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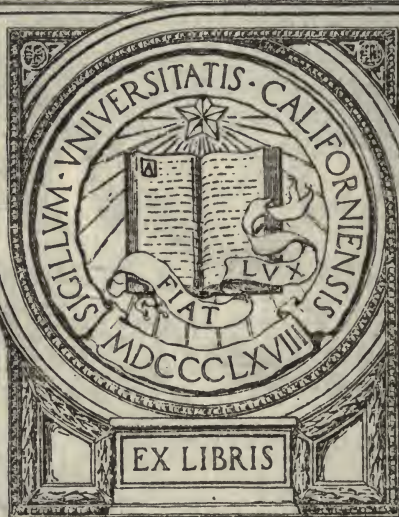


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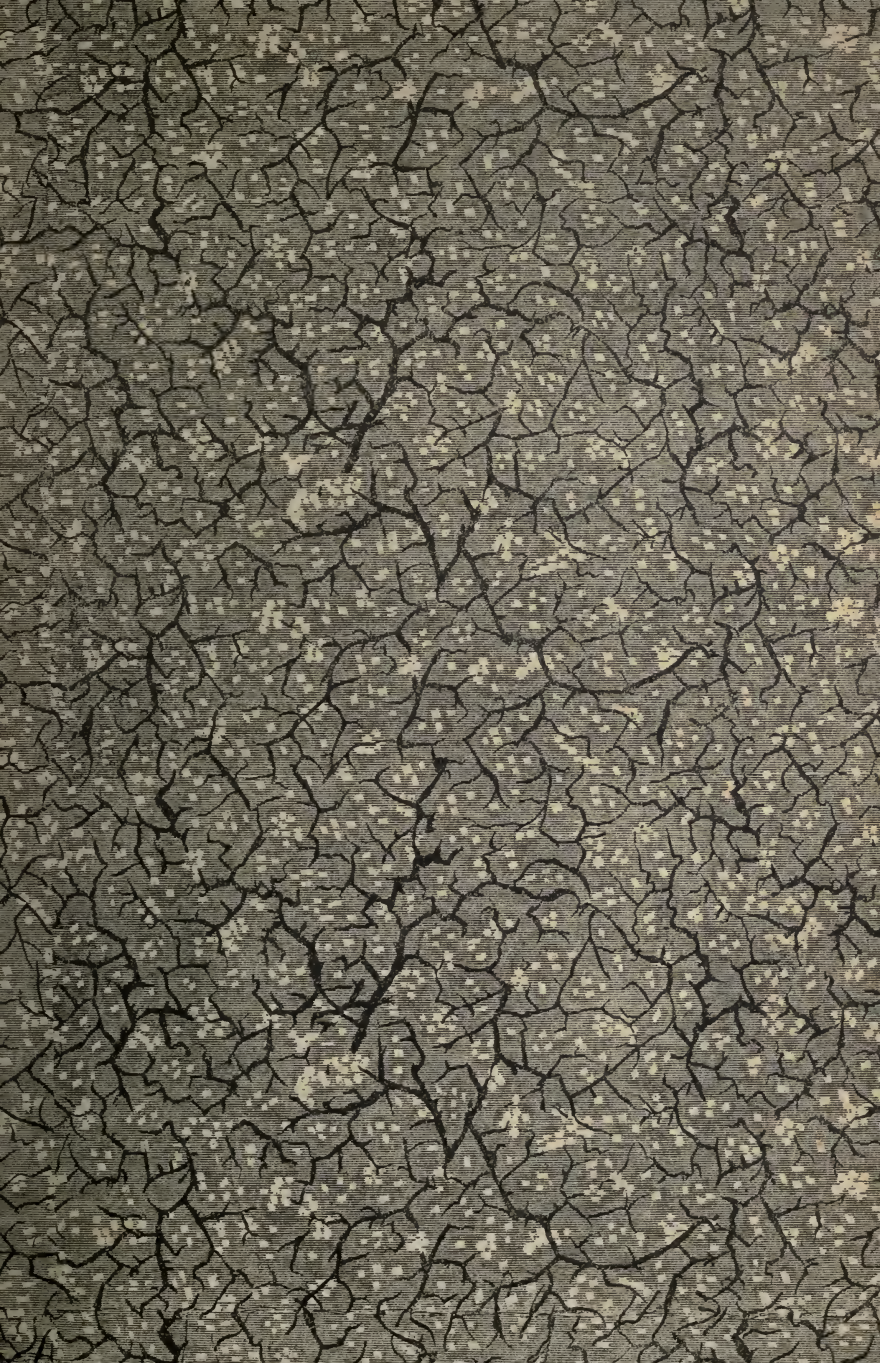
J. B. GORMAN

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J. B. Gorman,

A TOUR AROUND THE WORLD

IN 1884,

OR SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN THE EASTERN
AND WESTERN HEMISPHERES.

EMBRACING

AN ACCOUNT OF EUROPE, EGYPT, PALESTINE, INDIA, CEYLON,
STRAITS SETTLEMENT, CHINA, JAPAN, AND AMERICA.

BY J. B. GORMAN.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY PROF. H. A. SCOMP,
Emory College, Oxford, Ga.

"I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they play their parts, which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theater or scene."—*Burton*.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
SOUTHERN METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1886.

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TO
SIR JOHN R. G. SINCLAIR,
CAMHNESS, SCOTLAND,

EIGHTH BARONET OF DUNBEATH, BARROCK HOUSE,
A YOUNG NOBLEMAN OF RARE GOOD QUALITIES OF HEART
AND MIND, WHOSE DELIGHTFUL COMPANIONSHIP LENT A NEW
CHARM TO MY VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD—

THESE PAGES,

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONIAL OF THE AUTHOR'S HIGH REGARDS,

Are Most Respectfully Dedicated.

747711

PREFATORY NOTE.

FROM my boyhood I had dreamed of a voyage around the world. I had stood on the sea-shore and looked upon the waves as they dashed at my feet in restless fury. I loved the grandeur and magnitude of the ocean; I loved to watch the ships from Savannah and New York come and go. I made my first sea voyage when a boy, and since that happy period my restless desire and love of adventure, the study of nature and an insatiable thirst for knowledge, have carried me to many distant shores. Europe three times in twelve years, the West Indies, Canada, and States of America, but increased my rambling propensities. My own country was youthful, but grand in the physical aspects of nature. Europe, with the accumulated knowledge of ages, its treasures of art and historic associations, added to my gratification and charmed me with its study. I desired to see even more of the world, to gain a more comprehensive idea of man in the various forms and stages of his civilization, to increase my knowledge and general information.

God in his wisdom called me to sustain the irreparable loss of my beloved and devoted mother. I lingered in the shadow of her lamented death for nearly one year; my deep affliction, that found only support in prayer, was the occasion of my final decision. I was about to realize the fond hopes of my boyish anticipation. I cherished another desire, I had longed to be gratified with this love of travel, added to the occasion that prompted me to make a voyage around the world. It was, while living, to do some good. "We live in the deeds of life, and not in its years." We long to leave some monument of our faith and work behind. I want these sketches to commemorate these sentiments. Fame, or worldly honor, is not my aim. A loftier desire prompts me to submit these sketches, imperfect as they are, or may appear to a critical or exacting public opinion.

To be always accurate in impressions, knowledge, or ideas, formed while traveling rapidly—often through foreign countries with lan-

guage and customs entirely different from your own—is impossible, I apprehend. Different persons see the same objects with different impressions, while the facts may be the same.

I aim at close study and practical observation, with a view to accuracy in statements, believing that all who follow me in my voyage will have a faithful and pleasant account of it. I have gathered up many rare bits and curious things. I trust you will get some pleasure and profit out of these, as I have done. I cannot advise any one how he ought to look at these objects beyond distant seas. I present them in my way, and you form your own impressions. I have no apologies to offer. I might express a desire that this edition shall be succeeded by many others, as I shall give a per cent. of every book I sell to the mission work and schools in China. As it is the privilege of but few to make such a voyage, I trust it may be the pleasure of many to read.

The world is growing richer in knowledge and better in life every day. As it comes closer together by the cultivation of the arts of peace and the growth of a Christian civilization, it must attain to its highest development.

J. B. GORMAN.

TALBOTTON, GA., October 1, 1885.

INTRODUCTION.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—*Puck*, in "*Midsummer Night's Dream*."

A TOUR around the globe, in this age of steam and well-ordered arrangements for travel, is no extraordinary undertaking. It cannot now afford the field for gross exaggeration and blood-curdling stories as in the days of Magellan, or even so late as the voyages of Captain Cook. It would be a Munchausen who would attempt to impose upon the public any tales of giants or pigmies, griffins or genii; of the crocotta, which could imitate the human cry and lure men to destruction; of the great Indian ants, which chased travelers with incredible swiftness; or of eight-toed races, toothed and gray-haired from birth. He finds no fountains whose red waters compel the drinker to reveal all the secrets of his past life; nor trees which, like magnets, attract animal or vegetable substances; nor does he meet enormous sea-serpents floating in the deep. He dares not, however desirous, follow in the steps of the old chroniclers. He will never visit the realm of Prester John, nor look upon the lovely face of the beautiful Angelica.

Yet, in spite of all this complete collapse of the marvelous, the real world affords attractions quite as great. No matter how often the story has been told, it is ever new. The skies of Italy are as blue, the isles of the Levant as bright, the Pyramids as grand, Jerusalem as sacred, and the desert as desolate now as to the *voyageur* of a thousand years ago. There is no monopoly of Ceylon's "soft, spicy breezes," nor of Australia's "hot December blast." Nor Briton nor Tartar can ever rob the Ganges of its wonderful history. The song and story of the Orient the "moving finger once has writ," and never can be lured back to "cancel half a line." In all the changes of this strange era of revolution and evolution, the past at least is secure. Its history, its monuments, its consecrated places, are beyond the power of even this iconoclastic age to destroy; and more and more will the mind, weary with modern theories and subtleties, turn with fresh delight to the past to find "some solid ground to rest upon."

Other departments of literature and science have had their special

eras—their rise, their glory, and their decline—but the records of history and travel attract the attention of every age and of every people; they touch upon human life at every point.

It is, then, with perfect confidence that the writer commends to an indulgent public this latest contribution to the great library of travel, believing that the reader will find a rich repast of entertainment and instruction in its pages.

The author, Col. John B. Gorman, is one of the most companionable of men; a real Southerner in every fiber, frank and open-hearted; a newspaper man by profession, a gentleman by nature, and a bachelor from choice (?). His endless fund of anecdote, his hearty laugh, his original ideas, and his quaint way of putting even the most common things, render him the conspicuous figure in every company to which he may belong. Indeed, his fluency and *inveteracy* as a talker seem to justify the remark of a lady friend, who upon receiving Colonel Gorman's picture declared it perfect in every feature except "the mouth, which she had *never seen closed* before."

Having thrice before made the tour of Europe, the Colonel is by no means a novice at traveling. He is much attached to the missionary work in China, and proposes to devote a share of the proceeds of his book to the missionary schools in that country. A large portion of the people of Georgia, as well as many from other States, have a direct personal interest in these missionaries and their work; and the information furnished concerning them will add another attraction to the book.

But after all, Colonel Gorman returns to his Southern home more thoroughly American than ever before, and believing "fifty years of Georgia better than a cycle of Cathay"—a verdict in which all true sons of Columbia will heartily agree.

As a warm personal friend, who has enjoyed many an hour of Colonel Gorman's rich experiences, the writer wishes an abundant success to this his first book venture; and he doubts not that the reader will be amply repaid for his time in the perusal of "A Tour Around the World in 1884."

H. A. SCOMP.

EMORY COLLEGE, September 1, 1885.

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AROUND THE WORLD IN 1884.

CHAPTER I.

FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL.

ON the afternoon of February 3, 1884, I occupied a seat in a palace-car of that splendidly equipped road the "Air Line," for a pleasure tour around the world. I left Atlanta, whirling rapidly around lofty mountains and across the charming glens of North Georgia toward the State of North Carolina, casting, it may be, a last fond look on the land that gave me birth. Darkness soon enveloped the earth, and I fell asleep to awake next morning in that historic land so endeared to every Southern heart by sacred memories. Many a brave Southron, fighting for his manhood, the rights of his State and home, had fallen here in a mighty struggle. Here thousands sleep, after the hush of battle, under the green sod on dear old Virginia's breast.

Leaving Danville, we had for a companion to Washington Col. Clark, who pointed out the home of Madison, and other charming spots down the Piedmont region. But it filled me with sadness, though twenty years have gone since the struggle of the father against his son, and the North against the South, drenched this lovely land in blood and mourning. Grand old Virginia, the mother of States and statesmen! the South will ever hold thee in grateful remembrance. We love the names of Washington, Lee, Jackson, Madison, and Jefferson—warriors, statesmen, and soldiers. The city of Washington greeted us in the early twilight. The lofty dome of her splendid Capitol glistened

in the morning sun. Though twenty-four years had gone since I was a student here at Columbian College, Washington, with its broad avenues, with its labyrinth of streets, its palatial residences and glorious parks, appeared more beautiful than ever.

We pass Baltimore, the city of monuments, Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love, and arrive at New York. One of the most marvelous railway stations in the world, with movable or adjustable tracks,* belonging to the Pennsylvania Central, may be seen at the Quaker City. A bridal party from Baltimore was one of the attractive features on the crowded train, and an inexhaustible amount of gossip and speculation in regard to their future happiness seems to have been indulged in. Baltimore is famous for the beauty of its women, and this trusting, loving bride proved no exception.

I have been several days in the great metropolis preparing for the ocean voyage. The weather in February is often very inhospitable in this northern clime, being cold, bleak, and stormy for many days at a time. The lowest thermometer for many years has been reported this winter in Northern and North-western States, ranging twenty to forty degrees below zero. What a contrast to the climate of our beloved Southland! Days might be spent in sight-seeing, rambles and pleasant jaunts indulged in, for there are many objects and places of interest to be studied in this wonderful metropolis. Whether we view its rapid growth in population, commerce, and wealth, or contemplate its extensive domestic and foreign trade, there are but few great cities on the globe that rival its magnificence. New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn, connected by ferry-boats and bridges, boast of nearly two million inhabitants. There are many streets in New York whose stately palaces of her princely merchants, bankers, and railroad magnates rival in

*One man, with different colored lamps, moves half a dozen trains.

grandeur the most fashionable quarters of London and Paris. The post-office building, city hall, hotels, and exchanges, are constructed on the grandest scale. I have visited the Bourse in Paris and the Exchange in Liverpool, but I have seen nothing that rivals the Stock Exchange of New York. Through the courtesy of my cousin, William Euclid Young, a member and banker on Broadway, I enjoyed a most interesting visit. A seat costs twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars, and some of the most exciting scenes are sometimes witnessed on its floors during a sudden rise of stocks or decline in prices. Each member's name, when called, appears on an electrical indicator, and he rushes in from the lobbies or adjoining rooms, often amidst the greatest confusion. When stocks are rising you will observe the bears begin to climb; but if they are declining they growl, and make the place hideous by yelling.

I have met many kind friends of former days and pleasant memories, but none I esteem more than the old house of William Bryce. It has been the firm, trusting friend of the Southern merchant through the most eventful periods of our history. This grand man has grown venerable in years, a prince among merchants, but the noblest and best of friends. His employés appear to have served him during a life-time in their different capacities. I observed my old friend Dickerson, whom I used to meet here twenty years ago, still faithful as ever. It was through Mr. B.'s kindness I was introduced to the house of Brown Brothers, whose letter of credit I was to travel on around the world. Perhaps an explanation would prove interesting, as most of my readers will be exercised to know what kind of money I used in different foreign countries. The letter of credit is simply a letter of introduction, addressed in French and English to the correspondents of Brown Brothers, New York, or Brown, Shiply & Co. London, in all important

towns and cities around the globe. These correspondents, or bankers, are authorized to advance you, as needed, English gold, or its equivalent, according to the rate of exchange in money current in different countries to the amount of pounds sterling indicated on the first page of the letter. As you draw £5, £10, or £20, the amount is charged by each bank, or correspondent, on the second page of your letter, and bills of exchange drawn against the house in London for the amounts advanced, which you sign. You purchase this letter of credit in New York, say for five hundred pounds, at the rate of \$4.84 on London—this is equal to about five dollars commercial value of American currency—or twenty-five hundred dollars. Should this letter be lost, by establishing the amounts drawn and deducting same, a new circular letter will be issued for the remainder. It costs from two to three thousand dollars to make a first-class voyage around the world. Divide this amount by \$4.84, or five dollars, and you have the amount in pounds sterling.

Having made our financial arrangements, we make our wardrobe with a view to the climatic changes incident to the voyage. With sufficient underwear, one suit of heavy woolen and a light suit of serge, for cold and warm latitudes, brush, comb, tooth-brush, and soap, snugly packed in a valise, constitutes the outfit for the long voyage. A good library is found on all first-class steamers. Some travelers provide opera-glasses, goggles, green umbrellas, for mountain views and desert traveling. I find as little baggage as possible, with plenty of soap for Italy and Egypt, the most advisable. All over fifty or sixty pounds weight is charged extra on the English and Continental railways. Besides, the cabmen and commissionaires are a perfect nuisance. You want to carry every thing on your back and the money in your pocket to avoid the worry and trouble

We are now ready for sea, and are about to begin a voyage that startled the world when Captain Cook first sailed around it in three years. Now the time has been reduced to ninety, and even eighty days, by constant travel and close connections. What a revolution steam has effected in the navigation of the high seas! It has brought every part of the world closer together into friendly intercourse and commercial exchange.

I had missed the "Pavonia," of the Cunard line, on Wednesday, by one hour, to which the polite agent had sent my ticket to await my arrival. The next steamer sailing for Liverpool was the "City of Montreal," Inman line, on Friday. She was a ship of large tonnage, Clyde built, with superior accommodations for passengers, but a little aged. Several friends shook their heads—better wait till Tuesday. The White Star line was dispatching a very fast steamer on Saturday, which would make it two days quicker than the Inman. I began to get up mortuary statistics for comparison. The Cunard had never lost a ship; all the other companies had suffered terribly. I found the captain of the "Montreal," Arthur Lewis, a jolly, nice fellow, a Welshman by birth, full of pluck, and a fine sailor. These were just the qualities in a commander I very much admired. I was delighted with my large, elegant state-room the agent had judiciously selected amidships for me, that wore an air of tempting comfort and ease. One advantage was its proximity to the dining-saloon, where I hoped to revel in a good table, provided the god Neptune was not too importunate in his demands upon me. Friday evening and Saturday brought heavy clouds and fogs impenetrable over the ship and harbor. A dozen passengers sat in small groups about the saloon discussing the probabilities and possibilities of an early departure for Liverpool. We might remain several days in the harbor—no one could tell.

Sunday morning dawned. The heavy, leaden-colored clouds rolled back before a gorgeous rising sun. Everybody was on deck delighted. At last, above the ringing, banging, and hissing of the steam, the order was heard, "Cast off." Then the visitors went scampering ashore, the gangways were hauled in, and the revolutions of the great propeller began. What a pleasure trip there was before us! What strange lands, renowned in history, we should travel over! What visions of Oriental splendor, towering cathedrals, minarets and spires, dome-roofs, ancient cities, ruins, monuments, and different countries, presenting a curiously dressed people, walking, talking, shouting, with elephants, camels, and donkeys, mixed up in inextricable confusion! These were some of the first impressions this vision of the Orient made upon us. Then how delightful it must be to sail over the breezy Atlantic, the sunlit Mediterranean, the dimpled bosom of the Indian Ocean, amid tropical seas studded with islands, under the starry dome of heaven! We could watch the whale, the shark, the porpoise, the nautilus, and jelly-fish, over the side of the ship; we could promenade, sing, make love, eat, and sleep, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

The "Montreal" moved down the bay amidst a wilderness of shipping and tug-boats that went scudding by as if they were frightened. Outside we could see the frothy waves piling high, and the murmur of the distant surf could be heard upon the shore. Great clouds of smoke issued from our funnels as we bounded out to sea. Staten Island, with its terraced walks and stately homes, bowed farewell, while the peerless harbor of the glorious metropolis faded from our view. The ships of five other lines were moving parallel with us under steam and pressing clouds of canvas that soon swept them beyond our vision. The spectacle was exciting and sublime. I never can forget that morning.

The emotions and impulses felt were indescribable as I gazed on each vessel bending on her course to distant shores. Who could forecast the fate of these ships? There were hundreds of lives and immense cargoes for different ports that might never reach their destination. Fogs, icebergs, cyclones, and collisions had engulfed many a ship in its watery grave. For several days we had chopping seas that sent the men sprawling on the decks and the ladies to their berths. Promenading was dangerous. Sometimes the bow of the ship would shoot into mid-heaven, and then next moment we were searching the wonders of the deep. I generally clasp a railing and hang on, others stand by the side of the wheel-house with shawls drawn over their heads, a few are trying to walk, and two or three are heaving over the railings. They have got the "O mys!" If you want to witness the most intense disgust, remark about the fine morning or charming day to one of these sea-stricken passengers. He will place his hands at once on his bosom and reel away. I am never seasick enough to miss the regular bells. I am never crowded at the tables when others are sick, and it affords me inexpressible delight and a little self-conceit to escape when others are afflicted. This is human nature. When it is smooth enough we have shuffle-board, leap-frog, promenading, quoits, music, mock trials, charades, etc. Several are keeping up their journals: how many miles we have run in the past twenty-four hours; longitude and latitude of the ship, the number of porpoises seen, sermons preached, and a little of every thing. When the sea is calm we have delicious music and songs, promenading, love, and laughter.

This morning we descended three stories below to see the great boilers, the coal-bunkers, and massive machinery at work. The "Montreal" is an iron ship of nearly four thousand tons, built in water-tight compartments. She is laden

with thousands of cheese, barrels of flour, lard, meat, etc. We have the finest mutton and beef imaginable, with delicious fruits, nuts, pastry, etc., for dinners. Our ship is steered by steam.

On the sixth and seventh days we experienced heavy seas, which piled their white caps and frothy waves mountain-high. It had been rough nearly the entire voyage, but evidently we had run into a storm. I felt we had a good ship, an excellent commander; and in an overruling Providence we should abide in hope and confidence. Several of our passengers had been absent from the table for days; one, especially noted for her vivacity and beauty, left lingering hopes she would soon reappear. But no; the clouds thickened and rolled like a pall of death, with reverberating thunders that echoed from cavernous depths. It was a cyclone. The captain, who sat at the head of the table to my right, had not been visible for eighteen hours. He was at the helm. The barometer was falling rapidly, and the situation growing alarming below. Among the passengers was a genuine Mark Tapley—R., from Cincinnati—who had crossed the Atlantic thirty-six times; was not afraid of the —, he said. We had listened to his stories of shipwreck and disaster at sea. He was just a trifle fond of narrating hair-breadth escapes, with a total disregard of all danger to himself. “Did you ever hear how the ‘City of Brussels’ went down?” remarked R. “It was a fearful disaster!” The storm still increasing in fury. “You remember about the ‘City of Boston’ some years ago, don’t you? Struck an iceberg—not a soul was saved.” Breathless silence. “The ‘President’ never was heard from.” Another sigh. “What a frightful accident happened to the ‘Princess Alice’ on the Thames last year—seven hundred overboard at one time!” shouted the hero. Our ship was surging like a great giant. Every timber in her mighty frame seemed to moan and

labor. The waves rolled like mountains over her decks, and howled like a thousand demons along her sides. The table-plate had been thrown into inextricable confusion, and it was impossible for one to keep his feet. We were holding on to a post, when a tremendous wave seemed to have carried away the wheel-house, or something; so we thought. The crash was terrific. There was a pause, a cessation, for a moment. It seemed like death. The great propeller had ceased its revolutions. "My!" cried R., "I am going—the ship is gone!" R. weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds, and wore a high silk hat. As he fled in dismay up the gangway, with his chapeau in hand, looking back, he resembled Falstaff in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." This storm lasted about forty-eight hours, with the most fearful gusts of wind, snow, and rain intervening. I had read a graphic account of a typhoon in Admiral Semmes's cruise of the famous "Alabama," and could fully appreciate the awful situation.

CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL—STRATFORD—TRINITY CHURCH.

WHEN we reached Queenstown, we could not enter the harbor, the sea was so high; so we steamed up the Mersey River, and made Liverpool. On our way we passed near a ship abandoned—water-logged—but the crew were all saved, so we heard in Liverpool. This is the great market for our Southern staple, and more ships arrive at and depart from it than any city in the world. Her immense docks are seven miles in length, and so dense is the shipping at the piers that a conflagration with a favorable wind would utterly destroy it. The masts, at a distance, resemble an old pine-field in Georgia that has been deadened. Liverpool has a population of a half million or more, and, with Glasgow,

ranks second in population in the Empire. It is a very hilly city, but splendidly built in brick and stone. The Exchange and St. George's Hall are two of its most famous structures. Street railways connect every part of the city with the Great Western Railroad. Birkenhead is close by, and has splendid docks for building iron ships. Trains reach London, two hundred miles distant, in four hours and thirty minutes, and by Chester a little longer.

What an agreeable change we experience in the climate! The snow-drops and daffodils are in bloom, while my car window looks out on green fields of clover and grain. It will be at least a month in New York before the foliage of the garden and the verdure of the meadow and field are so far advanced. The latitude of England is on the line of Labrador. What are the causes, then, that play such important parts in producing this change? It is evidently the Gulf-stream. Were it not for its proximity to the coasts of Great Britain, these fertile and beautiful islands would become uninhabitable. The moisture of this warming ocean current is taken up by the benignant west winds, that disperse it on the shores of all Western Europe. To no discoverer or navigator does science owe such a tribute of gratitude as the world has accorded to the illustrious Southerner, Commodore M. F. Maury. A Virginian by birth, the South lovingly claims this great philosopher; but to the world and to science belong his labors. The mariner pursuing his voyage over trackless seas looks upon his charts for the blazed highways; no less valuable are his charts of the winds and currents of the ocean. But of the Gulf-stream and its influence on climate—its source and wondrous career—we desire to speak. From its great caldron, the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea, shoots this resistless stream like an inverted cataract by Cape of Florida, along the Atlantic coast north, till it reaches Newfound-

land, where it begins to spread its mantle of warmth for thousands of square leagues over cold waters; but onward, distinct and separate, presses this mysterious wanderer, with a temperature of eighty-six degrees, radiating heat on the surface which the moist west winds bear to the grateful embrace of Erin's and Albion's shores, waking their birds to joyous song and clothing their fields in everlasting green. Let us look now, in the same latitude, on the opposite coast of Labrador. All nature is inanimate, and her mountains are covered with snow. Increasing its latitude ten degrees, the Gulf-stream loses but two degrees of temperature, and even in mid-winter, having run over three thousand miles north, still preserves the heat of summer. Breaking on the shores of Britain, and moving slowly, it divides into two parts, one going north toward Spitzbergen, or Polar Sea, while the other half enters the Bay of Biscay, on the south of Europe. Continuing now along the coasts of Spain and Africa to the Cape de Verde Islands, it joins and turns back with the great equatorial current flowing westward across the Atlantic toward Cape St. Roque, coast of Brazil. From here it flows north to the Gulf from which it sprung. How beautiful is God in nature! The physical geography of the seas attests his beneficence and love no less than the land he has clothed with verdure for the happiness of man.

The English railway cars are built in compartments—first, second, and third classes marked on the side doors. Take an American coach, which you enter from a platform at each end, subdivide it into six or eight compartments by partitions, turn the seats facing each other, with places for four persons on either side, and you have the English and Continental railway coach. There are no conductors, but guards. It is their duty to examine your ticket, lock and unlock the doors at the numerous stations when the train starts and stops. You must invariably purchase your ticket

at the first, second, or third class booking-offices; then you enter your class of waiting-room until the signal is sounded. Your ticket is then examined, and you are shown your place on the train. Then the guards come along and lock up all the doors, put the keys in their pockets, and walk off. There is a drop-step on the outside running the entire length of the train, along which a guard can walk while the train is in motion. He is never allowed to sit with the passengers. The guards have compartments of their own. The compartments are destitute of all the comforts we have on our American railroads. These are provided at the stations. When I first visited England twelve years ago there were no steam-whistles or sleeping-coaches on the roads; now they have both. There are elegant Pullman cars now on the American model. The North-western is magnificently equipped; its ballasted road-bed, iron bridges on stone piers, and heavy steel rails, over which the train glides almost without a jar, are marvels of solid masonry and engineering. On either side of the road are trimmed hedges of roses and thorns, whose beauty is heightened by the sloping banks of the road, which are sown in grasses and clover, and are beautifully mowed.

What a charming country between Liverpool and London brightens our way. It is the twentieth day of February, yet it is as balmy as in spring. The fields are green with grass, wheat, and clover. The front yard of that enchanted cottage, with its daffodils and clampering vines, is a joyous scene of mirth between romping mothers and prattling children. The plowman is busy in the field, the shepherd is watching his flock, while the "lowing herd is winding slowly over the lea." What a landscape for the painter! The charms of English scenery are nowhere surpassed. Whether it is the venerable oak in its solitude, or the stately elm that graces the long, broad avenues to its cathedral towns,

the quiet meadow, the hill or valley seen, the memory of their beauty will linger like a dream.

The west of England is famous for its wooded parks and baronial castles of its ancient aristocracy. Some of the most interesting spots in its history are to be visited in Warwickshire. I had long desired to see Kenilworth Castle, with its cloud-capped towers and ivy-covered walls, immortalized by the genius of Walter Scott. I wanted to see the Castle of Warwickshire, that looked back into the mystic ages of England's ancient splendor; the birthplace of William Shakespeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, that had kindled my boyish imagination with poetic fervor.

Departing at Leamington station, we embrace all these historic places in a charming drive of two days behind a spanking team of horses. The coachman was as gossipy as one of Falstaff's wives; the weather, crisp and fine, put me in the best of humor. First from Leamington to Kenilworth—five miles—over a road Queen Elizabeth traveled three hundred years ago. This castle, presented by Her Majesty to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was formerly the property of Henry the Fourth. Its ruins present to-day one of the grandest sights in all England. I walked through its deserted halls, once radiant with splendor, that echoed the tread of royalty. I looked out from its ivy-clad windows on its crumbling walls. Sad, gloomy, desolate! Where is thy glory, O once proud Kenilworth? Where are Queen Elizabeth and Dudley gone? I saw some inscriptions on the antique fire-place in one of the apartments. There were the crumbling archways, the great gate-house, and remains of a lake near by, that spoke in silent eloquence of departed grandeur.

Several miles west of Leamington is Warwick Castle, of great antiquity, and noted for its historical associations. From its stupendous towers—looped for archers' bows and

arrows in the tenth or eleventh century—I looked upon a landscape that would have baffled the genius of a painter to portray. It is believed that the foundation of this castle dates back to the Romans—before the birth of Christ—and tradition has handed down a story that it was connected, like Guy's Cliff once, by subterranean passages with Kenilworth. Many curious relics may be seen in the armory; frescoes and paintings in the castle. The famous Warwick vase found in Emperor Adrian's villa at Tivoli, that holds one hundred and thirty-eight gallons, is shown in this collection. We pass Guy's Cliff. Its lofty tower rises in majestic grandeur at the end of a long avenue of ancestral trees. The old one at the foot of the hill dates back to the time of William the Conqueror.

Eight miles distant is the town of Stratford, upon the banks of the classic Avon, whose name has been rendered illustrious by the birth of the immortal bard. About midway lies Charlecot Park, where, our coachman says, "Shakespeare stole the deer." William came out from Stratford, in company with other young roisters, to this famous family-seat of the Lucys, much like a Georgia boy would hunt the festive opossum around a sugar-cane patch. He little dreamed, perhaps, when he committed an injury on that dotting pet, he would be captured and lodged in the keeper's "inn" all night. When brought in the presence of the irate Sir Thomas, his indignation must have been severely provoked. William's feelings were also much wounded by harsh treatment, if we are to judge from the following lines:

"A Parliament member, a justice of the peace—
At home a poor scarecrow; at London, an ass."

For this humiliating stanza on the proud knight, Sir Thomas employed a lawyer to prosecute the young poet-thief, which forced a hasty escape to London. William became a hanger-

on at the theater, then an actor, and finally began to write. The burning indignation of his Charlecot's rage embalmed Sir Lucy in a withering satire, with Justice Shallow for its hero, alias Sir Thomas Lucy. As we walked through this lovely old park, a fine herd of deer started to their feet, turning their pretty heads at us as if they suspected the approach of one of the poet's descendants. There were many fine old oaks that studded these historic grounds, with a pretty silver stream threading its way through a meadow of beautiful green.

Resuming our coach, which by this time had rounded the wooded park, we drove down a turnpike that looked like it had been sand-papered every day. It was a marvel of symmetry and beauty with its well-trimmed hedges and its cozy cottages, that peeped out of a wealth of shrubbery and grand old trees. In the distance rose the spire of the parish church, which marked the last resting-place of the immortal poet. I was pleased with the prospect before me; and as the little river Avon stretched away on an enraptured view, I could mark its course through the meadows by the fringe of the willow-trees, whose long tendrils drooped upon its placid bosom. We cross a little stone bridge and enter Stratford. Need I say we stopped at the famous "Red Horse" hotel, that associates the name of Washington Irving with his poker chair and scepter, to which he so tenderly alludes in his "Sketch Book?" The long street that passes by is thronged with pedestrians, who seem to be hurrying to a railway station; but their destination is Shakespeare's house. This is poetic ground we stand on; for every association connects it with some thought of the immortal bard. There is nothing prepossessing in this ancient edifice of hewn timbers and plaster, though it excites the feelings of the deepest veneration in the pilgrim. It is three hundred years old. In the room fronting Henley street,

up-stairs, in which the poet was born, names hardly less renowned in history than his own are left upon the walls by the royal visitors and personages. We saw Goethe's name once in the tower of the Strasburg Cathedral four hundred and sixty feet above the ground, cut in the solid stone; but here are the names of kings and royal ladies—of George the Fourth, William the Fourth, the Countess of Blessington, Lord Byron, Wellington, Scott, Moore, Mrs. Hemans, Irving, N. P. Willis, and Dickens, and a host of less distinguished celebrities. The king and his subjects have vied in paying their tribute to the loftiest genius. I did not leave my name—it was too perishable. I did not desire to leave any thing. I wanted to take away something—some souvenir with which I could associate the name of the poet. Just as I had laid my hand on a brick in the chimney—in the old fire-place by which his mother once sat with the prattling babe—some old fossiliferous relic of the deceased shouted out, “Do n't do that!” I endeavored then to divert these “antiquated remains” to some distant object. I wanted to secure the old match-lock gun Shakespeare had shot the deer with. What a souvenir that would be! Then there was the old arm-chair he sat in, and even the deeds to the place his father, John Shakespeare, had left, all temptingly near. The old lady kept a suspicious eye around the room. As we passed out the door, the jug that Garrick sipped the wine out of and the sword with which Shakespeare had played Hamlet almost overcame me. It was too sad! I could sooner have poached the deer out of Charlecot Park. I had lost prestige with this ancient relative of the bard. Then I sat down overwhelmed with grief. Just to think, there was not even a place in the album or on the venerable walls to write my name!

Shame on the town of Stratford! Until recently, I learn, this house with storied associations, about which lingers

the witchery of poetic imagination, has actually been used as a butcher-shop. Think of the vulgar butcher serving up bits of rare beef and fat joints of mutton to the village burghers under the consecrated old roof! A market-house for thirty years, but now redeemed to history by the town of Stratford. Parenthetically: I hear that Barnum has offered ten thousand pounds—fifty thousand dollars—for the mansion, and wants to move it to New York. What a show it would be with Jumbo!

The birthplace and sepulcher are not far apart. I turned my face down the banks of the sweet Avon, upon which rose Trinity Church—a venerable and consecrated pile. Walking up an avenue of lime-trees whose interlacing branches overhead hung in mournful silence, I observed on either side the sepulchral grounds many ancient tombs almost covered with grass. As we entered by a Gothic porch, heavy oaken doors swung back on ponderous hinges. The interior presented a scene of grandeur—in the chancel, aisles, nave, and transept, truly magnificent. We turned up oaken seats under which were most curious carvings three hundred years old. We looked on the monuments and tombs of the Clopton family, the gentry and nobility, the beautiful windows and banners on the walls, the rich carvings and highly embellished ornamentations, until we were lost in a maze of bewilderment. Shakespeare's monument adorns the door-way on the left of the chancel. He is represented as writing on a cushion, and beneath the bust is a singular inscription, beginning with these lines:

“Stay, passenger; why goest thou by so fast?

Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast, etc.

“Obit Anno Dei 1616; Etatis, 53; Died 23d Ap.”

Beneath is the poet's grave, upon which I read this inscription:

“Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
 To digg the dust enclosed Heare;
 Bleste be the man that spares these stones
 And curst be he that moves my bones.”

It is probable that this traditional anathema has prevented the removal of his ashes to Westminster Abbey. Near by lie his wife and other relatives. The baptismal font in which the poet was baptized stands very near.

The following epigram, it is thought, has been wrongly ascribed to the poet’s pen, reflecting on the usury of John Combe, a great friend of Shakespeare’s:

“Ten in the hundred lie here engraved,
 ’T is a hundred to ten his soul is not saved.
 If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
 Oh, oh! quoth the devil, ’t is my John a Combe!”

A mile away from the town is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, a fine specimen of an old English farm-house, in which the poet’s wife was born. Here they were married in 1582, when he was only eighteen years of age. The town hall contains many treasures of art that associate the name of Shakespeare.

While in the country, I desire to allude to English life, its charms and influence on home. I am sure no people can boast of a greater love for rural enjoyments or more refined pleasures and comforts of home. Whether on the moor or marsh with gun or dog, or bounding over fence or ditch following the hounds in the chase, the gentleman bears himself aloft in stately pride of his house, its honors and courtly grandeur. The greatest charm of an English home, says Irving, “is the moral influence that seems to pervade it.” Good order, with a sense of propriety, united with courteous bearing, are characteristic traits of the English people. Then the perfect respect, polite manners, and reverence observed by the family in social intercourse, are some

thing remarkable. The country furnishes the home, the city the conventional life, of the English people. I very much admire their love of comfort, culture, good breeding, study of books, and fondness for travel—the rare good sense they talk and show in every-day life at home. About their cottages they gather beautiful flowers in tiny pots to grow. The creeping vine is trained by careful hands to produce the best effect. The wife and daughter are fond of father and brother. The active, manly form of the son is not more admired than the ruddy glow of health mantled in the cheek of his devoted sister, whose symmetrical form and nimble step are admired by all. What Georgian is not boastful of his Scotch ancestors, his English or Irish blood? Even in our domestic animals we refer with pride and pleasure to their pedigrees. Two hours by Rugby and we are in London. All time is measured by hours, and not by distance, in European travel.

CHAPTER III.

SIGHT-SEEING IN AND ABOUT LONDON.

WHEN I was a school-boy, my geography said, Yedo, Peking, Nankin, and Canton, were the largest cities in the world. Now I am sure that London is nearly equal in population to all four of these combined. It is not only the largest but the wealthiest city in the world. It was once a Roman colony under Nero, and therefore boasts of great antiquity. It resembles, on first impression, a large, overgrown country village, with its wooded parks and lawns scattered through it for miles. It is a good day's horseback ride through this famous old metropolis. It is at least twenty-five to thirty miles wide. I have walked six or eight miles through the heart of it—from Kensington Gardens, by the British Museum, to St. Paul's

Cathedral. Several times I thought I was in the country. What most interests me are these old places. It is said the Tower of London was laid by Julius Cæsar, fifty years before our Saviour was born. I am nearly stupefied when I begin to study the history of London, and explore the labyrinths that lead me back into its shadowy past. Contemplate for a moment its stupendous power and influence on the world's civilization. It is the capital of the mightiest kingdom on earth—upon whose flag the sun never sets. Every ten minutes there is a birth, and in every fifteen minutes a death. There are over four hundred thousand houses, in which nearly four millions of people reside. Think of seven thousand miles of streets, that would stretch nearly one-third the distance around the world, crowded with its teeming millions, presenting every condition and phase of human life—the rich and poor, the high and low, the queen and her subjects—that make up this grand panorama of life. Let us stand on London Bridge and watch the surging masses of vehicles and pedestrians cross the river Thames. The city is situated on both sides of this historic stream, and as you cast your eye up and down, splendid structures span the river at intervals as far as you can see. It is one dense mass of living beings surging from side to side. On the water beneath small steam-boats and numerous other crafts are puffing and blowing, bearing away their living freights and merchandise. Look at her castles, her parks and gardens, her princely monuments and grand cathedrals! I have spent weeks exploring its labyrinth of streets, traversing for miles its museums and galleries, studying their vast collections of art, admiring its park scenery, or rambling through the ancestral halls of its ancient palaces. I only wish these weeks or months had been years. I can only mention a few of its great attractions. I have seen none that interested me more than Westminster Abbey.



No country pays a loftier tribute to genius, or honors more its illustrious dead, than England. The transept and gorgeous chapels of this venerable pile bear numerous testimonials to departed greatness. Even the tessellated floors on which we tread down its gloomy aisles mark the resting-places of its immortal dead. Here the deeds and virtues of the hero, poet, traveler, scholar, navigator, discoverer, artist, historian, and benefactor, have all been commemorated. I read the name of Charles Dickens under my feet; he sleeps among the great and honored in the Poet's Corner. Around me, in the niches, I saw the busts of Dryden, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, Thomson, Milton, Addison, and Johnson—names that will live when this cathedral has crumbled into dust. I don't see Byron here. The solemn peals of the noble organ, reverberating through the dark recesses and corridors, is very impressive. The eye wanders beyond a wilderness of graceful columns, delicate tracery, and embellished windows, on tombs, galleries, and chambers, solemn and dreary in their antiquity. Here William the Conqueror was crowned in 1066. Here the royal chapel of Henry VII., the most costly structure of any age, and that of Edward the Confessor, may be seen. Here the ashes of Mary and Elizabeth were interred. Near by are the Houses of Parliament, that rise in stately grandeur on the bank of the Thames, covering eight acres of ground. They form the most splendid piece of Gothic architecture in the world.

We pass to the Strand by Charing Cross, a great railway station, three miles distant to St. Paul's Cathedral, the grandest structure in all the kingdom. It was built, like fifty-two other noble churches, by that incomparable architect, Christopher Wren, after the great fire in 1666. It required thirty-five years in building, and cost over seven million five hundred thousand dollars. It is built in the

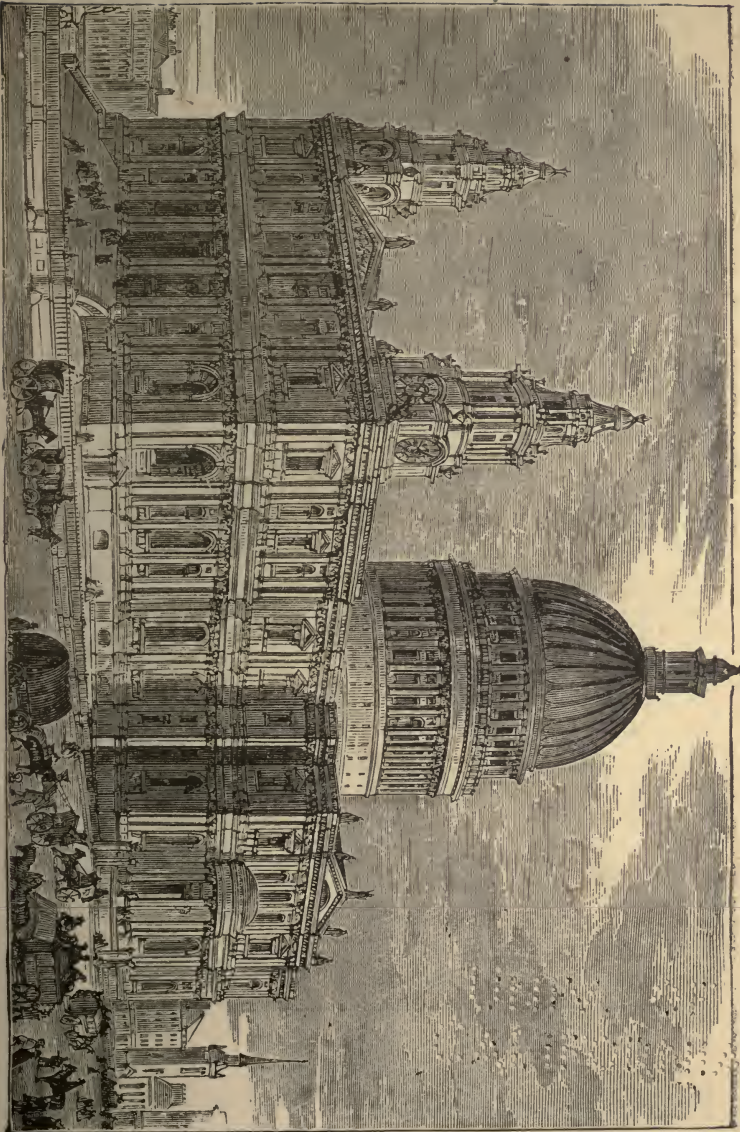
shape of a cross, its great dome rising three hundred and sixty-five feet above the marble pavement of the cathedral. Some authorities claim it is over four hundred feet high. Mr. E. K. Rea, of Carrollton, Mo., and I ascended to the lofty dome, from which we gazed in wonder on the vast city below us, enveloped in smoke. Smoke, fog, and rain furnish the contrast for London. How I wish I could gaze on a cloudless sky and bask in the golden light of a setting sun! Such a scene must be truly gorgeous in this metropolis. I can trace the dim lines of long-departing streets, that stretch away below a wilderness of house-tops. They are packed with moving vehicles and human beings. The Mansion House (Lord Mayor's residence), the Exchange, the Bank of England, the Tower of London, Guildhall, the British Museum, the domes and cathedral spires of many historic buildings, may be seen from this lofty eminence. The great organ and whispering-gallery, with its mysterious echoes under the great dome, have fascinated the admiring millions of curious visitors for ages past. St. Paul's, too, presents monuments and mausoleums to its venerated dead. The tombs of Wren, Nelson, and Wellington are in a magnificent crypt below; while we look upon the statues of John Howard, Dr. Johnson, Bishop Heber, Howe, Abercrombie, Sir John Moore, and other eminent men in various parts of the cathedral. I observed Lord Cornwallis among the number that marks a period in American history. I saw Pakenham, too, of New Orleans fame. The great clock and bell are among the attractions to visitors. The bell is never tolled, only when a member of the royal family dies. But when I was far away I have heard the deep tones of this mighty bell strike the hours, which on a quiet evening swept solemnly across the metropolis to my ears. It hangs in the southern turret above the western portico; it weighs four and one-

half tons, and is ten feet in diameter. I thought I would wind up the great clock once, in another part of the building, which the keeper kindly consented for me to do; but on being informed that it required two men six hours every day, I begged he would excuse me. The end of the pendulum weighs one hundred pounds. London has scores of churches—nearly one thousand or more. But St. Paul's is the royal cathedral, where the lords, the ministry, and the nobility attend. It has many thousand chairs arranged on the vast expanse of its marble floors. In the inner dome are six paintings relating to events in the life of Paul. The entire building, of stone, marble, and iron, is a marvelous piece of architecture, beautifully situated on Ludgate Hill, in the heart of London. I do not think the cathedral is ever filled during devotional exercises. I am not sure these cathedrals are as largely attended as in former years. The people crowd the smaller churches; but St. Paul's is always full of curious spectators.

The courts, inns, bridges, railway stations, theaters, hotels, taverns, gardens, and parks are too numerous to mention.

There is a most curious place for the sale of old clothes, etc., called "Petticoat Lane," that is well worthy a visit. It shows up queer life and character; but you must leave your conscience and purse behind. Cheapside and Cornhill are famous old streets in London, but few can recall such a roll of illustrious names as Fleet. It is the printing-house and literary street. The early printer once lived here. Wynkyn de Worde "fynished and emprynted two of his books heare."

The Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar, is associated with the days of Ben Jonson, Goldsmith, Boswell, and Dr. Johnson. Dryden, Richardson, and Pope met here. Abraham Cowley, the peerless poet, lived on Fleet Street.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

Paternoster Row is a famous old street; so is Baker, which associates the name of Madam Tusseaud with her marvellous wax-work exhibition. Not a more delightful evening can be spent in London than you will enjoy among the groups and figures of this wonderful collection. The Zoölogical Gardens—the largest in the world—contain a vast collection of birds and animals from every clime on earth. Large houses are heated in winter to produce the proper temperature for those from near the equator.

Every year the resident population of the metropolis decreases. It has given away to vast blocks of business houses, theaters, railway stations, viaducts, banking houses, and insurance offices, until its dense population has overflowed in the country for miles around, absorbing entire cities, towns, and villages in its resistless sweep. The Crystal Palace must be seven miles from London Bridge station; that marvelous house of glass and iron were you to miss seeing, you had better miss London. My first visit here in 1872—again in 1878—filled my memory with pictures of beauty and loveliness I can never forget. It was "Forester's Day." Our party—which consisted of Mrs. S. A. Carter and J. D. Hough, of Talbot county; Mrs. Eleanor Wilkerson and Miss Annie Dempsey, of Macon, Ga.; Monsieur and Madame Piatt, of Mentone, France; and the author—in 1878, spent a day amidst the festivities and gayeties of this eventful occasion. Probably fifty thousand people were on the grounds and in the building. I saw five thousand children, in procession nearly one mile long, file in and take their seats in one corner of this stupendous structure. Here were the English people gathered for a holiday for pleasure. Everybody, with his wife and sweetheart, was on the green; romping children, with rosy cheeks; father and mother in great glee, chasing each other over the velvet sheen. There were music, dancing, balloon

ascensions, and every conceivable amusement, to divert the vast multitude. The wildest abandonment and enjoyment were indulged in. The "kissing ring." O the magic spell that gathers one about the kissing ring—that thrills our very soul and being! I laughed and sighed and nearly died in seeing. I watched the balloons float away until they became a mere speck on the horizon. Thousands of people gathered in rapture around the playing fountains. What matchless art! what perfection and beauty! Around large basins, I watched the crystal streams as they shot from dragons' mouths across each other. Then the god Neptune and the goddess Diana, with hundreds of lovely fountains like inverted cataracts, ascended to dizzy heights; then, drooping like graceful willow-trees, each pearly drop descending glistened like a diamond in the setting sun. Some of these fountains shot up two hundred and fifty feet high. There are two cascades four hundred and fifty feet long, with a fall of twelve feet. When all the water-works are playing there are no less than twelve thousand jets in all, consuming six million gallons of water, pumped up by powerful steam-engines into enormous water-towers, three hundred feet high, from which the pressure is obtained. It costs about one thousand dollars an hour to play them. The interior of the palace was a marvel of grandeur and architectural magnificence. It was moved here from Hyde Park after the exhibition in 1851. The present structure cost seven million five hundred thousand dollars. It is five hundred yards long, three hundred and eighty feet wide, and center transept two hundred feet high. It is certainly one of the wonders of the world. The finest representations illustrative of Grecian, Roman, Assyrian, Pompeian, Egyptian, Saracenic, Byzantine, mediæval, renaissance architecture, painting, and sculpture adorn its splendid halls and galleries. Some ethnological groups, as well as

statuary, interested me very much. Fountains are sending up their slender jets amid blooming flowers and gardens throughout the building. There is an immense deal of manufacturing, illustrating every branch of industry, with several hundred small shops, where any article you may desire can be purchased. Days might be spent here in study and endless rounds of amusement.

Hampton Court Palace, once occupied by King William and Queen Mary, presented to Henry VIII. by Cardinal Wolsey, with its maze and grape-vine, is another charmed spot thirteen miles up the Thames. There is nothing more picturesque than Kew Gardens, with its pretty walks, rare exotics, and wonderful palm-house, sixty feet high. Here I saw coffee, sugar-cane, cotton, tea, and oranges growing. The most wonderful little plant was a pitcher-plant, that produced a perfect representation of a pitcher with the handle to it. If we proceed up the river twenty-two miles west of London we behold, rising in grandeur on its southern bank, the finest royal residence in England. It is Windsor Castle, a venerable pile, noted for the beauty of its situation. From the round tower, two hundred and twenty feet above the Thames, we can see twelve counties on a pretty day. Right opposite rises Eton College, a truly grand edifice. In another direction there is the "City Road"—associated with the memory of John Wesley—Smithfield, the old Cattle-market, Hemstead, and Bunyan's tomb, that are interesting on account of their historical associations. England is the birthplace and sepulcher of the historian, poet, and scholar, whose names are immortalized in verse and prose. Their works are read and sung around the globe, and enshrined in the memory and loving hearts of a grateful world.

Let us now return from the country to the city—we have rambled too far in its suburbs—and take a look before our



WINDSOR CASTLE AND PARK.

departure for Paris. We went to Billingsgate, the greatest fish-market in the world. It is situated close by the Custom-house on the banks of the Thames. Such filth and dirt, such slang, such fish and *billingsgate*, I never saw or heard before. Our breakfast consisted of fish, bread, and coffee. The annual sale of fish is estimated at £2,000,000, or ten million dollars. But this is not all. There are forty other markets in London for cattle, meat, corn, hay, vegetables, etc. The meat-markets are subdivided, or classified. Some are for live stock, others for dead and dressed carcasses; some for wholesale, others for retail. The *Quarterly Review* gets up a summary of the annual consumption of food in the city that is astounding, if not whimsical, in its way. Its estimates require seventy-two miles of oxen, ten abreast; one hundred and twenty miles of sheep, ten abreast; seven miles of calves, nine miles of pigs, fifty acres of poultry, packed; twenty miles of hares and rabbits, one hundred abreast; a pyramid of loaves about the size of the pyramid of Cheops in Egypt; one thousand columns of hogsheads of beer, each one mile high. The new Cattle-market, near Holborn viaduct, is the most extensive. A carriage-road runs through this vast building, with avenues radiating from it. There is an under-ground communication with a system of railways that bring all the meats and poultry from Copenhagen cattle-market in the country, underneath the market. The coal comes from Newcastle, and the water from up the Thames. It is filtered before it is used. The tunnel under the Thames, completed in 1843, has lately been purchased by the East London Railway Company. Forty trains pass under the river every day. The tunnel was built on two archways thirteen hundred feet long, and the descent was made by a deep staircase. We could not enumerate the theaters, music-halls, concert-rooms, and places of amusement in London. At the Haymarket I saw nearly

a regiment of men fight a sham battle, in which it appeared half the men were killed. Our Mary Anderson, the Kentucky beauty, has completely fascinated London at the Lyceum on the Strand. My friend Rea had to pay three dollars for a seat in the gallery. The Prince of Wales and the royal family have honored her with their presence. Mr. Gladstone has dined her—so reported. The more I see of London the more I am impressed with the fearful immorality and depravity that exist, even among the higher classes of society. A gentleman informed me at the Arundel that respectable women often come home drunk to their husbands. I believe there is enough beer and ale drank here to float the British navy, yet London is richer in charities, hospitals, and churches than any city in the world. Depravity is more apparent, perhaps, than it is in smaller cities, on account of its dense population.

From my window I enjoy a fine view of Blackfriars Bridge. An immense flock of sheep is pressed through the crowded street toward the market, driven by the shepherd and two collie dogs. The sheep are running under the wheels and breaking up in front. The dogs are in the rear; they cannot pass. Their master moves one hand forward, when one of these remarkable little animals mounts the backs of the sheep, jumping from one to the other, until he has reached the head of the column, quickly gathering up the scattered members into line. The entire movement was beautifully executed, and the little dog, having ceased barking, looks up for the approving smiles of his master.

The great shipping docks are at Victoria, eight miles below. Only small pleasure-boats, yachts, and other crafts pass up the river beyond London.

I have been interested in studying the facilities for intercommunication and travel in this marvelous city—how these millions of people are distributed from center to circumfer-

ence over its vast area. I find there are railroads running under the ground, on top of the ground, and over the tops of the houses. There are omnibus lines running from St. Paul's down the Strand to Parliament Square, and from these terminal points in every direction. There are thousands of cabs, hacks, hansoms, close carriages, dog-carts, and other vehicles for transportation. You walk along the streets, and presently you see a throng of people descending a flight of broad stone steps down deep under the ground, thirty or forty feet. Here is a magnificent railway station, double tracks, lighted up as bright as day. You can take one of these trains and travel around under the city for miles. Every few blocks are stations where the people pour in and out from the streets above. The trains are lighted with gas, and whiz by each other like a flash of lightning. These are called metropolitan railways, and cost five million dollars per mile. I like the London hansom. It is a very convenient and stylish turnout. It is a two-wheeler, with the driver dressed in livery, sitting high up behind. The horse's head is on a level with his eye, and the reins by which he is directed are pulled over the top of the vehicle. The shortest curves and turns may be made in the most crowded thoroughfares. The best way to see London is by the omnibus lines. There are no street railroads. You get a seat, if possible, by the driver, or on top in seats arranged second-class, protected by iron railings. You can ride five miles for two and half-penny, or five cents. If near the coachman, drop a shilling in his hand, and all London will open to you like a book. What immense deal of sight-seeing and gossip may be indulged in, now that the ice is broken! From St. Paul's, on Ludgate Hill, by Holborn Circus down the Strand to Parliament Square, miles away, you may study the gorgeous display of the shop-windows, the surging masses that press on either side for room or en-

trance, and the almost impenetrable jam in the street excites the profoundest wonder how anybody escapes being crushed to death. You see the pedestrian with his carpet-bag and umbrella under his arm; the wife in her furs; boys, dogs, carts, carriages, wagons, cattle, sheep, in inextricable confusion. We stop, then move; our driver becomes enraged. I am afraid he is not a member of St. Paul's. But patience has its victories no less renowned than war. We pass Charing Cross through Trafalgar Square under the shadow of the great Nelson Monument, and finally reach our destination. We saw Rothschild, the money king, in his buggy drawn by two black ponies. Everybody was pointing him out. I should not have known him from other men.

We returned by the Thames Embankment, a quiet way along the river, that seemed to flow as quietly as sweet Afton. The piers and engineering of this work are among the grandest achievements of modern science. The English have erected on the Embankment the obelisk from Heliopolis, presented by the Khedive of Egypt. The hieroglyphics, birds, reptiles, etc., engraved on the face of the monolith, look back into the mysterious past three thousand years of Egyptian history. Its consort may be seen in the Central Park of New York. The Rosetta stone, found by an English officer at one of the mouths of the Nile, by which these characters have been translated in a written language, may be seen in the British Museum among the Egyptian antiquities.

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON—ENGLISH CHANNEL—PARIS.

I WAS just thinking how delightful it was to travel abroad for our pleasure. We seek it in every flower, in the river, the valley, and the sea, and sometimes in my sorrows it is waiting for me.

Drs. Punshon and Spurgeon are among the noted preachers we hear in London. It is said, when they want to take up a big collection, they invite the Lord Mayor to hear Dr. Punshon preach. I had great curiosity to visit the Tabernacle, for Spurgeon's fame had encircled the globe, and had even reached my home when I was a boy. My good landlady had greatly honored me with a ticket to the family pew; but imagine my discomfiture when I entered to find a half-dozen people trying to occupy that seat. I advanced to the pulpit steps, where I sat within thirty feet of the distinguished speaker. Here stood a short, heavy, thick-set man, with massive brow and broad shoulders. One distinctive feature would have stamped his nationality if others had been wanting—it was the mutton-chop whiskers. Mr. Spurgeon appeared about fifty years of age. He was dressed in faultless black. He stood for a moment, casting a glance over his vast audience. Presently he read a chapter from the Bible; then the people began to sing. There were supposed to be five thousand persons present. Everybody sung in true old Georgia style. The chorus was grand. After prayer, another song. Mr. Spurgeon then selected for his text this passage, if I remember correctly: "By his stripes we are healed." In the treatment of his subject, he rose sometimes to grand flights of eloquence. His style is pleasing and argumentative, while oftentimes very impressive. He is very forcible in illustrations, and deals more with facts than in platitudes or generalities. Mr.

Spurgeon is a bold, fearless speaker, full of individual characteristics and personal magnetism. In speaking of pure religion, he proclaimed in a stentorian voice: "Away with this humbuggery and fraud—the Bishop of Canterbury and the Pope of Rome! Nothing but the blood of Christ can save you." I soon discovered, as I thought, the secret of his phenomenal success. It is not so much what he says, but his forcible illustrations, delineations, and apt expressions. His congregations, too, are composed of the very material to develop the power of his effective ministry. These people are the medium, rather than the aristocratic, classes. They are workingmen, mechanics, artisans—the muscular development of the physical power in this great metropolis. This class is opposed to the aristocracy, the Established Church (Episcopal), and the monarchy of the Government. This dissension element, then, gives additional inspiration to Spurgeon's effectual work.

I think England, in religion as well as in politics, is growing more tolerant and democratic. There are radical changes in progress throughout the kingdom, and I am struck with the growing tendency of the masses toward republican ideas and institutions. I have heard the gentry and aristocracy, in the discussion of abstruse political questions, express grave apprehensions for the future. The troubles in Ireland, the land tenure-bills before Parliament, with Parnell and his colleagues, are threatening causes. The Eastern trouble with Egypt and the impending rupture with Russia—which must eventually come—have presented complicated questions before Mr. Gladstone's administration. The Government has conceded to Ireland, it seems, every thing the country ought reasonably to expect; but the irritable temper of the Irish people never allows them to be satisfied. There is a war party and a peace party on the question of Egyptian occupation. "The



RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

crops have been bad and trade dull," you will hear wherever you travel through England. These are serious confronting difficulties before the country and Government. An Englishman remarked to me: "You Americans are laying down corn, beef, flour, and mutton cheaper than we can grow them. We buy nearly all our cheese and butter from you; but your Government, in return, taxes our manufactured goods out of your markets. The balance

of trade is against us. Farming does not pay here; and the overproduction of manufactured goods, without a proportionate ratio of consumption, is a serious question to be solved." "Sow your lands in grass, and raise more beef and mutton," said I, by way of consolation. "But England cannot compete with America. Your cheap lands and vast prairies give you the advantage." It is a source of mortification to the pride of English aristocracy that many of their splendid estates in Ireland, even in England and Scotland, have been reduced so low in their incomes they have been compelled to neglect or abandon them.

In 1878 I had the pleasure of meeting several Georgians in London. Many were here attending the Exposition in Paris, and several had extended their travels into the Holy Land. I had met Messrs. A. P. Collins and Jack Martin coming out of Warwick Castle, and A. O. Bacon and Capt. John Rutherford, all of Macon, Ga., under the shadow of the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Southern gentleman is regarded with profound respect by the English gentry. I have heard many express their loftiest admiration for Lee and Jackson and my countrymen of the South. How I wish they could have seen the fair ladies of my native land! Quite a number of other distinguished Georgians were on the Continent. Hon. R. E. Park and lady, Mr. L. M. Park and lady, Mr. Jack Crutchfield, of Macon, and others, were attending the great Exposition. My own party consisted of Mrs. E. Wilkinson and Miss Annie Dempsey, of Macon; Mrs. Susie A. Carter and J. D. Hough, of Toccoa; who were joined by the Hon. Charles Piatt and lady, *en route* to Mentone, France, Maritime Alps. I had met Charley's wife once, when a girl, in her uncle's curiosity-shop, in Berne, Switzerland. We recognized each other on board ship, soon after leaving New York. She was a Swiss girl, spoke beautiful French and English, and

had married Mr. Piatt while on a visit to some friends in Cincinnati. Charley had secured a consulate at Mentone, and now she was returning happily, with a good husband, to her native land. It was the pleasant memory of these old associations that induced me to stop at the same hotel at Blackfriars, and to take the old favorite route by Rouen to Paris. The distance across the English Channel by New Haven and Dieppe is longer than by Dover and Calais, but the valley of the Seine is charming. There is still another route by Folkstone and Boulogne. I have gone a little shorter; but it is only twenty-two miles from Dover Heights to Calais, while it is sixty to eighty miles by the other lines across. This channel, which divides England from France, is the dread of all tourists. The North German Sea pours through the channel into the Atlantic, or the two waters meet, producing tremendous tides. It is nearly always rough. Experiments have been made with swinging berths on the boats, to obviate the vertigo, but they have proved a failure. There is a big gun on Dover Heights, which the English say has this story connected with it:

Keep me dry and rub me clean,
And I'll shoot you across to Calais green.

I have sometimes thought I would like to be shot across this English Channel. One time I was crossing it on a dreadful stormy night, and the heavy sea broke down the awning and frightened nearly all the passengers into the cabin below. I was sitting near an old lady when the panic began, holding on to the ship with all my strength, and she gathered me around the neck and came near hugging me to death. She like to have smothered me; but if she had been sixteen, and the ship had gone down, I never would have known it!

It is ten to fourteen hours between London and Paris, by

the direct trains, first-class. We have understood every word we have heard in England; we have been enabled to talk fluently with the most notorious people; we have felt perfectly at home; we have even conversed with the English cockney who says "wa'al," "rurther," etc.; but it is different the moment you land in France. You hear a strange language, and you see a strange people. You must be ready if you talk with a Frenchman. My companion Denham had been studying French ever since we left New York. He carried a little book in his side-pocket that had French on one side translated into English on the other. He regarded himself thoroughly equipped for any adventure in France. The moment we landed at Dieppe an uneducated native fired away at him, and Denham lost his balance. He had forgotten the only two words he had acquired by hard study. Finally the conversation resulted in vociferous language, Denham having *cussed* him out in English, which he never understood. It was a custom-house official, who wanted to examine the baggage.

When we landed in Paris everybody spoke French except us. Even the children spoke it. We wanted to go to a hotel. We selected the longest name we could find in D.'s book—Hôtel de l'Athénée, Rue Scribe. We registered. The servant showed us up a palatial stair-way into a suit of rooms—gorgeously frescoed chambers hung with gobelin tapestry; paintings, mirrors, Oriental lounges, divans, gilded chairs, marble basins, and velvet cushions to put our feet on. Denham remarked, by way of innuendo, we had better inquire the price of board at this establishment. They had certainly made a mistake, and put us in the Queen's apartments. Thirty francs each per day, or twelve dollars for both. We did not inquire if this was the price of the room, or included board. It was too gorgeous for us. We moved to Rue Provence, at sixty dollars per month. Then every

night we walked up there or to the Grand Hotel near by on Boulevard de Capucine, and everybody thought we were stopping there. D. said we could eat at the cafés and use our tooth-picks about the big hotels, and do just as well. Many Americans did it. Once, just to be certain of the thing, we took "café au lait" in the Grand Hotel, and everybody saw us as we walked out of the frescoed saloon. You would have supposed we were the proprietors of the house. But we were perfectly surprised to find Americans here who could scarcely speak their language. They would register their names in French: "Messieurs A. Robinsong et fils; Monsieur Jean Smidt, New York, De l'Amérique."

The second day D. and I took a pleasure drive five miles down the boulevards to the North-west Railroad depot. The driver was a Frenchman; he could not speak a word of English. He handed us his "carte" by the hour. We had actually driven nearly half a day, and no depot yet. We had to touch him on the shoulder and request a stop; for it was getting too ubiquitous. It was growing monotonous, to say the least of it. We had a pair of new trousers we were expecting by the parcel express from London. When we would ask the cabman where the depot was (we knew that depot was a French word in Georgia), he would invariably shrug his shoulders and look wondrous wise. "Je ne comprends pas," he would say. D. thought he was an idiot—that he was crazy. I jumped out the "la voiture" to interview an educated gentleman crossing the street. Says I, "Où est la dépôt? Si' l'vous plait? Now, D. you see he is a cultivated citizen." He shrugged his shoulders. "Where is the depot?" shouted D. "Hold on, D., if you please; do n't disturb our conversation with the gentleman. Où est la dépôt; la breechéé, trousays—pantaloons, if you please?" The Frenchman was perfectly amazed. He gazed into the heavens like an astronomer. Then D. and the

driver looked into the little book. The gentleman stood waiting until I could run and look in myself. We found "depot" meant a depository for military stores—a magazine of powder, for instance. I could not find a word for pantaloons, breeches, or trousers in the French language. D. said: "Dad blast such a language, with no breeches in it!" The gentleman stood waiting in the street. I placed my finger on the French word for railroad—"che min de fer"—and then he politely showed me the station. "No dépôt, monsieur," he would say, "la station, Si l'vous plait." And that was the way we found the station. We never did find those pantaloons.

There are many amusing mistakes made in learning the language. Dr. B., of Columbus, Georgia, asked, as he thought, for a drink of cold water, and a hot bath was prepared for him. Col. W. H. Young, of the same city, related many amusing incidents that occurred during his travels on the Continent. It is so with nearly all foreigners. An American, once, landing at "Boulogne sur de mer," addressed a Frenchman with the familiar expression, "Parlez vous Française?" "Oui, monsieur," replied the fisherman. "Well, pass me that gridiron over here."

If London is attractive, Paris is perfectly charming. It is by far the most splendid capital in the world. Its fountains, palaces, drives, gardens, museums, promenades, its magnificent boulevards and galleries of art, are the admiration of the world. Its environs are equally attractive. Days might be spent in exploring the palace of Louis XIV. at Versailles—its two hundred acres of fountains, forest of statuary, and terraced gardens.

We drove from the Notre Dame Cathedral, where Napoleon and Josephine were married, through the Avenue des Champs Elysées, by the Arc de Triomphe; then through the Bois de Boulogne, past St. Cloud, to the imperial city of

Versailles. What grandeur, what magnificence and beauty we beheld that day can be better imagined than described. The picture of thousands of people dressed in gay costumes around the fountains playing on Sunday recalled the scenes of fairy-land. Every thing about Versailles is on a grand scale. The palace is magnificent, its fountains lovely, its sylvan lakes, its woods of endless avenues, its Swiss cottages, its orangery, its grand flights of stone steps, are indescribably grand. Louis XIV. spent two hundred millions of dollars on this palace and grounds. It required more than thirty thousand men daily to construct it, and a tract of land sixty miles in circumference was converted from a wilderness into this marvelous creation. He then built a road fourteen miles long to connect it with Paris. It came near bankrupting France.* We returned by Sèvres, the Government porcelain works, and saw the artisans creating by hand the most marvelous works of art. A little piece of clay, deftly worked with the fingers, is converted into a pair of vases worth one thousand dollars.

We visited the Morgue, that awful house of the dead, where the bodies of those who die mysteriously are exposed for identification. We looked through a grating, and saw the hats and clothes of dead men and women hung all around the inclosure. There was a body half nude laid on a marble slab, with a jet of cold water pouring on it. People came and looked through the bars, cast a glance at the clothing, and walked solemnly away. Thousands of these bodies are fished up out of the river Seine, which passes close by, murmuring its quiet requiem to the unfortunate dead as it flows.

We passed on through the Latin quarter of the students, and presently came in front of the Pantheon, whose lofty dome we had seen from every part of New Paris. Several cannon-shots were shown us that penetrated the building

*It brought on the Revolution.

during the rebellion of the Commune in 1870. We ascended to the summit of its splendid dome, and viewed the panorama of Paris below.

We wandered along until we came to the isle of St. Louis, in the river Seine. Here rose Notre Dame Cathedral, an old brown Gothic pile, with a splendid façade of rich carvings and its two lofty, square towers. It is six hundred years old. These old towers saw the mail-clad knights from Jerusalem come marching home; they looked down upon Bartholomew's massacre in 1572, and witnessed the carnage of that dreadful struggle; they saw the Revolution, the two Napoleons crowned, and have lived to see the fall of Napoleon III. in 1870, and the restoration of the republic. We walked down its gloomy aisles, dazzled with the light that streamed through its stained-glass windows. I saw yellow, blue, and red saints and martyrs painted on them. We saw many paintings representing the apostles, the Virgin Mary, and the cross, hanging on the walls. Then the priest carried us across through a wilderness of tall columns and showed the robes the Pope wore when he crowned Napoleon III., a cart-load of solid gold and silver plate he said the Commune had stolen during the Revolution, and the bloody robes of the great Archbishop of Paris who mounted the barricades in 1848 to pacify the mob, which cost him his life. He said the soldiers had once quartered their horses in this magnificent cathedral. We departed as unhappy as we came; we wanted to see more. D. said as it was night, and all Paris was lit up as bright as day, we had better not do any more melancholy cathedrals or morgues, or even revel in the splendor of gorgeous palaces. We had better see some fun.

We dined at our hotel from four to six—Hotel Sterh, fifty-five Rue Provence. D. always took wine; he was accustomed to it. But those little plates wore out his fortitude.

They serve one at a time, with a bit of chicken, one vegetable, a piece of roast, an Irish potato upon it; one piece of bread and a diminutive piece of butter. When the claw-hammer waiter came with one of these plates he set it down, and fell back with arms folded in dignified reserve. D. and I generally ate up ours before he could fall back. Then we would have to sit and wait until next course. We destroyed about a dozen of these side-dishes, and generally felt as hungry as when we commenced. D. said it reminded him of a play in Shakespeare, this dinner did—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Sometimes we would take a carriage, then an omnibus, or we would walk. There are no street-cars in Paris. At night we generally had a promenade. D. said we must see the Champs Elysées, the marvelous avenue of pleasure that sweeps from the Tuilleries Gardens through a wooded park ablaze with myriads of twinkling lights and playing fountains. Here were thousands of chairs arranged in line where we could rest, when fatigued, and watch the numberless flashing lanterns from moving carriages that glided by us as if they were gondolas on the water. Away down this splendid vista the grand avenue rose to a slight elevation, upon which stood the Arc de Triomphe. We could see through the open woods numerous Chantant gardens, with their names burning in colored gas-jets. Below was an imperial circus, and still farther away was the famous Mabile. D. said the Chantant gardens just fascinated him. They were the only free places he had found in Paris; at least we had supposed so from the notice at the entrance, "No charge for admission." As we approached the door we heard delicious strains of music swelling and dying away amid parterres of beautiful flowers. We were seated in front of an open stage with an awning overhead. The garden was full of elegant people, sipping small cups of coffee, ices.

and lemonade. The servant approached with a card. We ordered, D. taking wine, as usual. Presently the band began to play, when the stage and the whole garden were lit up as bright as day. The manager announced the programme. Two men stepped out, bowed, said something, and left the audience convulsed with laughter. Everybody roared. We roared too. It was some witty thing they said in French. Then a charming mademoiselle, just so petit, just so cunning, just so sweet as she could be, smiled and bowed, and put her little finger between her pearly teeth. She sung a song and retired beneath her numerous blushes. D. said that was the prettiest girl he ever saw—she had such charming red lips and rosy cheeks. He would not mind marrying that girl. We rose to leave, perfectly delighted, when this same piratic-looking fellow who brought the ices presented a bill. It seemed nearly a yard long. We looked at each other in utter amazement. D. declared it was a fraud. He knew it was all free—saw it on the gate-post! He then intimated that a few more entertainments like that would throw him into the bankrupt court.

We started out toward the avenue again, and took one of those refreshing seats. Presently an old woman came hobbling around with a little pocket in front, and spoke to D. D. said: "What in the world do you want now, old lady? I am not troubling you." "Pay'e moi si' l'vous, plait?" "What does that old idiot say? I believe she is plumb crazy—a lunatic." "Yes, D., she wants pay for that seat you are sitting in." "Why, stuff; they don't charge here, do they, for sitting down?"

We went to the royal circus just to see the animals. There was a little stool at every seat, and D. thoughtlessly put his foot on one of them. Presently here came that same old woman, or one just like her, with the little wallet in front. "Here it is; I know what you want. Come, let's

get out of here!" shouted D. "I never saw such folks. You can't sit down, or even put your foot on a stool, without paying for it.

CHAPTER V.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN PARIS.

WE visited the Louvre, the most wonderful gallery of painting and sculpture in the world, except the Vatican at Rome. We walked miles through its marble halls, gazing upon the creations of Rubens, Vandyke, Tintoretto, and Andrea del Sarto—every school from the Flemish renaissance to modern art being represented in its vast collections. There are hundreds of artists, with their little ladders, all through this palatial building, copying the most noted works of the masters. The Apollo Belvedere and several lovely Venuses are among the triumphs of ancient art. Those old Greeks and Romans did know how to chisel a pretty woman out of a piece of marble.

The Hotel Cluny is an interesting old place to visit on account of its great antiquity and rare collection of curios. We stood under the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides that holds in grateful repose the last remains of the great Napoleon. His battle-flags, that waved in triumph over the bloody fields of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Lodi, are furled in silence around his magnificent tomb. Upon the entrance is this inscription: "I desire my ashes shall rest upon the banks of the Seine, among a people I loved so well." I saw an old soldier here who fought at the battle of Waterloo.

We visited the beautiful Church of the Madeleine, with its gorgeously frescoed ceilings. Unlike many cathedrals, it is well provided with comfortable seats.

The Colonne de Juillet, or Column of July, is one of the

grand monuments of Paris, erected on the site of the Bastille. Here Louis Philippe was presented to the people by Lafayette, and here has flowed the blood of revolutions.

As you walk down Rue la Paix you arrive at Place Vendôme. From this spot rises a monument one hundred and thirty-five feet high, built out of twelve hundred cannons the great Napoleon captured from the Austrians and Russians, surmounted by a statue of the Emperor. It is modeled after Trajan's column in Rome. The bass-reliefs on the base and column represent his victories. There is a winding staircase inside, composed of one hundred and seventy-six steps, by which the summit may be reached and a glorious view of Paris enjoyed. The Arc de Triomphe, at the entrance to the Bois du Boulogne, cost five million dollars, and presents fine representations of Lodi and other battles carved in the solid stone.

The sewers under Paris are large enough to drive a carriage through, and the catacombs, which we have explored forty feet beneath the city, contain streets of solid bones many miles in length. The different bones are so arranged in crosses, horizontally and vertically, as to produce a pleasing, artistic effect; the skulls, with their grinning teeth and eyeless sockets, being piled in solid tiers by the tens of thousands along these avenues. I saw many pretty inscriptions and tombs loving hands have placed as tributes to departed worth. Each of us followed the guide with a candle through these dark labyrinths of streets. The bones of three million people repose beneath the city of Paris, while over two million are overhead. The overburdened cemeteries are relieved by removal to these vast receptacles, from which the material has been obtained for building up the magnificent city of Paris and its numerous splendid monuments. People are buried in Paris by an organized company, which seems to have a monopoly of the business.

The magnificence of a funeral and length of *côrtege* are determined by the wealth of the mourners. A poor man goes in the ditches at the city's expense, and his bones, after awhile, are removed to the catacombs. The rich are interred in Pere la Chaise and Montmartre. One of the most interesting visits we made was to the former, the national burying-ground of France, where the most illustrious of her dead men and women repose. Pere la Chaise is beautifully situated on the slope of a hill overlooking the city from a commanding eminence. It has many streets leading through it, on which are built thousands of little stone houses, with doors and windows, for all the world like a city, but it is a city of the dead. I looked through the glass doors upon the Virgin Mary, the cross, and the family altar, where devotional exercises are often paid by the living mourners. On top of the hill a simple slab with the name of Ney carved on the door-sill is all I saw of this grand old hero, "whose stormy spirit knew no music like the bugle-call to arms." Here Rachel and Massena, in tragedy repose; Laplace, the astronomer, and La Fontaine, with many other illustrious personages whose names are written on their monuments in Pere la Chaise. Near the gate, to the right as we entered, we found the grave of Abelard and Heloise, whose romantic story of love has been written and sung throughout the world. "Go when you will, you find somebody snuffing over that tomb." Yet how few know the true history of these remarkable people! Abelard was a priest. He married this woman secretly, to keep his own name untarnished, while her good name remained under a cloud as before. Here was a noble, self-sacrificing love, but it lacked discretion. A man of towering ability, Abelard finally died a wreck. He was buried in Hotel Cluny, in A.D. 1144; and Heloise died twenty years later, and was buried with him. On top of the tomb

there are reclining figures representing the unfortunate lovers.

