is derived from the famous Maharajah Saiwa Jey (or Jaya) Sing II., who founded it in 1728. Around us on all sides except the south are rugged, fort-crowned hills. A crenellated masonry wall with seven gates encompasses the entire city.

"Jeypore is the pleasant, healthy capital of one of

the most prosperous independent states of Rajputana, and is a very busy and important commercial town with large banks and other trading establishments. It is the center of native manufactures, especially that of many kinds of jewelry and of colored, printed cloths and muslins. The enamel work done here is the best in India, and the cutting and setting of garnets and other stones found in the state is a large branch of industry. The crowded streets and bazaars are most lively and picturesque. The city is remarkable for the width and regularity of its streets. It is laid out in rectangular blocks, and is divided by cross streets into six equal portions. The main streets are one hundred and eleven feet wide and are paved, and the city is lighted with gas."

From this street you can judge why Jeypore is so often likened to European cities—its width, its sidewalks, its lamp-posts, and even its buildings in many places have a semi-western character. Yet while some aspects are western, others as you will observe, are decidedly oriental. You see once more the intermingling of people and sacred cattle; five or six can be seen within a short distance, also two donkeys—the latter are not sacred like the cattle, but they fraternize quite familiarly with pedestrians and about the stalls of the street vendors.

Although there is a slight resemblance to western cities in walks and width of street, it is only in that respect; you will see the always-present phases of extreme poverty and squalor among the lower classes. On those stands articles of food and native sweetmeats are offered for sale; everything eatable is exposed to the constant storms of dust raised in the street, and *no European* would ever dare to eat or drink any-

thing there offered for sale. You can discover two women with baskets on their heads; those women represent an important occupation in India and in other eastern countries, that of dung-gatherers. This occupation is followed chiefly by low caste women and children; dung is gathered in the hands from the streets, placed in those baskets, carried to the miserable homes of the gatherers, beaten into flat disks and stuck over the sides of buildings to dry. When dry it constitutes the universal fuel of the lower classes. There are dung-bazaars in every village, and in large cities the dung-fuel market is a great and busy thoroughfare, where one can see this unusual commercial product in great stacks as we see cordwood in western countries.

As photographic art is deficient in chromatics, let me explain to you that many of these stucco buildings are somewhat gaudy in rose and yellow tints, not common in other Indian cities. Notice the ascent to a second floor from the sidewalk—odd but not inconvenient. You notice here as elsewhere in India, and, indeed, in all the Orient, the tendency of the human being to squat, *en hunkers*, which always seems to me to denote a shorter lapse of time since the advance from four-pedal supports to two!

Observe that range of high hills at the north; it almost surrounds the city as already mentioned. Before we leave Jeypore we shall follow a street eastward through the city to those hills, to visit a family of homogeneal ancestors.

In another important street there is a curious and fantastically constructed palace which every visitor to Jeypore goes to see, and which every account of the city mentions; to it we will next go, that we may see

for ourselves whether there is really anything about it worthy of so much attention. It is called Hawa Mahal or the Hall of the Winds.

Position 87. The Palace of the Winds, Jeypore, beautiful as a shell with pink and cream-colored stucco

This curious structure is famous; much has been written about it; much has been said about it. It is very unusual in design, but it does not appeal to me; I do not assert that it is not beautiful—I only say it does not please my individual fancy. It seems like too great an attempt at something out of the usual—an extraordinary design, a towering, top-heavy facade of windows, a fenestral conglomeration out of harmony with the annexment. The designs of the windows in themselves are beautiful, but there are too many—it is windows, and windows skyward, and nothing else. If you were to peep behind those windows you would find nothing. It is just a rampant wall of windows, an architectural freak. If the material had been stone or marble there would have been somewhat of character in the oddity of design; but it is built of stucco tinted with a pinkish whitewash. Was there ever beauty in stucco, or dignity in whitewash? I think when people call it beautiful they mean curious. It is a fantastic and elaborate structure gaudily decorated, and has been called Jey Sing's *chef d'œuvre*—maybe chief caprice was meant.

The crenellated wall at the right with peep-holes in the windows suggests a zenana, for in most zenana buildings there are similar small openings in the windows. There seem to be at the base of this portion of the palace booths sheltered by pieces of canvas sup-

ported by sticks; it is too often the case in all Oriental countries that there are tawdry conditions side by side with things costly and beautiful.

There is a saying which I greatly cherish, which is very near to me in art and architecture and in most other relations of life—it is this:—"There is nothing beautiful but the truth." Of course with a too literal or a forced interpretation this would place all society back in primitive conditions; like other proverbs it must have a qualified application; a painted flower is not so beautiful as the flower itself; it may elicit our admiration as a clever illusion, but it is not the truth and can never be so beautiful as the flower itself. An enameled skin or a rouged cheek is not beautiful; veneered furniture is false; plated jewelry is false; the false can never take the place of the real, either in people or in things. Stucco is not stone, it is an architectural illusion, and therefore cannot be truly beautiful.

Now, in glancing at the life in the street, you see a Rajput bullock-cart not unlike what we have seen before, also an ekka, not unlike what we saw in the mountains on the Cashmere road (Position 28); you see the man with his stock in trade carried on the back of an unsanctified bullock, and a Rajput woman bundled in grimy raiment and tinkling with cheap jewelry.

From this gaudy Palace of the Winds we will go to a palace with more claim to beauty and architectural merit, the palace occupied by the present Maharajah of Jeypore. It is situated in the midst of a charming garden one-half mile in length, adorned with fountains, fine trees, and flowery shrubs. Before one can

enter the wonderful grounds of His Highness, he must go to the English Residency and obtain a written permit. Of course, as in other parts of the world, some restrictions must be placed upon admission to such a place.

***Position 88. A masterpiece of Oriental magnificence
—Palace of the Maharajah of Jeypore***

His Highness the Maharajah of Jeypore is one of the highest nobles and most progressive and enlightened princes in India, and we are now before his palatial home.

This magnificent pile of decorated and beautified marble is in the middle of spacious grounds which occupy one-seventh of the entire city. This is only one of the many wonderful structures within the embattled walls which encompass the series of palace buildings. The great central building before which we stand is called the Chandra Mahal—the main palace; it is a lofty structure seven stories high and overlooks the entire park or garden. On the ground floor is the Diwan-i-khas, or private Hall of Audience, built partly of white marble, and remarkable even in India for its noble simplicity. You can see with what a magnificent pavilion it is crowned. From that pavilion a wonderful outlook is obtainable, commanding not merely the entire city but the country for miles around.

In the beautiful audience chamber or durbar hall His Highness entertains distinguished guests; in its center is a gorgeously decorated throne. Many of those windows are closed in with screens of marble lace-work that remind us of the marble screens in the Taj Mahal (Position 67). Near this building on

the left there are a richly furnished modern building for the accommodation of the women of the palace (the Zenana), and also quarters for the courtiers. East of the Chandra Mahal is the famous Jantra or Observatory, built by the celebrated astronomer Jey Sing. We cannot at present see the observatory, but it is very curious and unlike ordinary modern buildings for that purpose; it is an open court filled with odd and fantastic instruments constructed by Jey Sing himself. The instruments have gone out of repair and even the uses of many of them are unknown; among them are dials, gnomons, quadrants, etc., very interesting to modern astronomers. In one part of the palace there is a fully equipped printing office; in another part there is an armory; there is a clock tower; there are law-courts; there is a parade ground; there is an inclined causeway by which horses can ascend to the top of the palace—this presumably is to enable the prince to reach his quarters without dismounting. Near the Observatory are royal stables where horses and the finest modern equipages are kept.

At the time of the Coronation of King Edward VII, His Highness the Maharajah visited England with a great number of retainers and servants. On that occasion he chartered a ship at fabulous cost and took with him supplies of food to last for a period of six months. In order to live up to the principles of his high caste he must partake only of his own country's produce and cook with water from his own home supply; therefore both water and provisions for the whole time of his absence were carried on board his chartered ship.

Beautiful buildings in Jeypore are not confined to

the palace grounds; there is a public garden outside the city wall, which ranks as one of the finest in India. It embraces an area of seventy acres, was laid out at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, and now costs the Maharajah fifteen thousand dollars annually for maintenance. Within the garden there is a well stocked menagerie and aviary, also a splendid art and industrial museum. Then there are beyond the garden some excellent modern benevolent institutions—a fine hospital accommodates one hundred and fifty patients. There is a handsome school of art for teaching and reviving native branches of art and industry. A large college called the Maharajah College opened in 1844 with forty pupils, and now has a daily attendance of over one thousand. It is connected with the University of Calcutta.

When, from our first position looking northward along a principal thoroughfare (Position 86), we saw a range of hills at some distance outside the city, I said that later we would visit those hills towards the east. One mile and a half from the city, at an elevation of three hundred and fifty feet, there is a place called Galta, with the shrine of the sun-god; that is the place at which I promised that we should meet homogeneal ancestry.

***Position 89. Sacred monkeys at Galta, near Jeypore
—fascinating even to those not inclined to worship***

The building at the shrine of the sun-god I found unworthy of consideration, therefore, I have turned my stereographic attention to a numerous simian family which assembles from the outlying hills and valleys at the call of one of the priests belonging to

the Galta shrine. You probably know that the monkey is one of the many sacred animals in India. About many temples they are trained to gather at a certain rendezvous to receive food from priests and visitors.

There is a temple in Benares called the monkey temple, because it is the haunt of troops of these creatures which are always allowed to remain unmolested; they are even petted and fed until they seem to assume a sort of precedence and priority about the temple. In the eighteenth century the monkeys there became so numerous and pestilential that a pious Hindu Raja was compelled to ask the government to send a regiment of Sepoys to destroy them. At the present time, when monkeys become over-populous at Benares they are captured, placed in crates and deported to the farther side of the Ganges. Not long ago many crates had been thus filled for expatriation and had been carried a considerable distance by railway and, while the train was detained at a station, the cargo of monkeys escaped and for many days remained about the station doing much damage to eatable goods in storage. Finally, a wily railway man smeared the freight cars with treacle; swarms of monkeys invaded the train, and while they were ravenously engaged in licking treacle, the train started suddenly, allowing no time for them to escape. They were carried many miles into the heart of a great jungle and driven off.

There are two species of monkey common to northern India—the ordinary reddish brown, and a larger, silvery coated variety called the lungoor or hoonimaun. Those before us are of the latter variety. They have a black face and a fine silvery coat with a bearing of

considerable dignity; these are held in high respect by the Hindus.

There are several reasons given for the sacredness of monkeys in the minds of the Hindus. A tradition exists that a great simian rendered important assistance to the Aryans during their first invasion of India, and, in consequence, that the monkey-ally became deified and is now known as Hanuman, the monkey-god. The deified monkey was probably none other than a prognathous hero of those early times. The more likely reason for paying him honor is, however, because Hindus believe the monkey to be a degraded type of man, that is, that man has descended from his high estate into the monkey—which is quite the reverse of the occidental theory; but whether it be ascent or descent, we will refer to the savants. They believe that monkeys once were men and (Fryer says), that on account of their laziness tails were added to them; but it is not easy to see where any effective correction for laziness could accrue from adding tails. Since they have once been men, the killing of one of them is regarded as a peculiarly grave crime. Crooke says the sanctity of the monkey is an idea not confined to the Aryans. Some tribes have identified Hanuman with the sun-god, and in this way the Hindus may be said to have adopted the monkey as a deity.

Temple monkeys like these are exceedingly fond of peas, and it is a custom for all visitors who may wish to see them assembled to carry along quantities of peas. The temple guardian has a certain call which they know; when this call is given, they scamper from every wood and mountainside for the feast. These monkeys you see now have been brought together in this way. They have just finished their repast and

are now before you in the condition of *Oliver Twist*—wanting more. Whether these are degenerate men and women or otherwise, they certainly can show the average undegenerate how to pose naturally for a photograph.

These semi-human creatures are much dreaded by the native women. In some places the natives have a curious method of “getting even” with their neighbors; the person seeking revenge throws handfuls of peas on the tile-roof of the house of the neighbor on whom he wishes to be revenged; the village monkeys soon discover the whereabouts of the peas, and before all are excavated from among the tiles the house is usually unroofed.

While most Hindus venerate the monkey, there are tribes who use it for food. I must include myself in some of these tribes, as I have on more than one occasion partaken of monkey-stew. I have found it sweet and tender, not unlike the flesh of the squirrel, but whether it had any flavor of human flesh, for obvious reasons I could not tell. In Coorg, monkey-soup is prescribed for sick and weakly people. In Brazil, far up the Amazon, I saw an Indian woman clip tufts of hair from the flanks of a howling monkey, with which to make tea for her child who was suffering from whooping cough.

I have probably detained you long enough with our lungoor friends at Galta. We have one more place to visit before leaving Jeypore. It is an ancient city lying five miles westward among the mountains—for hundreds of years it was the capital of Rajputana. I refer to the ancient city of Amber.

Position 90. The scene of dead splendors—looking across the ancient city of Amber to the mountain fortress

To visit Amber it is necessary to obtain a permit from the English Resident in Jeypore. Sometimes an elephant is provided by the Maharajah to carry travellers to this place.

Amber here was the ancient capital of Rajputana. Jeypore has been the capital for one hundred and seventy-eight years, but before Jeypore became the capital, Amber was the capital for nearly seven hundred years. A tribe called the Minas were established here about 967 A. D. In 1037 the place was taken by the Rajputs, the most warlike people of northern India. Ptolemy, the Greek geographer whose works on geography constituted the chief authority for thirteen centuries, mentions Amber; and we know therefore that it was a place of some importance seven-hundred years ago.

An old palace, built by Man Singh in 1600 and architecturally ranking second only to the one you saw at Gwalior (Position 72), stands on a rugged mountain-side overlooking a pathetic wilderness of long deserted ruins. We are standing now on one of the balconies of that old palace, looking down upon the remains of ancient splendor whose glory belongs to the time when knighthood commenced in Europe, when knights swore to be true to their trust as champions of God and the ladies; a time when the Crusades were in progress. Centuries even prior to those eventful times in early history, these valleys were filled with life and thrilling events. Rajputana was then in its feudal stage, and rival tribes and clans were constantly in bloody strife for ascendancy. These mountain-sides

have echoed with the clash of contending arms as they have resounded with the glad hurrah of victors. Even further back, when the great Coliseum was ringing with the shouts of the Roman populace, these heights were the homes of victorious chiefs.

The picturesque surroundings of Amber are wonderful. It is a natural fortress as well as a rarely beautiful situation for a series of palace-buildings. The palaces at Gwalior are situated on a mountain summit; here they are on mountain slopes overlooking a beautiful lake and charming valleys. Besides the natural defenses of the mountains, you see artificial walls of defense extending to the summit of those rugged peaks. A beautiful lake, which mirrors the palace on which we stand, is far below to our right. Every remnant of a building within sight is that of some once magnificent structure. It surely has been a city of palaces and a home of kings. The wall which crosses the valley and reaches the highest mountain top is a powerful structure with a central space for soldiers between the lines of battlements, and with towers at intervals. We can see at the base of that fortified mountain a mosque with two minarets; that, of course, shows the Moslem faith and rule.

The usual entrance to this valley is in a direction nearly opposite to that towards which we are looking, and through a narrow gorge. The palace on which we now have our lookout is planted midway up the slope of a rugged and picturesque mountain, and, from another point not far away, Jeypore might be seen five miles away through the gorge by which we came. There is native grandeur in every direction—a grandeur which was defensive in time of war.

Travelers who visit Jeypore never fail to reach

the venerable ruins of this old capital. Many famous men have come here to stand where we stand, and to view this scene of desolation. Here is a description from Murray's Hand-Book of some portions of the palace, on the portico of which we are now standing:—It is "entered by a fine staircase from a great courtyard, the Diwan-i-Am, a noble specimen of Rajput art, with a double row of columns supporting a massive entablature, above which are latticed galleries. Its magnificence attracted the envy of Jehangir, and Mirza Raja, to save his great work from destruction, covered it with stucco.

To the right of the Diwan-i-Am steps is a small temple where a goat, offered each morning to Kali, preserves the tradition of a daily human sacrifice in the same spot in prehistoric times. On a higher terrace are the Raja's apartments, entered by a splendid gateway covered with mosaics and sculptures, erected by Jey Sing, over which is the *Suhag Mandir*, a small pavilion with beautiful latticed windows. Through this are further marvels—a green and cool garden with fountains, surrounded by palaces brilliant with mosaics and marbles. That on the left is the Jey Mandir, or Hall of Victory, adorned by panels of alabaster, some of which are inlaid, and others adorned with flowers in alto-relievo, the roof glittering with the mirrored and spangled work for which Jeypore is renowned. Near the Jey Mandir a narrow passage leads down to the bathing-rooms, all of pale creamy marble. Above is the Jas Mandir, which literally glows with bright and tender colors and exquisite inlaid work, and looks through arches of carved alabaster and clusters of slender columns upon the sleeping lake and the silent mountains."

One might go on endlessly describing portions of the Man Singh labyrinth of palatial apartments, but I will leave you to imagine the charming vistas unseen in other directions, and only present to you my old Rajput guide, who sits by the rail of the portico and pretends to con his small manual while I assay a panorama of deserted Amber.

Our next shift of position will be again southward for a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles to Chitor, another old city in the state of Mewar, not far from Udaipur and one hundred and fifty miles east of Mt. Abu, where we sojourned soon after leaving Bombay. We will delay only for one view there. Chitor is an ancient city with many interesting landmarks of bygone splendor; it was once the capital of the state of Mewar; now Udaipur is the capital—and it is another remarkably situated city, but it is quite impossible to visit all the wonderful places in India; that would make our itinerary unending.