Near the Rue de Rivoli and the Garden of the Tuilleries stand four splendid monuments, representing Metz, Strasburg, and other cities of the empire at that time. One of the four Egyptian obelisks, that originally came from Heliopolis and Alexandria, of which the other three now stand in Rome, London, and New York, rises sixty feet high on this historic spot. This is the famous Place de la Concorde, on which the guillotine was worked during the Revolution of 1789. Here Louis XVI., Robespierre, Marie Antoinette, Madame Roland, and thousands of others, perished. The words that confront us on the public buildings—in fact everywhere—"Liberté, Fraternité, and Egalité," and the statue of the "Genius of Liberty" that rises on the spot once occupied by the Bastille, are sad mementos of that bloody revolution.

The French are a curious and singular people, which these revolutions have demonstrated. They are atheistic as well; and during this memorable struggle, when reason had been dethroned, they worshiped an infamous woman in Notre Dame as its goddess. They desecrated the churches, and changed the name of one into the Pantheon, which should contain a monument or inscription to every name in its history worthy to be remembered. Only during the last communistic struggle of 1871 the Government troops shot three hundred insurgents in the beautiful Church of the Madeleine. They are refined and cultivated, but they are an impatient, restless people. The Government does much to instruct and amuse them. It expends thousands to encourage the best writers of dramatic talent for its theaters—millions on its galleries and museums of art, beautiful gardens, fountains, and embellished walks, drives, and parks, many of which are opened free to the public. While the

people are difficult of restraint, they are not unpatriotic. They love their country. Very few ever emigrate to foreign lands. When the Government goes to war the people generally go with it.

I witnessed a scene in the Bourse here in 1872, when the war indemnity of one thousand millions of francs was being raised for Prussia. It was an indescribable scene. Thousands of enthusiastic people, with little slates in their hands, rushed madly through the vast building, bidding on the Government rentes. Presently the auctioneers stopped; but the people kept bidding. Every farmer and tradesman had brought up his little bag to rescue the Government. It was like a tub overflowed by still pouring on water. Millions were bid they had no use for; and the debt was paid. It required whole trains of cars to move that specie away. They are a very industrious and economical people. Nearly all the farmers in France own their lands, and this is one of the secrets of their prosperity.

Americans are wild with delight on reaching Paris. There is so much to instruct and amuse them here. No city will rival its uniform architecture, its broad, clean streets, its pleasure drives, parks, and places of amusement. When the city is lit up as bright as day, the boulevards at night are thronged with its splendid equipages, and its thousands of pleasure-loving people sit around little marble tables on the sidewalks under beautiful awnings in front of the cafés. The scene presented is one of bewilderment. It is simply indescribable.

The Grand Opera? Yes, we wanted to see the interior of this marvelous building, this incomparable piece of architecture. We had walked around it many times, admiring its grand porticoes and the stupendous, massive pile of granite and marble that covered four acres of ground and towered away in royal magnificence many stories high. Our party

consisted of six, D. among the number. "Faust" was to be played; but we were going to see the statuary and frescoes; we cared nothing about this looking-glass performance. D. and I went to secure tickets. They were all sold, said the agent, except one "loge." "How fortunate that Prince Gortchakoff will not be present this evening! Your party are Americans, I presume?" continued this bland Frenchman. "Yes; but we are not fools. How much for that 'loge?'" "Just three hundred francs, messieurs. Very cheap; very elegant." "Ten dollars a seat! Give us seats in the gallery; we want to see every thing!" shouted D. It was so steep away up there, we were in constant dread of pitching over on the vast parquet a hundred feet below us. When we rose for refreshments, our chairs all flew together. We could not change but those seats tried to collapse on us. Three dollars a seat! Well, it was perfectly gorgeous. Groups of painting and sculpture, with allegorical frescoes overhead representing winged angels flying about, and little Cupids and Venuses hiding and blushing in rosy bowers, just captivated us.

Next day we strolled through the Jardin des Plantes, and saw its animals, its miles of plants and beautiful flowers. We could have spent days in the museums of natural history prepared by Cuvier alone. Here we paid our respects to Monsieur Georges Ville, the distinguished scientist and member of Academie de Science, whom we had met in 1872. He invited us to visit with him the "La Ferme National," or Government experimental farm, at Vincennes, where he had startled the world by his wonderful experiments. We saw in his laboratory the apparatus he had invented by which he was enabled to make these discoveries. He made one or two reductions of acids for us. I met Madame Ville, a woman as remarkable in many respects as her distinguished husband. They both asked me about the death of Mr.

Charles Wallace Howard, of Kingston, Georgia, and about his accomplished daughter, who had translated one of his works for the farmers of Georgia. I had the honor of hearing Monsieur Ville lecture in the Academy of Science when I had first met him, through an introduction of Prof. Musa, another renowned scholar. I saw Alexandre Dumas, the novelist, and many other illustrious men in science and letters assembled on this occasion. Prof. Ville requested me to send him a specimen of phosphatic rock, at Charleston, for examination. I was presented by these gentlemen with copies of their works in French, which I have added to my library at home.

Faubourg St. Antoine may be called the antipode of Versailles, with its splendid statues, gardens, and fountains. Here are the squalid abodes of vice, the haunts of sin, poverty, dirt, and rags; the birthplace of revolution and the chiffonnier head-quarters; the market for old clothes and the homes of the Communists who stormed the Tuilleries and brought down the Column Vendôme in the dark days of 1870 and 1871. Louis Napoleon straightened out the little crooked streets, and laid them with asphaltum where these people once built barricades with the flag-stones and dug up the cobbles to fight with. Thirteen boulevards radiate from the Arc de Triomphe. You can shoot a cannon-ball down these streets so straight that no mob could stand before them.

Paris is still a walled city. She has had to fight her battles at her very gates. England fights hers abroad. The walls of Paris are among the finest fortifications in the world. It was difficult for the Prussians to storm them; it was difficult for the French troops to carry them against the Communists, who so long held the city against the national army.

London is Protestant; Paris is Catholic. On Sunday in

London its churches resound with praises to the Lord, business is suspended, and even many of the trains on the railroads have ceased to run. After services in Paris, it is a holiday. I have seen the farmers and their wives at work in the fields, the women sewing, and business going on as usual. In England the fullest guarantee is accorded to the freedom of speech. The Cabinet is held accountable for its management of the Government, notwithstanding the English claim the "king can do no wrong." Here, if a journalist criticises the acts of the Government, he is arrested and imprisoned. But no papers in America are more outspoken and fearless in denunciation of public men and crime than the London journals. In contrasting London and Paris, we see an air of quiet dignity and sobriety about the one, and costly ornamentation and a volatile character about the other. It has been said, "The Englishman is like his Church—plain and well built; the Frenchman ornaments both his person and his Church." The Frenchman lives at home, the Englishman abroad. The English are the greatest colonizers on the globe, the French the poorest. England builds ships, and sends her manufactures to her colonies and every country on the globe. Wherever her flag floats she plants the standard of the cross. The Bible, with her cheap coal and iron, has made her the mightiest power on earth.

France is a nation of small farmers, artisans, and manufacturers, with superior taste and culture for diversified industries. The economical habits of these classes have made them wealthy and prosperous. They are a polite and cultured people, with a love for the beautiful in art and nature. Paris has become, in consequence, the fashionable capital of the world. Americans, and even Europeans, rush here in the wildest delight to spend the remainder of their days. I have contrasted the civilization of these two countries as

most interesting to Americans; but the growing military and aggressive powers of Europe are Germany and Russia.

CHAPTER VI.

EXCURSION THROUGH ITALY.

LEAVING Paris, for Rome and Naples, we pass Fontainebleau, Modane, Mt. Cenis Tunnel, Alessandria, Genoa, and Pisa. If no other name but that of Josephine had been associated with Fontainebleau, it would never have perished in history. Its famous old park of venerated trees, with a grand avenue sweeping through them, its pretty hedges and gardens, its bright lawns that look as if they had been swept and brushed every day, its stately lanes of poplar-trees, are marvels of symmetry and beauty. The French peasant, in his blue blouse, with his wife and children, is cultivating his field. He has his bread and wine, with plenty of chestnuts for the children. He raises poultry, eggs, vegetables, and fruits, to sell. The valleys are sown in grain, and the sunny slopes of the hills are planted in vines. He raises double crops on his lands. He plants vegetables and grain under the poplar-trees. They give no shade. He trims them of their boughs nearly to the top. The faggots are used as fuel to cook his slender meals. You see all his family hoeing in the field, and when the grain is ready for the sickle, you will see his wife helping him to cradle it. Wood is sold by the pound, and is hardly ever used for warming the house. The people sit and shiver in the cold. He knows little of the comforts of home. He has hardly ever a cow for milk, a pig, or sheep. I have seen very few of these domestic animals. The farm is divided up into narrow strips from ten yards to one hundred yards wide and six hundred yards long—from one to ten acres. Every time a father dies, the farm is divided up

among his heirs. Sometimes they have been cut up into so many little long strips they are hardly fifty yards wide by six hundred long; some are smaller than this. Look out of my window, and these strips appear like a carpet of beautiful greens. There is a belt of Irish potatoes, oats, clover, alfalfa (Lucerne), cabbage, carrots, pease, gooseberries, currants, and a little of every thing. When the oats and barley turn to a golden hue, the landscape becomes perfectly charming. These people live in villages and towns, and walk out barefooted to the farms. The women do not keep house like our women in America; they work in the field. I have seen them cutting wheat, pitching hay on the wagon, driving cows and oxen, plowing, cradling, and doing as much work as any man. They have tremendous feet and big waists. They are as strong as mules. They work in Belgium and Germany as well. I saw a woman and a dog pulling a harrow once on my way from Brussels to Waterloo. These women are the mothers of the soldiers in the army.

I have said the French farmer owns his land. There must be nearly one million of small farms belonging to the peasants, containing one-half to five acres each. About two acres is the average. The rent is one-half for the other, and improved lands for farming bring from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars per acre, while those in vines bring more. In England about three hundred thousand people own all the land, and two hundred and thirty of this number own most of it. In France these little gardens or farms are owned by seven or eight million people. You ask a man if he makes any thing clear: "O not much; I laid up about five hundred francs last year." You are astounded. You begin to wonder how he did it. Well, he spent nothing. He has eaten a little coarse bread and wine for breakfast; soup, bread, and wine, for dinner; may be bread and milk

for supper. He never indulges in such luxuries as tea and coffee. They are wofully ignorant. They loan their money, as I have observed, to the Government, at about six per cent. per annum. It is stated that the farmers have on deposit in the savings-banks of France nearly one hundred million dollars.

Such pretty glimpses of the Rhone, such landscapes, as we glide along into Southern France! The cars are much like those described in England. The officials are dressed in uniform. They are so polite! You must purchase your ticket before you pass into the waiting-room, and you cannot pass from it until the train is ready to start. Before you start every ticket is examined. This is for your good. You are always put on the right train. Accidents are rare, very rare, on French railroads. We either pass under a wagon-road, through a tunnel, or over one by a bridge—never across them on a level. Switches are changed away ahead, by pulling a wire rope or wire along-side the track, from station to station. Those overhead, on poles, are for messages. About every mile or so, it seemed to me, I saw a man with a club or flag come out and hold it up till the train passed, to show all was right ahead. All head officials are held responsible for subordinates.

If I had a day, I would stop at Lyons, the second largest city in France. It is a famous old town for silks, velvets, and satins. It is beautifully situated at the confluence of two rivers, the Rhone and the Saone. It was the Lugdunum of the ancient Romans and the capital of Celtic Gaul. Bulwer Lytton has rendered its name immortal.

As we approach the Alpine range that divides France and Switzerland from Italy, the configuration of the country is changed from a plain and beautifully sloping hills to towering mountains. Their summits are covered with snow, but the valleys are green below. The farmer, with his



CITY OF LYONS, FROM THE PARK OF THE TETE D'OR.

yoke of large white oxen is turning over the new sod; his daughter is leading a single goat around a little lake; while the cuckoo utters its plaintive wail as the sweet harbinger of approaching spring. What a theme for the poet and a picture for the artist nature has lavished on beautiful Chambray!

When we reached Modane, on the French side, there was bustle and confusion—trains arriving and departing through the Mt. Cenis Tunnel; examination of baggage, passports, etc., on the frontier between France and Italy. I looked up and saw a train winding around down from the great tunnel, four thousand feet above the sea. Modane is the last station. As we begin to climb higher and higher above the valley, the atmosphere becomes crisp and cold. The scene below is indescribably grand. We enter an immense opening in a rugged peak before us, walled with stone. Our train is lighted from above. We move slowly, as if feeling our way through the impenetrable darkness. When we have gone thirteen thousand two hundred and fifty-six yards, the sky with its glorious sunlight bursts upon us. Then we make many short tunnels in succession, with open spaces intervening, until we have made the last. It must require two hours or more. We descend rapidly now, on the Italian side, to the valley below, with fearful chasms yawning and rugged mountains rising thousands of feet above us, covered with snow.

This tunnel, commenced in 1857, conjointly by the Governments of France and Italy, from both sides of the Alps, required nine years for its completion. It was bored by pneumatic pressure, and cost thirteen million dollars. When the engineers met in the center of this mountain of granite; their calculations showed the nicest precision. There is another tunnel finished since, called the St. Gothard; and still north of this is the famous artillery road,

called the Tête Noir and Simplon Passes, made by Napoleon the Great. Over this he marched his army into Italy. Hannibal had crossed the Alps, farther south, before Christ was born; but no such engineering as the Simplon had ever been seen before. In 1872 I traveled by this celebrated route from Chamounix, at the foot of Mt. Blanc, by Martigny, that led me over the loftiest mountains down upon the classic lakes of Maggiore, Lugano, and Como, in Northwest Italy. Sometimes I was eight thousand feet above the sea. I saw an Englishman who had been overwhelmed in a snow-storm, on the St. Gothard, just south of me, in the month of August. Soon after leaving Chamounix, I noticed Napoleon's name, with date, cut in front of a tunnel. I saw the drill-holes on the perpendicular walls of granite, and the stones with which he had filled in gorges and built bridges over chasms, to move his army and artillery. The road was so narrow we had to work our mule and horse tandem, one in front of the other. It will scarcely average six feet. It is cut in the sides of the mountains, winding around from the deepest gorge to the loftiest summits; then it descends zigzag, making the next ascent in the same way. But we seemed to rise higher and higher, until we had ascended far above the clouds. One of the most terrific scenes I ever beheld was a storm in the Alps, with its electrical phenomena of thunders echoing from cavernous depths, and lightning leaping from crag to peak, over precipices into dark abysses below, rolling away in awful grandeur down Alpine gorges. Above me were cloudless skies. I saw the sun rise and set in the Alps. It bathed the snow-capped summits of the Jungfrau, Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa in a flood of gorgeous light. There were purple, vermilion, and orange, shading into other tints of the rainbow, that shone resplendent in this glorious picture, though it faded when the blue vaulted dome of heaven was lit up

with the myriads of twinkling lights. It lives among the fadeless memories of that tour across the Alps.

As we approach Turin, I look northward across the beautiful vale of Piedmont, and I saw the snow-capped summit of Mt. Blanc once more. We have left the Alps far behind us as we steam down this beautiful plain of the vine and mulberry toward Alessandria. Here Indian corn, barley, oats, and wheat are cultivated between long avenues of trees, whose clustering vines are festooned one from the other.

We pass Turin. It was the base of Cæsar's operations when he conquered Gaul, beyond the Alps. It is now one of the finest modern cities of Italy, with a population of more than two hundred thousand. It is watered by the river Po. Here that grand old patriot Garibaldi has lived.

If it will not fatigue you, I will take you north of Alessandria, by the battle-field of Marengo, past rugged peaks, to see the wonders of Milan, the Lake of Como, then back to Milan and Alessandria. We shall only have time to see at Milan the marble cathedral—the light, airy, graceful wonder of the world. We will behold its wilderness of spires, surmounted by statues, looming up in the skies. There are over seven thousand marble statues, with more statues and spires yet to be built. The walls, the floors, and the entire building, are all marble. It is said it has cost over one hundred million dollars, and will require one hundred years yet and millions more to finish it. There are four staircases that go up to the great steeple, four hundred feet high. I did not go up. I wanted to see the relics and treasures valued at ten million dollars. I sometimes wish I could believe every thing I saw; but it does not matter. The collection here is wonderful—nearly every thing, from the crown of thorns, a picture of the Virgin and child, to a nail that came out of the cross. I asked my guide to

show me that nail. He pointed his finger above, toward the vaulted roof, and finally said they did not show it only on certain occasions. Several bones of the disciples and a piece of the handkerchief the Saviour wiped his face on, where he left its impression, are among the relics exhibited.

The largest theater in the world, "La Scala," is here. We did not visit it.

Here, in an old dilapidated building, may be seen the original of the greatest painting in the world, "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. You will see an artist in front copying it. In fact, artists are copying all these old pictures of Rubens, Titian, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and many others. The originals look very old, and many of their once brilliant tints are faded now.

Thirty miles north-west of Milan I stopped at the old town of Como, and in a few minutes we were gliding over the matchless lake. We saw Bellagio at the water's edge, and houses hanging on a cliff hundreds of feet overhead. The water is as clear as crystal. The mountains rise from one to two thousand feet all around. At night we sail over its placid bosom amidst the reflections of the stars; we look across Como on the Alps that rise in Switzerland, look at the pretty houses and gardens clustered around its shores, and I see them up on the mountain-slopes with their twinkling lights that appear to be shining out of the heavens. Como is scarcely a mile wide, but over one thousand feet deep, I heard. It winds around among these lofty mountains about fifteen miles. Its myrtles and groves, its snow-clad mountains, which are in the distance, with the Lady of Lyons, have been sung unto exhaustion.

We will return to Alessandria and go down to Genoa. We want to see the beautiful Mediterranean, and flash down its shores by Pisa to Rome and Naples. Italy approaches Georgia in the production of delicious peaches and melons.

Her vineyards cannot be excelled in all Europe. Everywhere you see the mulberry cultivated, both for the vine and the silk-worm. The tree is continually cut back, or pruned, to produce tender sprigs and leaves for the worms. As soon as the leaves appear in the spring the eggs are hatched out by artificial means, and the long white worm is soon at work spinning its cocoon. The peasants sell their crops of cocoons to the mills or merchants in Turin, Milan, and Genoa.

When we reached Genoa we thought of the statue of Columbus, the discoverer of America. It stands immediately in front of the station. As a work of art it is worthy the highest consideration. Genoa looks out from her proud eminence in regal splendor. The city is protected by a moat and batteries on her lofty heights that well-nigh render her impregnable. The great number and beauty of her palaces entitle her to the proud distinction of *la superba*. The works of Titian, Guido, Paul Veronese, Vandyke, and Carlo Dolci, adorn their walls. Here the finest silks and velvets are manufactured and sold at half the price they are in Paris or London. The ladies do not visit in Genoa, but appear on the Corso in the evening in their long, flowing white veils. They gather these tastefully about their heads with gold pins, and let them fall in graceful profusion over their classic arms and shoulders. They are as dressy and graceful as they can be. They robe themselves in a "cloud of white" of beautiful illusions, and, with their long, flowing veils, these Genoese women do look so charming. Many of them are very fair, with blue eyes; but the black, brown, dreamy ones are most dominant. The gentlemen were all dressed in the latest Parisian styles. The park was lit up with gas-jets, the fountains and band began to play, and these snowy-robed ladies glided on the arms of the gentlemen around and around under the trees

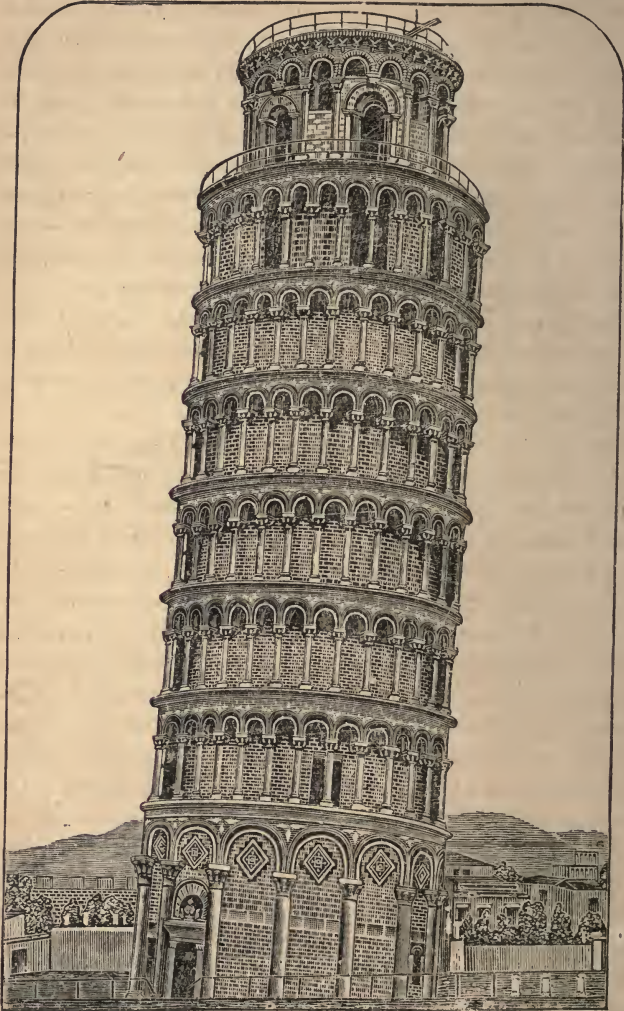
“like so many snow-flakes.” It was a most fascinating scene—this meeting of the old and young, the belles and the beaux, in this fairy-land of trees, fountains, music, and beautiful gardens. I should like to remain a week in Genoa amid this freshet of loveliness and beauty. It is so exhilarating, so soothing, to the wearied traveler. But I should always be in trouble. It would be difficult to make up one’s mind here. They are so pretty, so much like our Southern girls—the girls of America. By the time a man could make up his mind he would fall in love with somebody else.

Nothing can be more picturesque than this sea-side route from Genoa to Rome, by way of Pisa. It is a picture of rare beauty. We leave under a great tunnel, opening out on a grand view of the blue Mediterranean, with lofty embattled heights rising above us. Every thing is so ethereal, so blue, so tranquil, with majestic mountains rising in the background all covered with snow. As we glide around lofty mountains, whose slopes are studded with olive-trees, we pass village after village, and villa after villa, embowered in orange-groves, lemons, limes, figs, and pomegranates, whose fragrant bloom has filled the air. What glorious panoramas! What grandeur, what picturesqueness overwhelm us! What charming views of the sea from these palatial homes!

Our train for Pisa and Leghorn is crowded. At every station the third-class passengers drink wine and eat bread. Wine at one lire (twenty cents) a gallon. A regular picnic. Everybody seems to be enjoying the occasion. Such talking, such familiarity, such jolly laughter and bursts of applause! Surely this peasant population of Italy must be a happy one. I saw a woman enter an open car with her young “kid” strapped on a pillow. She laid it—that is, the pillow—across her lap. The baby never cried. It was

a marvel of patience. I cannot imagine a Georgia brat so pacific under such circumstances. The whole neighborhood would have been alarmed. These people all appear to be "kin." Here are one hundred or more, all talking familiarly, eating bread and drinking wine. Some of them, I know, have come with me for hundreds of miles. They have never met each other before, yet you would suppose they were all old friends and neighbors. They make wry faces, gestures, and grimaces really grotesque, for each other's amusement. They are a jolly, good-natured "set." They despise conventional etiquette. They join socially, men and women alike, in the most animated discussions of various subjects. They are decidedly gossipy, to put it in its mildest form.

It was late at night before I arrived at Pisa—famous old city, famous for its Leaning Tower (the Campanile), the Duomo, and Campo Santo. I could not rest at my hotel for the intermittent squalls of a young bantling next door. I wonder if they had unstrapped it. Well, it needed strapping again. But there was one consolation—it was all the *English* I heard in Pisa. It was so natural, so home-like. Pisa is a deceased old town now. Once it was so powerful it defied even Genoa and Venice for supremacy and renown. It boasts of great antiquity and several wonderful sights. I ascended the Campanile, or Leaning Tower, justly accounted one of the wonders of the world. The most remarkable feature about it is its declination from the perpendicular. It is one hundred and ninety feet high, consisting of eight stories, with projecting galleries of seven feet. The top story overhangs the base on one side fifteen feet, but the center of gravity is ten feet within the base. It is a bell-tower, with a chime of ancient bells hanging in it. It is seven hundred years old, but we cannot tell whether it was built purposely this way or its sides have settled.



THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

There is no traditional or historical account concerning it. My own impression is that it was originally built in this leaning position. It is constructed on a very broad, solid granite base. It is a graceful and very handsome structure. Each of its eight stories is surrounded by fluted columns, with Corinthian capitals, some marble and others of granite. I ascended to the top by a winding staircase of stone steps, very much worn in places, from the inside. Occasionally I would go outside around the circular galleries. When I walked around on the lower side the tower appeared to be falling, and I would hurry to the upper side under the silly impression that it was falling from my weight upon it.* You feel like bearing down on the upper side. I enjoyed all my views from this direction. I did not take any from the lower side. I apprehend nobody has ever attempted such a thing. The city below and the Campagna, that stretched away for miles to the foot of lofty mountains, presented a panorama of rare beauty. The whole of this vast plain was cultivated like a garden.

The Campo Santo is a burial-ground, the earth of which was brought from Jerusalem. There are a few magnificent monuments, statues, and paintings here that rank this the most interesting of the Pisan curiosities. The body of the Countess Beatrice rests in a magnificent sarcophagus. It appears that the devotional spirit of the olden times attached more importance to the outward forms of worship than it did to the sanctification of the heart and guarding it against sinful deeds. Hence this holy dirt possessed great power and efficacy in saving the dead.

One of the finest cathedrals in all Europe is the old Duomo, that stands close by the Leaning Tower. Its grandeur has outlived the prosperity and fall of Pisa. It is eight

* A cord hung from the center on top would touch the wall before it reached the bottom.

hundred years old. In the spacious rotunda of the baptistry, older still than the Duomo, I saw the lamp whose suggestive swing was the occasion of immortalizing Galileo, the discovery or invention of the pendulum. He was only eighteen years of age at the time. He also discovered the telescope. I could not but feel a veneration for this old lamp. What an age of investigation and discovery it had set in motion! "Patriarch of all pendulums." The echo by which the guide awakens the sweetest sounds that ever enchanted the human ear may be heard in another part of the building.

Pisa was one of the twelve Etruscan cities, and looks back into the shadowy past nearly three thousand years. Three hundred years ago she was a warlike republic, and boasted of her splendid army and navy. She had whipped out the Turks and Genoese in many a hard-fought battle. She had once a population of nearly half a million, but her scepter has fallen by her side, her armies melted away, her walls and citadels crumbled, and only the old dust-covered flags and her few splendid monuments remain to recall her ancient glory.

We wanted to see Leghorn on the sea-shore, the sea-port of Pisa, noted for its hats, its hens, starch, soap, and cream of tartar. It has a fine harbor, and was once the pride of the Medici family. It is only twelve miles from Pisa. The only attraction to me was its hens. They never set.

Lay on, Macduff;
Of eggs I shall never get enough.

We have seen no hogs, but the hills are covered with sheep. Near Pisa, at Cascine, there were fifteen hundred milk-cows and two hundred camels.

CHAPTER VII.

ART TREASURES OF ROME.

AT last the beautiful valley of the Tiber, with that historic stream still flowing on, gleamed in the distance. We crossed its yellow flood; then Rome, eternal Rome! Once mistress of the world, I am here.

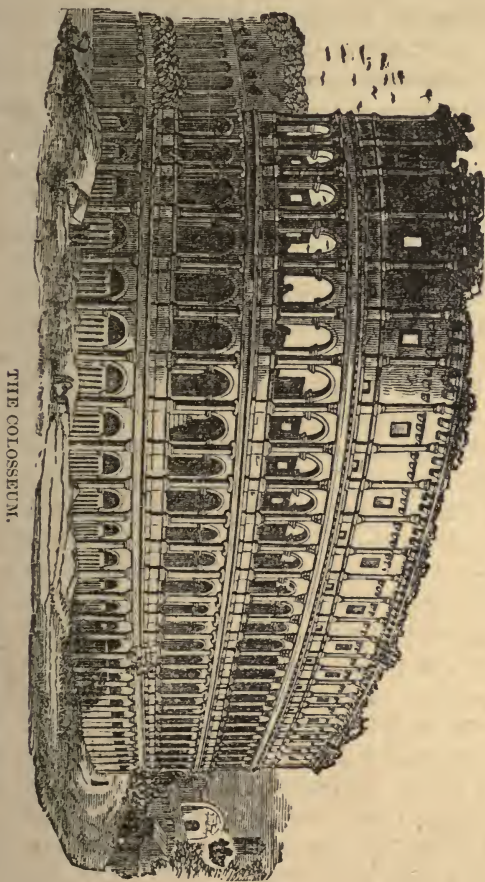
Ah! little thought I when in school I sat,
A school-boy on his bench at early dawn,
Glowing with Roman story,
I should live to tread the Appian Way
Of monuments, most glorious palaces;
Toward Tiber and the City Gate
Pour my unpretending verse.

Can it be that Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Tacitus, and Cæsar —authors of my school-boy sorrows—once lived here? Let us stop on the Corso and wander over those silent and deserted hills. They rise all around me above the Campus Martius in silent repose. Covered with vines, fragments of broken columns, crumbling walls, palaces, and statues lying in prostrate grandeur. Imperial Rome, where is thy power gone?

I stand on the Capitoline Hill, and look down the valley on the ruins of the Forum, around which are grouped the most glorious remains of thy ancient splendor. All fallen and gone except thee, Phocas; thy solitary column rising in melancholy grandeur. The Temple of Concord, an arch, a colonnade, speak in silence of departed glory. To my right is a great heap of ruins once the palace of the Cæsars. In front are the remains of the most stupendous structure of ancient times. It is the Colosseum, an amphitheater built by Titus in the year 81 after our Saviour was born. It seated eighty-seven thousand people at one time. I approached this massive ruin, and stood in the arena to con-

template its awful form. The terraced seats of stone rise one above the other to a fearful height all around the arena. The outside wall is still standing, except a portion broken off centuries ago. It rises one hundred and fifty-seven feet in height. The arena is nearly one hundred yards long and sixty yards broad. It is almost one-third of a mile in circumference. It is built on arches of stone, brick, and cement. Many churches and palaces have been constructed out of it. It was made a fortress in feudal times. Sixty thousand Jews, captured by Titus in Jerusalem, were employed ten years in building it. When it was inaugurated it is said five thousand wild animals and ten thousand captives were slain. Gladiators wrestled, and a naval combat was fought in the arena, which had been flooded with water for the occasion, until the scene became so grand Titus wept tears. The Colosseum is round, and open at the top. It is the grandest of all the Roman antiquities. To the right of the Arch of Titus is the excavated temple of Venus and Rome, whose columns strewn around told of its magnificence and grandeur. At the left of the Arch of Titus begins the Via Sacra, down which I drove three miles toward the Three Taverns, the road on which Paul was brought a prisoner into Rome.

What interested me very much in my rambles were the old aqueducts, baths, water-fountains, water-troughs of solid stone, and other curious relics of the past thousands of years. Sometimes I could see the water gushing out of an ancient spout that had been placed in a new building. I noticed that the wall of the Capitol on the side overhanging the Forum was a part of the ancient Capitulum, the citadel of Rome. New forms and changes have often been made, but this old wall remains. The original seven hills of old Rome are nearly deserted. I found nothing but splendid ruins, columns, and fragments of walls standing.



THE COLOSSEUM.

The French have conducted extensive excavations here. The house of Marcellus, recently discovered, and the house of Augustus, on the Palatine, are among the grandest and most interesting; but the temples, baths, houses, arches, columns, and statues that have been brought to light by these excavations are innumerable. Between the ancient Forum Romanum and the Capitol, already mentioned, is the most marvelous collection of antique remains to be found in the world. The Forum being the nucleus, lying in a little valley between the Capitoline and Palatine hills, Rome seems to have grouped its glorious works around it.

I wandered on foot from this cradle of her power to the Pantheon, the best preserved of all the Roman antiquities. In simplicity and design it is a model of architectural beauty. It was built by Agrippa in the year 27, while yet our Saviour and his apostles were alive on earth. In those days the Pantheon was a pagan temple devoted, as its name indicates, to the worship of all the gods. By some archaeologists it is supposed to have been at some time a public bath. I think this quite doubtful. All the opening I could discover was a circular aperture in the dome, which probably afforded an escape to the burned incense below. Its magnificent door and portico are very impressive. They are ornamented with sixteen beautiful Corinthian columns and capitals in front. I found Raphael's tomb on the left of the entrance. In 1833 it was opened and a plaster cast taken of his skull and hand.

Let us descend now from these seven hills and ruins of ancient Rome to the Campus Martius of Pompey, Augustus, and Cæsar. This plain lies at the foot of these hills, upon which the splendid new city of Rome has been built. Here the Roman generals once drilled their legions when Rome was the mistress of the world. Once its population was two millions; now it is two hundred and forty thousand.

The Corso is the Broadway—the great thoroughfare of business and pleasure. It has many pretty squares, and grand old columns, arches, and monuments to adorn them.

From the Corso we cross over the yellow Tiber to the Vatican and St. Peter's. We pass the castle of St. Angelo, tomb of Hadrian, and that of Augustus. In the last building—now a theater—were interred the most illustrious of Roman celebrities. Here Augustus, Germanicus, Agrippina, Tiberius, Claudius, Nerva, and Agrippa were buried; also Octavia, sister of Augustus, and Livia, his wife. The Scipios are buried in the Catacombs, on the Via Appia, in niches cut in the solid rock. Approaching St. Peter's and the Vatican—so near together they may be considered one vast building, with colonnades stretching out like great giant arms to welcome you—we are impressed with their colossal grandeur and magnificence. Both these buildings are supposed to cover sixteen acres of ground. It seemed half a mile from the front to the rear, in making half their circumference. In front is a large plaza adorned by two beautiful fountains. Here, before the separation of the State from the Church, the Pope appeared on the front steps of St. Peter's during the assembling of the Ecumenical Council, when the vast plaza, packed with pilgrims from every land, presented one of the most imposing spectacles in the world. Every pilgrim bowed before his august presence. You can see the offerings brought in the court of the Vatican. Every thing is so massive, so bulky, so vast about this church of St. Peter's we have nothing to judge it by. The length of all the great cathedrals is indicated on its marble floors. St. Peter's is twenty to thirty feet longer than St. Paul's. It must be nearly twice as large, and is four hundred and thirty-eight feet high. It is filled with statuary, monuments to the popes, and rare paintings. There is a wilderness of columns, marble and porphyry,

and twelve small pillars they say came from Solomon's Temple. What is more extraordinary, they have some nails, a piece of the cross, and a few thorns. I saw a statue of some patron saint carved by Michael Angelo whose big toe was nearly kissed away. I saw St. Peter's chair, which cost one hundred thousand dollars to gild it. They say it requires fifty thousand dollars a year to keep up the repairs on this building. From its lofty dome we can see the seven hills of old Rome from St. Angelo's Castle to the Colosseum. We can see the Tiber winding itself away toward the sea. When I had walked several miles in its rotunda, down its solemn aisles, and through vast distances filled with columns and monuments, I grew so small I lost my identity. I looked up at the great square pillars that supported its ponderous roof—as tall as several trees piled on top of each other—and then I looked at the other end of the cathedral, and tall men had diminished into pigmies. I was conscious of nothing except the beggars who followed behind wanting to show me the remainder. It was too vast for me, so I tried the Vatican.

The Vatican is the Pope's winter residence, and adjoins St. Peter's. It is a three-story building, with a pretty garden of orange-trees, evergreens, and flowers in a court. It is four hundred yards long and three hundred yards broad. I am a little precise in stating the dimensions, because I desire to do it thoroughly. I walked up the Scala Regia, a grand flight of marble steps; saw walls of the building covered with frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo—a perfect panorama of Italy with its fields of grain, meadows, vines, trees, birds, and flowers. It was gorgeous. When I had reached the top of the first or second flight, I knocked at a door. It was opened. Here was the Sistine Chapel, in which the world-renowned fresco of "The Last Judgment" was to be seen. It covers one end of the chapel, being

thirty feet broad and sixty feet high. It is by Michael Angelo. Everybody knows that. It required seven years of the artist's life to make this picture. It is fading rapidly now; but its conceptions of the great lawgiver and the prophets are sublime. The subjects are taken from the Old Testament. The faces of Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Isaiah are full of expression. The heads of the prophets may be seen all around the top of the walls; but you will be most attracted by the great fresco at the end of the hall. The Judge of all stands in the center of the great painting with uplifted hands, giving expression to the dreaded realities of the last day. On his right are assembling the tried and faithful, whose faces are radiant with joy. Below, and to the left are multitudes of people looking up with eager expectancy and hope. Thousands are departing with the most horrid dread of torture depicted in their faces. They are all looking back; but, "Depart ye; I know ye not." You can almost hear this judgment pronounced. Below I thought I saw a glowing hades, with millions descending into eternal torment. Satan appeared to be doing a wholesale business. Michael Angelo, like all great men, had his critics, one of whom he has particularly remembered in this great painting. He wears a pair of ass's ears and is among the lost and damned.

I wanted to see something refreshing now—something that would revive me. I passed to the Court of San Damaso, and ascending another stair-way, I began to explore four of the most celebrated rooms of paintings in the world. Nearly or quite all these were painted or finished by Raphael's pupils. The last and greatest work of the immortal master interested me most. I stood among a multitude of strange people, and gazed with awe and deep emotion on the crowning triumph of his genius, "The Transfiguration." How sublime! how inexpressibly beautiful! The more we

contemplated its marvelous expressions, the more overwhelmed we were by its sublime conceptions. I endeavored to conceal my emotions. I looked around, and found nearly all these people bathed in tears. The picture impresses us with the miseries of human life, its sorrows and woes, and that there is but one hope of relief and comfort for the afflicted—a hope and trust in heaven.

Mount Tabor shines out resplendently above, while in the center of the painting our Saviour is represented as about to leave this world. Below, or about his feet, are prostrated three of his apostles, who have been affected by the divine light of his heavenly face; Moses and Elijah are floating about him in the air, while the other nine disciples stand waiting. On the other side is a vast multitude of people who are bringing to them a poor demoniac boy, whose convulsed limbs and horrid expression of torture and pain cause him to cry out for relief: "O what shall I do to be saved?" Two of the apostles point him to Jesus, whose face is divinely beautiful. Raphael was but thirty-seven years of age when he had finished this picture, and his spirit was called away to dwell among those he had so beautifully portrayed. Nearly all these great artists flourished in the sixteenth century. We wandered for hours amid the bewildering paintings and statues in miles of corridors. We had seen the great masters at home, the masterpieces of Raphael, Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Tintoretto, and others; we had looked upon "The Last Supper," "The Communion of St. Jerome," "The Dying Gladiators," "The Laocoon," "Rachel Weeping Over Her Children;" we had seen miles of pictures and sculpture, enough frescoes to cover a small park, gobelin tapestry, all by hand, etc., in the Vatican and other places. What else? Somebody (may be the guide-book) said there were over twelve thousand chambers in these different buildings yet to see. I thought there were about four thousand.

I had done about five hundred, and there would still be three thousand five hundred to explore. I concluded life was too short to do the Vatican. I leave it to posterity. These pictures and priceless treasures of art have been gathered together from many places since the fall of the great Napoleon, and placed in this historic building. I used to be greatly amused, traveling years ago over Europe, especially through Holland and in Italy, to hear the guides remark: "Well," says Jacobus, at the Hague, "you see dis here Paul Potter's Bull. He wash once carried off to Paris to the Louvre by Napoleon. We offer the great robber one hundred thousand dollar if he let him stay. After Waterloo we gets him back." I was once standing in front of San Marco, that wonderful old basilica that ornaments the plaza in Venice. The guide remarked, "Do you observe those beautiful bronze horses up dare?" "Very fine; yes." "Vell, dat Napoleon carried dem horses to Paris." "He did?" "Yes; but after while dey came back home." I found "The Transfiguration" had made a similar pilgrimage. Napoleon was a great admirer of beautiful art. He never failed to collect up these gems and chefs-d'œuvre of the masters for the Louvre, in his memorable campaigns over Europe. But after Waterloo, by treaty, they were all restored.

They have one of the most wonderful and extensive collections of old manuscripts and books in the Vatican, but nobody ever sees them. They boast of a Bible that dates back to the fourth century. It is in manuscript, under lock and key. It is said St. Peter was buried on the spot where St. Peter's Cathedral stands. I don't believe it. It is more probable that Nero's circus stood here. The Bible gives no account of St. Peter ever having been in Rome.

I went expressly to the Santa Maria Maggiore to see the five boards on which the infant Jesus was laid in the manger at Bethlehem. I was greatly disappointed—the pre

lector did not have the key. But he would show some mosaic work one thousand years old—Christian art. The ceiling overhead was burnished with pure gold. It was presented by Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain, and brought from South America. The tomb of Pope Pius IX. is the most costly and beautiful in this basilica. It is embellished with precious stones, lapis lazuli, and malachite. A curious incident is related in connection with the history of this old church. A heavy snow-storm fell on this spot in the month of August in the year 352, and this splendid old pile was erected in commemoration of the event. It is on the Esquiline Hill. Outside the wall is the most imposing and elegant church, I think, I saw in Rome. It is located on the traditional spot where the apostle Paul was buried, and is appropriately named in his honor to commemorate the event. I regret I did not visit the Mamertine Prison, where the apostle was confined with other Christians as prisoners, though I was in sight of it when on Capitoline Hill. We did not even see Pilate's Staircase, which Luther climbed on his knees. But the famous Capuchin Convent is one of the places to visit. The monks have gathered together the bones of four centuries of their dead brethren from the crypts and catacombs of Rome with which to ornament and fresco their apartments. Here are skulls in one room, thigh-bones in another, ribs in another, and so on, deftly arranged in beautiful arches and towering pyramids. You ask these monks who did this, and they will reply, "We did it." They even know the names of some of their brethren who have been dead these two hundred and four hundred years, whose skulls and bones they handle and show you with the tenderest regard.

There are some things about these great sculptors worth knowing. I visited Mr. Hiram Powers's studio during his life-time, and he did me many acts of kindness while I

was in Florence. He showed me, with a pair of compasses, how he measured the inanimate marble, the width and depth of the face, the angle of the nose, the mouth, ears, arms, breast, to secure the form and expression from the model in clay. After this model is once made from the artist's own conceptions, it may be copied by a workman of ordinary skill by this system of measurements. He showed me the cast of the original "Greek Slave." In his studio, I saw many busts and faces of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, General Grant, Sherman, and others. These are mere ideal conceptions, which may not be copied from the original. Some of the finest figures are the copies of no one original. It sometimes requires twenty to fifty female forms to secure a perfect model. One girl furnishes an arm, another a bust, another a mouth, a brow, lips, chin, and a seventh a foot, until the perfect ideal of woman's beauty is secured. There are pretty girls in all these great art centers who sit for models. It has sometimes required even a hundred to get the artist's perfect ideal form. After all, the great sculptor must be a genius. He does but little work outside of embodying his grand conceptions in a form of plaster or clay.

It is seven hours to Naples. We cannot describe the route of travel, its scenery or its beauty. It was night. We saw nothing except a noisy operatic troupe—a lot of boisterous Italians. Early the following morning I discovered we were approaching Naples. There was a heavy frost settled on the market-gardens and the meadows around the city. It was the 23d of February. In the distance I saw Mount Vesuvius sending up a great cloud of smoke which ascended slowly and bore away before a gentle wind. I saw enough at the railroad station of rags, poverty, filth, and dirt, of donkeys, old horses, goats, cabs, dogs, screaming cabmen, insolent urchins, lazzaroni, vagabonds, and guides, to "see Naples and die." It took the romance

square out of me. I had pictured a fairy-land with blossoms, perfumes, roses, and skies that would bewilder my senses. I made one discovery—that Naples must be a civilized community, if we were to judge by her cheeky cabmen. For brazen effrontery the New York hackman would be shamed out of existence. I started for Hotel Metropole, at the upper end of the great strada, located at the foot of the mountains, which commanded a grand view of Vesuvius across the Bay of Naples.

CHAPTER VIII.

NAPLES—VESUVIUS—POMPEII.

I AM perfectly charmed with my hotel. My window, in the second story, looks out on a gorgeous scene of beauty—the city, the bay, and Vesuvius, all in one grand panorama. But I can get no soap. I have shouted, screamed, and pulled the bell-line for soap. I have been similarly embarrassed in other places; but I thought Naples ought to be a soap-factory. The woman rushed up after some time, and thought I was crazy. She finally brought me a small piece (sent down town after it, quite probably), and then charged me a franc or half franc for it. It was French soap, I suppose; it took French to get it. There is another serious impediment to travel in Italy; it is the bougie. I was nearly a week finding out what this meant on my bills. It appeared quite often, and at extravagant prices. It must be some aristocratic dish; but it turned out to be a tallow-candle. I then determined on plenty of bougies and savon, but it did no good; they kept charging them on the bills just the same. In Naples they charge for every thing they can think of. If you owe them nothing, they make out a bill anyhow. This morning I took a drive in my carriage down the strada, along the beautiful bay. A fine-

looking gentleman got in at the same time. He spoke English, began to gesticulate and show me the king's palace, the booking-office of the Salerno railroad to Vesuvius, etc. He was a guide. It would have insulted an American gentleman to offer compensation for such courtesy as that; but when I handed him some money, he rather felt as if I ought to have paid more. But these vagabonds, these street gamins and lazzaroni of Naples, if you look at one, he wants to charge for it. You cannot get out of your carriage, but he rushes to open the door—five cents; "Fine morning, signor"—more money; "Mt. Vesuve"—two cents. He wants to take off your duster, black your shoes over, brush your hat; and if you lay down your package to rest, he seizes that and hands it to you for another small consideration. Formerly, I learn, they used to barricade the streets with their donkeys when they saw a foreigner coming, or cut off his retreat, if he fell back; but they have quit that now—too many foreigners coming to Naples. They have street-cars, cabs, and all kinds of conveyances, to get about. Last night I paid a conductor a ten-shilling gold-piece, through mistake. He handed me the change in coppers for ten cents. I walk now, unless I have the proper fare. The bay is in the shape of a horse-shoe. At the upper end is the city, with a half million inhabitants, which extends nearly all around. Except the strada, or bay street, the streets are generally very narrow, and the houses, like those of Genoa, very tall. They are built of brick and stone, often stuccoed and covered with red tile. The city extends back from the bay half a mile or more to the foot of lofty mountains. These are terraced to their very summits, two or three thousand feet high, I suppose. On these beautiful terraces are the villas of the nobility and the wealthy. The women are proud even when poor. 'They bestow a great deal of attention on



NAPLES, THE BAY, AND VESUVIUS.

their personal charms, to captivate the opposite sex.' So my guide-book says; it ought to know. They promenade on their own house-tops, which are flat and adorned with beautiful shrubs and flowers. They have black eyes, raven tresses, and are nearly all brunettes. They are often too full in figure; but many are charmingly beautiful, and make good wives, I presume. They are fond of driving out of pretty evenings, gossip, etc. Above all these lovely villas and terraced gardens rise the embattled walls of St. Elmo Castle. You can drive or walk nearly up to this old castle. On one side, you can ride on donkeys up a flight of stone steps a mile high; on the other, next to the sea, we drove down in a carriage. An Englishman and I looked down from these lofty heights on Naples below our feet, its placid bay nestled in a cove; Capri and Ischia in the distance, rising out of the sea; Torre del Greco and Sorrento down its lovely shores; and seven miles back of Torre del Greco and Pompeii rose Vesuvius in majestic beauty from a level plain. The city is built of lava-stone; its streets are paved with it, and beautiful jewelry adorning the shop windows are made out of this indestructible material. Some of the finest stores near my hotel—in truth, whole streets—are devoted to the manufacture and sale of coral. The plate-glass windows are ablaze with the loveliest necklaces, bracelets, and crosses. The pale coral is the most costly of all the shades and colors. Then the cameos are just lovely. You can see the workmen in the rear of nearly all these shops, making these beautiful works of art. Every day I walked miles along these crowded streets just to study the character of the Neapolitans. On every street is a repetition of Broadway, New York. I never saw such bustling, hurrying, and struggling throngs of humanity. There are no sidewalks; and if there were, the people would all walk in the middle of the street. When they are wide

enough, there appear as many vehicles as there are pedestrians. It is a mystery to me why the morning papers do not record a thousand accidents a day. The houses they live in are another wonder. You look five, six, seven, and eight stories high, it seems, and you see a little iron railing in front of every window up to where the roof is. "There is somebody always looking out nearly every window"—these pigeon-holes. When you look up these narrow streets, the rows of houses are so long and so tall "they resemble a railroad-track coming together in the distance." They stretch lines across the streets, on which to hang their tattered rags. Then you see white-robed women looking out these balcony railings from the bottom to the topmost floor. You will see all this and a great deal more if you go to Naples. You will see swarms of ragged children crowded in the door, with unwashed faces and uncombed hair, looking like scarecrows. You will see their chickens, donkeys, and goats—which sleep with them—coming out of the same door, or standing about, early in the morning. The goats are driven from door to door and milked in a tiny cup. The milk is then sold—one of the few honest transactions that occur in Naples. But the most curious sight yet is to see these people eating macaroni. They live on macaroni. It is cooked along the streets, thrown up to cool, then served by hand, with a little tomato sauce dashed on. Two meals a day of these long quills—exactly two cents worth—keeps an Italian alive. Then it is more amusing to see an Italian eat it. Sometimes it is one to two feet long. He keeps roping it in until it is all gone. A fruit-merchant carries his little basket along the streets, cries his grapes and oranges all day, and twice a day he will sit down himself and eat a bunch of grapes and piece of bread. He seems perfectly happy. I have been trying to reconcile all this magnificence and luxury of Naples

with all the vice and poverty I have seen. I cannot do it. You see the dukes and bankers, in their sumptuous carriages, with footmen in livery, dashing down the Chiaja. Then you will observe a donkey, not larger than a dog, in a go-cart with its proprietor. He too is splurging down the Chiaja. The donkeys appear to be as happy as their titled owners. I saw one the other day making his dinner absolutely on one cabbage-head. It is hard to tell who is the happier, the donkey or his bloated, aristocratic master.

Naples is a very ancient city; first settled by the Greeks; was famous for its baths and its theaters, its matchless scenery and the mildness of its climate, long before the apostle Paul landed at Pozzuoli. According to Cicero, it was a licentious place. Tacitus states that Nero selected Naples for his appearance on the stage. Here the wealthy assembled. It was a great seat of pleasure and voluptuous enjoyment during Cæsar's time. Ovid and Virgil sung its charms. It boasts of three hundred churches now, and ought to be a very pious city; but it is not. They named the churches here, like they did in Rome, after the madonnas, St. Peter, and Mary. I have not found the first church dedicated to the Holy Ghost or our blessed Redeemer. In the Madonna dell' Arco—seven miles from here—they sing and dance the tarantella. What that is I do not know; but I do know the dominion of the Madonna is universal in Naples; everybody venerates her.

They have a cemetery here called "Campo Santo Vecchio," which consists of three hundred and sixty-five cells. Every morning one is opened to receive the dead of the previous day, which are just dropped in, covered up, and cemented for a year; the next morning another is opened, and so on throughout the year. They do not go much on style here, like they do in Paris.

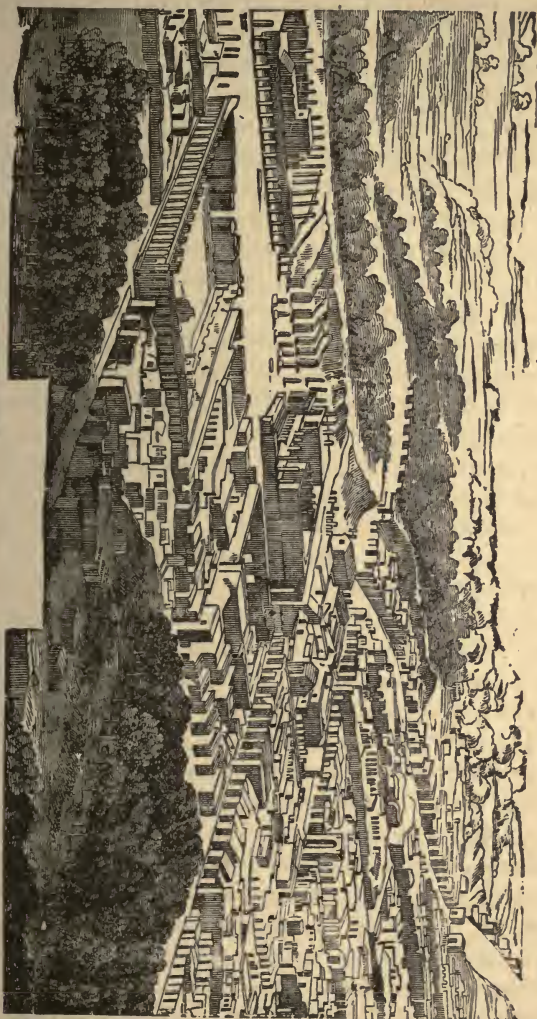
The Museo Fernando contains the frescoes and Pompeian antiquities and the rich treasures of art exhumed at Herculaneum. There are four rooms, containing sixteen hundred different objects. The sacrifice of Iphigenia pleading to her father, who turns away to hide his grief; the figure of Diana in the clouds; Hercules killing the lion, etc., are among the most beautiful and touching representations in this rich collection. The mosaics are equally as grand as works of art. There are four thousand specimens of ancient glass and *terra cotta* in another room. There is the secret cabinet, in which no lady is admitted. Those old Pompeians were a wicked people. I saw numbers of little lachrymal bottles, which they placed to their eyes to relieve their overburdened hearts with.* They had scales, balances, weights, lounges, chairs, furniture, bowls, pitchers, cups, jewelry, watch-chains, charms—even many of the cooking-utensils, implements, and tools we see nowadays.

THE LOST CITY OF POMPEII.

They pronounce it here Pom-pay-e. It is the greatest wonder of all the Roman antiquities. It fills every traveler who beholds it with astonishment. We take the Castellamare railroad down the bay, pass Terre del Greco, and in a few minutes arrive at our station. It is about twelve or fifteen miles from Naples, and close to the seashore. We walk a few hundred yards and enter the Sea Gate. We have a guide furnished free to do the tenantless houses and deserted streets. This is very thoughtful on the part of the Government; but when we are expected to purchase before departing twenty dollars worth of souvenirs—principally pictures of the departed city—I say this Government needs watching. But it is well worth the trouble for the seeing. It is a most curious sight. Pompeii was overwhelmed by ashes and cinders from the extinct cone of

* When dead, these tear-bottles were buried with them.

VIEW OF THE EXHUMED CITY OF POMPEII.



Somma, on Mt. Vesuvius, in the year 79. It lay buried for one thousand six hundred years, buried from forty to one hundred feet deep. In 1748 it was accidentally discovered by some peasant cutting a ditch. Since that date the exhumation has been going on, and I saw a number of men still at work removing the débris, and bringing to light new houses, new treasures, and more streets.

We ascended a narrow street from the Sea Gate, and before us stood on either side long rows of roofless houses, solid brick, just as they stood one thousand eight hundred years ago. As we walk up one street and down another, we naturally look for the inhabitants to come out of their doors and say good-morning. Here lie scattered in profusion broken pillars, door-ways that are doorless, broken arches and columns, walls, and roofless houses whose clean-swept floors display a wealth of mosaics in pictured birds, animals, and flowers that have remained imperishable till this day. We walk on narrow sidewalks, and cross from one corner to the other on stepping-stones, just as the Pompeians did when the streets were muddy. We see the chariot-wheels' deep ruts still in the paved streets of lava, and even the foot-prints of by-gone ages. Here are the bake-shops, the wine-jars, the baths, the theaters, the temples, the halls of justice, that are suggestive of wealth and opulence among a great people. Here are the saloons and bed-chambers, frescoed with beautiful allegories representing Adonis, Venus, and Bacchus falling in love and reveling over their wine-cups. Every thing is so life-like, so natural, except the want of a population, who seem to have left just a few days before. Our guide shows the house of Sallust, the tragic poet, the temple of Venus, and on the top of a hill the ruins of a Roman forum with its temples, porticos, and curæ, once a most imposing structure.

In many private houses I could distinguish the bed-rooms,

dining-halls, servants'-rooms, and kitchen, and many elegantly fitted apartments, with water-works and hydrants. They had private as well as public baths, with pipes for hot and cold water. I saw them. At the "Marine Gate Minerva is still keeping her tireless watch over the destinies of the city she could not save." In the forum of justice were beautiful Ionic and Corinthian columns scattered up and down the long colonnade of dismembered pillars. Here were the seats of the judges, and behind them the dungeons in which the prisoners were once confined.

I saw the ruins of an amphitheater older than the Colosseum at Rome. The seats of a Greek theater were in a good state of preservation, being circular and built of stone. There were subterranean passages, through which the pleasure-loving people could enter these theaters from the sea. Some of the houses in Pompeii have temporary roofs thrown over them, and are under lock and key. They contain frescoes on the wall similar to those transferred from here to the secret chamber in the Fernando Museum. The names were found carved on many of the thoroughfares, such as "Merchants' Street" and the "Street of Fortune." In this way many elegant private residences, with floors of mosaic and marble and walls richly frescoed, were identified.

But Pompeii is no longer a buried city. In its hundreds of roofless houses, with its tangled maze of streets running up and down and over many hills, one might easily get lost without a guide. The city has six gates by which it was entered, and a wall twenty feet in diameter and quite as high. No trace of the wall is found next to the sea, but the excavations extend to the northern and western walls of the city, I believe. I stood on the parapet and looked down the "Street of Tombs," which recalls the ancient splendors of the Appian Way.

What a melancholy spectacle must have been presented

on that memorable November night, when that cloud of cinders and hot ashes rained down on the doomed city! It seemed that I could almost hear the heart-rending cries for aid from mother, father, sister, and brother, as they fled in dismay from the impending death and destruction. Mothers with infants in their arms, and their children gathering about them for protection, must have awakened the deepest sympathies in the human heart. As I stand gazing on that same mountain, only seven miles distant, which overwhelmed this city in ruin, and which Pliny the younger beheld with horror trying to save the life of his poor mother, I must confess to a feeling of awe in its presence. It is the only active volcano I ever saw. Some day it may overwhelm Naples, as on frequent occasions its cinders and ashes have fallen several inches deep in that city. As we returned, we saw in a museum outside the Sea Gate many interesting objects exhumed in the excavations. The following illustration of two petrified bodies, showing the position in which they were found, is very correct. You per-



PETRIFIED BODIES.

ceive one is that of a woman having fallen on her face. By some chemical process the natural expression of their faces has been restored. Many cooking-utensils, loaves of bread, eggs, and other articles, are preserved in glass cases in this museum. I noticed the skeleton of a dog, whose very howl seemed petrified."

As I returned to Naples at night Vesuvius was sending up flashes of flame that cast a lurid light on her awful brow. I asked an Englishwoman who is living here if she was not afraid of sharing the fate of Pompeii. "O no," she replied; "as long as that crater is active we are safe. Why, Vesuvius is our great safety-valve." And she was right.

The more I see of these Neapolitans the more I am persuaded they are copying in their lives the same habits and customs, the same vices and sins, the Pompeians had. They have the same kind of little shops, utensils, bed-rooms, chickens and dogs about their doors. I think they copy their morals, too, from their deceased ancestors. They grind their wheat in little mills with the baker's shop next door, just the same as the Pompeians did; but they have no *baths* and no *soap*. Some day they may fly, as the Pompeians fled, with their money-bags, looking back on their impending doom. Some will be found sitting up against a pillar or post, or squatted with their household pets about the door. The bulk of them will be found eating macaroni or trying to swindle some foreigner out of ten shillings. But I do n't think their money-bags will offer any obstructions to their flight. Alas for these Neapolitans! I do n't like them much "nohow."

ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

They have a railroad running up nearly to the summit of Vesuvius now, by which it can be easily reached from the plain below. I had for my companion a Russian ship-master, who was on his way, or returning, from Catania,

Sicily, with a load of sulphur. He spoke very good English, and nearly all his conversation in this language with me was about the English people, the English Government, the inevitable war, etc. I think he cherished sulphurous designs, evidently, from the manifest of his cargo. We procured tickets at the office of the Salerno railroad station early one morning in Naples—twenty-five francs—to the summit of Vesuvius and return. It is about twelve to fifteen miles, and nearly all this distance must be made by a coach, or carriage, through the city, across the Campagna, and then by steep, winding roads up to the plain, two thousand feet high, from which the two lofty peaks of Vesuvius shoot up. One of these peaks, the one that overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum, is extinct; the other, or one nearest to us, is active. These peaks, which rise from the elevated plain, appear almost perpendicular, and must be nearly a mile high. This is the part the railroad runs up. As soon as we had traversed the distance through the city we came in full view of the volcano. Below it, on its steep sides and gentle slopes, as far as we could see all around, were vast fields of black scoriæ, an ocean of lava, which seemed to have rolled and tumbled in the wildest confusion and unutterable chaos. In its reckless flow it appears each successive eruption “had piled up in billowy waves black and wrinkled and knotted masses that assumed a thousand weird and fantastic shapes, mimicking roots, gnarls, trunks, and branches of trees” that had rolled up together. Over this blackened field of death and ruin the petrified lava had assumed different shades and colors. Some was brown, some coal-black, and other parts shaded off in chrome, slate, etc. I was told it required ten years for this lava thrown out of the crater to cool. When we had gone across the little valley, or Campagna, that lay between the city and the foot of the lava-fields, we began a gradual ascent up a

winding road all laid with lava, and on either side fenced with blocks of lava-stone. Where the lava had been removed, gardens, little fields, and orchards of figs, pomegranates, peaches, almonds, oranges, lemons, were growing in great profusion, planted in rows. Between the trees I saw cabbages, beans, lettuce, pease, and other vegetables, growing. The soil was disintegrated lava, black and friable, as rich as the guano-beds of Peru. The Lachrymæ Christi wine is made here. Up, up, by a gradual ascent, we keep winding until we come to a gate. Now the houses and gardens begin to disappear, and the city, with its matchless bay, slumbers far below us. What a panorama of life and death, of hope and despair, lies behind and before us! In the deepest study and contemplation in awe of all this grandeur and beauty, suddenly a band of music struck up a perfect "daisy" of an air on the road-side. As we approached very near, three men rose and bowed, with flutes, guitar, and tambourine—I don't remember—then walked in front serenading us, then they fell behind and serenaded us, then they advanced on the side of our carriage with hats off and serenaded us. After we paid off the band and discharged our music, and were beginning to reäsume a meditative mood, up ran a great stalwart vagabond with a bunch of flowers in hand. If it had been decoration-day in Georgia I venture the assertion this fellow could have furnished flowers for all the soldiers' graves. The captain and I ascended to Vesuvius amid a procession of music and blossoms that would have honored no ordinary occasion. It was a very unexpected ovation, however, and very *unpremeditated* on our part. We had now ascended two thousand feet up to the railroad station, three miles above the Campagna below, from which shot up the cone, with its little railroad. Here was an elegant little hotel, charges very high, the station with its waiting-rooms, passengers loitering about the en-

gine examining the machinery, and other curious spectators looking nearly perpendicularly up the track at a little car descending. It seemed to feel its way quietly and cautiously down, down a thousand feet or more off the summit of Mount Vesuvius. There were several people in there half frightened to death, it appeared—holding on, all the way, afraid the cable ropes would break, and then they would be pitched head foremost down into unutterable woe and eternity. It did look rather reckless to attempt that aerial voyage. But then the road had been in operation several years with no accident or loss, and this in itself was some consolation. I noticed the people who jumped out of this little street-car when it had descended. There was a sense of consciousness which found expression in their faces that was truly marvelous. Every one seemed satisfied, absolutely overwhelmed with its grandeur; but they would never make that ascent again.

The road-bed consisted of a single rail, or track—or rather two rails, or double tracks—on which were drawn up and down by powerful cable ropes two little cars, one going up while the other descended. Each car was balanced by these cables, one on either side underneath. A powerful engine below moved the cars up and down, attached to these cables, which worked around a turn-table above. The cars, being balanced and firmly held by these cables, were moved along by a convex wheel which worked in the center underneath, hugging either side of the single rail. The car coming down helps to draw the other up. You perceive at once the economy of power in this momentum. The principle is purely American, and if I am not mistaken I saw this model at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. The road-bed is laid in lava-stone, solid. As a financial venture it has been a success. I asked one of the officials if he was not afraid of being overwhelmed. “O no,” he said; “we

don't mind that. The road has paid for itself." Several of the passengers did not attempt it. If we don't hold on we all slide down in a pile together. In fifteen minutes we are up, and then we find we have three or four hundred yards to climb through smoke and clouds on burning-hot ground underneath us. The first consideration is to contract with the guide. They are all here, and will ask twenty prices; and if they could get what they asked, they would grieve the remainder of their days that they did not ask more. A number of times we had to stop and rest after leaving the station. A winding path is walled in, almost perpendicular; but we cut across, like the people did in Pompeii, to save distance. We could see nothing except the guide and a few yards around us. If we wanted to see our comrades ahead, we looked up; if we wanted to see who was coming behind, we looked below. At last we stood, or rather walked, on the summit. It was burning-hot under my soles. You could roast an egg or light your cigar at the crevices or fissures in the rocks. There were sulphurous gases and smoke issuing out of all these places, and one time I came near stumbling in a hole large enough to alarm me. I got down and heard it roaring underneath. I was satisfied. Then I gathered up specimens of the most beautifully tinted colors—sulphur-coated rocks, red, black, yellow, blue, brown, and white. Such a combination of colors, such magnificence, as shone resplendent on Vesuvius's jeweled brow! We crept along over this burning volcano behind the guide until we reached the crater. He punched off a piece of it with his walking-stick. We stood afar off and bent our necks trying to look over. It was a dark, bottomless-looking chasm—a pit, a gulf, from which issued clouds of sulphurous smoke. We held our nostrils, then our breath, then we departed. It is several hundred yards across the crater, and may be farther. There was an

indescribable pandemonium of unnatural sounds, deafening, uproarious noises, below. It roared like distant artillery. The lava was flowing out on the opposite side, the lower side, the guide said. To prove this he said that boy (there were several following us) would take a copper cent, if I had one, and in a few minutes he would bring it back incased in red-hot lava. What a souvenir! "Name your price." "O signor; poor boy very hungry [placing his hand on his dinner-box]; about twenty franc, say." "He will get a half dollar if he comes back; if he falls in, I will give you more." Off he went, running around the brink of the crater, and soon disappeared in impenetrable darkness.

RETURNING.

I believe we could have descended that mountain in ten minutes. Every step with prodigious strides we plowed our way down through loose ashes nearly knee-deep. Presently we reached the railroad station, and just as we were about to embark for below that little vagabond came running with the piece of lava he had jerked out of the mouth of Vesuvius. That's twice I score an Italian for honesty—the man who milked the goats and this boy who cheated Vesuvius out of its just deserts. This volcano has erupted forty-five times since the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum in 79. I believe that. In 1777, the guide-book further states, a liquid column resembling a flame of fire was thrown up ten thousand feet, and the ashes and cinders were blown over, or fell, on Alexandria, Egypt, perhaps, and Constantinople, Turkey. I don't believe that. It further states that "eighty-two different species of minerals have been discovered in the vicinity of Vesuvius." I think the man at the hotel below must have had them all, more or less. We enjoyed an enraptured view of the bay and city half-way down the Salerno railroad, but the summit was enveloped in mist and a cloud of smoke. From

three thousand feet we had soon descended on Naples along the sea-shore.

SORRENTO, CAPRI, THE BLUE GROTTO, AND ISCHIA.

Never did a more lovely morning dawn than on the sixth of March, when we started down the Bay of Naples on the most delightful excursion imaginable. The sun rose over the Apennines in gorgeous splendor, bathing the city and its hills above in a flood of golden light. We passed down under the great shadow of Mount Vesuvius, gliding by Sorrento with the air perfumed with orange-blossoms and the city looking out from its mountain home enveloped in a wealth of foliage. The house of Tasso is pointed out. In poesy and song, Sorrento, thy name will live immortal. Here are terraced gardens rising above each other—gardens of oranges, pomegranates, grapes, and figs. You can climb up terraced walks and winding roads, inclosed by tall stone walls, to the very summits of these mountains.

Around our boat are little boys clapping their hands and singing songs. If you throw a dime in the crystal waters below, every boy leaps from his boat in eager pursuit. Presently one comes swimming to his boat with the gilded prize, clapping his hands and singing for more. Twenty miles down the bay we reach Capri, a beautiful island of rock rising out of the sea. It was a favorite resort of the Emperor Tiberius, whose crumbling palace lies in stately ruins. It is no less famous for its orange-groves, vines, pomegranates, and figs than for its matchless wonder, the Blue Grotto. The entrance to the cave is on the perpendicular side of a high cliff—an abrupt sea-wall. Our steamer stops a short distance off, and we descend into small row-boats manned by experienced boatmen. They row us rapidly toward this wall, and, waiting for the lowest wave, shoot us into a hole four feet wide and four feet high. I laid flat on

my back. It is a tight squeeze at that. When the tide is up, you cannot enter at all. Now once in, we behold an arched cavern, about one hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred feet wide, and seventy-five feet high. The depth of it nobody knows; it is as deep as the ocean. You cannot conceive of any object as bright, as lovely, as blue as this little grotto. The brightest tint of an Italian sky would pale before its transparent luster. A man jumps overboard, and his body becomes an azure blue. Our oars, with which we glide about in the cavern, are tinted with azure and burnished as with the brightest silver.

Returning, we stopped at the town of Capri, located midway of the island on its very summit. We reach the public square by a flight of terraced steps, with a scene of tropical grandeur and beauty below me and a view of the Mediterranean from both sides of the town perfectly grand. The orange-trees, planted eight by ten, are protected by high walls; and in winter, when frost falls, the people cover the trees over with matting.

On the left we behold Ischia in ruins, her walls tumbled down, and houses roofless. Here three thousand people perished last year from the shock of an earthquake. The people were crushed to death by the falling houses in their fright and frantic efforts to escape by their boats to sea. Ischia, once a beautiful island, is full of sadness and mourning now.

There are many other interesting spots in and around Naples. I went out to Virgil's tomb, at the entrance to the grotto of Pausilipo. I passed through the tunnel cut by the ancient Romans for a drive down the coast to Baiæ, the Temple of Serapis, Lake Agnano, with a portion of the ancient city still visible above its waters. Here Horace, Cicero, and Virgil dwelt. The hot baths of Baiæ have been celebrated in their verses. The voluptuousness of the

women and their depravity in those days, if we are to credit Cicero, were sufficient to provoke the wrath of Vesuvius upon their heads. And there is Procida and Pozzuoli, where St. Paul landed after he sailed from the island of Samos. Near here a mountain rose up in one night. Pliny wrote about the poisonous vapors of Grotto del Cane. Hold a dog or chicken there, and it kills either almost instantly. We could not make the experiment. We had good reasons for not doing it. But it is said the dogs are so in the habit of dying they do n't mind it at all.

Naples has a beautiful garden, through which we pass on our return, in which there is the finest aquarium in all Europe. The water is turned into glass domes from the sea. Here I saw the skate-fish, that cuts with its tail; the squid, that moves backward; the water-spider, the cuttle-fish, lobster, dog-fish, octopus, eels, etc. There are two natural wonders in this exhibition that excite the greatest interest. One is the hermit crab, that hides in other shells except its own, and the little sea-horse, with head and ears precisely similar to that animal. But most beautiful of all the wonders in this aquarium are the coral insects at work. They work in many colors, the pink, yellow, and white predominating. These are the little stone-masons that construct deep down in the sea the most dangerous reefs along the mariner's pathway.

CHAPTER IX.

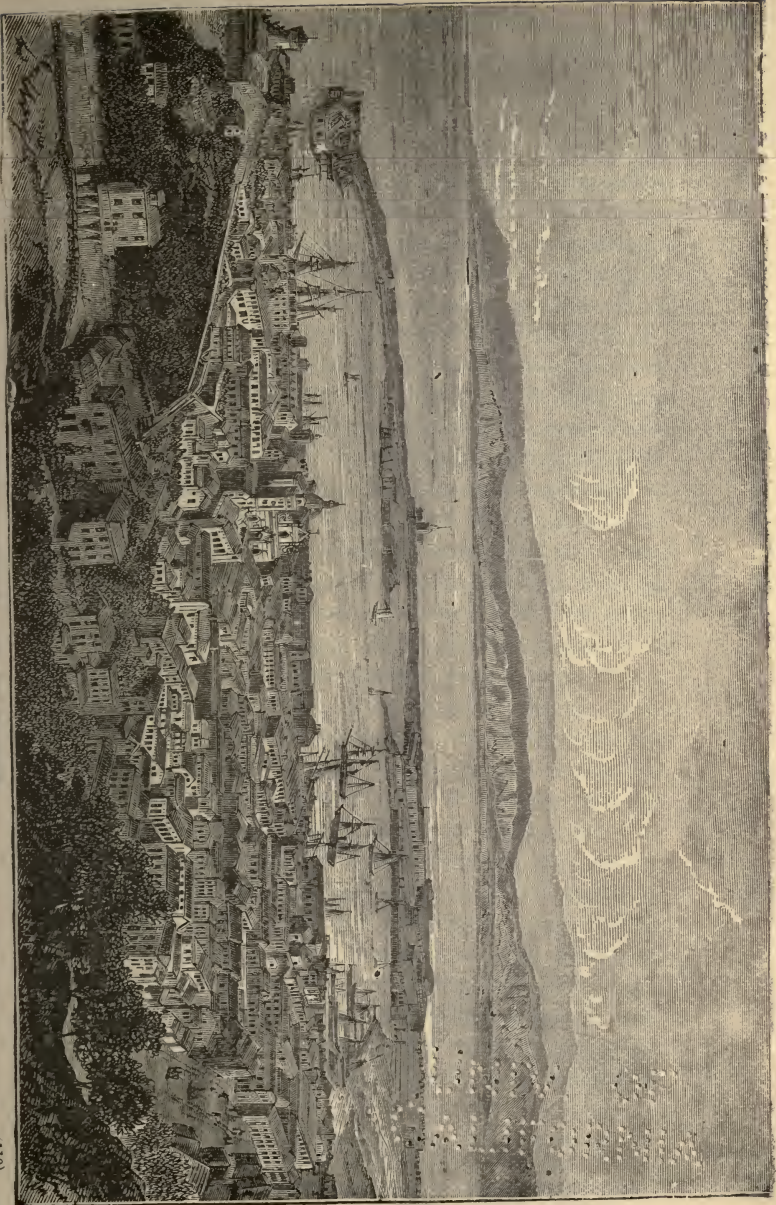
FROM NAPLES TO MESSINA, SICILY.

THE sun was setting on the Bay of Naples, and gilding its glorious heights with his departing rays as our handsome little ship, of the Rubitino line, steamed down amidst a wilderness of shipping and studding sail. As the lengthening shadows drew the curtain over the departing day, I

sat under the magic spell of enchantment that seemed to inthrall me, watching St. Elmo with its embattled heights, and Naples thousands of feet below, until its towers and cathedral spires had faded on the gorgeous view. The moon and stars succeeded the day in radiant splendor, reflecting the dim outlines of Vesuvius in our rear, and the shadows of Ischia on our right in its sleepless hush of death. Next appeared the matchless Isle of Capri rising out of the sea with its rugged, overhanging cliffs, whose great shadows darkened our bow as we glided through it on our way south to the beautiful Isle of Sicily.

We had for *compagnons de voyage* an old gentleman and his pretty young wife—San Franciscans—on a three-years voyage around the world. It was a delightful meeting, a meeting of kindred tongues and languages. But we were to part at Messina, perhaps never to meet again. They were bound for Constantinople and the Black Sea; I still farther south—to Malta and Alexandria, Egypt. Early in the morning we saw the city of Messina gleaming in the distance. Its milk-white houses and lofty spires rose along the water's edge. In the rear were the grandest mountains terraced nearly to their summits, a bewildering panorama of lemon-gardens that rose above each other in peerless grandeur. From their luxuriant foliage peeped out many a pretty villa. To our left, as we entered its matchless harbor, I gazed upon the snow-capped mountains of Calabria, whose sloping sides near the sea were terraced in orange-groves. The mountains on the opposite side presented a similar spectacle of luscious fruits, fragrant flowers and bloom. Here was a fairy scene, a region that seemed to have been dropped out of heaven.

From Naples to Messina is one hundred and sixty miles. We anchor in the harbor, and take a small boat for the shore. I see an American man-of-war flying the stars and



VIEW OF MESSINA AND ITS HARBOR.

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stripes. It is the "Kearsarge," which, twenty years ago, off Cherbourg, France, engaged that dauntless hero, Captain Semmes, of the "Alabama," in a death-struggle. The combat lasted one hour and fifteen minutes. The "Alabama" was a wooden ship. Captain Semmes supposed he was fighting a wooden ship; but it was proved the "Kearsarge" had let down chains on her sides, which gave her a plated armor. With superior armament and more men, however, the "Kearsarge" was badly crippled. Captain Semmes lost ten men by drowning whom Captain Winslow could have rescued; but he was afraid to approach the "Alabama," although he saw she was going down. Captain Semmes and many of his officers—among the number our gallant Georgian, Lieutenant Kell—were saved by the English steam-yacht, the "Deer-hound." But the once hostile foe is our ship now, and that is our flag.

We walk along the wide, clean quays, charmed with the beauty of Messina, its bustle and trade. We see many ships loading here for Dundee (Scotland), Liverpool, New York, and other ports, with oranges, lemons, orange-peel, pickled oranges and lemons, to be manufactured into marmalade and citric acid. Thousands of little boxes—just the same that we see at home—are being hauled and loaded for distant ports. That ubiquitous little animal, the donkey, has hauled his last load, and is eating his dinner; but it is fruit instead of cabbages this time. These animals are fed on the peel. This and Palermo are the great fruit-markets, as New Orleans, Savannah, and Charleston, in the South, are our great cotton ports. Oranges are grown mostly on the Italian side of the strait, in Calabria, while lemons are more extensively cultivated in Sicily; but, being shipped from Messina, they are known by that name, as coffee assumes the name of Rio, the port in Brazil from which it is exported.

My object in making this detour from the usual route by

Brindisi to the East was to gather facts from personal observation in Sicily and Malta concerning the cultivation and production of tropical fruits that belong to the citrus family. Oranges and lemons must have been introduced here from the East long before the discovery of America. From here the seed was distributed along the Mediterranean coast toward the south-west as far as Spain. The species—a sour variety known as bigarade—when it reached Spain was called Seville. It is probable the Spaniards carried the seed from Spain to Florida, where it was scattered along its coast and lakes on the rich hummock lands by the Indians, which supposition may account for the wild groves found in that State. The sweet orange does not appear to have been known in Europe at this time. It was about the year 1600 when the sweet orange appeared here; and from here it traveled in the same direction the sour variety had taken.

This beautiful island has been converted into a tropical garden, with almost every known variety of fruit growing to perfection. Of course there are many of these adapted to cultivation which are not cultivated. The oranges and lemons, proving more profitable, have supplanted them; and lemons, being given preference, have nearly superseded orange culture in Sicily. As the planting, cultivation, manuring, etc., are the same, however, my remarks will apply to one as well as the other. The most of the oranges exported from Messina are grown on the Italian side of the narrow strait that divides the island from the main-land, as I have already stated. The following valuable information was given me by my bankers in Messina, Messrs. Callier & Bro., who are practical fruit-growers themselves near this charming city. They first reviewed the history of orange culture for the past fifteen years: the overproduction, decline in prices, neglect of the groves, irrigation, gum dis-

ease, charbon, etc., and the remedies for the same; then the cost of gathering, packing, boxing, and shipping, the mode of cultivation, manuring, and farming on shares. These gentlemen informed me that fifteen years ago the cogimia, or gum disease, that came near destroying the finest lemon-groves in Sicily and caused immense loss to the proprietors, was finally arrested by grafting the lemon on the sour orange stock. The charbon was another serious trouble, but appeared to yield to high culture and animal manure. The distance between the trees varies in different groves—eight by ten, twelve by sixteen, and eighteen by twenty feet apart. Every two years the trees are fertilized with animal manure, notwithstanding the apparent inexhaustible fertility of the soil. It is considered a single crop of lemons or oranges here removes a large per cent. of the organic and mineral elements of the soil, which must be restored by artificial means. The soil is calcareous and sandy around Messina, but along the sea-shore it is generally alluvial. On the mountain-slopes, terracing and the cost of transporting the manure on donkeys add largely to the cost of production. I could not obtain any figures on the cost of land, planting, and irrigation; but from my own supposition it amounts to double the cost in Florida, and on the mountains treble. Competition at one time became so great that overproduction finally ensued, and the prices became so low that some years the crops did not bear shipment. Messrs. Callier & Bro. informed me that fruit has declined very rapidly the past few years on account of competition in America, principally from Florida and Louisiana, where they heard that thousands of young groves were coming into bearing. The result is that the groves once so productive have ceased to be remunerative, while their cultivation is being sadly neglected, and many are even abandoned. My observations have to some extent confirmed this gloomy picture in Sicily.

In the month of March I found the trees still laden with fruit as far down the coast as Catania, forty miles below Messina. I saw many abandoned wheels and canals for raising the water, many groves in weeds and overgrown with underbrush. The most thrifty groves of lemons were irrigated by drawing up the dirt into ridges to hold the scanty rain-fall.

FARMING ON SHARES

is extensively practiced in Sicily. About one-third to one-half of the crop is given, the renter cultivating and paying all expenses. When wages are paid, two to three liras per day and wine—say forty to fifty cents—is the price. The gathering and packing do not differ materially from the Florida method. The entire cost of gathering, boxing, and delivery in Messina, from the groves in the country, in 1884 (this year), is eleven francs, or two dollars and twenty cents, for one thousand and forty lemons. This is less than one-quarter of a cent each. It is the rule before shipping to examine every box of oranges and lemons, wrap in tissue-paper, and repack one by one. The August and September fruit is gathered green, but the October and November fruit is the best for shipping. It will keep from eight to nine months, and the trees bear every month in the year. They have nurseries here like we have in Florida—the orange-seed being planted, and when the trees are two to three years old, budded with the lemon; the same process for growing oranges. I do not think the yield is so great as in Florida: five hundred to one thousand lemons or oranges probably is the average in a well-cultivated grove. About five cents per dozen in Messina is the price for choice fruit. When a great surplus is left on the markets here, it is quartered and shipped, as I have stated, in pickle, for the manufacture of citric acid. A great deal of fruit is fed to stock. They work donkeys and large fine oxen, generally

white, in the cultivation of the groves and in moving the crop to market.

I might spend days in Messina, rambling through its old cathedrals, along the quay, looking at the shipping, or up through the terraced gardens that adorn the amphitheater of hills that rise above the city. The Messinians show an autograph letter containing a lock of the Virgin Mary's hair. It would be unsafe to question this, if you desired to retain their good-will. I do not doubt they had a bit of the true cross and a few of those old nails laid away. There must be nearly a keg of them scattered through Rome, Milan, Naples, Genoa, and in other parts of Europe.

If we were to go to Malta by sea, we would pass through the Straits of Messina (only two miles wide) that divide Italy from Sicily. But we want to see Catania, Mt. Etna, Augusta, and Syracuse. We glide down the shores of the Ionian Sea, through miles of lemon and orange groves, orchards of figs, pomegranates, almonds, and olives; under the shadow of majestic mountains, whose sloping sides are covered with cactus, trees of cactus growing out of its crevices and rugged sides of solid rock; and away in the distance behold Etna, rising twelve thousand feet high, all mantled with snow. As we approach Catania, a beautiful city that slumbers at its base, I see great fields of lava stretching away for miles up the mountain-slopes. The stone has been removed and made into walls, around gardens of delicious fruit. But thousands of acres still remain covered with scoriæ and stone, which if removed could be converted into vineyards and groves. Lava, once disintegrated, becomes the richest soil on earth. It is eleven miles up to the summit of snowy Etna, which centuries ago poured its resistless torrents of death and woe down to the very edge of the Ionian Sea. Our railroad passed through great fields and miles of this lava-stone. We change cars at Ca-

tania for Syracuse. If we stroll through the city, a little distance away we behold beautiful streets paved with lava, houses built of lava, their furniture and toys of lava, and lava wherever you look or go. Sicily is a wonderful island. No country is richer in variety or more valuable in the character of its productions. It is believed our Indian corn is a native of this island. It is called maize here, and is one of Catania's largest exports.* Besides corn, olive-oil, oranges, figs, lemons, Japan plums, almonds, silk, rags, rice, beans, pulse, manna, flax, hemp, rice-liquor, potatoes, wine, and sulphur, are largely exported. Sulphur is mined at the foot of Etna, where it is loaded on cars in great blocks, then transported from the shore, in barges, to ships lying in the open roadstead. My Russian friend was supplied here.

We see many goats and large herds of cattle between Catania and Augusta, grazing among the limestone rocks that crop out, and on the sides of steep hills. Cactus, in Sicily, grows as tall as trees. Most of the lands are in grass, always verdant, and we do not see much more cultivation until we approach our destination. The road skirts the sea-shore the entire distance to Syracuse.

This old town is of Greek origin, celebrated as the birth-place of Archimides and Theocritus. I came by here to visit their tombs, to see the old catacombs, the remains of two Greek theaters twenty-five hundred years old, the Ear of Dionysius, the Temple of Minerva, and several other great sights. On the plaza I saw an old temple with its ancient columns and fine old capitals worked into a new building called the Cathedral. It was a pagan temple once dedicated to the worship of the goddess Minerva. Near by I saw a collection of Grecian sculpture and antiquities that had been rescued from the Arcadina. There were many exquisite Muses, Minervas, Junos, majestic Herculese and Jupiters, with dismembered arms, broken skulls, busts

* Here are the remains of an amphitheater larger than the Colosseum at Rome.

and symmetrical figures, grouped about in this old building.

The famous fountain of Arethusa, once the glory of Syracuse, is now degraded into a wash-tub.

Near by I explored the Catacomb of Arcadina, cut in the solid rock much like those on the Appian Way, at Rome. Here is the old prison, the famous Latonia, in which the Syracusans confined as prisoners seven thousand Greeks who came to subjugate them. Those who escaped death were sold into slavery. Jealousy among the Greeks removed Alcibiades from the head of the expedition, which resulted in failure, several hundred years before Christ was born. Then the Romans, two hundred years before Christ, made the most celebrated siege in ancient history, finally capturing the city through the treachery of one of the Syracusan generals. It was during this siege Archimedes constructed the most powerful machines, which, with its fine fortifications, never could have been taken but for the treason of one of his generals. The fine old walls, forty feet high, with deep moats, yet look quite formidable.

There were two stone columns, with heavy bands of iron around them, standing in solitude on an open square in an old street—site of another ancient temple—and the Temple of Diana. I went out several miles with a guide who could only make signs to visit "Dionysius's Ear," a great cavern in a solid rock, formed in the shape of the letter S. Along the walls of this prison runs a groove which collects the sounds of the voice. The old tyrant used to put his ear to this groove to see if his suspicions of suspected persons were correct or not. My boy threw a stone at the door, and the echo that rolled away was perfectly grand. It lasted for several minutes—or, a long time. I saw an old theater close by that was connected by a subterranean passage with the sea, like the one described in Pompeii.

There were four people in Syracuse who could speak English. Of these, one was an Englishman, and two of the others were women—Italians, probably. I met no foreigners in Sicily after leaving Messina. I saw a half dozen or more familiar faces that were purely American in all their characteristics. It made me happy even to see American sewing-machines abroad. If they could have talked, they would have told me a story on these Sicilians. It seems every other man or woman you meet is a count or duchess or some sort of a nobleman. This country is as badly afflicted with loud-sounding titles as Georgia. You could scarcely throw a rock in Sicily or Italy without hitting a count.

All night long we steamed due south on a "Rubitino," which brought us next morning under a gigantic rock, almost perpendicular, above which I saw the sign of "John Smith & Son, Bible House," and other familiar names in English. I knew it was Malta—another Gibraltar—a great rock rising out of the Mediterranean Sea. We anchored in the roadstead, then took a little boat for shore. I made a contract with my boatmen. I heard the Maltese were "full of fire and endowed with a penetrating imagination." Then I made a contract with the baggage-boy. The boat landed. Up a long flight of broad stone steps, then up another lofty flight, and we are soon on the public square of Valetta. Hotel Angleterre; we will stop here. That pirate! he asked me three times more than we contracted for. I then understood what "penetrating imagination" meant.

Much of the soil on the island has been brought from Sicily. In ancient times Malta is said to have supported a considerable population. It is of Phenician origin. In the year 3620 A.M., it was taken by Hannibal, the famous Carthaginian general, whose tomb may be visited at Ben Ghisa, not far distant. Like Gibraltar, Malta is well

nigh impregnable. The fortifications are very strong, and their guns could rake an enemy from nearly every approach by sea. It belongs to the English, and during the winter months it is crowded with tourists—nearly all from the British Isles. It is a great coaling-station for steamers going East and returning homeward. Ships call here every day or two, bound to India, Ceylon, Australia, China, and Japan. Its beautiful thoroughfares and fine promenades are thronged by these arrivals and departures of great steamers. You will find the English in all branches and departments of trade; especially in the shipping, banking, and mercantile houses do they predominate. Many of the hotels are also conducted by the English; but the Angleterre is the leading house among the aristocratic classes. I met here several gentlemen and ladies with whom I had parted in Naples and Messina. The English snob, the blight of his nation, may also be found in Malta. I have not yet met the spider-legged dude. I hope I may be spared that calamity. The true nobility of England are a high-cultured class of gentlemen in every sense their title conveys. But there are a few sons of rich men, without titles, who affect more airs than any marquis, baronet, or duke you may meet.

The first morning we strolled through the market. I had employed for a guide a retired English sailor, an old man, whom for convenience I call "Beppo." He was a native of the island, and was thoroughly familiar with Valetta and other cities of Malta.

It was a sight worth seeing. Every nation seemed to be represented. The natives of Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers, the Maltese, Sicilians, and Arabs from Alexandria, contrasted strangely with the Europeans or English population. There were turbaned heads, fezes and caps; long flowing gowns and white robes; baggy trousers, gathered about their

knees; and an indescribable jargon of languages, to be seen and heard. There were people with white, black, brown, and yellow complexions. The Turk and Greek make up the *tout ensemble*.

The fattest joints of beef and mutton, the finest fruits and vegetables in endless variety, fish, oysters, eggs, and poultry, were here in profusion.

I was interested in the oranges, of which there was a grand display, and very cheap—one dozen for two and half-penny, five cents. The egg, blood, and Tangerene, were the three varieties I examined. All this fruit was remarkably bright and delicious in flavor. The egg is a perfect beauty; but the blood-orange, a pretty oval, attracted my attention on account of its red pulp and juice that flowed or streamed out like blood. The Tangerene, or glove-orange, is identically the species I have seen in Florida. There is no difference. A good deal of this fruit and all the vegetables are grown on the island around Malta, though there is considerable communication with Tangiers, Algiers, and Morocco, which you can almost or quite see from the heights of Citta Vecchia, near Malta; and of a clear day even the shores of Sicily are visible to the north.

“You must do the Church of St. John and the Palace of the Grand Master,” observed Beppo. “They are the great sights of Malta.”

The interior of the church is certainly grand, beyond any conception I had formed of its magnificence. There is no finer cathedral in Europe. The rich mosaics in marble, sculpture, frescoes, chapels, and statuary are worthy of intense study and the highest admiration. I saw one devotee going through the rosary and others bowing before the Virgin Mary. The Catholic is the prevailing religion.

The palace contains the armor, courts of mail, weapons, and numerous trophies of the Knights of Malta. A mus-

ket-ball fired at sixty yards failed to penetrate one of these armors.

I have always thought of Malta in connection with its cats and dogs. It is also celebrated for its rich black lace. Last night I heard a serenade on the house-tops near by. It was as convivial as any I ever listened to in Georgia. In the morning I looked for the combatants. I found yellow, white, spotted, and black cats, of immense size, with broad tails. But I hear the cats, like the Maltese dogs, have greatly degenerated. Every day a man has worried me on the streets with the same little white shaggy poodle—price, fifteen dollars. He carried it on his arms under his cloak.

Beppo has immense gullibility and rare bits of good humor. He makes me laugh when I want to be silent, and often throws me off my dignity. We were walking under the Grand Arcade this morning, near the summit of those great flights of stone steps, when I motioned to a boot-black. Nearly a dozen jumped at my shoes, scrambling for the job. It required the interference of the police to restore order. Beppo became greatly enraged. He was much excited, and grew highly indignant over this outrage. You see, I employed him to do my fighting and protect me against all impositions. You must observe, I employ my guides like I do my horses, when traveling—for their combination qualities. I get all out of them I can.

“What is the matter, Beppo? You seem to have your feelings hurt.” “Yes, sir. I hate to see a gentleman in my care insulted. See here, if the Government don’t put a stop to all this we are a ‘ruined community.’” “Stop what?” says I. “Why, these boys and girls marrying. In ten years ten children! I never see the like afore.”

I have met the editor of the *Malta News*, Col. Harris, a brilliant, genial fellow, with a soul as big as the rock we stand on. He is a literary gentleman of large culture and

once of extensive fortune; but reverses came; his charming wife lingered by his side and at last died, leaving desolate and alone a fond husband in this far-off land. Harris is an American by birth, for many years an able journalist in the city of New York; from which place he was appointed by the Government to a consulate abroad. He showed me a rare collection of curios in his drawing-room, among the number an autograph letter of Alexander H. Stephens, which I recognized. Harris knew all the nobility on the island, and the governor and his staff, whom he pointed out one evening riding by us. The old gentleman, well up in the seventies, rode as erect as a boy of sixteen, with a squint look out of one eye, and a dignified reserve. It is remarkable how well-preserved these English people are. There are many members of Parliament over sixty-five and seventy.

I always had an ambitious desire to own a mummy—an Egyptian relic of three thousand years. Few people, I imagine, can own such a valuable piece of property.

One day we were strolling along the Broadway of Valletta, returning from the railroad station, and Beppo says: "Come here! Curio-shop! Mummy!" Pointing his finger toward a top shelf: "You see him standing up there?" "Yes." "You observe his face half concealed?" "Yes." I had just thought of Mark Twain, and was about to ask Beppo "if he was dead," when he cast a sly glance around and said, "You can buy that mummy." "How old do you suppose the old gentleman is? Three or four thousand? Call the landlord." Beppo shouted. Presently an old fossil who looked a good deal like the mummy came creeping down the steps. He spoke a strange language. I turned to my guide, inquiring what tongue that was. "Maltese, sir." "Well, Beppo, conduct the negotiation." "Gentleman wants to buy the mummy. How much?" Then we

all look up at that venerable countenance. "Ten pounds, and you take all; or seven pounds and divide," replied Beppo. It seems it was a custom among the Egyptians to conceal valuables in the bodies of their dead. Here was the trouble. There must be a surgical operation performed if I pay him thirty-five dollars, or I should have him at fifty dollars unimpaired. But another dilemma arose that gave me more trouble. Should I take him around the world with me? I might be arrested in San Francisco for murder or kidnapping. There was another alternative left—really the only feasible project presented; that was, to employ an Atlanta (Ga.) medical student to assist in his *removal*.

Since I met the governor and that "English snob," I am beginning to be a little more careful "what kind of people I associate with."

Harris knows all the dukes, baronets, marquises, princes, and princesses on the island, in several nationalities. To-day he introduced me to a distinguished author and barrister, Senor ——. He begged me to accept a copy of his last work, as a mark of his regard. This is in the Italian or Spanish language. As I can read neither, I shall place this book on the top shelf of my library, as an "honorary member," in a conspicuous position.

Then Harris would have me to know his friend the marquis—particularly anxious that I should meet so distinguished a personage. He introduced this one to me by telephone. We conversed in several languages; finally in English, as we both seemed to understand that best. The marquis extended a most cordial invitation to call on him. I replied, in broken English, I very much regretted I was about to leave for Alexandria. Then he responded, expressing his sincere disappointment that I should leave Malta without seeing him. Then I replied it would have

given me great pleasure to pay the marquis my respects of distinguished consideration, "but my ship was waiting." I should depart for Alexandria. We should have called on the governor, probably, but our time was too limited.

I owe all of my renown and celebrity in Malta to Harris. He would always introduce me by some distinguished title; and among a people like the Maltese, where titles are held in such veneration, it was really amusing. I am sorry he did not accompany me through Italy and Sicily. He spoke several languages.

My constant contact with the nobility had compelled me to make some important additions to my wardrobe. I must have a new suit, a dress suit for evening receptions and promenades. A conscious sense of responsibility, that conventional etiquette had recently imposed, made the demand imperative; so I hurried down to my English tailor, to find my trousers two inches too short and my coat gradually receding.

I wanted to visit the old city of Medina (Citta Vecchia), fifteen minutes by rail, from whose lofty heights I could see the coasts of Africa and Sicily. This is the only railroad in Malta. How delighted I should have been to explore the Grotto of St. Paul, where a bit of the true cross, the bones of half a dozen apostles, and saints without number, are shown—presented by the Popes of Rome! They have a drop of the Virgin's milk, too. Jes-so! In those old days the city bore the same name as this island, Melita.

Beppo accompanied me to the "Persian," to see that my baggage was all on carefully, and to prevent any more "penetrating imaginations" being indulged in. Faithful old guide! I certainly had cause for congratulation, when I remember Mr. Prime's account of his visit to Malta, some years ago.

We plunged down the steep, narrow streets to the land-

ing-place, overturning half a dozen commissionaires, each of whom swore he was the man that said "Good-morning" the day previous, and therefore entitled to five francs. You need not imagine you will land in Malta without paying four times for it. Beppo bowed gratefully and waved his hat as our great ship turned her prow toward Alexandria.

I have seen few ships or gannets since leaving Malta. Our bearing is south-east by east, over the calm, beautiful Mediterranean Sea. Very low tides; no seasickness. How I love the grand swell of the ocean! It has for me a charm indescribable. Its vast expanse is like God's love—it rolls all around the world.

Capt. McConkey has kindly yielded me his state-room for the voyage, and shown me much kindness. In conversation he has given a few interesting facts concerning volcanoes, etc., by which I am enabled to make a comparative statement.

Vesuvius has two cones, separated by a little valley known as *Atrio del Cavallo*; Mt. Somma being 3,630 feet high—now extinct. The first eruption was in the year 79, when it overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum. The active cone was originally 4,100 feet high, but the upper portion has been blown off. Mt. Vesuvius is thirty miles in circumference.

Mt. Etna, one hundred and eighty miles south in Sicily, is eighty-seven miles in circumference and 10,880 feet high—always covered with snow. Four hundred years ago, when in eruption, Etna answered back to Vesuvius in thunder-tones. The first eruption of Etna occurred 475 B.C. Capt. McConkey once smelled sulphur sixty miles away, and stopped his ship, supposing he was near the shore. In 1693 fifty thousand people perished in Catania, but those remaining rebuilt the city.

Concerning the exports of Egypt, the Captain assured



The island Paul sailed under. (Acts xxvii. 7.)

me, he once loaded with nine hundred tons of onions, and left five or six other vessels loading, at the same time, for Liverpool and other ports.

We left Malta on the 8th of March, and in three days we sighted the coast-line, and soon after Alexandria—816 miles run.

CHAPTER X.

IN EGYPT—ALEXANDRIA AND CAIRO.

THE low coast-line we saw is a range of sand-hills. We see wind-mills, with their long arms turning lazily around; lofty palms, waving their feathery plumes; forts, mosques, minarets, and Pompey's Pillar, in a sweeping vision along the low sand-hills.

We anchor in the harbor, protected by a breakwater and crowded with shipping of every nation. Here are English, American, Italian, German, Russian, Turkish, and French men-of-war, bristling with grinning guns—among the number the "Inflexible," a powerful English frigate that assisted in the bombardment here three years ago. The coast batteries were razed to the ground. They are still a desolate ruin. All the European quarter of the city, nearly, was destroyed—burned by the retreating rebels or government troops. Many shell exploded in the houses, destroying the finest portion of the city, in the terrific bombardment. Rebuilding progresses slowly, and it will be many years, probably, with a bankrupt government, before the former splendor and modern architecture of Alexandria will be restored. Many of its streets rivaled even Paris in stately buildings, before the war.

Before the opening of the Suez Canal, this route by Cairo to Suez was the great overland thoroughfare to India, the far East, and Australia.

When we reached the shore we found our passport was

demanded for the first time. But a franc would have carried us through. They hunted for gunpowder, pistols, tobacco, and other seditious articles. But we assured the officials of our good intentions, and that we were only on a pleasure tour.

Then the little Arab boys squared around their little donkeys, no taller than themselves, for passengers. They clamored, hallooed, and screamed, all in good humor. I like the donkey; he never gets tired, and never *skeers*; he is good-natured, but self-opinionated.

What a scene! If you have read the "Tales of the Arabian Nights," that filled your mind with pretty pictures of dream-land and Oriental splendor, of voluptuous life, comfort, ease, and pleasure, roses and gorgeous-colored flowers, let me beg you to dispel such illusions. They are myths that belong to the past. Picture the Arab in a white gown, with yards of white cloth wound around his head for a turban; the donkey-boy in his blouse, or the poor women, bearing jugs, jars, and baskets on their heads, with children astride the shoulder, in poverty and rags, and you have a glimpse of the Orient.

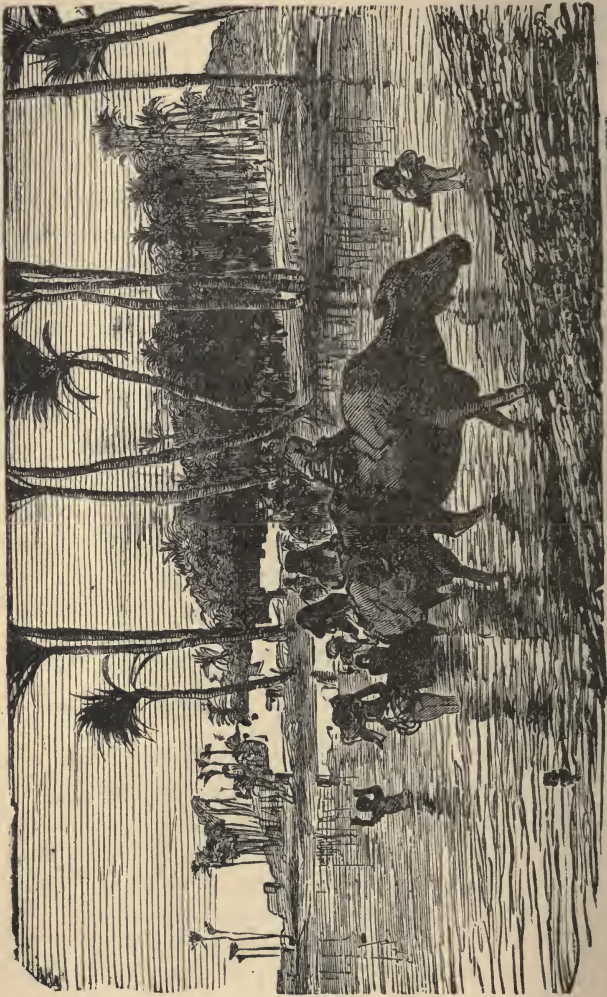
Once Alexandria boasted of half a million people and four thousand palaces, being the home of the most eminent scholars, and claiming the finest library in the world. Here the Septuagint translation of the Scriptures into Greek was made; here the Ptolemies reigned in the zenith of their power, which ended with the voluptuous queen of beauty, Cleopatra.

I saw the site where the ancient Pharos stood, the first light-house ever built in the world. We saw Pompey's Pillar long before we reached the city, as it rose in majestic beauty nearly a hundred feet high. It was erected in honor of Diocletian, who captured Alexandria nearly seventeen hundred years ago.

Almost every known nation is represented on the sign-boards in front along the streets of the city. In one part you observe French, another street Greek, a third Italian, a fourth Arab, etc. The business is controlled by the Greek merchants, notwithstanding the English and French exercise a powerful influence on its foreign commerce. The present population exceeds two hundred thousand.

Ptolemy built the Pharos, which was justly accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. It stood on a point of land in the shape of a cross, jutting out into the sea, where the present light-house now stands. It was built of marble and white stone, diminishing toward the top, as it towered away many stories high. It was said a chariot could be driven up the marble stair-way that led to the top. Its height was 512 English feet. Torches were burned in the upper chambers, which threw a light twenty-nine and a half miles distant on the sea. It was erected in the year 285 B.C. Alexander the Great founded the city forty-seven years before this date. He is buried here. The library, containing the most valuable manuscripts on parchments relating to the early history of the East, was destroyed hundreds of years afterward by the Saracens, under Caliph Omar. Think of Mark Antony, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Pompey, and Euclid having once walked these streets! Here St. Mark founded a Christian church.

The run by rail between Alexandria and Cairo was through the Delta of Egypt, crossing both branches of the Nile, the Rosetta and Damietta rivers, which flow off in different directions, mingling their waters with the blue Mediterranean. It is the first railroad built in Egypt (1855), which must have struck the Arabs with amazement. The distance between the two cities is about five hours, or one hundred and fifty miles. My ticket is in Arabic, and looks like an old hen had scratched it. We are passing through a



SCENE ON THE NILE IN EGYPT.

level, fertile country—as rich as the Mississippi Valley or Western prairies—every foot of which is cultivated. Here are fields of onions, garlic, barley, cotton, bearded wheat, beans, potatoes, groups of stately palm-trees, the tamarisk, flocks of ducks, the sacred ibis, pelicans, and storks; mud villages, with their squalid misery and poverty; minarets and mosques; crowds of half-naked men and women at every station, and naked children drinking stagnant water or bathing in the muddy pools. We see trains of camels, loaded with chicken-coops, sacks of grain, vegetables in baskets, eggs, and sugar-cane; the fellahin pumping water from the rivers and canals with buffaloes, or raising it by hand. These are some of the strange sights visible traveling through the old land of Goshen, which the children of Israel, famished in the desert, longed to see once more—where they had left their flesh-pots, garlic, and onions. Here we are in a land of sunshine, transported from clouds and rain into almost an endless spring. Here it hardly ever rains. The farmers need no rain, because farming consists in drawing water. Their crops are gathered before the overflow, which begins in June and continues till October. This annual overflow of the Nile over this beautiful Delta, occasioned by the equatorial rains, leaves on the land every year a rich sediment which keeps up its great fertility. When the Nile has receded to its banks, the fellahin, or farmers, of Egypt turn this rich deposit under and plant all their crops. So you see the crops are cultivated in the winter-time and are gathered before the Nile begins to rise. It was so in the time of Jacob, when his sons came down to Egypt after corn. To my mind, this is one of the most charming stories in the old Bible—the most pathetic and beautiful—the meeting between the venerable father and his long-lost son, who had become the ruler over Egypt. It is then through Abraham's eyes we first behold this

historic land of the Bible. Finally, we see the yellow sands of the desert, rolling in hills along the green valley of the living river, above which tower away in grandeur the lofty pyramids, the sight of which thrills my very soul. We are in Cairo.

In front of the station is a scene that beggars description. Alexandria was modern—this is Oriental sure enough. Acres of donkeys, dromedaries, and stately camels; Egyptians, Turks, and black Ethiopians, swarm in blazing costumes of all shades and gorgeous colors—turbaned, sashed, hallooing, kicking, screaming, until we are lost in bewilderment. We rush out to select a choice animal—a donkey—before they are all taken. Then off we go, with the Arab boy twisting the donkey's tail, whipping him on the legs as he sidles around, running ahead to clear the way—a perfect stampede down one street, up another, and around the corner, at full speed, with my legs nearly touching the ground. I had n't enjoyed such a wild ride in twenty years. Hotel Alexandrie—French; proprietor, Frenchman; Arab attendant speaks French—"Ici, nous Arrêtons." We stop here.

CHAPTER XI.

CAIRO—CITADEL—PYRAMIDS—MUSEUM.

COMING from Alexandria, I met an English civil engineer* on the train, who related to me many interesting incidents connected with the recent Egyptian war. He showed me at Tanta, a station just before we cross the splendid iron bridge over the Rosetta, where Arabi Pasha's troops threw the English residents on the track and ran the cars over them. In excavating in Egypt he found the vertebræ of a whale thirty-eight feet below the surface of the

* Col. Ward.

ground. He informed me Col. Moncrief, from India, had projected a great system of canals for Egypt, and that the civil war in America was the cause of the large increase in the production of cotton, which had been cultivated under the American system with profit. I passed a car-load of cotton-bales going to Alexandria, baled with bagging and iron ties. I saw cotton planted in four-foot rows and cultivated like the fields in Georgia. The stalks are pulled up and burned for fuel, as Egypt is destitute of wood and coal.

Cairo is the capital of Egypt, and contains half a million of inhabitants, four hundred thousand of whom are followers of Islam. I should suppose the remainder consists of Copts (Egyptian Christians), Bedouins, or Arabs of the desert, Jews, Italians, Greeks, Germans, French, English, and a few Americans. The last class are high officials in the army or are spending the winter here for health and pleasure. The most curious and amusing sights are to be seen on the streets and in the bazaars of Cairo. Its street-life is its greatest charm to me. I have been tortured into pain, almost, laughing at the donkeys and the Arab boys. I have sat at Shepheard's Hotel, close by the Alexandria, and watched these little vagabonds for hours—fighting, shouting, dressed in all colors, bare-legged, or hardly dressed at all. They have named their donkeys to suit all nationalities—Bismarck to a German, Napoleon to a Frenchman, Gladstone to an Englishman, and Yankee Doodle, are recommended. These boys, so often in contact with English traveling people, who constitute nine-tenths of the travel here, have picked up a wonderful lot of English words and expressions. Many of them can speak fragments of half a dozen languages, but they find English the most profitable. They will even declare their donkeys understand and speak the language, all in good humor.

But if you want to see a genuine pattern of Oriental

life, go to the "Muskee," in old Cairo. It is a regular Arabian Nights Entertainment all the time. The houses are built so narrow and so high, they nearly come together with their upper projecting stories. I could almost jump from one balcony to another. It is to keep the sun out of the street below. Here you behold gaudily dressed and half-dressed men, water-carriers, peddlers with their wares on their heads, shouting; donkeys braying, dogs barking, camels groaning, horses and carriages, mixed up in endless confusion. You can scarcely walk or hear your ears in the "Muskee;" it is a veritable pandemonium—a Babel of tongues and nations. A German once called this thoroughfare a "Hollenscandel"—a mild way of expressing it.

I was sitting at Shepherd's Hotel this evening, when I witnessed the first aristocratic splurge from the Harem I had seen. "Here they come; clear the way!" shouted two runners (sais), dressed in short trousers, with bare legs, each holding a staff in front of him. Presently a magnificent carriage thundered by, with two veiled women. They wore long veils of silk or muslin, fastened to a pin or cylinder of brass, silver, or gold, over the nose, just low enough to leave "their dark, restless eyes exposed," which seemed to have an insatiable curiosity to see every thing.

The lower class of women carry their naked brats on their shoulders or in baskets on top of their heads. Their eyes are nearly always sore, about which swarms of flies gather as they pass along. It is estimated that about one in every seven of the population is afflicted with diseased or swollen eyelids. It is a most revolting sight that meets your observation wherever you turn, among this class of people. Many of their mothers do not seem to even brush the flies away. This, to some extent, may account for the unusual amount of blindness prevailing among Egyptians.

The women of the better classes are veiled in the way

described. and even many of the poor mothers affect the custom of concealing their faces. As soon as the girls marry, they adopt the veil. They are often mothers at ten to twelve years of age. I met two girls near the Park to-day, each bearing a baby on her shoulder, I supposed were nurses, until my guide informed me they were married. I did not consider them above the ages mentioned.

The bazaar is another institution of Cairo, as well as of Constantinople. I could not describe a bazaar; it is much like "Muskee"—in-

describable. I wanted a fez—a flaring cap with a black tassel on top. We walked an hour before we came to the street where they were to be found. Just so with all these bazaars; there is one for every thing—gold ornaments, silk, carpets, slippers, pipes, tobacco, antiquities of recent manufacture, fez caps, etc. I wanted a veil for a souvenir. We bought the black crape in one shop, the cylinder in another, and had it made at the tailor's, a block away. They are mostly in narrow lanes; sometimes covered over with rafters under mattings, to protect against the rays of a vertical



MOTHER AND CHILD.

sun. Some of these little streets are so dark they have to be lighted, and when lighted up they present a gorgeous



A WATER-CARRIER.

scene. Here you see the merchant sitting cross-legged, smoking his pipe "with all his Oriental dignity. Occasionally he sips his cup of coffee.

The dogs are giving way before the advance of modern civilization. I heard they frescoed the streets with their hideous carcasses, like they do in Constantinople. Not so. While I have seen many lean curs, I have been agreeably disappointed as to numbers. These

Christian dogs may

eventually take their places in higher spheres of life, for already the fanaticism of Islam is slowly but surely giving way before a liberal régime of the Egyptian Government. Some years ago a woman was not allowed unveiled on the streets of Cairo; now you see plenty of natives and all the Europeans every day.

One of the finest views I ever enjoyed was from the Citadel, about two or three miles distant, on the summit of a lofty hill that commands the whole city—below, the valley of the Nile, the distant pyramids, the sands and the hills

VIEW OF THE CITY OF CARRO.



of the desert beyond. It is one of the most impressive pictures seen in the world. It never can be forgotten. Within the Citadel is one of the grandest mosques, of beautiful alabaster, in the city of Cairo, containing the tomb of Mehemet Ali. In 1811 this unscrupulous tyrant invited the brave Mamelukes into this Citadel on the pretext of an entertainment to be given in honor of his son; and when it had ended, the invited guests started toward the gates, to find them all closed. Every man was shot save one, who made the fearful leap down the precipice—nearly one hundred feet—and escaped. This was Enim Bey. Neither was he or his horse injured in this miraculous feat.

Here also is Joseph's Well—very old—hewn out of the solid rock, two hundred and seventy feet deep and fifteen feet in diameter. The bottom of this well is supposed to be on a level with the Nile, from whence it probably derives its supply of water. The water is elevated to the top by earthen jars attached to ropes, which is done by a wheel and two mules at the bottom. It is a curious sight to watch the mules descending a circular stair-way, round and round, two hundred and seventy feet deep.

You can see any number of traditional places about Cairo if you follow your guide. The number of trees some prophet or saint sat under, wells Joseph drank out of, rocks and hills venerated, are too numerous to bear mention. They show you the sycamore our Saviour rested under when Joseph and Mary fled into Egypt, the house they lived in, and the fount the infant Jesus was baptized in. Donkey-boy says (this is his account of it): "When Christ little boy he be Mussulman; fill him water, dip little boy in, he come out Christian. Water no do little boy good."

Let us return to the Citadel, the Acropolis of the ancient Roman Babylonians. This hill is to Cairo what the Mount of Olives is to Jerusalem. I never tire looking down upon

the city below me, its four hundred mosques, with the muezins calling to prayer, or upon the valley of the Nile, which is covered with the monuments and ruined cities of ancient times. Behold the narrow, winding streets of Cairo, embowered gardens, palaces, parks, with its moving, restless population on donkeys and camels, its hundreds of minarets glistening in the sunlight, and its glorious old river winding itself silently away through a carpet of green amidst all this grandeur, antiquities, and ruins. Below our feet is the old city of Cairo, once the ancient Roman Babylon; and away to the north-east I can see the obelisk of Heliopolis, a tall granite shaft, upon which Joseph looked when he was brought a slave to Egypt. In the south-east are the pyramids of Sakhara, and old Memphis, former capital of Egypt. To the westward, as far as the eye can reach, roll the yellow sands of the Libyan desert like waves of the sea to the foot of the Great Pyramid. Opposite Cairo is the Island of Rhoda, upon which is located the famous Nilometer, a graduated pillar that marks the rise of the Nile. Thirty-two feet is the lowest water, forty is perfect, but forty-two would overwhelm the lovely valley in ruins. On this spot it is said Pharaoh's daughter, Thermusis, found Moses in the bulrushes when a little boy.

How clear and elastic is this atmosphere of Egypt, which enables us to see the most distant objects! Its eternal sunshine and cloudless skies, its perennial spring of blooming flowers and singing birds, make it a veritable paradise in winter. During our winter all is bustle and activity here among the farmers—plowing, seeding, and irrigating their crops. In spring the harvest-time comes on; the crops are gathered and marketed. Then the Nile begins to rise and flood, until the whole country looks like an ocean, with the cities and towns, and mud villages of the fellahin, appearing on mounds and elevations above its sluggish bosom. Three

months of boat-life, work indoors, and rest for the poor farmers during the *wet season*, bring them to October, when the crops are planted again.

The architecture of the Moslem, it is said, grew, like that of the Mongolians, out of the form of the tent, which has always been the home of the wild Bedouin. To this form has been added the cupola of the Byzantine churches among the Arabs and Turks and other Mussulmans. In their mosques you see no seats, no benches, no altars, no pictures, as in Christian churches; but the floors are covered with carpets or rugs for prostration and kneeling.

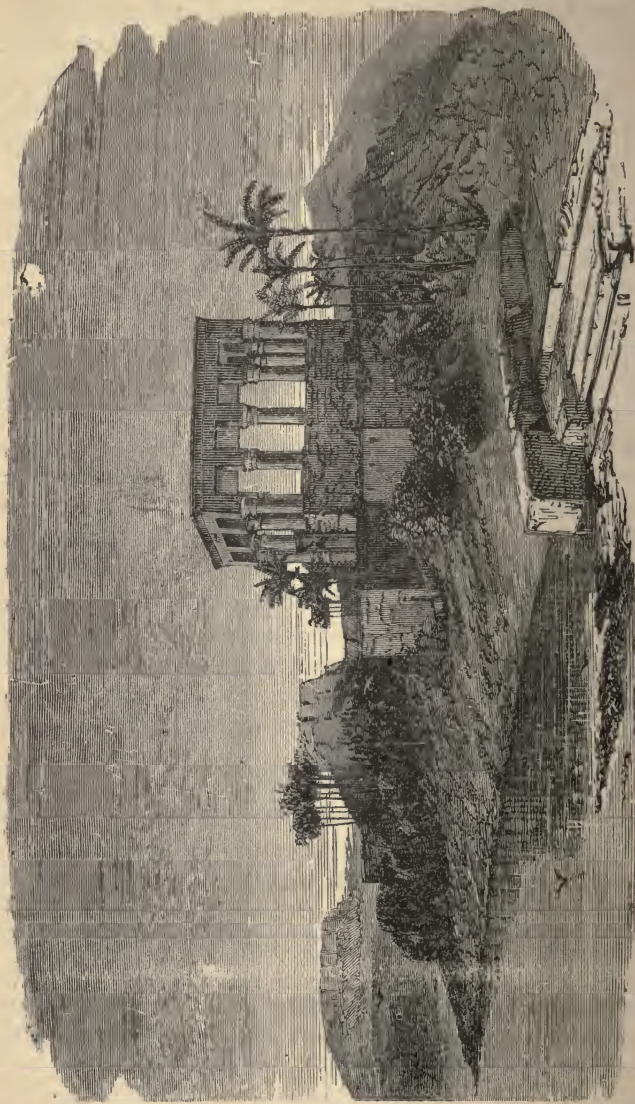
I am sorry I could not visit the "old Moslem University, founded in 975. It is the largest in the world, and numbers over ten thousand pupils and three hundred and twenty professors from all Mohammedan nations. Many attend it, however, to escape conscription to the army, which, in Egypt and Turkey, is feared more than death." The students sit cross-legged on the floor in groups, reading or listening to the teacher. The Koran, or Mohammedan Bible, is the only book taught. It is the logic, grammar, geology, theology, and law of the Mussulman world. The students sit, eat, and sleep on their little mats, or blankets. They support themselves or are supported by alms. Even the professors receive no salary, but are supported by the rich students, selling copying-books, and giving private instruction. There are no benches, chairs, beds, or comforts of any kind. Their self-denial is simply marvelous. Here is the nursery—the hot-bed—of this fanaticism. Islam seems to be the most formidable power that Christianity has ever had to contend with; and in my opinion it must continue for some time yet—an obstinate resistance to the spread of the gospel in Asia or Europe, or wherever its banner waves. Opposed to this old institution of El-Azhar is a new university—founded by the former Khedive, and



TO VNU
AMSTERDAM

superintended by a Swiss scholar, Prof. Dor—which numbers three hundred or more students. The modern system of secular education—without religion, says Dr. Schaff, who visited both these institutions—has been adopted. All the European languages, books, etc., are taught; but it is regarded with suspicion by the ever-faithful.

I found no more interesting place to visit than the Boulak Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, which is situated on the banks of the Nile, in a suburb and harbor of Cairo. Mr. Frank Blinn—a splendid young fellow from San Francisco—who, like myself, was doing the world alone, was my companion to the museum. We walked through all the pretty parks and grand avenues under the interlacing branches of the mimosa, sycamore, and tall umbrella palms, which afforded most grateful shades. Here myriads of lovely tropical flowers were blooming, sparrows chirping and hopping on the ground, rooks cawing upon the house-tops, and paroquets chattering among the dark embowering trees. More beautiful and charming still were the glorious heliotropes, roses, verbenas, and cape jasmines that nestled so sweetly in the memories of my home. Then we emerged into a great thoroughfare of bustle and life again. Black-eyed women looked out from latticed windows; dogs, with bristling manes and savage teeth, snapped and snarled from nooks and corners in the streets. At last we reach the museum. Here are monuments and statues of the remotest ages, and a vast collection of mummies that fill many rooms. The empty sarcophagi of solid granite are equally as interesting as the bodies they contained. They know the original locality of every article shown. Both bulls and ibises were worshiped while living, and when they died they were placed in tombs near the temple, embalmed, and worshiped still. The beetle was also an emblem of the resurrection of the dead. There must be more than one thousand sarcophagi and mummies



RUINS ON THE NILE.

gathered here from the catacombs and tombs of Abydos, Sakhara, Denderah, Thebes, and other places along the Nile. The papyrus rolls found in these mummies are among the most interesting curiosities of the museum. Many of these manuscripts of the early scholars relating to Rameses III., the Ptolemies, and other important events in its history before the birth of Christ, have been transferred from here to the museums in Turin, Berlin, Paris, and London. I saw the statue of Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of Israel's oppression, so often mentioned in the old Bible, who was the Napoleon of ancient times.

Egypt's history is carved in hieroglyphics on her monoliths and tombs. As I have observed, the key to this whole mysterious language has unlocked its riches to the world—the Rosetta stone. The name of King *Ptolemy*, inclosed in a cartouch (elliptical frame), gave the first clew to this hieroglyphical alphabet, constructed by Dr. Young and others. The figures of birds, bulls, lions, serpents, and other characters, like knives, scissors, etc., by means of the Greek translation found with it, and by the aid of the old Egyptian (Copt) language, were spelled out into a written language. I saw the most artistically wrought work in brass, ivory, stone, wood, bone, silver, and gold—beautiful chains, rings, necklaces, and other ornaments, worn over two thousand years ago; the work in iron and glass embracing many useful articles of household furniture and implements for agriculture, similar to those described in the excavations of Pompeii, at the Fernando Museum in Naples, and seem but the original ideas or models that are reproduced in modern forms of civilization. One age perfects what a previous one discovers.

Egypt was the cradle of the earliest civilization which influenced the culture of literature and love of art among the Greeks. From here it was transmitted to Rome. It

is curious nowadays to study how these old pagans excelled the remote generations which succeeded them in some arts which now appear lost to the world. Here are dead bodies preserved for three thousand years in these tombs—Egyptian mummies. Where are the masterpieces produced that rival the “Dying Gladiator” and “Laocoon,” now in Rome? All efforts in sculpture have failed to rival their perfections. No one knows their age or history. The most exquisite bronzes, the most delicate engravings on precious stones, and the finest cameos I saw in Europe were dug up from the ruins of Pompeii. Grecian mythology was one of the grandest conceptions of the human mind. Her temples in Athens were adorned with matchless works of art, of painting, and of sculpture, which seemed to breathe the divinity of the gods they worshiped and believed to be immortal. Alexander spread the triumphs of her arms, and on the downfall of Greece rose the power of Rome. And then westward over Europe its power extended, until the Gauls and Britons were conquered by the armies of Cæsar. From this time up to the twelfth century art appears hardly to have existed at all. Christianity itself, through all this darkened gloom of centuries, suffered martyrdom, persecutions, tortures, and human inquisitions. But it lived till the sixteenth century, when Martin Luther arose to assert the freedom of conscience and every man’s right to worship God under his own vine and fig-tree.

Since that period Christianity and the Bible have achieved more brilliant triumphs in the past hundred years, done more to make the world and mankind happy, than all this pagan idolatry and civilization of Egypt, Greece, and Rome had accomplished in three thousand years.

The Elizabethan period marks the most brilliant dawn of Christianity and literature ever known, eclipsing the age of Augustus in Rome or Pericles in Greece. The past three

hundred years of this new civilization that grew out of religious oppression has thrown back the light of the gospel upon the East, from whence it came, and now encircles the globe.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT PYRAMIDS AT GHEEZEH.

LET us start early in the morning, about the middle of March, from Shepheard's Hotel, to see the greatest marvel of all the monuments of ancient Egypt. It is eleven miles distant to Cheops, the most wonderful of all the pyramids.

Here are plenty of donkeys of every pattern and style. Some are white and others are mouse-colored, black, or of several colors. Some were shaved from head to tail, with a little brush left. I saw several barred off like zebras, striped red, blue, or other fanciful designs. It was a gorgeous spectacle.

The hotel was crowded, as usual, with English and American tourists. They all seem to have met here, from Palestine, Europe, India, and leaving in every direction. Cook's office, close by, was sometimes crowded with these people arranging tours, changing routes, or obtaining information. So there were always plenty of people to see you off to the pyramids.

Mounting your animal and getting a start are the secrets of a successful excursion. The saddle is high and stuffy, with stirrups to be adjusted. But if you can hold on, the donkey-boy is a lively little rascal, and will keep you in a canter half a day. Before I had reached the bridge across the Nile I was in a perfect stampede. We made noise enough for a dozen people, although there were only two of us. My donkey would start across one street and the boy would

swing him around by the tail on the next corner, colliding with camels, beggars, asses, and dervishes. Nobody can steer a donkey. I came near going between a camel's legs once, at full speed, with my duster flying straight behind me and my legs nearly touching the ground. At another time I barely escaped going over my donkey's head in one direction, while he had started in another. The narrow streets were jammed. I had one consolation left me: if I saw ruin and desolation ahead, I could just extend my feet a few inches and let the little vagabond run out from under me. In two hours we were at the foot of the pyramids. The ride is down an avenue under the interlacing branches of acacia-trees, that afford a grateful shade the entire distance. Soon after crossing the Nile, we passed the Pasha's harem and lovely gardens, inclosed by high walls, with pretty fountains in them. We soon entered the country, our avenue passing through broad fields of wheat, barley, and alfalfa. Hundreds of camels, led by the Arabs or driven along the road, were laden with coops of chickens, eggs, and grain for market; at least half of them were loaded down with the green alfalfa, going into Cairo. I observed the camels receiving their burdens along on either side. They always kneel, first with their fore legs, and then doubling up their hind legs under them, fall flat on the ground. The Arabs usually load or mount them in this position. They were cutting the grain and clover with scythes, the same to which they had always been accustomed. I noticed the rich alluvium cracked in great fissures now and then. The soil is of immense depth and fertility, being a dark mulatto in complexion.

As we approached our destination the venders of old curios and heathen gods became numerous. Every thing was very antique—very old, master. The beetle is a favorite relic. It was the emblem of the resurrection of their



CAMEL KNEELING TO SHIELD HIS RIDERS.

dead. I procured a button and a lamp I suppose were used in Joseph's time. The supposition, even, affords some consolation. They might have belonged to Joseph—who can tell?

It is worthy of mention that all the mighty architectural monuments of men have been on plains or in level countries, "as on the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Ganges, Lombardy and the Netherlands." Man has not aspired to rival the mightier works of nature by placing the monuments of his genius on the Alps, the Highlands, or lofty Himalayas. According to the best authorities, there were once more than seventy pyramids, representing as many kings, in the valley of the Nile. Many have disappeared entirely, and others are more or less in a ruined condition. These are great mountains of stone, built for the same purpose as tombs, to hide a royal mummy in perfect security. Observes Dr. Schaff: "As soon as a king ascended his throne he began to build his monument and his sepulcher. He wished to reign even after his death. The size of the pyramid corresponded to the length of the reign." The body of the dead monarch, being first embalmed, was deposited in the stone sarcophagus, previously prepared in the interior of the building, and the access was closed. They had no windows or doors. These pyramids, then, were the impenetrable casings of royal mummies.

There is no doubt, according to Herodotus, that these ancient Egyptians entertained a strong belief in the immortality and migration of the soul and its final return to the body. Hence the scarabæus, to which I have alluded as a souvenir, was worshiped as an emblem of this immortality. The soul after death, passing from one animal to another, encircling every object of air and water, finally enters the body again, after a lapse of three thousand years, and is born anew. This is metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, which is believed in by the Buddhist in Ceylon, China, and Japan.

This great pyramid of Cheops in front of which we now stand, gazing in awe upon its lofty summits, is *the* pyramid as the Sphinx at its base is *the* Sphinx of all the monuments in this historic land. It is probably the oldest as well as the greatest, having been erected by Chufu (Cheops) more than two thousand years before our Saviour was born. It was old when Abraham visited Pharaoh and when Moses led the Israelites out of bondage. I have been walking around its base to form some idea of its colossal proportions. It is the loftiest and most gigantic structure ever reared by human hands. It covers thirteen acres of ground, and rises perpendicularly 460 feet—originally 479 feet in height. It was once incased in polished red granite; but, like the catacombs of the Mamelukes near Cairo, it has been robbed of its material by the vandalism of the Saracens, Greeks, and Romans, to enrich their palaces and mosques.

Herodotus informs us it required 100,000 workmen (Diodorus says 360,000), changing every three months, ten years to construct the causeway for the conveyance of the stone, and twenty years more to build the great pyramid.

But what a tumult of wild-looking Bedouins, naked Arabs, guides, water-carriers, invests us! One little vagabond running to pick up a stone, another with a little dirt god—"Three thousand year old, massa; buy, massa; very cheap." An English party, just about to leave in his carriage for Cairo, was literally blocked and could not move until he had dispensed backshish. The sand is burning hot and deep all about the pyramids. We are right on the edge of the desert. There is the Nile valley rolling its verdure up to our feet. To the westward rolls away the yellow sand of the boundless desert. We stand for a moment, once more gazing on this mountain of corrugated blocks of stone as it rises in steps one block above the other, receding from four different sides, until it narrows to a point far

away in the air. The ascent to the top can never be forgotten. You are literally dragged up—all tourists are—and boosted, with the shouts of “Backshish” ringing in your ear from the ground to the very summit. The steps are at least two or three feet in height, requiring great physical effort even with two men in front pulling and one behind boosting up. You are reminded of the imminent danger and peril to your life at every step. More backshish! The doctor runs along watching intently; the boy with the liniment, the water-carrier, the bouquet-bearer, the musician, form a part of the escort to the very summit; at every step lifting our feet as high as our breast in quick succession, wrenching every bone and muscle in my body, resting two or three times ere we reach the top. What grandeur, what indescribable, overwhelming sense of awe! and our incomparable insignificance amidst it all subdues us. Standing on a platform about thirty feet square, we behold Cairo in the east, with its Citadel, mosques, and minarets, and beyond the Mokattam hills, the green valley of the Nile, the stately palms, and the glorious old river studded with its boats and dahabeahs bound for Nubia; toward the west an ocean of drifting sand and barren rocks; toward the south the mysterious Sphinx, the neighboring pyramids of Chafra and Menkaura, and the more distant pyramids of Sakhara, Abousir, and Dashour. It is almost impossible to conceive of the magnitude and impressiveness of this matchless panorama. It is worth a journey to Egypt. What grand associations are connected with its history!—Abraham, Joseph, Moses, the Pharaohs, Alexander, the Ptolemies, the Romans, the Saracens, the Turks, Napoleon, and Cleopatra. A spell of antiquity gathers about us. We are overwhelmed; but who can think, who can contemplate this picture of life and death, or muse over the boundless past for these thirsty, torturous, hungry cries for backshish?

SLAVE-BOAT ON THE NILE.

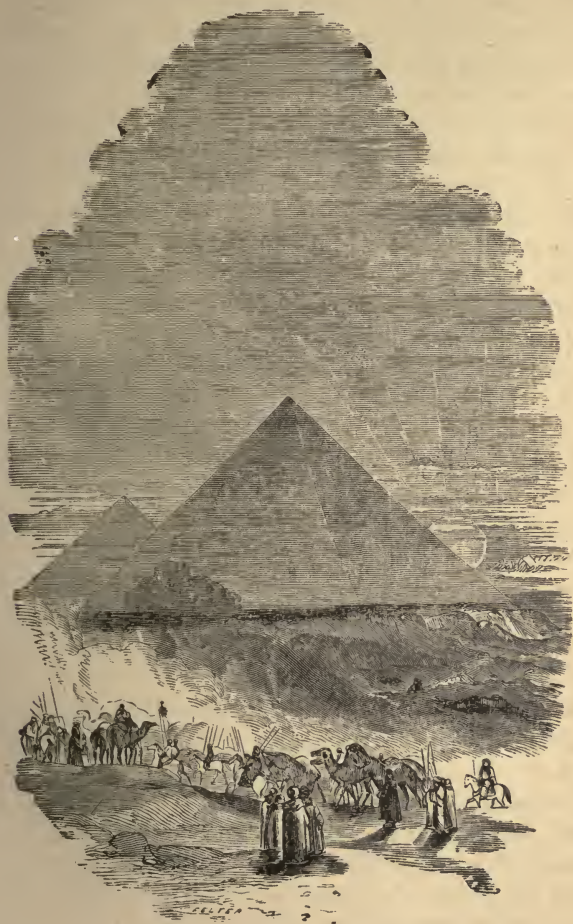


It destroys all our peace, our serenity! "Why try to think at all? One must bring his meditations cut and dried, or else cut and dry them afterward." It was impossible. One offers you a drink of water, another a chisel to carve your name, and a third one wants to run down Cheops, across the sand, and up the polished casing of the pyramid of Chafra and return to the top of Cheops in ten minutes. You couldn't kill him if you were to throw him off the tops hardly. But it won't do to get out of humor; we must bear the annoyance; and, after all, we rather think it amusing.

When you start down, they tie a turban around your waist, a kind of pull-back, while others go before, holding out their hands to assist you safely to the bottom. But I could have made the ascent to the top by myself in fifteen minutes, the whole number of the two hundred steps we ascend not exceeding forty-three inches in height.

From here we walked through burning sand half knee deep several hundred yards south and stood before the colossal Sphinx, which has kept its ceaseless watch over the pyramids for forty centuries. These sphinxes, like all the Egyptian gods, have the body of a lion and the head of a man or a ram. Some of them, as at Karnak, have wings as "emblems of swiftness and power of elevation." This great Sphinx, one hundred and forty-three feet in height, cut out of a solid mountain of stone, lifts its mutilated human head and lion paws out of the sand of the desert in which it had been buried for ages past. It is one hundred and three feet around the head, and its outstretched paws are fifty feet in length. I think at least one hundred feet is now covered up in sand.

I saw a part of the stone causeway that led to the Nile, over which the stone was brought to build these pyramids. All about are the remains of tombs and temples laid bare under the drifting sand.



PYRAMID OF CHEOPS, NEAR CAIRO.

I stood for some minutes gazing in the stony eyes of the silent Sphinx, who stares in majestic repose, mutilated and disfigured by vandal hands, looking back in the mysterious past and watching this new, busy race with those same earnest, dreamy eyes.

I did not visit or explore the queens' or kings' chambers in the north side of Cheops. Both these are large apartments, with sarcophagi shaped like a bath-tub of stone that sit in the middle of the chambers, in which the bodies of the royal dead were once placed. They are empty now.

We paid off a number of our *imposing* retinue—those who had served us, and a few who had merely bowed on our arrival and departure for Cairo—amidst a tumult and Babel of tongues. My dragoman belabored his donkey, running on foot the entire way. I offered him my seat, but he preferred to run. Before we reached the bridge over the Nile the cannon boomed a signal for closing the gates at each end of this magnificent structure. We had to wait two hours. It gave me a fine opportunity to study camel-life, the Arabs, their habits, costumes, etc. There were hundreds of these animals, with their loads of produce of the farm and garden, squatted about resting, while their burdens were being weighed for tax assessment. Every article pays tribute to the government before it enters the city. When the gates were opened there was a rush indescribable. The camels, donkeys, and gorgeously attired Arabs, and those not attired at all, rushed from either side and became mixed up in inextricable confusion. Such shouting and grotesque gesticulation I never witnessed before. Many were seated on camels ten feet high, while little donkeys, no larger than a dog scarcely, made their way underneath, seeking every crack and opening for escape that offered. There were thousands of pedestrians, who rendered the confusion more intolerable; and how they all escaped without an ac-

cident I never could understand. The river and bridge over it are less than half a mile wide—what we call a free bridge in America. I did not recover from that donkey ride in two weeks. It was an eventful excursion, full of interest for one day.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MOHAMMEDAN RELIGION AND CHRISTIANITY.

THE Koran is the Bible of the Mohammedans, who believe it is like our Bible—an inspired revelation of religion, morals, philosophy, and government, that God has handed down through their prophet for the guidance of all Moslems. It is undoubtedly a very remarkable book, having made its impress on more than one hundred millions of the human race. But, while it often abounds in poetic beauty and religious fervor, it is said by Gibbon and others to be full of contradictions and base absurdities. I have an English translation which I have tried to read, but found it very tiresome. Like our Bible—the Old Testament—it has a civil as well as an ecclesiastical code. Both governments are one. “But, unlike our Bible, the Koran has no atonement, no Christ, and is a mock revelation.”

The Mussulman prays five times a day: “There is no Deity but Allah, and Mohammed is his apostle.” The first is true, but the second clause corrupts the truth, says an eminent scholar. “They claim that as God had no wife he could have no Son.” Their only cry is, “Allah the true God, and he who dies in his faith is sure to be saved!” They destroyed idolatry. They believe in apostles and prophets, even in Abraham, Adam, Jesus, and Mohammed. Jesus is next to Mohammed, and with him will ultimately return to judge the whole world. They believe in prayer, thanksgiving, fasting, and a pilgrimage at least once in a life-time

to Mecca. They wash their hands before prayer, reading a few verses from the Koran, which constitutes their worship. "Friday is their Sabbath, because on that day Adam was created, and on Friday the world will be judged." But they worship on any other day as well. Whether on board of ship, in the street, at home, or in the mosque, the Moslem turns his face toward Mecca, being alone with God, raises his hands to heaven, then laying them on his lap, with his knees bent and his forehead touching the ground, he mutters something that sounds like the Lord's Prayer. The hours before sunrise and after sunset for prayer were fixed to prevent star-worship, as in Arabia. The muezzin (crier) calls to prayer from the minaret of each mosque, at the five stated hours of the day.

Among the most curious features of the Mohammedan worship, observes Dr. Schaff, are the exercises of dancing and howling dervishes. I could have seen these in Cairo, just a piece down the river, had I remained until Friday evening. The dervishes are the Moslem monks. By paying a fee, a Christian is allowed to see the performances in the mosques. They first pray and prostrate their bodies, then rise, all dressed in white, flowing gowns and with high, stiff woolen hats, their eyes half closed and hands stretched out to heaven; they whirl round and round on their toes—ring within ring—without touching each other, for an hour, until they are completely exhausted. They will turn forty or fifty times in one minute. Dr. Schaff observed, to his astonishment, one of these very dervishes beastly drunk in Constantinople the next day, notwithstanding their code eschews all intoxicating liquors.

On entering the mosque I have been required to take off my shoes and put on slippers, for which the priest would expect a fee; but nothing is said about removing the hat. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon

thou standest is holy ground." You hardly ever see a woman in these mosques. I have never seen one myself. The Koran does not enjoin them to pray. "By some it is doubted whether they have souls." But a Mussulman is allowed any number of wives if he wants to keep them. The position of woman in home-life among Christians at once establishes the preëminent claims of the Christian civilization. Polygamy reduces woman to slavery and to endless misery in domestic life. Mohammed had fifteen wives and concubines. He was temperate; lived on dates and water, and his wives lived around him in cottages. Many of his successors drink whisky and live in fine houses, filled with eunuchs and idle women. Brigham Young, who died in 1877, had nineteen wives and over fifty children, and left an immense fortune. He was the American Mohammed. Mohammed conquered, plundered, and enslaved much of the old Bible-land, reducing it to a dreary waste by mere brute force; but Islam has ceased to be a terror and an insult to Europe. Mohammedanism must be conquered by the superior forces of our civilization—if not eventually by force of arms—before it will yield its deadly hatred to the Christian religion. We must not suppose that Egypt has ever at any period been thoroughly converted to Christ. "Her early churches, like her false gods, became mummified and buried in her tombs." Hence, Islam had an easy conquest, observes Dr. Schaff. But there are said to be in Egypt yet about half a million of the old Christians, or Copts, who are among the educated classes, but whose religion is full of forms and ceremonies, having long since become petrified.

The missionary work seems to have been inaugurated here about one hundred years ago by the Moravians; but all efforts had failed until the United Presbyterian Church began their work among the Copts about thirty years since. They commenced by teaching and instructing the children

at Cairo and Alexandria up to 1865. Finally a seminary at Assiout, the capital of Upper Egypt, was established for the training of the native clergy. They have now many self-supporting churches and valuable property even here in Cairo, opposite Shepheard's Hotel. It has taken firm root now, and Presbyterianism appears to be the only aggressive form of Protestantism. They have about forty schools, and I do not know the number of pupils and converts, throughout Egypt. But, as there are four million of the five million inhabitants followers of Mohammed, there is a broad field here for Christian work.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM CAIRO TO JOPPA—ISMAILIA AND PORT SAID.

MUCH of the history of Egypt is like its great deserts—a dreary waste, with the figures of its kings on its monuments, worshipping animal gods, their victories and meritorious achievements. The people themselves were simply a mass of slaves, used as machines in times of peace and war. Dr. Schaff says there are three important epochs in its chronology, between the history of ancient Egypt and the Bible history of Israel—the visit of Abraham, the history of Joseph, and the Exodus under Moses. After the Exodus, Egypt is not mentioned in the Bible till the time of Solomon, who married a daughter of Pharaoh, and brought her into the City of David (1 Kings iii. 1). The Egyptians themselves appear to have had no chronology. Like the Chinese, they boasted of great antiquity. They numbered their years by the reign of the king. Menes, their first king, is said to have ruled 5004 B.C.; according to another authority, the historian Rawlinson, 2450 B.C.—a great discrepancy, I should observe, between dates in her

chronology. Many of these ages and kings seem mythical, and nothing worthy of credence appears before the time of Solomon, about 1000 B.C. The account of Abraham's visit, as given in the Bible, agrees with all that is known of the Pharaohs. It appears there is no mention on their monuments of Moses and the humiliation that overtook the king in his pursuit of the Israelites. The Egyptians never mention the defeat of their armies.

On the 25th of March occurs the anniversary of the birth, as well as the death, of the prophet Mohammed. It is the holiest of all the holy days during the year. At the close of this holiday, a most inhuman practice occurs, of fanatical Arabs, or followers of the prophet, prostrating themselves at full length on their faces on a certain avenue, packed and jammed close together, to allow the sheiks, or holy men, to ride over them on horseback—merely to test their faith and to receive the enthusiasm of the crowd that awaits them. They are told that if under any guilt, the sin will be atoned by this act, and that a great reward awaits them in paradise. The pretty, black-eyed women of the Harem will come out and applaud this heroism. They believe every word the sheik has told them. If any of these poor wretches ever die—and I suppose a number do—nothing will ever be said or done about it. The last night of the festivities, a great display of fireworks and a performance of the dancing dervishes takes place, in honor of Mohammed's birthday. I did not witness the dosee, nor did I desire much to see such a barbarous spectacle.

In leaving Egypt, my eyes linger on its historical river. For eight hundred miles it flows between narrow valleys of perpendicular walls of granite, without a single tributary. From the summit of these heights, or walls, on either side, stretches away the boundless desert. Below Cairo the Nile divides into the Rosetta and Damietta branches, that flow

off in different directions to the Mediterranean; and the Delta opens like a fan between them, blooming like a garden to the sea-shore. It is one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles broad.

For sixty or seventy miles after leaving Cairo, we behold still the deepest verdure—the most luxuriant fields of bearded wheat—I had supposed it was barley—fields of onions, sugar-cane, cotton, and vegetables; but I have seen no Indian corn. The wheat and barley are the corn so often referred to in the Bible. I have eaten the most delicious oranges, bananas, etc., at the stations, where you see the women bearing baskets full on their heads. You can buy this fruit at five cents per dozen. The large number of Arab women, boys, girls, and men engaged in this traffic is astonishing. Chickens and eggs are very abundant, a dozen of the latter being offered for six cents—hard-boiled. A flat cake of dark bread is usually eaten by the natives. The entire crop of sugar appears to be made up into candy and sweets, in the most fanciful designs.

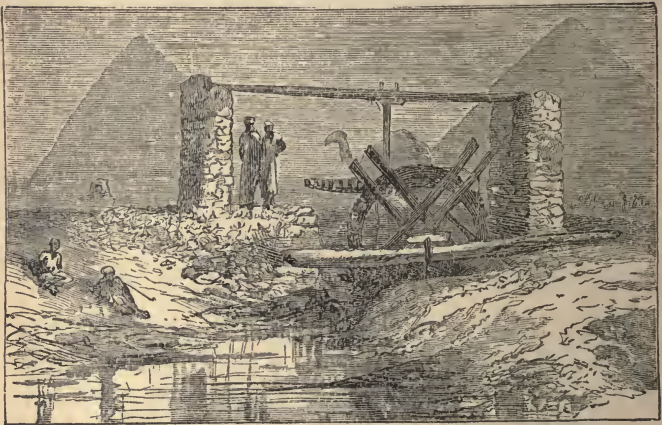
The water-carrier, throughout Egypt, will attract your attention. The first time I saw this institution dispensing the grateful beverage along the train to hundreds of thirsty Arabs, I thought of Dwinell's visit to Egypt, some years ago. My friend at first supposed it to be a dead hog the man had on his back. The skin seems to be taken off the animal whole, with the legs and head sewed up and filled with water. I was about to hold my nose when this man approached an Arab squatted on the ground, who was waiting for a drink. He held both hands up to his mouth, into which the water was poured by drawing the *bucket* just a little around.

You see many curious sights along the railroad that remind you of the task-masters and the heavy burdens once imposed on the poor Israelites. You observe women making

up brick with straw and laying them out in the sun to dry. I saw large numbers bearing bundles of cotton-stalks on their heads to their squalid mud villages for fuel. Here you behold a more degrading spectacle still—the poor mothers with their little daughters running behind animals that pass, gathering up their deposits, which they first prepare with their hands, then fresco the sides of their miserable abodes. Remember this, you people of Georgia who complain of your lot, with your forests of timber and inexhaustible mines of coal. I have seen naked boys and girls bathing in a stagnant pool, others drinking the water, while some were watering their camels, and a woman bearing a bucket of the same water to her house. I saw a buffalo cow plowing or pulling a plow, while a camel and a small donkey were drawing another, yoked together. There were trains of camels and asses led or driven along the road to market, loaded with the products of the farm, with the sneaking cur, fit emblem of his master's degradation, following stealthily in his rear.

Clover ripens here in January, and two crops of alfalfa are produced on the same ground in one season. All crops are irrigated either by hand or by raising the water from the canals by power. The English have introduced a few steam-engines; but the natives cannot use them. Wherever you look, this incessant toil of irrigation is visible. Two men swing a basket, made like a tray, by ropes, scooping the water up into the little trenches that conduct it through the growing crops. But the most striking objects are the water-wheels. These are worked along-side of the canals that checker the Delta everywhere. The water, being several feet below the surface, has to be raised. Sometimes you see a man dipping it up in a bucket and pouring it into a little ditch that communicates with his little field. But the wheel worked by the camel, more commonly by the buffalo

cow, is almost universally used. I examined several of them—they are the rudest pieces of machinery you can imagine. The wheel, with its shaft and cogs, resembles our old-fashioned gin-gear. On the band-wheel is worked an endless chain or belt of buckets or earthen jars, which elevates the water as it revolves, emptying, when the wheel starts downward, into a trough, from which it is conveyed into the fields. But some of the wheels are constructed with



A WATER-WHEEL.

a hollow rim, full of buckets that are constantly filling and discharging themselves as they reach the proper elevation.

We are leaving the green fields, dotted with their clusters of palms; the mud villages, with their little domes and minarets—this teeming land of wealth and beauty—far behind us. The lofty pyramids have long since disappeared, and the whole of the Delta is sinking below our vision. We change cars at Zagazeg for Ismailia, and are whirling across the boundless plains of the desert. Near Zagazeg was fought the decisive battle of the late Egyptian war. The

English troops, under Gen. Wolseley, defeated Arabi Pasha's army, and he himself was made a prisoner. The Egyptian general had moved his army from Alexandria by the railroad, destroying it behind him, to prevent pursuit by the enemy. But imagine Arabi Pasha's surprise to find the English confronting him near Zagazeg when he had brought up his rear in such confusion. While he was moving on the railroad, the entire English forces were moved by large transports, with their men-of-war, up the coast and through the canal to Ismailia, then down by railroad to the battlefield. It was a masterly piece of strategy on the part of the British general. The main line runs on to Suez, while Ismailia is connected by a short branch of two miles. This is a pleasantly situated village on Lake Timsah, about middle way the Suez Canal. Its green, refreshing shade lends a charm to the desert all around about us.

In two hours we take a small boat for Port Said, the western terminus of the canal, where we connect to-morrow with a large steamer of the Austrian Lloyds, for Jaffa. It is night, so we reserve a description for our return voyage, which we must make through this canal to reach India.

If Port Said is noted for any thing, it must be its numerous hotels, its pretty public garden, its clean, broad streets, and nargile-shops. Here the Turks and Arabs smoke and gossip the livelong day. The pipes are kept for rent, filled with water, tobacco, and fire, and by the clerk or proprietor set before his customer, who sits down cross-legged, takes the end of the long rubber stem, and draws the smoke through the globe of water with perfect satisfaction. He invariably sips a cup of coffee in the meantime, which adds an Oriental air of dignity to the custom. I here saw some beautiful golden pheasants, paroquets, and other birds. Ostrich-plumes are for sale in many of the shop windows. There is a fine variety of fish at the numerous restaurants

on the streets, with bread, fruits, and onions, which are sold very cheap. But I should not like to live at Port Said, among these nargile-smoking Arabs. I might exist one day on the beautiful views of the blue Mediterranean.

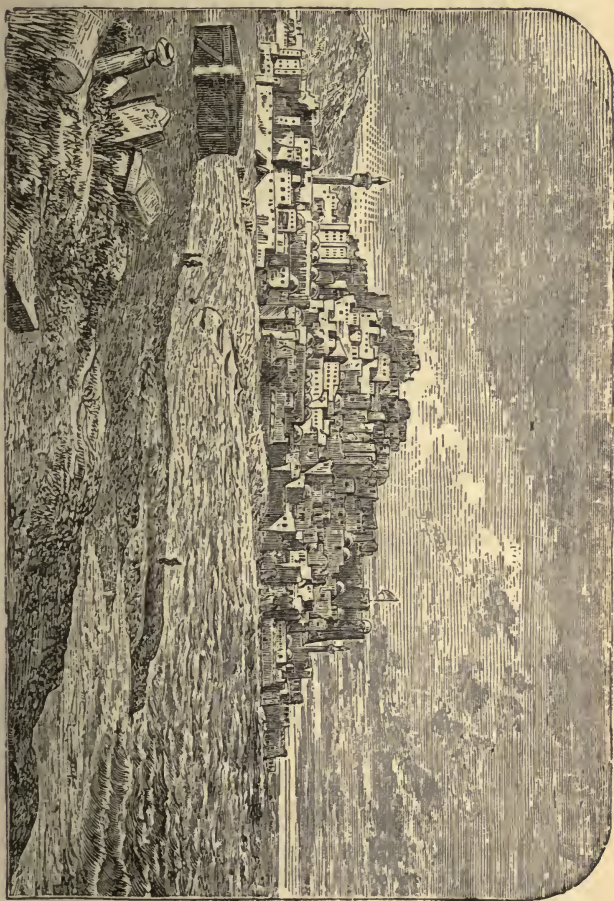
The dredging and making of this harbor at Port Said, by De Lesseps, is one of the great achievements of modern engineering. It was no less wonderful than the digging of the canal. Two jetties, known as the east and west walls, were thrown out nearly one mile in length, being nearly half a mile apart at their respective ends. Between these arms, or walls, was formed a harbor or basin, five hundred acres in extent, through which all ships must enter the mouth of the canal. They made the blocks of stone for the jetties, or walls, of lime-rock, which they ground up fine in mills; then it was molded into blocks in wooden casings, which were removed after they had hardened under the sun's rays.

While here, I spent several hours very agreeably with the American consul, above whose office floated the American flag. After fifteen hours up the Mediterranean, we sighted the mountains of Judea.

CHAPTER XV.

LANDING AT JAFFA—THROUGH THE CITY.

WE were yet some distance out at sea when we beheld the coast-line, the city of Jaffa, and the mountains of Judea beyond. But I felt I was approaching a land consecrated by the foot-prints of our blessed Lord. Here he had taught his disciples, lived, and died. Here were Bethlehem and Calvary—the manger where he was born, and the sepulcher where he was laid after his crucifixion, which, although hewn in solid rock, was unable to hold his lifeless form when the hour had come for his resurrection. When we had anchored within a mile of the shore,



JAFFA, OR JOPPA.

Jaffa rose in majestic beauty before me. From the poop of our ship I saw to the south the land of the Philistines, "where Samson and David fought and Philip preached." To the north, up the coast-line, towered in lofty grandeur Mount Carmel, which probably commemorates the place of Elijah's sacrifice. Between Jaffa and the mountains of Ephraim stretch away the beautiful valley, or plain, of Sharon, over which we must travel to reach Jerusalem. Jaffa is the oldest sea-port in the world. From here Jonah embarked for Tarshish; here the cedar for Solomon's Temple was landed—for this was the only sea-port of Palestine.

But why longer indulge in such pleasant meditations? It is utterly impossible. I cannot even think. A dozen of these noisy Arabs are scuffling over my baggage, and a hundred more are pushing off from shore. They fight, scream, and shout, and then come to blows. Finally, they began to gather hold of the passengers. I was not angry; I was provoked. I just drew back and pulverized one of them. Then they all began to reconsider. It was only the calmest reflection that preserved the memory of that naked vagabond to posterity. Here I was approaching the Holy Land with all the solemnity due the occasion, with my eyes even resting on the house-top of one Simon the tanner, on the spot where Noah had built his ark, and where the lowered sheet appeared in Peter's vision! I tried to think of the good Dorcas and Tabitha, whose memories are still cherished in veneration by millions of Christian people in my own land. They had once lived here. I saw it was no use, so we employed a half dozen of these heathens to row us ashore.

Sometimes the sea is so rough the steamers cannot land here; they must proceed on to Beyroot. It required four oarsmen with brawny arms to put us safely through the rocks on the shore. The surf was very high, and the men

almost touched the rocks on either side the narrow pass as we pushed through. It must have been a better harbor in the days of Solomon, when Hiram landed the cedars from Lebanon for the Temple at Jerusalem. I would as soon attempt Scylla and Charybdis of a rough day. But these rocks are disarmed of the very terror they inspire by the pretty legend with which tradition has clothed them. Here Andromeda was once chained some thousands of years ago, to be devoured by a terrible sea-monster. You could almost discern the print of the chains—that is, see where they ought to be—as your heart goes out in sympathy for this mythical girl who never had any existence. But we liked to have shed tears over the pretty story, and thought how we should have killed that monster, but heard that Perseus had done it. I never felt such relief before. When we scrambled up the steep bluff, with our imposing retinue of Arabs in the rear, we could scarcely pass for the train of camels pressing along the narrow streets on the bluff loaded with boxes of oranges, goat-skins of wine (wine-jars), skins of oil, soap, baskets of eggs, ducks, geese, and poultry, to be taken by the little boats to our steamer.

A large number of Cook's tourists—half a hundred or more—had just landed ahead of us. They had proceeded to Ramleh, and gone into camps. These tours are organized in Europe and America—New York and London. A ticket is issued for the whole tour, with coupons attached for railroads, hotels, steamers, guides, etc., including all expenses—except incidentals—at a stated price to each person. I prefer to travel privately, make my own schedules of time at different places, employ my own guides, stay as long as I please, or leave when I am fatigued. It is less expensive, and there is more comfort in it. A party of five, or even three, I prefer to thirty.

We toiled up narrow, dirty streets, ill paved with cobble-

stones, among donkeys, turbaned Arabs, veiled women, denuded children that smelled—well—like Arabs. Filth and poverty! The city even had lost its picturesqueness from the sea. It was now only rich in historic associations to me. Here was the old well from which the women were bearing away jars of water upon their heads, just as they had done since the days of the good Dorcas. Here the camels and little donkeys were drinking out of the great stone basin. Here the people of Jaffa and pilgrims on to Jerusalem were bathing their faces and hands, and even their bodies. Some were drawing up the water with the old Georgia sweep, while others were filling up the jars. I have seen this same old style of well-sweep in lower Georgia and Florida many a time. We pass through the market, where the people are all squatted on the paved court selling their wares, fruits, and vegetables. The oranges are magnificent. A few hundred yards through the sand, in rear of Jaffa, brought us to the Good Samaritan Inn of Mrs. Rolla Floyd. Here we rest for the day, and shall go up to Jerusalem at night. Nearly all travel here is done after sunset. It is too warm in the day. Mr. Floyd is absent with a party of tourists. He and his good lady are Americans, both most estimable people, and Mr. Floyd is considered the best dragoon in Palestine. My room looks out over the orange-groves on the Mediterranean. The view is perfectly grand. I feel an air of comfort already that reminds me of home. I hear the poultry cackling, the birds singing in the trees—sweet harbingers of spring. We enjoy a glorious dinner of salads, the crispest lettuce, Irish potatoes, English peas, fried eggs and ham, with the best of bread and butter. Is not this home? The climate here is the latitude of Palatka, Florida.

Mr. Frank, a Texan, who had been my companion on the voyage from Port Said, stopped with me for the day.



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At Mrs. Floyd's we met another Southerner—Mr. Howard, from Florida. This gentleman was here studying the Syrian honey-bee, which he pronounced unequalled in the world. He will take back a large number of queens on his return. "There is no country equal to this," remarked Mr. Howard, "for honey. The flowers are blooming the year round."

Jaffa is the ancient Joppa of the Bible. It has a population of twenty-two thousand, two thousand or more of whom are Christians. It rises in the form of an amphitheater, surrounded on top by a castle. It was fortified by Louis IX. in the thirteenth century, and captured in 1799 by Napoleon after a murderous siege. Outside of its historical associations and its lovely orange-groves, there is not much to be seen in Jaffa.

Three miles from the city, at Saronā, is located the German Colony, which, like the one at Haifa, was founded by the Temple Society some years ago. There is a general air of cleanliness and progress about their villages, their gardens, fields, and vineyards that exerts a civilizing influence over the natives. They have a smaller colony in the suburbs of Jaffa engaged in gardening, cultivation of the vine, oranges, etc., that has proved, like the one at Saronā, highly successful. They have introduced improved machinery. This colony also owns the hack line from here to Jerusalem, so we are informed. Besides the German, the Jews have established about nine colonies—most of them within the past two years—in different parts of Palestine.

There is a large Agricultural College near here, founded by the Israelites for the education of Jewish youths in agricultural pursuits. It stands a little off the road to our right as we go to Jerusalem—a large, attractive building, with pretty grounds and avenues, the latter ornamented with bamboo and the eucalyptus, both of which have been

introduced from foreign countries, and form a striking feature in the landscape. It is to be hoped, as a taste for agriculture is formed in their collegiate education, the Jewish boys will not emulate our Georgia graduates by engaging in other pursuits than agricultural. From all we can learn there is a broad, undeveloped field here for the most ambitious students who may practically engage in its pursuit. Most of these Jews come from Russia and Roumania. Two of the colonies have been established under the protection of Baron Rothschild, and will be enabled to encounter all the pecuniary embarrassments which some of the less fortunate have suffered.