Position 91. Relics of a romantic past—Tower of Victory (fifteenth century) and royal cenotaphs at Chitor

Modern Chitor is little more than a walled village. We are now in a part of old Chitor which contains some traces of its ancient grandeur. Not far from here there was once a powerful fortress on the top of a mountain five hundred feet high and three and a half miles in length; this mountain, like the one at Gwalior, was crowned with a fortress and many palaces, while the ancient city spread over the plain below. On the palace-crowned ridge stand two ancient towers, one on the east rampart and one on the west;

the former is known as the Tower of Fame, the latter as the Tower of Victory. They are both wonderful structures, but we will consider only the one before us now, the Tower of Victory.

Fergusson says:—"To Kumbo, who reigned from 1416 to 1468, we owe this tower, erected to commemorate his victory over Mahmud, King of Malwa, in 1439. It is a pillar of Victory, like that of Trajan at Rome, but of infinitely better taste as an architectural object. It has nine stories, each of which is distinctly marked on the outside. A stair in the center leads to each story, the two upper ones being open and more ornamental than those below. It stands on a base forty-seven feet square and ten feet high, and is thirty feet square, rising to a height of one hundred and twenty-two feet, the whole being covered with ornaments and sculptures to such an extent as to leave no plain part, while this mass of decoration is kept so subdued that it in no way interferes with the outline or general effect. The old dome was injured by lightning, and a new one was substituted by H. H. Sarup Sing. The stair is much wider and easier than that in the Jain tower (on the other side of the ridge) and in the inside are carvings of Hindu deities with the names below. In the top story are two of the four original slabs with long inscriptions. The tower took seven to ten years to build, from 1548 to 1558. On the road at the corner of the lower platform is a square pillar recording a *sati* in 1468, A. D."

The incidents in history which led to the victory which this tower commemorates are both romantic and tragic. You see cenotaphs and other memorials of the dead between us and the Tower of Victory; those tell

of departed kings and it is not improbable that some are funeral urns to some of the great numbers of devoted women martyrs who committed suttee rather than fall into the hands of libidinous pursuers. If records are trustworthy, the most appalling suttee in the annals of Hindu history occurred hereabouts. Some time near the beginning of the fourteenth century it is recorded that a Mohammedan emperor, seeing the lovely face of the favorite wife of the Rana of Chitor reflected in a mirror, decided he must possess this *ne plus ultra* of feminine beauty; he captured the Rana, held him as a hostage and demanded the beautiful princess as a ransom. In apparent compliance with the demand, a veiled litter was sent to the emperor accompanied by seven hundred maids of honor. On arrival at the palace of Allau-ed-din, for that was the name of the Moslem Emperor, the litter was found to be empty, and the seven hundred maids of honor proved to be armed warriors who rescued the Rana. But Allau-ed-din was not to be balked so easily. He laid siege to Chitor, and, when it became evident that his desperate attempt was likely to prove successful, the princess with all the ladies of the palace, seeing the Rana and his courtiers being slain, rushed into a room already in flames and were burned to ashes. If this be true, we are near the place where occurred the greatest suttee sacrifice in the history of Hinduism; and history and tradition both give the place of the cremation as near this Tower of Victory.

Southward again we take our way to a great city in the largest native state in all India. I refer to the city of Hyderabad in the state of the same name, often known as the Nizam's Dominions. It would be well

to refer to our general map of India to locate the place. To reach Hyderabad from Chitor involves a railway journey of six hundred miles. Hyderabad lies three hundred and fifty miles southeast of Bombay, three hundred miles north of Madras, and one hundred and seventy-five miles west of the nearest point on the coast of the Bay of Bengal. The Nizam's territory is considerable larger than the state of Idaho, or nearly as large as Prussia. It has a population of over eleven millions, and the city of Hyderabad itself has a population of four hundred thousand. It is not a city in which to find wonderful memorials of by-gone times. Although nominally independent like other native states, it has the usual watch-dog of British interests—the Resident.

We must be satisfied with but one view, and, for that, I will take you to the heart of the city and place you on a principal thoroughfare where you may observe one characteristic scene in the capital and metropolis of the Nizam's vast dominion.

Position 92. A fascinating glimpse of Hyderabad, famous for embroideries, enamels, and lacquers

We are now in Hyderabad looking north, everything in sight is absolutely Oriental; this is "Pure East." In the shops, in the equipages and among these people we see nothing European. Two of the Nizam's state elephants have intruded athwart the street and obstructed our view. The Nizam is a prince of great wealth and dignity and importance. He was in attendance at the great Delhi Durbar and to that great national assembling of the princes he sent a large part of his great herd of elephants. They were driven the entire distance, the journey occupying several weeks,

as the distance in a direct line is eight hundred miles, but in choosing roads for elephant travel the actual distance is over a thousand miles. I saw the herd on its arrival at Agra, and talked with the elephant attendants, who told me that in so long a march they allowed the heavy beasts to rest for a few days at intervals of a hundred miles.

These particular elephants that we see now did not attend the Durbar; for at the time when I made this negative the Durbar elephants were still on their homeward march. These two have just come out from the great archway on the left; they are being brought out in readiness to convey some traveler to Golconda—the world-famous Golconda of fabled wealth. You can see the kind of jaunting-car seating arrangement for passengers, and, with the lumbering gait of the elephant, the passenger will find it a jaunting-car and a jolting car.

But possibly your attention is attracted to the remarkable structure over the street beyond. It seems a combination of arch and mosque. It is an aspiring landmark in modern Hyderabad called the Char Minar. You will remember that the word *minar* is an abbreviated form of the word minaret and *char* is Hindu for four, so Char Minar denotes "the four minarets." We are in the heart of Hyderabad, at the intersection of two streets; each front of the square structure has an arch similar to the one towards which we are looking. Every angle supports a minaret one hundred and eighty feet high; every face of the quadrangular base is one hundred feet. It was built in 1591 by Mohammed Kuli Kutub Shah to commemorate God's favorable answer to the prayers of holy men in time of a pestilence. It is the "scandal point" or the

loafer's rendezvous. It is also the place around which public scribes ply their trade. The rooms above the arches were once used as a school and mosque; now no one is allowed to ascend, as from its minarets the palace of His Highness could be well surveyed. Marquis de Bussy, the French officer whose influence was paramount in the Deccan at one time, once quartered his troops in the Char Minar and the surrounding gardens.

Beyond the Char Minar you see an arch over the street; it is called the Machhi Kaman which means the "Arch of the Fish," the fish being a badge of high rank. In this street we should find many types of people represented; all the outside tribes that have drifted into India are represented in Hyderabad. There is no restriction on carrying arms, and everybody here goes armed, almost burdened with weapons. Their girdles are weighted with long knives and old blunderbusses, and one cannot but wonder how anybody is left alive when every man is both a warrior and an arsenal.

I may here again refer to Golconda—the story of the rich mines of Golconda seems to have been an absolute myth. The impregnable old fortress at that place was long a treasure box of the Nizam, where gold and precious gems were stored for safe keeping, and this fact seems to have led to the belief that the treasure was found in the mines of the place. It is believed by some that the Nizam still hides treasure in the old fort and that when the ordinary revenues are insufficient he penetrates the concealed "strong-box" at Golconda.

The history of Golconda and Hyderabad forms somewhat of a parallel to that of Amber and Jeypore. Gol-

conda as a capital was deserted except as a fortress and Hyderabad became the capital. The wealth and power of the new capital under a Moslem dynasty began to arouse the envy of the great Mogul Emperors of the north. The growing power of the Nizam produced in the Moguls a feeling of insecurity. The Emperor Aurangzeb marched against and overthrew the Moslem reign and established in its place the Mogul line. At the present time a successor of that old Mogul dynasty rules this remnant of the great Mogul Empire.

Again we are ready for another itinerary southward so we must say farewell to the last branch of the Moguls; then a three-hundred-mile journey will take us to the great South Indian city of Madras, on the Coromandel coast.

Position 93. Substantial elegance of modern Madras—imposing Law Court Buildings—view southwest, from the bank

I have taken you to an unusual place for our only view of Madras, the top of the New Bank Building. Do not mistake the tops of these modern buildings for streets and ground level.

We are looking southwest; the harbor—all that there is of it—lies only a hundred yards to our left. We can almost see the water of the Bay of Bengal at our left in the distance. The well-known Madras surf is even now thrashing the sandy beach near by; but, although the stereoscope has good eyes it has not ears, so we do not hear it. Could we turn our view a few degrees towards the left, we should see Fort St. George one mile from us overlooking the sea. It was the original nucleus of the city.

There have been times when all the world has heard of the terrible cyclonic devastation wrought on the beach near us. Madras is a great city of nearly half a million inhabitants; including coastwise suburbs and private villas, it extends nine miles along the sea-front. A city without a harbor is like a house without a door, but Madras is without a harbor. It is practically an inland city on the sea-coast. Notwithstanding this great commercial handicap, it is a great and rapidly expanding city. In late years a break-water inclosing a half square mile of sea-room has been constructed at great expense; this contains a great pier a thousand feet in length, at which ships load and discharge cargoes in fine weather; but when the storm signal is hoisted all ships are compelled to leave the artificial harbor for the open sea.

A charming sea-front drive called the Marina extends for many miles southward along the beach. The native portion of the city, called Black-town, lies near by, to our right. Clubs, hotels, and the European section all lie southward along the sea-front or near it in the direction towards which we are looking. The palace of the Governor is in the line of our view three miles distant, in a park-like area, shaded with all kinds of trees and shrubs and animated with shy groups of native deer.

You may easily judge, from those Law Court Buildings some distance away, what is the general character of many modern public buildings in Madras. These new Law Court Buildings show both Hindu and Saracenic architecture; that on the farther side of the group is the High Court Building, whose tower is furnished with the latest and best light-apparatus so that it now takes the place of the old light-tower by

the beach. There are here no great and wonderful architectural palaces, tombs, towers or other ancient land-marks to show you, but there are modern, up-to-date institutions of every order—churches, hospitals, colleges, museums and clubs, which will compare with those of a similar character in other countries.

Madras ranks as one of the hottest parts of the empire. You would experience no winter here, and in all likelihood you would find a necessity for a constant use of the punkah.

It was in and about Madras that the French and English long contended for the mastery in southern India.* Dupleix commanded the French and defeated the English on several occasions. Finally the English discovered in a clerk called Bob Clive a military genius. This youth was subject to moods of discouragement and despondency. In one of these buildings near us he had twice tried to shoot himself, but his pistol failed to discharge. When he had once become filled with a patriotic ambition to enter the lists with the famous and victorious Dupleix, his despondency forsook him. He rose rapidly in favor and rank, soon proved more than a match for the formerly redoubtable French General, and defeated him. The French were obliged to retire to Pondicherry, and Bob Clive saved southern India from French domination and became the famous Lord Clive.

Let us now continue southward till we reach a place where we can find something in architecture which the old inhabitants of southern India originated. During our journey I have alluded to a race inhabiting the south country of Hindustan, a country called

* See page 353.

Dravida, and the people thereof Dravidian.* That people had, like the northern races, made wonderful progress in certain directions. They had a style of architecture peculiar to themselves and they left some extraordinary memorials to attest their achievements in their peculiar order. Between Madras and the extreme southern limit of India we shall see what the Dravidians have to show the modern world.

About half way between Madras and Cape Comorin our map shows Tanjore, Trichinopoly and Madura. First we will visit Tanjore, where we shall find temples quite different from anything we have seen in the north—temples in honor of Hindu gods and for Hindu worshippers, but in a Dravidian scheme of architecture.

***Position 94. Guardian of Hindu mysteries, southwest to gateway and sculptured temple tower
Tanjore***

Our position is before an outer entrance gateway to the Great Pagoda of Tanjore. We are looking a little west of south. Madras is one hundred and eighty miles away behind us, and thirty miles to our right is Trichinopoly. Tanjore province is considered the garden of southern India. This city of Tanjore is on a level and fertile plain near the delta of the Cauvery river. It contains a population of about sixty thousand and its fame is owing to its wonderful pagoda and temples. The gateway near us is only a temporary entrance to the main gateway called a gopura, which is a little beyond that low white entrance. Here we shall have to be content with a view of this great gopura and not the pagoda itself, for the reason that I could find no position which would allow the taking

* See pages 338-339.

of a stereograph to show the full height of the structure, or that would give anything like a satisfactory view of it. The entire surroundings are so filled with all sorts of obstructions that stereographic positions are impossible; therefore I can show you only the gopura or gateway.

Within this gopura there is a court two hundred and fifty feet square devoted to minor shrines and to places of residence for temple and pagoda officials and caretakers. Beyond that court there is a second gopura, not so large as the one before us; beyond the second gopura there is a great court five hundred feet in length by half that in width; within that, the great pagoda stands. It is one hundred and ninety feet high, only forty-eight feet lower than the Kutb Minar at Delhi (Position 82). It is pyramidal in form and garnished with sculptured figures from base to top. This first gopura before us is ninety feet high, and, if you imagine a hundred feet added to its height, and conceive it as tapering more gracefully in pyramidal form, with even more extravagant sculptured decoration, you will have a good idea of the appearance of the pagoda itself. This Dravidian style of architecture rose during the reign of the Cholas or Tanjore kings, which was some time in the eleventh century A. D. Its striking general characteristics are massiveness and the absence of curves; these towering gopuras are probably the most conspicuous features.

The first court beyond this gopura has not been used for purposes of worship since 1777 when it was used by the French as a fortress and an arsenal.

I wonder if you can distinguish beyond the second gopura a raised platform on which is a dark object almost between two white posts. That is a prodigious

monolithic figure of a bull, called "Nandi." The dimensions of this Nandi bull are sixteen feet in length and over ten feet in height. He has been anointed for centuries until he has a thick, black, glossy skin of indurated oil. Steevens humorously refers to "Nandi" in these words:—"I wish I could show you a picture of him, for words are unequal to him. In size he stands, or rather sits, thirty-eight hands two. His material is black granite, but he is kept so piously anointed with grease that he looks as if he were made of toffee. In attitude he suggests a roast hare, and he wears a half-smug, half-coquettish expression, as if he hoped that nobody would kiss him."

Before the outer gateway we have a real *tableau vivant*, showing mostly specimens of the Tamil race easily recognizable by their habit of keeping the fore part of their heads closely shaven. The Tamils constitute one branch of the Dravidian aborigines of southern India. They possess a rich and varied literature and their language is spoken by fifteen million people. Tamil is the language of the Karnatic, and is spoken from Madras to Cape Comorin, and also in northern Ceylon. The Tamils have darker skins than the Indians of Aryan descent, as you may judge from the types here before us.

You surely have heard of the Car of Juggernaut or Jaganath. In these days we have cars of many kinds—it is eminently an age of cars; but none of the many styles have acquired a fame so wide as the car of Juggernaut; if then so famous, it is worth our while to take one position for the study of the car best known to history. It being generally spoken of as *the* Car of Juggernaut, I was from boyhood under

the impression that there was but one such gigantic immolator, but there are many; every city of importance has its big holy wagon. We shall find one in a street of Tanjore.

Position 95. A Car of Jaganath, in which the Hindu god Krishna rides, drawn by worshippers, Tanjore

Here is a Car of Juggernaut, and beside it a memorial representation of one. The vehicle on the left is a real, working, worshipful car. It is not, however, what we may call a high-class car, for Tanjore is a small city and cannot afford an expensive one. The car on the right is a stationary memorial car built of brick coated with chuman or stucco. The real Car of Juggernaut stands at this place in the street by the car of masonry until a ceremonial occasion calls for its removal.

The word Juggernaut is from the Hindu Jagannath or Jaganatha which signifies The Lord of The World. It is a name sometimes applied to Krishna, or to a very important incarnation of Krishna. The name is also applied to a celebrated temple and town on the coast of Orissa; the same place is often called Puri or Poree. Jaganatha (various spelling), or Poree is the most sacred Hindu temple in India. There is at Poree a huge and amorphous idol, which is little else than a heavy log with somewhat of the human form. This has been adopted as an object to represent Jagannath or Krishna, but at Poree (or Puri) Krishna is worshipped as Vishnu. How this proxy worship is done I don't know; there is much of it in Hindu and Brahmanical worship.

Jagannath temple being the most important in all India, there is kept the most ponderous car of Jug-

gernaut in all the Hindu world—much larger and more costly and elaborate than the one near us. It is the Car of Juggernaut often mentioned in history and in metaphor. It is forty-five feet high and thirty-five feet square; it is supported on sixteen wheels which are seven feet in diameter. Jagannath has a brother called Balaram, and a sister Shubudra; the brother and sister idols are carried in separate cars somewhat smaller. The great Car bearing this Krishna idol to be worshipped as Shiva is drawn by forty-two hundred professional pullers. I imagine that it would weigh well up towards twenty tons. The hard road is deeply crushed wherever it is drawn. It was beneath the wheels of that monstrous car that devotees formerly threw themselves to be crushed as a self-immolation in honor of Jagannath, insuring thereby their entrance to Heaven. These fanatical self-sacrifices were stopped when Poree came under the control of the English. At the time of the car festival, thousands of pilgrims poured into Poree from every part of India. I visited this place at the time of a great festival, but it was not a car festival, and I found the great engine of worship taken apart and portions of it stored in different places; it is for that reason I am able to bring before you only this car of smaller size here at Tanjore.

The number of pilgrims visiting the Jagannath shrine at Poree is so great that the main road leading thereto at a distance of fifty miles is readily known by the quantities of human bones strewed on the way. It must, however, not be inferred that the numerous deaths are from cases of self-immolation, but rather from accidents and sickness.

The practice of carrying images in processions, it

is claimed, originated with the Buddhist. Crooke says:—"It is among the Hindus of South India and the Jains that the custom of parading images of the gods is most common, and the practice dates from the era of Buddhism. The procession of the image of Juggernaut merely represents the Buddhist rite to which his worship succeeded. The object of the ceremonial is to bring the god personally in contact with his worshippers, and by carrying him around the area over which he has control, to scare demons and other evil influences."