The Jews are returning to Palestine, and those Germans in the colony here, who number probably four hundred souls, have come under a belief "that all Christians should live here."

Jaffa, being the sea-port of Judea now, as it was in the days of Solomon, may assume, under its liberal governor, considerable commercial importance as well as population. It has already doubled in the past eight years from immigration and increase.

I have been delighted with the gardens of a German baron just across the street, in which may be seen many rare exotics, plants and flowers, growing in the open air. The princely owner is greatly esteemed for his liberality and many munificent donations. Just now he is out from Europe, enjoying this delightful winter climate, the blush and bloom of his charming gardens.

I had stood on the house-top of Simon the tanner, "close by the sea," and looked down in his old rock well, from which he probably conveyed water to his vats, that have been discovered just below. I am sure the roof I saw is not the flat roof Peter slept on, or in his dreams saw a "lowered sheet." It is a new roof, but is just like the

old one, and that answers every purpose. This spot is well identified by the Bible account of it. I wish all the traditions I have tried to believe of it were as true. I am sure Peter drank out of this old rock well. I took a drink out of it before I left. My guide intimated the remains of a lake somewhere, now dried up, where the cedars were landed. I did not see this spot, or the spot where "*Jonah swallowed the whale,*" but I examined the town pretty thoroughly.

I visited Miss Arnot's school for girls. I spent a delightful hour hearing them sing. Thirty little Arab girls, all tidy and neat as they could be! There were several with ebony hair and eyes jet black, with olive complexions, dressed like Christian girls, who looked just charming to me. It was one Sunday afternoon, when our pretty girls and handsome boys are all supposed to be attending Sunday-school at home, that I heard these little Arab children sing. And what do you suppose they sung for me? The same songs you hear in America: "Jesus, lover of my soul," and "O how I love Jesus!" "Jesus loves me," and other pretty airs in English. It was a scene calculated to fill the most unrelenting eyes with tears to hear such songs chanted in sweetest melody. They seemed to echo back from Calvary over the hills from Jerusalem, only thirty-six miles away.

Miss Arnot invited me to make a short address, which she would interpret, or translate, into Arabic. I told them about our girls and Sunday-schools at home; how they loved the same Jesus, who was born over yonder at Bethlehem; how they prayed for the little Arab girls in Palestine, etc. At the conclusion the entire school arose and bowed, returning thanks in Arabic. During this interesting occasion a woman with her little baby had quietly entered an ante-room that opened into the chapel. I had heard the plaintive wailings, and even observed the poor mother trying to

quiet it; but it never disturbed me. Miss Arnot apologized for the supposed annoyance, remarking that was one of her oldest pupils, who sometimes loved to return to the scenes of her school-days. See, she has brought her little baby. God grant that its little steps, like its Christian mother's, may be guided in the paths of truth and righteousness!

Miss Arnot, a brave and dauntless girl, came out here some twenty-five years ago, I believe, from Scotland, investing her means and some contributions from friends of the enterprise in this noble educational work. She erected this splendid structure as a girls' boarding-school, through which she showed us every department now in successful operation. Her sister has come to help her, and I noticed another young lady recently out from Europe. This school, like Miss Baldwin's here (American), has been eminently successful.*

Mr. Deems, my guide, is an Arab gentleman of considerable intelligence, and a good Christian. He sends a little daughter to Miss Arnot's school; but he remarked "there were Arabs who would kill their children before they would send them to a Christian school." Mussulmans, of course.

There are one thousand orange-groves, gardens of pomegranates and figs, in the suburbs of Jaffa. The middle of March I found the trees hanging with fruit and blooming for a new crop. Mr. Deems carried me through one of the most celebrated groves, which consisted of three acres or less, in which I found trees of an immense size, growing only ten to fifteen feet apart, very irregularly. The fruit was as bright as an English sovereign, the rust or parasite being unknown here as far as I could ascertain. I measured one orange fifteen inches in circumference, and parties assured me they attain to a larger size. The soil was a deep, black alluvium, underlaid shell drawn three feet from around every tree, leaving a hole for the winter rains. The

* Miss Baldwin is a Virginia lady.

same method prevails in Sicily, sometimes varied by horizontal ridges instead of holes around the trees to retain the rain or well-water for irrigation. I do not think the average of the Jaffa trees will exceed seven hundred to one thousand oranges. The fruit I examined was of a beautiful oval or oblong shape, with moderately thin peel. They had lost some of the delicious flavor claimed for them by the continued winter rains. I saw no symptoms of "charbon, or insect," so common in Sicily and Florida. The oranges are sold on the streets at three to five cents per dozen. The peel is still used for fuel and tanning. Miss Arnot showed me a quantity she was drying on her flat roof for the kitchen. No doubt Simon used this kind of bark in his day, and it is certain these were the "golden apples" alluded to in Solomon's time.

There is a large species of the citrus family cultivated extensively here by the Jews, known as "gethrogim," or gigantic citrons, that bring fabulous prices in Europe on festival occasions if it can be guaranteed they come from the Holy Land.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM—ORANGE CULTURE—ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES CONTRASTED—HABITS, CUSTOMS, ETC., OF THE PEOPLE.

FOR much of the following information I have been placed under obligations to my admirable dragoman, Mr. Rolla Floyd, who gave me copies of the Boston *Messiah's Herald*, in which a number of his letters from Palestine appeared. Rev. J. M. Orrock, its excellent editor, has conferred an appreciated favor by promptly complying with Mr. Floyd's request to forward the papers. Inasmuch as most of my journey from Jaffa to the Holy City is made at night, this

accurate account of an itinerary, or extracts I shall use of the letters furnished me, will be found highly entertaining. Mr. Floyd formerly conducted the tours of Cook & Son, of London, and is distinguished to-day as the most intelligent guide in Palestine. He came out from America in 1866; speaks the Arabic as well as his own language. He is a perfect encyclopedia of Biblical knowledge, and is thoroughly familiar with every spot of historic interest which connects the Old and New Testaments with this Bible land. He carries the Bible on the end of his tongue, and withal is a thorough Christian gentleman. The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is twelve hours, or thirty-six miles:

“I shall begin my first letter at and with the most ancient city in the world—Jaffa, Joppe, Joppa, or Japho, now called by the natives Yafa. In the division of the land, Japho was given to the tribe of Dan (Josh. xix. 46). When King David established his kingdom at Jerusalem, Joppa became the port of Jerusalem. The city of Jaffa was surrounded by a high wall until 1872, when it was taken down and the stones sold to build houses and shops with. The bazaars are almost always supplied with excellent fruit. The streets are so crowded with camels, donkeys, and lazy men that, at times, it is quite difficult to pass. Jaffa is indeed a busy place, much more so than most people think. It has several soap factories and large tanks of olive-oil. The oil is shipped to all the important places in the East and to Europe. Large quantities of wheat and barley are shipped from Jaffa to Europe every year. The fruit trade is also large, and increases every year. The city of Jaffa is surrounded on three sides with orange, lemon, pomegranate, and other fruit gardens. About one thousand of these gardens raise the best oranges in the world—from thirty thousand to one hundred thousand a year in each garden. They grow to an enormous size, measuring from

ten to twenty inches in circumference. The retail price for oranges is three or four for a cent, and from four to six dollars per thousand. The seller has to count out one thousand five hundred for every thousand, as that is an old custom. The buyer always has the right to select the best. Lemons are sold four or five for one cent; they are large and full of juice. Pomegranates are generally sold one for a cent; they are large and very handsome—full of little red seeds, which are most delicious. If a drop of the juice gets on one's clothes, the stains will never come out. The peel is used for coloring; it makes a very bright black dye. Pomegranates ripen in September, lemons in December, and oranges in March. The orange-trees blossom in March, and it takes the orange one year to grow and ripen; they are good to eat for some months before they ripen. All these gardens are hedged in by the cactus, which grows from fifteen to twenty feet high and from two to three feet thick. It bears a fruit in summer called prickly pear, which is quite sweet and very much liked by the natives. In the summer and autumn (the dry season) all the orange, lemon, and pomegranate gardens have to be irrigated. Each garden has a large well of water, over which is very primitive machinery to which the gardener attaches a mule to wind up water. The water is first conveyed into a large stone tank, made for the purpose, and when filled it is let out and conducted to each tree by little canals made in the ground. One-third of the trees are watered each day, and all the trees in each garden once every three days. On either side of the little canals they raise vegetables. By irrigation one can raise three and four crops of vegetables a year, and so can have vegetables all the year. Olives, apricots, peaches, quinces, almonds, figs, and grapes grow in abundance without irrigation. A few dates (which grow on the palm-trees), apples, bananas, grow around Jaffa; but

none of the before-mentioned trees raise more than one crop a year, except the fig, which has small figs in the early spring; these figs drop off before the good fruit grows. It was called the 'untimely figs,' or fruit (Rev. vi. 13).

"In this country the seasons and habits of the people are quite changed from ours. We plant in spring; they in autumn. We harvest in autumn; they in spring. We feed our cattle in winter; they in summer. Our vegetables die in winter, from cold; theirs in summer, from heat. We dress our hands and feet in winter to protect them from the cold; they their heads in summer to protect them from the heat. Our farmer-women wear shoes and stockings; theirs go barefooted and barelegged. We eat our heartiest meal in the day; they in the night. We sit in chairs; they on the floor. We eat with knives, forks, and spoons; they with their fingers. We wash our hands and face before eating; they after eating. Our women do the work in the house; theirs do the work outdoors. Our women wear rings on their fingers; theirs in their noses and around their ankles. Our women ride; theirs walk and carry loads. We have rain in summer; they in winter. The rainy season commences here in November and continues at intervals until April; so from April until November there is no rain, and the earth becomes like iron or brass, as Moses and the Levites predicted it would if the children of Israel did not hearken unto the Lord their God (Lev. xxvi. 15-19; Deut. xxviii. 23).

"We are now at the American Colony, about one mile north of the city of Jaffa; and from here we will make an excursion to the Holy City (Jerusalem). We pass the Mohammedan grave-yard just on our right, where there are several tents pitched between the tombs. Among the tombs of their relations and friends the Mohammedans spend their days of mourning, also their days of rejoicing. Many hire the blind to sing by the side of the tombs of their relatives.

That horrid noise we hear so often in their grave-yard is not, as the stranger supposes, wild animals howling, but people singing. Here we notice they bury as in ancient times. They have just opened an old grave and taken out the bones, which are all that remain of the last one buried in this tomb. It was the father of the young man whom they are now preparing to bury. The young man is first washed and then wrapped in new white linen; his feet were tied together, and also his hands, with the same stuff as his body is wrapped in, and then a napkin is wound around his face (John xi. 44). The bones of the young man's father are put back in the grave with him, and thus he 'sleeps with his fathers' (2 Chron. xxviii. 27).

"We pass through the market, which is well furnished with fruit and vegetables the most of the year. Just outside of the market-place the muleteer (owner of horses and mules) has to pay toll and take a ticket for each horse or mule that travels over the road between Jaffa and Jerusalem. He has to pay for each horse, mule, camel, or donkey six cents government currency—equal to nine, market currency; for a carriage one has to pay fifty or sixty cents each way. The road was made mostly by pressed labor, and yet the government charges toll. What a government! It will no doubt sound strange to some to hear us speak of government currency and market currency; but there is a great difference. There is also different currency in every town and city; for instance, in Beyroot (one hundred and twenty miles north of Jaffa) a napoleon—a four-dollar gold piece—goes for one hundred and two piasters; in Jaffa for one hundred and twenty-two; in Jerusalem one hundred and seven; in Nablus (forty miles north of Jerusalem) one hundred and eighteen; in Nazareth (about forty miles north of Nablus) one hundred and twenty-eight; and at Tiberias (twenty miles north-east of Nazareth) the napoleon is one

hundred piasters. The before-mentioned are market prices; in government currency the napoleon in Jaffa is eighty-five piasters.

“It will take us about half an hour to get through these orange, lemon, and pomegranate gardens. The trees are now loaded with oranges. About half-way from the city to the plain we pass a fountain among sycamore-trees, which, according to tradition, is on the site where Peter raised Dorcas (Acts ix. 36-42). As we pass along, on each side of the road are numerous tamarisk-trees, which look very much like our pine. We soon enter the Plain of Sharon, which reaches south forty miles to Gaza, and north sixty miles to Carmel. Its average width is about fifteen miles. Where the carriage-road crosses, it is about twenty miles wide. We soon pass on our right the Jewish Agricultural School. Mr. Charles Netter, of Paris, is the president of the society. The Plain of Sharon is bounded on the west by the Mediterranean Sea, and on the east by the hills of Samaria, Benjamin, and Judea—all of which are in full view from where we emerge from the gardens to the plain. In about half an hour’s travel from the Jewish farm we pass a modern village called Yazur, which to the stranger looks like a ruin. This village is said to mark the site of Hazar-shual, of Joshua xix. 3. It is the traditional site where Samson caught the three hundred foxes, put fire-brands to their tails, and let them go into the Philistine’s grain (Judges xv. 4, 5). At this village the road to Lydda branches off to the left. On the left is a mosque, and just opposite on the right is a square stone building, called *wely*—the tomb of a prophet, pilgrim from Mecca, or one related to Mohammed. Every year or two it is whitewashed, and reminds one of what our Lord said to the scribes and Pharisees (Matt. xxiii. 27). From this place we can see many flocks of sheep, goats, cows, camels, and asses feeding on the Plain of

Sharon (1 Chron. xxvii. 29). At almost any time that we cross this plain from the middle of November until the end of March, we can see the fellahin (farmers) plowing. A common man can carry on his shoulder a whole set of their farming utensils, including plow, yoke, bows, and ox-goad. The greater part of their plows are wood; the part that is iron looks like the fluke of a small anchor. The yoke is a small, straight, round pole, with straight sticks in each end, which go down on each side of the neck of the ox and are tied with a small string under the ox's throat. The plow only has one handle, as in ancient times (Luke ix. 62). The ox-goad is from eight to ten feet long, with a sharp piece of iron like a chisel on one end, which is used for cleaning the plow; and a spear in the other end to prick the cattle with. In time of riots they use the ox-goad as a weapon of war, the same as in the time of Shamgar; but I do not know of any one who has slain so many at once with an ox-goad as he did (Judges iii. 31). In March, April, and May, the whole Plain of Sharon (where not cultivated) is covered with flowers of almost every kind, except its own peculiar rose (Solomon's Song ii. 1). During the spring the Plain of Sharon is like a flower-garden. It makes one rejoice while traveling across it (Isa. xxxv. 1, 2).

“We pass on through grain-fields and over low hills for about two miles, to a large olive-grove, said to have been planted by Napoleon eighty-three years ago. On the way, we pass to our left a small village called Beit Dejan. The name reminds one of the deity of the Philistines; and this village is often pointed out by ignorant guides and drago- men as the site where the house of Dagon was; but the house of Dagon was about eighteen miles south of this place, in Ashdod (1 Sam. v. 1-3). From this large olive-grove we ascend for about half an hour to the top of a low ridge, where the town and tower of Ramleh are in full view, about three

miles direct ahead. And just opposite, about two miles north of Ramleh, we can see the top of the Greek convent, which is said to mark the birthplace of St. George. The town of Lydda is about as large as Ramleh, but it is so completely surrounded by olive-groves that we can only see the top of the Church of St. George. The ancient name of Lydda was Lod (1 Chron. viii. 12; Ezra ii. 33; Neh. vii. 37). It was to Lydda that Peter went to visit the saints which dwelt there; and at the same time he cured Eneas, who had been sick eight years with palsy (Acts ix. 33, 34). On our way from this ridge to Ramleh, we pass on the right a modern village called Surafend, surrounded by cactus hedges. Their houses are built mostly of mud and sticks, one story high, and only one room in each, and without windows. They cook, eat, drink, and sleep all together in one room—that is, each family. In the coldest weather they put their cattle in the room with their family. They all enter by the same door; but the floor of the family is about two feet higher than where the cattle stand. The manger for the cattle to eat out of is made in the floor on which the family live; and it is not an uncommon thing to see small children, a few days old, lying in the manger—that is, when the cattle are not in the house.

“At Ramleh one feels quite delighted with the fragrance and loveliness of the numerous gardens and orchards around the town; but O how changed is one’s feelings on entering the narrow, dirty, filthy streets of the town! It is quite a common thing to see in the streets, on entering the town, dead dogs, cats, and even dead donkeys, which lie until eaten up by the jackals. Ramleh is the traditional Arimathea of the Bible (Matt. xxvii. 57). Here are three convents—the Russian, Greek, and Latin (Roman Catholic). The latter is said to be built on the site where the house of Nicodemus stood. There are a few soap factories in Ram-

leh. Here is a small German hotel, which is kept very clean and neat, and which is a great comfort to travelers on their way from Jaffa to the City of the Great King. Before this hotel was in running order, travelers, who could not make the journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem in one day, had to put up in the Latin convent. The most interesting thing around Ramleh at the present time is an old Saracenic tower, about a quarter of a mile from town. From its top is a grand view of Askelon, Ashdod, Ekron, Gath, Gezer, Gimzo, Valley of Ajalon, Lydda, Mt. Carmel, Mt. Gerizim, the upper Beth-horon, and the whole Plain of Sharon—from Gaza on the south to Carmel on the north.

“As we leave the town of Ramleh, on a hill in the plain, about two miles north-east from the road, we see a village called Jimzo. The site is identified with ancient Gimzo—a city which was taken from the Israelites by the Philistines in the reign of King Ahaz (2 Chron. xxviii. 18). There are many cisterns and rock-cut tombs to be seen in and around the village. As we ride along, the plain looks beautiful and green, with wheat and barley on both sides of the road, and especially on the right, as far as the eye can extend. In about six weeks every place that is not cultivated on this plain will be covered with all kinds of wild flowers.

“From the time we leave Ramleh until we reach a village called El-Kubab—a distance of six miles—a modern village called Abu Shoeshe is in full view. About two and a half miles to the right, on the side of a hill called Jezer (the ancient site of Gezer), Mr. Clement Ganneau, a Frenchman, found two inscriptions—one in Greek and one in Hebrew—showing the boundary of Gezer, so there is no doubt about its identification. Horam, King of Gezer, was defeated by Joshua (Josh. x. 33). The city, with its suburbs, was given to the Kohathite Levites (Josh. xxi. 21). The city remained a strong fortress of the Philistines for many

years. It was captured by Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and he gave it as a present to his daughter, Solomon's wife (1 Kings ix. 15-17). El-Kubab is not identified with any ancient site, although there are some signs of antiquity about the place. It has a fine situation, and I do not think it could have been overlooked. At present it has a Moslem population of about six hundred, who for years were noted as great beggars. The village is nearly surrounded with olive-groves. A few rods beyond El-Kubab, a good dragoman will point out the following places: The Valley of Ajalon, just at our feet—the place where Joshua commanded the moon to stand still (Josh. x. 12); the upper Beth-horon, on the top of a high peak, about six miles to the north-east of El-Kubab; the way the Amorite kings went when they fled from Joshua—toward the cave of Makkedah (Josh. x. 16); also, the mountains of Judea—Benjamin and Ephraim.

“We descend a steep hill and cross the Valley of Ajalon, about three miles, to Latrûm (place of a robber), the traditional home of the penitent thief. It is full of thieves now, but I do not know of any who are penitent. Many think Latrûm to be the site of Modin, but I believe the real site of Modin is about eight miles north of Latrûm, at a village called Midyeh, where there are seven old tombs, with a kind of monument over the top. It has a chamber six feet long, five feet wide, and eight feet high, and is called Kabut-el-Yehud (tombs of the Jews). The place, name, and situation agree with the description given by Josephus in his thirteenth Book of Antiquities of the Jews, sixth chapter and sixth verse. He says that ‘Simon sent to bring his brothers’ bones, and buried them in their own city, Modin; also, erected a very large monument for his father and his brethren, of white and polished stone; moreover, he built seven pyramids also for his parents and brethren, one for each of them,’ etc. About the same words are also record-

ed in 1 Maccabees xiii. 25, 27, 28. Latrûm is about twenty-two miles on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem. From it is a very good view of the plain to the sea.

“Near Latrûm, to the left of the road, and just on the edge of the Plain of Ajalon, is quite a large village, called Amwas, at which place the ruins of an old church have been found. From the third to the thirteenth century Amwas was thought to be the site of Emmaus—a very wild idea, as it is about eighteen miles from Jerusalem, while Emmaus was only about seven and a half (Luke xxiv. 13). I have no doubt but it was a place of importance, but it cannot be identified with any particular site. Near the village there is a fountain. Its water is believed by the natives to have great properties for healing all kinds of diseases.

“From Latrûm we descend a steep hill into a narrow valley called Wady Ali, and follow it for about two miles, to the foot of the mountains, a place called Bab-el-Wady (door, or entrance, to the valley). On our way, close by the road on the right, we pass a spring of water called Beir-el-Earyub (well of Job). On a hill, about a mile to the left, is a village called Deir-Earyub (Job’s covenant). At Bab-el-Wady there is an inn. The lower part is used for a stable, and in the upper story are two sleeping-rooms, with four beds in each; and a large dining-room. One can almost always find something to eat at this place, as Solomon, the proprietor, keeps hens, turkeys, and pigeons, tea and coffee, eggs and coarse bread, sardines, etc.

“From Bab-el-Wady, we ride up high mountains and down steep hills fourteen miles to the Holy City. As we pass up the steep defile, hill rising above hill, one cannot help noticing the marks of ancient terraces, which are visible on the sides of all, although the rocks are bare in many places, having been left without cultivation for thousands of years. The earth, as a natural consequence, has washed

down into the valley. In some places, years ago, there was quite a forest of scrub-oak; but is fast being cut down for fuel, which is a scarce article in almost all parts of Palestine. If some enterprising people do not soon commence planting trees, the whole country will be stripped. From the top of the first mountain is a good view of Lydda, Ramleh, the Plain of Sharon as far as Jaffa, and the Mediterranean Sea beyond. From this place are also to be seen several olive-groves.

“In about two hours ride from Bab-el-Wady, we arrive at a village called Abu-Goush, named after a notorious robber, who for many years was a terror to the whole country—that is, Palestine. It is said that about thirty-nine years ago he, with a band of his relations, fell upon some Franciscan monks, who were on their way to Jerusalem, robbed them, and then stifled them to death in an oven. At present the village has a population of about twelve hundred, nearly all related to each other, and the son of the great robber, Abu-Goush, is the chief of them—that is, governor. The village is on the site of Kirjath-jearim; so here we enter the tribe of Benjamin (Josh. xv. 9; xviii. 14, 15). It was here that the Ark of God was brought from Bethshemesh and put in the house of Abinadab, and it remained here twenty years (1 Sam. vii. 1, 2). ‘Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah; we found it in the fields of the woods. We will go into his tabernacles; we will worship at his footstool. Arise, O Lord, into thy rest; thou and the ark of thy strength’ (Ps. cxxxii. 6–8). Here stands an old Gothic church, which for many years was used for a stable. It is now the property of the French, and has been cleaned, so that it can be seen to better advantage than before. It is divided by two rows of stone pillars—three in each row—supporting pointed arches. From here to Jerusalem we travel the same way, if not over the same ground, by which

King David took the ark. As we descend the hill we pass on the left several carob or husk trees, which bear pods from three to seven inches long with a kind of bean in them, very sweet when ripe. The prodigal son would fain have filled his belly with this kind of "husks" (Luke xv. 16). In the bottom of the valley we pass a fountain on our right called Ain Dilb, near a coffee-shop of the same name, where travelers are treated to bare walls and dry sticks.

"In about one hour from Kirjath-jearim (*orkeryet-el-enab*, town of grapes), we reach the top of a hill called Custal (or the ruins of an old castle called *Kustal*). About two miles to the north we see a mosque called Neby Samwil, on the site of Mizpah, a place of lookout, or watch-tower. At Mizpah Saul was chosen king, and for the first time the sound, 'God save the king,' was heard there (1 Sam. x. 17-24). It was at Mizpah that the Chaldean governor was assassinated (2 Kings xxv. 25). As we descend the hill by a zigzag road a good dragoman will point out the site of Gibeah, about four miles north of Jerusalem. It was the home of Saul (1 Sam. x. 26). And away to the right is a beautiful village called Ain *Ḳarim* (fountain of vineyards), in the midst of olive, fig, and other fruit-trees. Tradition makes it the birthplace of John the Baptist. As Zacharias, John's father, was a priest, he would no doubt live near Jerusalem; and this place is not only near Jerusalem, but also in 'the hill country of Judea' (Luke i. 39). Near the bottom of the valley we pass a small village which is thought by many to be the site of Emmaus (Luke xxiv. 13). In this valley the most of dragomen tell travelers that it is the place where David slew Goliath; but by reading the seventeenth chapter of First Samuel we find that it was in the Valley of Elah, which is away to the south of Hebron. After reaching the top of the hill the Mount of Olives can

be seen on the east, and Scopus, the northern range of Olivet. On the right we pass the Convent of the Cross, to the left a large building, which is the German Orphanage, and in a few minutes come in sight of the Holy City and of the mountains of Moab, fifty miles beyond. The city of Jerusalem is built upon four hills, and yet the hills around are higher than the city (Ps. cxxv. 2).

“At Jerusalem, we will make our head-quarters at the Hotel Fiel. It is kept by a German whose name is Fiel. He speaks English, French, German, and a little Arabic. His hotel is situated just outside the city, at the north-west corner, in the cleanest and most healthy spot around the city, high and dry above stagnant pools of filthy water, dead dogs, cats, and rats—away from the filth with which the streets inside the city abound. To say the least, the Hotel Fiel is the cheapest, best, and in every way the most comfortable of any in the Holy Land. As we enter the city through the Jaffa gate, on the west side, and pass between the Tower of David and the bankers, Messrs. John Frutiyer & Co., one cannot help noticing the long ranges of open stalls on each side of narrow lanes, with a human figure squatting in the corner of each as though he had been placed there for a show. These stalls take the place of our stores. In order to trade with one of these store-keepers we have to stand in the street just in front of his shop and bargain for whatever we wish to buy. There is no fixed price to or for any thing. When we ask an Arab the price of any thing he will first say, ‘Whatever you wish to pay,’ and then, ‘Take it without money;’ but when pressed for a price he will ask from two to four times as much as he expects to get; and one cannot hurt the feelings of these men more than to give them what they ask. They would mourn over it, and say if they had asked more they would have got it. But if you give them one quarter

what they ask they will content themselves by saying they could not get more. As a rule the Arabs put one in mind (when trading) of Abraham bargaining with the sons of Heth for the cave of Machpelah: 'Nay, my lord, hear me: the field *give* I thee; and the cave that is therein, I *give* thee.' (See Gen. xxiii. 4-18.)

"The Arabs are generally very polite. If you enter the tent of a wild Bedouin, or the humble cottage of a fellah (farmer), you are received with an ease and courtesy that would not disgrace a palace. The modes of salutation are formal, but there is something pleasing in the inquiries compliments, and good wishes which they heap upon their guests. In saluting they put their right-hand to their mouth, which means they praise you with their lips; then to their chest, to indicate that you are cherished in their heart; then to their forehead, which means they esteem you with their intellect. When saluting a great personage they first lower the right-hand to the ground, which means they honor his feet and the ground on which he treads. A greater respect is implied by kissing your hand, but the greatest of all by kissing your feet. An Arab will tell you that his house is yours, his property is yours; that he himself is your slave; that he loves you with all his heart, and would defend you with his life. This all sounds very nice, but is not always meant. One of the noblest traits the Arabs are noted for is that when eating—whether in their house or by the way-side, however poor and scanty their fare may be—they always invite the visitor, or any one passing by, to join them. In this habit they are generally sincere. The inhabitants of Palestine and Syria are a mixed race, made up of the descendants of the ancient Syrians and Arabians, who came in the armies of the Caliphs (Turks). Every one can distinguish a Turk, Jew, or Armenian, each of whom is of a different race. The Mohammedans are,

and have been for many years, the lords of the land. They are proud and fanatic. They are taught by the faith they hold to look with contempt on all other classes, and to treat them as inferior. They are generally polite in address and profuse in hospitality, but regardless of truth, and have the credit of not being very honest in their dealings—I mean those who hold office in the government. I will here copy a few lines written by a gentleman who spent much time in this country:

“The Turks are few in number. Strangers in race and language, hated by every sect and class, wanting in physical power, destitute of moral principle, and yet they are the despots of the land. The Arabs have a proverb that though a Turk should compass the whole circle of the sciences he would still remain a barbarian. Those occupying the high government situations in Syria are Turks almost to a man. They obtain their power by bribery, and they exercise it for extortion and oppression. Every pasha, in coming to the country, knows that his term of office must be short, and therefore his gains must be large. The country has thus been robbed of its wealth, and a tax imposed on industry.’”

My own recollection of this eventful night's journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem was a perfect chaos of incidents and confusions. I remember many excruciating places on that tortuous road; khans, inns, loaded donkeys, trains of camels, pilgrims on foot, pilgrims on horses, in carriages, wagons, with more donkeys and camels with tinkling bells, loaded with oranges or merchandise from Jaffa; or noisy footmen with loose asses braying and kicking, returning from Jerusalem. Long trains of camels, loaded with boxes and bales of merchandise, were threading their noiseless way with uplifted heads in the darkness, one following the other; little donkeys, no larger than a dog, loaded with

coops of chickens and baskets of eggs and fruit, occasionally browsing along the road-side, with the Arab boy or his master strolling in the rear, made up a weird procession *en route* to the Holy City. I passed over the Plain of Sharon, then the Valley of Ajalon, stopping at Ramleh and Babel-el-Wady. At both places we had coffee or lunch, if we wished it. Our horses lunched too, on chaff and barley. In the valley I tried to imagine Joshua, and looked up for the moon. There was no moon. It was a dark, rainy night. I thought of the Latrûm thieves on the edge of Ajalon still crying for repentance—but they needed more time. I was nearly convulsed with laughter over Solomon's effort to induce an old Moslem pilgrim at Babel-el-Wady to take a cup of his fragrant Mocha. The old man suffered a terrible pounding over his head, and was nearly dragged out of his wagon, but he never slipped. The lower part of this famous caravansary was a stable full of donkeys, camels, horses, turkeys, pigeons, and hens, all asleep together. The upper story boasted of two sleeping-rooms, with four beds in each, and a large dining-saloon.

We have passed over both valleys, and are now twenty-two miles from Jaffa. It is still fourteen miles to Jerusalem, up narrow gorges and over most rugged mountains. The carriage-road winds around on their steep slopes to lofty summits. From Babel-el-Wady to Jerusalem we must rise nearly three thousand feet. We soon leave the lovely plains far behind us, up one barren mountain of rock and scrub and down another, then pass Abu-Goush, named in honor of another celebrated robber thirty years ago, who was the terror of all Palestine. This village is on the site of Kirjath-jearim, where the ark of the covenant remained once twenty years. We travel the same road over which it was borne to Jerusalem. Descending the mountain we saw its slopes covered with olive-trees, and away up to our right

stood the beautiful village of Airn Karim, where John the Baptist was born. Bishop Marvin thought there was no doubt whatever about this being the "hill country" of Judea, but it was very uncertain about the Baptist's birthplace—like Moses's tomb, there were too many of them. But what glimpses of Bethlehem we enjoy through the opening in the hills!

Down in the valley below—which we cross—is the traditional spot where David gathered up the five smooth stones with which he brought down the mighty giant, Goliath of Gath. The brook was dry, but there were shiploads of just such stones. I gathered up all I could carry and started off, but to my dismay here came the village of little naked Arabs, loaded down, crying, "Backshish! backshish!" They were just the kind of stones to kill a giant with, but I felt like emptying my cargo at that Arab village. I have heard the cry of backshish from the crater of Mount Vesuvius and the pyramids of Egypt to within four miles of the Holy City. To our left rose Neby Samwil, the site of the ancient Mizpeh, from which Samuel judged Israel. Then Jerusalem, O Jerusalem, burst upon my vision, with her sacred mountains rising all about her. We do not see much of the city inside the high walls that inclose it (in the shape of a square) until we actually pass through the Jaffa or western gate. There is a large town building up outside of the Jaffa gate that boasts of many fine modern houses, pretty gardens, vineyards, cottages, hospices, convents, etc. We stop at Hotel Fiel on top of a hill in this new suburb of Jerusalem. We have endeavored to approach this City of David with feelings of awe and reverence, for every spot on these hills around is hallowed by the footsteps of our blessed Lord and his disciples. To-morrow morning we shall enter the Jaffa gate.

We have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Rolla Floyd, under

whose charge a party of distinguished American and English gentlemen are making the tour of Palestine. I have accepted a kind invitation to join them, to visit the Dead Sea and the Valley of the Jordan in a few days.

I want to say something about the influence of good roads on travel and immigration in Palestine. The marked effect of the carriage-way we have just come over, connecting this city with Jaffa, has already been felt in the increasing prosperity and growth of both cities. It is macadamized with small stones, and, notwithstanding some rough places which the government is constantly repairing, taken altogether, it is a marvel of engineering. The increasing tendency to flock to the Holy Land is not alone confined to the Jews. The number of pilgrims is increasing every year, while all the Christian sects are establishing themselves here firmly, under the influence of many "hobbies." It is said the Turkish Government is as much opposed to colonization of the Jews as ever, and looks with distrust toward all Christian denominations, but is powerless to prevent the increasing tide of immigration into Palestine. Already the influx of foreign capital and population has exerted a decided influence on the destinies of the country, placing Palestine at the head of the most progressive provinces in the Empire. What is eventually to be the political effect upon this Eastern question, where there is so much religious interest involved, remains to be solved. Besides the present road alluded to, it is the intention of the governor to extend the road now in progress of construction to Bethlehem and on to Hebron. Then with the rich Valley of the Jordan connected by a road to Jericho, east of Jerusalem, we may expect a large annual increase of tourists to the Holy Land. Even invalids could then ride in a carriage to many historic places.

CHAPTER XVII.

JERUSALEM FROM THE TOWER OF HIPPICUS.

PASSING a Turkish guard at the Jaffa gate, we enter and turn to the right, walking through an open square a hundred yards or more till we reach the Citadel, in which the soldiers are quartered, stand guard, etc. A soldier shows us up a long flight of stone steps that lead to the flat roof of the "Tower of David, or Hippicus." It is close to the Jaffa gate, on the edge of the west wall of the city. It is located on Mt. Zion, perhaps on the very spot King David conquered from the Jebusites, which they had held for hundreds of years. A portion of its ancient walls and a few beveled stones in the temple-wall of Solomon, now the Mosque of Omar, it is believed, are all that remain of the city during the reign of Herod. A few columns of temples, arches, etc., rescued from oblivion, may be seen in other buildings of Jerusalem. The city has many times been destroyed by sieges of investing armies, and rebuilt. In the year A.D. 70 Titus razed it to the ground, leaving it a heap of ruins. The present wall that surrounds it on four sides is only about three hundred years old. Josephus states that at one time during the first century Jerusalem numbered over two million inhabitants. At the time of its destruction alluded to, he also states, eleven hundred thousand Jews perished and ninety-seven thousand were sold into slavery. I think the present number of inhabitants will exceed 49,000—say 18,000 Moslems, 8,000 Christians, and 24,000 Jews.* During Easter season the number

* In 1875, Sir Moses Montefiore had a census taken of all the Jews in Palestine. At that time, eight years ago, there were 24,000 in Jerusalem. They are increasing every year. Mr. Floyd estimated the entire population of the city and its growing suburbs in 1882 at 45,000. I base my estimates on these figures.

of pilgrims swells the population ten thousand more, when you can hear a dozen languages spoken. When we look back, then, from this lofty eminence, over the history of this remarkable city three thousand years, we must remember there have been a countless number of changes that mark its eventful career. We study it to-day for its sacred associations of the past, that make it the most interesting ruins in the world. Think of the twenty sieges and destructions it has undergone. "We have had the Jerusalem of the Jebusites, the Jerusalem of David and King Solomon, the Jerusalem of Nehemiah, a Jerusalem of the Ptolemies, of the Maccabees, of Herod, of the Romans, a Jerusalem of the Christian emperors, a Jerusalem of the Saracens, of the Crusaders, and now a Jerusalem of the Turks. The Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, throughout all these changes, have claimed it as a holy city."

As I look down on the solid masses of stone houses, from which rise countless little domes from their flat roofs, that look like "inverted saucers," I am reminded that the prophecy of Jeremiah (xxx. 18)—that the "city shall be builded upon her own heap"—has been fulfilled many times. Just to think, there is not a street our Saviour trod or a house left which he saw! They lie buried thirty to eighty feet deep beneath the streets and buildings we now gaze upon. Even the most sacred spots are difficult to identify, and all of them are in dispute, save one or two, among speculative philosophers, archæologists, and Christian scholars. Recognizing the fact that I am walking above the old streets and sites of the ancient city below me, it is enough to feel that I am in the presence of its holy places; that I believe Jesus here lived and died; that over Mt. Elias yonder is Bethlehem. and that at my feet almost is Calvary, where he suffered on the cross for me. I know this is Jerusalem—that is enough. Let the learned orthodox dispute; I am satisfied. These are

the feelings I endeavor to command when I look now upon the Damascus gate, the Mosque of Omar, the garden of Gethsemane, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Mount of Olives.

Let us now stroll through the city to the Holy Sepulcher—through narrow, crooked streets, paved with smooth, round stones, crowded with dirty Moslems, dogs, donkeys, and camels, with numerous little bazaars, open shops, fruit-stalls, and turbaned Arabs sitting cross-legged, smoking their long pipes. We see stone houses, generally two stories high, of solid masonry, whitewashed and plastered outside, with a lattice, wooden windows projecting in front, and streets that appear to come together a few hundred yards ahead of us. As we crowd along, or pick our way on the slippery stones down some narrow, steep street, we have jostled up against every thing from a donkey and a camel to a Jew and a Gentile. Here are Moslems, Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Syrians, Copts, Abyssinians, Greek Catholics, Jews, and a few Protestants, scuffling for bare subsistence in their little niches, or bazaars, or fighting over the sacred places in the temples they desecrate. Except the Episcopal, or Church of England, there is not a Protestant Church in Jerusalem that I could hear of.* There are any number of sects and religious hobbies, societies, associations, and united brethren, who have come here with every fanatical idea and cranky notion. Some are looking for judgment-day to come; some are expecting the advent of Christ, while others believe there is no other spot on earth where it is safe to die. They are worshipping all times of day and every day in the week. They have festivals, Easter, or some great event, happening all the time. Pilgrims are arriving and departing by the hundreds and thousands. They rush down to the river Jordan and plunge into its swollen flood. At another time the patriarch passes out the holy fire from the empty tomb of

* Probably one or two other Protestant Societies.

the Saviour, and thousands light their torches and rush wildly through the Holy Sepulcher, shouting with frantic joy. They seem to be the most devout Christians in the world; they have three Sabbaths in every week. The Mohammedans observe Friday, the Jews Saturday, and the Christians Sunday. Rags, poverty, and dirt are three of the emblems that indicate the presence of Moslem rule. Here are the lepers, cripples, the blind, and malformed, sitting in her holy ways and about the city gates, crying the eternal "backshish." Jerusalem sits in the ashes of her sorrows, wailing and mourning.

To the Christian there is no place within her walls now so full of interest as the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Under its great domes are intimately associated all the important events connected with the crucifixion. This church, it is said, covering about four acres of ground, is located on the site of Calvary. Here are the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus, the spot where the Saviour's mother appeared after his resurrection; where the angel appeared; where the mother of Constantine found the true cross, and where the Saviour appeared to Mary Magdalene; together with other important places, numbering in all forty-six consecrated spots. We enter through a long passage into a square court, built in such a way as to keep the Turks from riding in on horseback, where you behold the throng of relic-venders of crosses, olive-wood, pearl, beads, etc., sitting, holding out their goods as you pass. As we entered the door, the first object I saw was a flat stone in the floor, over which lamps were burning, and pilgrims crawling on their knees to kiss it. This is called the stone of unction, where the body of the Lord was anointed by the holy women before burial. A little piece off is the spot, marked by a circular stone, where the Virgin Mary stood looking on. I then advanced a few steps under the great dome, where I beheld

the Holy Sepulcher, which, surrounded by sixteen beautiful columns of marble, marks the grave of Jesus. Within the little temple is a piece of the stone on which the angel sat when Mary came thither at "early dawn." Stooping low, let us now enter the vault, or sepulcher, itself. It is about six by eight, and the stone slab, or couch, on which the dead Saviour lay is about half its width and quite as long. Over the top is a marble slab that is greatly worn by the lips of millions of pilgrims who have bowed here and kissed this piece of marble for the past fifteen hundred years. Here the Latin kings, Godfrey and Baldwin; of the Crusaders, knelt and prayed; queens, knights, and holy pilgrims believing this to be the very spot "where Christ triumphed over the grave and disarmed death of his terrors." Overhanging the vault are some forty-two gold and silver lamps, presented by different sovereigns of Europe. They are kept burning all the time. Here stands a Greek monk, who will light more candles if he is paid, continually reading prayers. A most affecting scene is witnessed here, enough to melt the most obdurate heart, of poor pilgrims crawling in upon their knees, and weeping as if their hearts would break. Whether this be the spot or not, the rock-hewn sepulcher corresponds to the description given of it in the Bible. The stone slab, now cracked, on which the young man was found sitting and where Mary saw the two angels, is where the body of Christ was laid. Who can stand in its presence without feeling the deepest awe and reverence?

All sects of Christians (except the Protestants) have chapels in this building, and each must observe its proper jurisdiction. Here are the Latins, Greeks, Copts, Armenians, and Syrians, which cannot worship in peace around the grave of the Saviour. I saw Turkish guards on duty as I entered the door. I heard a Babel of sounds and tongues of many nations throughout the vast building. The

Greeks are the richest, the Copts and Syrians the poorest, of all the devotional sects. You see them bowed at their altars, in their little shrines and chapels, reading their Bibles, chanting and praying. The congregations are sitting on mats, bowing and kneeling, while the priests, or shaved monks, are passing all around, throwing incense from little lamps upon their devoted followers. I did not witness the holy fire fraud or the personation of the crucified Lord and resurrection. I am glad I escaped the sight of such sacrilege. As I moved through the great piers and towering pillars of this grand, dismal, gloomy church, my guide pointed out many venerated places whose fame has become world-wide. Here is the grave of Adam, over which Mark Twain "wept bitter tears because he was a blood-relation." Here is the center of the earth; the altar where the Roman soldier stood on guard; the "Chapel of the Mocking;" the rock rent in twain, the place of the crucifixion; the invention of the cross, by St. Helena; the Pillar of Flagellation; the spot where the Saviour appeared to Mary Magdalene as a gardener after he had risen from the grave; etc. I saw the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea, cut in the solid stone; also the tomb of Nicodemus, close by. Some of these chapels are hewn out of the solid rock of Calvary. They are dark, dismal caves, always lighted with lamps, which are kept burning. The chapel of the Copts is of this description; also the magnificent chapel of St. Helena, belonging to the Armenians. I descended by a flight of twenty-eight stone steps and stood under a cupola supported by four massive columns, ornamented with Corinthian capitals. This chapel is partly hewn out of the solid rock, lighted from its cupola by four windows. There is here an altar dedicated to St. Helena, and one to the "penitent thief." I sat in the rock-hewn chair where St. Helena sat, one thousand five hundred and eighty-four years ago, watching, from a small window, the search

for the *true cross*. Descending another flight of steps, we enter the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross, belonging to the Latins, "where the three crosses were discovered." I had tried to believe every spot and every tradition connected with them throughout this vast building, as our guide had pointed them out. I came here to believe, not doubting; but at last I am perplexed as to which of these crosses it was that bore the Saviour. The Latin priests say a piece of it has been stolen away, and I am inclined to believe it; for it may be seen in several cathedrals of Europe. I am troubled still further about the name of this chapel. I am afraid St. Helena found too many of these crosses.

I looked through a screen at another place, trying to see a piece of the pillar to which Christ was bound when he was scourged. It was too dark; I could not see it. But you can feel it with a stick the priest furnishes you, and then you have no further doubt about its being there. I always like to be convinced when I can't see a thing. Then there was the old trusty blade of King Godfrey, of Jerusalem—that brave knight who, with Baldwin, rescued the Holy Land from the polluting hands of the Saracens. What enchantment, what visions of romance gathered about this old relic! It peoples our mind with images of mail-clad heroes of the Holy Wars, "with marching armies, with battles and sieges." The memory of Baldwin, of Cœur de Lion, of Tancred, and the dauntless infidel Saladin, are associated with its chivalrous deeds.

We are shown the niches where the bones of the Latin kings Godfrey and Baldwin, the first Christian rulers over Jerusalem, were laid once—who had fought so long to rescue this sacred sepulcher from the hands of the infidel. But alas! the coverings of their tombs are gone, destroyed by some Greek fanatics, because they were Latin kings, whose "faith was different from theirs."

We come at last to the place of the crucifixion, the crowning glory of them all. If we have had any doubts about the other spots we have seen, we believe this is the place of the crucifixion. The execution of so distinguished a person as Jesus, who had been celebrated and known throughout Palestine long before he came to live in Jerusalem, would make any spot memorable for ages to come. The wonderful events that occurred at this time too, of the "earthquake and the frightful storm and darkness that intervened," would tend to fix the memory of the execution in the mind of the most indifferent witness. The story of the cross would be handed down from father to son, and the spot pointed out; the sons would transmit its location to their children, and a period of three hundred years spanned; Helena, the mother of Constantine, then came and built a church on the hill of Calvary to commemorate the most sacred and important event in the world's history. Since the third century there has always been a church here; it has been a consecrated spot, sacred to the memories of all generations. There can be no doubt or mistake about this locality of the crucifixion. The buildings upon it may crumble into dust, but the place can never be *forgotten*. The monuments on the fields of Waterloo, Bunker Hill, and Yorktown may disappear, but their places will be remembered. The execution of the Saviour was too notable an event, and Calvary on which it occurred too familiar, to be forgotten in the short space of three hundred years. Strange that these holy places remained in the hands of infidels so long. The Crusaders in the eleventh century finally rescued them and held them for two hundred years; but they were at last compelled to abandon the Holy Land, on which millions of treasure and blood had been expended. Only thirty years ago the Crimean war was fought over the erection of a new dome above this very building. And still the Turkish soldiers

keep watch over its sacred places to preserve peace among these so-called Christians.

I believe there are hundreds of priests, monks, and pilgrims who spend days and even nights in devotional exercises throughout this vast building. They bow, sing, and pray before their shrines and chapels, and sleep in the niches and corners, where I have seen their bedding folded away in the day. Priests in long white robes and sandals, or monks clothed in black gowns, with clean-shaved heads, barefooted, are flitting among hundreds of pilgrims, with lighted candles, through dusty corridors and archways, finally disappearing in tombs or chapels, amidst their sepulchral gloom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN AND NEAR JERUSALEM.

LET us now leave the Holy Sepulcher and walk along the Via Dolorosa, or "Way of Grief," which leads to St. Stephen's gate, from near which our Saviour was led to the hill of Golgotha, or skulls, on which the Holy Sepulcher now stands—the place of his crucifixion we have just left. This is a narrow street, probably forty or fifty feet above the old street on which he was borne amidst the multitude to the cross. The guide shows many places on this street connected with this memorable event. The spot where he stumbled and fell under the weight of the cross, the print of his elbow in the wall, the place where he fainted, and where he rested the second time, and the very window from which "Pilate's wife warned her husband to have nothing to do with the persecution of the Just Man." We passed under the "Ecce Homo Arch"* with its window a short distance

*The arch "Ecce Homo" is constructed out of stone and solid masonry. It is said this is the very window out of which Pontius Pilate's wife looked and warned her husband.

to the Tower of Antonio, where the guide shows the stones on which Jesus sat and rested before taking up his cross. Here once stood Pilate's hall, in which Jesus was tried, fifty or sixty feet below this spot.

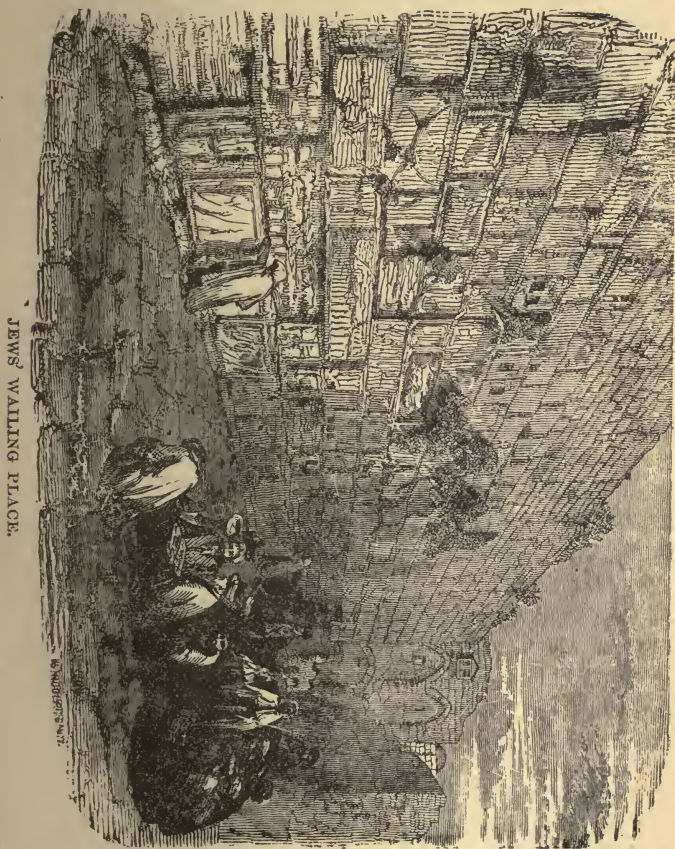
They show you here in Jerusalem the traditional house of St. Veronica, whose picture adorns so many churches in Italy, Spain, and France. The old masters prided themselves in its production with as much ambition as they painted their Madonnas. What made her name so famous, it seems, was that when the Saviour passed near her door loaded with the execrations of the mob, she ran out and wiped the perspiration from his face with her handkerchief. "A perfect portrait of the Saviour's face was left upon the handkerchief, and remains to this day." Mark Twain said he knew this to be true, because he saw "this handkerchief in a cathedral in Paris, another in Spain, and two others in Italy. At Milan cathedral it cost five francs to see it, and at St. Peter's at Rome it is almost impossible to see it at any price."

I have been amused reading the story of the Wandering Jew. He, too, lived here once. I suppose for half a franc you could see his house at any time. I did not see it; I was wandering about in too many other places. For eighteen centuries his story has been celebrated in song and read by millions. It is said on that memorable day of the crucifixion, when the Saviour would have sat down and rested for a moment, this old Jew pushed him out of his door and said, "Move on!" The Lord said: "Move on, thou, likewise; and the command has never been revoked from that day to this." It is said he has sought death in every conceivable form—in battle, lightning, and in storm—but he always escaped; he could not die. He is growing old now, but looks always the same. One thing he must do—every fifty years he must report in Jerusalem.

ABOUT THE JEWS.

They have four holy cities in Palestine—Jerusalem, Tiberias, Hebron, and Safed. They believe their race will be restored to this country. They are increasing rapidly in this city and other portions of Palestine. Many of them are of Portuguese and Spanish origin, but they come here from everywhere—Germany, Hungary, Poland, England, and Russia. They all seem to be orthodox—very poor, and dependent on charity among their brethren. They come here to sleep in their burial-ground on the slopes above Jehoshaphat, or the brook Kidron. You can distinguish the Polish Jews from all others. They look effeminate, and wear long curls about their ears. They speak German and a kind of Spanish; and a few, English. The Hebrew is the conversational language used in Jerusalem.

The most curious sight and affecting scene I ever witnessed was in a narrow, long lane, or street, on the west wall of the Temple-area, outside the inclosure of the Mosque El-Aksa, and near Robinson's Arch, called the "Jews' Wailing Place." I had gone, like everybody who visits Jerusalem, out of curiosity. It was one Friday afternoon when I saw many curious-looking people hurrying down narrow streets all in one direction. Presently we came in front of a cyclopean wall, thirty to forty feet high, built of immense blocks of stone. The Jews are not permitted to enter inside the Temple-wall, but have rented from the Mohammedans the privilege to wait and worship outside. Every Friday afternoon, and on festival occasions, they assemble here to bewail the downfall of the Holy City and destruction of their Temple. It is as near as they can approach to their holy places. Look at them while they read their old Hebrew Bibles and hymn-books, bowing to the wall and kissing the very stones until they are worn smooth! There were a large number of old rabbis with patriarchal beards,



JEW'S WAILING PLACE.

W. H. WOODS' S. A. 17.

and young men whose hearts looked like they would burst with grief, while their eyes swam with tears. The whole street was filled with them and their sad lamentations. There were a few venerable mothers and young girls reading aloud and weeping; but they have separate hours set apart for their worship. I saw the Bishop of Hebron in his satin robe, and old men and boys with long cloaks and fur caps on. A long curl dangled behind each ear, and a part of their heads were shaved. Four of these large stones bear the Phenician bevel. They are about three feet high and twelve feet long. They are near the ground, and are, without a doubt, I think, a part of the original wall that inclosed Solomon's Temple. These are the ones they kiss. The other stones in the wall surrounding them have no bevel.

When the Jews worship in their synagogues they turn their faces toward the old Temple, like the Mohammedans face toward Mecca. I give below a specimen of the lamentations, responses, etc., they repeat at their "Wailing Place" on Fridays:

For the palace that lies desolate,
R. We sit in solitude and mourn;
 For the walls that are overthrown,
R. We sit in solitude and mourn;
 For our majesty that is departed,
R. We sit in solitude and mourn;
 For the priests who have stumbled,
R. We sit in solitude and mourn;
 For the kings who have despised him,
R. We sit in solitude and mourn.

The Lamentations of Jeremiah, the most tender-hearted of all the prophets, have kept this funeral-dirge of Jerusalem alive in the memories of these people, whose deepest humiliation and hope of deliverance find in them their fullest expression.

CHAPTER XIX.

MOUNT MORIAH—THE MOSQUE OF OMAR—THE WONDERFUL ROCK—MOHAMMED'S DREAM.

LET us go from the Jews' Wailing Place to the Mosque of Omar. If we could climb over the lofty wall above us we would be inside the inclosure. We move along the narrow, retired lane of these Jews toward the south wall of the city. We see the remains of a large arch Robinson discovered, with stones nearly twenty feet long. This explorer decided from the great width of the arch, about fifty feet, it must have served as a bridge over the Tyropœon valley, which separates the Temple-area from Mount Zion, on which Solomon's Palace stood. It is generally conceded that Robinson's supposition is correct, by excavations since made. The east wall of the Temple-area, fronting Mount of Olives, is the city wall also; but it is surrounded on its other three sides by high walls that divide the Mosque of Omar from the city. The area inclosed is about forty acres square, or one-fourth of the area of Jerusalem. The area is about the same size as that formerly devoted to the Temple. It embraces the south-east portion of the city, and extends up the east wall nearly to the Golden Gate, with the Wailing Place on the west. Until a few years ago no Christian was permitted to pollute this holy ground. It was too sacred. But now a little backshish and a permit from the American Consul will admit you to the "holiest of all the holies." In this large open area stand a few buildings, among the most interesting to the Christian, except the Holy Sepulcher, in the world. The Mosque of Omar, on the original site of Solomon's Temple, and a basilica called El-Aksa, compose the great attractions. This is the old Mount Moriah of the Bible, on which Abraham was about to offer up Isaac; once the threshing-floor

of Araunah the Jebusite. It is now in the hands of the Moslems, who regard it as sacred equally with the Jews. "The Moslems call it the Haram-esh-Sherif, or noble sanctuary, the pride of old and new Jerusalem, one of the most profoundly interesting spots in the world." Mount Moriah is the acropolis of Jerusalem, the glory of the Mohammedans and the lament of the Jews, which, up to the Crimean war, no Christian was permitted to enter. "For three hundred years, from Constantine to the conquest of Omar (637), and during the reign of the Crusaders (1099 to 1187), it was occupied by the Christians." The whole inclosure looks like a gigantic fortress, rising from the declivities of a hill on three sides. Its masonry embraces several periods, from the days of Solomon and Herod to modern times. The beautiful plateau, or grounds, paved with marble and ornamented with fountains, cypresses, and an orange-grove near El-Aksa, heightens the charms of this grand inclosure. Recent excavations have undoubtedly proved that these buildings now occupy the site of the old Temple, within whose walls once rested the ark of the covenant, and made doubly sacred by the presence of our Lord and his disciples. Herod, after Solomon, built a temple on the same site that excited the wonder of the disciples, who exclaimed: "Master, see what manner of stones, and what buildings are here! And Jesus answered, saying, There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." After its destruction by Titus in A.D. 70, Hadrian built the Temple of Jupiter, and we lose sight of any more structures on this sacred spot till the time of Constantine. The present building, Mosque of Omar, is in the shape of an octagon, and rises from a platform one hundred and seventy feet high. The dome above it is sixty-five feet in diameter, and swells its graceful proportions nearly one hundred feet in height. It is the most beautiful building in

Jerusalem, and stands out conspicuously from every direction you behold it. It is only second to Mecca itself with the Mohammedans. The immense dome is supported by columns of porphyry rescued from the débris of Solomon's or Herod's Temple. Some of the magnificent columns supporting the roof are no less than forty feet in height and four feet in diameter. The floor is laid in marble mosaic. But the most interesting object shown in the magnificent interior is the famous rock on which David stood persuading the angel to spare Jerusalem. From this rock Mohammed ascended to the heavens, and the rock started after him, but was caught by the angel Gabriel, who stood by. You know this must be so. The guide shows you the print of the angel's fingers upon it. Then he shows you the footprints of the prophet on the rock, where he took his flight to paradise above. They (the Moslems) believe this rock is suspended in the air, etc. It is about fifty-seven feet long and forty-three wide, and rises five feet above the mosaic marble pavement beneath the majestic dome. Upon this rock Isaac was offered up, here the ark of the covenant rested, and here burnt-offerings were made. It is also the center of the earth, according to Mohammedan authority. What strikes you most curiously are the antique remains of columns, capitals, and stones preserved by being worked in the present buildings of the Mosque of Omar and Basilica El-Aksa, that suggest a grandeur of magnificence "we have been taught to regard as the princeliest ever seen on the earth. They call up pictures of a pageant that is familiar to all imaginations—camels laden with spices and treasure; beautiful slaves, presents for Solomon's harem; a long cavalcade of richly caparisoned beasts and warriors, and Sheba's Queen in the van of this vision of Oriental magnificence." There are some inscriptions from the Koran, and other objects I cannot enumerate.

Under the south-east corner of the Temple-area, about twenty feet probably, under-ground, have been discovered the most wonderful remains about Jerusalem. They are immense under-ground corridors, built with arches and columns, one above the other, instead of filling up the ground, to the height of one hundred or more feet. On top it is covered over with earth, which makes it appear like solid ground. By this arrangement a part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat was incorporated into the Temple-inclosure. Many of the stones are of Phœnician bevel, whether of Solomon's or Herod's time we do not know—but probably the former, as they could be used by Herod from former buildings, just as those splendid remains in El-Aksa and Omar have been preserved. In the columns holes have been cut, as if to serve for hitching horses. This is the reason these corridors have often been called Solomon's stable. But then the Crusaders may have used them and cut these holes. Who can tell?

Some more old columns, arches, and bronze sockets for double gates may be seen under the grand entrance to the Temple beneath the Golden gate. The excavations of Captains Warren and Wilson showed a perfect honey-comb of caverns, wells, and reservoirs underneath Moriah in ancient times; so Jerusalem was enabled to stand long sieges in times of war, as far as a supply of the "pure waters of life were concerned."*

The Golden gate, to which I have alluded, on the eastern wall fronting Jehoshaphat and Mount of Olives, is of very ancient origin, profusely ornamented, and probably corresponds to the "closed gate" of Ezekiel xlv. 1, 13; but Dr. Schaff thinks it of Byzantine origin. The gate is closed now. I walked very near it. There is a very high, steep bluff along the entire east wall, fronting Jehoshaphat. I found it difficult to walk in places. The Mohammedans

* It is supposed that these wells are the sources of the Virgin's Fountain in the valley below.

believe the Christians will finally break through the Golden gate. It looks a little tottering now. Here both Jews and Mohammedans localize the scenes of judgment-day, which shall be pronounced by the Lord standing on the slope of Mount Olivet opposite this gate. The Mohammedans say that Mohammed and the Lord together will pronounce the judgments. It was through this gate Christ made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Bishop Marvin, in 1877, explored an immense quarry under the city not far from the Damascus gate, where he saw the marks of *tools*, small pieces or blocks of stone chiseled off by masons. He thinks here the immense stones for the Temple, and other magnificent structures erected during the reign of David's luxurious son, were dressed and fitted, every stone being prepared for its place beforehand, then moved along a shaft or subterranean passage underneath the Temple area and elevated to their places in the walls by ponderous machinery. "Hiram and Solomon's builders did hew them in the stone-quarries." So perfectly was the work done that the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither, so that there was "neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building." Even to this day the work of the Phœnician masons, when seen, is identified in Jerusalem. The peculiar style of bevel in stone indicates the presence of that people. Many stones, cut three thousand years ago and built into new walls, proclaim Hiram's builders. They have been recovered from the débris of old ruins, and thus preserved to perpetuate the memories of by-gone ages.

Let us now return to our hotel, the Damascus, near the Holy Sepulcher, which we have selected for a few days inside the city. We have now seen the most interesting sights, save the explorations at the "Knights of St. Johns," where the rubbish has been removed from around an old building.

I looked down thirty to forty feet upon the foundation walls, with its door-ways still standing. It was on the edge of a street that had been often pressed, probably, by the feet of the Saviour. If these valuable excavations could have been continued, many of the wonders of the old city might have been exhumed. But the people became alarmed, and feared the foundations of the houses they now live in would topple in if the work of the archæologist did not cease; and the work was suspended several years ago. To-morrow morning I propose to take you on a walk with me outside and around the walls of Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XX.

AROUND THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM—THE VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN—POOLS OF SILOAM—DOWN THE KIDRON, OR VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT—RETURN BELOW THE CITY OF SILOAM—BY ABSALOM'S TOMB—RE-CROSS THE VALLEY NEAR GETHSEMANE.

TO understand the topography of the city, you must picture Jerusalem on several hills, with the Tyropœon valley running diagonally through it. This is nearly filled up now. Then you must imagine a stone wall, thirty to sixty feet high and very thick, running all around it, forming a square, or nearly so, with five gates. On the west the Jaffa gate; on the south, Zion and the Dung gates; on the east are the Golden gate and St. Stephen's gate, and on the north the Damascus gate. The Golden gate is closed. The west wall, facing Jaffa on the Mediterranean Sea, and the east wall, facing the Valley of Jehoshaphat and Mount of Olives, run along on the summit of precipices and above deep gorges formed by the brook Gihon on the west, and the brook Kidron on the east. Beyond the north wall lie hills and plains. On the south of the city is a projecting point

of a high hill, or mountain, that extends to the junction of the Gihon and Kidron, far below the Temple Hill. The brook Kidron on the east, now dry, flows through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, curving slightly as it passes, several hundred feet or more below a steep precipice, at the corner of the city wall on Mt. Moriah (Temple Hill), and joins the brook Gihon, that sweeps down the west wall, curving below Mt. Zion, flowing south-east through the Valley of Hinnom (when it flows), until it joins with the Kidron a mile or more, I should suppose, below the city. This leaves this projecting point of mountain referred to, now cultivated in wheat and vegetables, south of the Dung gate, which probably was all covered by the old city during Solomon's time, one thousand years before our Saviour was born. Along these projecting precipices, hills, and mountains, formed by these brooks and gorges, are innumerable caves, catacombs, tombs, etc., scattered all around Jerusalem. The hill of Mt. Zion is the south-west corner of the city, and the Temple-area, or Mt. Moriah, occupies the south-east corner of Jerusalem. These are the two great hills around which seem to group the most glorious reminiscences of ancient times. I might incidentally mention that a portion of Mt. Zion is still outside the south-west corner of the city wall. This is one of the localities I desire to show you in my walk outside this morning.

Starting on foot, with my guide, Selim, from the Damascus Hotel toward the Jaffa gate, through a drizzling rain, one of the first things that will attract your attention will be *your heels*. The streets are so narrow and crooked and the stones worn so smooth the only safe way for navigation I have found yet is on the back of a donkey. They plant their little feet between these stones with unerring reliability. Down one street and up another, we soon reach the Jerusalem Hotel. Close by is Hezekiah's Pool, around



POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

which rises the solid masonry of lofty houses. It was here David met Uriah's wife and fell in love with her. Passing out the Jaffa gate on the west wall, we walk close under its shadow, along the edge of the precipice, until we reach the south-west corner, and, turning, we are on Mt. Zion. We are continually reminded of the times of our Saviour, and of customs that existed even in the reign of David. We saw piles of grain in the open bazaars before we reached the Jaffa gate. When sold it is measured, shaken down, pressed together, running over. The purchaser stands close by to see it well done. They use little balances to weigh small things. The lepers outside the gate are loathsome creatures, sitting from morning till night holding out their hands or stubs of arms, begging. Some have lost their noses, others their fingers, while all seem to have husky voices. Some are blind, deformed, or crippled, presenting incurable diseases, hereditary, but not contagious from ordinary contact. They have no Saviour now to heal their deformities or restore them to sight. They have, however, been provided with a hospital, where they are well cared for. We see the threshing-floors, the goad, the separation of the goats from the sheep, women bearing jars of water on their heads, and many other sights common in the days of Christ.

Here on Mt. Zion we behold an old ruin. It is said to be on the site where the palace of Caiaphas once stood. The guide shows the stone that closed the door of our Lord's sepulcher, the prison in which he was confined, the spot where Peter stood when he denied his Master, and the stone column on which they say the cock was roosting when he crew. A few yards south is a black dome building, called the Tomb of David (1 Kings ii. 10). Its minaret is one of the finest that attracts the attention on approaching Jerusalem from the south. Over the cave, in a large upper room,

is the Cœnaculum. A barefooted Arab boy, who came running with a great bunch of keys, unlocked the ancient-looking door for me. He showed us in this room where Christ and the apostles took the Last Supper; where he appeared to them after his resurrection, and where the Holy Ghost had descended on the day of Pentecost. I saw the marble slab on which the sacrament was taken. In a cave is said to be the tomb of David. "So David slept with his fathers, and was buried in the City of David" (1 Kings ii. 10). He was buried by his son Solomon, in Jerusalem, with great magnificence and all the funeral pomp with which kings are buried. He had immense wealth buried with him. Eight or nine hundred years afterward, Hyrcanus, the high-priest, when he was besieged, opened one room of David's sepulcher and took out three thousand talents. He gave part of that sum to Antiochus, and by that means caused the siege to be raised. (Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews, Seventh Book, XV. 3.) It was covered over with a large sheet (supposed to be under there). I could not see it. The boy demanded backshish in the midst of the breathless awe I had been inspired with. The Turks are in possession of this place now; they regard David one of *their prophets*. They pretend to show the Virgin's residence; and where she died, not far off; and the remains of Herod's palace. I have observed that all this cultivated area before me to the south and south-east must have been a part of the Jerusalem of Herod's time, extending down to the bluffs above Gihon and Hinnom. Let us now look across on some historic ground. The hill overlooking the valley is where Christ's death was plotted. It is the Hill of Evil Counsel. Here is the potter's-field, or Aeldama, purchased with the thirty pieces of blood-money the guilty Judas threw down at the feet of the priest. Here he hanged himself and fell headlong into the valley below.

An ancient building now marks the site of Aceldama, and some bones of the dead are visible deep down amidst the stones on its floor. Excavations have laid bare old walls, baths, and cemented cisterns as perfect as in the days of Solomon. You can see the steps leading down into these cisterns, cut in the solid stone. This was probably one of the strongholds of the Jebusites that David conquered, which enabled the illustrious king to defend his palace on Zion afterward. This hill is honey-combed with graves, cut in the soft limestone rock. We pass the Zion and Dung gates, and in ten or fifteen minutes we have made the entire length of the south wall. We could walk around the entire city, if we were to continue, in less than one hour. Let us now descend from this high bluff, or hill, of Mt. Moriah (Solomon's Temple-ground) by terraced paths to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, far below me. Here are Jerusalem artichoke, cauliflower, Irish potatoes, pease, beans, wheat, barley, etc., growing to perfection. The rubbish from the south gate has converted all this mountainous area south into a blooming garden.

We can imagine how solid the old city must have been from these aqueducts, walls, baths, columns, etc., when the judgment from the eternal Mount of Olives, over against it, was pronounced, that "not one stone shall be left."

Even the present city, contrasted with its ancient ruins, impresses you with solidity rarely seen elsewhere. All the houses are of stone. Walls, floors, door-ways, and even the roofs, resting on solid arches, are all of stone. The stairway I ascend in my hotel is of stone. Jerusalem is still a wonderful city. In reading the Bible, I always imagined Jehoshaphat to be a considerable valley. It is hardly a hundred yards wide in places. In the winter season the Kidron flows through it. The valley looks like a great gorge between two mountains. A short distance below the

south-east corner of the city wall we came to the Fountain of the Virgin. It is on the opposite side of Jehoshaphat from the city of Siloam. I descended thirty stone steps to the bottom of an excavation made in solid rock. Here, it is said, the Virgin washed the infant Saviour's clothes when a child. I always had supposed that Joseph and Mary had fled into Egypt with the infant Jesus. It seems that every stone, cave, and spot about Jerusalem is clothed with some tradition. I believe these Arabs name places to suit themselves, and I think they invent some of these traditions, too. Pursuing our walk down the valley, we come to the Pool of Siloam, fed by a fountain that has watered the terraced gardens of the valley more than three thousand years. In fact, there are two pools, the upper and lower. The bed of the latter is dry, covered with olive and fig trees. Near by is a mulberry-tree, venerable for its years, under whose branches, a doubtful tradition states, Manasseh caused Isaiah to be sawed in two. Both pools are quite near together, about three hundred yards below the Fountain of the Virgin and opposite the city of Siloam. Several hundred yards below is the junction of the Kidron and Gihon.

The upper pool is fed by a subterranean passage from the Virgin's Fountain. Dr. Robinson crawled through this passage, making this important discovery. This solved the mystery connected with the sudden rise and fall of the water at certain hours of the day in the Fountain of the Virgin. You remember Christ told the blind man "to go to the pool of Siloam and wash." There are broken columns and remains of buildings scattered all through this valley. It seems every sacred spot was covered once with temples and churches. The Crusades became notorious for works of this kind in the twelfth century. We crossed the little valley and rambled along up on the opposite side. Above my head, on a cliff, hung the city of Siloam. We looked

up hundreds of feet and saw a native milking a cow on a house-top. That milk must have been very high. The Arab boys and girls came tumbling down the terraced walks from these dizzy heights, crying, "Hiwajji! Hiwajji! backshish! backshish!" I could n't feel happy. They had more *cheek* than common boys, even for Arabs, running at my heels and plucking their sleeves, shouting at every step. Siloam is a miserable Mohammedan village, "that exists only for the purpose of breeding *cheeky* boys."

The Jews' burial-ground now is on my right, up the slopes of Olivet. Thousands of stone slabs, with simple inscriptions upon them, may be seen. Selim points out Zachariah's and St. James's tombs, also that of Absalom. The latter is ornamented with semi-Doric columns, the interior being half full of small stones which the Jews, for ages past, have been throwing in as a rebuke to David's rebellious son. Passing near the Garden of Gethsemane, we recrossed the valley by a splendid bridge and began the ascent of the rugged precipice by a winding path up to St. Stephen's gate. We stop a moment, about half-way, gazing on the spot where this martyr was stoned to death. Resuming our walk around the city wall, three hundred yards north of the south-east corner, we soon turn along the wall running west, pass Damascus gate, Jeremiah's Grotto, and continue until we have reached the Jaffa gate. Not far from Jeremiah's Grotto, and near the gate of Damascus outside, we stopped to study the locality Dr. Schaff and other able writers claim is the true Calvary. We cannot believe it. It is said it has been an execution-ground from time immemorial, and being situated "outside the city gate" on a hill, with suggestive surroundings, it is the veritable Golgotha. But the city wall, like Jerusalem itself, has been destroyed and rebuilt so many times, might not the hill of the Holy Sepulcher, at the time of the execution, have been itself "outside the

city gate?" I believe in the present traditional spot, which is covered by the Holy Sepulcher, inside the present city wall.

CHAPTER XXI.

ASCENT OF MOUNT OLIVET—VIEW FROM ITS SUMMIT— SIGHTS, SCENES, AND HOLY PLACES.

JERUSALEM is two thousand five hundred feet above the Mediterranean Sea, and three thousand seven hundred feet above the Dead Sea. Hence the phrase, "To go up to Jerusalem." But Mount of Olives is still two to three hundred feet higher than the Temple Hill, separated from the city by the brook Kidron. It rises in full view, broadside of the city on the east, its slopes still being covered with olive-trees, growing among limestone rock. Whatever changes Jerusalem may have undergone, Olivet remains the same. It is intimately connected with the life of the Saviour and his disciples, and around its slopes are many of the most sacred and hallowed spots. Going out St. Stephen's gate on foot, descending the precipice, we cross Jehoshaphat and begin the ascent of Olivet. At its base on our right is the garden of Gethsemane, on our left the tomb of the Virgin. We descended into a rock-hewn grotto by twenty-eight stone steps, which we found crowded with pilgrims worshiping before the tomb on mats. This church looks to be one of the most ancient I have seen, actually hewn down deep out of the solid rock. This is the spot where the Virgin lay after her death, now consecrated to her memory by a magnificent chapel and mausoleum. It belongs to the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, but the poor Copts are allowed a little chapel off to themselves. I found only five or six of these worshiping at the time I entered. There were priests passing in and out the Virgin's tomb, many



JERUSALEM: EAST WALL, FRONTING MOUNT OF OLIVES.

pilgrims kissing and wetting its faultless marble with their tears, and in front of the shrine sat hundreds of pilgrims on little mats, bowing their heads to the paved floor, while incense was scattered throughout the grotto, and even on their heads, by the Latin priest.

Around the garden of Gethsemane is a high wall, inclosing probably one-fourth of an acre, adorned with lovely walks and flowers. I counted eight venerable olive-trees of immense proportions, many centuries old, believed to have been planted here when the Saviour knelt on this sacred spot. But I think this is very doubtful. It was here that Judas betrayed the Lord with a kiss, and I saw a stone slab that marks the spot where Jesus suffered in agony while great drops of bloody sweat fell from his fainting brow. The gardener presented me a little bouquet of flowers, and I procured a number of thorns, in remembrance of the crown, from the tree that grows in Gethsemane. The Latin Christians are in possession of this sacred spot, but the Greeks have built an opposition garden just across the street which they claim answers as well as the original.

Let us begin our ascent by the pathway—now inclosed by stone walls—our Saviour so often climbed, and up which David fled from the wrath of his enraged son Absalom. It is quite steep, but we reach the summit in half a mile or less; ascend a tower, from which a view of unparalleled grandeur bursts upon an enraptured vision. The little village of Tur, below our feet, lies scattered on the brow of Mt. Olivet in misery, poverty, and rags; but I look twenty miles to the east over mountains of stone that present a scene of deserts, desolation, and ruin, over which seem to hang an impenetrable gloom. We behold the Jordan threading its way through its verdant valley toward the Dead Sea. Beyond are the mountains of Moab, from whose lofty range rises Nebo in its solitary grandeur. To the left is the Mount of

Temptation, where Christ was tempted, and north of us are the hills of Scopus, from which Titus first looked on the doomed city. To the west burst on our enchanted vision the city of Jerusalem, over whose beauty the prophets once lingered, and the psalmist David and Solomon hung in rapture nearly three thousand years ago. How often did our blessed Saviour, from this very mount, gaze upon these glorious scenes! Though she sits in sackcloth and in mourning, Jerusalem looks beautiful yet from Olivet. Away over beyond the city we can see Mizpeh, from which Samuel judged Israel. (1 Sam. vii. 6.) Turning a little south-west, looking over the fields of the shepherds, rises a city on a hill, the embattled Monastery of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. Farther to the left is a high mountain known as the Cave of Adullam, where David hid from the wrath of the Philistines when they camped on the plain Rephaim near Jerusalem.

We descend now to the site of the ancient church erected in the fourth century by Helena, called the Church of Ascension. St. Luke says "he led them out as far as to Bethany," which is two miles east of Jerusalem, over the brow of Olivet. But under this little domed sepulcher, for backshish, you can see the invariable print of the Saviour's foot, which he left in the rock on ascending into heaven. There were originally two of these prints, but they say the "Moslems stole one of them."

There is another beautiful church close by that commemorates the spot where the Saviour first taught his disciples to say the Lord's Prayer. It was erected about seventeen years ago by the Princess Latour d'Auvergné, a relative of Napoleon III., in the style of a Campo Santo, in which she had inscribed on thirty-one stone slabs this memorable prayer, in as many different languages, as a "symbol of the unity and universality of Christian devotion." There is a pretty white monument that perpetuates her memory. En-

tering the vestibule, my hands, face, and body turned as blue as indigo from the reflected light of its stained windows. I listened for a moment to plaintive notes, chanted through distant corridors from shrines, that fell on my ear in sadness. It was the voice of a nun at her morning devotions. I extended my walk far beyond to the brow of Olivet, below which slumbered in its solitude the village of Bethany. I shall see this famous place on my way to the Jordan and Dead Sea.

Selim reminds me the hours are growing late; that the smoking joints of mutton, delicious soup, pease, beans, and potatoes, luscious dates from Egypt, figs and oranges from Jaffa, are awaiting me at the Damascus. Returning from the farthest brow of Olivet, I stopped a few minutes in the ragged village of Tur. A woman motioned to her little baby, crying, "Backshish" (present); and to induce my favorable consideration of her claims, she added *she* was a Christian. She gave me some specimens of olive-wood, which I brought away as souvenirs of my visit. All day I had been lost in silent contemplation and reverie on this consecrated mount. There was a charm about its brow that filled me with joy. Such views, such grandeur and sublimity, I had never beheld, even from the pyramids of Egypt. The thought, too, that I was standing on sacred ground, hallowed by the footsteps of our blessed Jesus and his apostles, who had once knelt here, saying, "Our Father, who art in heaven," impressed me with the gravest solemnity.

If Jerusalem has changed, Olivet is the same. If her streets have been filled with the débris of twenty sieges, her walls and temples overthrown by triumphant armies, and her once memorable places lost in obscurity, Mount Olivet still stands the wonder and admiration of all the sacred mountains that rise around about her. As we descended its slopes we turned to the left and soon reached an open-

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



ing in the rocky mountain-side. Selim lighted the candles, we bowed low and soon disappeared in cavernous depths, walking up and down one street and then another, looking at the niches and long galleries where the bodies of thousands were once entombed, but where not even a bone or the dust is visible now. The most notable of these tombs, cut in these mountains of limestone rock around the city, are known as the Tombs of the Kings, Judges, and Prophets. They probably date from the first century. Some of them were very elaborate, protected by doors of stone slabs that swung on projections, top and bottom, like primitive gates. Then tombs were cut in the solid rock, and the body placed in through a small opening for a door. Before this a slab, with appropriate inscriptions upon it, was generally fitted to its place and set up before the door. Against this slab a heavy stone was rolled to keep it in place. By rolling this away the dead man—when commanded “not to rise up,” but to come forth, and he came forth, bound hand and foot, with grave-clothes on—was enabled to obey the divine command. It is probable, as Bishop Marvin has observed, the tomb of Lazarus and the new tomb prepared by order of Joseph, hewn into the rock, where the body of our Lord was laid, were of this description.

Descending, I took a parting look at Gethsemane. I saw the spot “where the three were found asleep.” I looked again to contemplate the sublimity of Christ’s self-resignation, where he gave himself completely up, crying, “Not my will, but thine, be done!” Below my path a few paces I hurried to gather up a handful of pebbles from Absalom’s tomb. When I had reached my hotel to deposit them, I was alarmed at the reckless disorder my fragments and mementos had been thrown into. It looked for a moment as if I should have to label them without regard to localities. Some of those Goliath pebbles might become

mixed with my Absaloms, and these would get mixed with those from the sea-shore. They all looked alike.

I cannot describe the Turkish bath I had dreamed of as an Oriental luxury. Like the famous "nargile," it was an arrant humbug. I was led down a slippery floor, and came near dislocating a bone; yes, several of them. A nude varlet then made up a prodigious pile of billowy soap-suds and deluged me with them without giving any notice. He began to swab my eyes, head, and ears. I started out. The room was heating up like a baker's oven. It was dismal, and most fearfully damp. Then, in this steaming, sweltering chamber he laid me on a raised platform and wrapped me up in towels. He then went off to take a nap, I suppose. But in a half hour I shouted him up. He laid away the towels one by one, and then wanted to polish off—scrub me up and down. It would have been an elaborate process. At last I persuaded him off. I took none of that Turkish coffee, or "nargile," the poets dream about. The whole thing is a consummate fraud.

CHAPTER XXII.

BY BETHANY TO THE DEAD SEA AND RIVER JORDAN.

I THINK it would ruin Palestine to build railroads through it. Think of a whistle blowing about the tomb of Nicodemus, trains arriving and departing from Bethlehem! The Turkish Government has established telegraph lines already; that is bad enough.* But this land of the Bible ought to be preserved, with its ancient customs, habits, and mode of living, as it was thousands of years ago. It would be the richest legacy one generation could transmit to another.

*Notwithstanding the Mohammedans, or Turks, rule Palestine, I learn incidentally that most of the property in Jerusalem is owned by Christians.

We were to start from Fiel's Hotel, outside the Jaffa gate. Our party had already been organized by our excellent dragoman. I had but one misgiving—it was the terrible horseback ride over the barren hills of Benjamin and Judah, that stretched away from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea. I was just convalescent from the donkey riding in Egypt. This might account for so much rambling on foot about Jerusalem. Selim believed I was a natural-born pedestrian. He had a faint idea that I had walked all the way from home, perhaps. Our pilgrims presented an imposing appearance on my approach from the Jaffa gate. There were nine Arabian horses for nine distinguished tourists, on dress-parade. A long cavalcade of pack-animals, donkeys, trousered and turbaned Arabs, had already departed and were winding over the hills of Judea, beyond Bethany, toward the Valley of the Jordan. This cavalcade numbered more than thirty men and animals. They transported the tents, camp equipage, provisions, baggage, forage, etc. We had a dragoman, waiters, cooks, muleteers, and one sheik—altogether one of the best equipped parties probably ever organized in Palestine. Our sheik was to protect us against the lawless Bedouins. This assurance afforded complete satisfaction.

I noticed an immense deal of activity manifest among the scientists, artists, Oriental scholars, and the LL.D.'s who composed our party. They were all busy examining their horses, saddles, etc. In forming a hasty opinion, I should have supposed this distinguished party an assembly of horse doctors. Each one seemed intent on a critical examination of the legs, eyes, feet, and even the teeth of his favorite animal. At first there was a slight disposition to swap, even among several of the pilgrims; then a high premium was asked by others. The most discouraging feature of the expedition I saw was the profuse supply of antiquated sad-

dles, without pommels, with stirrups of different lengths, doubtful-looking girths that were being carefully inspected and adjusted to the demands of each tourist. For Palestine, our horses were a passable set and our dragoman a Christian gentleman. Mohammed goes along with our lunch, overcoats, umbrellas, and such articles as we are liable to need during the day, on his favorite Rosinante. The command is given. We file away from Fiel's Hotel by ones and twos, behind each other, presenting quite a formidable array. We are armed to the teeth with umbrellas, walking-canes, spurs, goggles, and I suppose fire-arms—but these were not visible. The first performance of my Arab pony was to kick clear out of the saddle, as if the girth had broken, planting his hind feet solidly in the bosom of his immediate neighbor. I then discovered my horse to be an unbroken Arab—a Bedouin of the desert—and, for fear I might be deserted, I began to make a few intelligent inquiries about his character. Nobody knew any thing about him; he was just down from Beyroot. The moment a horse approached in too close proximity he began to show his heels. They seemed to have been composed of India-rubber, or himself made out of that material. He had two motions—a rear and front motion—that kept him bouncing like a ball. We had started from near the Jaffa gate, racing down the north wall at full speed, up one hill and down another, as if we were running for the Handicap or Wolverhampton Stakes. I passed Jeremiah's Grotto with lamentations, and the Damascus gate in a very *previous* manner. As we turned the north-east corner of the city wall we approached the precipice above Jehoshaphat. Jericho and Jerusalem! Let us stop a moment for reflection. Our noble dragoman, with wonderful presence of mind, had reined up his gallant steed. What a gracious moment! Mount Olivet and Gethsemane, startling pictures of grandeur and loveli-

ness. What shall we do? In the first place, I shall dismount and adjust my saddle. It is a little chaotic. My horse is a reckless vagabond, and would as soon break his neck as not. His total disregard of life has suggested to me his name. I shall call him Buster; I am sure he will be "busted" before he ever reaches the Dead Sea. Besides, it sounds so American it reminds me of home. As we turn around Olivet, on the lower road on our way to Bethany, we witness many ancient customs that remind us of the days of the patriarchs. Every day I have seen the truths of the Bible illustrated in the way the Arabs cut their grain, cultivate their little fields, tread out their corn (wheat) on the threshing-floors; in their measures, weights, the wine-press, etc. We have just observed a shepherd separating a large flock of sheep from the goats; a farmer pricking his ox with a goad, which reminded me it was in vain "to kick against the pricks."* We meet veiled women riding astride on horseback, and the poorer ones trudging along under heavy burdens on their heads. They often carry their entire fortune, consisting of coins made into a necklace, around their necks. A bridal present, usually a silver coin, is presented by the husband after marriage. This is their inheritance they may retain after divorce or death. I have been impressed with the wretched appearance the village children presented in Palestine. They are often in rags, and few wear clothing. Crowds of these miserable little wretches followed us through the streets or narrow lanes of Bethany. They would hold our horses while we gazed in contemplation on the ruins of some ancient house. Among the most interesting were the houses of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. How intimately are these associated with the visits of the Saviour! It was here Mary Magdalene washed Jesus' feet. I saw the house of Simon the leper, and near by, cut in a solid rock, the tomb of

* The goad is a rod ten feet long, with a piece of iron sharpened on one end to prick the ox, and a scraper on the other end to clean the plow. The ox pulls at the end of a pole twelve to fourteen feet long, and when he kicks back he is so far off it is useless.

Lazarus. This may be entered by descending a dark and narrow staircase. Bethany is on a steep hill-side, under the farther brow of Olivet, above a small ravine, two miles from Jerusalem. It is just a quiet stroll around the foot of the mountain, the way our Saviour so often walked. Except a few olive, fig, pomegranate, and almond trees, the village, with its crumbling walls and towers, in its filth, poverty, and decay, is hardly worthy a name. Its glory has departed, but its memory will be perpetuated like all spots in Palestine—not for any associations to-day, but for what they have been, to the student of Bible history. We will remember Bethany because Jesus passed here some of the happiest hours of his life. It is now the home of our intrepid sheik. His horsemen number fifty thousand, I am told. I presume he is the most distinguished person living in Bethany. Without this gallant Arab prince, mounted on his fiery steed, with glittering sword and side-pocket artillery, we should scarcely attempt an invasion of his dominions. See his red sash and flaming turban! He has no bridle or reins to guide his fearless animal. He waves his hand and sword on high, bounding across the ravine, up the hill and away, swift as the winds over the desert. Not a house did we see, not a living being; no trees or forest, with cool, refreshing shade; no fountains to quench our parched lips. Mountains of rock and stone, deep valleys, gorges, and dry ravines, along which we marched in single file and breathless silence, thousands of feet above and below us. It sometimes made me shudder to look down into yawning abysses that seemed to open their very mouths. But what beauty, what exquisite coloring!—whole mountains carpeted with gorgeous, blooming flowers, whose tints in the glowing sun produce a picture of surpassing loveliness.

We are now twelve miles east of Jerusalem, and in two hours more shall view the Dead Sea—that is, either I or

Buster; it would be a miracle for both of us to enjoy such a scene. Only a few minutes ago there like to have been a funeral. I never was calmer in all my life—perfectly serene, riding along in a quiet walk, meditating about John in the wilderness, with my head inclined downward. I was in the rear. Buster was performing beautifully. It was simply grand to admire his majestic steps. He seemed to have been meditating like myself, when all at once—Vesuvius and Herculaneum!—I believe he jumped twenty-one feet. My head flew back on my shoulders—dead, I thought. I looked up, supposing the Bedouins were coming. My first impulse was to “shrink up in my clothes.” If they were approaching from the front, I could retreat backward or sideways, according to the circumstances by which I might be surrounded; if from the rear, it was hardly possible to overtake Buster. It looked like a miracle to see me sit on that horse, with my duster flying straight behind me. To my amazement I discovered the sheik with the entire party going over the summit of the mountain. This solved the whole mystery. All Arab horses are trained to follow the lead, and as soon as he perceived them leaving the plain he disappeared like a dream. I have since thought, Suppose these wild Arabs had attempted to cut off my advance. What horrible scenes of riot and bloodshed there might have been! Poor Bedouins! Buster would have passed over them like a chariot of thunder and fire. After all, I should begin to cherish an increasing admiration for this noble Arabian steed. These horses are all bottom. I took an inventory of Buster before leaving Jerusalem. He wears a very peculiar shoe. It is a solid plate of steel, or iron, cut to fit the entire foot, with a hole in the center. I concluded they were made to slide down the mountains. I have not been disappointed. Buster can adjust his legs under him and slide down a hill in two minutes. I generally

walk when he slides. I do this to admire his gait. He is what may be called a combination horse.

It seems the Dead Sea we saw from the Mount of Olives has entirely disappeared. It seems we are going at the rate of one hundred miles a day. We are approaching a pretty piece of ground again, just undulating enough to create a charming spot for a sham battle. There they go—that bloody sheik of ours, who guides his horse by the wave of his hand circling round and round with uplifted sword, now in his reckless fury charges our gallant dragoman, who all this time has lost no ground in dashing bravery or noble bearing. Clash swords and parry, and then at full speed again they bound, swift as the wind, their horses bring the gallant knights in battle's close array. It was worth a visit to Palestine to enjoy this exciting scene and battle. It was the finest equestrianism, dash, and reckless riding I ever witnessed. Our dragoman, though an American by birth, is a pure Arab in nomadic instincts and accomplished feats and horsemanship. I thought I should be compelled to call in help to hold Buster. He came near *holeing* me in a deep ravine. At another time he was so enthused with the battle he like to have borne me into the thickest of the fight. I lived in constant dread of Buster's life. It seemed to hang on a thread, like the sword of Damocles. From the top of the hill we enjoyed the first grand view of the Dead Sea. Every pilgrim who had bounded over the plains to catch the first glimpse exclaimed, "How glorious, gorgeous, beautiful, sublime, and grand! What a thrilling scene! It is so much like the Dead Sea." Everybody goes into ecstasy, and Buster into the Dead Sea, or very near it. There is now no time for argument whether this is the traditional spot or not. I have no time for reflection even. I am first in and soonest out. In fact, I was out before anybody got in. "It is sixteen times saltier than

the ocean! I exclaimed. My mouth, eyes, and ears were gorged, and my "body was evaporating into a pillar of salt. I stood for a moment gazing on the reckless waves as they broke at my feet. I said these guide-books are unmitigated frauds. When I attempted to walk on the water my heels flew from under me, or when I wanted to sit they behaved in same indecorous manner. You cannot sink, but it is difficult to swim. One of our pilgrims floated about like a small ivory island. He was about the size of Falstaff. The water is as clear as crystal and blue as the heavens; but a deathless silence broods over the scene. All around its borders the salt vapors have blighted every living thing. I found a few jungles of reeds, stunted palms, and acacias. There was a thin coating of salt under my feet, but the air about it is like a blast-furnace. Quantities of asphaltum lie about its shores and emit something of an unpleasant odor. It is a sea of death, in which nothing lives, but which birds do fly over without a particle of injury. Lofty mountains rise on either side above it, while it sinks one thousand three hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. It lies four thousand feet below Jerusalem. It is six times saltier than the ocean. It is forty-six miles long, one thousand feet deep, and nine miles wide. It is the lowest depression on earth. Six million tons of water are poured in daily, yet the level of the Dead Sea is continually diminishing. It has no outlet. It resembles a great pool left by the ocean. It receives the river Jordan near where we bathed. The valley lies to the north of us; the sea is at the end of it. On its southern border great heaps of salt resembling Lot's wife are still seen. Those wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah stood there once. Not a righteous man could be found in them. When I went to mount, I found a wild Arab had slipped in from the mountains, unhitched Buster,

and was holding him for me. He was a genuine Bedouin—a reckless marauder, perfectly indifferent to human life. I persuaded him away with a little backshish. I gathered up a lot of pebbles and left for the Ford of the Jordan. It is five miles across a level plain. I saw the Tomb of Moses on our left, where we had lunched at dinner. It looks like a venerable fortress, with its high walls around it. They are evidently afraid somebody will steal him out of there. "How came Moses buried here?" you will ask. "The Bible says he is buried beyond Moab. 'No man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.'" "O yes," replies the Arab with the big bunch of keys; "Bible mistaken. You see, Moses come to top of that mountain over there." "Yes." "Lord says, You stop. Moses stop. Lord thought he turn back. Lord mistaken; Moses slipped down side of Moab, crossed the Jordan, and while over eat too much milk and honey. It killed him. He is buried right here." We noticed the stone from which those beautiful works of art are carved in Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

On our right, as we galloped away, I saw the course of the Jordan as it winds between green banks fringed with willow-trees under the shadow of the Moab range. On my left rose curious-shaped hills that resemble buttresses and feudal castles in mediæval times. Far as the eye can reach to the north stretches away the beautiful Valley of the Jordan. It is wild in picturesque nature. Flowers, butterflies, the cooing turtle-dove, and plaintive notes of the nightingale, and cranes of faultless plumage, six feet high, are seen and heard along the Jordan. There are ravens and other birds too. I saw lizards-of gigantic size, snakes and frogs in proportion. We stop a moment at the memorable ford of the river, where the twelve stones were set up; where Christ was baptized; where Elijah parted the waters, and where Elisha, on whom the mantle of Elijah had fallen,

smote the waters and divided them again. Mr. Floyd read passages from the Bible descriptive of and appropriate to the occasion. But our cherished hope had failed. We wanted to bathe in these holy waters—not to wash the salt-brine off; I had experienced no unpleasant annoyance from the Dead Sea—only a slightly pricking sensation, that gave me more pleasure than pain. (Another exploded humbug of the guide-books.) The Jordan, where Joshua led the Israelites across, is deep and very swift. It is scarcely one hundred feet wide, or twice as broad as many streets in America. But it is a most remarkable stream—the most sacred and historic in the world. It rises out of snowy Hermon in the north, flows through the Lake of Tiberias, descending nearly three thousand feet in two hundred miles, emptying into the Dead Sea. It is the only river east of the Nile—the only one known or ever seen by millions of people. It overflows its banks at times, but is fordable in August. I should suppose the Jordan Valley eight to ten miles wide. There are but few gardens—around convents—cultivated now. In Josephus's time it teemed with fruitfulness. From the Lake of Tiberias down, the valley is below the ocean. Some years eight thousand Greek pilgrims (Russian), the following Tuesday morning at day-break after Easter in Jerusalem, plunge into the Jordan shouting, and return in its praises. They bathe in long white gowns, with black crosses, which are preserved for their winding-sheets.

It is about one hour and a quarter from the Jordan across the valley to Gilgal, near which we can see our white tents gleaming in the setting sun. We have passed only one convent to-day. We can see two others, situated a long way off. The whole valley is as level as a table, and if irrigated by winding the Jordan around, would blossom like a rose. We travel along the ancient way Joshua led the Israelites over three thousand years ago.



THE RIVER JORDAN.

When we left Jerusalem this morning we wondered what use we had for that long caravan of pack mules and horses that wound away in another direction over the hills. Here we are. What joy, what exultation! Nine beautiful tents, nine exhausted tourists. Rest, rest! What bewilderment! Carpets spread upon the ground. Tiny iron bedsteads, with soft mattresses, snowy sheets, blankets, and pillows, are visible in every tent. Overhead are crimson, blue, and gold, and all manner of decoration. On each side-table there was a pitcher and basin, with soap and clean towels. Even little pockets for your book, pipe, tobacco, and pins had been provided. The American flag floated above the largest tent. Presently I heard a little bell that brought us all to our feet. We gathered about the dining-table in the saloon tent, each guest being furnished with a comfortable seat. Here were knives, forks, china plates, tiny cups and saucers, castors, pitchers, soup-plates, napkins, on a snowy cloth. More bewilderment! Then stately Arabs, with baggy trousers and turbaned heads, filed in with delicious soup, roast mutton, roast chicken, coffee, tea, potatoes, figs, dates, oranges, luscious grapes, bread and butter, that brought down the house with tremendous applause. The learned scientists looked at each other as if they wanted to say something. Buskin, one of our distinguished nine, engaged the sheik, after dinner, in wrestling, or athletic feats, that converted our camps into a kind of Roman Colosseum. But the sheik came near flooring him on the first round. He evidently belonged to the gentry of England, but not to the true nobility. He reminded me of a story I had read. An Englishman and American once met. "Do you have in America a privileged class known in England as the gentry?" inquired a London cockney of a genuine Yankee. "O yes," replied the Bostonian; "we have plenty of gentlemen in the States." "Wa'al, sir, you do not comprehend

me; I mean a man of noble birth, who indulges his ease, with nothing particularly to do." "O yes," replied the American; "we call those fellows tramps in our country." Our dragoman, who, by his care and attention, had quite won the hearts of all, bid us good-night, assuring us he should call at a certain hour sharp in the morning for breakfast. It was marvelous to see our Arabs fold our tents and disappear as mysteriously as they had come. Our party divided now—one part, led by a sheik and Joseph, toward Gilead across the Jordan, Bashan, and Zaccheus; while the party under Mr. Floyd returned by Jericho and the brook Cherith to Jerusalem. I can never forget Joseph, a Christian Arab who spoke English and administered so considerately to our wants.

Gilgal is an unsightly ruin now, with a Greek convent and an old grape-vine to mark its site. Here Joshua camped and sent his spies into Jericho before he invested its walls and blew it down with his trumpets, some three thousand years ago. The two cities were only a few miles apart.

The Fountain of Elisha gushes up at the foot of a hill below the site of old Jericho. I drank of its sweet waters, made so by the prophet in the second miracle he performed. The water is as clear as crystal. It is sweet yet.

I have never seen a better location for a town than old Jericho. But the curse pronounced against rebuilding it has never been removed. King Herod tried and failed. He was buried here. From remains of old Roman aqueducts it is probable Elisha's Fountain watered this beautiful valley once. Up on the elevated plain I could discover but few remains. They show the sites of Herod's Palace and the house of Zaccheus, but the old sycamore-trees and palms are gone. The grand garden of palms Mark Antony presented to Cleopatra, with many of the famous balsams, have long since disappeared. I have no doubt, for a little back-

shish, I could have seen the tree that Zaccheus climbed to watch the Saviour as he passed by. Back of Jericho I saw a mountain honey-combed with hermit cells, on the summit of which stands a monastery. It is a good place for bats and owls; but I have little faith in it as the Mount of Temptation, called "Quarantana." Gathering up a few specimens of ruins from old Jericho, and several pebbles out of the Fountain, we were prepared to pursue our journey. I culled many pretty anemones and other flowers as I rode up the valley on my pony. As we began to ascend the old road that leads up to Jerusalem, I saw many ruined aqueducts and basins, used in the Roman occupation, still in a fair state of preservation. As we rose higher and higher, the valley, stretching away to the Jordan on the other side below Moab, developed into one of the grandest pictures I ever beheld. This road had evidently been used for wagons and chariots once; but, like all Palestine, it is a magnificent ruin now. We met many women astride on horseback and men on camels, returning from Jerusalem, going beyond the Jordan. The road, or path, was so rocky we could scarcely travel with horses.

We passed the brook Cherith, where Elijah was hid and fed by the ravens. We lunched at Hadrur Khan, a famous old place with a long tradition. It is on top of a stone mountain. It is the traditional inn, I believe, of the Good Samaritan, where the poor man who fell among thieves was taken in. Along this road Christ passed after he had healed the blind man, Bartimeus, outside the gates of Jericho. I believe every word of the parable of the Good Samaritan. There are many dark and dangerous places on the way-side, where travelers might be waylaid yet. Along this road many of the apostles have gone, and David once fled from his enraged son after he had wept all the way up Olivet. This has always been the road to Jericho and the

Jordan. Roads do not change in Palestine like they do in other countries. We understand now what is meant by "A certain man *went down* to Jericho from Jerusalem." We rise nearly four thousand feet in eighteen to twenty miles. We now come to a few cultivated fields as we approach Bethany; but, excepting the Jordan Valley, the whole country we have traveled over the past two days bears the impress of desolation and ruin. If there was any soil on these barren hills of rock, it has long since disappeared.* There are still thousands of black goats driven from place to place by these wandering Arabs, who camp and live with their flocks as they have always done. I can well understand about Solomon having cattle upon a thousand hills. I should think I had seen more than that number of every size and shape; but no cattle now. Coming round the brow of Olivet, we saw Jerusalem. It was glorious. Here Christ once wept over the doomed city. Our journey is ended. We have spilled no blood. There is absolutely no necessity for an Arab guard; but they create the demand for the purpose of extorting backshish out of the foreign travel. Beyond the Jordan each sheik demands a tribute for passing through his dominion. It is a shame on Christianity that we must go armed in this Bible-land.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BETHLEHEM—POOLS OF SOLOMON AND MAR SABA.

I FOUND Selim, my faithful guide, awaiting my arrival from the Jordan. Charley was overjoyed at the Damascus. I was the only guest during my stay. I received marks of distinguished consideration, and when I went to leave Charley wanted my certificate, which it is customary to write on the register. I enjoyed a fine view of Olivet and the city every morning from the flat roof of the Damascus

* The remains of terraces show that the mountains of Palestine were once cultivated in vines.

Early on the 23d of March, Selim, with two donkeys and a footman (Arab boy), appeared at the foot of my stone steps for a hard day's journey. I mounted the little brute, whose name had become historic in connection with Jesus' entrance into Jerusalem, and rode out the Jaffa gate. We passed between the lower and upper pools of Gihon, with the Hill of Evil Counsel in full view, across the plain of Rephaim to the ridge on which stands the convent of "Mar Elias." The print of his body is still shown on a rock. Here he was fed by the angels, etc. Going south, we behold now the last grand view of Jerusalem. To my right were pretty gardens, vineyards, and fields, highly cultivated by the Germans. I saw several fine stone houses of modern architecture. An old cistern on this road marks the traditional spot of the star that led the wise men, sent by Herod the second time to find where the young child was (Matt. ii. 1-9). We saw where Elijah slept, the Greeks say, on the night he fled from Jezreel (1 Kings xix.). One mile this side of Bethlehem, on the road-side, was the tomb of Rachel (Gen. xxxv. 16-20). West is the village of Beit Jala, the site of ancient Zelzah (1 Sam. x. 2).

Bethlehem sits on a hill to my left, extremely picturesque in appearance. It has a population of six thousand, mostly Christians. It is the holiest of all the sacred places on earth. It is the birthplace of our Saviour. Could these hills and plains around call up the memories of thirty centuries, what a startling revelation would be made! You would hear the sweetest songs attuned to the harp of David; you would see Samuel coming to anoint him king (1 Sam. xvi. 11-13) while he was yet a boy; you would behold afterward his mighty struggles with the Philistines; you would see Ruth gleaning after the reapers (Ruth ii.); the shepherds watching their flocks when the angel appeared to them (Luke ii. 8-11); the weeping of Rachel over the loss

of her children; her death and burial; the murder of the innocents, by order of Herod; the birth of Jesus; the flight of Joseph and Mary into Egypt. We proceed to Solomon's Pools, one hour beyond Bethlehem. From there we shall trace the ancient aqueduct around the hills to Bethlehem. A few black goats and olive-trees on each side of the rocky, rugged road are all we see. I passed pack-mules laden with immense stone jars from Hebron, whose tinkling bells broke the deep solitude of these beautiful Judean hills. An old fort, used by soldiers and Arabs as a khan, marks the sight of the pools. They are close by the road-side, about midway between Jerusalem and Hebron. Along this road David once watched his father's flocks, and sent these stones whizzing away in his boyish glee. These pools are three in number, built with solid blocks of stone, arranged one above the other, at the top of a mountain-gorge. Every stone was laid in cement. The pools are fed from a spring above, once closed by Solomon's own signet. They are massive works of masonry. The lowest and finest pool is five hundred and eighty-two feet long, two hundred and seven broad, and fifty feet deep, partly hewn out of the solid rock. There are stone steps leading down from the top. These pools are probably mentioned in Ecclesiastes by Solomon. Others contend they were constructed at a later date. The object evidently was to afford Bethlehem and Jerusalem a supply of good water, as the old conduits, traced over the hills on the siphon principle to both these cities, clearly demonstrates. This aqueduct, or conduit, was bored through solid stones, six inches in diameter, and the stones, fitted into each other like water-pipes, are joined at the present day. The whole of this conduit, then, was laid down solidly in rubble-work and strongly cemented, which remains till this day. There is another aqueduct, built by Herod about the birth of Christ, I traced around the hills to Beth-

lehem, running above the pretty little village of Artas from the lower pool, which conveys water at present in great abundance. Between Bethlehem and Jerusalem it is in a state of dilapidation and ruin. You can see remains of it near Solomon's Temple.

It is three or four hours from here to Hebron. I wish I could look on the graves of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and Sarah, Abraham's wife. Rebekah is also buried here with Isaac. It is the oldest burial-ground in Christendom (Gen. xxiii. 19). It is a double cave in a solid rock, bought by Abraham from his heathen friend, Ephron the Hittite—"the cave and field of Machpelah." It is the only property Abraham ever owned—this possession of a family burial-ground. No doubt of this. The Prince of Wales, Dr. Rosen, and Dean Stanley are the only persons ever permitted to look on these sacred shrines. They did not see the wives. The forty guardians groaned when they entered, and then prayed that God would forgive them for such intrusion. They did not see Isaac's shrine either—only those of Abraham and Jacob. A great mosque, similar to the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, is built over these venerated graves. All around it are the dwellings of the dervishes and the forty hereditary guardians. The church, or mosque, is very old, and they say the high walls surrounding it date from the time of David. It enjoys a large income from valuable lands in Philistia and in the Plain of Sharon. The entire inclosure is strong as a fortress, secured by heavy doors, locks, and keys. I believe Abraham's embalmed body will yet be revealed. Joseph is said to have been removed thither from Shechem, near Jacob's well; all except poor Rachel, who sleeps under a little white mosque near Bethlehem.

Returning by the aqueduct, we soon climbed up a steep hill in the rear of Bethlehem through terraced gardens and orchards of olive-trees, below which the country spread out

in green fields. The view from the summit, or public square, was grand in every direction. We could almost see Jerusalem (but for Mar Elias Hill), six miles distant. On one side of this open court, or square, rises the old basilica that covers the site of the stable in which the Saviour was born. This appears to have been a grotto in the side of a hill. You can see similar caves all over the country now. St. Jerome believed this to be the spot, and in a room near the grotto he lived and died. This was in the fourth century. The oldest church in Christendom was built here by that devoted believer and mother of the Roman Emperor, St. Helena, in the year A.D. 327. Other churches have been added to it since by the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, who worship in adjoining convents. I looked up at the ancient ceiling, composed of cedar brought from Lebanon. The gold and mosaics that once adorned it are all gone. When Baldwin was here crowned King of Jerusalem, in the eleventh century, it blazed in all its glory. We descended into the "Holy Crypt," a cave cut in the solid rock twenty feet below, lighted with ever-burning lamps. This was the manger, where you look with reverence on a marble slab with a silver star, encircled by this inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est"—Here Jesus Christ of the Virgin Mary was born. This fact seems to have been known several hundred years before this church was even built. Joseph and Mary, it appears, unable to find room at the tavern, sought temporary refuge in this cave. There are plenty of caves in Palestine that afford protection against the weather, even to cattle and horses. The original boards of the manger are shown in the Church Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. In a room close by is where St. Jerome, a Latin monk of great learning, spent thirty years of his life in a few feet of the birth-place of Jesus, until his death, A.D. 419, in literary pur-

suits and devotion. The Latin Vulgate, the standard Bible of the Roman Church, was founded upon Jerome's version. The Protestant translators owe much to the labors of this pious scholar, whom they seem often to have consulted instead of the original Hebrew and Greek. A column indicates the spot in the Church of the Innocents where twenty thousand children lie buried (exaggerated number probably), slain through the wrath of Herod when he was hunting for the infant Jesus. There is the Grotto of the Shepherds and the Milk Grotto, some distance off from the Church of the Nativity. They are all caves. I descended into the Milk Grotto half a mile distant, where the Virgin is said to have hid herself before her flight into Egypt. It appears that while she was nursing the infant Jesus a drop of her milk fell upon the floor, when instantly this cavern turned from a dark color into snowy whiteness. It is believed a barren woman has only to touch her lips to a fragment of the stone and her failing immediately departs. What souvenirs! I should have carried off a side of the cavern if an opportunity had provoked me. I purchased of Bethlehem's prince merchant, on the opposite side of the public square, a few exquisite carvings in mother of pearl, ivory, bone, etc. I was seated and served with a cup of delicious coffee. He informed me he had made an exhibit at our Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. His son is now absent at the Calcutta Exhibition in India. He promises me also to exhibit at New Orleans at the approaching World's Fair. He told me he liked Philadelphia very much; "but boys throw stones at me. Yankee come to Hebron and Arab boy throw stones at him." I don't know which is the more civilized. After all there is not much difference in boys.

As I turned down the narrow street leaving Bethlehem I passed many shops in which I saw the workmen with their lays, grindstones, chisels, etc., deftly turning out the works

of art for which Bethlehem is so famous. The women who carried their pretty babies on their shoulders, and the children who gamboled about their mothers' feet, appeared the most beautiful I had seen in Palestine. I thought of this picture of a Christian city contrasted with the revolting scenes I had witnessed in the Mohammedan villages of Siloam and Bethany. As we rode east toward Mar Saba the pretty orchards of olive-trees, vines, and figs, terraced slopes and well-cultivated fields soon gave place to the barren rocks and desert wilds of Judean hills. We passed near by David's well and the fields of the shepherds on departing from the city of Bethlehem. We saw the Frank Mountains in the distance, wound up and down and around square-topped hills of stone, with not a tree visible or a brook of living water, oppressed with such roasting heat, such fatigue and desolation, as can scarcely be found on earth. Sometimes we wind above a gorge one thousand feet along a narrow pathway with just a place to put the donkey's feet. My Arab boy has trotted behind, and takes great pleasure in belaboring the little animals on their legs, or occasionally steering them by their tails. My donkey understands the language, and the Arab comprehends the donkey as well as ever a "darky" did a mule in a cotton-field. In two hours we came to the dry brook of the Kidron, which extends down from Jerusalem. Winding along its dry bed, covered with flowers, we soon approached a great gorge, or immense chasm, into which the Kidron broke in the wildest and most picturesque grandeur. If the stream had been flowing, its precipitous fall down the walls of the chasm would have resembled a small Niagara. The chasm is very broad and deep, its brown perpendicular walls on either side resembling solid masonry. We turned down its lofty brow, leaving the main road that extends on to the Dead Sea. Occasionally we looked down in the fearful yawning abyss

as we rode along a well-paved road that led a mile or more down to Mar Saba. Soon I saw the venerable walls and towers of the ancient convent rising before me, presenting the most picturesque building in all Syria. The convent consists of several chapels, etc., built into the right banks or sides of the perpendicular cliffs that overhang the bed of the Kidron. It winds around into the ledges of rocks a short distance above its base almost up to its very summit. It is difficult to distinguish the natural from the artificial caves, standing below and looking up hundreds of feet above us. There are stair-ways and terraced walks built of iron and stone, with hanging galleries that connect the various buildings and caves, so you can pass out of one into the other. It is a most curious sight to look up and watch the monks in their long black gowns appear and disappear along these hanging stair-ways into their little cells. I examined their churches, chapels, bed-rooms, kitchen, and dining-rooms. They were all very beautiful and faultlessly neat. I saw a little hanging garden where they had planted a tree and a few flowers, in which a number of birds were singing and chirping as if to cheer the deep solitude of conventual life. They would eat crumbs of bread out of the hands of the monks—pretty black birds, with a red spot on their wings. This convent was founded by Mar Saba in 483. I went into his cell, where he once prayed and studied. In the seventh century Mar Saba was plundered of its wealth by the Persians, and forty of its inmates murdered. In one end of the church I was shown the grinning skulls of the unfortunates. There are about sixty-five Greek monks here at present who spend their lives in prayer, fasting, and devotion. Like the people of Bethlehem, they make ornaments to sell—beads, walking-canes, and other souvenirs. I bought a balsam stick from one, who spoke to me in French. The oldest monk has been here thirty

years. They are never allowed to leave the convent after they once enter. They are never allowed to see a woman, nor is a woman, under any circumstances, permitted to visit Mar Saba. Not a smile nor the rippling laughter of one of these dear creatures has ever been enjoyed. Not a kiss nor a tear has ever kindled one emotion of sympathy or beguiled a sorrow from their brows. They are exceedingly kind to all strangers, extending their hospitality free of charge. They live on vegetables, bread, olives, jelly, etc.; they eat no meat of any kind. The convent is reputed to be rich in valuable old manuscripts, which I believe they never show to visitors. They have vast reservoirs of rain-water, which they catch in the rainy season (or winter) from the mountains above by little ditches. The Bedouins seem to respect the sacredness of the convent, being quite friendly with the monks. It is ten to twelve miles to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, or the Dead Sea. We ascended a long flight of stone steps through several large iron gates that are locked at night, and found our donkeys had been cared for, for which we paid the monk. As I turned up the brook Kidron toward Jerusalem I brought a deep sigh, feeling I should not like to live at Mar Saba.

There is no daily paper in Jerusalem to chronicle "personals" at the hotels, or the daily arrivals and departures of pilgrims. There is not even such a character as a reporter to be found in the city. I had only two friends to lament my departure—that was enough—the hotel-keeper and my guide. As I disappeared over the hills for Jaffa I took a last lingering, farewell look at Jerusalem.

We arrived at Mrs. Floyd's about 4 o'clock A.M. the following morning. Our steamer, from Beyroot to Port Said, was due in a few hours. We strolled along the sea and gathered up shells for friends on distant shores. I thought how delightful, how profitable and satisfactory,

had been my visit to Palestine. The Bible had become a new book to me. It had strengthened my faith and deepened my convictions of its immortal truths. The land and the Book had been studied together. The one had lent to the other an imperishable charm. I could not afford to miss Palestine.

I desire to add my own testimonial of appreciation to the following high tribute paid Mr. Floyd by my distinguished countryman, the Rev. Joseph Cook:

JAFFA, PALESTINE, Dec. 15, 1881.

After eight years acquaintance with my American countryman Rollo Floyd, I regard him as incomparably the most accomplished, efficient, and in every way trustworthy conductor of travel in Palestine and Syria. I traveled in the Holy Land under his advice in 1873, and under his personal guidance with my wife in 1881. All my prolonged and varied experience with Mr. Floyd has convinced me of the entire justice of the really unmeasured commendation which, it is well known, has been heaped upon him by hundreds of travelers whom he has conducted through the Holy Land, and especially by the London firm of Cook's Tourist Agency, of which he was the foremost representative in Palestine and Syria for seven years. This firm has often eulogized in the strongest language, in its official pamphlets and periodicals, Mr. Floyd's honesty, courage, intelligence, skill, and success as a conductor of travel. It has pointed with pride to Mr. Floyd's knowledge of the Holy Land, his extraordinary familiarity with scriptural allusions to the sacred places, his perfect command of the Arabic language, and the universal esteem in which he is held by the Arabs, and even by the Bedouin tribes.

Acting now as an independent conductor of travel, Mr. Floyd is sometimes treated by powerful tourist agencies as a dangerous rival. It remains true, however, that the commendations just cited are thoroughly deserved, and that Mr. Floyd's eleven years of experience as a guide has made him unsurpassable in his department. I take pleasure in commending him to the visitors of the Holy Land, and I write this testimonial without his solicitation.

REV. JOSEPH COOK,

17 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INDIA—VOYAGE TO BOMBAY.

AS I said farewell to Jerusalem, I must bid adieu to Jaffa; but not without feelings of deep emotion. It is sixteen hours to Port Said, and sixteen days from Port Said through the Suez Canal and Red Sea to Bombay, India. We have been hoisting cargo for six hours, loading ship with chickens, eggs, ducks, geese, oranges, vegetables, broad-tailed sheep, pilgrims, and Nubians. In a month from now Jaffa will begin to export her surplus of wheat to foreign markets, as Palestine produces more of this grain than is consumed in her fertile valleys.

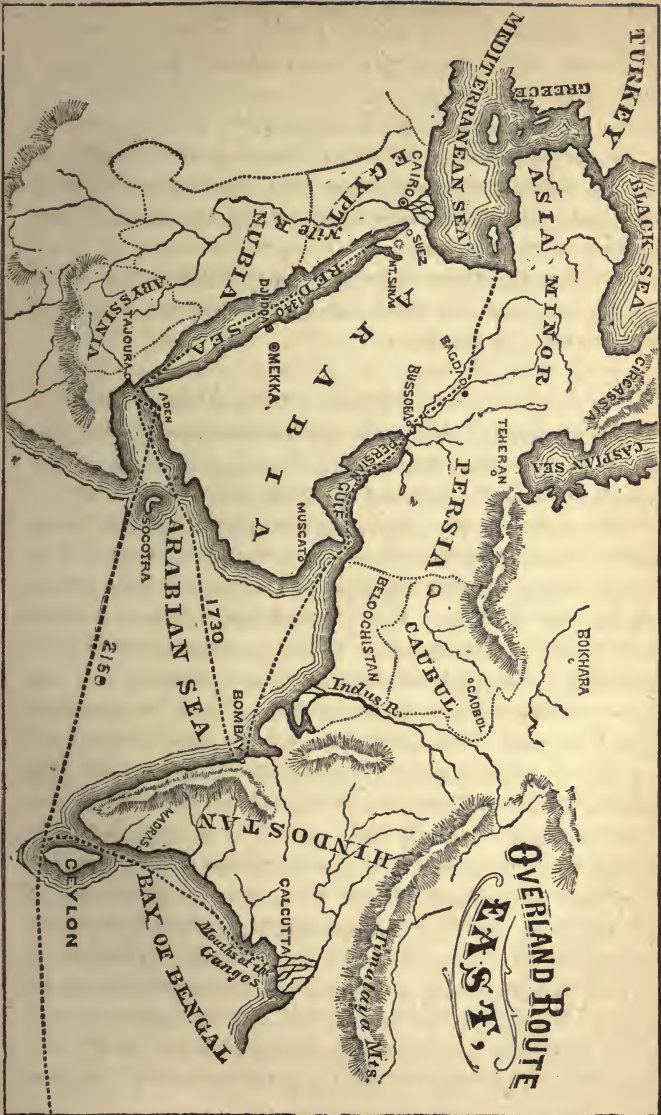
These broad-tail sheep are a curiosity. Their tails are a perfect globule of fat, eight to ten inches broad. On the opposite coast of Smyrna (Asia Minor) they are so heavy they are loaded on wheels behind the animal. The species are highly esteemed for the immense quantity of lard, or suet, obtained from their tails. They are valued equally as high for the delicious flavor of their mutton, and bring from three to four dollars apiece in Jerusalem. They are generally brown and white. The geese and other fowls are of similar species to our own.

If we are to judge the Moslem religion by the number of prayers the faithful offer up, we must be deeply impressed with their pious devotions. They begin first by standing up, always facing Mecca. They bow, then fold their hands; raising them aloft, they fall down and kiss the floor. At their shrines, or temples, they first wash their hands; but in the desert the Koran allows them to wash in the sand in the absence of water. I have been watching two Nubians, as black as midnight, going through their devotions. They appear to be deeply in earnest, if not penitent, in their sup

plications. They have converted the decks into a prayer-meeting.

On landing at Port Said, I was surprised to learn that our polite consul is only paid fifty dollars a year for his services. I suppose the distinction that attaches to the office must be considerable. He surely could not live if he depended on his consulship. He has shown me every kindness. Capt. Broadbent informs me that few American ships ever pass through the canal. It appears that our merchant marine consist principally of sailing craft, which avoid the heavy dues of the canal by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Our ship from Jaffa has proceeded down the Mediterranean coast to Alexandria, while we begin our voyage to the East through the canal.

The Isthmus of Suez is a narrow neck of land connecting Asia with Africa. Across this, geologists say, the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea once united. The waters appear to have receded since then, literally fulfilling Isaiah's prophecy. It seems from history that this is not the first canal run across this Isthmus. As early as 617 B.C. Pharaoh Necho commenced a canal to connect the two seas, according to Herodotus. But the Oracle informed the Egyptian king that the northern nations would pour down through it and conquer Egypt. However, the canal was finished by his successor and used for centuries, down to the times of Alexander and Mark Antony's queen, Cleopatra. When the Roman Empire began to decline in the East, the canal filled with sand. It was about one hundred feet wide then, as now. Before the completion of the fresh water canal from Zagazeg, fifty miles distant, to Ismailia, it required three thousand camels to transport drinking-water for the fifteen thousand fellahin furnished by the Viceroy as part of his contract in digging the present canal. The French furnished the capital through De Lesseps, while the En-



glish furnished the money to build the railroads of Egypt. Both these nations must exert a powerful political influence on the future destinies of this country.

I heard an amusing story told about the French furnishing the fellahin with wheelbarrows to roll the sand out of the canal. They took every wheel off and carried the wheelbarrows on their heads.

The following letter from Bombay, published in the *Talbotton, Ga., New Era*, furnishes an account of the remainder of the voyage to Bombay:

“BOMBAY, INDIA, April 14, 1884.

“I intended to have given you a letter from Egypt, also one from Palestine; but hurried traveling and sight-seeing combined have disappointed my good intentions.

“Returning to Port Said, on the 27th of March, from Jaffa, I hurried to the American consulate, at whose office I had left my surplus baggage, to ascertain if there was a steamer for Bombay. Capt. Broadbent, whose courtesies had already placed me under lasting gratitude, assured us I had only to be patient a short while to realize my expectations. In the afternoon the steam-ship ‘Albany’ was reported from Liverpool. I hurried aboard, and soon arranged with her master, Capt. Gough, a passage for Bombay. Of this noble ship and officers we will remark at the close of this communication—we can only give you an outline of our voyage, and our purpose is to notice its most salient features. Port Said is a beautiful little town, situated at the end of the canal on the Mediterranean side, containing a mixed population of several thousand inhabitants. It boasts of several broad avenues and numerous steam-ship offices and hotels. Every ship going east, through the canal, is registered here, and generally stops for supplies and coal. The canal from Port Said to Suez is cut through the Egyptian

desert, eighty to one hundred feet wide, with twenty-six feet of water, and measures eighty-five miles in length. It has twelve gares, or stations, where ships are stopped by signals in passing each other. Much time is often consumed in this canal passage, as the length of time required is determined by the number of steamers or vessels in the canal. As many as two or three days have been consumed by a single vessel. Five, ten, or more steamers are observed in a single line that are stopped all of a sudden at one of these gares, and tie up on one side of the canal. Then a long line of vessels bound west pass us one after the other, and we move on again. The limit of speed in the canal is five miles an hour, but through the lakes full speed. There are three of these bitter lakes this canal connects, on one of which is situated Ismailia. This station is the terminus of the Cairo and Suez railroad, and occupies a central position between Port Said and Suez. The banks of the canal are faced with stone, and sometimes a good sod of grass is growing on them. Notwithstanding the drifting sands of the desert, whose clouds of fine yellow dust settle along its banks, the continual dredging has banished all apprehension of its filling up. It cost about one hundred millions of dollars, and its stock to-day is worth eight times its original value. It has proved a great financial success. More than nine-tenths of the shipping that passes through this canal, as far as I can observe, is British. To give you an idea of its immense value to the maritime interest of England alone, the Suez Canal shortens the distance between Liverpool and Bombay, India, four thousand eight hundred and forty miles. We pass out the canal and enter the Gulf of Suez; on our right is the port and city of Suez. We stop an hour, probably, on the very spot where Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt through the Red Sea. This gulf is a part of the Red Sea. We get our mail from home—a



MOUTH OF SUEZ CANAL.

letter and the Talbotton *New Era*. What visions burst upon us—home and its hallowed associations! I have read my letter and paper over and over again—every advertisement, even, has been scrutinized with a searching eye. I commend the *Era* for its extending circulation as a most excellent advertising medium.

“As we steam down this charming gulf of placid waters, with the wilderness of Sinai stretching down on our left and the coast of Nubia and Abyssinia extending on our right, we contemplate with rapture and silent admiration the mountain ranges on either side. The Red Sea probably received its name from the red hues that radiate on their lofty summits, for the azure of the waters below does not pale below the skies. It was early next morning—I rose for a promenade on the deck—Capt. Gough drew my attention to Mt. Sinai, one of the most interesting spots on earth. The view was magnificent. I stood in awe, gazing on this majestic mount until it had receded from my view. I thought of Moses and Aaron and the children of those favored tribes of God, who had gathered about its base. What means this immense multitude? Moses ascends to the summit, receives the tablets of stone with the commandments, while God speaks through him to the children of Israel below, amid the lightning, smoke, and thunder that descend from heaven upon its awful brow.

“On our right lies the battle-ground of the present Egyptian war. There are Suakim, El Teb, and Khartoum, amid the burning sands of the desert. The heat must be intense, judging from the thermometer of the ‘Albany.’ The African coast has faded from view. On the left we catch an occasional glimpse of Arabia. We pass Jedda, the port for Mecca, where the followers of Mohammed go by thousands every year to worship; then Mocha, from which the coffee takes its name. The Red Sea, from the ships stranded



BOUND FOR MECCA.

along its shores, must present many difficulties to the mariner. Many valuable vessels, with their cargoes, have foundered on its reefs and rock-bound coast. Some of these wrecks sit on the water, looking as if they were anchored. At Jebel Teir and Jebel Zukur, before we enter the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, I counted a large number.

“Passing through the straits, we enter the Gulf of Aden, having traversed more than one thousand miles of the Red Sea. On our left is Aden,* the chief sea-port of Arabia, from which the Mocha coffee, ostrich feathers, flowers, etc., are largely shipped. There is a very peculiar race of black men, with red heads, to be seen at Aden. Capt. Gough informs me of the fact. In two days more we are sailing on

* Both the Island of Perim, at the mouth of the Red Sea, and her forlorn sister, Aden, are garrisoned by English soldiers.



NATIVES OF ADEN.

the tranquil bosom of the Indian Ocean. We touched our lowest line of latitude a little south of Bab-el-Mandeb, being twelve degrees and twenty minutes north of the equator, with the thermometer at eighty-five degrees in the shade, the 4th day of April.

“Traveling on the ‘Albany’ is a luxury. We have experienced little or no inconvenience from the heat, notwithstanding we have sailed within twelve degrees north of the equatorial line. Our ship is a new iron vessel, large, well ventilated, and constructed on the most approved models. It is one of four belonging to David McIvey, the distinguished member from Birkenhead (Liverpool) in the House of Commons.

“Our voyage has been delightful, with bright skies and balmy breezes. The ‘Albany’ has attained a high rate of

speed under the superb sailing of its experienced and able master, H. A. Gough.

“Capt. Gough is assisted by a steady company of officers, Messrs. Tennent, Pennington, and Gibson, first, second, and third officers; Messrs. Dinkwater, Hamlyn, and Brochbank, engineers. These officers have been navigating the high seas since their boyhood. They are very efficient and experienced, combining skill with a perfect knowledge of the laws of navigation. And they are fine gentlemen, with it all.

“The stern and inexorable sense of duty that recognizes no law higher than its observance, and that shrinks from no obligations assumed, distinguishes Capt. Gough among the most worthy of sea-masters. He enjoys the reputation of a remarkable record and career. At fourteen years of age he went, as a sailor-boy, to sea. He is now thirty-eight years old; has served in many official capacities, on twenty-one different vessels; has never lost a ship under his command, nor has any vessel he has been connected with been wrecked, foundered, or lost at sea; has traveled on these vessels more than a half million miles, the longest voyage being made in the meantime was from Liverpool to the East Indies and return—eighteen thousand miles.

“I congratulate Capt. Gough. He is a young man yet, full of vigor and splendid manhood. I am indebted for some pleasant hours in his cabin, examining charts and maps, studying the skill and beauty of his picture-gallery, his rare books, with an ear now and then to some delicious music from the organ, or swelling notes from his enchanting flute.

“I have sat for hours on deck contemplating the wonders of this deep and beautiful Indian Ocean, its placid, dreaming bosom, dimpled now and then by a gentle breeze that dies away into subdued calm ere the evening sun’s last golden rays have faded on the west.

“At this season of the year the prevailing wind is the north-east monsoon, which brings ‘fine weather and cloudless skies.’ The moon, in regal splendor, lights up these tropical seas, and the stars, like burning sapphires, are mirrored in their quivering embrace. Not less beautiful is the phosphorescent light—when the night is dark—by the side of the ship as it glides along, or in its wake when the revolution of the great propeller produces the greatest attrition, ‘as bright as day.’ You can read the finest print by the light that flashes from this sea of diamonds, which produces a scene indescribable. The flying-fish, which are flushed on the approach of the ship in large schools, are another source of amusement. They measure from five to twelve inches long, having two to four wings each. I have seen them fly nearly one quarter of a mile. Of a dark night, as many as one hundred, of all sizes, having been attracted by the lights on board, have been picked up next morning on the ship’s deck. We observed an immense turtle, on the voyage, and a mammoth whale, sending up a spout like a water fountain. Capt. Gough and I estimated the whale at nearly sixty feet, and worth several thousand dollars in oil and whalebone. Last Sunday we ran through a field of porpoises, three hundred yards wide, chasing each other like a jolly set of boys. This ocean teems with every conceivable form of life. The deep currents from the equatorial regions are wonderful factors in this general distribution.”

CHAPTER XXV.

BOMBAY—CURIOUS PEOPLE—SIGHTS AND SCENES—
TOWERS OF SILENCE—A HINDOO HOSPITAL—AMERICAN
STREET RAILWAY—OFF TO DELHI.

WE stopped at the Taylor House, a short drive through the Fort, where we found several Englishmen and one American. It was during a holiday, the entire city being given up to celebrating festivals of the gods, marriages, etc. I found Bombay a lively city of more than eight hun-



RATHER WARM.

dred thousand souls, on the western coast of India. It is the greatest commercial metropolis in the empire, from which nearly all the cotton and wheat are exported to Europe. The thermometer often rises here from one hundred to one hundred and ten degrees during the hot season. The exodus to Europe and the mountains of Poona, Simla, and

Dargeeling begins the last of March among the Europeans, who return in November. The number of foreigners, exclusive of the military, is only about eight thousand, while the Hindoos number nearly half a million; there are besides one hundred and fifty thousand Mohammedans, and nearly sixty thousand Parsees. The latter class are the wealthy merchants, bankers, and manufacturers, many of



GOING HOME.

whom have amassed great fortunes in Bombay. They somewhat resemble the Jews in appearance, but are larger in stature, and of a bright copper complexion. The Parsee ladies dress in silk robes and long scarfs, which they carry over their heads and often wrap around their comely figures. These people were exiled from Persia hundreds of years ago, and brought their curious customs with them. They are fire-worshippers, and bury their dead in "Towers of

Silence," which I shall describe directly. The Hindoos are the powerful, dominant race of India, Caucasian in origin, of black and light complexions, and rather slender in form. They worship many different idols, and burn their dead, or cremate according to a very ancient custom. They are the descendants of the Aryans, the oldest race in India. The Mohammedans once conquered the Hindoos, and destroyed their temples and gods under the Moguls (who were the same), from the eleventh century to 1857, when they themselves were swept out of power by the English army. They bury their dead. These are the three prominent native races of India. There is another class called Eurasians, highly educated, filling many important official positions on railroads, in banks, and the civil and military services of the government. They are the results of the European admixture with the natives—a decidedly clever improvement.

"Elphinstone Circle" is surrounded by stately edifices, insurance and banking houses, with broad macadamized streets that rival the most splendid thoroughfares of New York City. The walls of the "Old Fort" have long since given way to solid blocks of buildings, wooden and brick, where the European merchants conduct their business. In every office, bank, and residence the punka is going. It is a fanning-machine, which is pulled by the coolie night and day to keep down the temperature. It very much resembles the fly-frame once used in Georgia, with strips of cotton cloth, moved by a rope at the end. In the hotels at night you see the naked Hindoos lying flat on their backs with the cords between their big and second toes running on a pulley overhead, moving the fans inside.

Ice is made on machines in India, and furnished at one cent per pound. In Bombay the Europeans all dress in white linen clothes, white hats and shoes. The natives dress according to their different customs, those who dress

at all, while the lowest caste (coolies) wear nothing but a loin-cloth around their bodies. They wind a white cloth around their heads, which serves them as a turban. The better classes of women dress in cotton, muslin, and silk robes, which they arrange very tastefully and cunningly about their persons, drawing the ends over their heads, as I have observed, producing an artistic effect. The coolie classes wear only a skirt, which is gathered around the hips, exposing the body above. Many of their bodies glisten like ebony, with long, black, silken hair falling over their shoulders that would excite the envy of a European queen. Then there are the Nautch girls (naughty girls), who dance very prettily for strangers. The coolie women are rather delicate in stature, with little twinkling eyes set in full foreheads. They are not handsome. These women make the mortar and brick and build the houses of India. They cultivate the fields, while the men sit cross-legged in their shops sewing and embroidering the finest garments. The Parsees are an exception. They enjoy as much liberty on the streets and public drives as the English ladies. The highest and best classes of the Hindoos never allow their wives in public. They are confined in the zenanas, which I will describe farther on. I enjoyed a stroll in the native town last night, where I saw the people going to bed *en masse*. Every house was literally emptying its bamboo mats on the sidewalks, and even in the middle of the streets, upon which the population were descending. They all seemed to be undressed, as they had appeared during the day. I could observe no particular distinction shown for sexes; and as for children, loaded down with jewelry, they were without number. I was meditating all the time what a carnival for musquitoes was this living mass of nudity.

You can buy clothing and jewelry very cheap in Bombay. Both the Hindoos and Parsees are excellent tailors.

Soon after our arrival they appeared on the ship with their tape strings and sample-books for fits. I was much amused at a story I heard about their imitative powers. An Englishman once gave an order for a pair of trousers exactly the cut of those he was wearing. Unfortunately, there was a patch on the seat, which the cunning tailor observed in



ORNAMENTS AND JEWELS.

making the new ones. After he had finished them he cut out a hole the same size and sewed a patch on to imitate the old pair. Millions of gold and silver are imported from Europe into India and manufactured into jewelry. The passion for ornaments is universal, as much as five to ten pounds of silver bangles, necklaces, bracelets, rings in the



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ears, lips, nose, and on the fingers, are sometimes worn by Hindoo women. I have seen their toes even strung with pearls. The mothers are fond of exhibiting their brats astride their shoulders, perfectly nude, ablaze with ornaments. One woman was once known to have worn thirty pounds on her person, worth several thousand dollars.

The currency in India is in rupees (silver), pies, and annas. It requires sixteen annas to make one rupee, whose commercial value is fifty cents; and one anna is equal to twelve pies, or one and a half pence equals three cents. The pies are copper coins. Shells are used for money in some parts of India. Then large houses in London and Paris have branches established in every important city around the world, which issue their notes in pounds sterling, or francs, that circulate in extensive transactions. Very often the English gold sovereign is at a premium in India and the East. But gold never circulates; you get its equivalent in rupees or notes.

The city of Bombay boasts of several fine pagodas, carved in rich bass-relief, representing monkeys, birds, and other objects of worship. The Hindoos decorate their temples with little brass bells, which they touch on entering for worship. Some favorite deity is usually carved on the handle. The Hindoos and Parsees use a rosary and beads similar to those of the Catholics in their worship. The Parsees profess to worship God, but they pay homage to the ocean, fire, moon, and sun. Early in the morning you may observe them bathing in the sea and bowing to it, and then to the sun. They cry, "O God, thou madest the sea and the sun!" They never let the fire go out in their temples. The flame is the emblem of the vital spark. A Parsee told me he never smoked, because his pipe might go out; he never killed a cow, because it gave his babe milk when its mother died. The cow was the mother to his child.

I enjoyed a fine drive in a carriage to Malabar Hills, west of the city. Upon these hills, about three hundred feet high, the Parsees bury their dead in the "Towers of Silence." These are seven in number, being round, hollow, and perpendicular structures, rising twenty-five to thirty feet in height. They appear to be very broad on top, probably sixty yards across. About two feet below the top, on the inside, is an incline downward metallic roof, with an opening one foot and a half in the center. There are ridges raised above this roof at proper intervals just large enough to receive a human body in the groove between. The clothing is first removed, and in twenty to sixty minutes after the bodies are laid here every particle of the flesh is consumed by the vultures. I saw these birds in large numbers sitting around on the parapets waiting. One tower is used at a time, then another, giving time for the bones to decay. The theory is, under the disintegrating influences of the sun's heat and rains the bones decompose and disappear in the aperture below. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." There was a model of these towers, which the priest showed me with explanations. Close by was a temple in which fire was burning. The burial-service of the Parsees is very pretty. The mourners march behind the corpse, holding the ends of a white handkerchief between them.

I enjoyed a glorious panoramic view of the city enveloped in palm-trees, and the ocean gleaming like a mirror below me. I could see many cotton factories sending up dense columns of black smoke on the suburbs, and the bay studded with its peculiar craft flitting about under their "lanteen sails." I passed a magnificent swimming-bath, that resembles Solomon's Pools, on top of the hill, where the pretty Parsee ladies indulged in swimming and luxurious plunges. Many of the bungalows, with their broad verandas, open windows, and beautiful tropical gardens in

bloom, presented a veritable paradise for a home. Some of these homes rent as high as three thousand rupees a year to wealthy Europeans—English army officers, whose families reside here until the hot season sets in.

Returning along the Esplanade, I stopped at the Hindoo Burning Ghaut, and saw them cremate the dead. A number of furnaces were ablaze with fagots, and oil poured over the body to facilitate its rapid consumption by the crackling flames. The Hindoos are crafty in catching fish as well as in other arts. Along the shores were large stone pens, into which the fish were driven at high tides. These were then closed up and the game brought to shore with nets, or caught when the water had disappeared. The Hindoo boys were playing base-ball on the parade-grounds fronting the bay, running and catching with great enthusiasm. The English play cricket, and indulge in horse-racing. They have a game called "polo," they play on ponies, very exciting. When the "boom" was on in Bombay some years ago, speculators ran riot in boosting stocks on these pleasure-grounds. Shares sold at fabulous prices when money was plenty, but the collapse came at last, and the "made land" that cost millions burst the company like a "South Sea bubble." But this "Back Bay," since Bombay has become the great railroad center, is looming up as a real estate investment. The English have erected powerful compresses along the bay for exporting cotton to Liverpool. The bale is reduced to eighteen inches in diameter by four or five feet in length, averaging four hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds. About one million bales are the annual receipts at Bombay.

I visited "Pinjrapole," a charity hospital the Hindoos have established for aged animals—the sick, lame, halt, and blind—which is liberally maintained by contributions from strangers and donations from the society. This institution

supports fifteen hundred different subjects—old horses, cows, mangy curs, and monkeys—which receive the best care and medical attention. I saw a regular dispensary and several favorites in the throes of death. The superintendent asked me to register my name, and showed me great kindness during my visit.

If you want to spend an evening delightfully, the Victoria Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens are full of interest to the student. One of the most interesting places I saw was the Horse Bazaar, where fully five hundred animals, mostly Arabian steeds, were on exhibition. Many horses are also brought from Australia, and nearly all find a market in Europe. Some of the Arabians (all stallions) were bays, grays, sorrels, and blacks, with fine heads and flashing eyes, broad breasts and well-turned ankles and legs. Prices range from one hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars. They are brought down the Persian Gulf from Kurrachee, and attended by Arabs.

Elephanta Cave is on one of the islands in the harbor of Bombay, about six miles distant. We reach it by a small sail-boat, and landing ascend by a flight of stone steps to the entrance. The temple is cut out of the solid rock, more than one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, with a stone roof overhead, supported by long rows of massive sculptured pillars. Formerly great stone elephants stood at the entrance, which gave the island and temple the name of Elephanta. One of these has been removed to Victoria Gardens, which we visited in Bombay. The interior of this rock-hewn temple presents one of the strangest sights in the world. At one end of a long room are groups of idols cut out of the solid rock. In the central group is an immense figure with three heads on it, nearly twenty feet high, supposed to represent the Hindoo trinity—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Singular groups stand on either side, one a

woman with a single breast. Ponderous figures guard outside temples or entrances, which, eight hundred years ago, when all this gigantic work was first built, must have inspired universal awe in the idolaters of those times. Siva is very much neglected at the present time, and has few or no worshipers about its ancient shrines. The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince of Wales once visited this curious temple. Bishop Marvin and Dr. Hendrix sung the doxology in it.



AT FULL SPEED.

Some wealthy native has erected a beautiful marble statue to Queen Victoria in Bombay. The Empress of India, in return, bestowed the honors of royalty on the loyal prince. The American street-cars have proved an immense success; but they have been changed into the English name of "tram-way." It runs in front of the Taylor House, crowded with the natives. Then there is the shigram. What is that? A top-covered buggy. Then the four-wheeler,

with four seats and one horse, the body hanging low between the wheels; elegant private coaches, omnibuses, ox-carts, and ox-buggies in which the jewel-bedecked damsels drive with their sweethearts, chatting and jabbering for dear life. The crowded streets presented the holiday attire in a gorgeous moving panorama. It is the pairing season, when marriages are being celebrated by those given in childhood to marriage. The wealth of the Hindoos to the fifth cousin is pledged to honor this eventful occasion. The bride and groom are overwhelmed with every conceivable present that will equip them for a fair start in life. These festive occasions continue three or more days, and they had "caught well" on to Bombay. When I arrived I found all the banks closed—impossible to negotiate a loan on my circular letter. The English houses and Parsees were equally observant with the Hindoos. I should have been sorely perplexed about leaving but for the generous offer of Mr. Henry Ballantyne, an American merchant here, who loaned me all the currency I needed, and took my plain note, payable several weeks hence in Calcutta. Say what you please, we are Americans abroad if not at home. Mr. Ballantyne is a gentleman of distinction and a son of a Boston missionary, born in India, if I am not mistaken. Before my departure he showed me much kindness, as he spoke the native languages fluently. With him I saw the glorious banyan-tree, with its tendrils drooping to the ground, taking root and forming a grove of trees. He showed me the palatial edifices and public buildings of Bombay, and told me much about cotton, its culture and history in India.

I left Bombay by the B. B. Railroad to Ahmedabad, three hundred and ten miles distant. From here the main line runs across the peninsula to Allahabad, where it intersects the great East India system, running north to Delhi

and south down the Ganges Valley to Calcutta. But we are going into North-west India, and must change cars at Ahmedabad to the Rajputana Malway Railway, a narrow-gauge road that has recently been extended to Delhi, eight hundred miles or more still farther to the north-west. So we have nearly twelve hundred miles of constant travel before us to reach the famous old capital of the Moguls, much of the road traversing a dreary, arid desert.

For hundreds of miles we pass up the Bay of Cambay, whose placid waters now and then gleam through the feathery plumage of the cocoa-nut palms. We look across well-cultivated fields studded with the mango, whose delicious fruit is now ripening under a foliage that resembles an apple-tree. How the monkeys, in their native land, scamper away in troops on the approach of our train! At the stations they will come to you and almost eat out of your hands. I saw a group near the city of Baroda sitting erect facing each other as if they were discussing some grave philosophical question. They were of a large gray species, with long pendent tails. In an instant they went bounding away over the fields with their "tails over the dash-boards," up some tall mango-trees. I suppose they had been discussing some future family arrangements. I heard they were consummate thieves, and stole every thing they could lay their hands on. Yet the Hindoos worship the monkey. He is one of their favorite gods. They have erected temples in his honor, and show him great distinction in bestowing favors.

Bombay is in nineteen degrees north latitude. As we go north we rise higher and higher, but the heat is intense. The country is perfectly level for three hundred miles or more, planted in rice, sugar-cane, oats, barley, sorghum, dhoura corn, vegetables, etc. About every station the English plant flowers and lay out gravel walks, bordered with

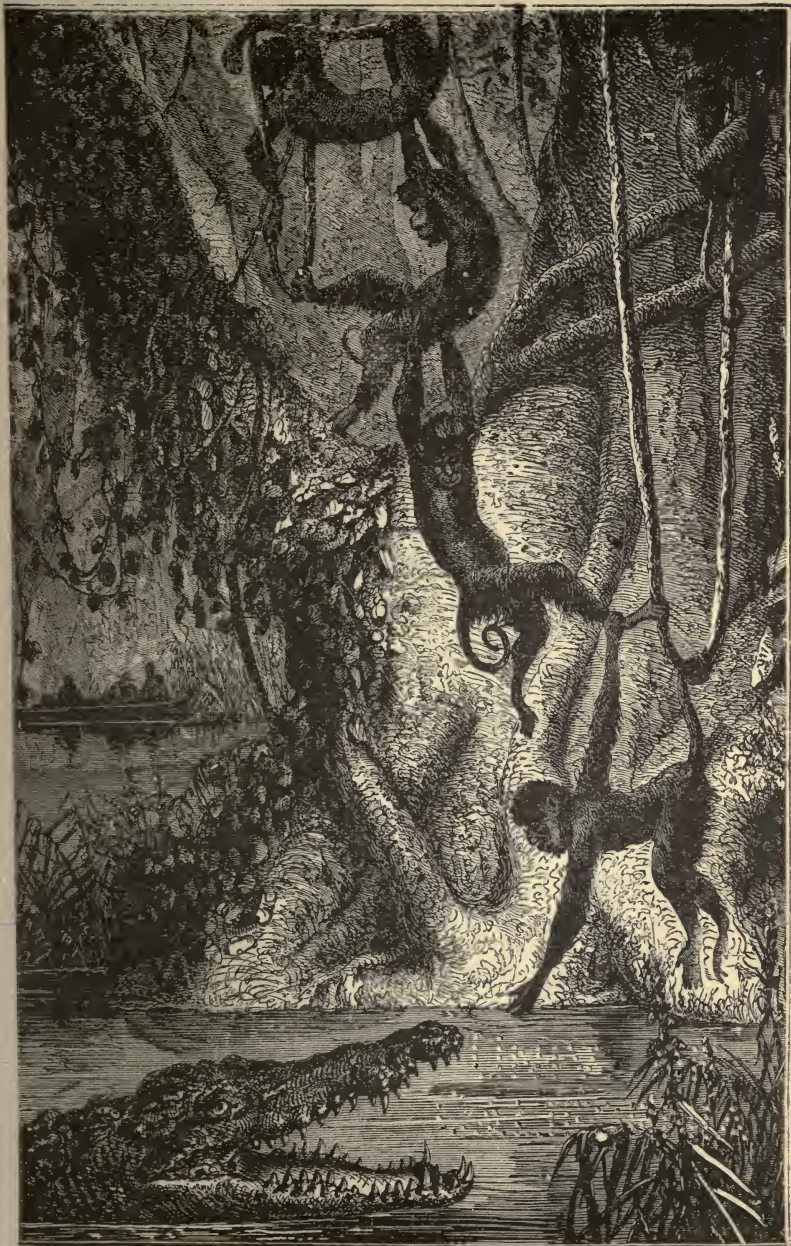
geraniums, fuchsias, roses, and evergreens. The flora is gorgeous and brilliant. The flaming flamboyant is always conspicuous in India. The most delicious mangos, bananas, pines, and cocoa-nuts grow in profusion. They are remarkably cheap: a bunch of bananas for five cents, cocoa-nuts two cents each, other fruits nominal.

The birds of India are no less beautiful for their plumage and attractive in song. Like the monkeys,* they are so gentle they will hardly fly on your near approach. The Hindoo never shoots a bird, nor are the nests or young robbed by bad boys. Many of the birds are held in sacred veneration. The adjutant cranes are a great curiosity. They stand in the fields, gardens, or on the house-tops for hours, on their slender legs, watching, almost motionless. If you pass by them they turn their eyes around at you. The English soldiers have a way of tying bits of meat together with several yards of cord between. The cranes gobble these down and attempt to rise, "one aiming for a tree, another for a house-top." Pulling and fluttering, they soon lose their balance, then their *breakfast*, and, tumbled in confusion, pull the first one down.

We had changed cars at Ahmedabad for Delhi, and the second day had put many dreary wastes between us and the rich alluvial lands we had left behind us. Occasional patches of wheat appeared along the road, with a well on each acre for irrigating. The water is raised by a bucket, rope, and bullock. The bullock walks down an incline plane from the well, and when the large bucket empties itself he walks back and it descends. All crops are planted in drills, and the water is conducted in little trenches between.

We passed Ajmere, six hundred and fifteen miles from Bombay. Here is Mayo College, where the young princes of the Rajputana States are educated. It is an object of great interest and architectural beauty. The country grows rocky

* Those in the picture are the bridge monkeys. They swing across small streams, and catch to a limb on the opposite side; then other monkeys run over on their backs.



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and barren again, with scrub and grass that are rapidly disappearing before the increasing heat of the sun and the bite of the roaming herds of buffalo, cattle, goats, and donkeys that have begun already to browse on the foliage of the trees. The dry season must continue for some time yet—until the monsoon rains begin in June.

I saw a number of jackals that sometimes approached very near our train. They resemble a gray fox in some respects, with drooping tail and little sharp ears. They reminded me of a sneaking cur. They are the deadly enemies of the Mohammedan grave-yards. Troops of voracious wolves are no less numerous in North-west India. Their howls can be heard in the distant jungles. They are very destructive to young lambs and goats, but the natives employ an ingenious method in trapping them, which is seen by the illustration on the next page.

Many small deer were passed, which turned their pretty heads toward us as we thundered by. Some of them did not even start to their feet, but stood grazing; many not larger than a fox-hound in Georgia. On either side were rugged mountains and wild, picturesque scenes.

We are approaching Jeypore, the most beautiful city in India, famous for its pretty gardens and charming walks and drives. It has one street running through it, two miles long and forty yards wide, that is a marvel of symmetrical beauty. The city owes much of its splendor to the late Maharajah, who spent four laks of rupees (\$200,000) on its adornment. The garden of the palace is extremely lovely.

In a pretty little valley north-east of the city is the capital of the State, the decayed city of Amber. We ride out on elephants, in true Oriental grandeur. If you can imagine yourself a rajah (native prince), with his gorgeous equipage, footmen, and attendants, you will have the grand-



The natives hang the little deer up in a basket to attract the wolves, then slip around in the jungle and shoot them.

est conceptions of this journey. The old city is embosomed in a valley surrounded by lofty hills, on the banks of a charming lake, above which rises the vast and imposing Palace of Amber. Bishop Heber viewed the landscape from its summit once, and declared it to be the most striking and picturesque scene he had ever beheld on earth. Above the palace is the zenana, and higher still, from the top of the mountain, rose the gloomy old castle with its ancient towers.

I like Jeypore. There is so much style about it. On my arrival this morning I witnessed several ludicrous and amusing scenes. I was reminded of the palmy days of our republic when I beheld nearly a dozen Hindoos bowing and scraping before two English soldiers who had disembarked here. They were all offering their valuable services. Three or four were elevating the two grip-sacks on the two-horse dak, the guns were being carefully handled and placed away by two more of these ebony coolies, while the impersonation of Chesterfield himself stood at both doors waving the soldiers in. This was not all: there were a couple of fellows to run ahead to clear the way so the English privates, with their imposing retinue, could pass. The impressiveness of this whole ceremony would remind you of the Czar's entry into Moscow. I am only too sorry I cannot reproduce a pictorial illustration of this spirited scene, which should have been dramatized for the burlesque opera.

I have often heard about women wearing the *breeches* in my own country. I have actually seen two of these monstrosities at Jeypore. They had pantaloons on and babies in their arms. It was such a marked improvement on those girls' toilets down about Bombay that I was startled at their personal appearance. It was such extravagance, such a reckless waste of cloth, I concluded they must be people of wealth.

As Jeypore—with its royal gardens, its palaces and works

of art, faded on my view, the soft, sweet notes of the mocking-bird woke me from delicious reveries of Oriental beauty to thoughts of home, sweet home. I saw an ox-team loaded with cotton going toward Jeypore, which too bore a charm about it that reminded me of home. We passed over pebbled brooks and dry bottoms of rivers, across a beautiful plain from which a crop of wheat had been taken. To my right was a little city embosomed in luxuriant foliage, from which ran down to the station a broad, grand avenue, crowded with the natives who were coming or had arrived to meet our train. "Five minutes at Reware for refreshments!" shouted the guard. The station-master passes along tapping every wheel to see that none are broken, and behind comes the lubricating man, while I strolled leisurely about, with thoughts pensively turning to objects of love. I was just beginning to admire the quiet little town of Reware, its good order, its broad avenues of interlacing trees, the coquetry of its pretty maidens, and the prospect of a mother-in-law, when some thoughtless pirate screamed out, "Second-class coffee here, gentlemen! Come right this way!" I felt like pulverizing that heathen. I was almost tempted to destroy him. They have got the coffee classified here according to the cars you ride in. This coffee must have been about fifth-class. Caste and class are ruling passions in India. It seems I have completely lost my identity. I have seen so many stove-pipe Parsees, Hindoos, and turbaned Mohammedans, grades, distinctions, and different colors, I sometimes wonder while traveling whether this is me or somebody else. I am getting alarmed about my nationality. I shall take a census of myself when I arrive at Delhi. I forgot to mention my traveling companion from Ajmere. It was really refreshing to meet a Jew away off here in India—a relative of the Wandering Jew, perhaps. It made me feel so familiar. He was Hungarian, Hindoo,



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or any thing else to sell his jewelry. In Georgia he would be called a commercial tourist; but in Rajputana a peddler. Like the English, he had come out to India too to make *his fortune*. He had a fine collection of goods, and one servant, with opera-glass. We stopped at the Dak Bungalow, near the post-office, kept by natives in first-class style. I enjoyed an excellent bath in a tub on a stone floor. Next morning I awoke to find my room full of birds. They were chirping, singing, and feeding their young. Several hopped in and out the door with great familiarity. I could have opened an aviary, or side-show, on short notice. I heard the pesky crow outside, holding his concert.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BRITISH INDIA—POPULATION—RAILROADS—INFLUENCE
ON DEVELOPMENT—SCHOOLS—ZENANA MISSION, ETC.

BRITISH INDIA consists of nine provinces, with a total population of one hundred and eighty million. It is about two thousand miles long and one thousand five hundred miles in width. On the west is a coast range, known as the Ghauts, while far to the north rises the lofty Himalayas, the highest in the world, lifting their snowy peaks above the Vale of Cashmere.

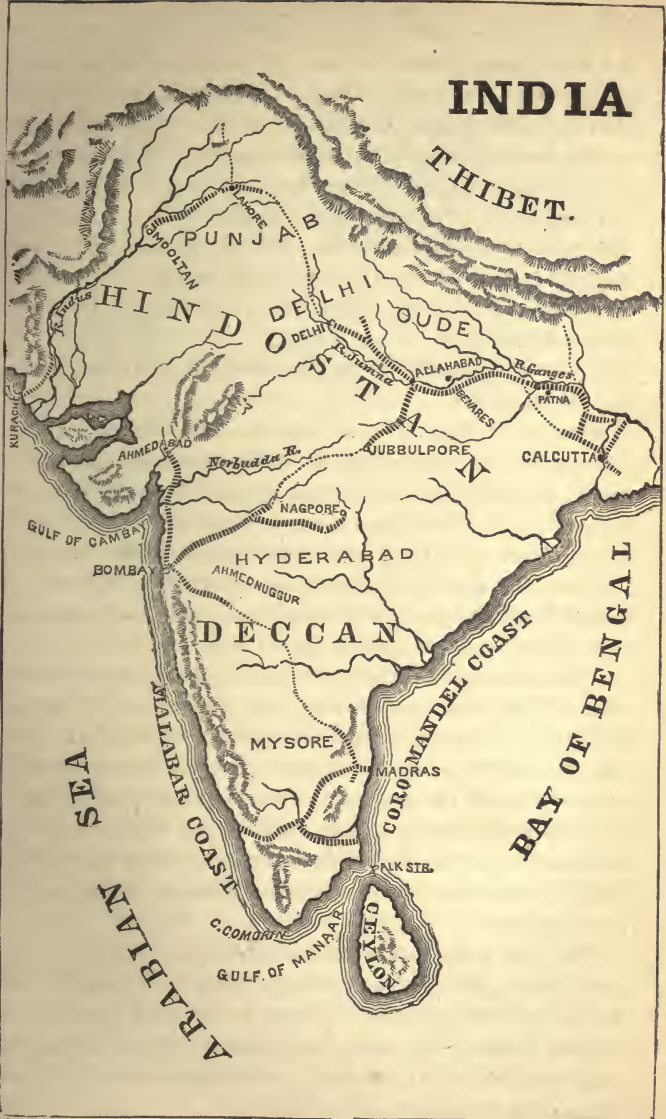
For two hundred years nearly the wealthy East India Company governed much of the country with a despotic hand. It kept standing armies and garrisoned forts. It acquired by power and purchase an extensive domain after it had once obtained a foothold. After the Sepoy rebellion in 1857, England gradually came into full possession and control, until some years later the present Queen was declared the Empress of India. The whole country is now governed by a Viceroy, or Governor-general, who is ap-

pointed or removed at her pleasure. It is divided into four presidencies—Bombay in the west, Bengal in the east, Punjab in the north-west, and Madras in the south. Think of seventy-five thousand Englishmen holding in subjection one-sixth of the entire population of the globe! The power of England is one of the marvels of history.

In 1612 the first factory was established at Surat, north of Bombay. No other port was opened until 1662, "when Catherine of Portugal presented to Charles II. Bombay, as a small item in her dowry." In 1698 the East India Company purchased Calcutta to control the Valley of the Ganges. Caste and the Mohammedan rule so degraded the country that it finally fell an easy victim to British power. At present the country enjoys an annual revenue of \$45,000,000 or more from opium. It exports more wheat than any other country, except America. It is second in the production of cotton. It exports largely of indigo, hemp, jute, and gunny bagging. The Governor-general receives a salary of \$125,000 per annum, besides \$50,000 to entertain his guests, and other allowances. His six Counselors get \$40,000 each, and the Lieutenant-governor \$50,000. The Secretaries receive \$24,000 each per annum. For educational purposes \$3,370,000 is annually paid to enlighten its teeming millions, while \$700,000 is paid the English Church in India.

Up to 1853 the only conveyances were bullock-carts, daks, and palanquins. These last conveyances were borne on men's shoulders along paths through the country. The only two great rivers, the Ganges and Indus, are navigable for large boats about half the year.

When the project of constructing railroads was first agitated it was predicted it would be a failure on account of religious prejudice, which forbids the intermingling of the different castes. The work was begun in 1853 by private companies, the Government aiding them by a grant of land



for ninety-nine years, and also five per cent. interest on the money spent in construction. All income was to be paid into the public treasury. If there should be a surplus after paying back the five per cent. advanced from the net earnings of the roads, first deducting current expenses, one-half of it was to be divided among the stockholders and the other half went to the Government. "When all arrearages were paid the companies were to receive ten per cent.; but should the income exceed that rate the authorities should have power to lower the fares." At the end of ninety-nine years the property reverts to the Government, and it pays back the original cost.