Juggernaut processional cars are seemingly constructed after the fashion of the Juggernaut temple, which, as Hunter says, consists of four chambers, opening one into another. The first is the Hall of Offerings, where the bulkier oblations are made, only a small quantity of choice food being admitted into the inner shrine. The second is the Pillared Hall, for the musicians and dancing girls. The third is the Hall of Audience, in which pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the god. The fourth is the Sanctuary itself, surmounted by a lofty conical tower. It is not difficult to see a rude correspondence to the temple in the plan of this car. The wheels and lower framework are crude and clumsy, and the upper structure is of bamboo.

Each town and city manufactures its own Jagannath who is always bedecked with tawdry ornaments; the whole upper frame is fluttering with gorgeous rags. Mr. Jagannath holds the conspicuous place of honor, and with the jolting over uneven streets he wabbles as though a trifle tipsy. Vast crowds always line the course of the car craning for a glimpse; for all who see are saved. If then you can imagine this

car in a flutter of decoration, with priests and attendants in every story, and a gilded image of Krishna peering through the bamboos and a line of one or two hundred men tugging at ropes, you will have a fair idea of a small sized car of Juggernaut in worshipful operation.

A branch railway would take us from Tanjore westward to Trichinopoly, a distance of a little over thirty miles.

Position 96. Trichinopoly, India, where Lord Clive once lived, northeast across the town to the old Citadel and famous Rock

"Trichy" as this city is usually called by local Europeans, has a population of one hundred thousand inhabitants. I have chosen this particular spot in Trichinopoly on purpose to afford you the best general view of one of the noteworthy objects in the city, viz.:—the "Rock." If you should ever visit the place in person, friends who had preceded you will be sure to say:—"Were you on the Rock at Trichinopoly?" Although I cannot take you to the top for the wonderful panorama which it affords, we have from this street a view which should leave you with a correct idea of its appearance.

That is a wonderful dome of granite rising from a level plain extending twenty miles about us in every direction. Its height is two hundred and thirty-six feet and that elevation is sufficient to dominate a vast extent of level country. Southward another rock not far away swells out of the fields one hundred feet in height; it is called the "Golden Rock." It is curious to find domes of granite in a level plain. The square building at the top of the Rock ahead on the left is

the old citadel (a fort, arsenal and prison). The rock to the right is crowned by a mandapam or pavilion, from which may be obtained the grandest outlook on the plains of southern India. The ascent to that pavilion is made by a flight of two hundred and ninety steps, in some places dangerously steep. In 1849 a great crowd had assembled to worship Ganesh in that white temple near the top. A panic arose and in the stampede which followed five hundred lives were lost. You will observe the building with the pillars below the pavilion at the summit; that is a Shivite temple where on certain days the images of Shiva, Parboti, Ganesh and Subrahananya are worshipped and carried in procession.

The flights of steps begin amongst those buildings at the base of the rock and pass up near that tree between the citadel and the Rock, and then towards the right through a passage to an exit near the Shivite temple. On the walls of the passage are sculptured elephants. The frieze is covered with figures of men and women; in the temple is a large Nandi Bull, but not smeared with oil like the monster at Tanjore; it is plated with silver at a great cost. Another staircase leads from the right near the top, to the pavilion at the top; this is outlined by a niche to be seen at the right of the pavilion.

From the pavilion or from any part of the upper dome might be seen, not far from the base of the Rock, the house in which Lord Clive lived, and in another direction the Bath at the Judges' Court in which Bishop Heber died.

The old citadel was once surrounded by a moat thirty feet wide and twelve feet deep; then the entire Rock is encompassed by a wall eighteen feet high

and five feet thick; besides this wall there is an intervening space of twenty-five feet and then a second wall thirty feet high and ten feet broad at the top. Hurst in his *Indika* says:—"No historian can tell the full story of the blood that has been shed and the races that have fought on this very spot."

Let us review a few of these deadly passages at arms within the last one hundred and fifty years. In 1736 the widow of the late reigning Raja admitted a few soldiers into the fortress in order to pay over a little tribute which they were collecting from various parts of the Karnatic. They seized the place and the queen was made prisoner. Soon the tide turned, the Mahrattas captured the place in 1740, and killed Dost Ali. Within ten years both the French and the English appeared upon the scene, and then it was a conflict between native rulers and foreign invaders. It long lay in doubt which native prince would come out best, or which people, the English or the French, would go down in the general crash. The English took sides with the Mahrattas, and the French allied themselves with the rulers of the Karnatic, whose army was led by Chanda Sahib.

In 1752 Major Lawrence, who led the English and the Mahrattas, defeated the French and the Karnatic troops, marched up the hill and took their quarters in the fortress. But the fighting was not over. The Karnatic soldiers and the French still lay near. Clive, who was Lawrence's best fighter, went off with a body of troops to deal another blow to the enemy. He was shot, but not fatally; though he lost much blood, he was not too weak to give orders, to capture prisoners, and to secure a decisive victory to the English arms. But it was of short duration. The French had skil-

fully formed an alliance with the Mahrattas, but Lawrence, with Clive as his powerful helper, defeated them all in 1752. Soon, however, affairs took an adverse turn. The native princes and their army, who one day fought side by side with the English, turned against them the next day and fought with the French. Hardly a week passed in which the contestants did not change about in one way or another. This fortress of Trichinopoly was generally the center of the operations. The army was always victorious which could win this great height.

In November, 1753, the French made a night attack on the fort and succeeded in entering the outer lines of the fortifications where there was a pit thirty feet deep; into this many of the French soldiers fell; their screams aroused the English garrison and three hundred and sixty of them were taken prisoners.

The final victory lay with the English. The Nawabs of the Karnatic, who had forfeited their claim to English sympathy because of their final allegiance to the French, had to give up their great fortress in 1801. Since this time the Union Jack of England has floated from the lofty granite crest.

Aside from the castle or fortress and the widely known granite Rock there is little here that we have not seen before; there are the ever-present stucco and whitewash, as on that bazaar bordering the cemetery where are a few memorials to distinguished dead; and there are the familiar bullock-carts which we have seen in the north. I pointed out the distinguishing mark of the Tamil at Tanjore—the shorn fore-lock; here you see it again.

By a carriage drive of a few miles we can reach the

Great Temple of Seringham where we may obtain a *tout ensemble* of the Dravidian plan.

Position 97. *Northeast to gate towers of Hindu Temple, at Seringham, near Trichinopoly, where idols' jewels are worth millions*

We are looking from the terrace of an unfinished gateway in the approach to the great temple of Seringham. Our line of vision includes a portion of the great structures within the vast temple area, but even at this distance the angle of view does not comprehend the full space occupied by the temple and its subsidiary buildings. You can see between us and the first gopura two encompassing walls; the first wall is twenty-four hundred and seventy-five by twenty-eight hundred and eighty feet, and it was originally intended that there should be a gopura on each side; the space within this outer wall is filled up with native shops. The second crenellated wall includes within its area dwelling places for priests and officials of the temple.

Fergusson in describing this temple says:—"The northern gopura, leading to the river and Trichinopoly, measures one hundred and thirty feet in width by one hundred feet in depth. The opening through it measures twenty-one feet six inches and twice that in height; the four jambs or gate-posts are each of a single slab of granite more than forty feet in height, and the roofing slabs throughout measure from twenty-three to twenty-four feet. Had the ordinary brick pyramid of the usual proportion been added to this, the whole would have risen to a height of nearly three hundred feet. Even as it is, it is one of the most imposing masses in southern India, and besides—perhaps because it never was quite finished—it is in

severe and good taste throughout. Its date, fortunately, is perfectly well known, as its progress was stopped by its being occupied and fortified by the French during our ten years' struggle with them for the possession of Trichinopoly; and, if we allow fifty years for its progress, even this would bring the whole within the limits of the eighteenth century.

The other three gopuras of this enclosure are in the same style, and were commenced on the same scale, but, not being so far advanced when the work was stopped, their gate-posts project above their walls in a manner that gives them a very singular appearance, and has led to some strange theories as to their design.

Looked at from a distance, or in any direction where the whole can be grasped at once, the fourteen or fifteen great gate-towers cannot fail to produce a certain effect, but even then it can only be by considering them as separate buildings."

From the portion of this temple here in view, and those gopuras never completed, one may judge of its extent had the entire plan been brought to completion. At this distance we cannot study the wonderful sculpture and detail. (We shall study details at our next stopping place, Madura.) The stones in some of those gateway arches are enormous monoliths—one is twenty-nine feet, seven inches long; four feet, five inches broad, and about eight feet thick. You will notice that these towering structures diminish in size towards the central one which is called the vimanah or adytum. Into that central shrine none but believers are allowed to enter; it is surrounded by a court of a thousand pillars, each pillar a granite monolith eighteen feet in height. Within the inner court is a mandapam or pavilion containing the treasury of

jewels. Among the jewels are two ornaments of diamonds and emeralds, and one of diamonds and rubies. One of these is valued at thirty-five thousand rupees. There are idols of gold studded with jewels. Among the many costly ornaments there is a gold bowl worth over eleven thousand rupees. There are countless other idolatrous extravagancies within those courts, and almost universal poverty under those stucco roofs extending in every direction.

But the marvelous elaboration in these Dravidian monuments we must see near at hand. Another hundred miles southward will take us to Madura, the capital of the old Padyan kingdom, a large and busy city of nearly one hundred thousand people, and containing some of the most remarkable temples in Hindustan, or indeed in the world. In ancient times Madura was famed as a seat of learning; it was the Regio Pandionis mentioned by Ptolemy. Now it is celebrated for its wonderful temples.

Position 98. Inconceivable elaboration and splendor of Madura's Hindu Temple—two of its nine pagodas

As a train approaches Madura, the traveler sees, piercing the sky, many dark towers. Here now in the heart of the city we find the marvelous aggregation of structures, famous throughout the world as the Temples of Madura. We are in a street where we have a view of two of the nine gopuras which compose the wonderful series. We are near enough to see some of the infinite detail, the inconceivable elaboration in the creation of nine of these gopuras or doorways to the inner shrines. We also observe a section of one of the temples within the nine stupendous

gateways. The highest of these gateways is one hundred and fifty-two feet. The others are only a trifle less.

The most wonderful feature of these nine towering gopuras is the amount of fine sculpture necessary to fill up the four faces of nine gateways to such a height, and with life-size figures of all the saints and gods of Hinduism, many of them oft-repeated to portray mythological events connected therewith. Crooke says:—"Reduplication is the keynote of Hindu art"; and I am sure if we could go carefully over all the figures on these gateways, and note how many times the whole Hindu pantheon appears and reappears in these mountains of sculpture, you would agree with him. It is a veritable stack, over a hundred and fifty feet high, of gods, goddesses and other sculptured figures. I made an attempt to count the figures on a single face of that gopura at our left. If my hasty calculation should approximate accuracy, there must be well-nigh a thousand life-size figures on a single gopura; nine gates would give nine thousand statues—if I may call them such; and the figures represent only a portion of the carving on the gateways; and the nine gateways represent only a fraction of the fine sculpture on the inclosed temple and other related structures. Much of the carving is said to be the finest in southern India.

Most of the temple in its present condition was constructed by a great ruler called Tirumala Nayak towards the beginning of the seventeenth century. Tirumala was the greatest of the kings of Madura. He ruled thirty-six years and his reign was a golden period for his kingdom. A mile or two from this great tem-

ple is a palace almost as famous as the temple, also built by this enterprising ruler.

There is one part of the temple called the Sahasrastambah Mandapam (pavilion), or Hall of a Thousand Pillars, because it contains one thousand granite, monolithic pillars, and it is not their number so much as their marvelous elaboration in carving that has made this pavilion the wonder of all who have seen it.

And what would you think to find a portion of that wonderful pavilion bricked up to furnish a space to store grain for the use of the temple?—Such is the incongruity of Hinduism, or I might say Orientalism; everywhere one will find the highest art and beauty and costliness associated with filth, dilapidation, misplacement or disorder. This is true, I think, of all Oriental countries, save Japan. Confirmatory of this charge, let me state what I omitted to state when we were before the most beautiful building in the whole world, the Taj—that, not two hundred yards away, on the bank of the Jumna, there is a burning ghat, from which stifling odors of burning human flesh constitute the incense about that peerless shrine. There are too much equality and democracy when cows and monkeys are on an equality with and sometimes a cut above “the image of God.” It is these incongruous relations between things beautiful and costly and their opposites that always seem so repugnant to the traveler from the west. These conditions are brought painfully to mind when one sees Tirumala’s beautiful mandapam turned into a storage room for grain and many other parts under a corresponding desecration. This condition of affairs undoubtedly did not prevail in Tirumala’s time. The same was true of Egypt, Greece and other countries after the great

builders passed away, until a later western civilization exhumed the great monuments of a great past.

Let me here use some part of a less generalized account from Murray's *Hand Book of India*; speaking of the temple he says:—"It consists of two parts, on the east a temple to Minakshi, 'the fish-eyed goddess,' the consort of Shiva; and one to Shiva, here called Sundareswar, on the west side. The entrance is by the gate of Minakshi's Temple, through a painted corridor about thirty feet long, which is called the Hall of the Eight Lakshmis, from eight statues of that goddess which form the supports of the roof on either side where various dealers ply their trade.

On the right of the gateway is an image of Subrahmanya, one of Shiva's sons, otherwise called Skanda or Kartikeya, the Hindu Mars. On the left is an image of Ganesh. The gateway leads to a stone corridor with rows of pillars on either side. The corridor, before passing the gateway, is called the Ashta Lakshmi Mandapam, and the second corridor the Minakshi Nayakka Mandapam, having been built by Minakshi Nayak, Diwan of a ruler who preceded Tirumala. Some of the pillars of the temple have for capitals the curved plantain-flower bracket so general at Vijayanagar. This is said by some to be the Hindu cornucopia. At the end of one of the corridors, one hundred and sixty-six feet long, is a large door of brass, which has stands to hold many lamps that are lighted at night. . . . Close by is a quadrangle with a teppa Kulum (tank). This tank is called Swarnapushpa-karini or Patramarai, 'Tank of the Golden Lilies.'" Another curious feature of the place is "a little chamber built by Queen Mangammal, who was seized and starved to death by her subjects about 1706 A. D., food being

placed so near she could see and smell but not touch it. A statue of her lover, the Brahman Achchaya, is on the west side of the tank, and on the ceiling there is his portrait opposite to one of the Queen. Round the tank runs an arcade.

“On the north and east sides the walls of the corridor are painted with representations of the most famous pagodas in India; from the south side a very good view is obtained of the different towers of the gopuras. On the northwest side is the belfry, with an American bell of fine tone.”

From this comparatively unobstructed view of two gateways, you may deduce a fair conception of the nine; it is necessary that you should obtain at least one interior view that will help you in some measure to understand the many wonderful places within these gates and walls. You see I am constantly complaining, in our itinerary, of our limitation to one hundred positions, but I have made stereographs here of the Tank of the Golden Lilies, of the Hall of a Thousand Pillars, the Choultrie and other chief things in this temple. One glimpse, however, you must have now to stir up your imagination; therefore we will take another position before a corridor showing some spirited figures which form a line of pillars.

Position 99. Grotesque fancy and patient skill of Hindu sculptors—pillars of the Temple, Madura

You have heard so much and maybe you have read so much about wonderful detail, about elaboration of sculpture, about carving and all that, that you may suspect extravagant fancy or verbal exaggeration, but surely this view will remove any such suspicion.

You have before you some of the pillars in the facade of that part of the temple called the Choultrie; these present to the eye an evidence beyond gainsay of what is contained within those nine gateways. In the matter of artistic work and patient toil, is there not as much here to wonder at as in the Pyramids of Egypt? And this is merely a small appendage of the vast aggregate; this great hall was also built by Tirumala, who built all the later portions of the temple. It is three hundred and thirty-three feet in length, and one hundred and five in width. The gate-tower by the Choultrie has doorposts of single blocks of granite sixty feet in height. It required twenty-two years to build and cost five millions of dollars—I mean this one hall alone.

It is related that when this wonderful structure was finished the king brought his queen, a princess of the house of Tanjore, to see and wonder at his achievement. The queen had often boasted of her father's greatness; the king asked her, as she looked upon this wonderful structure, if her father had anything like it. "Like this? Why, the sheds in which my father keeps his cattle are finer," replied the conceited queen. The king threw his dagger at her producing a wound which caused her death. After twenty-two years of labor and an expenditure of five millions, it was surely a heartless snub, to say nothing about a lie, and it cost the queen her life.

Six of these wonderful pillars are Yali, which is the name of a conventionalized lion entering much into architectural structures in southern India. These lions alternate with figures of the Pandu brothers. The first figure is that of Arjuna, the great archer, with his famous bow, and beyond that first lion is Bhimha with

his club; other brothers represented are not just now in view.

In and around these bewildering places are flocks of sacred doves, and great live elephants are swinging lazily at their tethers. A small contribution would entitle you to a journey about the labyrinth of temple buildings on the back of one of those temple pets. In the central hall near the exit you would find great numbers of vendors of all sorts of trashy articles and dust-covered, greasy sweetmeats. You wonder why such conditions are allowed in the midst of miracles of art and architecture, which, if in Europe or America, would be guarded with scrupulous exactness and vigilant care; but the West will never understand the East, and that is why we cannot understand this condition of things.

The Choultrie of which these pillars form a part consists of four rows of columns, about thirty in a row, no two alike, and all richly carved in allegoric and historical designs. It was built for the reception of the presiding deity, who consented to leave his dark abode and pay the king an annual visit here on condition that he would build a hall worthy of his divinity, and in which the king and his courtiers could be suitably entertained.

We cannot here take a third position to see the sweep and majesty of the great central corridor sculptured from end to end; but in our next and last position I will show you a corridor which was built at about the same time, and which corresponds in design and in elaboration of sculpture with the Choultrie.

The corridor to which I refer is in a great temple on an island lying between the southern end of India and

Ceylon. At Madura we were within one hundred and fifty miles of Ceylon and about the same distance from Cape Comorin, the extreme southern end of India. There is an island lying between Ceylon and the southern end of the great peninsula, called Paumben or Manaar Island, in the Straits of Manaar. It forms a part of a shoal which in old geographies was called Adam's Bridge, almost connecting Ceylon and India. On this Island of Paumben or Manaar is the Temple of Ramisseram or Rameswaram. There is a channel in the shoal through which moderate sized steamers can pass; you see therefore that Adam's Bridge is not in practicable condition; so to reach the island one must either take a small sailing craft from the India mainland, or a steamer from Colombo. Going from Madura it is easier to take a train to the nearest point on the Indian shore, whence a sail of a few miles leads to the Island of Paumben, a low sandy plain, eighteen miles long and two and a half wide, covered with acacia trees. A drive of seven miles from the boat-landing would bring us to our last position in the great Ramisseram Temple.

Position 100. Corridor seven hundred feet long, in the splendid granite Temple of Ramisseram, Paumben Island

We are here in the hundredth and last position of our itinerary, in the south corridor, looking east, in the wonderful temple of Ramisseram. We are one hundred miles southeast of Madura; one hundred and eighty miles directly north of Colombo, and about one hundred and forty northeast of Cape Comorin. This is one of the most sacred shrines in India—for the island belongs to India and not to Ceylon. The island

is inhabited by Brahmans and their followers who are supported chiefly by the revenues of the temple. The temple is near the northern shore on slightly rising ground, in a quadrangular enclosure six hundred and fifty-seven by one thousand feet. It is great in area, but its elevation is less than that of other temples we have visited, its greatest height being one hundred and twenty feet, while the entrance gateway is one hundred feet. It is built mostly of a dark, hard limestone, and tradition declares that it was built by one Raja Sekkarar of Kandy and with stone brought from Ceylon.

The walls everywhere as you see here, are a maze of sculpture and statuary. This corridor is seven hundred feet in length and this is only one of many. The nave of St. Peter's is six hundred feet and none of the great English cathedrals over five hundred feet. The central corridor, if not interrupted by a central quadrangular court, would be over eight hundred feet in length. The glory of Ramisseram is its corridors; four thousand feet of these grand galleries are from thirty to forty feet in width and nearly twenty-five in height. The ceiling is formed of huge monolithic slabs often forty feet in length.

This gallery space in every direction is covered with the richest carving in endless variety of design. It is a matchless example of the Dravidian style. This is the corridor which I likened to the central hall of the Choultrie at Madura. It has been estimated that this one corridor of Ramisseram would cost an amount equal to the entire cost of the Choultrie which was \$5,000,000. Four thousand feet of galleries in that ratio would cost something like \$30,000,000.

Fergusson says:—"If it were proposed to select one

temple which should exhibit all the beauties of the Dravidian style in their greatest perfection, and at the same time exemplify all its characteristic defects of design, the choice would almost inevitably fall upon that at Ramisseram. In no other temple has the same amount of patient industry been exhibited as here. . . . The temple, its ceremonies, and its attendants are maintained from the revenue of fifty-seven villages, yielding an annual income of about £4,500 (\$22,500).

"The central corridor leading from the sanctuary is adorned on one side by portraits of the Rajas of Ramnad in the seventeenth century, and, opposite them, of their secretaries. Even they, however, would be tolerable, were it not that within the last few years they have been painted with a vulgarity that is inconceivable on the part of the descendants of those who built this fane. Not only they, however, but the whole of the architecture has first been dosed with repeated coats of whitewash so as to take off all the sharpness of detail, and then painted with blue, with green, red and yellow washes, so as to disfigure and destroy its effect to an extent that must be seen to be believed. Nothing can more painfully prove the degradation to which our system has reduced the population than this profanity. No upper class, and consequently, no refinement, now remains; and the priesthood, instead of being high-bred and intellectual Brahmans, must be sunk into a state of debasement from which nothing can probably redeem them."

Is it possible to conceive of a greater or more unpardonable desecration than this; that these endless walls and ceilings, decorated with exquisite hand-craft, extending altogether nearly one mile, and representing

in time, decades and generations, and multiplied millions in money, should be smeared and defaced by the meanest and most ignoble of all industrial solutions—whitewash? This ruinous and desecrated condition of the wonderful monuments of a great past is manifest in all parts of the country. Even many princes of great wealth today seem to care less for the preservation of the marvelous achievements of their superior ancestors than for showy palaces and gilded elephants. That which has been done in restoration and preservation we must credit chiefly to English initiative.

Could our long itinerary of one hundred places have a grander goal than this noble fane, on the historic causeway over which—according to tradition—our first parents passed as refugees from Paradise Lost to a Paradise sought in Lanka the Resplendent?

This is our last position and our long journey is at an end. Here we are surrounded by waters traversed by Sindbad the Sailor on his voyage to Ceylon, the Island of Serendib. From the gilded dome of Ramiseram over our heads, India's "coral strand" could be descried gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, while from the eastward not far away blow the "spicy breezes" of Ceylon.

THE LAND OF INDIA

The Asiatic continent is so much larger than other grand divisions of the earth—much larger than Africa, four times as large as Europe, and exceeding in area North and South America combined—that maps made on the same scale would be impracticable on account of their size; consequently, they are made on a greatly reduced scale in school and other books. Few people in their casual reference to a map ever consider the scale on which it is made. This I have always found to be a difficulty with school atlases, where maps of the United States, Europe, Asia and Africa are on pages of the same size, while on different scales. The matter of relative size deduced from different scales is a little too occult for the pupil and a little too tedious to leave a permanent impression on the ordinary adult.

Neither do the degrees of latitude and longitude covered by a country give an adequate idea of its extent, for degrees of longitude vary with every degree of latitude, and to many readers a degree of either has little significance, not knowing the number of miles in a degree. While I might state that the great empire of India extends over about twenty-eight degrees of latitude and about the same of longitude, and embraces an area of one and a half million square miles, you will understand its size better if I outline a corresponding area in our own country:—A line formed by the Rocky Mountains and the boundary between Mexico and the United States, continued to a point a little south of Yucatan, and another line from Maine to the same point, would enclose a triangular section nearly the same in shape and size as the three-cornered peninsula of India.

And, again, if we take the entire population of the United States—eighty millions—and multiply by four, we shall have the population of India. If we wish to build up a comparative Indian empire in the United

States, we must herd together more than three hundred millions within the prescribed limits.

In boundaries, we must consider the Mexican frontage as that of the Arabian Sea, and the Atlantic seacoast as that of the Bay of Bengal. In the northern boundary, for the chain of great lakes we must substitute the snowy Himalayas. The lakes extend from east to west only eight hundred miles, but in their places the Himalayas will form the full length of the third size of our triangle or twice the length of the chain of lakes. Out of British America will have to be formed a Siberia and a Thibet; but we shall be short of territory by two millions of square miles. The Mexican ranges moved a little eastward will occupy the place of the Western Ghats, and the Rocky Mountains will correspond with the several offshoots of the Himalayas which continue southward from the main range to the Arabian Sea and which form the western barrier through Afghanistan and Baluchistan. The Appalachian system, moved slightly southward and reduced somewhat in altitude, will answer for the Eastern Ghats. For an American counterpart of Siberia it will be necessary to fill in Hudson Bay (except a strip north and south four hundred miles long and forty-five miles wide for Lake Baikal), and also to remove the dense forest of the former to counterfeit the bleak steppes of the latter.

But, before we can make this section of the United States conform to the Indian peninsula at the south, it will be necessary for the Mississippi to silt up the Gulf of Mexico and then be moved westward several hundred miles to take the place of the Indus, and to discharge its waters into the Arabian Sea where Mexico now stands. The Mississippi, thus curtailed, would quite suitably represent the Indus, and its great feeder, the Sutlej, which has a course of eighteen hundred miles.

The metropolis of each is situated near the sea and near the mouth of a great river; but the Hudson, with its feeble affluent the Mohawk, would have to be lengthened, greatly expanded, and even sanctified as well, to be a worthy substitute for the holy Ganges.

If the reader will examine the general map of India which accompanies this book, he will find it gives an interesting comparison of the respective areas of India and one of the United States of America.

In considering India physically, the Himalayas are so dominant a feature that other mountains are quite ignored both in books and maps, and all south of the great northern range is classed as "the plains." Many maps give no indication of mountains save the Himalayas; this leads to the conclusion that the great stretches of territory southward belong to what is called the plains. This is quite misleading. The best informed divide the vast territory into four sections; the first, embracing the range of Himalayas; the second, all that portion of the north within the basin of the great river system—this is properly, "the plains"; the third begins with the rise from the river plains and extends to the extreme south. This third division forms a much diversified plateau two thousand feet high, bounded on the west and east by the Western and Eastern Ghauts respectively. Two nearly parallel ranges extend well across the country from west to east towards the north of this plateau; the northern is called the Vindhya range, the southern is the Satpura range and forms the northern boundary of that portion of India known as the Deccan. The western mountain boundary of the Deccan has an average elevation of three thousand feet, while the Eastern Ghauts have scarcely half that height. The fourth division includes Burma, now a part of the empire.

It must not be inferred, however, that because the Deccan is a plateau or table-land it is level; it is far otherwise, being broken in its surface and containing elevations of over eight thousand feet. Between the Vindhya and Satpura ranges is a fertile valley one hundred miles in width, watered by the sacred Narbada river.

On account of their vastness and supremacy of grandeur it would be presumptuous to attempt any fanciful description of the Himalayas. I will therefore only refer to them in a matter-of-fact way in connection with the northern boundary of the empire.

The exact limits of the range are not easy to define. In some places it spreads north and south over three hundred miles in width; at other places it narrows to one hundred miles, so that an average width of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles will be not far amiss; and that part of the range which may be considered as forming the northern boundary of India may be estimated at two thousand miles in length, not including the Hindu Kush.

At the eastern end of this vast and impassable barrier there is a junction with Burmese ranges which extend north and south; and at the northwest, where the range is continuous with the Hindu Kush, there are various southward offshoots, chief of which are the Sulaiman Hills which extend three hundred miles southward through the Punjab; thence several lower ranges continue through Baluchistan to the sea. When we note this stupendous mountain wall on the northwest, north, and northeast, from sea to sea, we recognize the strong natural defenses of the empire against her most likely enemies. Before firearms came into use, walls were the most common and reliable means of repelling the attacks of an enemy. Walls were always around the ancient cities. The Chinese built their northern frontier; and still mountain fortresses are looked upon as the most impregnable of intrenchments, and mountain elevations as invulnerable and inexpensive forts.

Thus we see what a mighty *enceinte* nature has reared around the land approach to India, a stronger defense than the 370,000 soldiers whom England maintains chiefly to defend this northern border.

These formidable mountain walls serve not only as barriers against the enemy, but have an even more important purpose as reservoirs of the river system which irrigates and fertilizes the entire country. Mountains, especially if rocky and unproductive, are looked upon as so much waste land; this is a common mistake. While they may sometimes be disastrous storm-producers, they are at the same time, the chief makers of streams, and the streams are the important irrigators of the plains. What would India

do without the Indus, the Ganges, the Brahmaputra and their tributaries, whose perennial supplies are from the snowy storage of the Himalayas. The country would be depopulated. What would have been the fate of Egypt in the past or what would it be in the present, except for the moisture which has been intercepted, held, and then re-distributed through the generous Nile, from the mountains of eastern Africa? She would be one with the desert by which she is hemmed in on either side. As the Himalayas are the highest mountains in the world, so are they the greatest condensers of clouds and moisture, as shown by the amount of precipitation along their seaward fronts.

It is not uninteresting to note where in connection with the Himalayas is the greatest rainfall in the entire world; so if you will turn to the accompanying general map of India, you will find indicated the city of Dacca northeast of Calcutta; one hundred and thirty-five miles northeast of Dacca there is a hill-station called Cherra Punji, at an elevation of between four and five thousand feet and on the Cossyah Hills. This is where the monsoon rains first strike the range, and where the average annual rainfall is five hundred and twenty-three inches, or *over forty feet*. In 1861 there was here a fall of eight hundred and five inches (sixty-seven feet), enough, as Hunter says, to drown a three-story house. Here all the pluvian forces seem to concentrate their energies to make a record for the imperial range, as well as a record of generosity in the irrigation of the arid plains.

The Himalayas consist of two irregularly parallel ranges with the table-land of Thibet north of them. The dip between the ranges is the source of the two great river systems, that of the Indus and that of the Brahmaputra, which are here scarcely fifty miles apart and in an almost unexplored region in the trough between the two ranges of the Himalayas. The rivers take opposite courses, each of about eighteen hundred miles and discharge their waters into the sea fifteen hundred miles apart. The Brahmaputra has pierced the range far eastward near Burma, and the Indus

and the Sutlej have forced a passage towards the western end of the range.

Where these great rivers found a passage through the rocky walls at the lowest levels, so did the earliest foreign migrators and invaders; the principal passes are at the northeast and the northwest. Nearly all the invading armies have entered India from the northwest and by the different passes in that direction. Here is the well-known Khaiber Pass so carefully guarded at all times by the English. The Kuram Pass, the Gwalari Pass and the famous Bolan Pass are all south of the Khaiber Pass in the range running southward in the northwest border. These passes have been important gateways during conflicts between the Ameer of Afghanistan and the English, and on account of the Ameer's intrigues with the Russians. With Baluchistan under control of the English, and the Ameer under an annual \$600,000 friendship subsidy, this frontier for the present is undisturbed.

PRODUCTS

One can scarcely believe, that, with so vast a population, India can have uncultivated 140,000,000 acres of cultivable land. Besides feeding her own teeming millions, in 1903-4 she exported tea to the value of \$28,000,000 with fully \$38,000,000 worth of wheat, \$63,000,000 in rice, \$70,000,000 worth of jute, and \$115,000,000 in manufactured goods. In the same year her exports exceeded her imports by \$220,000,000.

There are few kinds of crops not raised in some part of India. Her extremes of latitude and varying altitudes afford suitable conditions for both tropical and northern products. People often forget that the higher altitudes correspond with more northern zones in vegetable production as well as in climatic conditions. Wheat grows in the valley of the Narbada in central India; but it is mostly produced in the northwest. Apples are grown in southern India, but at elevations. Indian corn is grown in nearly every part, but it is not a staple crop and is poorly cultivated.

The opinion prevails that rice is the principal food

of the people. This is an error; while it is truly said that it supplies the greater part of the food of the human race, it is not the staple article in the food supply of the Indian people. Rice can be raised advantageously only in the low-lands and river valleys where there is an ample water source, it being essentially a water cereal. Much of India is table-land and insufficiently watered for rice production. We are told by those well informed that the many kinds of millets and pulses are the staple food grains for the masses; and this one readily believes when he travels over the country and sees the universality of those crops. Rice is the chief crop and consequently the main article of diet in the Ganges delta, where it is claimed there are nearly a hundred different varieties. This region is low and level, and one seems to pass through interminable stretches of rice-country—a sort of archipelago of rice-fields bordered by yellow and green walls of feathery bamboos.

Jute is produced mostly in the delta of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra; tea, coffee and cinchona among the lower mountains and foot-hills; tobacco, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin; indigo and sugar-cane, in every part of the low country. The mango is the apple of India. It is greatly esteemed by many; others tell us, with a grave shake of the head, that the mango season and the cholera season coincide. Books tell that India is famous for its fruits; there are some delicious little bananas; and there are guavas, durians, custard-apples, loquats, lemons, bread-fruit and jak-fruit and many other novelties in the fruit line, but if our grapes, pears, peaches, apples, strawberries, etc., had to be supplanted by these Indian fruits, I would go into mourning immediately. I am personally somewhat skeptical about the wholesome effect of tropical heat on both fruits and vegetables. I even somehow prefer people reared under the moral influence of Jack Frost.

CLIMATE

To most western people the climate is the great terror and deterrent to travel and life in India. It

is true that the excessive heat in places at certain seasons is very trying to most people, but the prevalence of such serious maladies as bubonic plague and cholera is more terrifying than it need be.

Climate is much affected by local conditions, and thermometric lines have no regard for latitude; the temperature during hot weather is much higher at Lahore than at Calcutta six hundred miles further south. Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, and Benares, away from the coast, are hotter during the warm season than Calcutta three hundred miles south of those places. Of course, the seasons are not spring, summer, autumn, and winter, but cold, hot, and wet. The cold season in the north, that is, in the latitude of Delhi and the Ganges valley, averages about 65° Fahrenheit. That surely is a delightful temperature, and it continues through the months of November, December, January and February. During those cool months there is little rain; the sky is generally clear; the sun in the middle of the day is warm, but not hot. A light fire will often be required at night, and an overcoat for a walk in the early morning. This part of India during this season offers typical Egyptian winter weather; and what more could be desired? I have spent December and January in Delhi, and I consider the climate at this season ideal; it is often dusty at this time, but dust is not climate although a result of fine climate. Bombay at the same season will average between 75° and 80° Fahrenheit, while, in the sub-Himalayas, there is a mild winter with considerable snow-fall. From Bombay to Cape Comorin the temperature for the same months differs but slightly from that of Bombay.

It is evident from these facts that no one need fear heat in India during the cool months.

The heat begins to increase in March, and in Bombay and Calcutta this month may be called hot; in southern India and Ceylon April is by many considered the hottest month. In middle and northern India the heat is daily increasing; the southwest hot wind blows steadily and often strongly. By June every blade of grass is withered, and many trees sus-

ceptible to heat and drought become scorched and withered and appear dead. The lively, ever-present rooks are everywhere open-beaked—lolling from the heat. Everything seeks shade. People remain well indoors after ten in the morning till mid-afternoon; they are wary of the dangerous Indian sun; it seems to have a malignant ray not experienced in the western sun. Nearly all Europeans wear what they call a solar topee (a pith sun-hat) as a protection against the much dreaded sun. My own opinion in reference to this evil Sun is that his rays in India are the same as elsewhere at the same angle or altitude, that it is the atmospheric condition which makes the strong sun oppressive and sometimes dangerous. Humid atmosphere is the deadly oppressor in hot countries the world over. I have suffered less from heat at 110° in the desert regions of Rajputana than from 88° in Bombay or Colombo where humidity is great. The hot season in India is not considered unhealthful; effluvia are banished by drought and malarial poisons seem to be held in suspension until the wet season, when rain hastens decomposition and liberates exhalations. The worst of the hot season is that it makes travel and "getting about" uncomfortable and often oppressive; the nights are hot, and sleep is nearly impossible without the constant use of the *punkah*, which is a long heavy fan suspended over every bed and dining-room table. The bedroom punkahs are swung throughout the night by men whom you must hire for that purpose, called punkah-wallahs (punkah-fellows).