First, short lines to Surat, Baroda, and Ahmedabad were laid, and now it is estimated no less than ten thousand miles are in operation throughout the Empire. Many miles cost \$85,000 each. The gauge is about five feet, with steel rails, laid in stone or ballast, over iron bridges, and many miles on iron cross-ties. The ants are so destructive to wood it is probable all the roads will adopt the iron ties, or some necessary precaution to protect them.

The Hindoos were employed as laborers at ten cents a day. They were paid off every night to insure confidence, men and women alike working together. They carried out the dirt for fillings and from excavations in baskets on their heads. One of the contractors furnished several thousand wheelbarrows; but he went out in a few days and, to his dismay, found "all his hands carrying them on top of their heads"—the force of old customs. Thought the wheel was an ornament.

The East India is the Pennsylvania Central, or the Georgia Central, of India—one of the greatest roads in the world. It has a five-foot six-inch gauge, makes its own oil, mines its own coal, manufactures its rolling-stock, and declares a net dividend of five per cent. on its capital stock. It controls about two thousand miles of way. Its main line runs

**HARD WORK.**

down the Ganges from here to Calcutta, one thousand miles, with branch lines to Jubbulpore and other cities. The compartment system—the same described in Europe—with four classes, is adopted in India. The third class is one cent per mile, and fourth class seventy-five cents per hundred miles. It works like a charm among the Hindoos. When the cars first began to run the natives fell down and worshiped them. They regarded the power of the engine as supernatural. The cars have well-nigh broken down caste. It is amusing to watch the high caste (Brahman) priests get in the third-class cars with the poor, dejected Pariah, whose shadow he would have forbid crossing his threshold twenty years ago. I saw a veiled woman, borne on a palanquin, placed in one of these compartments one day. She was completely shrouded in a white sheet. I procured a seat near by, and watched her for twenty miles or more. After my patience was nearly exhausted I observed her looking through a little crack at me. The Bible, railroads, and heavy cannon are blazing the highways for the spread of the gospel in the far East.

Secular and Sunday schools are doing a wonderful work in India. The Hindoos find there is prosperity and wealth in learning the English language. They get higher wages. Formerly they prayed to their gods for such favors, but they find that thrift and industry bring remunerative returns to those who have no faith in idols. The manufactured deities that once sold so rapidly at their festivals on the banks of the Ganges, in honor of their god Durga, now find few if any purchasers. Outside the Government and missionary schools, about twenty-four years ago a society of American women, called the "Zenana Mission," was organized to elevate the women of India. The best classes of Hindoo women, once married, become the inmates of the zenanas—prison-houses—for life. Not one of them is ever allowed to see any person except her husband and associates. Here she lives, rears her children, and dies. She has no knowledge of sewing, knitting, or embroidery. She is literally a slave to the passions of her husband, who never trusts her to see even his most intimate friend. If her husband dies she is despised by all. Better if she had cast herself upon the funeral-pile and perished rather than endure the eternal shame that overwhelms her as a widow. If she dies her husband marries again. The suttee is no longer permitted in British India; the Government abolished it years ago. But in Nepaul, and other native States, it is still practiced with all its revolting horrors.

It is a most unfortunate event for a woman to be barren, and especially not to bear boy children, as her husband is in consequence allowed to marry another woman. You see a little girl on the street, five or six years old, with a red spot between her eyes, or red string tied around her neck. She is betrothed. Some little boy she has never seen is to be her future husband. It may be she does not know his name. The marriage is celebrated by a street pag-

ant that represents the little bridegroom in a triumphal car, or borne in a palanquin amid the shouts of the wedding procession, music, and flowers; and from that day she wore the red spot, or string, as an emblem of her betrothal. Suppose her little husband should die without her ever having seen him. She cannot marry again, but must live in solitude and mourning the remainder of her life. If he lives, in a few years later she is taken to her husband's home and becomes his wife without further ceremony. Girls in India often become mothers at ten to twelve years of age.

“What is a zenana?” I have said it was a prison-house, where the wives of the best classes in India are confined. It is usually a large building, with separate apartments, in which each family resides, with a large court, or open space, in the center, where the mothers, with their children, may find exercise or recreation. There is ventilation, but no windows. They cannot even look in the starry dome of heaven, or see the sun rise and set. The entire structure is surrounded by a high wall that resembles a fortress. Usually members of the same family occupy a building. Into these vast structures the missionary women have been admitted of late years. Here they are teaching the women how to sew and embroider, and their children the sweet story of Jesus. They are taught to read our Bible in their language, in whose study they find comfort and relief. Many of the native women are educated for teachers, and often, in the schools at Calcutta, “the children themselves teach their own unhappy mothers,” observes Dr. Hendrix. I regard this woman's work as one of the most promising fields for missionary labor in India.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HINDOOS: THEIR HISTORY, LITERATURE, AND PHILOSOPHY—THE HINDOO BIBLE, ETC.

WE look back into the shadowy ages of the mystic past of fable, story, and romance for the origin of this ancient race. I find some of the original tribes still exist—the Pariahs, Malas, Domes, and Koles. The word “coolie” is derived from the last name. The present Hindoo race bear some analogy to the aborigines, but differ in many of their striking characteristics, customs, and habits of life. The Hindoos are divided into castes, while the aborigines observed no distinctions. The Hindoos will not eat beef; the aborigines eat every thing. The religion of the Hindoos forbids the use of spirituous liquors; the aborigines get drunk to this day. The Hindoos burn their dead; the primitive races bury theirs. Three thousand years ago the Hindoos were advanced in learning, science, art, and philosophy; the aborigines have advanced little in civilization, being nomadic, like the American Indians.

The Rig Veda—the Hindoo Bible—consists of four books, and contains about one thousand hymns, considered among the oldest writings in the world. From these hymns we may infer the Aryans, from the mountains of Persia, settled in the Indus Valley before the time that the Israelites left the land of Goshen.

We see houses in India to-day the models of three thousand years ago. “The Aryans lived in tents, but they found a people living in houses. These people lived in villages, and worked in iron, copper, and gold. They had no caste, but ate together. Their women spun and wove, and were the light of the house.” (Coffin.)

It was about the time Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem

and carried its people into captivity to Babylon that the Brahmans set themselves up into a priesthood; and through them caste was first established. There are four distinct castes and about forty or more different shades, I think, at present in India. The originals, set up by the Brahmans, placed themselves or the priests at the head of the list; next soldiers, merchants, and sudras. Every trade has its castes—blacksmiths, carpenters, barbers, goldsmiths, tailors, fishermen, shoe-makers, etc. The carpenter is disgraced by



HOUSE IN INDIA.

coming in contact with the herdsman, the tailor with the tanner. There is no intermarrying of castes. If a man was dying for a drink of water he would not take it from a cup used by one of a lower order, observes the Rev. C. C. Coffin. If he was drowning he could not save his life. The son must always follow the profession of his father, and his sister must not marry outside her caste. A high caste Brahman may make a low caste woman his mistress, but not his wife; he would never get to heaven if he did.

Caste is the ruling spirit in life or death. The Brahmans were a very learned sect. After poetry came a period of speculative philosophy that divided up into many schools. One school reasoned on knowledge that comes from the five senses; another on the methods of inquiry, logic, and justice, or a system of realism; the third was pantheistic, contending for one immortal, self-existent Brahma, the soul and substance of all matter. All these schools believed in the transmigration of souls. The Yoga philosophy teaches that immunity from pain, sorrow, and remorse can be obtained by concentrating the mind in intense thought on nothing. The person is supposed to be in a meditative mood, with eyes turned into space. Such concentration secured perfect contentment. This seems a plausible philosophy, and shows that many people nowadays ought to be perfectly happy.

I am deeply indebted to the Rev. Carleton Coffin, whose charming book of travels has greatly interested me. From the *Light of Asia*, by Dr. Arnold, a learned Oriental scholar, and once principal of Deccan College at Poona, we learn that four hundred and seventy million of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, who was born in Nepal, India, 620 B.C. Its sublime teachings have been ineffaceably stamped upon modern Brahmanism. More than one-third of mankind owe their religious and moral ideas to this illustrious prince.

It seems at least, says Dr. Arnold, "that Buddhism is the fruits of considerable study, or a third of the human race would never have been brought to believe in blank abstractions." The doctrine of transmigration, so startling to modern minds, was accepted by the Hindoos during Buddha's times.

I make a few quotations from the *Iliad of India*, now translated for the first time by Dr. Arnold. The proverbs

of the *Hitopadesa* bear the greatest antiquity. In these two epic poems, called the "Iliad," descriptive of a journey of two young princes and their entrance into heaven, a beautiful fable of constant fidelity is contrasted with the Hindoo representations of death and love.

The gate of heaven opens to none alone
Save thou one soul, and it shall save thine own.

The stories, songs, and ballads, the histories and genealogies; the art, learning, and philosophy; the creeds, moralities, and even modes of thought, expressions, and daily ideas of the Hindoo people are taken from these poems. Even their children and wives are named out of them—their cities, streets, temples, and domestic animals. They are the newspaper, Bible, and library to countless millions of Indian people. In these two mighty poems are contained all the history of ancient India. A concluding paragraph says:

"The reading of the 'Mahabharata' destroys all sin and produces virtue; so much so that the pronunciation of a single *shioka* is sufficient to wipe away much guilt. It contains also a history of the gods of the kishis in heaven and those on earth of the grand harvas and the rakshasas. It speaks of the actions and life of one God, holy, immutable, and true, who is *Krishna*, the creator and ruler of the universe, etc."

A few proverbs from the antique work of the *Hitopadesa*—the father of all fables—that have passed from the Sanskrit to the Persic, Arabic, and finally into Hebrew and Greek, will serve to illustrate their character. Æsop quite probably borrowed his fables, or style, from this old Indian work, the oldest of which, the Rig Veda, dates back 1300 B.C. :

All existence is not equal,
And all living is not life.
Sick men live, and he who banished,
Pines for children, home, and wife;

And true bliss is when a sane mind
 Doth a healthy body fill;
 And true knowledge is the knowing
 What is good and what is ill.

Whoso for greater quits small gain
 Shall have his labor for his pain;
 The things unwon unwon remain,
 And what was won is lost again.

Death that must come, comes nobly
 When we give our wealth and life
 And all to make men live.
 Be his Scripture learning ere so great,
 Cheat will be a cheat;
 Be her pasture ne'er so bitter
 Yet the cow's milk will taste sweet.
 There is friend, and there is foe,
 As our actions make them go.

This stanza reads like Longfellow:

Looking down on lives below them,
 Men of little store are great;
 Looking up to higher fortunes,
 Hard to each man seems his fate.

These early nations most undoubtedly had a knowledge of God, if not of the old Bible. Much of their history is contemporaneous, and their literature of the highest order.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DELHI—ITS PALACES AND MONUMENTS—SCENES IN THE OLD MOGUL CAPITAL—A DRIVE THROUGH SEVEN CITIES IN RUINS—KOOTUB MINAR.

WE rose early on the morning of the 15th of April, employed a Mohammedan guide and carriage, after an excellent breakfast, to do the city.

The Delhi of to-day was commenced by Shah Jehan in

1648, but much of its ancient splendor was marred by the Sepoy rebellion in 1857. The present city is inclosed by gigantic walls of red sandstone, entered by eleven gates, named in honor of Calcutta, Lahore, Ajmere, Cashmere, Moon, and other cities.

Inside the fort, or palace inclosure, many splendid structures have been replaced by barracks for the troops; outside the present walls are scattered in every direction the remains of the most magnificent cities to be found in the world. These ruins embrace an area of forty-five miles square, and stretch away eleven miles south to the Kootub Minar and Fort Lalkot. Ruined arches and fallen monuments, splendid tombs and mausoleums, crumbling walls and towers of no less than seven ancient capitals, lie in prostrate grandeur along the way. The objects of interest in and around Delhi are too numerous for an extended description. The main avenue inside the city is the famous old Chandni Chouk, the principal buildings comprising the Jumma Musjid (mosque), the Halls of Audience, the Dewan Khas, the Royal Baths, the Pearl Mosque, the cemetery, and Ludlow Castle. Outside, the staff of Feroz Shah, the Emperor Humayun's tomb, tomb of the poet Khusroo, memorial column on the ridge and Kootub Minar, the iron pillar, tomb of Toogluck Shah, Feroz Shah's Lat, and many other interesting objects of study.

The old Dilli, Dilu, or Dhilu, appears to have been built in the year 57 B.C. The iron shaft that stands near Kootub column bears the date of 319 A.D. This is all of the old city remaining.

The Hindoo kings reigned in Delhi until the eleventh century. Then came the conquest of the Mohammedans, and four hundred years later the Moguls, who were also Mohammedans. Feroz Shah, Toogluck Shah, Baber, and Humayun were among the most brilliant and cruel of their

sovereigns in those days. These were succeeded by Akbar, his son Jehangire, and grandson Shah Jehan, the ablest as well as most beloved prince who ever ruled India. The Moguls alternated their capitals between Agra and Delhi, which were the seats of their power.

Agra was named in honor of Akbar, who built its splendid fort and left magnificent palaces and mosques to commemorate his brilliant reign. He was a prince of simple taste, of generous impulses, and spotless character, for no dark deeds overshadowed his throne. In 1605 this great sovereign breathed his last. "He allowed perfect toleration in religious matters, for his own idea of religion seems to have been comprised in this: There was but one God, and Akbar was his Caliph." He allowed the Hindoo widows to marry again, and prohibited suttees under certain restrictions. Like his grandfather, Baber, he was a great equestrian. He once rode from Agra to Ajmere, two hundred and twenty miles, in two successive days.

A vast empire was left his successors, and no one appeared to have developed and consolidated it so thoroughly as his illustrious grandson, Shah Jehan, who built the present city of Delhi on the most magnificent scale. His great ambition was to build tombs, baths, musjids, and palaces. He adorned them with the most elaborate designs and finish. Those most celebrated are inside the Fort, which is within the city wall. It was always the custom to protect the royal palace in this manner, hence every king lived inside a fort defended by his soldiers. We may mention the halls of private and public audience, the bath-houses, and his own apartments; the Pearl Mosque, the Taj Mahal, and Peacock Throne. We can well imagine their splendor and magnificence before they were spoiled of their treasures under Nadir Shah in 1739. This tyrannical raider was a veritable carpet-bagger. He carried away no less than

\$150,000,000 of gold, silver ornaments, and diamonds from the Peacock Throne and other public buildings. What an imposing spectacle must have been presented once in the Hall of Public Audience, in front of this gorgeous throne, raised eight to ten feet above the pavement—the seat of administered justice and royal jurisdiction! A few feet below sat the ministers of State, and still lower was the pavement, above which rose an arched roof resting on sandstone pillars and arches of strange architecture, the entire space below forming an open court.

Close by, on the banks of the Jumna, is the Hall of Private Audience—a marble hall, open on all sides except on the side fronting the river, where there is some marble screen-work, with openings filled with octagonal pieces of glass. Here, on a marble platform, once stood the famous "Peacock Throne." This throne is said to have rested on six immense feet of solid gold, inlaid with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. The canopy overhead, fringed with pearls, was of gold, whose golden pillars glittered with gems. The throne received its name from two peacocks—made entirely of gold, inlaid with gorgeous precious stones, so as to represent life—which were placed behind the throne. A Frenchman, Austin de Bordeaux, who fled from Europe after having stolen jewels from some princes, planned and executed the whole of this marvelous creation. Its estimated value alone was sixty million rupees. It was built about two hundred and thirty-eight years ago, and is as beautiful to-day as ever. It rises from an elevated marble terrace, with marble columns supporting the roof, inlaid with precious stones, representations of beautiful flowers, while the ceiling was once covered with exquisite designs of silver and gold. What impress us most are the massive columns connecting the arches, all of marble, and carved in the most elaborate manner. "If there is a paradise on earth

it is this," is still plainly carved on the walls in several places.

Close to the palace is the Pearl Mosque, where the imperial family worshiped. The exterior is of red sandstone, but the interior is all of purest white marble. The steps, court, and raised platform are all of the same material. Up these steps once the Mogul emperors went to offer their prayers, facing Mecca to the west. Here, as elsewhere, I saw many pretty designs in flowers, which were carved by Hindoo sculptors, whom the Mohammedans employed to do this intricate work. The splendid baths, a few steps away, are of marble too, filled and emptied at pleasure. No wonder, with all this display of Oriental magnificence, the Moguls were impressed with the grandeur of such scenes.

As I drove out the Delhi gate under the cool shades of venerable trees, a short distance brought us in front of the Jumma Musjid. This is one of the largest and most famous mosques in the world. This splendid structure was also erected by Shah Jehan, who built the fort and the palace. These mosques are always open in front, the roof generally being supported by massive columns. We ascend a lofty flight of stone steps to an elevated terrace, or platform, of red stone, called a court, thirty feet high, capable of accommodating a vast concourse of worshippers. It is more than one hundred yards square, with colonnades of sandstone on three sides. The immense mosque, one hundred and twenty feet broad, with large marble domes, occupies the west side. In the center I noticed a marble reservoir, where the faithful always washed their hands before prayer, and sun-dials indicating the hours for prayer. In the north-east corner of the platform I could have seen a hair of the prophet's beard and one of his shoes, for a small consideration. I ascended one of its lofty minarets,

one hundred and thirty feet high, made of red sandstone and marble, alternating in vertical strips, and enjoyed a panorama never to be forgotten. Here the muezzin formerly called to prayer. Below my feet was Delhi, enveloped in dense foliage; to the east threaded the silver Jumna in its meanderings to the Ganges; eleven miles to the south, over a vast expanse of ruined cities, rose the Kootub Minar, the loftiest column in the world. Wherever my eyes turned there were ruins—old forts, arches, and fallen walls. Every king, in building a city, built for himself and family a tomb, some of them costing fabulous sums. Their marble domes rise all over this scene of melancholy desolation. I stood in silence gazing for a moment on a monument north of us that commemorates the capture of Delhi. It rises on a ridge twelve hundred yards distant, from which the invincible troops of the English army began their bombardment on the doomed city in 1857. I can see, in imagination, the intrepid Nicholson and the gallant Wilson charging across the intervening plain under the deadly fire of the Sepoy troops, who were intrenched in the fort and on the parapets of the city wall. The reckless bravery of the English soldiers sent them charging up to the very gates—seven thousand English against sixty thousand Sepoys. With fifty pieces of artillery the British poured a storm of leaden hail upon the doomed city, first at Ludlow Castle and then at the Cashmere Bastion. A few months before they had been beautifying Delhi, but now, through the treachery of the Bengal army, they were forced to destroy all they had done. Nearer and closer did the besieging army approach under their gallant commander, the dauntless Gen. Nicholson, who blew up the massive gates of Lahore and Cashmere, and with his valiant soldiers rushed across the breach into the jaws of death. The gallant hero was brought back mortally wounded, and nearly the last of his men had per-

ished. Undismayed, the British rallied and swept the streets of Delhi, before whose storming columns the native troops fled in the wildest confusion. The English flag once more floated in triumph over the Mogul capital. The war was ended.

Such is a brief account of that fearful struggle, and with it seems departed the glories of Chandni Chouk, that once gorgeous avenue that stretches down before me to the Lahore gate. The gaudy pomp of those old times may never meet the eye again. The shops are not so brilliant, nor do we see any more those throngs of richly dressed natives riding on caparisoned horses, lounging on their elephants, or borne along in party-colored palanquins. If the scenes are not so picturesque as formerly, the British no longer fear the treachery of Bahadoor Shah, Delhi's traitor, whose court had recently plunged his unhappy people into that bloody struggle.

In wild amazement we stroll along the streets, whose little shops glitter with their gorgeous contents of silver-ware and jewelry. The bazaars, too, showed their wealth of golden fruit—delicious plums and cherries. How self-possessed sit the natives, cross-legged, in their little stalls smoking small and large cocoa-nut pipes, or chatting merrily in turbaned heads and flowing robes! They cook, eat, and sew in this sitting posture. They grind their gram, work in shoe and blacksmith shops, paint and sculpture, as their ancestors had done for thousands of years before. I saw six pretty maidens sitting in rows by hand grinding the wheat with little stones, from which the flour did flow. The mill is simply two round stones, one placed upon the other, two or three inches thick and about fifteen inches in diameter. In the upper stone a hole is drilled on one side, into which a wooden handle is driven, and another hole in the center, through which the grain passes, and is ground

DELHI WOMEN AT THE MILL.



by turning the upper stone upon the lower. As illustrated in the picture, the women sit opposite each other on a mat, with a cloth spread under the mill, upon which the flour falls. After the grinding is finished they separate the chaff from the flour, then the coarse flour from the fine, by the use of a large fan made of bamboo-splints, in shape much like a dust-pan, but having no handle. It requires much practice to separate the flour, which is done by a peculiar shake of the fan. Here in these little rooms of Delhi Cashmere's fadeless shawls are woven—peerless beauties of snowy wool from Cashmere's vale and rugged mountains. Charming embroideries, so deftly made by hand, and fringes as soft as ermine, the fruits of patient care. Sometimes months, and even years, are devoted to the production of a single shawl. The work is all done by men, who may be seen in the little stalls or niches, as I have described, working with the loom and needle through ceaseless hours of toil. The women in Delhi, like their sisters in Egypt and Palestine, are the beasts of burden laboring in the fields, making brick and bearing mortar on their heads to build the houses of India.

I have observed our hotel is called a dak bungalow, a part of the magazine the English blew up in 1857. It is also a part of the post-office building. I felt like exploding my guide, who had attempted to show me Delhi the day before, but could not speak a word of English. He made any number of comical gestures, and I supposed the rest.

After an early breakfast, we drive out the walls through the Delhi gate, southward, to view the ruined cities of the once proud Mohammedan and Mogul kings. It is frightfully dusty; it has not rained since last fall, and a stiff north-west wind is driving an insufferable cloud of the finest black dirt into my face. We have a front man, a hind man, a boy to open the door, one to provide water, a runner, and a



SCENE IN DELHI.

valet. I had not employed one of them, except the driver, with his carriage. I was not accustomed to so much style. Just outside the Delhi gate, on a slightly elevated ridge, we stopped to examine a pillar called Feroz Shah's Lat, erected in the third century before Christ. It is an object of the

most curious interest. According to Gen. Cunningham, its height is forty-two feet seven inches, a single shaft of pale sandstone. It is about three feet in diameter at its base and two feet at the summit. On the upper portion of the pillar I noticed a very smooth, high polish, on which are inscribed the records of pilgrims from the first century of the Christian era to the present time. The golden pinnacle from the top has long since disappeared, but was seen as late as 1611. The oldest inscriptions date back 300 B.C., comprising the well-known edicts of King Asoka, "whoever he was," in the Pali language. The alphabetical characters are the oldest yet found in India, and are still distinctly marked on the column. Only a few have crumbled off the surface. The guide-book says there were two more ordered by this king to be set up in other parts of India. On all of these appears this inscription: "Let this religious edict be engraved on stone pillars and stone tablets that it may endure forever. (Gen. Cunningham.)"

Ferozabad is the name of the city that once surrounded this pillar, and its old walls can yet be traced. It was commenced in 1354, by Feroz Shah, and contained about 150,000 inhabitants. There is a curious story told about its subterranean passages and chambers that had outlets in the river Jumna. In these the king was accustomed to conceal himself sometimes with his valuables. A little farther on we behold Sufter Jung's tomb, that is said to be conspicuous as a model of the Taj at Agra.

We pass rapidly from the ruins of one old city through another, with old forts and citadels, several miles apart, coming to Purana Keela. This is the locality upon which, it is said, rested a city three thousand years ago. The little mosque of Keela Kona, commenced by the Emperor Humayun in 1540, presents a fine specimen of the architecture of the Afghan period. The interior is beautifully decorated

with blue tiles and marble, blended in fine horseshoe arches of exquisite beauty.

About four miles from Delhi I approached the Emperor Humayun's tomb, through a grand avenue of trees, planted there by command of his widow, who also erected this magnificent mausoleum to his memory. Its splendid dome dominates the whole landscape. It is built of the purest white marble, and rests upon an immense building of red sandstone, richly inlaid with ornaments of the same material. After the fall of Delhi, the last of the Mogul emperors sought refuge here, but was captured and exiled to Burmah, where he has since died. I ascended a flight of steps that led me to the second terrace, probably twenty-two feet high and thirty yards broad, from which rose in majestic grandeur this magnificent building. The eventful life of this unfortunate man, his great sufferings and trials, show how uneasy lies the head of the king. Driven by Shir Shah from his kingdom to Persia, an exile, he subsequently seized Candahar and finally recovered his dominions. But six months later he met his death by a fall from his library, where he had been absorbed in reading. Hearing a call to prayer, he started quickly up a flight of stairs, and losing his foothold he died a few days after from his injuries. The steps are still very difficult to ascend. He was succeeded by his son Akbar, one of the most brilliant sovereigns of India.

But when all these kings, amid their pomp and pride, are forgotten, and their splendid tombs have crumbled into dust, India will live in the verses and songs of her poet Khusroo. Even the great Toogluck Shah, five hundred years ago, hung in rapture on his name and caught the inspiration of his soul. His tomb is close by the side of his contemporary, Nizam-Oodee, erected in A.D. 1305. What a wilderness

of tombs our road has led us through since leaving Delhi—"monuments of dead men and dead empires!"

Arriving at the Kootub, we stand for a moment gazing at this stupendous column. It is two hundred and thirty-eight feet one inch above the ground—said to be the tallest shaft in the world. The approach to it is very grand. All around its base are scattered the remains of temples, arches, walls, and most magnificent ruins. It marks one of the sites of Delhi. Near by are the ruins of a mosque, built entirely of twenty-seven Hindoo temples, which the Mohammedans pulled down for the purpose. I noticed in some of the arches still standing that rich profusion of deep carvings that distinguished the magnificence of the Hindoo temples. A plain stone is joined to a carved stone, and there seems to have been no relation or reference to the original designs. I saw many monkeys and birds beautifully carved on the pillars of this old edifice. Over one door-way they were especially profuse and full of interesting study. In the center of the open court of this roofless old mosque stands an iron pillar twenty feet or more above the ground and still deeper below the surface of the paved court. It is about one foot and a half in diameter, and is covered with old inscriptions, one of them bearing the name of the Hindoo king who erected it, A.D. 319. There is a curious legend that connects it with the reign of the king. The Brahmans had advised him to sink the iron shaft until it should crush the head of the snake god, Lishay, which, it was said, the world rested upon. The Brahmans directed how it should be done. The Rajah wanted to see the snake fixed himself, so he could not *wriggle with his kingdom*. He dug up the pillar—so the story goes—and while he saw some signs of blood, he lost his kingdom. His death was the end of Hindoo rule in India.

I saw Aladdin's gate-way and Adham's tomb—not Mark

Twain's deceased relative, but Adham Khans. Beyond is Fort Lalkot, over two miles in circumference, whose massive walls of stone I traced for some distance. There was another old fort and city close by, with a little knot of natives living in it. They jabber at you as if they expected you to understand every word they say. They are all after backshish, and presently you will observe one disappear from the side of a wall. You hurry up to see what has become of him. It is a large tank, or well, eighty feet deep, down which he goes whizzing, feet foremost. Then climbing up a terraced wall, he makes the frightful leap again. Just before reaching the bottom he draws his legs together, and disappearing beneath the water for a moment, swims toward you with outstretched hands for backshish. I was in hopes this word had become obsolete since leaving Palestine, but I recognize it constantly in different languages.

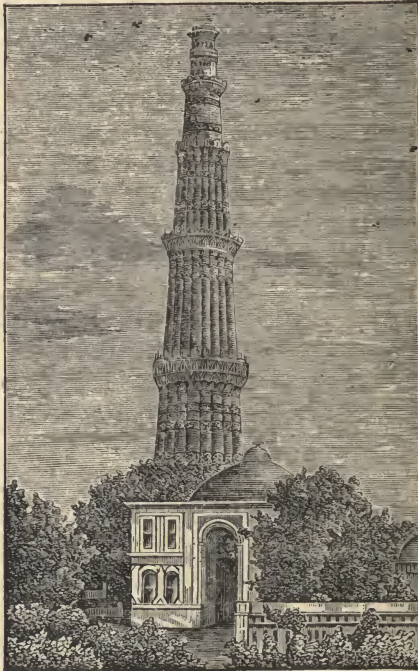
The dak bungalow is an institution of India. These hotels, kept by the natives, are provided by the Government for the accommodation of travelers. There is a very good one at the foot of the Kootub, where I could spend the night, with excellent accommodations. But I must hurry up to the summit and get a view of the Jumna before I return to Delhi.

The ascent is made by three hundred and seventy-nine stone steps from the interior. "The diameter of the base is forty-seven feet, being six stories high and fluted in the lower stories. In some stories the flutes are all circular, in others all angular, and in one they are alternately circular and angular. The column is just five diameters in height. The circumference of the base is equal to the sum of the diameter of the six stories."

The history of Kootub is involved in some obscurity. Its early origin was probably Hindoo; but it appears to have been finished by the Mohammedans in 1236. The

architect bears an outlandish name, which I would like to call Patrick Henry, but I can't. It was Mister Shumshooden Altomsh—there now!

I noticed at the bottom of the column a belt of black stone, which runs around; and at the top two belts of mar-



THE KOOTUB MINAR.

ble, some verses of the Koran, and ninety-nine names (Arabic) of God, the praises of its builder, date of completion, prayers on Friday, etc., are recorded in inscriptions. It was probably erected for some religious purpose. A pretty Hindoo legend tells us that the Rajah Pithora built

this pillar for his daughter, that she might ascend it every morning to behold the rising of the sun over the beautiful Jumna. From its lofty summit the view is grand beyond description. Descending, we return to Delhi, a part of the way by a different road.

I forgot to pay a deserved tribute to the humble, grass-covered grave of Jehanara. She was the devoted daughter of Shah Jehan, who preferred to share the fate of her unfortunate but illustrious father to enjoying the splendors of Aurungzib's court. This ambitious and unscrupulous young prince had deposed his father, defeated and put to death the heir-apparent, Dara Sheko, his older brother, and then invited his sister to his court. Jehanara was a princess adorned with every virtue a woman could possess. It is said she composed a part of the following inscription on her tomb: "Let no rich canopy cover my grave; this grass is the best covering for the poor in spirit. The humble, the transitory Jehanara, the disciple of the holy men of Christ the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan." Her father was deposed in 1658, and lived seven years after. He built the most famous buildings in all India, including the Palace and Musjid at Delhi and Taj at Agra.

Just before reaching Delhi, about two miles to the right on the Kootub road, I stopped to inspect the magnificent ruins of the Junter Munter, or Astronomical Observatory. These ruins consist of several stone buildings, representing sun-dials, and an equatorial dial of the grandest proportions. There were two circular buildings, with a pillar in each center, open at the top. From these pillars, at the bottom, were drawn horizontal radii of stone, which, being graduated or calculated, made a complete circle of three hundred and sixty degrees. There were tangents of the sun's altitude marked in degrees, as shown by the shadow of the pillar, numbering one to forty-five degrees. The

comparative observations of these two buildings, being exactly alike, were always corrected by each other's time. The Delhi gate faces the whole area of splendid ruins to the south we have attempted to describe. We were surprised to find no elephants and but few camels, these being used in the Government service. I met a number of splendid ox-wagons, "regular double-deckers," crowded above and below with numerous families. Some of the bright-eyed Hindoo girls were quite pretty. The oxen were of immense size, perfectly white, as sleek and fat as they could be. They carry the draft from the top of their necks, the bow being tied or attached to the horns. They are tattooed in fanciful designs. A bullock in India is a gorgeous institution. The Texas and Florida cow-boys can learn something here about branding as an art. It exceeds the best fresco-painting the donkey-boys do about Cairo. Visiting a museum of natural history, after entering the city, we soon arrived at our dak bungalow. I felt like a ruin myself, after such fatigue.

From irrigated gardens we enjoy the finest vegetables, with abundance of eggs and poultry. Delhi being in twenty-eight degrees north latitude, we have tropical and semi-tropical fruits, among the number the Japanese plum I have seen growing in Savannah.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM DELHI TO CASHMERE, SIMLA, AND RETURN.

BEFORE leaving Delhi for Agra, let us glance at this Punjab or north-west region of India. It is one of the great wheat-producing provinces of the Empire, where the grain is irrigated from wells, catchment basins, and canals, which we will notice again in our chapter on farming in India. There are some wonderful places and scenes to be visited in this marvelous region.

Close by is a mountain of elastic stone, from which I brought some specimens that bend between my fingers. It appears to be a kind of sandstone. To the north-west rise the lofty Himalayas. Up in that region we hear of a people who pray by machinery, some by water-power and others by hand. These latter are called prayer-wheels, which



PRAYING BY HAND.

contain strips of parchment, or paper, on which the prayers are written. They swing the little wheel, or rattle, which answers the purpose of prayer just as the counting of beads among the Buddhists or Catholics in their devotions.

It is four hundred miles or more to the beautiful Vale of Cashmere, and three hundred and forty-eight miles from Delhi to Lahore, the chief city of the Punjab. These two cities are connected now by the Punjab State and Scinde Railroad. At Rowal Pindi, on this line, we take a dak, or pony, for Srinagar, by way of Murree. Permission must be obtained from the Maharajah to visit the territory, as only a certain number of visitors are allowed each year. From Gujrat, a station on the same road, seventy-one miles from Lahore, we may reach Srinagar, the capital of Cashmere, in

one hundred and seventy-five and one-half miles. This whole frontier presents the wildest and most picturesque scenery, with the snow-clad Himalayas always in sight.

The baggage is all carried on the backs of ponies, mules, and coolies. The regulations say the coolie's load shall not exceed twenty-five seers. It is particularly desired "the authorities shall see that coolies and cattle are not overloaded, and that the former shall be paid daily in the presence of travelers." The coolies, I have told you, are the lowest caste of the Hindoos. Here they are beasts of burden. Away up in these mountains we see many wild goats, with long wool or hair, but are not allowed to shoot them. The fleece is soft and silky, dropping nearly to the ground. I saw one of the sheep that was a marvel of beauty. This region is seven to twelve thousand feet above the sea, where these wild goats and sheep abound. There are also immense flocks domesticated for growing wool that is manufactured in Srinagar, but principally at Delhi, into most exquisite shawls. It was from this region a gentleman in South Carolina and Col. Richard Peters, of Atlanta, Ga., made their importations some years ago. In those days these beautiful animals were carried on mule-backs fifteen hundred miles to Bombay, thence by steamer to New York. Now they can be transported nearly all the way to the sea-coast by railroad.

The world-famed Vale of Cashmere lies beneath the eternal snows of the Himalayas. Sometimes the most frightful earthquakes are felt, and destroy entire villages. From Srinagar you can go across the hills, or mountains, to Simla; nearer by Delhi, being only two hundred and forty miles distant. It is easily made from Umbulla station, on the same railroad, by easy stages, across the country, only seventy-nine miles distant. You can have choice of a tonga, a jhampan, or saddle pony, to Simla. The road is very rugged for gharries. A tonga is an institution of India. It

is a light vehicle for two or four persons, drawn by a pair of ponies, yoked up like oxen. It requires about three days from Ambulla to reach Simla, which is situated seven thousand feet above the sea level, on a spur of the Central Himalaya. It is a great summer-resort during the hot season, from April to October. It is also the seat of the General Government during this period. It was first established, after the Gurkha war in 1815, by Lord Amherst, who resided here first, eleven years later. Beautiful rhododendrons, oak, and forest of cedar cover the east peak of Jako, eight thousand feet high. A road runs around its base. The English command the whole country by a battery of artillery, planted on one of these lofty peaks. This is one of the many interesting excursions that can be made from Delhi.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM DELHI TO BENARES BY AGRA, CAWNPORE, AND ALLAHABAD.

IT was late at night before I left Delhi for Agra, a run of one hundred and eleven miles, or four hours, by the East India Railroad. We start now from North-west India through the Central Provinces on our long journey down the Valley of the Ganges to Calcutta. It is about one thousand miles, without change, by the express; but we are to stop off at Agra and other places. We had employed several hours at the dak bungalow, before our departure, in making purchases and some necessary preparations for the journey.

I wanted a Cashmere shawl. Everybody buys a shawl, I believe, before leaving Delhi. I had no particular use for such a luxurious garment; but then it was fashionable, and I might be asked a thousand times if I had purchased one. A Jew is a full match for a Hindoo. I saw these

two *genus homos* meet in my bungalow. The Hindoo, Mr. Chant, spread his gorgeous stock on the floor and then assumed a sitting posture, cross-legged, ready for business. I had retained the valuable services of my Rajputana companion to negotiate the sale. I did not wish to be thrown into bankruptcy so far away from home. I sat a short distance off and watched, with deep interest, the preconcerted attacks and diplomacy that the Jew and I had arranged for the occasion. "What is the price of that shawl?" inquired my Hebrew friend. "One hundred rupees," replied the Hindoo. "Disgusting prices! I shall not talk to you! I can buy the same article for one-fourth the money you ask!" Jew walks away. Hindoo sat like a statue, perfectly amazed. Presently the Jew returns. Hindoo falls twenty rupees—"A bargain, master; very cheap!" Jew offers thirty. Hindoo falls twenty more. Jew decides not to buy at all, but retires. In half an hour he came rushing back as if getting ready to depart on the train, and like to have stumbled over the merchant. "Hey! not gone yet?" "No, master. You must have this beautiful shawl. Say nothing about it; being as it is you, take it for thirty." Jew falls again to twenty rupees. "All right, master; you *ruin me!*" This was one-fifth the original price asked. It is the custom in India to ask foreigners these exorbitant figures; but no one understood this better than my obliging friend.

Arriving early the following morning at Lucies Hotel, in Agra, we enjoyed a refreshing nap of sleep before breakfast. The Hindoo merchants had heard of my arrival, and a number had gathered after daylight in front of my lattice doors, with their bundles and traps for display. They were knocking gently at my door, occasionally casting sly glances through the blinds to see if I was awake. Every trade except the monkey and organ-grinder seemed to be represented. Presently the barber rushed in and began to shave

me in the bed. What a luxury! what comfort! I could never think of shaving in a chair again. I was completely demoralized; perfectly reckless. I turned over and concluded to buy out those princely merchants sitting cross-legged before my door. They had bullock horns, highly polished; stag horns, fans, shawls, silks, and a numerous display of small trifles for souvenirs. The prices first asked would have startled Jacob Astor; but as I walked away they kept falling and swarming around me like a village crowd at an auction. "Cheap, master; a bargain, sir!" screaming at top of their voices. These Hindoos were all colors—black, brown, yellow, and gingerbread—some with a cloth around their shoulders and loins, while the smaller boys had nothing on worth mentioning. They presented a ludicrous appearance as merchants. They looked pretty much like a crowd of Georgia darkies just out of a mill-pond. Then the Taj man came with his snowy model of that peerless creation of sculptured marble. The shawl man like to have bowed me off the sidewalks. What a pleasure to hear our language spoken again! Even the waiters about the table speak fair English. We enjoy excellent coffee, mutton-chops, eggs, English bread and butter, with plenty of delicious fruits. Here we have the Japan plum, oranges, bananas, mangoes, and other fruits in season. Remember, there are no winters nor summers proper in India, but that the year is divided into the wet and dry seasons.

On the opposite side of the table sat a group of young Englishmen, just from Australia, who were recounting the incidents and adventures of a two years voyage from home. They were clever, jolly fellows, but evidently belonged to the "wet side" of the temperance question. It is this feature of English life in India that has compromised foreigners of all countries with the natives. The Hindoo does not drink—it is against his religion. It ought to be against the

Christian's as well. The Hindoo regards a drunken Englishman with horror. He expects to be stirred up; for the English declare this is the only way "to get along with the



STIRRING UP A HINDOO.

rascals." Doubtless, then, when the Hindoo hears an ale-jug whizzing by his ears he becomes thoroughly disgusted with our religion and Christian civilization. What a howl of indignation would be felt in the North if we were to rush at our freedmen this way! Yet this Hindoo has sprung from the same race we have.

Agra (Akbarabad), on the right bank of the river Jumna, was built by Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul kings. His grandfather, Baber, was the founder of the Mogul dynasty. Many places in India bear names ending in abad or pore. Akbarabad (the city of Akbar), Ahmedabad (the city of Ahmed), signifying who lived or was born there. Kosh is a mountain; Hindoo-Kosh, the Hindoostanee mountain; Punjab, the five waters—Ab meaning water and Panj or Punj a numeral signifying five. Abad means

the City of Allah as well. All these words belong to the Afghan tongue, but are common throughout India.

Akbar, by his conciliatory policy, won the loyalty of his Hindoo subjects and built the fort and palace here in 1566. By his brilliant reign of forty years his grandson, Shah Jehan, was enabled to continue the building of palaces, mosques, tombs, and forts, on the most magnificent scale, here and at Delhi. He left immense wealth in the public treasury.

The tomb of Akbar is at Secundra, five miles from Agra, which I did not see—now a magnificent ruin. My greatest desire was to behold the world-renowned Taj, whose beautiful white marble dome is plainly visible many miles away.

Soon after breakfast we secured a gharry, a one-horse four-wheeler, for a drive down a broad, clean avenue, on either side of which looked out elegant bungalows from a wealth of tropical plants and foliage. There were pretty whitewashed walls extending along the streets nearly to the Taj, which rises majestically on the banks of the Jumna, one mile east of Agra. We enter a massive gate-way, itself a splendid work of art, built of sandstone and inlaid with marble, under an open arch high above me, and enter an avenue of bewildering beauty. Down the center plays a long line of fountains, each throwing up a single jet. On both sides the palm, banyan, and feathery bamboo mingle their foliage; the songs of birds fill my ears, while the odors and perfume of roses and lemon-blossoms sweeten the air. Down such a vista and over such a foreground rises the most wonderful building in the world. Long before reaching India I had heard of its splendor, its stately beauty and costly magnificence. I am not disappointed. Its history is a most interesting episode in the life of the Emperor Shah Jehan, who erected this splendid mausoleum to the memory of his favorite wife, whom he called by the pet name of Taz, or Taj. It seems to have been a custom among the

Tartars, from whom the Moguls descended, to build their sepulchers as palaces of enjoyment while living; but after death as tombs, no longer to echo the footsteps of mirth. But the Taj does not illustrate this theory. The faithful wife of Shah Jehan died before the building was begun. She had followed her husband on the battle-field, and like poor Rachel—whose tomb I saw near Bethlehem—she, too, died in childbirth. The emperor brought her remains to Agra and interred them in her favorite garden, and erected over them this the most splendid mausoleum in the world. Its erection was begun in A.D. 1630, and finished in twenty-two years; employing in its construction twenty thousand men, who were forced to labor without pay, receiving only a scanty allowance of corn. Its estimated cost is about thirty millions of rupees or fifteen millions of dollars. Were it built now, its approximate cost would be fifty million dollars. During the building there was a frightful mortality among the men, which wrung tears from the poor peasants around Agra, who cried:

Have mercy, God, on our distress,
For we die, too, with the empress!

Had I the power and imagery of Bayard Taylor I might attempt a description of the Taj. In airy gracefulness and faultless architecture it is well-nigh perfect. Whether seen from a distant view or near approach through its magic avenue, it never fails to excite the deepest enthusiasm in the traveler who beholds it. Rising in majestic beauty from an immense marble platform, or terrace, twenty feet high and three hundred feet square, this marble mausoleum, flanked by graceful minarets at each corner, stands alone without a rival. From the main building, which is about one hundred and forty feet square, rises a central dome, seventy feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty feet high.

Below the marble terrace is another of sandstone, over three hundred and twenty yards long, from one end of which rises a sandstone mosque, faced with marble. This is intended as a sort of resting-place, or inn, for worshipers at a distance. As Dr. Hendrix, in his charming description of this building, has remarked, it seems to have been a point in some styles of Oriental architecture never to leave any part of a building without something to correspond with it, called a "jawab," or answering to the inn described above. The central building resembles an octagon. The whole building, with its cupolas and its marvelous white dome, is built of marble. Numerous characters may be seen inside and outside the building, in which, it is said, the whole of the Koran (or Mohammedan Bible) is inlaid in white and black marble. Behold the Taj from any direction you may, I have yet to see an object more beautiful, more ethereal, than its great marble dome, which, instead of resting flat upon the building, rises and swells into majestic proportions until it appears almost transparent, as a bubble, floating away into a marvelous blue sky, that enraptures my soul. The height of this stupendous building is three hundred and twenty-one feet, being taller than the Kootub column I described near Delhi. Let us now ascend a lofty flight of marble steps to the upper terrace, or platform, and study its interior magnificence. We see below the tomb of the Emperor Shah Jehan, by the side of his beloved wife, surrounded by a marble screen-work of wondrous beauty. It is perforated so as to represent the most artistic designs in mosaic. The slabs on which they rest are inlaid with precious stones of different colors, so arranged as to bring out their dazzling magnificence. Here are agate, carnelian, jasper, turquois, and lapis lazuli, blending so harmoniously as to represent natural flowers. The tomb of the queen rests just below the center of the great dome. "Shah Jehan had laid the

foundations of a similar mausoleum for himself on the opposite side of the river Jumna, the two to be connected by a marble bridge." It is probable the wars with his sons, borne him by his lovely queen, prevented its completion. His tomb is to the left of his queen's. It is similar to hers, may be larger, in the same manner inlaid with precious stones. The ninety-nine names of God, in Arabic characters, are inscribed on her tomb; while on his is an Arabic inscription "containing some reference to the death of the emperor and the history of this wonderful building." Looking above, the light pours into the building through windows of the most delicate tracery of marble screen-work. You can appear and disappear in a circular rotunda, through mysterious arches that resounded with a wondrous echo. I stood for a moment listening to my voice that rolled away in harmonious undulations, rising higher and higher toward its heavenly dome; the sound floats and soars away so slowly that you hear it after it is silent—as you see, or seem to see, a lark you have been watching after it is swallowed up in the blue vaults of heaven. Shah Jehan left a number of villages as a perpetual endowment to keep up the repairs of this mausoleum. Yellow-robed priests, with portentous airs, stroll at large through these lovely gardens and infest the very portals of this palatial tomb with their obnoxious presence. I could see backshish in their very eyes, and some of them had very winning ways to make a man hate them.

I was greatly interested in Akbar's old fort and his palace inside, near the railroad station where we landed. It is three hundred years old. The walls are built of red sandstone, sixty feet high and over one mile and a half in circumference. The Jumna washes its eastern side. The view coming up the river from the Taj increases in interest as we approach nearer. The imperial mosque in this collection is one of the finest I have seen. Its inner court, beautifully

carved panels, and Saracenic arches, all of white marble, betray much Oriental grandeur about them. Outside the walls of the fort, Shah Jehan built a larger one in honor of his daughter, Jehanara, whose humble grave we noticed at Delhi. This fort, like the one at Delhi, is garrisoned by English soldiers and commanded by British cannon. The Government has been engaged for years in restoring much of the former magnificence of the Palace, Akbar's Judgment-seat, Hall of Public Audience, and other buildings inside the fort. I observed cunning workmen (Hindoos) cutting precious stones for mosaic, and a room frescoed in original designs for the Prince of Wales some years ago showed the restoration of its ancient splendor. The Hall of Public Audience, or Judgment-seat, in some respects, reminds me of the one described in the fort at Delhi. It is a long open hall, as wide as it is broad, with its roof resting on three rows of massive pillars, joined by those same Saracenic arches. Akbar appears to have occupied a seat below the throne when he sat in judgment on affairs of State. He was a prince of simple taste, and ignored that haughty pride which made the Mogul king the detestation of his people.

Jehanger, Akbar's son and Shah Jehan's father, built a large red sandstone building at the farther end of the palace buildings. I did not enter it. I felt more interest in Akbar's Palace. It fronts the river and covers an immense space of ground. A splendid view of the Taj, a mile down the silver Jumna, is enjoyed from its open court. The river flows by in silent grandeur. Akbar must have been a jolly old king in his day. He lived in stately pride and pleasure. I have traversed his old palace, through labyrinths of columns, around which the soft-eyed beauties of his harem used to play. In front I saw a marble court, with the chess-lines still visible, on which the king moved his pretty girls from square to square (my guide says) instead

of men. Then there was the great tank, in which Akbar once dropped his royal hook from the rear balcony of the palace, amid the flash of dark eyes and loving caresses. As he would toss the treasures of the deep, I could imagine a dozen startled maidens flying for refuge behind this wilderness of columns. I passed through a large court filled with fountains and flowers, and entered the palace of glass—the “shish mahal,” or royal bath, the walls of which were ornamented with numberless mirrors. These were arranged in the most ingenious designs. The water falls in a marble pool; over brilliant lamps, lighted from within, mimic cascades tumbled from the walls, over slabs of marble, into basins “so curiously carved that the motion of the water produced the appearance of fish.” There are other interesting places, such as the under-ground passage, where, in the oppressive heat, the king’s ladies once played hide-and-seek for the amusement of their lord. The guide shows the well where the disloyal subjects were put to death. Many of these buildings, so long out of repair, are being gradually restored by the Government. Shah Jehan employed the finest French and Italian masters in his times to instruct the Hindoos in intricate arts, which they seem to have retained a knowledge of till this day. I examined a great door of sandal-wood, with curious carvings, many hundred years old.

There is a tradition about a certain block of stone the Rajah of Bhurpore and Lord Ellenboro, Governor-general of India, once sat on, which caused the stone to shed blood. “Bishop Marvin tried it, and it did not even grunt.” I thought I had outtraveled these foolish stories when I left Mohammed’s foot-prints in Jerusalem, the scattered bones of the prophets, a lock of the Virgin’s hair in Messina, thirty pieces of the true cross and a small keg of nails that came out of it in the cathedrals of Europe; but I tremble as I

approach Benares, the birthplace of Buddha. I expect to find him as badly scattered from India to Japan.

Recrossing the splendid iron bridge over the Jumna, we are whirling away toward the junction, fourteen miles distant, where the branch road from Agra intersects with the main line. Here we change cars for Cawnpore, Allahabad, and Benares. I watched the peerless white dome of the Taj for miles, as it soared away like an air-castle in the blue vaulted dome of heaven. I had seen nothing that impressed me so grandly since the Pyramids of Egypt sunk on my vision. The pictures of these two marvelous structures will live among the fadeless memories of my voyage around the world.

At the first station after leaving Agra one of Islam's followers jumped out of the cars, spread his carpet on the ground, and began his prayers in the most impressive manner. He had turned his face westward toward Mecca. The whistle blew, but he continued his supplication to the throne of grace. He was literally wrapped in the bosom of the prophet. When the train was about to leave him it required the guards and several of his comrades to adjourn that prayer-meeting. There was not even time for the doxology. He came running to the cars, laughing. I don't know what to think of Islam or his religion—whether his devotions are mere formalities, mumbling a few verses from the Koran, or whether he is contrite at heart. He washes his hands and prays five times a day, as I have observed. Some of us Protestants don't pray once in a year. It seems as if our religion was a mockery compared to the formalities of the Moslem. Islam abhors idolatry, but tolerates polygamy and recognizes Mohammed and God instead of the Lord and our Saviour. But his history is written in tyranny, oppression, and blood. The Mohammedans are yet the aggressive race of India; but in religion the Hindoos are the most powerful.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FARMING IN INDIA—COTTON, WHEAT, BARLEY, GRAM—
PRICE OF LABOR, ETC.

THERE is such a variety of soil and climate in India we are astounded at the marvelous phases agriculture assumes. In one division of the nine British provinces there is a fair rain-fall of forty to fifty inches; in another section there is no rain at all except during the monsoons, which begin in June and end in October. In North-west India, through Rajputana State, the Scinde and Punjab provinces, farming is absolutely dependent on wells, canals, and catchment basins, from which its lands are irrigated in the absence of rain-fall. Crops of all kinds are planted in drills or rows, to admit the flow of water between. These States, with the central provinces below, comprise the great grain-growing regions. Here wheat, barley, oats, and gram are extensively cultivated. The opium district is down about Benares and Patna; still farther south, in Bengal, rice, hemp, indigo, and sugar-cane are largely cultivated. In the western provinces, east and north of Bombay, in Berar and Surat districts, or throughout the level plain of Hindoostan, cotton is one of the most prominent features of agriculture. As cotton is our principal crop in the Atlantic and Gulf States, I will notice its cultivation in India first. The causes, or influences, that promote its production here are among the most remarkable phenomena in nature. Here she elaborates one of "the most beautiful and useful of meteorological problems" I have ever studied. It is this: that the *great deserts of Central Asia produce the cotton crop of Hindoostan*. By referring to your atlas you will perceive Hindoostan is a fertile plain situated between the

Himalayas on the north and the Ghauts on the west of India. Between these two great ranges, then, lies the cotton region of Hindoostan. We have alluded to the monsoons, but have not told you what they are or what *produce them*. The monsoons, then, are the periodical winds that blow six months from one point of the compass and then change and blow the other half of the year from the opposite point. These are called the north-east and south-west monsoons. The first brings dry weather, the last wet, called the crop monsoon. The great deserts alluded to produce them. If those deserts were clothed with verdure, covered with forest, and watered by streams, they would reverse this order of nature, and Hindoostan, with its two hundred millions of inhabitants, would perish. When the sun has crossed from the Southern into the Northern Hemisphere and stands perpendicular over the Great Desert in May, he pours down his vertical rays into this interminable waste of sand, heating it up like a fiery furnace. It is an ocean of sand where not a blade of grass can be found. Once heated, the air begins to rarefy and ascends, forming a great vacuum, while the furnace grows hotter and hotter. The north-east monsoons, blowing over Hindoostan, are slackened by this vacuum. They grow weaker and weaker, then calms ensue, which after a long struggle are finally turned back, and the south-west monsoon, or rainy season, begins. These hot winds, now changed from the north to the south-west monsoon, have a clean sweep from the tropic of Capricorn across the great bosom of the ocean, following the sun in his course, under his vertical rays "lap up the waters like a thirsty wolf," and shower them down on India. The evaporation, according to the Geographical Society of Bombay, has exceeded an inch every day while these heated winds were traveling over its bosom.

Commodore Semmes, in his "Service Afloat," illustrates

another beautiful provision of nature. I have mentioned the Ghaut Mountains, stretching along parallel with the west coast of Hindoostan. "These mountains protect the plains from inundation. The south-west monsoon blows square across these mountains. As the heavily laden winds begin to ascend the first slopes they commence to deposit their moisture." Immense quantities of water, sometimes as much as thirteen inches in a single day, are precipitated, thereby depriving them of their excess of water. Thus the cotton region is saved from inundation by this diminishing process.

It is in nature we study the mysterious hand of the Creator. We see the under-currents from the frigid zone of the north pole flowing to the equator to produce an equilibrium in density, while the heated waters of the Gulf-stream flow across the Atlantic to warm up the frozen shores of Great Britain. More mysterious still is this great heating-furnace of the central deserts that sends its hot currents of air whizzing around and across the ocean, bearing on their wings the moisture that shall feed two hundred millions of people of India.

The first experiments in cotton culture appear to have been made about Surat, one hundred and sixty-seven miles north-west of Bombay, producing a staple known by that name of inferior quality. Here, and at Baroda, English capital has introduced improved machinery for the cultivation of cotton, steam cotton gins and presses for preparing it for market. I saw immense piles of seed at Baroda that would be shipped to Europe and converted into oil and cake. When the monsoon rains begin, about the last of May or first of June, the land is plowed and seed planted on beds by the English as in Egypt. They cultivate much like we do in the Southern States. But the natives, who produce nearly all the crop, sow broadcast on beds three

feet wide, generally with lentels (beans), or some other crop which matures in advance or after the cotton crop. The beans taken off, the young plant is cultivated entirely with the hoe. The best staple of cotton is produced in Berar district, north of Hyderabad, said to rival New Orleans middlings; so Mr. Henry Ballantyne, of Bombay, informs me. Mr. Ballantyne thinks with the same methods, machinery, and preparation for market adopted by the Southern planters in North America, Hindoostan will eventually become a formidable competitor in the growth and production of the cotton supply for the world's consumption. I examined several very fair samples in Bombay. Experiments made with American seed show they deteriorate here in a few years. The best cotton districts lie between twenty-eight and thirty-three degrees north latitude. After planting, there is little labor bestowed except weeding with the hoe. The cotton grows luxuriantly, soon covering the ground, with the stalks standing six inches to a foot apart. The women and children from the villages do the cultivation, and in October turn out *en masse* to gather the fleecy staple. An acre, sown broadcast in the way described, yields two to three hundred pounds of seed-cotton. This is taken to the villages, where the lint is either picked off by hand or separated by thousands of little roller-gins, like those once used in Carolina and Georgia. The lint is then sold to the English buyers or their agents, taken to the press at the railway stations, packed, and shipped to Bombay. It is there compressed, as I have stated, before exportation to Liverpool.

Formerly Russia and France were the competitors of the United States in the production of wheat. The rapid extension of the railway system in India the past few years has increased the wheat crop from two hundred thousand bushels, thirty years ago, to two hundred and forty-five million

bushels in 1884. So India is now second only to the United States. The average yield here is about twelve bushels per acre, varying according to land and seasons. The Punjab, Oude, and north-western provinces, show the greatest acreage and production. There are fifty-three millions of acres, good land, that can yet be brought under cultivation.

Efforts have been made by the Government to introduce better plows; but the natives are too poor to buy them, or from traditional usages are slow to abandon old methods. A few agricultural colleges, with plowing matches, etc., and still another project of establishing agricultural banks for the ryots, or farmers, may produce a wonderful revolution in the future agriculture of India. But it will require time to overcome prejudice and supplant the little sticks of plows (inexpensive) used by the natives. The rate of interest here is not only arbitrary, but simply ruinous. Money is loaned to the ryots at fifty and seventy-five per cent. per annum, the principal hardly ever being expected on extended paper.

The cost of wheat will average from twelve to sixteen annas (thirty-six to forty-eight cents) per bushel, determined by the rain-fall and irrigation. As I have stated, in the central provinces we find a regular rain-fall of forty to fifty-five inches, the same as Georgia, while in the States of Scinde and Rajputana the crop must be irrigated. I find thirty millions irrigated out of two hundred million acres of wheat cultivated in British India. Eight millions of acres are irrigated from canals and catchment basins and twelve millions from wells—a well and bullock to every acre. Canals increased the value of land four hundred per cent. In Mysore irrigated farms sell for £35, or \$175, per acre; while lands without water bring only £2 to £2.10s, equal to ten to twelve dollars and fifty cents. No country in the world is so phenomenal in physical characteristics as India.

Where the rain-fall is precipitate, catchment basins twenty-five miles in circumference, ten to sixty feet deep, are provided to hold the water of the rain season to supply the deficiencies of drought. In the Scinde agriculture is entirely dependent on the floods or the snows of the Himalayas. The longest canal in the Punjab is five hundred and two miles. Two thousand five hundred small channels irrigate from this canal seven hundred and eighty thousand acres of wheat, producing an average of fifteen maunds, or twenty bushels and a half, per acre. This wheat weighs sixty to sixty-four pounds per bushel, being very dry, of white or red varieties. It is all cut by hand with scythes and threshed on the ground or threshing-floors with the tramping or treading of buffalo cows. The natives make fans out of bamboo when there is not sufficient wind to winnow it. The holdings, or farms, average from three to nine acres, and even as high as thirty-five acres in the central provinces. The land in India is cultivated with bullocks and buffalo cows. The plow looks like a pick-ax, one arm of the pick for the plowshare and the other for the handle. It seems to tear, and not to cut, the ground. It stirs the soil without inverting it. In this district, Agra and Allahabad below, barley or gram is sown with the wheat in October and cut in March or April. The land is supposed to have lain fallow the previous summer. It receives no manure whatever, except about the cities. It is surprising how many centuries this Valley of the Ganges has been cultivated with the rudest implements, without fertilizers. It must be the continual stirring of the soil, from four to twenty plowings (owing to the industry of the farmer) given a single crop. When the land is once prepared, the Hindoo opens his bed and drills in the seed by a little bamboo tube attached behind his plow. If it is too dry to germinate the seed, he gives his land a watering before sowing; then three or four

waterings during cultivation. Think of fifty miles square with one thousand bullocks to the square mile, in North-west India, elevating water to farm with! We will notice the other great factor that solves the problem of agriculture in India. It is an unsettled problem in our country. I allude to the labor question. Cheap labor is empirical here. It defies all competition. Even lumber can be sawed by hand power cheaper than by steam, and lint cotton grown at three to four cents per pound. The best teke plank is sawed at twenty cents per hundred feet. It is said the Hindoo is worth only one-third as much as a European in the field. Admit the supposition, you get his day's labor for ten cents, his wife's for two annas, or six cents, and the children's for five cents each, without board. The climate here supplies nearly all his wants, with fruits and vegetables, and dispenses with the clothing of our Western Hemisphere. He lives in a bamboo hut, thatched with straw or palm-leaves, its sides stuccoed with mud, with a hole in the top of the roof for a chimney and one in the side for a door, upon a dirt floor. Happy Hindoo! No, he is not happy. He is very poor, but seems contented. Some are well to do, while the native princes are very wealthy. They enjoy fine clothes and sumptuous living. They no longer have use for standing armies. The English Government protects them. But a coolie here will work all the year round for what it costs to feed a Georgia freedman. He is a vegetarian, as I have remarked. It is against his religion to eat meat, and I wish it was against that of our darkies'. It is against his religion to drink whisky. Our freedmen, and our white population too, would become wealthy, if they could emulate the Hindoo in his temperate life.

CHAPTER XXXII.**CAWNPORE AND LUCKNOW.**

RESUMING our journey down the Ganges, we witness many scenes about the stations on our arrival. The station-houses are musical with the cries and songs of the native hucksters, who bear on their heads delicious fruits, little cakes, eggs, and candies, rushing up and down the trains to see who will buy their wares. The horse dak is

**GETTING UNDER WAY.**

coming to meet the train, while the booking office is crowded with the natives buying tickets for the third-class cars. The heat is increasing in intensity, and at every station we see the Hindoos jumping out of the cars and squatting on the ground to take a drink. This is the water-carrier I described in Egypt, who pours the water out of his leather bottle into the hands of the native.



TAKING A DRINK.

The East India Railroad employs many of the Hindoos as flag and station masters, who are faithful in the performance of their official duties. The Eurasians—the cross of the Portuguese with the natives—are well-educated fellows, speaking English fluently, and fill all the most important places not occupied by English officials. They may be seen in the booking offices selling tickets, in the baggage and waiting rooms, but never as conductors or engineers, these places being filled by the Englishmen.

We are approaching Cawnpore, situated on the right bank

of the Ganges—a beautiful city, which all Englishmen regard with veneration, for many of their consecrated dead sleep here. Whether the deposition of the King of Oude or the deep-seated hatred of the natives toward the English Government was the cause of the mutiny in 1857, we cannot discuss here. What a horrid spectacle must have enraged the English soldiery when they entered Cawnpore and found the wives and children of their own blood cruelly butchered by that arch-rebel, Nana Dhooudonapout, of Bithoor, and cast down a well, mangled and dying, their forms all covered with blood! That awful massacre occurred on the 15th of July, 1857. The well was filled up with earth, and after the war was over a beautiful monument was erected over the spot. An angel, with drooping wings and downcast face, that seems to breathe in living marble, rises to perpetuate the memory of the consecrated dead. While Delhi was the center, Oude was the battlefield, of that memorable conflict. No wonder the infuriated English soldiers, fired with the indignation and rage so horrible a massacre inspired, sent a thrill of terror into the ranks of the vanquished Sepoys when they began to blow them out of the mouths of their own cannon.

Forty-six miles by rail, the splendid city of Lucknow is reached—another memorable place in the history of that struggle, where the gallant Sir Henry Lawrence was killed and the immortal Havelock died. Both Cawnpore and Lucknow are at present the centers of important missionary schools and educational work, situated in the richest province in India. The Methodist Episcopal Church Mission, of America, has been established here about thirty years, and numbers thousands of converts among the Hindoos, who are much more easily reached, it appears, than the Mohammedans. Some wealthy natives have made donations for charitable institutions, among others hospitals,

where the sick or afflicted native women may be cared for. A number of women practitioners, both among the missionaries and native 'preachers' wives, who have studied medicine, are welcomed among the people, where they find ample opportunities for spreading the gospel.

It is amusing to see the elephants of the rich rajahs driven into the river Jumna here by their attendants, the "mahouts," for a bath and good scrubbing. They lie down in the water on their sides, stretching out at full length, occasionally raising their trunks out of the river to take breath. They look the very pictures of contentment.

All over India we have seen both men and women chewing the betel-nut. We recognize it by the discolored teeth and red lips of the natives. It is usually wrapped in a green leaf, with a little lime and tobacco added before chewing. I never tried it; but it is said to have a not unpleasant taste. Everywhere it forms an important staple of commerce, and thousands of women and boys throughout India may be seen sitting at the street-corners, preparing and selling it. Twice every day the Hindoo is required to bathe, or wash himself. In every stream I have seen large numbers bathing—often standing in the water washing their scanty garments, when they had any on. Both their religion and the climate demand cleanliness, which is one excellent feature of Hindoo life. When they have no streams they wash upon the street-corners. The children run out and play in the pools and mud as they do in other countries. The mother is ablaze with jewels. She wears a necklace of English sovereigns and pearls around her neck, countless rings, bangles, and ringlets, rings on her toes and tinkling silver bells in her ears. I have seen jewels in her nose. She is generally attired in a ball-room costume, with shorter skirts and lower necks than are worn *even* in America. Her baby, not eighteen months old, is a gorgeous lit-



WASHING UP.

tle institution. Like its mother, it delights in its bangles and charms. I have seen the men wearing bracelets, and nose-rings too. With a population of two hundred millions, we can perceive what an immense quantity of gold and silver in ornaments is retired from circulation.

In one hour and a half we arrive at Allahabad, a large city situated between the rivers Jumna and Ganges, three miles above their confluence. It, too, is one of the sacred cities of the Hindoos. Upon the wooded banks of the Jumna the memories of Krishna and Buddha—once of earth, but now of heaven—are still revered. This land of myths and legends breathes the spirit of “Hindoo poesy on every page of its history.” These Hindoos boasted of their god of India, the god of air, long before “Zeus” was known to Homer. “The Aryans had worshiped the same god

here before they carried him into Greece and Italy. The Brahmans, who migrated toward the south, invoked him along the river of the Punjab.* Here "Pruyag," the moon god, once lived. During January the festival in his honor begins. The mela, or fair, held near the junction of the two rivers, lasts two months.

The whole earth is covered with tents, superstition, devotees, and beggars. For every hair shaven off the Hindoo's head that falls in the rivers one million years of happiness is promised in paradise. Imagine what a barber-shop, with its thousands of thrifty razors at work, is to be seen here! Allahabad is the junction of the road from Bombay, eight hundred and forty-four miles, by way of Jubbulpore. It is a city of the greatest antiquity. Megasthenes, a Greek ambassador, resided here 300 B.C. We have accounts of India through the Greek written by him. An old Hindoo fortress stood near here three thousand years ago. One of the sacred pillars of Asoka, similar to the one described at Delhi, stands on its site, erected 250 B.C. In those days they had no newspapers, and the king issued his edicts on stone. The inscriptions on this pillar call upon the public to erect hospitals, prevent cruelty to animals, etc. This old fort, and the one at Lucknow, in Northern India, were the only two that did not fall into the hands of the insurgents during the Sepoy rebellion in 1857. The English troops ate salt pork in the Musjid, or Mohammedan Mosque, and forever defiled it, according to the Prophet's decree. What a strange religion in contrast is that of the Brahmans! The one refuses to eat the hog because the —— is in him, and the other, or Hindoo, worships him as Baraha, "the second incarnation of Vishnu, who rooted the world up from the bottom of the sea." In the temple close by the Old Fortress, dedicated to Baraha, we see the Hindoos bowing down

* Edinburgh Review, October, 1851.

to his sacred snout, offering potatoes, rice, mangoes, and other delicious things to appease his wrath or secure perpetual favors. Women pour on the holy water, dipped up in the Ganges, and garland his head with flowers. About the market-place sit women, chattering like magpies, with tattooed faces, representations of fish, flowers, or fruit, on their foreheads. Their arms, necks, and bodies are also painted. This is done by tattooing, or pricking the skin, when quite young and inserting India ink. You see mothers carrying their brats in baskets on top of their heads or astride their hips in Allahabad. I have never heard one of these young bantlings squall yet. They seem to imbibe the very spirit of submission at their birth. While some of these women are gossiping, or selling fruit, another one, a little distance off, is engaged in making some "interesting



STUDYING PHRENOLOGY.

discoveries." She is evidently studying phrenological developments, by the careful manner in which she examines her little girl's head.

The English have established magistrate or justice courts here as in Agra, in which the native can bring his grievances for adjudication. And he is always in court, so I was informed. Of course the legal oath is not binding, and the judge must swear the Hindoo by what he believes or holds sacred. The Ganges or the hog will do. The Hindoo makes a capital lawyer and a subtle witness. He displays an immense deal of cunning in the management of his cases.

We crossed the Jumna over a splendid iron bridge, and soon arrived at Mirzapoor, a town of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, situated on the Ganges. The adjacent country is very fertile, and lies like a table. This section produces a large part of the cotton crop shipped to England. In return Manchester sends back her manufactured cottons and Birmingham her brass gods, just like we used to do when the North sent us back in exchange for our crop her wooden clocks and nutmegs, with plenty of cowhides to whip the negroes.

Hy, yi! it looks as if the dak had taken a "dead set." Some push, others pull ears; but the stubborn brutes won't go. The passengers will be left.

There are fifty millions of people who trade at Mirzapoor. A curious incident is related which occurred here once, that shows the arbitrary power of caste among the Hindoos: A thoughtless Englishman, across the street one day, brought down his opera-glasses on an unveiled woman of high caste, who was walking in her garden for a bit of fresh air, without having taken the necessary precaution to cover her face. The result was she was disgraced—ruined forever. An Englishman saw her. Her heart-broken husband rushed over, and throwing himself prostrate before the Englishman declared he was an outcast for life. This power of caste extends to the lowest servant.

There is nothing like general housework done in India. It requires about one dozen Hindoos to wait on a foreigner or to

**I WON'T GO.**

keep house. At first I thought it must require great wealth to live in India. But all these servants can be employed for about one dollar a day. Then it began to look like style. Every man would do a certain thing. If his father was a cook, he would be a cook; if a priest, a priest; a soldier, or a blacksmith. The punka-waller will fan you, the valet-boy brushes your clothes, the kitmagar sets and waits on the table, the sycee is the hostler, the bhisstee the water-bearer, the doby the wash-boy, the chipparassee the post-boy, the kans kans kattie the cooling-boy, and the mollie is your gardener. In front of your house, or bungalow, there is a matting called kass kass, which it is necessary to keep wet all the time to modify the intense heat reflected from the glare of the sun. The kans kans kattie is the coolie who does this work. No amount of money or influence could change him into a kitmagar, or a kitmagar into a punka-waller. These are curious facts, but they are very true.

Forty miles below Mirzapoor we change cars at Mogul

Serai for Benares, five miles distant. I saw numerous jackals skulking along the road, but no game. There is a bird called the tailor-bird, that sews the leaves of trees together in building its nest. Another, known as the weaver-bird, weaves its nest and hangs it below a limb, out of all danger. The golden oriole, the minar, the humming-bird, and other richly colored birds, are found throughout India.

Bayard Taylor went into ecstasy over the beauty of Benares. Except the imposing structures which rise along the high banks of the Ganges, whose splendid minarets and domes dominated the surrounding landscape, I saw nothing overwhelming in its appearance.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BENARES, ITS SHRINES AND TEMPLES.

WE enjoy the finest view of the river and city from the bridge of boats. Taking a row-boat, we glide along past its bathing and burning ghats, its mosques and temples, for a mile. The Ganges is three hundred yards wide, probably broader, and the bank on which Benares is built rises one hundred feet or more above the water. The city boasts of three hundred thousand inhabitants and five thousand shrines and temples. It is to the Hindoos what Jerusalem is to the Christians, or Mecca is to the Mohammedans—the holiest of all the sacred places on earth. It looks back into the hoary ages of antiquity three thousand years or more. It may be as old as Damascus. It was a city when David tended his father's flocks around the hills of Bethlehem. The sight of its sacred places and temples has awakened the deepest emotions in the hearts of countless millions of pilgrims. Early in the morning we see them descending the broad flight of stone steps that lead down from their temples



THE SACRED STREAM.

into the river. They bathe their bodies, even wash their scanty clothing; pour out water to the sun god; men and women bathing together. The Ganges is shallow some distance from shore, so great elephants are led out and bathe too. The water is very holy at this particular point, its cleansing powers being simply miraculous. The Hindoos declare it will even *save a Christian*. It is to India what the river Jordan is to Palestine. The Hindoos believe it flows out of heaven. Let us return now, take a gharry, and drive up the steep bank to the summit, then along its shores. The heat and dust are insufferable. The thermometer is ranging about a hundred. Benares ought to be a city of ice factories instead of heathen temples. The bottled-soda and fruit trade revived along our route, but the soda was the vilest stuff I ever drank, and every vessel I drank out of the Hindoo threw it away; it was ruined. I felt like destroying that Hindoo. They are as vile as their religion

and superstition. Here they were worshipping bulls, rivers, the sun, monkeys, the peafowl and other birds. These were all sacred; but that little mug I drank out of was defiled. The oranges, mangoes, and bananas were delicious. I had bought twenty-three bananas for one cent and a half. I saw many little wooden shops and bazaars, shrines and temples, with figures of a bull or cow in front. Many private residences of more pretentious architecture boasted of these sacred representations. There were carved images of their gods almost before every door. Such are for family worship. In their temples they worship their holy trinity—images of Brahma, Mahadeo, and Vishnu. These appear to be the principal gods worshiped in Benares, besides the idols already mentioned. Bishop Marvin gives a deplorable account of their morals and religion, which my own observation confirms. His ideas are suggestive of my opinions on this branch of the subject. He says the Hindoo religion is wanting in every moral element, depraved and full of lust. Women said to be married to the gods dance in front of the temples. A girl thus chosen is highly distinguished among her sex. During the annual festivals given here these lascivious damsels, I am told, draw immense crowds, filling the exchequer of the temple. Their performances are said to rival the “can-can” at the “Jardin Mabille” in Paris. Behold those gods, if you please: sleek, well-fed, clean, shaven-headed, yellow-robed priests. Patrons of Mahadeo, the god of lust, they will bear watching. The Hindoo first began to worship his idea of life, then fell to worshipping its source, which ended in deifying lust. The priests are a vile set. The poor, wretched working-women of India are the only class you will see outside the zenanas. Nobody will trust his wife in India. As to the men, from the rajah down to the baboo gentleman—their morals are corrupt. Who are the baboos? They are the learned,



THE DYING BRAHMAN.

wealthy, educated classes. Many of them read and speak English fluently, and their ancient Sanskrit that belongs to their fables, bows and arrows. They can even read Greek, Latin, and the Rig Veda—the Bible of the Hindoos. Thousands of these baboos have gathered here to

spend a life of ease, fashion, and luxury—like the Americans who go to Paris to spend the remainder of their days. Their palaces and stuccoed houses, with charming gardens and fountains, are among the most splendid I have seen in Benares. Even this class cannot escape the imputation charged against the priesthood.

I visited the Golden Temples of Bishewar and Bhaironath, the Well of Fate, the Musjid of Aurungzebe, the celebrated tank, and the Durga, or Monkey Temple. In a large court opening out in front of the Golden Temple, I saw a number of beautiful cows they actually worship. There were small images of this divinity, in brass, I could have purchased from the priest. A Hindoo woman passes before a large stone image of his bovineship, bowing, and sprinkling water from the Ganges on his legs and divine hoofs. Bouquets of fresh flowers are tied on his horns and tail, while his neck is festooned, and little bunches are stuck in his holy nostrils. This golden pagoda of the holy bull, in the court of Biseswara, is one of the *sights* of Benares.

Great white oxen walk down the steps of the bathing ghats with the Hindoos into the Ganges. This shiva, or divinity of the bull, is fed every day with melons, rice, wheat, etc. Of course the image eats nothing, but the priests gather up the contributions for their pockets. This temple is generally crowded with women, who are seeking the favors of the Mahadeo. Bishop Marvin observes: "The symbols under which this last are worshiped are too gross to be named." These women in India show as great passion for motherhood as the women "did once in the mountains of Judea, three thousand years ago." In the same inclosure I looked down into the Well of Knowledge, where, according to tradition, some ancient god sought refuge once. Here sat an old priest drawing up the holy water for the pilgrims, in which decaying flowers, grain, etc., came near

paralyzing my olfactories. These poor, silly, superstitious people were actually buying the water from the priest. I drove on a mile farther to the great tank near which is situated the celebrated temple dedicated to Hunnooman, the



DON'T LOOK.

monkey god. This god was an ancient warrior, who conquered Ceylon early in Indian history, and whose inhabitants he found so small he compared them to monkeys. This warrior was afterward deified, and has been worshiped ever since as the monkey god. His memory is perpetuated in brass images, ivory, wood, and stone, in thou-

sands of temples throughout India. There are said to be no less than thirty thousand pagan temples in Bombay Presidency alone, a large number of which are dedicated to this god. I was a little doubtful about approaching this pagoda. Before I reached Benares, from what I learned, there were supposed to be several thousand monkeys sitting in the tree-tops, hanging by their tails, or stealing fruit out of some old woman's basket. The guide-books all declared the place as infested with monkeys. A rumor had just reached me from Nagpore that an Englishman had been literally torn into doll-rags by a lot of these vagabonds. As I was making the tour of India with a pair of trousers and a duster, it somewhat alarmed me. But I never was more agreeably surprised, when I entered the gate to the temple-grounds, to find several monkeys running to meet me. I gave them rice and bananas. There was one unconverted old heathen who became greatly alarmed at my approach. She made the top of the pagoda at two bounds, and showing her teeth at me disclosed a little bantling clinging to her bosom. She probably concluded I was trying to kidnap the youngster. In the temple there is a hideous idol, with a lamp burning before it. Several worshipers enter, offer flowers, sprinkle water, and walk out, touching a bell. Then they walk around the temple, in the usual manner of worship. A few old men sit about the premises, smeared with paint and a red streak across their foreheads, holding out their hands for contributions. The pilgrims bathe in the large tank, or pool, close by, which they descend by flights of stone steps. Some of the monkeys are disposed to dispute the right to their territory. They run up the trees, sit on the fence, and jump on the wall, for a skirmish with the foreigners. They all seem to be a degenerate species, descended from illustrious ancestors. They probably belong to the "spider family."



SCENE AT MONKEY TEMPLE IN BENARES.



CONTESTED GROUND.

Benares is the Paris of India in fashion, taste, and culture. It is the Athens of Greece in science, learning, and philosophy. The broad steps of the bathing ghats are thronged morning and evening with men and women, the youth, beauty, and fashion, to gossip and discuss the events of the day, remarks the Rev. C. C. Coffin. The Brahmans, or priestly caste, have ghats of their own. There is an immense deal of scribbling and swabbing out of ears, nose, and mouth with the holy mud and water. Near the burning ghats were conical stones set upright to show where the sut-

tee had once occurred, when the widow had preferred to be burned alive with her husband rather than live. A little ghee, or butter, is used in burning the body among the rich, which the poor cannot afford. After the Hindoo dead are thus burned their ashes are thrown into the Ganges.

Where the population is so dense, as it is in India, with a tropical climate to contend with, cremation may be justified on sanitary grounds. Though it is not a Christian burial, it seems far preferable to the Mohammedan method of burying the body in the sand without a coffin. Thousands of bones may be seen in *their* grave-yards, dug up and picked by the jackals, throughout India. The bodies of little children are often thrown into the Ganges without having been burned at all. It is said the alligators are observed sometimes struggling over the dead bodies floating down the Ganges.

My guide showed me a whole street devoted to work in brass. Here the Hindoos sit cross-legged, with their rude tools, manufacturing the vessels they drink out of, eat from, cook in, and in which they bear on their heads the holy water from the Ganges. They are fond of engraving or carving some favorite god, especially on the bells they make. They also manufacture many of their favorite divinities worshiped in the temples.