So much has been said about the intolerable heat of India that would-be visitors are intimidated. There is no way by which I can convey a more correct idea of the heat to be encountered during the hot season, than by saying that it is exactly like what we call a "hot spell" in New York in mid-summer; there is no appreciable difference, except that there is no remission of the heat in India during the hot season, save possibly a stronger breeze on certain days.

Towards the end of the hot period there is always an anxious looking for the rains to commence, and

we cannot wonder at this—the ground is parched, and desert-like; the flocks are half starved and suffering; agriculture, the source of all wealth and plentitude, is paralyzed; the pluvial advent replenishes and revivifies the entire Indian world. The coming of the rains is nature's awakening; the whole landscape springs into sudden verdure and echoes with bird-song. The beginning of the wet season is called the "bursting of the monsoons" and is always announced by telegraph from Ceylon where the advance rain-clouds first strike the coast. These moisture-laden winds blow from the southwest and continue during July, August and September. This period constitutes the third Indian season. The temperature is lowered, but dampness is increased, and this is the season when fever is more prevalent and cholera and plague are more common; but even in this season, which is considered the worst, there is little to be apprehended from these or other maladies if a person have sufficient sense and prudence to take reasonable care of himself. Far more dangerous than fevers, cholera or plague is the universal sin of intemperance in eating and drinking. Nature always penalizes intemperance in eating and drinking, particularly in India and all hot countries. "Whiskey and soda" is the pass-word in King Edward's oriental empire. The climate has heat enough without alcoholic caloric. If you think the trite old proverb:—"When in Rome, do as the Romans do," a good one, try it in India, and I will guarantee for you some of the ailments which Europeans usually charge to the climate.

An average temperature during the hot season over a greater part of India as far north as Delhi, Lucknow and Benares is approximately 85° Fahrenheit in the shade—not a high mark of temperature, but it must be remembered that 85° is an average, and that 90° is not unusual. The highest reached during the last hot season I spent in India was 122½° in the shade, in a notably hot locality in the northwest. During the wet season the temperature often falls fifteen degrees.

There is one important off-set to the high tempera-

ture which should be borne in mind by those contemplating travel or residence in India. There are many elevations where charming hill stations can be reached in a railway journey of a few hours. Throughout the northern range of the Himalayas there are many such places—there is Dehra Dun at an elevation of twenty-three hundred feet, Naina Tal at six thousand feet, Simla and Darjeeling at from seven to eight thousand feet, and southward from Bombay to Cape Comorin there are many high and cool levels quite above the torrid plains. All these places constitute veritable little mountain paradises, beautiful with parks, drives, lakes and shade-trees—delightful and invigorating bits of home conditions in a tropical clime; they are the geographic and climatic blessings of India, and the traveler is never far from some of them.

THE STORY OF INDIA

From indications discovered in the valley of the Narbadá it is evident that India had a neolithic period far back in her prehistoric dawn. The oldest traces are those of agate knives; they were succeeded by polished flint implements, and then still nearer the historic period have been discovered mounds and stone circles of a monumental character, showing the use of iron and enclosing articles of copper and gold. Indeed, it seems to be the natural law of primal man's development to advance by slow degrees, utilizing and conquering environments, from the flints, stone, and rude pottery, up to the present age of steel, or should I say of gold? We see a corresponding order in different parts of the world, and all in accordance with man's rational organization and material requirements.

We must leave the prehistoric in India as we leave it in other parts of the world—read only by sepulchral monuments, and by rude implements to serve early man's first impulses of necessity. There are at the present time many aboriginal tribes in different parts of the country, but it is impossible to identify any of them with the remotely prehistoric.*

Following the stone age, that is, over three thousand years ago, there seems to have been an influx from the northeast and also from the northwest; the rude invaders from the northeast were of Thibeto-Burman origin, and Kolarian; the descendants of the former still inhabit the eastern sub-Himalayas, while the Kolarians and their descendants have always occupied the eastern ranges of the central table-land. Nothing seems to be known of the Kolarians before their appearance in India. The first invaders from the northwest were Dravidians, and whence they came is not exactly known; they first occupied the Punjab,

* Sir William Hunter is the great authority on Indian History; for an excellent, condensed work, see his *Brief History of the Indian People*.

but were gradually pushed southward by the superior Aryan hosts that followed them. Now the descendants of the Dravidians are scattered in many tribes over the south-country; in the Sanskrit language the general name for the country they once occupied was *Dravida*.

It will be well to keep in mind these early settlers, because in our itinerary over India we shall have an opportunity to admire some wonderful examples of their architecture; but it must not be forgotten that the term Dravidian has a very wide range of application, that it is a general term for the ancestry of a great number of different tribes, primarily of the same origin. India is a vast ethnological museum with a rather vague classification of exhibits, not unlike America with her numerous aboriginal races; but in the former, there has been a commingling of races for three thousand years, whereas America has been known for only a few hundred years.

The historic period of India begins with that wonderful people from whom all the more progressive European nations were formerly believed to have sprung, the Aryans.

“Forty years ago the origin of the historic races of Europe seemed to most scholars to have been definitely settled. It was believed that they came from Asia during the period of Aryan migration—possibly 1,500 years before the Christian era—and that they all belonged to the same race—the Aryan race. During the last two decades, however, that theory has been abandoned by modern scholars, as the result of most searching and exhaustive investigation. It does not come within the province of this chapter to enter into the details of this long and complicated controversy; we can only give some of the general conclusions. Thus, for example, in the opinion of one of the most competent scientists of the nineteenth century, the late Thomas H. Huxley, the three principal race types of Europe are European types—not Asiatic. In the revised edition of his works, published in 1896, he maintains that the evidence on the question is consistent with the supposition that three race types of

Aryan-speaking people 'have existed in Europe throughout historic times, and very far back to pre-historic times.' And he adds: 'There is no proof of any migration of Asiatics into Europe west of the Dnieper down to the time of Attila, fourth century, A. D.'"

Sir William Hunter says:—"The languages of Europe and India, although at first sight they seem wide apart, are merely different growths from the original Aryan speech. This is especially true of the common words of family life. The names for father, mother, brother, sister and widow are the same in most of the Aryan languages, whether spoken on the banks of the Ganges, of the Tiber, or of the Thames. Thus the word daughter, which occurs in nearly all of them, has been derived from the Aryan root *dugh*, to milk, and perhaps preserves the memory of the time when the daughter was the little milkmaid in the primitive Aryan household."

The four holy books of the Hindus consist of the early records of the Aryans in their own classic language, the Sanskrit; these books are collectively called the Vedas. The first is called the Rigveda, or Veda of praises or hymns; the second the Samaveda, or Veda of chants or tunes. The Veda of prayers is called the Yajurveda; and the Atharvaveda is the Veda of the Atharvans (book of spells). Most that is known of this ancient people is from these venerable works. The Rigveda contains an account of the first settlements of the Aryans in the Punjab. Orthodox Hindus, says Hunter, believe it existed "before all time," at least 3,000 years B. C. Oriental scholars conclude from astronomical facts to which it refers that it was written about 1400 B. C. Aryan progress over India is quite clearly set forth in the Rigveda.

There is a remarkable correspondence between their divinities and those of Greece and Rome. They worshipped one God, but not one alone; they peopled the Himalayas with gods; they had a remarkably intelligent conception of the one God as shown by the following Vedic hymn, quoted from Hunter:—

"In the beginning there arose the Golden Child. He was the one born Lord of all that is. He established the earth and sky. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice? He who gives life, he who gives strength; whose command all the Bright Gods revere; whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice? He who, through his power, is the one king of the breathing and awakening world. He who governs all, man and beast. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm; he through whom the heaven was established, nay, the highest heaven; he who measured out the light and air. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

He who by his might looked even over the water-clouds; he who alone is God above all gods. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

Women were held in high esteem (probably had equal rights). Marriage was held sacred. The burning of widows was unknown. The aborigines buried their dead, but the Aryans practised cremation. The Aryans had blacksmiths, coppersmiths and goldsmiths; they cultivated with a plow. They were physically and mentally superior to the aborigines; they had fair complexions, were strong featured, strong in character and aggressive in spirit, indeed it may be said they showed all those characteristics which mark the marvelous civilization of their modern heirs. At first the Aryans held the aborigines in great contempt, calling them "flatnoses" and other contemptuous names. After subduing, enslaving or driving them southward for centuries, the two races gradually began to intermingle and to intermarry.

At this time in the early history of the Indian people, we come to the origin of the Hindu religion; but that will be considered under the subject of religions. (See page 362.)

We see then how the country was filled up by surrounding peoples, the Thibetans, Burmese, Kolarians, Dravidians and Aryans. As the enterprising Aryans spread a knowledge of the fertile lands which they had found other invaders from the surrounding tribes in their home-region followed, just as the people do today when new sources of wealth are discovered and heralded over the world.

GREEK INVASION (327 to 161 B. C.)

Following the Aryans, the next important invasion was that of the Greeks under Alexander the Great about 327 B. C. If the Aryans entered India about 1400 B. C. they must have held sway for many centuries, possibly a thousand years, and, if during this great period of time the Greeks had been advancing along a line of civilization first taught to them by the Aryans, we see the oft-repeated historic fact of a conquering and colonizing people educating their subjects to become their hostile competitors.

Alexander advanced over the passes of the north-west and by the way of modern Attock; there he crossed the Indus and reached the Jhelum where he fought a battle with a local ruler named Porus, whom he defeated. He afterwards marched southward as far as Amritsar. Near the Jhelum, Alexander built two memorial cities—one on the west bank of the river he named after his famous charger Bucephala. This city was near the present city of Jalalpur; his famous horse was killed in this battle of the Jhelum.

Alexander intended to march southward to the Ganges, but, when he found native forces gathering behind him, and saw that the great heat and fierce monsoon winds were dispiriting his troops, he decided to withdraw by a different route, knowing that by a single defeat his entire army might be lost. He led his army back to the Jhelum and followed that river and the Indus to Multan, the capital of the Punjab then and now. At Multan he fought a pitched battle with the Malli; the great world conqueror was verely wounded in this battle. Farther down the

Indus, at the site of the modern town of Uchh, where his army camped for a time, he built a city which he named Alexandria; proceeding downward he founded another city—Patala, which at the present time is known as Haiderabad.

From Patala, Alexander sent a portion of his army by ships around the coast and by the Persian Gulf back to Susa. The other division he accompanied overland across Baluchistan and Persia to the same point, which he reached in 325 B. C. During his two years' campaign in the northwest of India the great warrior made alliances, established colonies, founded a few cities and planted some Greek garrisons, but subjugated no provinces, nor did he make any important conquest; he, however, gave much territory to native chiefs who had espoused his cause. After great privations he reached Susa where he sojourned to consummate a marriage with the daughter of Darius. Two years later he died at Babylon.

After Alexander the Great, there were other Greek invasions; the Greeks had established a powerful kingdom in Bactria, and Greek-Bactrian invaders advanced against the northwest frontiers; but they made no important conquests and founded no kingdoms. The most enduring traces of Greek occupation may be found in their beautiful sculptures and in their coins. On Buddhist statues are sometimes found Greek faces, and in temples may be seen Greek sculptures.

SCYTHIAN INVASION (100 B. C. to 500 A. D.)

For about two hundred years after the Alexandrian expedition into the northwest of India, the Greek and Bactrian incursions continued; and no sooner had those northern adventurers ceased to exploit the tempting cis-Himalayan regions, than other hordes commenced to follow their example, coming from a region lying farther to the north and east. They embraced representations from various tribes, and formed a connecting link between Indian and Chinese history. Scythia being a vast country lying northward, these

new invaders from the north were generally called Scythians; they are sometimes called Huns, owing to their similar characteristics and sometimes Tartars, because of a corresponding identity of qualities. From 100 B. C. to 500 A. D., that is, for six hundred years or longer, these restless and furious Scythians continued their incursions into northern India; theirs were the beginning of a series of aggressions which continued down to the time of Timur and Genghis Khan, and which resulted in the founding of the Mogul empire. Some claim that Buddha was a Scythian. They drove out the Greek colony from Bactria, and supplanted what was left of the Greek element in the northwest of India. They established themselves securely in India about the beginning of the Christian era, founded a monarchy, and appointed one Kanishka to be their king, who fixed his capital in Cashmere; but the limits of his kingdom extended from Tarkand on the north to Agra and Sind on the south. The Scythians adopted the Buddhist religion; and, while the south countries adopted Buddhism as promulgated by Asoka's Council in 244 B. C., the Scythians at the north chose the same creed as expounded by King Kanishka's Council in the year 40 A. D., and which became the Buddhism north of India from Scythia to Japan. It is believed that a large proportion of the population of northwestern India at the present time are descendants of these Asiatic Northmen. There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the origin of races in the north of India, but it is not likely that the blood of a virile race, dominant six centuries, has been extinguished. During that long period many vain attempts were made by Indian rulers to expel the Scythians.

During the period we have been considering, that is, between the advent of the Aryans and that of the Scythians (1400 B. C. to 500 A. D.), two great world religions were founded, viz.: Buddhism and Brahmanism or Hinduism; and, if the space of time be extended forward less than a hundred years, it would include Mohammedanism, making three of the great religions of the world. Much of the history of India

during these centuries is therefore religious rather than political, and will be further considered under the subject of religions. As, however, Mohammedanism was largely an aggressive and political religion, given to conquest of territory as well as of converts, the Mohammedans must be classed among the other invaders of India. Mohammed died in 1632, and within one hundred years after his death the crescent had been carried eastward to the Hindu Kush mountains; but the new faith had not gathered strength to carry its forces into the midst of the contending hosts of Buddhism and Hinduism.

Arab Moslems had conducted an expedition by sea to Thana and Broach on the south coast, and incursions were made into Sind, but there were no permanent results, although the invaders were not expelled from Sind until 828 A. D. An opinion has prevailed that India was a complete conquest for Islam, but this is clearly disproven by historical facts which show that, while a series of invasions extended over eleven centuries, at no period did the Mohammedans rule over all India.

The history of India during a millenium of foreign invasion was not unlike that of Europe when overrun by semi-barbaric hosts from the great breeding ground of early times. An account of all the attempts at conquest during these many centuries would far exceed the limits of this synoptical sketch of Indian history.

MOHAMMEDAN ASCENDANCY (1001 to 1761 A. D.)

This space of over seven centuries includes eight different dynasties, and the most celebrated of these was the line of Timur or Tamerlane. This famous warrior united the tribes of the north and west, crossed the northwest ranges and advanced on Delhi, where he defeated King Mahmud and entered the capital after a battle of five days, when the streets were impassable from the number slain. After a few days of festive debauchery, during which he praised God for his victory, as conquerors usually do, he proclaimed himself king. He crossed the Ganges, laid waste Hardwar

and Meerut with great slaughter, and returned to his own capital at Samarkand laden with the loot of war. Although Timur had proclaimed himself king, the title lapsed till his grandson Baber revived it and recovered possession of Delhi and other cities; Baber, a descendant of Timur, was the first to bear the title, Great Mogul.

The advent of the Mogul dynasty brings us to the golden age of old India, and when our itinerary takes us to Delhi and Agra and places near the capital of the Great Mogul, we shall see in their marvelous architectural achievements evidence of their worthiness of claim to the term "great" as always a part of the distinguishing title of their dynasty.

The historic Mogul emperors descended from a wonderful line of ancestry: Baber, the first of the line, was a descendant of Timur, who was one of the warrior scourges of the world. Timur's father had been a Tartar and his mother a descendant of Genghis Khan, another warrior scourge. A grandson of Baber was Akbar the Great, whose reign extended from 1556 to 1605 A. D., and who is looked upon as the greatest and most enlightened sovereign who ever ruled in India, or indeed in Asia, until recent times. He consolidated and brought under his beneficent rule all of India north of the Vindhya range of mountains. He reconciled Hindu feudal princes by placing them on an equality with the nobles of his realm. He encouraged agriculture; he honored the customs and laws of the Hindus; he enforced justice and abolished animal sacrifices; he legalized the remarriage of widows; he discountenanced *suttee*; he was broad and tolerant in matters of religion. It is claimed by some that one of Akbar's wives was a Christian. Hunter says:—"On Fridays (the Sabbath of Islam), he loved to collect professors of many religions around him. He listened impartially to the arguments of the Brahmin and the Mussulman, the Zoroastrian, the Jew, the Jesuit and the sceptic philosopher. The history of his life, the *Akbar-namah*, records such a conference, in which the Christian priest, Redif, disputed with a body of Mohammedan *mullas* before an as-

sembly of the doctors of all religions, and is allowed to have had the best of the argument."

The last days of this truly great man were embittered by the intrigues of his family, particularly his son Prince Selim, who succeeded to the throne of his father. Akbar the Great died in 1605, and was buried at Sikandarah in a magnificent mausoleum which we shall visit on our stereographic journey (Positions 69-71). In 1873 the British Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, presented a cloth of honor to be placed over the slab which covers the tomb of the greatest of the Great Moguls.

Prince Selim succeeded to the throne of his father and was called Jehangir. His queen was the lovely Nur Mahal in *Lalla Rookh*. Akbar, the father, did not favor his son's symptoms of alliance with Nur Mahal, and sent her away and compelled her to marry a brave soldier. After the old emperor's death, Jehangir ordered the soldier-husband to relinquish his claim on the former sweetheart of him who was now emperor. The soldier refused and was killed; but, after a chaste and becoming retirement, Nur Mahal became Jehangir's empress. Jehangir in a measure followed the wise administration of his father, and labored with considerable zeal in the interests of his empire—when he was sober. He reigned twenty years and was succeeded by his son Shah Jehan.

Shah Jehan, the fifth Great Mogul, a grandson of the great Akbar, reigned from 1628 to 1658. He gained territory in the south, but lost some of his Asiatic provinces; he maintained the splendor of his court; he put to death his brother and all scions of the Akbar family who might lay claim to the throne; but in those days, it seems, an occasional murder of a rival aspirant was almost a prerogative of sovereignty. The peerless structures which he erected at Agra (see Positions 65-68), are still witnesses to the world of the glory of the Mogul dynasty, for under Shah Jehan the Empire attained its highest point of strength and magnificence.

The son and successor of Shah Jehan was Aurangzeb, who somewhat increased the dominions of his

father, but at the same time terminated the reign of Great Moguls. When you read of the "Peacock Throne" that cost thirty millions of dollars, and see the Taj Mal at Agra, and learn that the designer of so much beauty was cruelly imprisoned in the fort at Agra by this Aurangzeb, you will agree with Hunter who says that:— "Akbar's dynasty lay under the curse of rebellious sons. As Jehangir had risen against his most loving father Akbar, and Shah Jehan had mutinied against Jehangir; so Shah Jehan in his turn suffered from the intrigues and rebellion of his family. In 1657 the old king fell ill, and Aurangzeb, after a treacherous conflict with his brethren, deposed his father, and proclaimed himself emperor in 1658. The unhappy emperor Jehan was kept in confinement for seven years, and died a State prisoner in the fort of Agra in 1666." We see in this, as in all cases, whether of nations in olden times or in modern times, and whether in governments or in families, what I will call the ingratitude of inheritance; it seems to the writer, if in a brief historic narrative a private thought may be interjected, that, so great a part of governmental strife and family strife has arisen and continues to arise from the law or custom of succession and entailment, a practicable abolishment of the same would add to the progress and happiness of mankind. However, Aurangzeb reigned forty-nine years, was the source of much grief to others and came to grief himself. He was the last of the great Moguls. The year after his accession, he put to death his eldest brother. Within a second year, he had driven off a second brother who perished among savages; a third brother was soon thereafter executed in prison; his invalid father was confined in the fort at Agra mourning over his murdered sons until his death.

Aurangzeb spent twenty years of his reign in continuous wars south of the Vindhya. He was a bigoted Moslem; he failed in carrying out the conciliatory policy of his great-grandfather, Akbar. A great, new, Hindu force had been increasing in power in the central and western part of the empire, called the Marathas; after long and bloody wars with the

Marathas he was compelled to sue for terms of settlement; terms were arranged, but were soon broken off by the haughty Maratha chiefs, and Aurangzeb fled to distant parts of the empire for safety and where he died in 1706. "On the approach of death," says Hunter, "he gave utterance in broken sentences to his worldly counsels and adieus, mingled with terror and remorse, and closing in an agony of desperate resignation; 'Come what may, I have launched my vessel on the waves. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!'"

Aurangzeb was the last of the great Moguls; the "great" were succeeded by eleven lesser Moguls. The former were all distinguished by many eminent qualities, while the latter had only the qualities which characterize a declining imperial line. The lesser Mogul Emperors cover a period extending from 1707 to 1857. The last date of the period corresponds with the time of the great Indian Mutiny, and in that mutiny the last of the Mogul line took part with the Sepoys against the English. After the Mutiny was put down, this miserable residuant of a great dynasty was a prisoner in Delhi; there, within the palace walls of his noble ancestors, he was sentenced to banishment to Rangoon, where he died in 1862.

THE MAHRATTAS (1650 to 1818)

There is a rugged mountainous region in central India, between Nagpur and the western coast, which was formerly called Maharastra (the Great Kingdom). The invincible warriors and throne-hunters known in Indian history as Mahrattas or Marathas, took their name from this, their homeland. They were primarily an uprising of the old Hindu element which had remained quiescent during the supremacy of the Mogul empire. They were joined by the independent Mogul party in the south and became one of the most formidable army of raiders ever known. They were scattered throughout the Western Ghats, mounted on hardy ponies and could be assembled quickly to repel an attack. There were five Mahratta houses or

dynasties, with five capitals, and these five constituted a powerful confederacy continually engaged in raids until brought into conflict with the English in 1775-1781; then a six-years' war ended in a treaty which ceded the islands of Salsette and Elephanta to the English.

A second war occurred between the Marathas and the English in 1802-1804, and a third war was fought in 1817-1818, when the Peshwa surrendered to the English and his domain was annexed to the Bombay Presidency. The Peshwa (chief or prince) was held a prisoner at Bithur, near Cawnpore, and his son became the notorious Nana Sahib, the most heartless and blood-thirsty fiend in the annals of crime.

EUROPEAN SETTLEMENTS—PORTUGUESE (1492-1640)

Up to this time all invaders had approached India from landward; those from Europe came by sea. Columbus proposed a private invasion of India, but, by miscalculation, invaded America instead. Five years later Vasco da Gama sailed from Lisbon, taking an eastward course around Cape Horn, and reached Calicut on the Malabar coast after a voyage of eleven months. Arabs had established a trade on this coast and they showed great hostility to the European interlopers. The Calicut Raja received the strange mariner with kindness; and after a sojourn of several months the voyager returned, bearing a letter from the Zamorin to the King of Portugal. Here follows the letter, the first greeting of India to Europe:—"Vasco da Gama, a nobleman of your household, has visited my kingdom, and has given me great pleasure. In my kingdom there is abundance of cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper and precious stones. What I seek from your country is gold, silver, coral and scarlet."

Four years later Da Gama returned and bombarded the Zamorin of Calicut who had treated him so kindly. Albuquerque came to India in 1509 and Da Gama a second time in 1524. All the Portuguese except Albuquerque treated the Indians with dastardly cruelty. They were bigoted and fanatical crusaders rather than

traders. The native princes learned to love and honor Albuquerque, but despised his successors, who soon were supplanted by the hardier and better tempered Dutch and English. The only Portuguese possessions now in India (1907) are at Goa, Daman and Diu, all on the west coast—settlements embracing eleven hundred square miles with a population of 500,000. There are 30,000 Portuguese half-castes in Bombay called Eurasians, and about 20,000 in Bengal.

EUROPEAN SETTLEMENTS—DUTCH (1596-1758)

Produce brought to Europe from India by the Portuguese kindled the spirit of exploration in the Dutch and English. The Dutch made three attempts to reach the Orient land of promise by the north passage. Cornelius Houtman was the first Dutchman to double the Cape of Good Hope, in 1596. He followed the coast of Sumatra and established a post at Bantam in Java, the first foot-hold of the Dutch in the Orient. In 1619 they made Batavia their chief headquarters in the East. Near the same time they discovered Australia and founded the city of New Amsterdam (New York) in America. During the seventeenth century the Dutch were the most powerful maritime people in the world. They compelled the English to withdraw from the Eastern Archipelago, and drove out the Portuguese from Ceylon, Formosa and Malacca. In 1651 they planted a midway colony at the Cape of Good Hope; and in 1664 they captured from the Portuguese all their pepper-producing stations along the Malabar coast. Like the Portuguese, the Dutch were unscrupulous in their treatment of commercial competitors. They stopped at no deeds of cruelty to attain their commercial aim, which was to hold a monopoly of the spice trade; but they failed to introduce their civilization, without which permanency of colonization is impossible.

Dutch supremacy in the East ended when Clive forced an ignominious capitulation at Chinsurah. During the great French wars—1793-1815—England forced from Holland her eastern settlements; Java,

however, was afterwards restored and Sumatra exchanged for Malacca in 1824. At the present time, while the Dutch hold Java and Sumatra and a number of islands in the East Indian archipelago, they have no foothold on the mainland of India.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH SETTLEMENTS (1496-1760)

The English made several attempts to reach India by the north passages, westward and then eastward. The Cabots made the first attempt in 1496. They failed, but discovered Newfoundland. Fifty-seven years later Willoughby made a venture by the northeast, and lost his life in the fruitless attempt. After a lapse of twenty-five years renewed essays were made by such men as Frobisher, Davis, Hudson and Baffin; they succeeded in engraving their names imperishably on the maps of the world, but found no way to the East by the north.

The Indian Archipelago was the first objective point for the establishment of trade by the English; they formed a trading post at Bantam in Java. They brought cargoes of spices from the Moluccas, from Banda, and from Amboyna and Bantam. The Portuguese resisted the English development of trade. Trade rivalries led to naval hostilities both in the Eastern Archipelago and along the coasts of India. In 1615 occurred a famous sea-battle off the coast of Bombay, during which Captain Best four times repelled the attack of an overwhelming Portuguese fleet; this filled the native with respect for English courage. Finally the English relinquished their trading posts in the Archipelago and directed their energies to the mainland of India; they built factories and established trading stations along the Coromandel and Malabar coasts, and at Surat on the west coast, and a few years later in the neighborhood of Calcutta.

A great many trading companies were formed in England and in other European countries; there was, indeed a European craze for exploiting this new source of trade. There were Swedish, Prussian, Austrian, French companies, besides those already under men-

tion. It was a commercial scramble, an Oriental Klondyke, and, as in all such competitions, it was a survival of the fittest. English courage and tenacity dominated after nearly three hundred years, and the English East India Company outlived all its competitors.

The French founded one East Indian Company in 1604, a second in 1611, a third in 1615, a fourth in 1642, and a fifth in 1644; also a sixth a few years later. But, in the long wars waged between England and France in India and in Europe, the latter lost both her political and commercial hold on the great Eldorado of the East. At the present time France retains only a few small and unimportant stations, such as Karikal, Chandernagore and Pondicherry, embracing altogether some one hundred and seventy-eight square miles with a population of about 300,000.

The centuries of trade wars, as well as political wars and government intrigue, all seemed to eventuate in a dual strife between France and England for the control of India. England was at war with France much of the time between 1740 and 1820. Dupleix was the famous leader of the French and Col. Clive (afterward Lord Clive) of the English. It should be remembered that during this long period of war between the two countries in Europe and America, the war in India was really only an incident of the wars at home. The decisive battle between these rival European nations in India took place at Wandiwash, when Col. Coote defeated the French general Lally; and here ended the prolonged struggle between these great powers of Europe for supremacy in India. The paramountcy of England was now established. The men who did most to secure this for Britain were Clive, the hero of the battle of Plassey; Warren Hastings, who, in a great crisis held what Clive had won; Lord Wellesley; and Lord Dalhousie, "the greatest of Indian pro-consuls."

The administration of Dalhousie brings the period of Indian history up to 1856. The time between the final overthrow of the French in 1760 and the great Indian Mutiny in 1857, nearly a hundred years, is filled with important events. The English were fre-

quently engaged with hostile native forces. The Mah-rattas several times threatened the English supremacy.

For centuries the East India Company had been practically the government. In 1774 this was changed, and the formerly independent presidencies of Bombay, Madras and Calcutta were confederated into one general government under a Governor-General for all India, and this order with but slight modification continues down to the present time.

Between 1818 and 1857 the army of India was engaged in six expeditions—two against Burma; two against the Punjab and a war against Bhartpur in 1826; another against a dependency of Kabul in 1843, resulting in the annexation of the Punjab in 1848. A third war against Burma, in 1888, brought about the formal annexation of a vast portion of Burmese territory.

The year 1857 in Indian annals brings us to what has been called the "blackest crime in human history"—the great Indian Mutiny, or Sepoy Rebellion. The story of the Mutiny is familiar to the world, and scarcely requires recapitulation here. If, perchance, a reader of this has not read the thrilling history of that struggle, let him do so as a duty; for if he be of Anglo-Saxon blood he will be prouder of his race when he is familiar with such noble names as Havelock, Lawrence, Colin Campbell, Nicholson, Outram and Kavanagh and many others.

Now, after fifty years the verdict of men eminently qualified to judge in reference to the cause of that uprising, is, that it was primarily attributable to a crisis in the native mind and heart arising from the increasing grip of England on India, and the irritation of transition from the old India to the new. The army supply of cartridges unfortunately greased with hog and cow fat, abhorrent to Hindu and Moham-medan prejudices; the cutting off of the title and revenues of Nana Sahib, the last representative of the Mogul dynasty; the ineligibility of natives to certain offices—all these were contributory causes. Bishop Thoburn says that the causes were similar to those of the Boxer uprising in China in 1900—the irritation

of foreign encroachment. The terrible ordeal of the Mutiny taught two never-to-be-forgotten lessons—to the Indians, the futility of any attempt to overthrow British rule—to the English, never slumbering vigilance.

Thomas Stevens, the first Englishman to visit India, reached Salsette in 1579. On January 1st, 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi. Therefore it may be said that England was two hundred and eighty years in building up her great Indian Empire. Just twenty-six years later, January 1st, 1903, Edward VII was proclaimed Emperor from the same place near Delhi that witnessed Queen Victoria's reception of the imperial title. At this great imperial ceremony, known as the Delhi Durbar, one hundred native princes were present to testify their allegiance to the British Empire.

By the latest census of the entire Empire, announced in 1906, the population is 400,000,000; this includes native States, but directly under British control are 231,899,507. What a bewildering relationship for the two Aryan off-shoots—one planted in the far west, and the other in the far east, over three thousand years ago!

GOVERNMENT

The reader should here give some study to the general map. Parts of the land which, like Bengal, Madras and Bombay, actually belong to the British Empire, are distinguished in coloring from the Native States, which, like Kashmir and Rajputana, are merely under a British protectorate.

The Statesman's Year Book thus clearly defines the difference between the British Provinces and the Native States:—

“India, in its widest sense, includes British India and the Native States; the former is under the direct control in all respects of British officials. The control which the Supreme Government exercises over the Native States varies in degree; but they are all governed by the native princes, ministers or councils with the help and under the advice of a resident, or agent in political charge either of a single State or a group of States. The chiefs have no right to make war or peace, or to send ambassadors to each other or to external States; they are not permitted to maintain a military force above a certain specified limit; no European is allowed to reside at any of their courts without special sanction; and the Supreme Government can exercise the right of deposing a chief in case of misgovernment. Within these limits the more important chiefs possess sovereign authority in their own territories. Some of them are required to pay an annual tribute; with others this is nominal, or not demanded.”

The area and population of the several provinces are here given, and will be found interesting to notice in connection with a study of the map and its divisions.

British Provinces	Area in sq. miles	Population
Burma	236,738	10,490,624
Assam	56,243	6,126,343
Bengal	151,185	74,744,866
Agra and Oudh	107,164	47,691,782
Punjab	97,209	20,330,339
N. W. Frontier Provinces...	16,466	2,125,480
Bombay (Province)	123,064	18,559,561
Madras (Province)	141,726	38,209,436
Others... ..	157,409	13,621,076
	<u>1,087,204</u>	<u>231,899,507</u>
Native States		
Haidarabad	82,698	11,141,142
Kashmir	80,900	2,905,578
Rajputana	127,541	9,723,301
Mysore	29,444	5,539,399
Central India	78,772	8,628,781
Others	234,107	24,523,348
	<u>633,462</u>	<u>62,461,549</u>

Certain names, like "the Punjab" (in the north-west part of Hindustan between Kashmir and Rajputana) are used by different people with different meanings sometimes signifying the exact territory so marked on our map and sometimes signifying in a more general way a vaguely limited area of country in that vicinity.

"The form of the English Government of India is complex. It is the outgrowth of great wars and long and laborious legislation. There have been two distinct historical stages. The first was an individual government, or the rule of the East India Company, from A. D. 1600 to 1857. The second has prevailed from 1857 to the present, and is the government under the sovereign. Change from the East India Company to the present control of the King was made by direct act of Parliament. It was the result of the Sepoy Rebellion, when it became clear that, to hold India, there must be a direct responsibility of the government itself.

The system is duplex, the general supervision being in England, but the real work being done by the local

government of India. The supreme head of authority is the British sovereign, who is at the same time the Emperor of India. But the practical government is vested in a Secretary of State for India, and the Council of fifteen members. They administer the home business, such as the engagement of officers for the various departments of civil administration; the payment of pensions; the provisions of funds for Indian expenditure in England; negotiations with the railroad companies; the purchase of supplies for Indian administration; and many other matters belonging to the English authority over India.

"The Secretary of State for India, at Westminster, is vested with almost supreme power. He is the real representative of the sovereign. He can even veto legislative enactments or administrative arrangements of the Viceroy and his Council in India. But his course is marked with conservative care, and he takes his Council largely from the local Indian Government.

"Let us now look at the government of India in India itself. At the head stands the Viceroy, who is called, in a business sense, Governor-General of India. He is appointed by the King, at the nomination of the existing ministry. His term lasts five years.

The capital of India is Calcutta, where the Viceroy lives in the great Government House, and with almost regal surroundings. His summer capital is Simla, in the Himalaya mountains. He has a Council of six ordinary members, besides the Commander-in-chief of the Indian Army and the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal. The six ordinary members of his Council are appointed by the Viceroy himself, are confirmed by the Crown, and hold office five years. This is the Supreme Council. The Supreme Council has charge of the finances of India, controls the subordinate or provincial governments, and can amend or annul any order or proceedings of those provincial governments. The Viceroy has also a Council for making laws, known as the Supreme Legislative Council, composed of the members of the Supreme Council and nine others, five of whom must be non-official. The Supreme Legislative Council has in hand the making or

change of laws which apply to India as a whole, but leaves the local legislation to the provincial legislative bodies. It is not necessary that the Governor General's Council consist of Europeans only.