My guide carried me down a very narrow lane, scarcely six feet wide, with tall houses on either side, towering above us, to see a temple and an old mosque, very celebrated. The temple was full of idols and bells, with lamps burning before the altar. The interior was carved in bass-relief, representing many objects of Hindoo worship. I was not allowed to enter the temple, but one of the priests ran out and threw a wreath of flowers over my head. I gave him a little backshish, and he went away perfectly happy. Extending our walk to the banks of the Ganges, we ascended

by a narrow, steep flight of stone steps to the flat roof of the mosque Madoo-rai-ke-dharara. Its two slender white minarets rise two hundred and twenty-five feet above the ground. The mosque is little used now. From these minarets the muezzin formerly called the faithful to prayer. In front I saw immense bee-hives, or wasp-nests, one hundred feet above the ground, from which there issued an incessant buzz like distant thunder. The minarets command a landscape of rare beauty.

The Brahma and the Prophet do not agree any more than the Jews and Samaritans did in ancient times. Benares is a Hindoo city now, and this old mosque—probably built out of Hindoo temples torn down in the eleventh century by the Mohammedans—is little used at present.

The city of Benares appears, like Delhi, to have shifted its site many times in the past thirty centuries, probably owing to the fickle Ganges. One of the oldest sites is at Sarnath, four miles distant, which we can see from this lofty minaret. We can see an immense tower, or mound, constructed of brick *ten by sixteen inches*, according to Dr. Hendrix, who measured them. The outside is cased with carved stone, secured by iron clamps. Buddha, like King Asoka, whether by his edict or those who followed him, seems to have left these testimonials to his life. This is one of four pillars of this kind erected that remains. It measures ninety-three feet at the base, and rises more than one hundred feet in height. Here Buddha taught his disciples six hundred years before Christ was born, promulgating his doctrines against the idolatry of the Brahmans, which too was carved on these towers or pillars. Finally Buddha's image was placed upon the carved stonework of the monuments and worshiped. Then his image was set up in the temples, for when Buddhism ceased to be a protest against idolatry it lost its power, observes Dr. Hendrix.

Immediately below us nestles the city of Benares, with its vast expanse of tiled roofs, minarets, and spires, and the domes of its five thousand pagodas, shrines, and temples. Four hundred feet below me rolls the mighty Ganges. We can trace its course for miles away, through green fields, fertile meadows, and groves of palms. Beyond the city are the gardens and native villages, conspicuous for their white pagodas; and away to the north-west the lofty Himalayas lift their snowy summits in unapproachable grandeur. We can hear the hum of thousands of voices and tramp of many feet below us. From this lofty balcony the muezzin calls to prayer. But Buddhism received its death-blow from the Mohammedanism which forced it south to Ceylon, then east into China and Japan, where it made millions of converts. It, too, is rapidly declining. The dominant religion to-day is Brahmanism, or Hindooism, which existed before Buddhism in India. It, too, is yielding rapidly to the superior forces of European civilization, the mission and Government schools, colleges, telegraphs, telephones, railroads, and Church work. Two millions or more of Christian converts are among the fruits of this great revolution now in progress. Here in Benares, where all the power of Hindooism, with its vile religion, seems concentrated, the missionary work has accomplished but little. The proscription of religion is as unrelenting among the Hindoos as it is among the Mormons in Salt Lake City. Let a Hindoo become a Christian and he is an outcast for life. He loses mother, father, wife, and children, to say nothing of the loss of his property. A German missionary informed me he knew a wealthy baboo gentleman, converted thirty years ago, who had never been recognized since by his wife or children. But the baboo holds on to Christ against the oppositions of his idolatrous family.

When this temple worship in Benares is broken up,

Othello's occupation is gone. The business of the city and its religion—the manufacture of heathen gods, selling of holy water to the millions of pilgrims, images of wood and brazen gods—with thirty thousand Brahman priests, who guard the religious interests of its shrines and temples, constitute it a veritable stronghold of Brahmanism. But there is a marked difference discernible even among these bigoted priests, who thirty-five years ago had only to clap their hands when the poor sudra was approaching to see him fly in dismay, and sometimes throw himself into the river for fear of polluting the holy man's presence.

About four miles north of the Ganges is the Cantonment, or European quarter, where the English troops and a few missionaries reside. There is a good hotel in this part of the city; but I returned across the river to the railroad station, where I awaited my train for Calcutta. I had seen no "tourist" during the day, or any one, except my guide and another Hindoo, who could even understand a word I would say. I was getting very *lonesome* under such surroundings. You can appreciate the pleasant change at the station on my meeting two English boys—one a telegraph operator, and the other a bright lad of sixteen summers—who extended me a cordial welcome. The lad entertained me with stories of Hindoo life, manners and customs of this historic race, until late at night. He was a son of an English officer living in the Cantonment. He described the annual festival given to Pruyag, the moon god. The barber-shops scattered up and down the Ganges among millions of pilgrims, shaving of heads and casting in the hairs for heaven during the mela, I have already noticed at Allahabad. He told me every Hindoo living in sight of Benares believes when he dies he will go straight to heaven. He had seen aged men, eighty and ninety years old, who had traveled for days and weeks to reach the sacred Ganges,

topple off its banks into the river and float away on its bosom, dead, to heaven. I have seen these Brahman priests, after every hair had been removed from the Hindoo's head and cast into the river, tie a white string called the sacred cord around their necks and insure them entrance into paradise. He remarked he had often heard that the priest, after tying this sacred cord, had power of life and death over his subject, but did not know how true it was.

"Tell me something about marrying in India, won't you?" Certainly. Everybody marries here in India—I mean the natives; it is a disgrace not to be married. The old folks always make the matches here. There is no moonlight sailing on the Ganges, or buggy drives down the boulevards of Benares. There is no chance to make a "mash" here. Every boy and girl is married before they know it. They are engaged by their parents at three to five, and never wear the veil until married. They never marry out of their caste. The celebration of this event occurs at ten to twelve years of age. In the meantime they may never have seen each other. The marriage is celebrated with the greatest pomp possible. They will sell or mortgage the last rupee's worth of property to have a street pageant, which consists of a bridal car made in the shape of a peafowl, one of their favorite divinities. In front goes the piper and behind the priest, with lighted torches at the head of the procession. All the friends join in the festivities, make presents, and do honor to the newly married couple. If he is rich, he puts his wife into the zenana, where no other man will ever see her; if he is poor, he and his bride take a horseback ride together, then go to their village huts to scuffle for a bare living. The wife works in the field, and her husband sits up in the house cross-legged and does the family sewing. If she dies, he can marry again. If he dies, she used to throw herself with him upon the funeral pyre



WEDDING PROCESSION.

and perish with him. But she cannot do that now. Our Government has abolished the suttee, and she lingers out a life of drudgery, disgrace, and ruin. If her betrothed dies before she ever marries him, she is a widow for life.

“How do you like India?” O very well; but it is awfully hot here. We can keep cool, however, with the punka-boy and ice. You know we have no frost or winter; it is always spring. Our seasons are wet and dry, but our fall and winter months are perfectly delicious in Benares. Everybody who can get away goes to the mountains, or home on furlough, during the hot season, which begins in April and ends in October. The natives can stand any thing.

“What about cholera?” O it is fearful here among the Hindoos. If it were not for cholera and famine, India and China would soon become so populous the people could not live. Everybody marries; everybody nearly has children. On the banks of this river, the Ganges, is the birthplace of Asiatic cholera. It originates at these festivals I have been describing to you. About five hundred miles up the



MIDNIGHT FESTIVAL.

Ganges, at Hurdwar, in the Punjab, is its favorite nursery. It does not naturally exist or originate there; but these semi-annual festivals seem to develop it. As many as three million pilgrims have assembled at Hurdwâr on these occasions. Day and night the continuous stream pours in on

the sandy plain, nearly all on foot, by every thoroughfare, from every part of India. There is no sanitary protection. They huddle like swine. Occasionally a great rajah, with his caravan of elephants, camels, horsemen, and swordsmen, in all the stately grandeur of Indian royalty, rides down the poor wretches under foot for blocking the way. Many have died on the roads before reaching Hurdwar. Once here, they rush into the Ganges, scoop up the water in their hands, and drink as long as they can stand. They are fed daily from the temple kitchens, where eighty thousand cooks are employed. The food not eaten every day is sacred; it is kept over, and cannot be thrown away. The hot water, sand, heat, and stale food produce indigestion. Derangement sets in. They begin to die, are covered over in the sand, and returning die along the roads by thousands. The streets of villages are blocked where they lie in heaps and perish. The result is cholera. From the interior it reaches the sea-ports, and is then carried westward by the shipping and returning pilgrims. Mecca, which you passed on your left coming down the Red Sea, is another hot-bed from which cholera spreads. Between Delhi and Benares lies the North-west Province; between Benares and Calcutta, Bengal.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DOWN THE GANGES.

IT is more than five hundred miles from Benares to Calcutta. In a few miles we reach Mogul Serai, and change cars for our destination. An American conductor very kindly assigned me to a compartment by myself, where I could enjoy the remainder of the night in a peaceful sleep. This gentleman is the only American I have seen since meeting my friend Henry Ballantyne, of Bombay. The

officials generally are a very attentive class. They are usually polite, and use the word "kindly" very often—"Will you kindly take your seat?" Every passenger takes his baggage on the seat with him, unless it be too bulky. Then for a couple of pice—less than a cent—the coolie, who is always convenient, carries it to the baggage-box. There is no such institution as the "baggage-smasher" in India.

The Government owns the telegraph lines, and you can send a telegram like a letter for a fixed price to any point in British India—for about one rupee, or fifty cents, for ten words, including address. The natives are largely employed in this service; and what seems a little odd, night messages here are charged double rates, instead of half as in America. An engineer is called a driver, who keeps his eye constantly out the left window to see that the track is clear ahead. An omnibus in India passes to the left, instead of the right as with us. A conductor, I told you, is called a guard, as in England. Every native knows that to be an employé he must be able to speak English.

The present Governor-general, Lord Ripon, has recently incurred the displeasure of his English subjects in some discriminations he has made in favor of the natives. The opinions of the English, I find, are very low as to the average Indian. The coolie is a beast of burden. The Bengalese are by nature and instinct, the Englishman says, liars and thieves. These people are sometimes badly treated by their English masters. I have myself seen them kicked about, and have listened to stories of Englishmen who had given some Hindoo a good drubbing, or "pounding," as he had declared the native deserved. Our freedman is a lord compared to the coolie of India. I have seen slavery in Cuba and in my own country, but it was mild compared to the servile labor of Hindoostan. Lord Macaulay, in his history, gives a doleful account of the Bengalese. He makes

him a "hero of lies and champion of theft." A Hindoo was one day asked who was the smartest man in India. "My son," he promptly replied. "Why?" "Because he can beat his father lying." But I like the Hindoo. He constantly soothes my ear with that old familiar expression of "master." I begin to feel wealthy again. Could it be possible that the earth in making its revolutions from west to east had just changed our geographical position? At every station, it seemed, we saw the old Georgia ducky, with the kinks combed out of his head, cultivating cotton, corn, wheat, rice, sweet potatoes, water-melons, and "goobers" away off here in India. "Good master," they would say. I saw some who looked like Jake, old Dick, Ned, and Millyan, I used to own. I thought, What a wonderful change twenty years has made in my people! They all appeared to have forgotten how to speak the dear old language, and only remembered "master." George and Sarah Ann had fallen into careless habits about their dress. They did not appear to have any clothes on worth mentioning. All had gone astray after heathen gods, and no longer reveled in fat pork, pease, hoe-cake, and potatoes. I looked into a little temple close by and found old Dick worshiping the image of a hog. Twenty years ago he would have destroyed that animal in a few minutes. I could not account for all this transmigration, this sudden change, until I awoke from a dream.

We pass through the great opium-producing region of India—the beautiful level lands of Behar, producing the white poppy from which opium is made. This species yields a white flower with a single petal. Every evening the pod is pierced, and early next morning the coolies pass along the rows, scrape off what has oozed out the night before. This juice is then dried into cakes, packed in boxes, and sold at the monthly sales in Patna and Calcutta. Later in the day fields of rice alternated with the poppy, since the



PAUL HUET.

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fields of wheat and barley have disappeared. There are patches of tobacco and oats, and many strips of sorghum, millet, and genuine sugar-cane of diminutive size. I have seen considerable lands devoted to the Palma Christi, or castor-oil bean, which, like the poppy, grows so well in Georgia.

We pass numerous villages of straw houses daubed with mud. The huts often stand so close together that foot-passengers have just enough room to go between. They present an appearance of utter confusion. Very often the sides and roof of the lowly thatched cottage are constructed entirely of palm-leaves. We see cotton-patches in April still in bloom, full of women and children picking out the fleecy staple. The seeds are sown broadcast, as described on the west coast of India. Tall palms wave their feathery plumes over the level landscape, with the nuts clinging to the body just below the limbs. The natives running up and down these trees after the nuts, which they gather and tie around their waists, resemble monkeys at a short distance. They wear on their heels a strap with sharp spikes bristling out, which enables them to make the ascent and descent very rapidly. Mustard is extensively cultivated, and shipped to Italy to adulterate the olive-oil, while another oil-bearing plant (an annual) called sesame enters largely into the exports of India. No less than eighty-seven thousand tons of its seed were shipped last year to France for adulterating olive-oil. Two crops a year can be grown, requiring twelve seed to weigh an ounce. Next to cotton and opium, indigo probably is the most profitable crop cultivated in Lower Bengal. Thirty dollars per acre net profit is realized. English capital and farmers are largely engaged in its production. Sometimes ten miles square is farmed out among the ryots, who work two or three miles around their villages.

We are now in the latitude of Cuba, traveling every day toward the equator. Groves of delicious mangoes, resembling an apple-orchard, break the monotony of the landscape. Cocoa-nuts and bananas are very abundant, clustering about the native villages, while the vast expanse of the country presents an unbroken rice-field. Little terraces, or ditches, are constructed to hold the water, and it is astonishing to see what crops this Valley of the Ganges produces, cultivated as it has been for two thousand years in the rudest way, without any manures whatever. All grain is planted in rows, and cut with a sickle. Not a straw or head is lost. Cotton-stalks are burned for fuel; trees dug up by the roots and sold by the pound, as in China. Even the animal manures are carefully dried and transported on donkeys to market, driven by the poor women, who, like the little brutes they follow, are very degraded. Often the poor Hindoos are compelled from necessity to use these dried cakes for cooking, and cremation of their dead. A woman and a donkey stand on the same level in India.

Messrs. Cummings and Ashford, of the East India Railway Company, inform me they pay their hands each four to five rupees per month, the hands finding themselves. Mechanics get eight to ten rupees per month, while labor for making cotton receives only two annas by the village, six cents each a day for women, and children four cents, finding themselves. They say white mustard is sown with wheat to prevent rust in Northern India.

I met Mr. Burgess, a most interesting English indigo-planter, who has spent many years with the Hindoos, living alone with them in their villages. He speaks Bengalee fluently. From his account the nobility, native princes (rajahs), and the railroads own most of the lands in his section, which are all cultivated by bullocks. As soon as the rains begin in May or June the land is broken and sown

in drills, or broadcast. In this way three crops of linseed, mustard, and gram are produced in one year, being cultivated by villages. The rajah who owns the land rents to the ryot, who sub-lets it to the village. A bigah of land is equal to one-third of an acre, and fifteen thousand bigahs, or five thousand acres, is the usual amount of land cultivated by a village. It costs for rent one rupee and four annas per acre (sixty-two and a half cents). An additional tax of two pice, or nearly one cent, is levied on each hand for working public roads.

Mr. Burgess confirms all I had heard of caste among these strange people. He observed a low caste Hindoo one day pass near by a high caste man cooking his dinner. Unfortunately the shadow of the low caste man fell on the pot. It was immediately emptied of its contents, as those vegetables were everlastingly ruined. They will not drink out of or eat from any vessel used by a lower caste than themselves.

Mr. Burgess had witnessed many a burial. The Hindoo selects a river-bank, if a stream is near. The hands of the dead man are first bent backward and tied, the body is then placed on a raised platform upon a pile of fagots, or wood. A little ghee, or butter, is poured over the corpse, which hastens the cremation. If yellow fever or small-pox is epidemic, the victim is always hurried away a little before death and placed upright first in a deep hole dug in the ground—is never allowed to die in the house. In all the cities they have burning ghats.

Mr. Burgess says all his girls are engaged to be married. They tie a little red string around their necks to indicate their engagements. They all wear them. If a Hindoo makes five rupees a month he will save three. If a Mohammedan earns three he will spend six. The Hindoos are vegetarians; the Mohammedans eat meat, and are the aggressive race of India.

Doing penance is an ancient custom among the Hindoos. It is a frightful form of punishment. For illustration: If a Hindoo neglects his cow and she dies, he must do penance. The priest says: "You must go to a temple a thousand miles away. Every step must be measured." To do this the poor criminal is furnished a stick to measure the length of his arm when he has thrown his body prostrate on the ground. Rising and placing his feet at the distance measured, he throws himself again full-length upon his face and hands until he reaches—if ever he does—the pagoda, where he will obtain forgiveness. He is fed along the way. But very few ever reach their destination.

I always imagined a jungle in India an impenetrable swamp, full of tigers, lions, cobras, and elephants. I never more can be mistaken. Any waste land here is called a jungle. It need not have a tree or swamp on it. A jungle is associated with the wild boars which the Englishman is so fond of hunting. This sport occurs in mango-time, when the boars are very tender and sweet, but are mostly hunted in our winter months as well. The sport is called "pig sticking." It is the passion of the English gentry; and even their ladies, I believe, often follow in the exciting chase. This wild hog is a native of India. When he is hunted the natives are employed to drive him out of the scrub of grass, or jungle, when the exciting pursuit on horseback begins. The boar, vigorously pursued, soon turns upon his enemy in a hand-to-hand engagement. If the pig is stuck, that is the end of it; but if the sportsman misses his deadly aim, the savage animal may cut down his horse to the ground by a single stroke of his monstrous tusk. I presume the sportsman then would be *non inventus est*.

The pack-animals used in India are the buffalo, ox, camel, donkey, with an occasional mule switched into the pro-

cession. The last is very rare. The donkeys, like those of Jaffa, are of a very small species. Some of them must be less than three feet high. And yet, like the ox and buffalo, they bear their proportionate heavy burden. They water the streets in Bombay by oxen, from enormous leather sacks suspended from their backs on either side. I think the water must be poured in on top of their backs. A man walks along-side with his hand on the neck of the sack, which he flirts about, slackening his grip to shoot a jet out on the dusty street. This seems to answer the purpose about as well as a donkey does for a street-car in Cairo.

The native carts look as odd as their variety is great. The camel-wagons, on low wheels, with bottom story for freight and upper story for passengers, are a singular combination of incongruities. Then you see the old-fashioned truck-wheel, such as I used to saw off of a log and bore a hole through the center when I was a boy. I have seen another jaunty little two-wheeler with a long pair of shafts for a pony, with a body of bamboo, and seat built over the axle. Sometimes the work on this turnout is quite elaborate, but I think they ought to sell by the dozen at seventy-five dollars.

Bishop Marvin has so well described that odd creature, that contradiction of nature called the camel, I must give him credit for the following account. It is capital:

Of all dumb brutes I have ever seen the camel is the most unshapely. With his long hind legs, barely tacked to his body; the hump on his back like a hideous deformity; his little, long, round neck, taking a start downward and then turning up as if drawn by a convulsion; the two straight fore legs set under the chest like stilts—he stands before you in an apologetic attitude, as if he were asking pardon of the universe for having been obtruded upon it. Add to this the miserable head, set on the upturned end of

the neck, with the facial line from the ear to the unhappy-looking nostrils level with the horizon, looking like a statue of misery, a mute, perpetual appeal for pity, and you have the ideal of ugly standing before you eight feet high.

We pass near Golconda. Who has not heard of its fame and priceless treasure? It is situated in Hyderabad (Deccan), and is famous for its old fort, in which the treasure of State is deposited. The Presidency, in 1881, boasted of ninety-one million souls. There are two clubs—civil and military—and a small hotel here. I defy a whole village to pronounce the name of the Rajah. It is enough to paralyze a large community. Here is his card: Muzaffar-ul-Mumalik Nizam-ul-Mulk-Nizam-nd-Dowlah, Nawab Mir Mahhub Ab Khan Bahadur, Fateh Jung. "O carry me home to die!" We will change his name. Let us call him Ned Brace, or Bill Arp. He was appointed last year by Governor-general Ripon to succeed some other Rajah who had died. I suppose his name was the death of him. The prospect seems good for another funeral soon.

A little presence of mind is absolutely essential to travel through India. The safest way is to say "Good-day" and pass on. This country abounds in marvels. The following illustration of a statue in stone, seen along the banks of some rivers in the Deccan, demonstrates the stupidity of the idol-worship. These images are cut out of solid rock and erected by wealthy natives upon a platform three or four feet in height—representatives of the sun god, I suppose. A tripod of sticks is arranged with a porous vessel above, through which water drops slowly, upon the divinity to prevent sun-stroke. You will observe about these curious structures a man who is paid \$2.50 a month for keeping the bottles filled with water. There was once a temple erected to the god of murders, called Kali, still standing on a hill near the city of Mirzapoor, already described, where the Thugs



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once made their offerings to appease the wrath of this divinity for some horrible murder they would commit, first tumbling their victim in the Ganges. It is one of the two temples of the kind now standing in India. The English long since hunted down the last Thug in the country, and human life is as well protected here as in any part of the world.



AFRAID OF SUN-STROKE.

Resuming our journey to Calcutta, we pass rapidly through the lower part of Bengal, which appears to be devoted exclusively to rice-growing. Cocoa-nuts and monkeys abound, and we are conscious, too, of the presence of the tiger, which this province has made famous the world over. They are hunted by the natives in the silent, distant

jungles for their skins and the reward offered by the Government.

The prevailing food of the Bengalese is rice, which sells for one to two cents per pound. Fruit and vegetables are largely consumed by the natives. They cook the rice dry, and all the family eat out of the same bowl. At night they spread down their mats on the dirt floor, and all sleep together. If they have company, or one of the daughters has just married, they are assigned places in the corner of the room. They have wraps and blankets sewed up like a bag at one end, into which each one puts his or her feet, pulling the other end over their heads and ears, often out of sight. They have no wash-bowls, towels, or soap, for the water is generally poured on the hands. I observed many brick-yards on the way, the women, as usual, molding the brick and bearing them on their heads to the yard to dry. It was late at night before our long train drew its great length under the magnificent station-house in Howrah. Our journey was ended.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ARRIVAL IN CALCUTTA—THE GREAT EASTERN HOTEL
AND MY MORNING'S PAPER—DESCRIPTION—SUDDEN
DEPARTURE.

HOWRAH is in the suburbs of Calcutta, several miles distant from the Great Eastern Hotel, to which I hurried in a gharry across the river Hoogly. The night was dark and rainy, relieved by the occasional flash of a lamp that flickered on the way. Ascending a labyrinth of staircases, I could discover neither office nor landlord. I looked down the vista of retreating aisles that radiated from the great rotunda. They were filled with naked coolies, lying

prostrate on their backs, whose moving feet up and down resembled the walking-beams of a ship in motion. These were the punka-wallers, moving the ventilating fans inside by a cord held tight between the large and second toes, that worked in a little pulley overhead. Half of these coolies, like their masters in the rooms, were fast asleep. Others were making spasmodic strokes.



WORKING THE PUNKA STANDING UP.

Since I landed in Egypt, following the equatorial belt around, I have been more persuaded of the material as well as the spiritual importance of frequent ablutions. If a bath was indispensable to comfort in Egypt, it becomes an absolute necessity in India. No wonder the Hindoo spends his happiest hours on the banks of his sacred rivers. As for me, I should prefer a traveling ice-house in India. I enjoyed a glorious bath in this roasting climate last night, before retiring to bed, in the sweetest solitude imaginable. There was nothing visible except the bath, soap, and towels. There was not a wave of sound that swept my ear except

the stroke of the punka-coolie, and that did not wake the chirping cricket. I stole quietly away to my sweet, luscious couch, which consisted of a sheet, a pillow, and a mosquito-bar. Why, the very thought of a gossamer curtain would have oppressed me, with the thermometer as high as the Himalayas!

The following morning I was aroused with a stupefied sense of unconsciousness. I heard something—it was a confused articulation of sounds that woke the stillness of my ear. It was the newsman with an English paper. As I unfolded the journal the first article my eye rested upon was an editorial. It read as follows :

“We are pained to announce the fearful ravages of small-pox, yellow fever, and the unprecedented mortality from cholera in Howrah—four hundred and fifty-six deaths in twenty-four hours.”

“Jerusalem and Jericho! I am a ruined community—an orphan in a foreign land.”

Rushing to the window I shouted at the retreating Hindoo: “Hold on here, Colonel, one minute, please! For Heaven’s sake, tell me quickly, where is Howrah? Four hundred and fifty-six in twenty-four hours! Desolation and everlasting ruin! It seems like it will destroy the oldest inhabitant.”

“Well, master, which way did you come last night? By steamer or railroad?”

“Well, yes, exactly; precisely so; by the East India Railroad from Benares, I suppose,” replying hesitatingly.

“Jes so, master; you came right through Howrah.”

“My sainted grandfather!”

“Yes, master; dying by the thousands in Howrah. The whole atmosphere is contaminated.”

Elijah and the prophets! It seemed that every bone in me began to ache at once. I felt most uncomfortable all

over—my arm fell almost paralyzed by my side. There was a general demoralization of the physical and moral forces, so to speak. I then concluded, perhaps, to take another bath; perhaps to escape to Dargeeling, or Mount Everest, whose snowy summits rested in the clouds. I then decided to take breakfast.

I walked down the spacious hall and entered the vestibule. As I approached the grand saloon a half dozen Hindoos beckoned me with snowy robes into luxurious seats. The table groaned under its burden of delicious fruits and every conceivable viand. The entire saloon appeared one vast conservatory of beautiful flowers. The choicest fruits of India, the crispest salads, and lettuce from perennial gardens; savory mutton and joints of the juiciest roasts of beef, with fish, eggs, game, and poultry—delicious bread and butter, flashed before me. On either side the long tables sat, in dignified reserve, the titled Englishman, with his queenly lady, and almost a hundred other persons of distingué appearance. On my right was a cynical old Scotchman, with polished manners and dignity that would have betrayed the elegant life and culture of Ben Jonson's times. I wanted to say something. I desired to inquire about the health of Calcutta. It seemed no possible circumstance, by way of introduction, would suggest the subject. Finally, I ventured to ask the price of bagging. I remembered that the gunny-cloth and jute with which we baled our cotton crop in Georgia came from Calcutta. He was probably a bagging merchant, a colonel or general in the army. I addressed him as Colonel. He begged my pardon, and declared that was not his title. I remonstrated with him. I tried General. He persisted in declining all honors. Had he been a Georgian I would have kindled in his bosom the liveliest enthusiasm. But he declared he preferred to be called Mister. He was a very curious man.

I began by inquiring in a delicate way about the sanitary condition of Calcutta. He replied it was never better. I called his attention to the paragraph in the morning's paper. "O wa'all," he says, "there are a few spasmodic cases of cholera, but it amounts to nathing. It is confined to the natives in Howrah. We Europeans hardly ever have it. Do n't be alarmed, my friend. Be just a little careful, perhaps, about Howrah."

But, says I, I am alarmed. I feel like the spirit of a stampede is upon me—a rout, a riot. I should escape in a balloon in three minutes if I had a provocation. Four hundred and fifty-six in twenty-four hours! You are a very conservative class—you Europeans. Where is the Black Hole of Calcutta? I shall take a gharry for a steam-ship office, directly, and I do n't care to go about that locality."

"O," replied the Colonel, "that is filled up years ago. There is a beautiful monument, probably, on the spot now near the post-office building."

Do you know, then, of a steam-ship leaving Calcutta this morning—in the next half hour? It does not matter where. China, Japan, Australia, Europe, America; no, it is not possible to ever see America again. I had better try some country in which I can enjoy a Christian burial. I do n't care to be burned, or placed in the silent tower, or left in a Mohammedan grave-yard, where the jackals of India would exhume my bones.

I employed a guide and gharry and hurried down to the Messageries steam-ship office. Frenchman: "Very sorry; we have no ship in ten days." Then to Apcar & Co., the great opium agents—two vessels just gone to China. I lost a good deal of time inquiring about the direction of Howrah. But presently we drove up in front of the Peninsular and Oriental (English) steam-ship office—the P. and O. line. We hurried up the stone steps to the second story of a mag-

nificent building, down a broad aisle into spacious offices, where the punkas were in full swing.

“Good-morning, sir; what can I do for you?” inquired the courteous old gentleman who was engaged in writing.

“Have you a vessel leaving soon?”

“Yes, sir; to-morrow morning at five sharp, for Colombo.”

“Give me passage, please, to China.”

“I am very sorry, sir; we are quite full.”

“It does not matter, I am going. Deck or the smoke-stack, it does not matter.” The old gentleman was evidently amused when I related my story to him. I secured a cabin ticket to Hong Kong.

Calcutta has been called the city of palaces, from the many splendid structures (English) to be seen on its great thoroughfares. The back streets are narrow enough, presenting unsightly rows of two-story wooden frame houses, in which the natives live above and carry on their manufactures and trade below.

Calcutta is the second largest city in India, containing a half million population, while Bombay numbers fully eight hundred thousand inhabitants. It is the principal seat of government during our winter months, but in the summer the Governor, with all his records and aids-de-camp, moves up the country to Simla to pass the hot season. Few people except natives walk in Calcutta. I found the thermometer one hundred, or over, here in April. The natives ride in palanquins borne on the shoulders of two men. I prefer the gharry—one-horse carriage—when cholera is about. It looks more like business. The Hindoos work in brass, ivory, wood, bone clay, and stone. The finest embroidery is done by hand here, as in Delhi. We saw a number of their bazaars, and found their salesmen more importuning to sell their goods than we had even seen at Agra or Delhi. I found many pretty works of art, made of sandal-wood and

richly carved, with a delicious scent this aromatic wood gives out.

The bathing ghat and the burning ghat are located close on the banks of the Hoogly near by, which is one of the numerous mouths of the Ganges. I saw hundreds of men and women in bathing, and the barber-shops lively on shore.

No one can look at the Hindoo mode of burial without a feeling of horror. They have long poles with which they punch up the fire once in awhile. It is surprising to see what little time and small quantity of wood are required in the cremation of a single body. I have no doubt a Hindoo would be equally shocked at our mode of interring the body in the ground and leaving it to decay.

India has been ruled by many wise as well as tyrannical men. Among this number we may mention the names of Lord Cornwallis, Lord Clive, and Warren Hastings. Lord Cornwallis's fame rose as high here as it fell at Yorktown. The town-hall presents many striking portraits and statues of distinguished men. It is one of the grandest public buildings in Calcutta. If you will compare the pictures of the Hindoos in this collection, you must at once be struck with the strong analogy they bear in feature to those of the Caucasian race proper. If his skin was only white the Hindoo, with his Grecian or aquiline nose, would be almost a perfect type of the Indo-European race, or Aryan, as you may term it.

The Botanical Gardens—originated in 1786, while the East India Company was yet in power—contain two hundred and seventy-two acres, beautifully laid off with walks and broad avenues of palm-trees. Through this garden (experimental) cinchona and tea were first introduced into India. It contains a great variety of native shrubs and flowers, and many exotics from other countries. Here the wide-spreading banyan-tree, with its hundreds of aerial

roots, resembling strings dangling in the air from extended limbs seventy feet long, is to be seen in its native climate. When once these roots touch the ground, small at first as they enter it, they begin to grow, and in a few years become trees. We see a great variety of finer woods here, such as asoke, mahogany, peepul, etc. A monument to Gen. Kid, the founder of the garden, is conspicuous for its beauty and position. I walked through the Eden Gardens, named in honor of two ladies, Misses Eden, that were charmingly beautiful.

We meet thousands of Hindoos throughout India with white and red chalk-marks running horizontally and vertically on their foreheads to denote they have been to the temple that day and have received a blessing from the priest.

I did not have time to see the temple of Kali Ghat, just outside the city, where the wife of the murder god, we noticed near Mirzapoor, is worshiped. She is represented as holding an uplifted sword in one hand ready to decapitate some poor victim, while her bloody tongue is hanging out. I presume there was not much domestic felicity in a family where there was so much tongue.

Most amusing scenes are witnessed at the market that fronts on four streets. It is a truly grand structure. All the meats and vegetables of Europe and America are offered for sale, with a fine supply of fish. But what interests you most is to see everybody on "the squat," and hear everybody shouting in his curious jargon. They have stalls for first, second, and third class beef. I thought of my man at Reware, with his second-class coffee. If he and this third-class steak man could strike a bargain, what an exhaustive business firm it would make!

In 1770 no less than thirty millions of people perished in the Valley of the Ganges from famine. In 1866 nearly one million starved to death in Orissa and Southern India.

But the Government now, by a system of railroads from the interior and steam navigation along the coast, is enabled to relieve almost any suffering of this kind.

I find the American missionary work was begun here as early as the year 1828. The Catholics were established at Goa, which is still the center of their operations in India, one hundred years or more before this period. They have always realized eminent success because "they gratified the native taste for ceremony and display." The entire Bible has been translated into fourteen different languages and dialects of India. In Calcutta, as well as in other parts of India, there is a great desire among the natives, both Hindoos and Mohammedans, to study English. Many large schools, under missionary influence and the Government, are in successful operation. The zenanas are now easily reached by the missionary women, and much good work and many conversions are crowning their efforts. There is the school of useful arts and others I cannot mention. Some intelligent natives who renounce idolatry become Deists, or Pantheists, rather than Christians, I have seen stated. This class read the works of John Stuart Mill, Theodore Parker, and others, according to Mr. Coffin.

Women afflicted with devils kneel before an image and cross while the priest relieves them of their wicked spirits by plucking out handfuls of hair. Sometimes six, eight, and even twelve devils are got rid of in this way.

If I had time I would visit the Dargeeling hills—one hundred and ninety-eight miles, or twenty-four hours, from here—to enjoy a view of the snow-clad Himalayas. Mrs. Ballantyne, of Bombay, the wife of my friend, is spending the summer on their beautiful slopes, seven thousand feet above the sea. Dargeeling is reached by a circular railroad from the plain below, said to be the most marvelous piece of engineering in the world. Ten thousand feet above Dar-

geeling is Kinchenjunga, and twelve thousand feet still higher rises Mount Everest, the loftiest peak on the globe.

It was quite two o'clock before I returned to the Great Eastern "for tiffin." I made my toilet hastily and hurried into the saloon, hoping to find the Colonel dining. I had heard more news of the most damaging character. Well, turning the joke on me, as I approached he casually remarked: "What is the latest, Colonel? What have you heard since breakfast?"

"Pardon me, please, Mister; I have some very unfavorable intelligence to communicate."

I was pretty sure now he was a bagging merchant. As for myself, I cherished a worthy pride in the exalted title he had given me. I remembered once I was a colonel in the Georgia militia, and the bloody fields of battle I had waded through. O the martial spirit was upon me!

"And you have heard something rambling around the city, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I heard the proprietor of this hotel died the other day from cholera!"

"O yes, Colonel; it was a little unfortunate, poor fellow!"

"Well," says I, with a determined look, "that's not all. I heard the gentleman sitting next to you at this table ate a hearty dinner a day or two ago, went into that room (pointing my finger) to play a game of billiards, and in fifteen minutes was a corpse—stricken with cholera."

"O yes, Colonel; there are occasional instances now and then—a few spasmodic cases."

"Well," says I, "I leave Calcutta. Good-by! farewell! adieu!"

As I hurried down to the great steam-ship "Kaiser I. Hind," you might have heard a low voice mumbling, "Four hundred and fifty-six in twenty-four hours!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LEAVING CALCUTTA FOR COLOMBO, CEYLON—MEETING SIR JOHN SINCLAIR—WE BECOME COMPANIONS—THE MARRIAGE AND CELEBRATION OF HIS BIRTHDAY IN SCOTLAND.

THE sun was setting on New Orleans but rising on Calcutta as we drifted down the Hoogly River past the beautiful gardens of the exiled King of Oude. His palace is in full view, and his gardens are famed for their rare collection of flowers and display of animals. The old king lives in Oriental magnificence, with as many wives as he wants, on the pension allowed him by the Government, which is said to be two laks of rupees, or one hundred thousand dollars, a year. The screaming kites—the scavengers of the city—and stately adjutant cranes, as tall as a man, were flying over or sitting in lofty reserve on the housetops, while elephants and Hindoos were bathing in the river, and monkeys chattered in the trees along its banks, until Calcutta had faded from our view. We saw evidences of a great cyclone that swept up the coast a few years ago, destroying an immense deal of property and two hundred thousand lives. A large ship, or boat, was blown some distance out on shore. These storms move in an opposite direction from what they do with us, but probably the same causes produce them. They occur between the monsoons during the gradual change of these winds. Soon after leaving Calcutta the old fort, with its bristling cannons, appeared, where the East India Company, two hundred years ago, first established its power in India. Fifty miles below the city perhaps, we pass Diamond Harbor, connected with Calcutta by wire and rail; but soon all land disappears.

Among our large passenger list was a handsome, dignified young fellow of much culture and most agreeable man-

ners. His distingué appearance attracted a good deal of comment on board when it was known a young nobleman, Sir John R. G. Sinclair, of Caithness, Scotland, eighth Baronet of Dunbeath, Barrock House, was one among us. Sir John had been the guest of the Maharajah in Katia-wa for several months past. His illustrious father, who had served as a gallant soldier in the Indian army, was buried at Jeypore. His ancestry and clan were among the most honored and historic in Scotland. The "young Laird of Barrock" was on a voyage around the world. His companionship henceforth was to lend a new charm to the dreary waste of ocean and the jolly rounds of my pleasure on the shore. We became mutually good friends, like Horace and Mæcenas, sharing each other's companionship and joys (we had no sorrows) in every land and on every sea, until cruel fate had parted us at the Palmer House in Chicago. It is a stupid thing to travel by one's self.

Since leaving home two months and a half had gone with no kindred spirit to cheer me when alone. I had depended on my guides and the few Englishmen or Americans I had chanced to meet, for an interchange even of opinions. In future, then, the pronoun "we" will include my distinguished companion whom I have introduced.

In this connection I trust I will be pardoned for alluding here to two of the happiest events that have occurred in the young life of my friend since his return from the eventful voyage we had partly made together. From the *John O' Groat Journal*, published at Wick, Scotland, I am pleased to learn of his happy marriage to one of Edinburgh's most celebrated beauties. This brilliant event occurred January 7, 1885, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, the notice of which I have copied from that journal:

MARRIAGE.—At St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, on the 7th inst., by the Bishop of Edinburgh and the Rev. Canon Sellar,

M.A., Sir John Rose George Sinclair, eighth Baronet of Dunbeath, Barrock House, Caithnessshire, to Edith, only daughter of Lieutenant-colonel Dunbar (H.P. 24th regiment), one of H.M.'s Gentlemen-at-arms, and granddaughter of the late Colonel Geddes, C.B., of 52, George Square, Edinburgh.

The Earl of Caithness, as chief of the Sinclair clan, acted as best man. He was attired in full Highland costume, as were also the bridegroom and several of the guests. The most lovely bride was attired in white brocade and satin trimmed with lace, and her ornaments consisted entirely of diamonds and pearls. The bridesmaids, who were eight in number, were each dressed alike in cream brocade trimmed with fur, and high-crowned hats of cream velvet with coral feathers. Each wore gold double horseshoe bangles and silver cairngorm staghorn brooches fastening a piece of gauze—the badge of the Sinclairs—and carried magnificent bouquets, all being the gifts of the bridegroom. The decorations of the church, the swelling peals from the organ, the presents, which were of the most costly description, constituted the event one of the most notable that had ever occurred in Edinburgh.

On the 10th day of August succeeding, another memorable event was celebrated—hardly less happy in its associations than the one to which I have alluded. On the day mentioned the young baronet reached his majority, which was celebrated at a dinner-party given to his tenantry. The occasion brought together the illustrious descendants and friends of “Barrock House” to welcome Sir John to his inheritance. The tenants of the estate, in testimony of their love and high appreciation of the “Laird and Lady of Barrock,” made a presentation of a beautifully carved silver tray, which was to have been presented at their marriage. About two hundred of the tenants, with their wives and families, filed in the gate under a banner waving above

them inscribed with the motto, "Welcome." The strains of the bagpipe, played by Mr. Sinclair Gair, was suggestive of a truly Highland welcome, without the hills. The invited guests belonged to the nobility and other distinguished walks of life. I present a few of the toasts delivered at this dinner, and regret that only distance prevented my acceptance of Sir John's invitation to be present on one of these happy occasions.

Mr. James Laurie Howe commenced the proceedings. He said: "Sir John and Lady Sinclair, I may say that the greater part of our life-time here is brightened by hope and looking to the future. Our own youthful years are much taken up in this exercise, and I have no doubt but you, Sir John, also have been looking forward with pleasure to this time—namely, coming to your majority [cheers]; and she who is the keystone of the whole arch is your beautiful and amiable wife, Lady Sinclair. [Loud cheers.] Our Scotch poet says the man without a wife is no better than an ass. [Laughter and applause.] Your tenants on Barrock estates resolved to share in your joys on this memorable day. [Cheers.] They know well that your interests as a landlord and theirs are so closely connected that you may well be compared to one family [loud cheers]; and we unitedly wished to give expression to our loyalty and good wishes to you, our young chief, and your accomplished lady on this occasion by presenting you with a piece of silver plate. [Cheers.] I now call upon Mr. Mowat to present this gift to you."

Lady Sinclair, on viewing the handsome piece of plate, remarked: "It is just perfectly magnificent. Nothing could be more beautiful. It is so good of you."

Sir John Sinclair then said: "In returning thanks for your address and your most beautiful tray, my wife and I wish to express how deeply we feel the affection and inter-

est which have prompted such a magnificent gift. I can assure you this is the second happiest day of my life. Of course the happiest was when I won my wife. [Loud applause.] It gives me unbounded pleasure to know that the affection which existed for my grandfather still exists for me; and I enter on my new duties with confidence that I shall always have your support. [Applause.] The tray is one of the handsomest pieces I have ever seen. During my life it will be a constant object of pride to me, and will go down as an heir-loom, proving your generosity and goodwill." [Loud applause.]

After presentation of the plate the dinner was announced, with Sir John Sinclair as chairman. Prayer was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Macpherson.

The Chairman (Sir John Sinclair) proceeded to give the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were duly honored. The Queen, of course, came first; Sir John remarking that Her Majesty showed her love for her Scotch subjects by living so much amongst them. In giving the toast of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the royal family, special reference was made to the Princess Beatrice, for whom much happiness was wished in her married state.

The Chairman: "The next toast I have to propose is 'the Army and Navy and Auxiliary Forces,' coupled with the name of General Burroughs. [Cheers.] There is no toast that should be received better, as we are all proud of the army, especially after their recent gallant campaign, which will always form a chapter in the glorious annals of their exploits. [Cheers.] Through hardships, dangers, a bad climate, against a fanatical foe, they went on true to their motto, that a Briton never fails in his duty. [Loud cheers.] The navy too, for though the ships are changed from wood to iron, the material of the men is the same, and the British tar is the glory of our island home. [Cheers.] The

auxiliary forces we must all be proud of, for they are the movement of the nation coming forward to protect what they hold dearest—their homes and their liberty. [Cheers.] I cannot couple a more suitable person with this toast than my relation, General Burroughs, who has earned distinction in many a hard-fought field, and for most signal gallantry was recommended for the Victoria Cross." [Loud cheers.]

General Burroughs, in reply, said: "Sir John Sinclair, ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of the British armaments—the Navy, the Army, and the Reserve Forces—I thank you for the cordial manner of your response to the toast in their honor. The county of Caithness has ever contributed largely to these forces, and Caithnessmen have contributed greatly to the victories they have gained. [Cheers.] In my own experience in a service of twenty-five years in the ninety-third regiment, the Sutherland Highlanders—a regiment in which, in my day, there were always a great many Caithnessmen—I can certify to the men of Caithness being second to none as good soldiers of our Queen. [Cheers.] I ever found them calm and cool and courageous in battle and in danger, and ever cheerful and willing and stanch and well-conducted in doing their duty at all times. [Renewed cheering.] When I think of my old friends and comrades-in-arms who belonged to Caithness, memory recalls to my mind the name of your neighbor, Colonel Wm. Macdonald, of Sandside [cheers], who was killed by cholera whilst in command of the ninety-third Highlanders at Peshawur, in India. I think of three Caithnessmen who rose to be sergeant-majors of the regiment—viz., Sergeant-major Ross, Sergeant-major Manson, and Sergeant-major Taylor. [Cheers.] The last was killed in battle at Lucknow; and I think of many others who shared the same fate. I am happy, however, to know that many

If my old comrades-in-arms are still alive and well, and living honored and respected in your midst. There is my old friend Color-sergeant Ross at Reay, who taught me my drill as an Ensign; there is Color-sergeant Sorrie at Thurso, Sergeant Coull at Wick, and many others scattered through this county. [Cheers.] But when I look upon the stalwart chieftains around me [laughter and applause], I see worthy successors of those that have gone before them; and I for one would be sorry to be the enemy opposed to Sir John Sinclair, backed by the sons of those who followed his ancestors of old [cheers], and who have come here this day loyally to welcome their young landlord on succeeding to the estates which have been held by his family since the history of Caithness was first written. [Applause.] I sincerely unite with you all in wishing Sir John and Lady Sinclair a long and useful life amongst you, and to you all happiness and prosperity." [Loud cheers.]

General Burroughs again rose, and in appropriate terms proposed "the Church of Scotland in all its denominations," coupled with the Rev. Mr. Macpherson. [Cheers.] Some of them, the General said, were traveling by different roads, but he hoped all were going to the same goal. [Cheers.]

The Rev. Mr. Macpherson indorsed this sentiment in his reply. He added that he was sorry that so much sectarian feeling existed, and he hoped in the future they would go hand in hand, helping each other in every good work. [Cheers.] For his own part he made it a principle to do good to every person he came in contact with, whatever Church he belonged to. [Cheers.]

Bailie Sinclair, Wick, said he had been asked to propose a toast which he was sure all present would receive with enthusiasm. It was the health of Sir John and Lady Sinclair. [Loud cheers.] Caithness, he said, had cause to be

proud of its proprietors, and the proprietors had also reason to be proud of their tenants; and he was sure a more happy family of proprietors and tenants than that which had met together there that afternoon was not to be found in Scotland. [Cheers.] There was no name in Scotland which stood out so prominently as that of Sinclair. [Laughter and applause.] From earliest history they found that honors were conferred by the Crown on distinguished men of that name, and honors were conferred upon them still. From earliest history, also, members of the Sinclair family were foremost in defending their country; and only the other day we had a noble example of one of them forsaking the comforts of home, gallantly following Lord Wolseley in the Soudan [cheers], and taking part in all the perils of that memorable campaign on the Nile. He need not say that he referred to Mr. Clarence Sinclair of Ulbster. [Loud cheers.] And the Sinclairs had not won laurels on the battle-field only, but they had such examples as those of Sir William Sinclair, of Dunbeath, and members of the Ulbster family, who had labored to instill into men's minds the principles of the glorious gospel—guiding them not only in the paths of morality, but showing them the way to reach the higher life. [Applause.] Bailie Sinclair proceeded to refer to the eminence attained in the arts and sciences, and as promoters of agriculture, by such men as the late Earl of Caithness, Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, the late Sir John Sinclair of Dunbeath, the late Mr. Traill, the late Sir George Dunbar, and last, though not least, the present enterprising Laird of Stemster. [Applause.] People might wonder what brought him (Bailie Sinclair) amongst them that day, but he was happy to say that he too was a tenant on the Barrock estate, and he was there to rejoice with the other tenants in the attainment by Sir John of his majority, and to show the respect which they had for the Baronet

and his amiable lady. [Applause.] Let them aid him in his struggles, rejoice with him in his successes, and with one voice say, "May God bless them both!" [Loud cheers.] If Sir John followed in the footsteps of his forefathers, as he gave every promise of doing, he would be an eminent man in the county, and encourage his tenants in the way of progress. [Cheers.] The late Sir John Sinclair had done valuable work in improving his estate, and the work in which he was engaged was well carried on by those in whose hands the management of affairs was left. [Cheers.] Bailie Sinclair concluded by giving the health of Sir John and Lady Sinclair, and wishing for them every blessing. The toast was drank to amid vociferous cheering.

Sir John Sinclair, in returning thanks, said: "In rising to return thanks for the hearty manner in which you have drank my health and that of my wife, I must first say how pleased I am to see you all present, and how much I value the warm expression of your feelings toward me. [Cheers.] I must again reiterate that this is one of the happiest days in my life, and I only trust that these feelings may never cease to exist. [Renewed cheering.] I have followed my grandfather's steps, and married and settled here early in life [cheers]; and his interests will be mine. Coöperation, to my mind, solves every problem; and if it is to be a long pull, at least let it be a pull all together [cheers], and then I have no fear for our mutual happiness and welfare." [Loud applause.]

Sir John Sinclair, in replying for his mother, said that she held the opinion that every British woman, as well as every British man, should do her duty. [Cheers.] His mother had always endeavored to do her duty, and he believed she had succeeded. [Loud cheers.]

Mr. Henderson, of Stemster, proposed the health of Sir Tollemache Sinclair, member of Parliament of the county.

[Cheers.] Sir Tollemache had represented the county for many years, and he had been most painstaking and faithful in the discharge of his duties. They would all agree with him that no man could be more attentive to the interests of the county than Sir Tollemache always showed himself to be. [Cheers.]

Mr. Clarence Sinclair, on rising to reply, was received with applause. He said: "Sir John Sinclair, ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of my father I beg to thank you most cordially for the kind manner in which his health has been proposed by Mr. Henderson, and for the hearty way in which you have received the toast. I am sure he sincerely regrets his inability to be present on this festive occasion, and to offer personally his congratulations to your most deservedly popular young Laird on his attaining his majority, but ill health has compelled him to go abroad to a more genial climate to recruit his health after the arduous labors of the Parliamentary session. For, gentlemen, I can assure you that the position of a conscientious member of Parliament nowadays is by no means a sinecure, and the late hours and worries and anxieties tell severely on anybody, more especially on an elderly gentleman when he has reached the shady side of sixty, and may fairly claim a well-earned repose. [Applause.] My father has therefore definitely though regretfully determined to retire from the representation of the county after seventeen years of faithful service, during which time he has endeavored to maintain and uphold your interests to the best of his ability, and to faithfully fulfill the trust committed to his care. [Cheers.] And though he has on all occasions voted according to the dictates of his conscience and irrespective of party, it will at the same time be found on analyzing the votes he has given in Parliament that whenever a measure has been proposed having for its object the elevation and improvement

of the masses of the people, whether by education or otherwise, that measure has always had his cordial coöperation and hearty support. [Loud cheers.] I am sure the people of this county have shown their appreciation of his character in the most emphatic and welcome manner in thrice electing him to represent them. [Cheers.] And I must not forget to thank most gratefully the electors of Barrock for the timely support they gave him on one momentous occasion—I mean the election of 1874—when, had it not been that Barrock and Ulbster stood shoulder to shoulder, as I trust they will always do, I firmly believe the day would have been lost, and we should have had the mortification of being represented, or rather misrepresented, in the councils of the nation by an unknown stranger from the South, having no interests in common with ourselves, and no stake in the county. [Hear, hear, and applause.] I hope the day is far distant when we shall have to go a begging to Glasgow or to London [hear, hear] in search of somebody to represent us in Parliament, and that the interests of this important and enlightened constituency will never be intrusted to anybody but a Caithnessman.” [Loud cheers.]

The Rev. Mr. Macpherson, in proposing the next toast, said Sir John married early, but his sister got married before him. [Laughter and cheers.] They were all delighted when they saw the announcement of her forth-coming marriage, and they were still more delighted when they heard who the happy husband was to be. [Cheers.] He begged to propose “the health of Mr. and Mrs. George Sinclair” [cheers], and he might add that he was glad to think that there was no fear of the Sinclair clan dying out in the county. [Laughter and cheers.] The toast was heartily responded to.

Mr. George Sinclair replied, and said the two happiest

days of his life were intimately connected with Barrock. The first was when, soon after their marriage, his wife was presented with the magnificent bowl, which was the gift of the Barrock tenantry; and the second time was that day, when he and his wife had again received a most cordial welcome. [Cheers.]

The Chairman said: "My next toast is one that I know will be warmly received. It is my guardian, Colonel Learmonth. [Cheers.] You all know the debt of gratitude I owe him. He has stood to me in the place of a father, and I have ever found him the kindest and most indulgent; and his knowledge of the world has been of the greatest help to me. [Cheers.] The moment he heard of our meeting he put every thing on one side and took the long journey from Windsor to be once more amongst us. [Renewed cheering.] You have only to look round, and the property speaks for itself of the many improvements he has introduced and so wisely carried out." [Loud applause.]

Colonel Learmonth said he was delighted to be present that day to see the worthy Laird of Barrock take his proper place in the bosom of his tenantry. [Applause.] He was proud to tell them that their Laird was a young man of the noblest spirit, and of the highest ideas of the duties which a landlord owes to his tenants. [Cheers.] At one time he thought of serving Her Majesty in the army, and so far he was doing so, as he belonged to the militia. But he considered with himself and said: "Here am I about to succeed to important duties in the management of an estate in the North, and I think it better that I should go and study agriculture for myself in order to get insight into that great profession." [Cheers.] And accordingly he did go and study agriculture for awhile, and then it occurred to him and those who advised him that it would be a good thing for him to go and see the world, and thus enlarge his ideas;

and consequently he took a tour round the globe, visiting India, China, Japan, and America. That was a wise and sensible course to chalk out—to trifle life away in follies and vanities, as many a young man might have done, but to prepare himself for the day which had now come. [Cheers.] Now that he (Colonel Learmonth) was going out of office he felt it to be a duty to talk about these matters as he was doing. Furthermore, he thought Sir John took another wise step. He would only ask them to look at Lady Sinclair and say if that step was not a right and wise one. [Loud cheers.] The more people knew Lady Sinclair the more they liked her. She was ready and willing to aid and support her husband, and to do every thing in her power for the good of her people and the happiness of all on the estate. [Cheers.] Nothing could be more gratifying than the presentation which was made that day. The feeling of those who spoke was admirable, and it was evident that what was spoken came from the heart and expressed the sentiments of the united tenantry. [Cheers.] Colonel Learmonth proceeded to say that in the management of the estate—and others were associated with him in the duty—during Sir John's minority, he had two things always in mind: first, that he had to spend other people's money and not his own, and that with due regard to Sir John's interests it was necessary that the improvements so wisely begun should be gone on with. Another and a great object was to try and keep together the tenantry on the estate, so that when this day which they were now enjoying arrived they should see a happy and contented people on the estate. [Cheers.] His (Colonel Learmonth's) reign was now over, and he was thankful that he was permitted to see this happy day in the life of Sir John and Lady Sinclair, with regard to whom he was sure the feeling of every one was, "God bless them both!" [Loud applause.]

Mr. George Sinclair, Thurso Castle, proposed "the royal burgh of Wick." [Applause.] Wick, from its position and its harbor, was the great industrial center of the county, whilst by the importance and extent of its trade it occupied the foremost position of any town north of Inverness. He was happy to think that during the present period of depression Wick was able to hold its own. He begged to couple with the toast the name of Provost Rae. [Cheers.] Provost Rae's name was one which they all knew and respected, and he was a man who had done more for the good of the county of Caithness than it was possible for him (Mr. Sinclair) to tell them. [Cheers.] The Provost was also a man of literary abilities which they all recognized, and he was a man also whom they most sincerely respected. [Loud cheers.]

Mr. Clarence Sinclair, in an interesting speech, proposed "the press," coupled with Mr. Grant, of the *Northern Ensign*, who replied.

Sir John Sinclair proposed, with three times three, the health of Mrs. Nicol, who had purveyed the dinner and done every thing herself in first-rate style. [Cheers.]

Mr. Alex. Sinclair, corn merchant, Wick, proposed "the officials on the estate," coupled with Mr. A. Mackay, Thurso. [Cheers.]

Mr. Mackay replied, and referred to the pleasure which it afforded every one to see the kindly feelings manifested that day between proprietor and tenants. He had been connected with the estate for upward of twenty-four years, and during the earlier part of those years he had seen many striking instances of the deep interest taken by the late Sir John and Lady Sinclair in their tenantry. If every proprietor acted on the same principle and resided among his tenantry, it would be a blessing for the country. [Cheers.]

This concluded the toast-list, and the company then dis-

persed. The whole of the arrangements of the day were excellently carried out, and not a single hitch occurred to mar the enjoyment of the proceedings. The following was the committee of management: Messrs. James Laurie, William Mowat, James Oliphant, John Shearer, John Oliphant, David Nicolson, John Miller, Alex. Mowat, and Francis Reid.

After the presentation of the piece of plate to Sir John and Lady Sinclair, Mr. Johnston, Wick, took a photograph in a group of the family party at Barrock House.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE TO CEYLON—MADRAS.

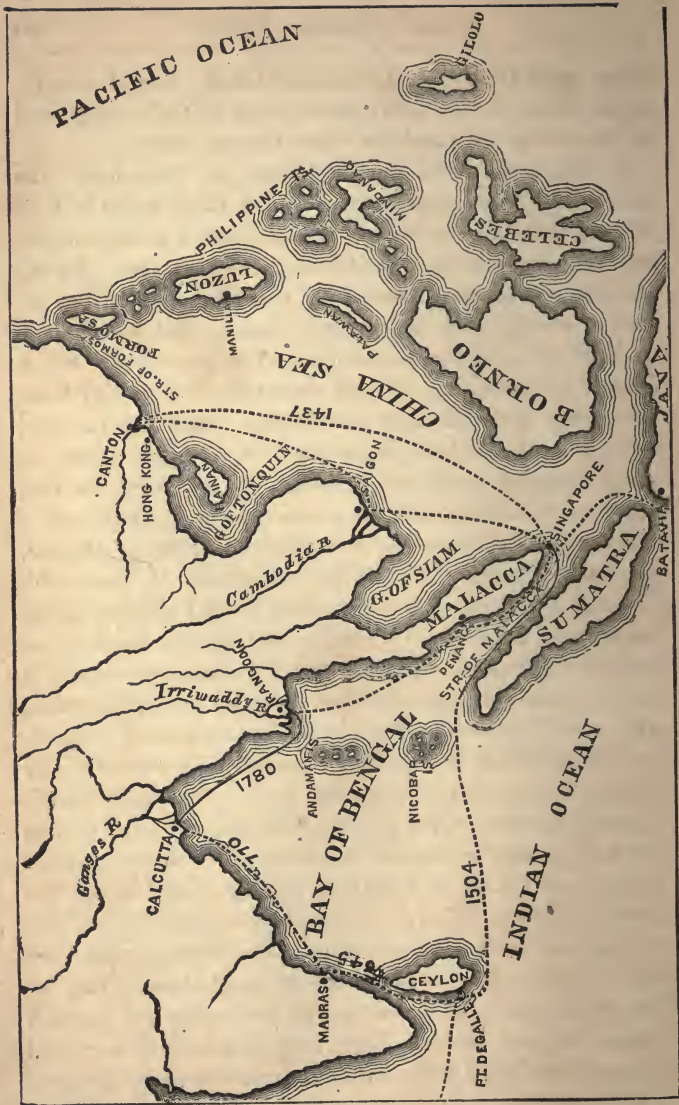
WE are now fairly out on the Bay of Bengal. Our course is nearly due south, toward the equator, running parallel with the peninsular coast of India. It is seven days to Ceylon, and we touch only at the city of Madras in the voyage from Calcutta to Colombo. Everybody is on deck, the weather is perfectly charming, with just a little "sea on," but not enough to prevent the crowded saloons at the regular bells, the merry dancers, or promenaders by moonlight.

We have a bridal party on board, a hundred or more English passengers, bound for home on leave from the military and civil services of India. There are many passengers for Australia too, who have found the Indian climate too debilitating, and are seeking more congenial climes in the colonies across the equator. We have several "Church of England" ministers who conduct religious services on the Sabbath; so we are quite a well-organized community. I have never met a more genial or better cultured class of passengers than I find on the "Kaiser I. Hind." We boast

of the usual dramatic and musical talent; a good library, supplemented by the ship's games, such as quoits, rings, and shuffle-boards, by which the time is passed away.

In the gentlemen's smoking-room, or "stag hall," the rarest fun is sometimes enjoyed. The Englishman is fond of story-telling, as well as adventure, with a creditable faculty for explanation. Speeches, toasts, and card-playing are ruling passions in these social reunions. The ladies are fond of needle-work, embroidery, reading, and the piano—we have a few fine base voices among the gentlemen. When tired of promenading on deck everybody has an easy bamboo chair, in which they can lounge under the graceful awning from the heat of the sun, or at night under the starry dome of a radiant heaven. So you have an idea now how the dreary hours are chased away on shipboard.

After four days steaming we anchor off the city of Madras, the worst landing probably for a large city in the world. The surf is rough, and breaks with fearful violence along the shore. There is no wharf or port, but we have an ingenious method of landing. Every emergency suggests a remedy, and I suppose the long, deep, broad skiff, or boat, we descend into by the ship's ladder answers every purpose. It is constructed of thin boards sewed together with very strong twine. There is not a nail in it. Upon cross-beams, or poles, sat about a dozen naked rowmen, and when we had made a bargain we started for shore. The straits between Dover and Calais is moonlight sailing compared to the mountain waves which we climbed and descended in this strange craft, called the massoola. The distance must have been a mile or more between the ship and shore. Just before we landed our rowers waited for a big wave, which shot us on the beach. Then they folded their oars and jumped overboard, their shoulders reaching as high as the rim of the boat. I dropped myself calmly in the arms of



two of these brawny fellows, who bore me safely to the dry land. I was struck with the flexibility and elasticity of the massoola. It is simply marvelous. No boat constructed with nails could ever stand the raging surf at Madras. But I found another little nondescript here that interested me even more than the massoola. It is a regular didapper. Nothing can sink it, and its name is catamaran. In fact, it is no boat at all; it is simply four logs tied together. I would not call it a pleasure-boat, or even a business craft. It looks too uncertain for either. Let us call it a fishing-boat. I purchased a little model so as to study the genius of the builder. He must have been a living curiosity in his day. The outside logs are about six inches higher than the two central ones. The front looks a trifle more boatish. The rower sits down in the middle, holding the oar about half way, with which he rows first on one side and then on the other, much like the Georgia canoe is navigated in a mill-pond. I have seen the waves break entirely over the catamaran, with the boatman standing undismayed. At times it seemed to have disappeared altogether, and the rower presented the appearance of a man walking on the sea.

The preceding descriptions of cholera in Calcutta and the voyage to Madras appeared in my newspaper correspondence of the Talbotton (Ga.) *New Era*.

Madras is one of the four capital cities, or presidencies, second only to Bombay in population, containing about seven hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. There are no very large cities in India, the population living mostly in villages. They speak a number of dialects, or languages, the people in one province often not being able to understand those in another, as in China. Forty million speak the Hindi, thirty million the Hindoostanee, ten million the Mahratti, twelve million the Tamil, fourteen million the

Telegu, and thirty million the Bengalee. The Tamil and Mahratti are languages of the south, Bengalee the language of the east, the Hindi of the central provinces, and the Hindoostanee the language of Lucknow and Delhi, and upper Valley of the Ganges.

We have been traveling by Madras time for some days. We find the city, like Washington, one of magnificent distances. A fine English hotel fronts on the bay, and a drive in a gharry revealed many beautiful streets, public squares dotted with lakes, fine public buildings, English and native shops on a magnificent scale. Many of the finest houses are built of brick, two or three stories in height. From the number of lights signaled for our ship last night I should conclude Madras to be a city of much commercial importance. The province contains a population of thirty million, with railroad communication across the peninsula with Bombay. There is no particular historical association that makes Madras a place of much interest. She claims the honor, I believe, of sending the gallant Gen. Neill to the relief of Lucknow during the Sepoy rebellion, in which he lost his life. Fort St. George, too, played a conspicuous part in the history of the battle of Plassey, having dispatched Gen. Clive, who won that famous battle almost without a fight, saving the city of Calcutta and deciding the fate of India in 1756. With three thousand men he defeated fifty-five thousand of the enemy. Some of the most fearful famines recorded in the history of India have occurred in remote parts of this province from drought that overwhelmed the land with death and mourning. In 1833 it did not rain at all. The skies looked like brass, and the Government was unable to supply hardly one pound of rice per day to each inhabitant, so great was the suffering. The average rain-fall is about fifty inches, which occurs during the crop or wet monsoon from June to October.

But Burmah and Siam, across the bay by ship, and Bengal by extended lines of railway, will relieve this distressing want in the future.

I had enjoyed the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Dique, the Commissioner to the Calcutta Exposition, just closed on board our ship, who kindly invited me while stopping in Madras to visit the museum under his charge. But the intense heat prevailing and want of time deprived me of this cherished desire. As the museum was some distance out, I concluded to stop at the zoölogical gardens. Here I could study the rare collection of native birds and animals under their own sunny skies. The Bengal tiger and lion, with all their species of cats, catamounts, leopards, etc., looked even more ferocious and natural than in the average Georgia circus. Immense gray monkeys of a new species, with heavy mane and down, grinned at me in wooden cages, sometimes with a chain around their necks, walking or jumping at full length. I saw a very small species in a variety of colors, with parrots, paroquets, and many strange-looking birds I had never seen before. Among the animals in India the most curious are the tapir, the spotted deer, the hog deer, barking deer, and a species of seal with the legs and body of an animal perhaps strikes one as the most singular.

There are fifty thousand Mohammedans here, four thousand Europeans, and the remainder of the population appear to be Hindoos and Eurasians. There are many temples of the Hindoos in the city, with a few mosques intervening, whose towering and graceful minarets always indicate their location. One temple is deserving of special notice, being a very fine specimen of its peculiar style of architecture. It is built of stone, and approached by a massive gate-way surmounted by a tower elaborately carved with the most symmetrical designs. A portico extending at right angles from the main building, in front, is protected by a roof twenty

feet high, resting on beautiful columns. The columns resemble granite, and are carved in bold relief. Like the monkey temple I described at Benares, an immense tank three hundred feet square, filled with stagnant water, stands in front. The water is reached by descending a flight of stone steps in the same way. They bathe and wash in this pool, or tank, at the same time. The Hindoo washes his scanty garments while standing in the water. Around on the edges of another lake I saw the men and women dipping their clothes in the water, and raising them on high brought them down in the most vigorous manner on a solid rock. *The buttons flew.* I supposed this to be a public laundry. A curious sight was to see a woman washing one part of a loose garment she had on while she was endeavoring to conceal her person with the other part.

A great clumsy car, on tall wooden wheels, was rolled aside on one of the streets I came down. It appeared to be at least fifteen feet in height, with a profusion of ornamental carving in iron and teak-wood, representing Hindoo idols. The wheels must have been six feet in diameter. This is the famous Juggernaut car, I suppose, that during the festivals in honor of this god, twice a year, is drawn through the streets by five or six hundred men, who pull it by long ropes. Here the Hindoos wear the chalk-marks too, to indicate their faith. I have seen broad bands, generally white, on their foreheads, on their nose, and sometimes a trident extending upward from its base in white and colored lines. During the festivals the Nautch girls (naughty girls) dance in front of the temples. Some of them are quite pretty. They dress in gorgeous silk robes, and resemble the mulatto girls of Georgia in complexion. As they dance they display their jewels, ringlets, bracelets, bangles, and rings with marvellous effect. Even their toes and ankles are encircled with pearls.

In the missionary schools, which are largely patronized by the natives, a regular curriculum of studies in English is taught the boys, who mingle freely, regardless of caste. But the girls in their schools observe the inexorable distinctions. There appear to be no mixed schools in India. The pariah or low caste girls sit, eat, and sleep on mats. There are probably thirty thousand native Christians in Madras. But when the wealthy classes are once reached through the hospitals and zenanas and instructed, the progress of conversion will be rapid throughout India. The English Government is wise in the unrestrained liberty it gives to every shade of religious opinion and worship. She restores old palaces, mosques, and monuments to exalt the pride of the native; donates millions of rupees to public education, Church extension, and missionary work; winning the affections of the people over to the support of her Government. It is only a question of time when caste, with its traditional prejudice, must yield to the superior civilization of Bible England, and millions of benighted India be brought to a knowledge of the saving power of Jesus. We have found excellent English hotels in all the principal cities and towns of India, and where they are wanting the native bungalow approaches them in comfort. Ample veranda, ventilation, and bath-tubs are the distinguishing features of a good hotel in this tropical climate. Fruits and vegetables abound throughout the year, with poultry, game, steak, and mutton, eggs, and an abundant supply of fish and shrimp along the sea-coast. Curry is the universal dish served on every table. The rice is cooked dry and always eaten with curry or gravy and a small dried fish called Bombay duck. The chicken, beef, and sprawn are favorite curries among all foreigners. Nothing is more delicious. The orange and banana are eaten throughout the year. The mango and biwa, or Japan plum, begin to ripen

in April and last two or three months. The Englishman carries his habits around the world with him. He enjoys his club-house, race-track, cricket-ground, lawn tennis, and yatching, even under the equator.

The Hindoo has wonderful genius for juggling, puzzles, and cunning devices to amuse or interest you. The hotel was crowded with these fellows, who would sell you the most mystical block, string, or ring puzzles for half a rupee and then teach you how to work them. When we reached our ship again we found the snake-charmer, with a little covered basket under his arm and his quaint flageolet, added to every conceivable attraction in the way of curios that could be offered. Our decks presented the appearance of a museum, a small opera, theater comique, zoölogical garden, bazaar, and circus. Here was a dark Adam with a half dozen monkeys at seventy-five cents each, another with parquets, a third with stuffed specimens, while a half dozen naked venders of stag and bullock horns highly polished vied with fiddlers drawing their little bows across cocoa-nut shells. Such a blowing, tooting, and screeching I had never heard. I concluded to take the whole cargo, but my rupees did not hold out. As we approached to make a critical examination the Hindoo made a profound salaam and began to spread. We stood with wondering eyes. Here were fabrics of silk and cloth, interwoven with the finest threads of silver and gold—marvelous creations. Exquisite lam-brequins, table-covers, and curtains, wrought with stars, spangles, and flowers of the most delicate workmanship. No wonder Macaulay pictured such glowing descriptions of Benares and “its silks, which went forth from the looms of this city to adorn the halls of St. James and Versailles.”

In three days we sighted the Island of Ceylon, situated at the foot of India, like Key West is at the foot of Flori-

da. In an analogous comparison, Calcutta occupies the position of Fernandina on the eastern shore of the peninsula.

We passed in sight of Point de Galle, which was once a busy port before Colombo eclipsed it in commercial importance. The French Imperial Messageries is the only line, I believe, now touching at this once famous city. All the other great lines—including the Peninsular and Oriental British India Anchor Line, Holt, Liverpool; Carleton & Moffat's sailing ships, New York, and others—stop at Colombo. The two cities are seventy-five miles apart. It was quite dark before we made the wharf and custom-house, through which we had no difficulty in passing to reach the Grand Oriental Hotel. Our ship lay off about two miles in the open roadstead.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COLOMBO—ITS CHARMS—ARABI PASHA—VISIT TO KANDY—SAIL FOR CHINA BY THE "HYDASPES," OF THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL LINE.*

SINCE our arrival here from India we have seen much of Ceylon, having thirteen days to await the arrival of the China steamer.

Ceylon is a large island, lying in the Indian Ocean, south of India, seven degrees north of the equator. Its soil is rich and teems with tropical verdure. The climate being torrid conduces largely to plant-life—its rapid growth and luxuriance being marvelous.

This city is the capital of the island, and has a population of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. Sir Arthur Gordon is the present English Governor, residing at the Pavilion here most of the year. I am greatly indebted to the executive office for letters of introduction to the sev-

* This chapter appeared as a letter in the Talbotton (Ga.) *New Era*.

eral departments at Kandy. The Governor is absent at New-Relia, a mountain resort seven thousand feet high; but the great financial crash—the failure of the Oriental Bank has produced in the past two days will cause his hasty descent. Nearly every interest of the island seems identified in some way with this gigantic banking institution. We understand “too much planter’s paper” is the trouble. Rice-planters, and tea-planters, cinchona and coffee estates, are all involved. Five years of bad seasons, failure of the coffee crops, decline in cinchona (quinine-bark), etc., are cited as probable causes. However, the Governor has arrived and confidence is being restored—the panic subsiding since the issue of the Governor’s proclamation. The bank will go into liquidation, but arrangements have been made to keep their notes floating—about \$15,000,000.

One of the greatest swells of this beautiful city is Arabi Pasha, the exiled Egyptian General, whom the British Government allows choice privileges of a quiet, pleasant evening. He may be seen from my window at the Grand Oriental Hotel, driving a nobby team, behind which may be observed brilliant flashes from dark eyes that speak eloquently against the solitude of Arabi’s prison-life.

The Oriental is a scene of continual gayety, many steamers arriving and departing to all parts of the world. Here the ships from Australia, India, China, and Europe touch for exchange of passengers and a fresh supply of coal.

It is always spring here—no frost, no winter, and a change in temperature only occurs when the monsoons prevail. The winds blow hard at times, but it does not rain more than three to six months in the year. The most enormous rain-falls in the world occur, sometimes more than one hundred inches in a year having been recorded. The natural phenomenon of thunder and lightning accompanies the showers, as in Georgia.

The cinnamon gardens and the Buddhist temple are among the attractions in Colombo. Nearly all the spices grow to perfection in Ceylon. Our excellent consul, Col. Morey—for many years resident in this country—has contributed largely to my pleasure and study of Ceylon. Through his kindness I have been presented with some fine specimens of cinnamon-bark, which, with other objects of interest, I hope to present to our agricultural department in Atlanta.

This morning I spent a pleasant hour I cannot soon forget with Mr. Ferguson, editor of the *Daily Observer*. This paper has been established in Colombo forty-seven years, and is the strong advocate of a sound political policy on the part of the Government and the champion of every interest that consults the advancement of this wonderful island. I am glad to inform you newspapers pay well and are highly appreciated in this part of the world. I found in India, as well as in Ceylon, that no merchant or business man attempts to do business outside of the newspaper columns. It seems that every want is consulted, as well as every article for sale is advertised.

As I have said, Ceylon is a large island, belonging to Great Britain. Away from the sea-coast rise lofty hills and mountains. Adam's Peak, where the blue sapphire and other precious stones are found, is visible in the distance. But in the interior the highest elevations are to be seen, covered with the densest tropical growth, vine and jungle. At their base in the jungle are to be found tigers, lions, elephants, etc.

It was my object to study the picturesque scenes presented in a ramble around the charming town of Kandy that induced a change from the equatorial heat of Colombo to an elevation nearly two thousand feet above that beautiful metropolis. I have not regretted my visit since I have

found the temperature reduced from ninety to seventy degrees and the nights cool and delicious. In front of the Queen's Hotel is a charming lake one mile and a half in circumference, with a drive more charming. Above this lake rise lofty mountains, from whose summits an enraptured view of its crystal waters and the magnificent city below can be enjoyed. On the side of these mountains may be seen coffee, cocoa, and cinnamon growing, while at their base the cocoa-nut palm, banana, and mango flourish in wildest profusion. The railroad from Colombo to Kandy is a wonderful piece of engineering. The distance is seventy-four and one-half miles, and it rises one thousand seven hundred feet in forty or fifty miles of this distance. There is an engine behind and one in front, but the speed is very slow. At Sensation Rock, where there is a tunnel, I looked down a thousand feet, as we seemed crawling around on the side of a lofty mountain, every foot of which had been blasted out of the granite rock for a road-bed. The paddy (rice) fields with terraced borders glistened below, while nature in its wildest forms struggled for ascendancy on the rugged sides of the opposite mountains.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OBSERVATIONS IN AND ABOUT COLOMBO.

FROM the hotel veranda we enjoy a magnificent view of the beautiful harbor, crowded with ships of every nation. The native craft, with their peculiar rig and lanteen sails lazily flapping before a gentle breeze, lend a picturesque charm to the scene. As there are no wharves, the ships must anchor off in the breakwater—an expensive work begun by the Government fourteen years ago, consisting of a sea-wall; when completed it promises to furnish Colombo with a safe anchorage. Its estimated cost is \$3,000,000.

Our hotel is conducted by English proprietors, and is built on the grandest scale imaginable. It is owned by a stock company. Its elegant parlors, halls, verandas, and beautiful court, on the arrival of the steamers, are thronged with the best class of European travel, the aristocracy and titled gentry of England. Many English and Scotch are engaged in planting on the island, or are employed here in various lines of business, whose occasional presence about the Grand Oriental renders its social features highly agreeable. The bulletin-boards are watched with intense eagerness, showing the arrivals and departures of various steamers, which occur almost daily. The gayety of the scene presented in consequence would remind you of a watering-place. Here are people meeting each other from the antipodes—from America, Australia, Europe, Japan, and China. Sir John and I have our rooms close together, with capital baths and service. Almost at every door stands a Singhalese man to wait on you. We have found the table all we could desire, the curry and mangoes being especially fine. There is a greater variety of fruit here than we saw even in India. It is ripening every month in the year. A sweet orange with a green skin is one of the novelties. We have pine-apples and bananas, of most delicious flavor. Vegetables are in great variety. Our beef and mutton are native or come from India, and their quality is not so good as in Europe or America. Poultry, eggs, and fish are very abundant; shrimps plentiful; but oysters are seldom eaten in low latitudes, I believe. With all the luxuries we enjoy at the Oriental, I am only paying one dollar and sixty cents per day. Even baths, service, and lights are included, with coffee and tea before breakfast in our rooms. Early in the morning we started out sight-seeing. We had seen some remarkable sights before starting. A Hindoo merchant from Calcutta is displaying a gorgeous spread under the

arcade of the hotel, consisting of India shawls, jewels, silver and gold bangles. In front of us has walked up a Hindoo juggler with a covered basket under his naked arm. He sets it on the ground, raises the cloth, begins to blow in the cobra's ear with his flageolet. The venomous serpent, raising his head high above the basket, spreads it several inches wide, displaying his black tongue and white spots on his body. He takes the huge snake out of the basket, folding it around his neck and body, and begins to grow a mango-tree from a seed. For one time my fortunate position overhead in the hanging-gallery would enable me to detect the vagabond if he attempted a fraud on his audience. Assuming the usual *squat*, he placed a single mango-seed on the hard pavement, covered it with a handful of soil, sprinkled it over with water, blew his flageolet again, sprinkled once more, and in a few minutes, to our utter astonishment, I saw a small plant bursting out of the hill of dirt. In five minutes the mango-seed grew into a little tree. The entire audience of English people burst into a tremendous applause. The Hindoo, passing around his hat, retired wealthy.

Little drummers, with their tortoise-shell combs, diamonds, sapphires, and cat's-eyes, had nearly overwhelmed us on our arrival. We had been requested by a man of fine port, wearing immense goggles, to buy a cat's-eye worth ten thousand dollars, he said. Shortly afterward I learned that a peck of these stones had been discovered in a pile on Adam's Peak, and I was glad we did not buy *that cat's-eye*. At every turn you see something to amuse you. The first mistake I made was to suppose a Singhalese man to be a woman. He was walking away from me at the time, with an old-fashioned tuck-comb stuck in the top of his head, from which fell in graceful profusion a wealth of disheveled black hair down to his waist. I was about to go into raptures over this comely maiden when I was informed she was

a man. The men and women seem to dress pretty much alike—those who dress at all—with the exception I have mentioned. The women comb their hair back, tie it up in a little knot, like the Georgia girl, and go along. I must insist the men have actually stolen their tuck-combs from them, which you can see them wearing anywhere in Colombo, for nearly all the natives go bareheaded and barefoot. Many wear the turban. The chetty merchants, under the grand arcade of the Oriental, sometimes wear a curiously shaped cap that resembles a stove-pipe cut off six inches long. These people are yellow or dark in complexion, possessing warm, brown skins and good figures. The men are very much attached to their wives, whom they keep pretty close at home. If divorces ever occur, they are very rare among these people. I heard of none among the Hindoos in India; but among the Mohammedans, in some countries, it is very easy to get a divorce. They have many wives, like the Mormons. They must go before the priest with some pretext before the thing can be done. Sometimes a man may divorce all five of his wives and concubines at one time in Persia, and “begin over again.” Another law in that country permits a man and woman to marry on trial, six months or fifty years. The time is always settled on before the priest.