There are five provincial governments, Madras, Bombay, Bengal, North West Provinces and the Punjab. Each of these governments is fully equipped, having civil officers, judicial officers and authority to collect revenue. The Governor of Madras is appointed by the Crown, holds office five years, has his capital at Madras, and has a Council of three. The Government of Bombay is constituted in the same way as that of Madras, with the city of Bombay as the capital. The Government of Bengal is administered by a Lieutenant Governor, with a Legislative Council of twelve members. The Lieutenant Governor is appointed by the Viceroy, and holds office five years. Calcutta is his capital. The North West Provinces and the Punjab are each under a Lieutenant Governor, appointed for five years.*

It must not be forgotten that the Government above described refers only to the part of India directly and wholly under English control. There are altogether one hundred and fifty-three native states; but many of these are small and unimportant and are, for administration purposes grouped into thirteen divisions, governed by their respective native rulers with an advisory British representative called a Resident. Harmonious relations exist between these rulers of independent states and the general government; neither should it be forgotten, that, during the Mutiny, many of the native princes remained true and loyal to England, and but for their support India would have been lost to England.

There are in India 75,000 English troops and some 150,000 native troops, besides Native Reserves, Imperial Service Troops and Eurasian Volunteers, making an additional 75,000. The Indian police force costs about \$11,500,000 annually, yet it must be admitted that an average Hindu servitor of the peace lacks the persuasive qualities of a New York "cop."

* From *Indiska, the Country and People of India and Ceylon*, by J. F. Hurst.

EDUCATION

With such a teeming population, and poverty so widespread, it need scarcely be said that there is a great percentage of illiteracy in India. The last census returns show only about fifty-three persons in a thousand who are literate, or able to read their own language, that is about five per cent. The causes are, of course, not far to seek—populousness, struggle for existence, lack of intelligence, caste prejudice, the low estate of women and the high estate of the priests.

Although there are not yet any compulsory laws, the government is doing much to advance educational interests in the empire. The annual cost to the government for keeping up the educational system reaches the sum of \$5,000,000, while receipts from fees and school revenues amount to about \$500,000; this, of course, refers only to the British Provinces.

In the Native States the outlook is not so favorable; but much even there is being done by the missionary workers, and considerable by the native rulers.

The general government of India appropriates about one-fortieth of its annual revenue for educational purposes—about \$10,000,000; but this is not necessarily considered a great sum for so large a country. If we allow only twenty million out of the three hundred million of the population to be of school age, that is, if out of every fourteen persons we allow for one to be of school age, the \$10,000,000 will yield fifty cents for the yearly education of each child. But no doubt the government appropriation will be gradually increased. The education of India is a stupendous task, nevertheless, the government has undertaken it. In 1859 there were 2,000 public schools in all India with a total attendance of all ages of 200,000. In late years the number of schools has increased to 155,000 and the attendance to 5,000,000. One interesting feature of the educational movement in late years has been the great

progress made in the education of women. Only a few years ago the most ardent and sanguine missionary entertained no hope for female education. The eminent Dr. Duff said:—"One might as well try to scale a wall fifty miles high." The average native belief seemed to be that women are mentally defective, and cannot learn; furthermore, that education would endanger their morals; now half a million women and girls have vindicated the intellectual and moral capacity of Indian women by taking university honors.

In country villages where the old native ways are still adhered to, one can witness some droll laws of pedagogy; the gentle Hindu shows cleverness in devising original penal "stunts." Crooke says a Bengal dominie would compel a boy to stand with his back bent and a brick on his neck, which if he dropped, earned him a caning; refractory boys were sometimes put in a bag with a bundle of nettles or a cat, and often (Hindu boys have scant attire) the bag containing the boy and cat was rolled about the floor. Another penalty consisted in compelling the culprit to mark off a given number of yards on the ground with the tip of his nose; but such things of course belong to the old régime.

RELIGIONS

The following list shows the names of the principal religions in India and the numbers of their respective adherents according to the latest census returns:—

Hindus	207,147,026	Sikhs	2,195,339
Mohammedans	62,458,077	Jains	1,334,148
Buddhists	9,476,759	Parsees	94,190
Animists	8,584,148	Jews	18,228
Christians	2,923,241	Others	129,900

HINDUS

A great majority of the people of India have sprung from the early Aryan and non-Aryan races and are called Hindus, from the native word *Hind* for India, and their religion is called Hinduism; but Brahmanism is often the name applied to Hinduism as opposed to Mohammedanism, and as taught and expounded by a line of priests called Brahmans.

The Brahmans were higher than the kings in ancient times. The Aryan book of wisdom (bible) was called the Rig-Veda which was a collection of historical hymns. The original Rig-Veda was latterly supplemented by three other service books, and these four sacred books are known in literature as The Vedas (See page 340). The Brahman priests were the expounders of the Vedas which they declared to be the "Wisdom of God." The Vedas were poems, and prose books were added setting forth the duties of the priests; these were called Brahmanas, and, with the four Vedas constitute the sacred writings of the Hindus. The Vedas are the inspired word, and the Brahmanas the theology of the Hindu. Rowe says:—"The Brahmanism of today, as a religious system, does

not rest on the ancient Vedas, but upon the later scattered and so-called sacred writings."

The Brahman priests have a wonderful history, they may be regarded as the founders of the great Hindu religion. They have maintained their high position for three thousand years, and are at the present time the most cultured and most highly esteemed among the people of India. They form an unbroken descent from the original Aryan conquerors. In intellectual training and physical development they surpass all other native races. They long ago developed a system of philosophy and studied astronomy, medicine, music and law. Their language was the Sanskrit; and it is claimed that, in the excellent development of grammatical perfection, they surpassed the Greeks and Romans.

Some one has said that no full account of Hinduism can be given in one ordinary volume, so here I can aim only at presenting a few salient features. The religious system of Hinduism—says Thoburn—is admitted, without challenge to contain "all truths, all errors, all virtues, all vices, and only insists that all shall wear its brand." But what the average reader most desires is its chief tenets in briefest form.

Most people are more or less familiar with the names of the three principal divinities of the Hindu faith—Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva—Brahma, the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Shiva the Destroyer. The student of Hinduism will, however, soon find himself bewildered by the endless list of subordinate divinities in the Hindu pantheon:—this is because the primary triad have for milleniums been multiplying incarnations. Vishnu and Shiva especially appear in many incarnations; and besides the triad there are many inferior gods to suit all sorts of conditions, as with the divinities of Greece and Rome.

As already intimated, Hinduism may embrace all the evil and all the good, and for that reason it is difficult to formulate all its tenets; there are, however, seven points of faith on which there is a unanimity of belief. These seven points of faith, I have drawn from Wilkins' *Modern Hinduism*:—

First:—"God is one without a Second," is a common saying among the Hindus when referring to the Deity. They confess that this one God is the Creator of all men, whatever their race, color and creed. They explain their position in this manner:—God is great and cannot be fully expressed by any one being; all the gods differing as they do in form and character, represent a part, but only a small part, of His immensity. They will readily admit that Christ is one of the manifestations of God, and that Christianity is a religion good in itself, though not for Hindus. It is the claim for Christ's supremacy which gives offense.

Second.—They believe in the perfect holiness of God, and admit all the divine attributes which Christians apply to Him; but they believe that when He is incarnated in some being He is capable of degradation, and, using His greater wisdom, is capable of greater offenses. As a rule the characteristics of the incarnations are quite the opposite of the supreme Ideal; and yet Hindus cannot be made to see the incongruity.

Third.—The Hindus believe there may be millions of incarnations; we then see how, if an incarnation constitutes a divinity, their pantheon is overflowing. If a great teacher arise, he is liable to deification, either during his life or after his death.

Vishnu had ten incarnations, the eighth being the most popular (that of Krishna), and yet he was a bestial incarnation of lust, and is said to have had sixteen thousand wives. Vishnu and Shiva are both more popular gods than Brahma, who is looked upon as arbitrary and unapproachable. It is said there is only one temple in India dedicated to Brahma. Shiva the Restorer is greatly honored with temples in all parts of the country. The blood-thirsty, black-tongued wife of Shiva, Kali or Durga (Position 47), is greatly feared, and her favor anxiously sought, as you will realize if you visit her temple in Calcutta and witness the daily slaughter of goats to appease her, and to secure her favor.

Fourth.—They believe in *Maya*. The term *Maya*

means illusion, and a belief in illusion is an important feature in Hindu faith. The average Hindu believes that everything in the world is an emanation from God, but that, although all things are God in some form, men are apt to consider themselves as something different from Him. This, they consider Maya or illusion. They believe that true wisdom consists in recognizing the identity of all things with God. They believe further, that all sorrow and suffering come from this illusion, or Maya. There are many ways, they say, of overcoming Maya. The best way is by meditating constantly on the oneness of the soul with God, until the mind becomes conscious of nothing else.

Fifth.—The pantheism of Hinduism is shown in the belief that God is everywhere and everything—that He is in everyone. Therefore a man's deeds are not his own, but are prompted by God. Consequently sin is not sin. God, being in man and greater than man, dominates all human actions, and man is not responsible. This is readily observed to be one of the most dangerous and pernicious tenets of Hinduism, because it abolishes all moral responsibility.

Sixth.—The belief in the transmigration of the soul of man into other forms of life is another of the cardinal tenets of the Hindu—that the human soul is re-born into the world for further probation, maybe under worse conditions, maybe under better. The re-birth may be into a lower animal or into a plant, and may be again into human form, higher or lower than in the previous birth. The Brahman priests are twice-born and of course, into higher conditions. This twice-born condition places them far above the unfortunate once-born mortal.

Seventh.—They believe when a child is born the Deity sketches its destiny on its forehead. The child's future is thereby determined, or I may say pre-determined, therefore all that comes to pass in the life of that child is inevitable; this is the fatalism of the Hindus, or shall I say the predestination of Hinduism? A devout Hindu will say:—"It is written," and that is his pious ultimatum. Fatalism, predestina-

tion and foreordination are against the doctors, as in cases of sickness they are not employed, and medicines are not used; because "It is written" that the patient must die or recover.*

MOHAMMEDANS (62,458,077)

Islam is sometimes called a missionary religion, but there is probably no part of the world where it prevails which has been won to that faith by any sort of true missionary influence.

Wherever the Mohammedans have been conquerors the terms of surrender on the part of their enemies have usually included an acceptance of the faith of Islam. It has always been a military and militant religion, converting with the sword rather than with the Koran. During the Moslem invasions of India, when they sought spoils rather than to become the permanent rulers, there was no attempt made to force their religion upon the conquered races. It was when the dream of an Indian empire possessed the mind of the conqueror, that Islam became permanently established in India.

Invasions occurred during several hundred years before the Mohammedan empire was established, and before the Moslem religion became one of the great religions of India; and probably in no part of the world have the Mohammedans found so reluctant an acceptance of their religion as among the Hindus; what they failed to achieve by force they often succeeded in doing by rewards. The granting of rich rewards to local heads and to those seeking office brought great numbers to avow the conquerors' faith; but it must be remembered that even at the time of the Great Mogul reign† not all India was under the Crescent. Poverty, in those early days the same as in these latter days encourages apostasy from the old faith and willingness to accept a new. This was the case in India when the masses were poor and scarcely had any choice in the matter of religion; besides, a

*For some observations regarding religious forms and customs among modern Hindus, see pages 158, 191, 307, etc.
†see pages 346-9.

mere nominal allegiance to Hinduism was not difficult to exchange for a time-serving allegiance to the religion of the invaders.

Islam has always received her greatest accessions where ignorance most prevails—in dark Asia and darkest Africa. In the illumined west it scarcely appears at all. The followers of the self-proclaimed Prophet of India show how Islam flourishes in a land containing so great a percentage of illiteracy. Scholarly men like Bishop Thoburn, who has lived long in the country, believe that the influence of the Mohammedan character on the Hindu is unfavorable. When good and great men, like the Emperor Akbar, appear in a nation's history we are too prone to consider such men as a product of the religion with which they have been identified; this is obviously quite erroneous. Correct judgment must be based on rules, and not exceptions to rules; and, judging Islam from general effects, the conclusions are unfavorable. The Moslem is a stronger character than the Hindu, but his morality is lower. Intelligent Hindus tell us that there was no seclusion of women before the time of the Mohammedan invasions; and the teachings of the Koran will confirm such allegations. There may be points of identity between Mohammedanism and Christianity, but the doctrines of the former are drawn more from Judaism than from Christianity.

The Theism of Mohammedanism is often commended, but Theism cannot be considered orthodox, when it represents Allah, the Divine Unity, as capable of countenancing flagrant sin for the sake of His prophet.

Some detailed accounts of Mohammedan forms of worship are given on pages 43-45 and 249 in connection with Positions 8 and 76 in our itinerary.

As to comparison between the respective merits of Hinduism and Mohammedism, I will here insert a statement from an eminent authority:—"Be the cause what it may, as a matter of fact, the Mohammedans brought with them into India one or two nameless sins, which Hindus to this day affirm had never been known in their country before. As a general rule,

their moral standard is a little lower than that of the Hindus, and the same remark will have to be made with reference to their general reputation for morality. Many good and sincere men, no doubt, are found in the Mohammedan ranks; but where we speak about the people as a great community, and compare them with their Hindu neighbors, the advantage certainly seems to rest with the latter. In fairness I ought to say that some of my missionary friends in India take issue with me on this point. Some of them believe and maintain that the Mohammedans are quite as good as, if not better than the Hindus; but I believe I express the opinion of the majority—and a very large majority—when I say that the Hindus stand higher in point of moral character than the Mohammedans, and that they have suffered rather than benefited, from a moral point of view, by the introduction of Mohammedanism into the country.

“Every one knows that the sacred book of the Mohammedans is called the Koran or Alcoran, or we may call it the Mohammedan Bible. One of the most remarkable features of the Koran is the extraordinary excellence of its literary composition. It is universally allowed to be written with the utmost elegance and purity of language, in the dialect of the tribe of Koreish, the most noble and polite of all the Arabians, but with some mixture, though very rarely, of the other dialects. It is confessedly the standard of the Arabic tongue, and, as the more orthodox believe and are taught by the book itself, inimitable by any human pen (though some sectaries have been of other opinion) and therefore insisted on as a permanent miracle, greater than that of raising the dead, and alone sufficient to convince the world of its divine origin.”

Mohammed himself challenged all the great Arabic writers of his time to produce a single chapter comparable to it. Herewith are presented a few of the leading features of the Koran:—the two paramount dogmas of the Koran are the assertion of the unity of God and the apostleship of Mohammed in the well-known declaration:—“There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His Prophet.” The Koran denounces

idolatry; it recognizes earlier prophets, as Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Jesus, as Ishmael and other minor ones—all forerunners of Mohammed. It acknowledges the angels Gabriel and Michael, Azrael the angel of death, and Israfil who is to sound the trumpet at the last day; also the fallen angels and their prince Eblis (Satan); it recognizes the genii as a class of beings inferior to the angels; it asserts the fall of Satan and the fall of Adam, a heaven and a hell, and a final judgment to come.

The Koran notes the Noachian flood, Sodom and Gomorrah, Isaac and Jacob; the guilt of Pharaoh and the plagues of Egypt; the rod of Aaron; the golden calf; the manna and the quails; David and Goliath; Job, Jonah and Solomon—all those stories are found in the Koran, and we readily see that, if all which is obviously taken from the Judaic and Christian Bible be subtracted from the Koran, there will not be much left to credit to the authorship of Allah's prophet.

Interpreters say that the most excellent moral in the whole Koran is this:—"Show mercy, do good to all, and dispute not with the ignorant."

BUDDHISTS (9,476,759)

There is so much that is mythical and uncertain about Buddhism and Buddha that one hesitates to enter upon any discussion of the subject. Legend and history seem to be so intermingled that definite knowledge is scarcely obtainable. Originally Buddha seems to have been a Hindu deity, an incarnation or manifestation of Vishnu whose purpose was, as the story goes, to inculcate a universal scepticism against the teachings of the Vedas.

In 623 B. C. there was born a prince whose royal name was Siddartha, and whose family name was Gautama. His father was King Suddhodana who ruled over an Aryan tribe. Prince Siddartha was born at a place one hundred miles northeast of Benares and forty miles from the Himalayas, called Kapilavastu. This prince is he who has come to be known as Buddha, the founder of the Buddhistic re-

ligion. The two names are generally confounded. The original Buddha was purely a mythical character, as afore mentioned, an alleged incarnation of Vishnu, while Gautama is generally looked upon as an historic personage. This confounding of the Hindu mythical Buddha with Gautama, the prince of Kapilavastu, may have led to the conclusion that the real founder of Buddhism was only mythical. There are those who believe Christ a mythical and not a historic being. There seems to be the same doubt as to the real personality of Gautama, usually called Buddha. No doubt there are many who look upon Gautama (Buddha) as a heathen god; this is erroneous. The old Buddha incarnation of Vishnu may justly be regarded as a heathen deity; but the Buddhists of to-day do not consider Gautama a god, only a man with perfected spiritual elevation, which they call *Nirvana*.

The term Buddha signifies enlightenment, and one who has reached the highest wisdom (*Nirvana*) is called "a Buddha." It was in this way that Gautama himself received the name Buddha. How Gautama attained to the perfected state of soul which is called *Nirvana* makes one of the most interesting features of Buddhism. The following is a brief outline of the story of Buddha (Gautama) with some of the fundamental truths of a religion which has more followers than any other religion in the world.

The king (Gautama's father) built the prince three palaces surrounded by oriental magnificence. In his sixteenth year Gautama was married to Princess Yasodhara, daughter of King Suprabuddha. Many beautiful maidens skilled in music and dancing were employed to entertain him. He had wonderful natural endowments, so that from childhood he seemed to understand all art and science by intuition; yet he left his wife and child and all his princely surroundings to discover the cause of all human suffering, and how to escape therefrom. His followers think that no one ever sacrificed so much for truth: this is why Buddhists so love him, and why good Buddhists try to be like him.

He was twenty-nine years old when he entered the

jungle. A *deva* (spirit) had appeared to him in four different forms—a decrepit old man; a sick man; a decaying corpse; and a dignified hermit. He had been reared in a palace and never allowed to see such things, and he was profoundly agitated. By long continued meditation in the jungle—so he thought—he might learn the cause of sorrow and the nature of man. One night, when all were asleep in the palace, he took a last look at his sleeping wife and child, mounted his horse and rode far away to the jungle of Uruwela where were wise hermits, whose pupil he became, in order to reach the highest knowledge for which he was in search. These hermits were wise Brahmins who taught that by penance and torture a man could acquire perfect wisdom.

He followed their philosophy but found that it availed nothing; so he went deeper into the forest near a place called Buddha Gaya, where he spent several years in meditation and fasting. He kept away from every form of distraction that might interrupt his reflections; he reduced his food until he ate little more than a grain of rice a day; he became so weak that he fell down unconscious. When he recovered the thought came to him that knowledge could not be gained by fasting or bodily suffering.

After he regained his strength, he bathed in the river, went into the jungle again, and placed himself under a peepul-tree where he determined to remain till he reached Buddhahship. He sat through the night facing the east. The knowledge of his previous births came to him, and the way to extinguish desire. Just before dawn on the following morning, his mind became clearly opened like the full blown lotus-flower; the light of supreme knowledge, or the Four Truths came to him, and he there became Buddha, The Enlightened—The All-knowing.

At last he had discovered the cause of human sorrow and the way to perfect peace of mind, or true happiness. He had gone through a terrible struggle; he had had to conquer all natural defects and human appetites and desires which prevent us from seeing the truth. He learned that the cause of all suffering

is ignorance. Gautama was now a Buddha—one with an illuminated mind—so he knew the cause of all human suffering; this wisdom gave a knowledge of the “Four Noble Truths” as follows:—

- (1) The misery of existence.
- (2) False hopes and illusory desires.
- (3) The estrangement of one's self from these hopes and desires.
- (4) The means of obtaining this estrangement of desire.

Buddha told the world that some of the causes of human sorrow are—birth, growth, decay, illness, death, separation from objects we love, hating what cannot be avoided, craving for what cannot be obtained. He further taught that man may overcome the sorrows of life by following the Noble-Eight-fold Path which he discovered and pointed out. The eight parts of this are:—

- (1) Right belief,
- (2) Right thought,
- (3) Right speech,
- (4) Right doctrine,
- (5) Right means of living,
- (6) Right endeavor,
- (7) Right memory,
- (8) Right meditation.

The man who keeps these in mind and follows them will be free from sorrow and may reach salvation (Nirvana).

After many years of seclusion in the jungle, Gautama returned, a beggar with a shaven head, in coarse raiment, carrying in his hand a begging bowl. He found his wife still alive, and the infant he left in his palace a full-grown man. The peepul-tree under which he attained Nirvana has become a sacred tree over the Buddhistic world.*

Gautama died in 543 B. C. at eighty years of age. His last night was spent in comforting a weeping disciple. His last words were:—“Be earnest, be

See pages 175-6.

thoughtful, be holy. Keep steadfast, watch over your own hearts. He who holds fast to the law and discipline, and faints not, shall cross the ocean of life, and make an end of sorrow. . . . The world is fast bound in fetters. I now give it deliverance, as a physician who brings heavenly medicine. Keep your mind on my teaching. All other things change. This changes not; no more shall I speak to you. I desire to depart; I desire the eternal rest."

Many centuries ago, Hinduism gained an ascendancy over Buddhism in India, and then the latter spread and extended over Ceylon, Burma, Thibet, China and Japan. While the number of Buddhists in India now reaches something over 9,000,000, the number in the whole world is said to exceed even 500,000,000.

ANIMISTS (8,584,148)

There are many half-wild tribes in India scattered over the mountain regions and among higher, waste hill-lands, who are classed generally as aborigines. These primitive races bear about the same relation to the other peoples of India as the American Indians do to the European inhabitants of America.

In the Central Provinces there is a very ancient tribe called the Khonds; they are sun-worshippers, and in early times they made human sacrifices. A tribe in Bengal believes in a supreme being called Sing Bora who is represented by the sun, the moon being his wife and the stars his daughters; this tribe is known as the Kols. Other tribes are the Bhils and Gonds; in Assam are the Garos, Khasis and Negas. In the north are the Bhutias who profess to be followers of Buddha or the Llama.

Some tribes have a religion which rudely embodies the faith and ceremonials of the great religions—Hinduism, Mohammedanism or Buddhism.

The religion of the many half-civilized races, taken collectively, is called Animism. The general features of Animism are a recognition of a Supreme Being; a belief in spirits which require propitiation; bloody offerings; the performance of wild worship dances.

The Animists pay little attention to idols, temples or priests. They practise witchcraft. Missionary work has already been started successfully among many of the hill-tribes. *Anima* is the Latin word for soul, and the same Animism has been applied to the religion of these wild races, from a belief by some that the origin of all religions thought and feeling must be interpreted from the crude and child-like ways of the savage.

SIKHS (2,195,339)

The people called Sikhs are a race as well as a religious order.* Their prophet, or rather religious leader and teacher, was one Nanak who was born at Lahore in 1469. Nanak was originally a Hindu and undertook to harmonize Hinduism and Islam on the common ground of monotheism. Nanak was a follower of an earlier teacher named Kabir, who had taught that every man should be under, and follow a spiritual teacher called a Guru, and should remain under the guidance of his Guru during life. Nanak promulgated Kabir's doctrines and his followers were called Sikhs—which signifies followers—thus acknowledging their dependence on their pastors or Gurus. Sikhism ignores caste and idol worship, and is quite tolerant of other religions. The Bible or sacred book of the Sikhs is called the Granth. The tenth Guru of the Sikhs was Govind Singh, who became a great military leader, and organized his race into a vast and brave army. He declared for national independence and proclaimed the perfect equality of all men. The final conflict between the English and the Sikhs for the possession of the Punjab was fought at Gujerat when the Sikhs lost everything, and among the spoil of this battle was the famous Kohinoor.†

The Sikhs are the best native soldiers in India, and have been placed as the most trustworthy guards at all English stations along the Asiatic coast from India to northern China. Amritsar became the capital of the Sikh community and the Golden Temple at that place their most sacred shrine. (See Positions 13-14.)

pages 59-64. † See Position 71 and pages 236-8.

JAINS 1(334,148)

The religious order of Jains came into existence about 600 A. D. and declined considerably after five or six hundred years. At one time it was supposed to be an outgrowth of Buddhism, but in later years it is regarded as an independent religion, or rather a compromise between Buddhism and Brahmanism.

The Jains recognize many saints and attach almost more importance to their saints than to their gods. They might almost be called saint-worshippers. They have twenty-four saints of the first order whom they call Tirthankaras; these are beyond the world of human experience and are greater and higher than the gods.*

The Jains are found scattered over the country in small numbers; they are noted for their intelligence and their literary culture. The Tamil language is said to owe much of its refinement to Jain writers. Many of them are wealthy merchants and ship-owners. In the religious life of India they have, however, always remained inconspicuous. They possess many very beautiful temples in which statues of their greatly adored Tirthankaras are to be seen in great numbers.

At Mt. Abu (Positions 11-12) and also at Calcutta (Position 51) we saw examples of the magnificent temples of the Jains. For their religious fanes they choose sequestered mountain retreats. Their chief temple stronghold at present is on the solitary mountains near Palitana, in the peninsula of Kathiawar.

PARSEES (94,000)

It would be scarcely too much to say that the Parsees are the most enterprising, the most progressive, the most prosperous, the most upright, the most cultured and the most highly esteemed native people in India. Who are the Parsees? They are a remnant of an ancient Persian or Iranian race. They might be called the Puritans of Persia.

In religion they are the followers of the great Persian philosopher Zoroaster, whose teachings are em-

* See page 172.

braced in the Zoroastrian Bible, called the Zend-Avesta. They were driven from their native Persia in the eighth century by Mohammedan invaders. The ancient disciples of Zoroaster held very tenaciously to their religious principles; and the Mohammedan invaders could neither by force nor by rewards induce them to adopt a new religion. Many of them fled to the island of Ormus to escape Moslem persecution, but even there they found no abiding place; others fled northward to the mountain wilderness where a miserable remnant of the race may still be found. Those who had taken refuge on Ormus, after suffering great persecutions, gathered a few frail boats and set sail for the coast of India. Exile and banishment were better and easier than the acceptance of the invaders' religion. From that handful of persecuted refugees, have arisen the 90,000 Parsees now in India.

In India they joined with the Hindu rulers, but they fell with the Hindus before the irresistible power of the Great Moguls. They sustained an unimportant existence until the English came to India, when they at once began to rise from their low and oppressed condition. They have always shown a faithful allegiance to the English. They have risen to great wealth and control a great part of the internal commerce of India. Their benevolence is well known, and their contributions to charitable purposes are very large. They are literary in their tastes, and their community shows less than twenty-five per cent of illiteracy as against about ninety-five per cent in the general population of India.

The Parsees believe in the resurrection of the body, future life, immortality of the soul and rewards and punishments. They seem to worship the natural elements, the sun, earth, fire and water and air. They regard the sun as the most striking emblem of Deity, and all fire as a portion of the same emblem. This has led many to call them fire-worshippers, which is a mistake.

In prayer they turn towards fire or the sun (see Position 3), that they may be impressed with a vivid

symbolic presence of their God, as a Christian would be impressed by the presence of the cross.

Their theology is very complex as drawn from the ancient records, but that is the case with all religions; we found it so with the Vedas; with the Koran, and if the theology of our own Bible were not so complex, less exegesis would be necessary. The Parsee theology is essentially monotheistic, yet they believe in good and bad spirits filling all space. The Zend-Avesta teaches an excellent morality, as may be witnessed in the high character of its followers.

The Parsees recognize so close an identity between all the natural elements and their Deity that they seem to worship these elements; the earth and the sea must not be polluted with corrupt matter; and this is why, in the disposal of their dead, they do not bury in the earth nor consume with fire as do the Hindus; fire and earth are sacred and must not be polluted with corruption. Hence the "Tower of Silence" (Position 4), and their peculiar mode of removing the corruption of their dead, which is explained in our itinerary.*

The greater number of the Parsees of India are in Bombay, where their beautiful homes occupy the choice sites in the suburbs. They are the merchant princes of Bombay; their women are not secluded, but are as highly honored as women in Europe or America.

The Parsee is proud of the excellent creed which has come down to him in the Zend-Avesta from ancient Iran. He is also proud of his great ancestors—of Cyrus, Cambyses, Darius and Xerxes. He comes of a brave and noble line.

"But none of all who owned the chief's command,
Rushed to that battle-field with bolder hand
Or sterner hate than Iran's outlawed men,
Her worshippers of fire."

JEWS (18,000)

Judaism is not one of the religions of India; and the Jews form so inconsiderable a part of the population, and their history, both secular and religious, is

*See pages 29-33.

so well known, that any account of them in this connection is unnecessary.

CHRISTIANS (3,000,000)

Under this head will be mentioned briefly missionary work in India. In Hurst's *Indika* it is stated that the first mission in India was the result of a shipwreck on the Malabar coast, at a place called Tranquebar, one hundred and eighty miles south of Madras. In 1618 a Danish ship was wrecked there, and the place became a small Danish colony. Some eighty years later two Danish missionaries were sent out to the same place, where they established the first missionary station; now after only two hundred years there are three million Christians in India.

Three millions is a great leaven in a heathen land, but India is a great "lump" to be leavened. The census of 1901 gives the Christian population as 2,923,241, which is an increase in ten years of 640,000; this ratio of increase is four times that of the general increase in population.

I have seen considerable of mission work in India and other eastern countries. I have frequently met those who strongly oppose foreign missions, and not infrequently those who oppose all kinds of missionary Christianity. In this field of service as in all others, those least qualified to judge are the most ready to pronounce judgment. Very few men are free from bias in politics, in religion, or in civics, and indeed in almost any important question. A member of one political party can hardly estimate the motives of a member of an opposite party. One race cannot fairly judge another where there is a race prejudice. An ignorant man is incompetent to measure the intellectual attainments of a philosopher, and an irreligious man is incapable of judging a religionist. The missionary's critic is too often one out of sympathy with religion, but even then, the magnificent altruism of the mission work should alone commend the cause. I have indeed seen men in the mission work ill-suited for the place and for their peculiar duties; that we

see in every line of occupation, even in the ministry at home; it should not condemn the cause.

Once the missionaries' duties were chiefly evangelization; now their work is manifold—embracing charity, education, medicine, the teaching of trades, women's work in many departments; also the publication of religious and secular literature. It is difficult to enumerate all the varied forms of the modern missionary's labors. In the time of the great famine, I have seen gathered into the compounds of the missionaries' homes scores of starving children where they were not only fed, but trained in various kinds of work. It was at the time of the famine and the plague that I learned to admire the wonderful devotion of the missionaries in relieving want and suffering in India. Missionaries are learning year by year, that the best way to reach the heathen is by a ministry of practical love and helpfulness.

Outside of teaching a new and better religion, the charity and altruism of the Christian missionary are wide in scope, and nobler and more beneficent in influence than the ostentatious benevolence of millionaires. I am anticipating the usual trite rejoinder of the anti-missionary, that charity begins at home; and that the most needy mission fields are not in foreign lands. The suffering of the heathen is mostly owing to the darkness of ignorance, while crime and want in our own land are often in spite of the intelligence and illumination of civilization. In time of great need as in a catastrophe, should one first hasten to assist the helpful or the helpless?

LANGUAGES

Including some of the more important dialects, there are said to be one hundred and eighty-five languages spoken in India. The classic language of the ancient Aryans, known as the Sanskrit, is not now a spoken language.

The following tabulated list gives the more important languages spoken at the present time, and the number of people speaking each language is given in even millions, figures being taken from Thoburn's *Christian Conquest of India*:—

Bengali	44,000,000	Rajasthani	10,000,000
Hindu	97,000,000	Kanarese	10,000,000
Telugu	20,000,000	Gujarati	9,000,000
Marathi	18,000,000	Oriya	9,000,000
Panjabi	17,000,000	Burmese	7,000,000
Tamil	16,000,000	Malayalam	6,000,000

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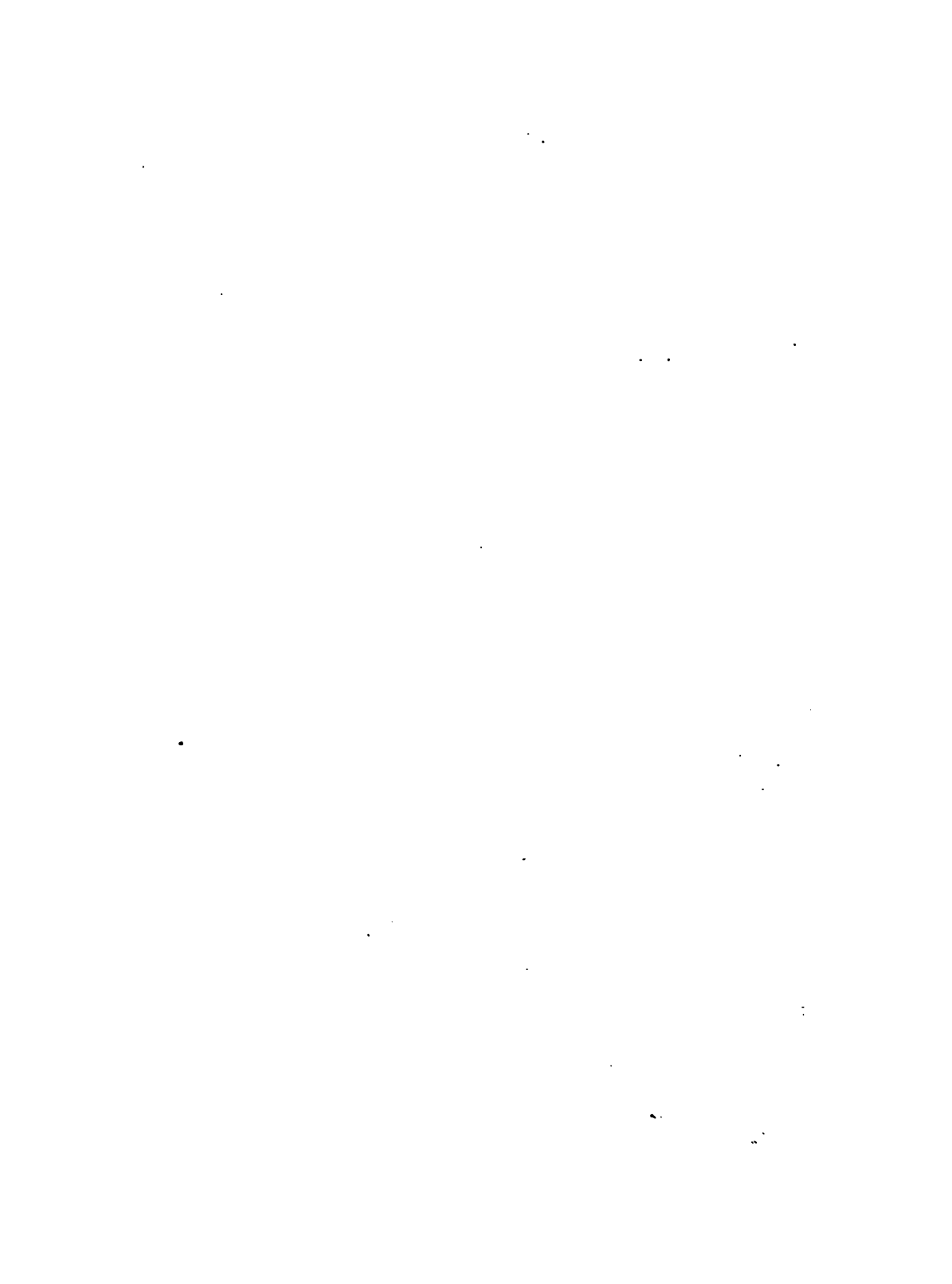
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