The women generally seen on the streets here wear a loose jacket, with a sort of skirt gathered about their hips; but in the country they wear little or no clothing at all. A society belle in Colombo, I presume, would be expected to spend very little time on her wardrobe, for her shapely arms must glitter with bangles and her ankles and toes with pearls. Her ears, nose, and even elbows, are adorned with rings. The poor laboring women, in their endeavor to rival the more fortunate of their sex, pierce the rim of their ears in a dozen places, and wear a ring in each hole; and some-



TAMIL MOTHERS IN FULL COSTUME.

times I have seen large rings hanging from the cartilage of their noses. It is amusing to see the babies dressed in ornaments, with not a bit of clothing on. That would be considered extravagance. The jewelry is often of solid gold and silver, with pearls, while brass is worn among the poor. The street gamins of Colombo are a beggarly set. I believe ten cents a year would clothe the most reckless of them. Alas, alas! with all this economy, Ferguson's *Hand-book* reports a falling off in the importation of figured cotton goods into Ceylon.

The Singhalese are the aborigines of Ceylon. As mer-

chants they are educated, well-dressed gentlemen, polite, and speak good English. The Singhalese type and character are nearly allied to those of the Bangalese; and in language, religion, and traditions they generally approach closely to the Indo-Chinese nations, and especially the Burmese. The religion of the Singhalese is Buddhism, but the upper classes profess Christianity, and many have been converted to Islamism.

The Moormen, who constitute a large class of Colombo's population, are said to be very shrewd in banking and trade. I have often met these people about the Grand Oriental Hotel with bags of silver rupees to exchange for English sovereigns. They are the money-changers of the island. In religion the Moormen are nearly all Mohammedan.

The Tamils, who number quite one-third of the entire population, mostly inhabit the coffee districts, or northern portion of the island. They emigrated over here from India. Tamil women are easily distinguished by a scarf—usually of flaming colors—which they pass over one shoulder and fasten around the waist.

Col. Ferguson, of the *Observer*, has placed me under obligations for a copy of his invaluable Hand-book to Ceylon for 1883 and 1884. From it I learn the island embraces about fifteen million acres of surface, much of which is a rich, deep chocolate soil of great fertility. The entire population approximates three million inhabitants. No island in the world surpasses it for picturesqueness. Its physical aspect presents interminable jungles of vine and densest foliage, with beautiful valleys in the interior and mountains that rise five to seven thousand feet in elevation. It is seven hundred and fifty miles in circumference. In some of the districts the population will average four hundred to five hundred inhabitants to the square mile. Near Adam's

Peak one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty inches of rain-fall is the average per annum. In one district it rains two hundred and thirty-seven days in a year. This



SCENE IN CEYLON, NEAR COLOMBO.

excessive rain-fall tempers the heat of the climate, producing a mean temperature of sixty-eight degrees. April and May are the hot months. As we ascend higher altitudes the climate is perfection. People live to be eighty and one hundred years old. Nearly every day in the year there is sunshine. The weather reminds me of April in Georgia, except the heat is much more intense. There is the same kind of thunder and lightning here as on the other side of

the globe. It did seem so familiar to me. As there is not even frost at four thousand feet elevation, we may enjoy perpetual spring the year round. The birds sing the live-long day, and the flowers are always blooming, while fruits and vegetables appear in succession throughout the year. Near the coast forests of cocoa-nut palms wave their feathery plumage. Between the coast and mountain ranges lie rich alluvial plains, cultivated in rice. As we ascend higher temperatures coffee, tea, cocoa, and cinchona appear. The collection of fruits, indigenous and cultivated, is simply marvelous. At a horticultural fair held in this city last year, in July, were exhibited many English as well as native fruits. Among the number were mangoes, plantains, oranges, peaches, prunellos, custard-apples, pine-apples, melons, grapes, figs, limes, guavas, sour sops, bullock hearts, mangosteens, rambutans, loquats, plums, lavi-lovies, papaws, and dorians.

It is estimated that an acre of plantains here will yield as much nutritious food as sixty acres of wheat in India. With the jack fruit it furnishes the cheapest bread in the world. Here the natives can almost live without labor, fruit is so abundant. Dilke calls it the "devil's agent," it creates so much idleness. A pretty good fortune for any native who is ambitious to become wealthy is a dozen cocoa-nut-trees and two jacks. He may be considered a bloated aristocrat with all this property. A cocoa-nut-tree will yield from seventy-five to one hundred or more nuts. These are worth from two to two and a half cents each, so the income from twelve trees would be twenty-five to thirty dollars per annum. I was surprised at the prodigious size the jack attains. A single fruit has been known to weigh fifty pounds. A tree about the size of a large apple-tree will bear from one to two hundred. When cut open and sliced up the flavor is very agreeable, resembling in texture the

pine-apple, though not so delicious. The natives are very fond of it. At Nuwara Eliya, six thousand two hundred and thirty-four feet above the sea, an English woman, Mrs. Hay, supported herself and children from the proceeds of her garden. In the month of January she sent to market green pease, brussel sprouts, strawberries, knohl-kohls, turnips, carrots, leeks, cauliflowers, cabbages, sago, thyme, and parsley.

Any number of plants yielding oil-seed and cake might be grown in Ceylon. Some of the most beautiful woods are found here. The jack-tree is valuable not only for its palatable fruit, but when sawed into boards resembles mahogany. The famous calamander, though growing very scarce, is the finest of the fancy woods. When polished it presents an admixture of colors of chocolate, fawn, and cream that blend into each other. The tamarind, ebony, flowered satin-wood, iron-wood, nedum del cocoa-nut, sapan-wood, are either cultivated or indigenous in Ceylon. The sapan is largely exported for its dye; palmyra and ebony for works of art or furniture. Nearly all these valuable timbers are grown from seeds, which are first planted in beds and transplanted. They are often dropped in places for permanent growth. The list is too comprehensive to enumerate in a work of this kind. But I trust I shall be pardoned if I have appeared somewhat tedious in my descriptions of the wonderful fauna and flora of Ceylon, as I have felt a deep interest in the study of its plant-life, its beautiful forms and organism.

I have spent some days now in this charming city. Its gardens and lakes are attractive, and its drives down the sea-shore just lovely. The Gall Face Hotel, two miles distant, looks out from a cocoa-nut grove on the rolling surf of the sea. Mount Lavinia is six miles down the coast, a most picturesque place to visit, with another good

English hotel for comfort. I have already mentioned the cinnamon-gardens and Pagoda in Colombo. Cinnamon appears to be indigenous here. The bark is taken off the trees, carried through a heating or curing process, then graded for market. Except the manufactures of the natives already mentioned, cocoa is made into chocolate and cocoa-nuts into oil by steam-mills operated by English capitalists. Ceylon was first settled by the Portuguese several hundred years ago. The Dutch whipped out the Portuguese, and the English whipped out the Dutch in 1796. This pleasant old story of England's conquest goes the world around. But I rejoice in English dominion and the power of her arms. She is planting the Bible and her Christian civilization upon every shore, sea, and land. The English language girdles the world. I love my own country, but I am proud of my ancestry.

CHAPTER XL.

KANDY—TEA AND COCOA CULTURE.

THE Government owns the six lines of railway in Ceylon, aggregating in total length one hundred and thirty-nine and one-fourth miles. The longest road is from Colombo to this city (Kandy), seventy-four and a half miles. The shortest is a wharf branch in Colombo, being just one mile. The gauge is five feet six inches, the most costly being the line to Kandy, in consequence of tunnels through the mountains. This road cost two hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and fifty-three rupees, or one hundred and sixteen thousand six hundred and seventy-six dollars, per mile.

Kandy, the former capital of the old kings of Kandy, boasts of twenty-two thousand inhabitants. It is a beauti-

ful city, embosomed in the very depths of the mountains. I enjoyed a drive around the lake, the first morning after arrival, in a four-wheel bandy, under clusters of bamboo and mango-trees that adorned its margin. The shape of the lake is somewhat irregular, being inclosed by an artificial wall on two sides, with mountains rising about it on the others. There are terraced walks and drives up to their very summits. I found several bath and boat houses around its shores, and the English playing cricket. The old boat-house of the last king projects over the lake on this charming drive.

Enjoying an excellent breakfast, with a cup of good Ceylon coffee, I suppose, I started with my guide for the old Buddhist temple, which probably is the most famous in the world. It enjoys the celebrity of possessing one of Buddha's teeth, with other souvenirs. It is situated at the foot of the mountain, a few hundred yards distant from the Queen's Hotel. Close by is the old palace, in which the kings once lived. We found a festival going on. An immense crowd of pilgrims and devotees were pressing into this old stone building toward the sacred emblems and shrines, before which they were bowing and making offerings of flowers. The yellow-robed priests, with clean-shaved faces and heads, were conspicuous for consequential airs and dignity on this occasion. There was a flower-market on the first floor, where every pilgrim was purchasing an offering. We pressed through the surging mass of heathens up a narrow flight of stone steps to the second story of the temple. Here the flowers were being offered before the different images and divinities—one a large statue of glass—to appease their wrath, or in propitiation of some sin. In one corner of the room was a golden casket, containing Buddha's tooth. Imagine my consternation when the guide said: "Though Buddha's tooth is in there, it is too sacred to be seen." How

can a man bear every thing? Here I had traveled twelve thousand miles, and could n't even see his tooth. His footprint was on Adam's Peak, so I heard; but I did not care to see that. We departed. My guide translated some inscriptions, illustrated on the front wall of the old temple, that answered to the Ten Commandments of our Lord. One figure represented a man in torment for some sin, another being punished for stealing from his neighbor, and a third cartoon illustrated the rape of the Sabines—so I imagined—and the punishment thereof. "Thou shalt not kill" was distinctly recognized. There were ten in all. Some old Bibles of the prophet were stored away out of sight, written on palm-leaves; and any number of new ones for sale in the Tamil and Singhalese languages. I bought a small edition for honorary membership in my library.

I returned to the Queen's Hotel to enjoy the beauty of the lake, mountains, and vale, that make up a diadem of a picture in which Kandy is set like a gem. The mountains rise above the town to a fearful height. Their sloping sides are terraced one above the other with pretty walks, bungalows, and drives, planted in coffee, tea, and cinchona trees. Many of the English reside on these lofty terraces, their pretty homes looking down through the jungle of vine and bamboo upon the beautiful lake that glistens like a mirror hundreds of feet below them.

It being Sunday morning, I decided to attend the Episcopal church. There was a good congregation, mostly Eurasians, made up of families, sandwiched with a few of the belles and beaux of the city, all dressed in European costumes. I noticed many pretty faces among these brown and mulatto girls, whose dress and behavior were faultlessly beautiful. They engaged with the English part of the congregation in the service. They are among the wealthy people of Ceylon, being educated in English. The Portuguese

seem to have left a more enduring monument of their occupation of the island in their intermarriage with the natives than they did in their religion. After the services were closed I saw a few of the people walk, but many drove away in their bandies and dog-carts, drawn by little ponies, to their picturesque homes. Somebody at the hotel asked if I had heard the sermon. O yes, I replied; that discourse seemed quite familiar to me. I heard it on the "Kaiser I. Hind," sailing on the sea. The beautiful character and illustrious example of the woman of Shunem were eloquently delineated on this occasion.

Early Monday morning I was joined by two English gentlemen—Judge J. C. Hughesdon, of Madras, India, and Mr. Sanders, of Kent, England—who had accepted my invitation to visit the Old Palace, the Pavilion, and Government Gardens, to which I had letters from the executive office at Colombo. The Old Palace stands in rear of the temple we described. Much of its royal splendor has long since departed. I found a few pictures, some furniture, and frescoes on the wall, in my rambles through the audience-chambers and the old dining-hall.

The burial-ground of the Hindoos is on the opposite side of the street, where a few tablets and old shrines remain under the sacred bow-tree. On an eminence near by lie the old kings, with a bow-tree planted at each grave. Their monuments are in a condition of hopeless decay.

Pursuing our walk to the city limits, we soon came to a large iron gate that opened into a pretty park with graveled walks and carriage-drives that led us to the Pavilion. Knowing the Governor was absent at Newara Eliya, we did not send in our cards. His excellency is enjoying his summer above the clouds. The attendants showed us through the palace and over the charming grounds. We found several cotton-trees with immense numbers of unopen bolls or black pods

hanging from the limbs. The staple is very silky, but is too short to spin. Large quantities are gathered by the natives and exported for mattresses, pillows, etc. This cotton-tree is indigenous in Ceylon, and attains to enormous size. Judge Hughesdon informs me he has seen the same tree growing in Southern India. Many pretty carriage-drives and walks radiate from the Pavilion. A few are private. We wound around to the summit of the mountain above Kandy by one of these roads, from which we beheld a panorama of tropical nature unequaled in the world. Thousands of feet below us was the city, nestled with its little lake amid its wealth of foliage. Beyond were mountains that towered away in lofty grandeur. We descended by Lady Houghton's walk, and after breakfast started in our bandy to Peradenya, or Government Botanical Gardens. A dash of two miles by a hard road brought us in front of the entrance. The drive was perfectly charming, through a continuous village the entire distance. Some of the huts were covered with palm-leaves; others built of bamboo and mud, under a coat of whitewash, looked quite agreeable. The Singhalese are fond of fruit and flowers, which they gather about their homes in profusion; but like all the nations of the Orient, they are slaves to superstition and foolish traditions.

Judge Hughesdon directed my attention to the "spotted pot" in the front yard of a native. It resembled an inverted coffee-pot stuck on the end of a pole, with spots of white and black all over it. It is supposed you have an evil eye, and this device is employed to divert it. The wife or daughter might be charmingly beautiful; you might fancy his dog or elephant, or probably decoy a few of his "kids" away, should you chance to see them. We saw bamboos along the road a foot in diameter, and trees of jack and bread-fruit were quite numerous. All the coolie

has to do is to shake the tree, and down comes his dinner. When we had arrived in front of the grand entrance to the gardens we discovered a race-track opposite, where the English enjoy their "handicaps." With foot-ball, cricket, and racing almost under the equator, our English cousins must exert themselves. We sent in our letter to Dr. Henry Trimen, the director, who soon appeared and offered his personal services. Here we found the largest collection of palms and plants probably ever brought together and cultivated systematically. They are from every continent and isle of the sea that lie within the torrid zone. Here they attain their highest perfection in this humid clime. Dr. Trimen led us across the grass to show the nutmeg-tree—how the mace grows on the inside of its hull, unfolding its beauty as it opens, like a flower. The Doctor forgot to have me observe the necessary precautions he had taken against the land-leeches. In a moment my feet and legs were covered, unobserved. I must have cleared my boots the first jump I made. Every leech had fastened its bloody teeth into me, and came near butchering me alive. When the Doctor proposed to show some of his fine trees and plants again I just stood off and admired them. We came directly to an immense ant-hill in a bamboo group, that was fast destroying it. We had seen another larger mound of these destructive insects the previous morning, near the Pavilion, about six feet in height. They are a very large species of white or slightly reddish ant that throw up conical mounds.* These must be the genus that chased the old travelers through the jungle years ago. But they are much more civilized now. Our walk led us around on the charming banks of the little river known as Mahawellagunga (great sand river), in which Peradenya is so lovingly embraced. I saw groups of bamboo, twenty to thirty in a cluster, forty feet high. Dr. Trimen presented me a speci-

*These ants are carnivorous and omnivorous—the scavengers of the island.

men nearly twelve inches in diameter, which I will ship home. The green and golden are prevailing colors. The banyan-tree, or figs family, with its corrugated trunks and roots growing a foot above the ground, throwing out their gigantic arms fifty feet, is one of the finest sights I ever saw. Here the India rubber-tree is growing, black pepper, vanilla, allspice, ginger, cinchona (quinine), cocoa or chocolate-tree, cloves, coffee, tea, cinnamon, etc. The rubber-tree is pierced for its gum, from which the commercial article is obtained. Black pepper grows in little pods on a climbing vine, coffee and tea on a bush. But the palm family just captured my heart.



FAN-PALM.

The fan and talipat palms are beauties. The traveler's palm is so named because its stems contain a cool drink of water for the thirsty traveler "in a dry land." The areeka is the specimen that bears the nut the natives use for chew-

ing. I described the habit in India. It is used in the same way here. Large numbers of boys, and even women, are engaged in preparing the nut with tobacco and lime, wrapped up in leaves, which they sell about the streets of Kandy and Colombo. Probably the most valuable and useful of all is the cocoa-nut palm, which, like the bamboo in China, is manufactured into every conceivable shape and design. The date, palmyra, and kittul are the other most prominent species. When the talipatis blooming it presents a sublimity and beauty not equaled in the world. It grows from the seed fifty to sixty feet in height, attaining to one hundred years old, blooms and dies.

Dr. Trimen pointed out another grand object worthy of admiration. It was a group of old dead trees covered with a single vine that reminded me of Kenilworth Castle, in the west of England. As I was about to leave, the distinguished director and scientist presented us with specimens of nutmegs from the tree. They are the most curious objects imaginable. The outside hull of a nutmeg resembles a pig-nut. The nutmeg itself seems to be inclosed by mace. The outside hull had burst, disclosing the deep vermilion of the mace, which was remarkably beautiful.

It is court week in Kandy. The proctors, barristers, and the native lawyers have been busy with their cases. The lawyers, like the postmasters, are classified I presume. The Chief-justice of Ceylon is paid twenty-five thousand rupees per annum, solicitors and attorneys-general in proportion. At the end of the civil and military services here and in India—seventeen to twenty-one years, I believe—every officer is retired on a pension of one thousand pounds a year for life. The English Government is very magnanimous in this; but during service she expects every man to do his duty.

The cashier of the chartered Mercantile Bank gave me

an amusing account of the run the natives made on him in Kandy when the Oriental Bank failed. He ordered his men to pay out nothing but silver rupees (fifty-cent pieces) until the panic subsided. By this method, in two or three days confidence was restored, and the cashier had only disbursed a few thousand pounds. It required considerable time to count ten to fifteen thousand dollars and check it out.

CHAPTER XLI.

PLANTING ON THE ISLAND OF CEYLON—ITS VICISSITUDES —COFFEE, CINCHONA, COCOA, AND TEA—SUGAR AND COTTON.

THE history of planting on the island has met with as many vicissitudes and assumed as many phases during the past thirty years as any country in the world: Up to the year 1869, when the leaf fungus first appeared, coffee had been the speculative crop that filled every planter with visions of affluence. "To be a coffee-planter was next to being a king." Money had been advanced in the most reckless manner by banks, they seeming as much infatuated with imaginary growing crops, which adventurers had promised on their paper, as the speculators themselves.

The following most interesting history of the fragrant shrub, or coffee-planting, has been contributed by a distinguished gentleman and friend of the author's in Ceylon, and I am sure it merits a careful perusal:

"Most of the Europeans in Ceylon are Scotchmen, a smaller number are English, and there is a sprinkling from the 'Emerald Isle.' There are about a score of Germans and half as many Frenchmen in the island; and, all told, the European element, including ladies and children (fo)

many men have their families with them), exclusive of the military, might now amount to upward of four thousand people, who enjoy in no small measure the elegancies and comforts of 'homely' life.

"A moiety of these inhabit the 'mountain zone,' and are engaged in planting, an occupation which a few years since, say before the failure of the 'coffee enterprise,' was so popular that the nobility and gentry of Europe largely embarked in it; for in those days to be a Ceylon coffee-planter 'was greater than a king,' or at all events greater than some kings.

"To say the least, it was a romantic and almost princely life these planter gentry led between the years 1861 and 1881; for although the coffee-trees began to fail rapidly in 1879, nevertheless people's faith in the permanency of the industry was not appreciably shaken until some years later, by which time it became very apparent that the enterprise was doomed, and that nearly half a million acres of worn-out coffee land must be abandoned, or at best devoted to the cultivation of other products. This, however, was a case where the old saw,

It is best to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new,

would not apply; and lucky were they who were able, while yet a remnant of their coffee remained, to embrace some one or more of the new loves—namely: cinchona, cocoa, and tea—just coming into notice.

"Fortunately, it now appeared that the last-named products would flourish on land unfit for coffee. Accordingly they who had the means and will for adopting this *dernier ressort* did so, and, such is the generosity of kind nature in this favored land, they were in a few years rewarded by seeing their nearly devastated properties donning new robes of prosperity and yielding fresh wealth from these novel sources.

“Many, however, had n't the funds, nor the faith or perseverance, to adopt new methods, and so ‘threw up the sponge.’ It had been ‘easy come, easy go,’ with them from the first. They had ‘had their cake, and eaten it too,’ and more than eaten it by ‘outrunning the constable.’ Coffee-planting had attained to so high a reputation that its votaries could get almost unlimited accommodation wherever credit was given or money loaned; and the principal bank in the island was even more deeply infatuated than almost anybody else. It therefore advanced funds so recklessly against semi-imaginary growing crops that the speculative and improvident easily got possession of more money than they knew how to use properly, and spent it recklessly. The result of this mad profusion and consequent demoralization was the unfitting of the spendthrifts, at least *pro tem.*, for any ordinary matter-of-fact pursuits, and so many of them, seeking ‘fresh fields and pastures new,’ abandoned their creditors, and the island too. Some others, highly deserving of a better fate, also got discouraged and went away, either to old homes or new, carrying away from Ceylon little else than the fervent wishes of friends for future prosperity.

“In the meantime the bank, having advanced large sums to the planters, could neither get the money back nor in many cases the interest accruing; but, believing that the embarrassments and short crops were due to unfavorable seasons, wholly abnormal, and that succeeding years would prove more auspicious, it felt constrained to increase its advances. Thus ‘good money was thrown after bad,’ in the hope that eventually a ‘bumper crop’—say a million hundred-weights or more—would be the result, and thus lead to the recovery of at least a greater part of their arrears. The hope and the effort were in vain, however, and the bank collapsed, with a multitude of poor assets, consisting mostly of impoverished coffee properties.

“As a matter of fact, many of the so-called coffee estates were deceptions—mere imitation properties, only fit to delude the unwary money-lender or entrap the verdant buyer. They had been got up at the expense of sacrificing many thousand acres of valuable forest, which cannot be replaced in centuries. This is a great misfortune, for these primeval growths answered the double purpose of drawing rain from the clouds and holding it in conservancy—conditions of paramount importance to a tropical country, and whose growing absence in Ceylon is even now, perhaps, fruitful of many agricultural disorders. Under any circumstances the result of this spoliation is pitiable, for it occurred in one of the most delightful regions of the world, well suited to European residence, and the land so desolated—capable of sustaining a magnificent forest growth—was susceptible, no doubt, of profitable agriculture under a different style of cultivation. All of this now melancholy waste lies between the altitudes of fifteen hundred and five thousand feet above the sea, where the temperature the year round is about analogous to that of New England in summer. Fruits and vegetables of almost every sort can be grown in it, and a truly paternal and fostering Government has so tapped it with railways and covered it with carriage-roads that locomotion into its remotest parts almost is not only convenient but pleasurable.

“Many people living in the low country bordering on the sea, where the climate is torrid, often seek relief and comfort by going into the planting districts; and every day in the year witnesses parties of pleasure-seekers, in gay cavalades, on mail-coaches, and not unfrequently in their own equipages, journeying among the hills, meeting in the wildest places here and there hedge-rows of roses, oleanders, and perfumed grasses, besides numerous other blossoming umbragia freely growing by the way-side.

“Comfortable hostelrys, established by Government, called ‘rest houses,’ located along the roads within easy stages, also afforded shelter, rest, and refreshment for travelers; and he or she who would find fault with either the accommodation or fare to be got at many of them would certainly be difficult to please.

“Kandy, that quaint and delightful amphitheatrical city (the whilom capital of the native kingdom, which remained independent until long after almost every sovereignty of what is now British India submitted to English domination), being easily accessible, forms a sort of mountain metropolis, where, in a beautiful mansion called the Pavilion, surrounded by a noble park and exquisite flower-garden, and looking out upon the fruitful and lovely Dumbera valley, the Governor usually resides for a considerable portion of the year; and ‘Nuwara Eliya’ (City of Light), a sanitarium six thousand feet above the sea, affords a fashionable rendezvous, where people of means largely resort for health and sport, enthusiastically engaging in those games and pastimes—namely, cricket, foot-ball, lawn tennis, horse-racing and elk-hunting, *et hoc genus omne*—dear to the English people.

“During the interval between the ‘Nuwara Eliya’ and ‘Colombo’ seasons large parties of fashionables, consisting sometimes of the highest local officials, from the Governor and his family downward, and private notables, are frequently entertained with princely hospitality at the neat and cosy bungalows of prominent planters. And formerly, when coffee was king, its reputedly successful attachés were often to be met traveling about the world so ostentatiously that people who encountered them, though their own conditions in life might be very comfortable, were nevertheless rendered quite dissatisfied with their lot, and made to deplore their not being Ceylon coffee-planters. Those not

traveling abroad usually spent the Colombo fashionable season in that beautiful maritime town, where an enlarged edition of 'Nuwara Eliya' dissipation would be indulged in, including not a little gambling at the club and their friends' houses.

"In this connection a story is told of an up-country gentleman—with a bank account already too largely overdrawn—who paid his losses one evening with a check drawn in favor of 'manure account . . . estate' to the tune of some thousands of rupees. No doubt the estate would have needed manure bad enough, and probably such a plea for the check was the most likely way of getting it honored, for the bank officials at last began to realize that only heavy fertilizing would secure the 'bumper crops' they looked forward to so anxiously for a return of their outlying capital. About this period, therefore, strenuous efforts were made for manuring coffee properties; but in many cases such improper substances—principally oil-cakes—were used that the soil was rather poisoned than otherwise; so that what with poor land and a slipshod mode of planting in the beginning, disforested with its evil consequences, and the use of poisonous manure, destruction was surely engendered. Moreover, when the coffee-trees began to die there fastened upon them, probably as a result of decay, a fungus which was dignified with the name *Hemeilia vertutrix*, and to this highly-dubbed misnomer was given the credit (?) of all the evils coffee suffered from. This led to an inundation of the island by quacks and enthusiasts (claiming an ability to cure this disease with the high-sounding name), by whose advice new empiricisms were inflicted upon the unfortunate shrub until it was almost a wonder that a single sound coffee-tree was left standing outside of the Government Botanical Gardens, where, luckily, the fallacy of trying to restore the efficacy of a worn-out plant by ridding

it of a natural symptom of decay was clearly understood by a capable director of the institution, and by him published *pro bono publico*. Dr. Trimen's unpalatable fiat could not be ignored, and a general acquiescence in it, and the adoption of wholesome modes of cultivation in lieu of doubtful experiments, resulted in the saving of perhaps two hundred thousand acres of good coffee, still in bearing, and capable of producing about four hundred thousand hundred-weights of the fragrant berry per annum; whereas the crop in 1877, when nearly three-quarters of a million acres were in cultivation, was about a million hundred-weights, worth five million dollars.

“In the foregoing use of the past tense it is not the writer's intention to intimate that the practical failure of the coffee enterprise and collapse of the Oriental Bank (circumstances serious enough in their effects to be sure) caused a cessation of the charming modes of life among planters; for happily the historian is not called upon to record so unfortunate a termination, but may rather add that the allurements of this lovely clime and prospect of renewed prosperity from growing new products, stimulated many to persevere in the planting enterprise, and their success is such that the late flourishing condition has escaped the total reversal once thought to be threatening it, and has only been sensibly modified; and it may be possible, in the not far distant future, for Ceylon to enjoy a more solid prosperity than it has known in the past, and for ‘globe-trotters’ again to meet in far-off lands, traveling in search of pleasure or in the pursuit of science, with all the evidences of wealth about them as of yore—planters in Ceylon who after exhausting coffee, found another bonanza in tea, cocoa, or cinchona.”

On the morning of the 3d of May I started alone by railway to Gambola Station, ten miles distant, around lofty

mountains down a charming valley of terraced rice-fields, to visit the Mariawatte tea estate, the most celebrated in Ceylon. This whole region around Gambola looked like it had been dropped out of heaven, it was so beautiful. The tea-farms on the high lands and paddy-fields in the valleys stretched for miles away in picturesque beauty to the foothills of blue ethereal mountains. Mariawatte, with its six hundred acres of tea-shrubs, lay about a mile distant in full view of the station. A short walk led me through the farm, where one hundred and fifty Tamil coolies, men and women, as black as ebony, were picking the new leaves from the bushes. Each coolie had a little bamboo basket, into which the tender young leaves were dropped. Not finding the manager at his bungalow, I hurried down to the curing house, or factory, where I met a well-educated young man weighing the "pickings." He informed me his name was H. L. Ingles, the manager. I replied I was a "G. T." from America, and when he was at leisure I would like to use my gimlet on him. "You are a newspaper man, ain't you?" Perhaps! "Very few Americans ever come this way. One minute, if you please." I was rejoiced when he changed from the Tamil to the English tongue. Here are two words of that outlandish brogue: "Pullenayagane" and "Muttukistua." Excuse me. Tell me about tea-planting. We think we can grow the shrub in my country—the State of Georgia—where some efforts have been made; but our people do not understand the method of cultivation or curing sufficiently, it seems, to make it a complete success.

"Well, sir, Mariawatte has about six hundred acres—four hundred planted out, as you see, and one hundred acres in full bearing. I am preparing another hundred, which I shall be pleased to show you directly. We get our seed from India—"Assam hybrid"—plant in beds and then transplant in rows, four by four feet, which requires three

thousand plants to the acre. Little cultivation, except weeding with the hoe, is required after the first year. In two or three years, or earlier, the picking begins. Only new shoots or leaves are gathered every nine days. The bush remains an evergreen the year round. At eighteen months after planting we begin to prune. We keep the bush cut back to twenty-two to twenty-four inches, the most convenient height for picking. A coolie picks about fifteen pounds a day of the young green leaves, sometimes a handful from one bush, for which we pay him a little less than one-fourth of a rupee a day (about ten cents of American money). The coolie works from 6 A.M. to 4 P.M. without stopping. A few have a little rice to eat at one o'clock, which they find themselves. Fresh ground, or new ground, is preferred for original plantings; cost fifteen to twenty-five dollars; with clearing and planting, probably fifty dollars per acre."

The coolies are coming with their pickings to be weighed every hour or two through the day. Each one receives a check, and is paid every week or month. The manager furnishes rice at a stipulated price throughout the year, and lodgings free.

From the weighing-house the tea-leaves are carried in bulk to the withering-house and spread on trays. In twelve to fifteen hours they become malleable—soft as a kid glove. They are now taken to tables and rolled until the cells are broken and the twist is given. The next process is to place them in trays, or cases, until fermentation takes place, which is known by the leaves assuming a bright copper-color. The tea is now ready for firing. The old or China method is by kettles. The new method adopted by Mr. Ingles is by a machine called the sirocco. It is the best yet discovered. The trays are placed one above another, like they are done in the Georgia patent fruit-drier. The treatment then is

by currents of hot air, which cures the leaves in fifteen to eighteen minutes—one hour or more by the kettles. Taken out of the machine and emptied again on large tables, it breaks up into fine particles, or pieces, retaining the twist. Different numbers of sieves (wire) are then used for classifying it, number twelve giving the finest quality. Before packing in boxes it is re-fired and poured in hot. The box, made out of the jack-tree boards, is lined with tin-foil, nailed up, marked with its class, and shipped to Mincing Lane, London. Broken Pekoe, Pekoe, and Pekoe Souchong are Mr. Ingles's brands. The actual cost of production and curing here is nine pence, or eighteen cents, per pound. It brings readily one shilling and three pence to one shilling and eleven pence, equal to thirty-one cents and forty-seven cents per pound. Three or four hundred pounds per acre may be considered a fair yield on this estate. As high as seven hundred pounds have been made in Ceylon—a most profitable crop. This Ceylon tea is coming more into favor every day in England. Mr. Ingles presented the author several very fine samples, equal, it is thought, to the best China.

I found Mr. Ingles building a new house, and he being a bachelor, it looked quite suspicious. The bill of lumber was sawed out on the spot. The jack-tree was cut into logs, faced and lined. Two men with a cross-cut saw, one standing on top and the other below the log, elevated, were under a full head of steam when I left. This is the best portable saw-mill in Ceylon—capacity, one to two hundred feet per day. Both coffee and cocoa, to a limited extent, are growing on this estate.

Returning, I passed a long row of brick tenement-houses, where I found the Tamils on a dirt floor, packed in little rooms eight by ten, with a peck of rice a week. When rice advances the planter loses, when it declines he makes a

profit. It is always sold at a stipulated price. With their curry and vegetables, these coolies are as happy as our Georgia freedmen would be in the Governor's mansion. If I had time I would ascend from Gambola to Nuwara Eliya, six thousand feet above the sea and two thousand feet above Gambola.

As we approached Kandy on our return we saw a mountain where "devil-worship" among the Buddhists was once practiced. At these midnight orgies beautiful girls are said to have been sacrificed to appease the wrath of the devil for the coming year. The victims were bound to a stake with their hands and feet tied, around which the devil-priests reveled in their demoniacal lamentations. An incident is related to prove the efficacy and power of prayer from a believer in Jesus. A young girl whom they had thus abandoned prayed that she might be saved. On returning the following morning and finding her alive they became frightened, and on hearing her story forever discontinued the sacrifice. But from all I can learn there are devil-worshippers here yet. They believe he is the cause of all their sickness. They have even got a devil-priest who gets up his band of music, the tom-tom (little drum), and puts on a mask—a frightful scarecrow—that is enough to scare the ——— out of his wits. This sainted man dances all night with his throng of dervishes, praying to his satanic majesty to release the poor sick man. He says lots of funny things to make the people laugh, and in the morning the priest takes a picture of the dead man out of the house, which he tries to make the devil believe is the real man, and believing disappears.

My English friends joined me the following morning in a drive to the Pally Kelly estate, some nine miles distant. The Government has built the finest public roads to reach all parts of Ceylon, and this one, I must confess, was ex-

ceptionally good. We saw on the way many cotton-trees, school-houses, and churches, native huts, buffalo cows, and elephants. This species of cattle I expect to find around the world has a thick hide like a rhinoceros, often with no hair whatever to hide its ugliness; it wallows in the mud like a hog. I saw one indulging in a bath in a river down which we rode for miles. The elephant stood near the garden of a native, perfectly gentle. This noble animal has been so much hunted during past years for its tusks, and recklessly slaughtered, the Government of Ceylon was compelled to impose a heavy fine on all hunters killing them.* Crossing the river, we entered the finest cocoa estate on the island—six hundred acres in bearing. There was considerable Liberian coffee growing, bearing a good crop. Coconuts, vanilla, and black pepper were among the interesting objects noticed. Mr. Waller welcomed us to his charming bungalow, and served each of us with a refreshing glass of cocoa-nut milk. Here we found most elegant drawing-rooms, with charming books and pictures. There was every evidence of the highest culture and enjoyment about this lovely home. We did not meet Mr. Waller's wife, but I saw her taste and refinement dominant everywhere. From its commanding position a charming picture of loveliness was presented in the natural beauty of the landscape. The entire slopes of the hills and valleys below glowed with the wealth of the chocolate-tree. This tree bears a pod in which the beans are inclosed. They bear at five to six years old, fifty pods to the tree, with three hundred trees to the acre, averaging six to seven hundred pounds of beans. This will pay one hundred and fifty dollars net per acre. Like tea, chocolate or cocoa trees grow best between five and fifteen degrees of latitude. Spain is the largest consumer of this aromatic drink, and it is esteemed the greatest misfortune for the poorest peasant not to be able to drink

* The Government of Ceylon derives a large revenue from the sale of elephants. Tame elephants are driven with wild ones as a decoy into krawls (corrals), when they are captured. At the celebrated elephant-krawl of Labugama four hundred natives were employed in driving fifteen large elephants in to entertain the Prince of Wales's two sons during their visit several years ago.

it in that country. We saw large quantities of coffee-berries being sunned and stirred by the coolie, while passing through Mr. Waller's village. The school-master ran out to present me the Tamil alphabet he had cut on palmetto-leaves during my absence at the bungalow in acknowledgment of a small contribution I made to purchase the children Sunday-school books. He informed me Mr. Waller paid all expenses of the school for his tenantry, and was a very good man. The teacher showed me how he taught the Tamil children to make figures and write in sand. He remarked that small children in this way were enabled to hold a stick to begin forming characters with while they could not hold a pen.

Returning to Colombo, Sir John and other friends gladly welcomed me. Mr. Palmer, my room-mate, had missed me for some days, he said, and had been keeping bachelor's hall. Sir John had been engaged in answering correspondents, reading, and driving. Mr. Reese and family, with Mr. Palmer, were on the eve of their departure to Melbourne, Australia. Mr. E. E. Carleton, of New York, with whom we had passed many happy hours on the "Kaiser I. Hind," a young man of the most generous impulses and exalted character, had already sailed. I never could forget his disinterested friendship for me and many acts of uniform kindness. Others of our passengers had left for Europe, and our steamer, the "Hydaspes," was reported in sight for China. Here we were parting never to meet again, our paths diverging to every part of the globe. In two or three days we should be gone.

Since Mr. Palmer's departure the black crows have been my companions. The pesky birds steal my bread and butter every morning near my window. I have rather tempted them to these unlawful indulgences by some encouragement given they were not slow to take advantage of. I amused

myself by throwing out crumbs of bread to see them scuffle over it before reaching the open court below. They would hardly ever fail to overtake the prize. This is the same species of black crow we have in Georgia. He is fussing, cawing, and into everybody's business. I have been tempted to destroy one of these pirates before leaving Colombo. They have a fish here that climbs a tree, another that hides in the mud, and a lizard three feet long. The shank (a live shell fish), the seer, shark, talipot, sardines, and bonitoes are most commonly seen.

Colombo is the center of the great pearl fisheries in the Indian Ocean. The pearl is found in a very large species of oyster, in great depths of the sea. The tortoise shells are worth thirty to forty dollars each, and when manufactured into paper-cutters, combs, work-boxes, and pretty ornaments, bring fabulous prices. The natives are experts at boating and fishing, employing many ingenious devices for ensnaring or catching fish. They drive them into bamboo pens and suspend large baggy nets in the water, and draw the fish over them by feeding them. There is a little boat in the harbor I have not seen elsewhere. It has a long, narrow body, and sits high out of the water. There are two poles, projecting at right angles from each end, on one side about ten feet long. The poles curve downward, the ends being fastened to a small log that floats on the water. This ingenious contrivance prevents upsetting.

Both cotton and sugar-cane are little cultivated on the island. In Jaffna the natives spin and weave cotton cloth on looms over two hundred years old.

CHAPTER XLII.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS AND THE AMERICAN MISSION IN CEYLON.

THE progress of Christianity in Ceylon has not been so great as its friends could wish; nevertheless, considering that it is called upon to displace the mild philosophy of Buddha, coupled with the gross superstitions of Hindooism so dear to the hearts of the ignorant and weak-minded, much has been accomplished; and a majority of the converts have probably been as sincere and consistent believers in our Saviour as would be found among a like number of average professing Christians in most Western countries.

Among the several establishments devoted to this work is the American Congregationalist Mission at Bettacotta, with a following of some three thousand people. It was established about 1816, and bears a high reputation, especially in respect to educational affairs. Its first representatives—Messrs. Poor, Scudder, and Saunders—were, it seems, on arrival arrested as spies by the British Colonial Government, but afterward released; whereupon they selected the Northern Peninsula as a field of labor, and located their establishment near the neighborhood of the most wretched and unfortunate people on earth. Here, apparently, their success has been fully commensurate with their means; for public report gives the American Mission at Bettacotta a high record. Among many interesting circumstances connected with the mission, especially of this period, is the fact that more than one of the college graduates bear the name of Cleveland, in consequence of a custom there of calling pupils who have embraced Christianity after the charitable people, mostly Americans, who have undertaken to defray the cost of their education.

Thus, to the writer's knowledge, the family name of our beloved President is borne by two estimable professional native gentlemen, a doctor and a lawyer, both of whom graduated from the Bettacotta College; and the establishment still rejoices in the presence of very near relatives of our present Chief Magistrate in the persons of the Rev. Mr. Hastings (principal) and his wife, the latter being an own sister to President Cleveland.

In conversation with Jaffna Tamil people—who, by the way, were mostly educated by the Americans, and are to be found occupying responsible and lucrative positions in the busiest towns of the island—one hears mentioned with respect and eulogy the names of perhaps a score of gentlemen who in the past, when connected with this mission, earned the admiration of all who knew them by their consistent and devoted labor; and that the institution still preserves its prestige is evinced by the interesting fact that in August last, when Governor Gordon was on his northern tour, he visited the establishment of Bettacotta and was so pleased with it that he left behind a personal donation of 1,000 Rs., and always has much to say in praise of the mission. The other Protestant missions in the island, to mention them in the order of their establishment, are: The Baptist, commenced in 1812; Wesleyan, commenced in 1814; Church Mission, commenced in 1818. All of these are in a highly prosperous condition, and number among them about fifty-eight thousand followers; whereas the Roman Catholic propaganda, established by the Portuguese in 1544, has over two hundred and ten thousand adherents. According to the last census, taken in 1884, the whole population of the island was two million seven hundred and fifty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-one, or very near three million, divided into the following religious sects, viz. Buddhists, 1,698,070; Hindoos, 593,630; Mohammedans, 197,775;

Catholics, 210,000; Protestants, 58,000; promiscuous, 2,286; total, 2,759,761; and the proportion of males to the whole was about fifty-six and two-thirds, or very nearly fifty-seven per cent. The Wesleyan Methodists and Episcopalians are nearly equally divided, the Presbyterians number thirteen thousand, and Baptists five thousand, that make up the total number of Protestants. The Singhalese furnish one hundred and sixty-two thousand two hundred and seventy, or three-fourths of the whole of the native Christians. I find but three Moormen and thirty-two Malay Christians on the whole island. This results, I think, from the deadly antagonism that exists between the Moslem religion and Christianity.

The recent census shows a very singular coincidence in relation to crime. The proportion of the entire population of Ceylon who can read and write is but 15.7 per cent., while the per cent. of prison population so educated is 34 per cent. The greatest per cent. of crime exists among the educated Malays.

The entire number of Christian converts in India and Ceylon approximates two million, including Burmah and Siam. The disproportion is largely in favor of the Catholics, who have been working here about three hundred years, while the Protestants have worked hardly one-fourth of that time. In the last decade the Christian population doubled in India, while the working force in the zenanas and churches increased in proportion. Since 1840 in Ceylon the stations rose from forty to one hundred and fifteen, and the native helpers increased from eight to ninety-nine. The foreign agents remained about the same.

In my farewell to Colombo I wish to express my profound obligations and sense of gratified appreciation of the kindness and valuable information I received from our popular and most efficient Consul, Hon. W. Morey, long resident here as

Consul of the United States Government; Messrs. Volk Bros.; Delmege, Reid & Co.; Ismael Lebbe & Son; the Governor's office, the managers of the Grand Oriental, and others, for remembered courtesies.

In a few hours Ceylon—the pearl of the Indian Ocean, the gemmed isle of the sea—had sunk below my vision, and left my thoughts to me.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?

There is a touching incident associated with Ceylon that saddens every traveler who beholds it. It is the death of Bishop Coke, who died on his way out from England to India, May 3, 1814, and was buried at sea, not far from Ceylon. It was through his efforts that the Wesleyan Methodist missions were introduced and established in this quarter of the globe.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ON THE INDIAN OCEAN—STRAITS OF MALACCA—
PENANG, SINGAPORE, ETC.

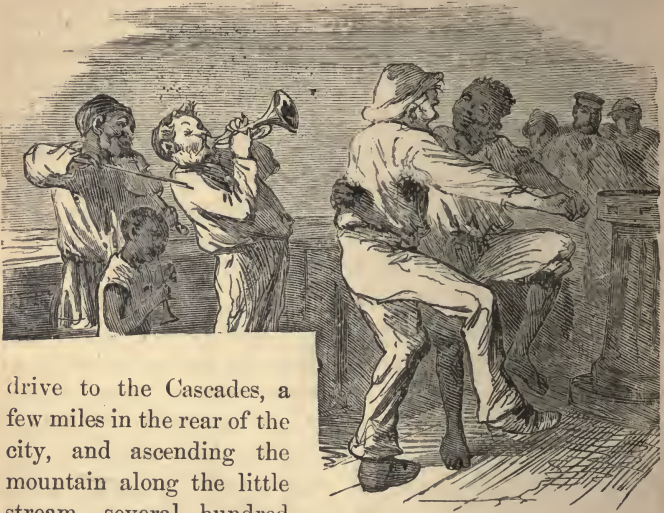
I N three days we sight the mountains of Sumatra on our right, and shortly after Malacca on the left. One day it looked like we would have a cyclone, the angry sea rolled its billows over our ship so high. But the cares and the sorrows of yesterday are chased away by the pleasures of to-morrow. We have joyous sunshine again and beautiful moonlight nights. Sir John and I are the only Calcutta passengers bound for China. All new faces at the table. Several English officers, with their wives, for Singapore, two or three bankers for Hong Kong and Yokohama, and a missionary for Pekin, with a half dozen others for Shang-

hai, make up our passenger list. It is one month yet to Shanghai. Our officers are Scotch and English, but our sailors are Mohammedan Hindoos, with Zanzibar negroes for coal-bunkers. The "Hydaspes" is a Peninsular and Oriental ship, a beautiful steamer, with a staff of polite and efficient officers. Since the storm we have the calmest seas imaginable. We are right between the monsoons, with the finest weather possible. The African firemen sit on deck, eat their curry, with dried fish, and tell long stories like their Georgia cousins. I imagine they would enjoy "'possum and potatoes" equally as well (I am sorry I mentioned that dish). Every now and then one will break his sides laughing. They have low insteps, flat noses, thick lips, and flat, kinky heads. They are the *genus homos* of pure African scent; Mohammedans in religion, if any thing. They eat with their left-hand, and do all the dirty work with the other. They laugh and talk while eating. Each group sits around a large pan of rice twice a day. They are fond of "scuffling, or the double shuffle, and are not at all particular about their *partners*."

We have been sailing east with slight variations ever since we left New York. In a few days we shall turn the curvature of the earth's surface, with a slight bearing to the north. Every day brings us nearer the equator, which we shall almost touch at Singapore, the farther end of the Malacca Straits we have just entered.

On yesterday we passed the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, having completed just half my voyage around the world.

The approach to Penang is remarkably beautiful. The numerous small islands dotting the bay, the fishermen's huts, and their bamboo trap-pens on the edge of the sea, lend a picturesque charm to the scene. Twelve hundred and fifty miles from Colombo and six hours' stroll on the shore. We



WE DO N'T MIND IT.

drive to the Cascades, a few miles in the rear of the city, and ascending the mountain along the little stream, several hundred feet high, enjoy an enraptured view of the city below us, with its harbor, studded with sail, Chinese junks, and sampans. The bay gleams like a mirror through the dense tropical foliage of the palm-tree. The city of Penang belongs to the English, and contains a population of eighty thousand inhabitants, mostly Chinese. Many of these are subjects of the British Government, some of them having been born here under its flag. They yield full allegiance to the Crown, and appear rather proud of their native country. I observed a good deal of manufacturing in tin, brass, wood, and even blacksmith-shops conducted by Chinese. Considerable trade was going on in every line of business. In some of the stores I saw imported goods from England. Many of the houses are finely built of wood and brick, a few of the private residences along the drive to the Cascades being especially

noticeable for their architectural beauty and pretty gardens of shrubbery. In some of these the fan and traveler's palms were growing—perfect beauties. I passed several josh houses of the Chinese, and a funeral-procession I will describe farther on. Here were the Hong Kong geese, Shanghai chickens, ducks, and the first hogs we had seen—all Chinese. These people are very fond of bits of fat pork with their vegetables for dinner.



MALAY BOY.

On one street we saw a large quantity of nutmegs (like pig-nuts) drying, and the English houses were piled high

with boxes of spice, pimento, etc. The Chinese live up'sairs over their stores, and often in rear of the first floor. In one of these I found their gods sitting on a mantel-piece convenient for worship. By this arrangement the Chinamen need not lose any time attending church. You can buy any number of these gods, in jade stone and carved in wood, on the streets. The Chinese bankers were standing behind counters in open shops, with piles of Mexican silver dollars, ready for business. Just before we reached the market a villainous-looking Malay approached us, speaking very bad English. He was a self-constituted guide—pointed to different objects, houses and things, with explanatory gesticulations. We paid no attention to the pirate; but the more disgusted we became the more courtesy he showed us. We finally determined on a desperate expedient. It was to rush him through the dried fish market, for we felt confident the stench would destroy him. He came out at the opposite end unscathed. We then paid him off and discharged him. A Japanese who accompanied us escaped by a side-door, nearly deranged. In the vegetable department we saw fresh fish, shrimp, pork, poultry, crabs, sweet and Irish potatoes, pease, beans, etc. The fruit was in endless variety. Here was a fruit we had never seen before. Something new—must be delicious. "What is it?" addressing a Malay man. "The dorian, sir. Would you like to taste it?" "Yes, certainly; it resembles a pine-apple. Goodness gracious! polecats and skunks!" "How do you like it, sir? Very fine in Penang!" "You don't eat this, do you?" "Yes, sir!" "Burned feathers and assafetida! you ought to be hanged!" "Yes, sir; the English people here eat it. You see it requires a cultivated taste for the dorian." "Yes, I see."

That dorian produced a stampede in my party, and I never could organize the boys again for sight-seeing in Penang. We took a boat called a sampan for the "Hydas-

pes." It had eyes painted on the bow. We asked Johnny, the Chinese boatman, "What's that for?" With a broad grin, he replied: "No got eye no can see, no can see no can savee; no can savee no can walkee; no can walkee how can?" This was pigeon (business) English, the full translation of which is, "Without eyes the boat could not see to go along."



"NO GOT EYE NO CAN SEE."

This was the first pigeon English we had heard. It was more refreshing than the dorian.

At night fish darting about in these crystal waters appear to carry torches with them. The oars of the sampan seem to dip up the "liquid light." The rain-drops that dimple the sea are turned into myriads of diamonds.

The Governor of the island resides at Singapore, and when he visits here, it is said, the cannons boom and the natives tremble at his approach. When power is once acquired by the English they understand how to hold it.

We have observed that our currency has changed from rupees into Mexican dollars, and the catamaran of India

into the sampan of China. We find our decks full of "Celestials," and more coming from the shore. We hear that two hundred are awaiting our arrival at Singapore. Made their fortune in the Straits; now going home to spend it. They occupy the fore part of our deck, with their baskets, trunks, boxes, matting, rice-bags, crates of ducks, chickens, vegetables, coal-stoves for cooking, opium-pipes, and fumes in general. What an opportunity for studying the life, habits, and character of these strange people we shall enjoy for the next ten days to Hong Kong! Wonderful nation! It is full of progress—the elements of a higher civilization that has affected the literature and molded the thought of Eastern and Western Asia. They have literally overflowed the shores of their country into Siam, Burmah, Australia, and the Pacific slopes of North America. The original Ainos, or Japanese, civilization may be traced to China, while the Island of Formosa, with Cochin China, Corea, and Borneo, have been largely molded by Chinese thought and life. Educate and Christianize this wonderful empire, with its four hundred million of inhabitants, and you have won for Christ nearly one-third of the whole world.

We have a run of three hundred and thirty miles down the Malay coast before reaching Singapore. On our left we pass the beautiful city of Malacca, on the main-land—once a prosperous place of business, but of late years its principal trade has been diverted to Singapore. The British flag is flying above the fort, and a few Chinese junks and native craft are strolling about the harbor. During the American war Capt. Raphael Semmes, of the gallant "Alabama," was entertained royally by the English ladies resident at Malacca. Its milk-white houses gleam under the shadows of lofty mountains in the background, whose sloping sides are covered with a jungle of small canes, for which the Malacca province is so celebrated.

Singapore, or "the city of lions," is situated at the extreme eastern end of the Straits of Malacca, on a point of a long peninsula that projects southward from the continent of Asia. The island is only separated from the mainland by a narrow channel of several hundred yards in width, being twelve miles wide and twenty-seven miles long. The Straits of Malacca connect the Indian Ocean with the China Sea, and Singapore is situated at the mouth that opens into it. No city in the world enjoys such commercial advantages. All ships passing eastward by the Cape of Good Hope, or through the Suez Canal, or from India, must enter this toll-gate, or pass through the Straits of Sunda, that separates Malacca from Borneo. In either event nearly all ships call at Singapore for coal, freights, and fresh supplies of provisions.

It was on the morning of the 17th of May we steamed up to the wharf of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, among numerous small islands and tortuous channels. The water seemed very deep. We looked up inlets and into sheltered coves, and saw the native huts, covered with palm-leaves setting on bamboo posts. The fishermen's boats, in which the families lived, were tied below as the water ebbed and flowed.

Rounding to the wharf to avoid the coral reefs, the crescent-shaped harbor revealed the sail and shipping from every land and sea. Great steamers were coaling for their long "homeward" stretch across the Indian Ocean. I thought of the gallant Captain Semmes, with his dauntless little ship-of-war, sailing into Singapore twenty-one years ago. What enthusiasm and curiosity the presence of the "Alabama" must have excited among the natives, who rushed aboard to see the great black giants they heard were chained below! The character of the different nations trading at Singapore, etc., is so graphically described in his "Service

Afloat," I am tempted to make a few extracts. After alluding to his hearty reception by the people and city, Admiral Semmes remarks:

"These crowds were themselves a curiosity to look upon, formed as they were of all the nations of the earth, from the remote East and the remote West. Singapore, being a free port and a great center of trade, there is always a large fleet of shipping anchored in its waters, and its streets and other marts of commerce are constantly thronged with a promiscuous multitude. The canal—there being one leading to the rear of the town—is filled with country boats from the surrounding coasts, laden with the products of the different countries from which they come. There is the pepper boat from Sumatra, and the coaster of larger size laden with tin ore; the spice boats from the spice islands; boats with tin ore, hides, and mats, from Borneo; boats from Siam, with gums, hides, and cotton; boats from the different parts of the Malay peninsula, with canes, gutta-percha and India rubber. In the bay are ships from all parts of the East; from China with silk and teas; from Japan with lacquer-ware, raw silk, and curious manufactures of iron, steel, and paper; from the Philippine Islands, with sugar, hides, tobacco, and spices. Intermixed with these are the European and American ships, with the products of their various countries. As a consequence, all the races and all the religions of the world were represented in the throng that crowded the coaling jetty to look upon the 'Alabama,' wearing the flag of a new nation, mysterious for its very distance from them. We were to their Eastern eyes a curious people of the antipodes.

"The physical aspects of the throng were no less curious than its moral. There were the Malay, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Siamese, the Hindoo, the Persian, the wild Tartar, the Bornese, the Sumatran, the Javanese, and even

the New Zealander; all dressed—or undressed, as the case might be—in the garb of their respective tribes and countries. Some of the most notable objects among the crowd were jet black Africans, with the amplest of petticoat trousers gathered at the knee, sandaled feet and turbaned heads—the more shining the jet of the complexion the more shining the turban. . . . Some of the wonder-mongers actually believed that we kept chained in the hold of the ‘Alabama’ several negro giants (they had heard something about the negro and slavery having something to do with the war) whom we armed with immense weapons and let loose in time of battle, as they were wont to do their elephants! They waited patiently for hours under their paper umbrellas, hoping to catch a sight of these monsters.

“Singapore, which was a fishing village half a century ago, contains a hundred thousand inhabitants, and under the free port system has become a great center of trade. . . . Great Britain, with infinite forecaste, not only girdles the seas with her ships, but the land with trading stations. In her colonization and commerce consists her power.”

The foregoing is a true picture of Singapore to-day, except that much of her former trade that came from China and Japan is now done through open ports at home.

On our ship coming from Penang was a wealthy Chinese gentleman, with whom I became well acquainted. He was born under the British flag; spoke and wrote excellent English. He was making the voyage, first-class, to Hong Kong, on a visit to some friends in China. I recall with pleasure the name of Mr. Yeow Sew Beow, with whom I spent many pleasant hours. This gentleman informed me he saw the “Alabama” here when a boy. She had left a track of flame half around the world behind her. No less than twenty-two American ships had sought refuge in Singapore.

They could get no cargoes, and all commerce with the United States was paralyzed by the mysterious movements of this one little man-of-war. The "Wyoming," which had been watching for the "Alabama," always kept out of her way. In all this memorable cruise I have found Captain Semmes as humane as he was brave. He always strictly observed his belligerent rights under the rules of war. The world has not produced his superior since the days of Paul Jones and Nelson.

For an hour before we had disembarked we were highly entertained by the wonderful acrobatic feats of some Malay lads, who leaped out of their slender boats like frogs after the small silver coins we threw overboard. The water was so clear they would invariably overtake the coin before it reached bottom. They brought up coral and sea-weed for souvenirs as well. Their only clothing was a breech-cloth. On the shore the brilliant display of fruits vied in beauty with the boats of coral and lovely shells. The different hues, shapes, and wondrous beauty of this display were simply marvelous. Here were immense conch, mulex, spider crab, pearl, and many of the most curious shells I had ever seen. Java was only three days away, and Australia twelve. A regular line of steamers to Batavia, connecting at Singapore, afforded easy communication with Java. Here you could see from that island the pretty red cockatoo, charming paroquets, and other rare birds. As for monkeys, Singapore was the paradise for this burlesque on man.

The city lay off about two miles on an elevated plain. Here we saw the first jinrickisha, the man-power baby carriage so much used in China and Japan. But we wanted to see all the sights in the city, including the botanical gardens, the public square, Hotel Europe, Whampoa's gardens, etc., and preferred a four-wheel gharry. We could not effect a bargain with the Malay cabman. He asked a fabu-

lous price, which we declined to give, and at once organized a pedestrian tour right under the equator. When we had disappeared under the interlacing branches of the banyan, the cocoa palm, and banana trees, around a curve on a beautiful road, we heard a thundering noise in our rear. It was the gharryman, running his horses heels off to overtake us, shouting at the top of his voice. He accepted our offer, and we never had a more obliging coachman. His horse was party-colored, a little black and white pony, native of the island—all bottom. Pretty soon we saw a number which looked like a circus had just disbanded. Ours was a petted animal. He had to be coaxed, pulled, rubbed, and led off a little before he would get steam up. But when he did start he went "off in a jiffy," the driver jumping up. We all exclaimed, "Farewell, Susan Jane!" We admire a spirited horse in this climate for his reckless speed and endurance. We were soon in town. We present you a picture of a Malay cottage and a lady we saw on the way. She cast sly glances as we hurried by. She was out enjoying a breeze. I thought of friend Ferguson at Colombo. He ought to be here to take statistics. I am sure this would be his report: From present appearances I regret to announce a continual falling off in the importation of cotton goods. If the Malays of Singapore and Chinese coolies were each to purchase twenty cents worth of English cloth a year our trade would greatly prosper with that island. This lady only wore a skirt, with arms, shoulders, and body decolette. Her parlor, kitchen, dining-room, and bed-room are all the same. She has no chairs, bedsteads, sofas, knives, plates, or forks to bother her about housekeeping. She sets the pot aside, folds the matting away, and steps down the ladder for a little sight-seeing.

There is nothing like style, even in Malacca. The refined, educated, and wealthy maidens are described as beau-



MALAY HOUSE.

tiful (I am very sorry), with soft, lustrous eyes and drooping eyelashes. O hush! And it is reported they even dress tastefully! Jes-so.

Through good fortune I secured a picture of one of these Malayan damsels, who wears a charming "bit of a hat," shaped like a cheese-box. It is twenty-four by six, but is light and airy. On gala nights these girls wear "lightning-bugs" in their hair to make themselves more attractive.

The Malay men are athletic, well-shaped fellows, with dark brown eyes and copper skins. Their acceptance of the Moslem religion is said to have made them malignant in hate of their enemies. They are naturally a kind and affectionate people.

Besides the gharry and jinrikisha, there are bullock-carts with solid wheels. The ox has a hump on his back (Burmese), and works in single or double harness. Every thing



MALAYAN LADY.

reminds us that we are approaching China. We see so many strange sights. We meet men wearing hats three feet in diameter, the crown running up into a cupola, and others wearing a funnel-shaped head-gear resembling an inverted wash-bowl. Two-thirds of the population are probably Chinese, the remainder Malays, East Indians, Asiatics, and six or seven thousand English or Europeans. The Chinese all wear "pig-tails." I saw a Chinese policeman with five cues in his hand, driving the criminals before him to jail. Many of the coolies wind the cues around the back of their heads, tied up, or sometimes wrapped around their

necks. But this is not orthodox. It must hang down his back, as an emblem of his subjection to Tartar rule. The coolies wear a blue cotton blouse, or cloth, about their hips. They step briskly past us, with a light springing bamboo across their shoulders, from the ends of which are suspended baskets, buckets, pails, and tubs. These are the market-men, with vegetables, eggs, fish, ducks, and chickens. We pass a street in which nothing but bamboo baskets are made; then shops of all kinds carry on the trades in small manufactures. The shoe-maker puts the heel on his boots first; the carpenter draws his plane toward him instead of pushing it away; the mechanic puts the roof on his house before weatherboarding, etc. Being on the opposite side of the world, the Chinese do every thing the opposite way, I suppose. At last we reach the public square, on which Hotel Europe is situated. The avenues are broad and beautifully shaded, the houses near the hotel being generally two stories high, of brick, and covered with tile. This is the European quarter, where the power and influence of their business are mostly felt.

We found our bank, the chartered Mercantile (English), across the canal. We presented our letter of credit to the manager, and while we are talking pleasantly the Chinaman counts out the silver dollars, twirling them on his fingers to see that they are genuine. They are the best accountants and office-men I ever saw. These Mexican dollars are very inconvenient, but will be current throughout China and Japan. When I left Colombo the bank was closed, and I could not pay Messrs. Lebbe & Son (Moor-men merchants) a bill I owed them. "Give yourself no trouble, please. Pay us in Singapore." I asked Mr. Lebbe if he was not taking risk in doing this kind of business. "O not much," he replied. "We hardly ever lose a cent. Recently a bogus nobleman got away to India with a few

thousand rupees, but I caught the noble rascal on the Burmese coast, by telegraph, and we are trying him now."

I mention this incident to show the mutual confidence existing among business men on this side of the globe. It was the basis of all transactions with us before our civil war. But now a farmer in Georgia would have to mortgage his land or crop to raise one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

The manager asked me if I would not have a drink of ice-water. The ice is manufactured here at one cent a pound. The punka-waller was creating a splendid breeze throughout the building. The inevitable "bawth" was close at hand; so between the equatorial showers, the punka-coolers, and bath-tub, an Englishman manages to exist throughout the year. In truth, Singapore is claimed to be very healthy—a kind of Madeira for the East. Here the sun rises and sets at six o'clock every day in the year, the days and nights being about equal. Singapore is situated seventy miles north of the equator. Here perpetual spring, with its bursting buds and blooming flowers, triumphantly reigns. There is no winter, summer, nor autumn; showers nearly every day to temper the heat, and breezes laden with the perfume of nutmeg and orange groves, make it a veritable paradise. The mercury hardly ever falls below seventy degrees, or rises above ninety degrees, in Singapore. Neither the typhoons of the China Sea nor cyclones of the Indian Ocean reach these favored shores.

I was sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Whampoa, the Chinese prince merchant of Singapore. We desired to see his charming home and gardens, two miles from town. In 1877 Bishop Marvin and Dr. Hendrix met Mr. Whampoa personally, and received distinguished courtesies at his hands. Both of these authors have given an admirable description of their visit to these celebrated gardens. I did not meet

his son, Mr. Whampoa, jr.; but hurried down a broad avenue of matchless beauty, lined with stately palms and tall, feathery bamboos, whose extended branches interlaced overhead. The wild almond and heliotrope bloomed along



AVENUE TO WHAMPOA'S GARDENS.

the hedges; shrubs and vines, whose beautiful flowers peeped out from their wealth of foliage, filled the air with strange and sweet perfumes. We saw sugar-cane and sweet potatoes growing to perfection. Never was there a scene more ravishing to the senses or beautiful to study in its varied charms.

Arriving at the entrance to the grounds on the right of the avenue, we approached the residence, half obscured by dense tropical foliage. On either side of the walk from the gate were plants and flowers, and in the rear were the zoölogical gardens. The residence itself was closed, in charge of a few Chinese servants. The bottom story was accessible by many glass windows and doors, which admitted a full

inspection of interior objects from the outside. During his life Mr. Whampoa gathered many rare works of art and curious bronzes, lacquer, etc., from foreign countries. A marvelous piece of workmanship is an elaborately carved ball of ivory that is said to contain twenty-two others, cut out of one solid piece (Chinese or Japanese). The furniture, silver, and other ornaments we saw reminded me of an English rather than a Chinese home. But with all this culture and refinement, Mr. Whampoa was a heathen. "The subtle fumes of burning incense, mingling with the odors of spices and flowers, rose from the garden" before Dr. Hendrix and Bishop Marvin. I was rather disappointed in the ornamentation, from the descriptions I had read in works of travel. Probably the garden is on the decline since Mr. Whampoa's death, and does not present such a striking perspective; but it is yet really charming. The collection of its palms is one of its most lovely features. The fan palm is the glory of its species. Here it attains to gigantic proportions, each leaf being seven to eight feet in length. The stems of the leaves radiated from the trunk like an open fan. Sometimes you observe the natives sheltered from the heat of the sun under a single leaf by the road-side. But the crowning glory of these gardens, in my estimation, are the immense *Victoria Regias*, quite four feet in diameter, I saw growing in a pond, or lakelet, close by. The leaf spreads out on the surface of the water, round as a plate, with its edges turned up an inch or two, strikingly beautiful. In another place I saw the lotus, the sacred flower of the Buddhist, in bloom. It resembles the white pond-lilies I have often seen in Georgia. All kinds of plants and shrubs are growing in the open air, the black pepper vine, tea, spice, and coffee being among those cultivated. A green rose was one of Mr. Whampoa's specialities. Orange-trees, with a peculiarly variegated foliage, bloom and bear

fruit the year round. The training of the shrubbery on wire frames to represent different objects, both animate and inanimate, was very curious. Animals and birds, as well as other representations, were evidences of the rare genius and love of art displayed in these gardens. I saw a dog in the attitude of barking furiously; a deer with head erect as if he heard the dog. There were birds about to fly and others at rest, dogs, hogs, and a picture of an elephant trained out of a box plant; a monkey was eating a cocoa-nut, and there was a fish ready to swim off. There were figures representing a pagoda, a gharry with horses running away, ships with sail, and flower-vases as tall as my head. I thought the glass eyes somewhat marred the natural beauty of several objects.

In Mr. Whampoa's zoölogical gardens there were curious black swans and ducks that interested me. One was a mandarin, or China duck. There was a queer, web-footed bird, with a long, slender bill, which I think is outside of any nomenclature; I had never seen it before. But the golden and silver pheasant just captivated my heart. A kangaroo, from Australia, that had two short legs in front and two long ones in the rear, hopped along on its tail, almost erect. When he is hunted in Australia he jumps fifteen to twenty feet at a bound. Another pretty little animal, called a "mouse deer," not much larger than a rat, was running at full speed around its pen. The ibex, Borneo bear, monkeys, parrots and other birds, make up the exhibit. Mr. Whampoa was a mandarin. Whether this title was conferred on account of his wealth or his literary attainments, I am not informed—probably both. At the city zoölogical gardens was the emu, a tall bird resembling an ostrich, which is also a conspicuous figure in this new collection. This is the bird our distinguished Georgian hunted on the African coast during the cruise of the "Alabama," at Saldanha Bay. I allude to

Lieut. J. M. Kell, now retired on his farm, near Griffin, Ga. Kell got several shots, but no plumes. "The devilish birds, as big as horses and running twice as fast, refused to heave to when I fired shots across their bows." ("Service Afloat.")

The English have a fort and garrison in Singapore, which is also the official residence of the Governor. There are but few, if any, American residents here. The European population is composed of English and Germans. But it is evident, except the export trade, the business of Singapore is largely drifting into the hands of Chinese merchants. They own most of the vacant lots and real estate in the city. They begin to display their wealth in fine horses, swell turn-outs, with their coachmen and footmen in livery. This ostentatious display, in contrast with their life at home, is somewhat striking to a foreigner.

We see the Malay sitting patiently in his shop, cross-legged, waiting for a customer. He is a money broker as well as a cabman. The Malays own several mosques here, and a conversion to Christianity among them is a rare occurrence. While the Chinese are the more active, money-getting people of Singapore, they have been compelled from some cause to adopt the Malay language in business.

The luxuriance of tropical nature, with its vegetation and marvelous growth, strikes every traveler here with wonder and amazement. You see all the fruits as well as flowers along the road-side. The banana and even the pine-apple appear to be indigenous and growing wild. The hill-sides are covered with them, inside the city limits. Every bush or tree left a short time becomes a jungle covered with vines. The forest around Singapore presents one of the grandest sights in the world. Little rattans no larger than a walking-cane wind themselves round and round the bodies of towering, gigantic trees, then, creeping along the branches



FRUITS OF SINGAPORE.

over interlacing limbs from tree to tree, are lost in a tangled wilderness. Sometimes a twiner ten inches in diameter encircles the tree as it ascends, runs out upon the limbs, drops to the ground its tendrils, which take root and doubling again upon themselves, and gathering tree after tree in their embrace, like Laocoon's serpents, writhe in their mighty struggles. In these impenetrable jungles, as dark as midnight, ferocious tigers, lions, and reptiles live. The birds of paradise, macaws, and parrots, with others of brilliant plumage, are found along the sea-coast. Here gutta-percha was first discovered, without which it is doubtful whether a submarine cable across the Atlantic could ever have been laid.

CHAPTER XLIV.

FROM SINGAPORE TO HONG KONG.

IT is seven days from Singapore to Hong Kong. We leave the equator now and sail up the north coast of China, rising higher and higher in latitude every day. We are sailing around on the curviture of the earth's surface, on the opposite side of the world from Georgia, in the China Sea. Our geographical position to the sun too has changed. We no longer see it rise in the east, as it has done for the past three months of our voyage; but it rises now in our west, over the mountains of Japan. When we reach Yokohama, forty-three degrees north of the equator, and begin to cross the Pacific Ocean toward San Francisco, it will rise again in the east. In making a voyage around the world we do not cross the equator, but in going to Australia we do. That island, or continent, is the antipodes of North America. When it is summer with us it is winter there. The line of latitude north and south of the equator regulates the climate. On the same latitude around the globe we find pretty much the same vegetation, productions, fruits, and flowers. When we reach Shanghai, thirty-two and one-half degrees north, on the same line as Augusta, Ga., I expect to find peaches, apples, plums, and cherries among the fruits, and corn, barley, cotton, wheat, oats, and rice cultivated.

In a few days we passed almost in sight of Cochin China, of which Saigon is the political capital. The French are carrying on a war with China in Annam and Tonquin, involving territorial rights and the free navigation of the Red River by the former. The truth is, France is ambitious for the acquisition of more territory, and has raised the right of suzerainty to justify her belligerent attitude. She has

an evil eye on Burmah as well, adjoining her Cochin China possessions on the Bay of Bengal, or Indian Ocean. But that question will be contested by England, while China will resist her encroachment on her borders in the east. The French have utterly failed as colonizers. They seldom leave home. There are but few in the cities of Annam or Tonquin, I learn. The principal business is in the hands of the Chinese, except a few export houses at Saigon. While the main-land stretched away on our left, we were passing on the right a chain of beautiful islands that studded the China Sea. One of these was Pulo Condore, the most extreme point east the "Alabama" made during her cruise in the China Sea. The island is claimed by the French, whose Governor extended Captain Semmes a royal welcome. While here for several weeks, Kell overhauled the ship and put her in good sailing trim for her return voyage. The Governor sent the Captain a pig, and gave him *carte blanche* to his *potato-patch*. Kell and the boys had a jolly round of fun on the shore. He shot bison and small deer, and heard of immense serpents in the jungle. He killed a vampire that measured five feet six inches from tip to tip. These birds have been known to kill a man or a horse, sucking the life-blood out of them. They have sharp teeth like a wolf. There is a locust that screams like a locomotive-whistle, and a tree that grows short pieces of wood exactly the length and shape of a Havana cigar. "It is a perfect representation, possessing even the proper color," remarked Lieut. Kell. Monkeys traveled in troops through the woods, while parrots and other beautiful birds wheeled in great numbers over their heads. At night many sea-serpents were discovered crawling up the cables on deck of the "Alabama." The sailors had stopped up the holes, one of them having seen the snakes before. Every day the apes and monkeys gathered along the shore, manifesting in-

tense curiosity, looking at the ship. Captain Semmes says they grinned and chattered like a lot of old *niggers* one sees along the African coast. One day the midshipman shot an old gentleman. He threw up his hands and screamed, then placing them over the wound mourned plaintively. The officer remarked he felt awfully sorry. "It was like killing his old uncle on his father's plantation." Captain Semmes went ashore to get a sight for his chronometers, and found the monkeys burying the dead. "The deceased must have been popular, judging by the large attendance at the funeral," observes the Captain.

Ever since I heard a gorilla was setting a railroad switch down in South Africa, I have taken more than usual interest in these "lampoons on human nature." Captain Semmes observes further that a party of apes, old men and women, with their gangs of children, came strolling along the beach every morning, arranging themselves in rows, and sometimes looked at his ship for an hour. The young folks walked about the beach in twos and threes, making love. The children romped around the old people, screaming and barking in very delight. If a boat approached the shore, the parents would give a whistle, and off the youngsters would scamper up the trees.

On the fifth day we were getting well on toward Hong Kong. A number of our English passengers had departed at Singapore. A particularly charming face and striking figure had been missed at the evening promenades on deck. Our largely increased Chinese passenger list, numbering fully three hundred, had been engaged in cooking, eating, smoking, and gambling the entire voyage. Each group spread down a mat, and sat around in a circle, throwing dice all day. They usually played for a cash, one-tenth of a cent, and sometimes a dinner. They cooked their dinners on little coal-stoves, two or more messing together. The

rice was boiled dry and eaten with bits of pork, chicken, and vegetables. Instead of knives and forks, they used chop-sticks. These were sometimes bamboos, or little sticks about one foot long, made smaller at one end. They held these between the first and second fingers, the lower one



CHOP-STICKS.

resting against the thumb. With these they can pick up a grain of rice or a vegetable, poke up the fire, or “knock the puppy off as well.” When they eat rice they raise the bowls to their mouths, and with these chop-sticks just shuffle it in. The rice takes the place of bread. They are fond of stewed chicken and duck, with the bones taken out

and cut up into small bits. They have a variety of vegetables, cooked with little pieces of fat pork, etc., which they pick up, one little piece at a time, and eat. They seem to enjoy their meals, and after each have a smoke. It would amuse you to see them clean and cook a chicken. The lesson inculcated in this one habit solves the individual and national prosperity of this remarkable people. It is economy. The fowl is picked and the feathers saved for pillows and beds. The head, tongue, toes, and legs go into the soup-pan in small bits. The entrails are carefully prepared for chitterlings, while the fowl is cooked as I have observed. That little dog, may be, will take his turn in the kitchen by and by.

One-third of these people smoke opium. The exports of this accursed drug from India amount to forty million dollars per annum probably. Nearly all this is sold in the free port of Hong Kong by the English. Its sale is forced on the Chinese against the earnest protestations of their Government. But the Government is powerless to prevent it. Shame on Christian England! It was first introduced into China by the East India Company, one hundred years ago, and brought on the war of 1840, called the "Opium War." The result of this struggle was the acquisition of Hong Kong by the English. The slave trade was merciful compared to this act of England, forcing opium on the Chinese. Listen to what a heathen emperor said to a Christian queen: "I cannot prevent the flowing poison, but nothing will induce me to derive an income from the vice and misery of my people." Mr. Martin, late Treasurer to her Majesty's Government at Hong Kong, in a noble outburst of indignation, declared: "The records of wickedness since the world was created furnish no parallel to the wholesale murders which the British nation have been, and still are, hourly committing in China." Can you imagine any thing

more horrible? Even a drunken man may reform; but an opium-smoker, once addicted to the habit, must die in five or six years.



OPIUM-SMOKERS.

I saw two of these poor wretches secreted under a little tent they had improvised for the occasion the second day after leaving Singapore. They don't like to be looked at. They were very sly, and did not enjoy my occasional glances. I bought one of the pipes to examine it. It was about eighteen inches long, with a clay bowl on top. The stem was bamboo. Generally two smoke together, always reclining, taking the pipe between them by turns. The crude opium, brought direct from Calcutta, is prepared for use at Hong Kong. They take a little globule the size of a pea, hold it over a lighted lamp, then work it in the little bowl, holding it over the flame again until it blazes. They then insert it in the pipe, drawing the smoke down to their lungs and letting it escape through their noses. Five or six whiffs, and the little ball is gone. One smoker fills the pipe again and

hands it to his companion. Pretty soon both men begin to giggle, grin, laugh, and grow funny. In a few minutes they are off to the happy land. But O the horrible sensations that succeed the waking! It must be a hell with torments unutterable. Soon after the habit is contracted the victim grows haggard and lean; his cheek-bones protrude and his eyes sink in their sockets. Very few survive longer than five years. The habit itself is quite expensive, costing fully one dollar per day.

Marriages are contracted at an early age in China, by the parents, as in India. They differ in modes and customs. There is no caste or zenana life in China; but the isolation of women after marriage in a Chinese home almost amounts to the prison life of India.

The Chinese bury their dead according to the custom of Christian nations. The ceremonials attending the obsequies are full of curious interest. A rich Chinaman had died before I reached Singapore, and had been buried in great pomp a few miles out of that city. An English passenger who attended the funeral gives me a most interesting account of this event:

The grave was dug in the shape of a horseshoe, huts erected and temporary accommodations improvised for the funeral. The body of the deceased was placed in a highly decorated funeral-car, borne in great pomp on the shoulders of men.* There were one hundred and twenty-eight pall-bearers who followed the body five miles in the country to the new-made grave. The decorations of the car were on the most magnificent scale. The display of flowers was gorgeous, while diamonds and jewels glittered and vied in brilliancy with the rich ornamentations of the canopy overhead. The casket was lowered over the grave, when the ceremonies began. Women in sackcloth appeared, prostrating themselves on the ground with bitter lamenta-

* The Chinese scatter paper counterfeits of money on the way to the grave, that the evil spirit following the corpse may, by delaying to gather them, remain in ignorance of the locality of the grave. They also scatter in the wind, above the grave, paper images of the sedan-bearers and other servants, that they may overtake the soul and act in its service.

tions. Men bowed three times. The tom-tom struck up its bedlam of sounds; fire-crackers were thrown in the air, and exploded in every direction. The priest made burnt-offerings, and the day ended in a festive celebration. The palm houses and tents around displayed a wealth of viands, fruits, etc., for invited guests and friends of the deceased. There were samshu and bhang* for the Chinese, and plenty of beer and whisky for the English to drink. When the festivities were ended the body was adjusted in the grave by a square and compass, and the head of the dead man was laid to the east. The grave was finished up with cement, and dirt drawn over it. The cost of this funeral was about three thousand dollars.

One of the most amusing incidents of the voyage was to hear the Chinese speaking "pigeon English"—that is, business English. When our language is not learned at school the Chinese find it impossible to acquire it afterward. So they have constructed out of different words, taken from two or three nations—such as English, Portuguese, and Spanish—a language of their own, which is simply the Chinese spoken language rendered into English, according to the Chinese idiom. When they fail on an English word they put in Spanish, French, or Portuguese. It is one of the most remarkable acquirements ever made by any nation. The following illustrations give you some idea of its construction: "My no save," I do not know. "No belong my pigeon," none of my business. "Mosqui" (Portuguese), never mind. Then the short words—"Chop, chop," quick, quick; "top side," means upstairs, and "bottom side" downstairs. "How fashion?" what like? A very funny inquiry relates to their children: "Have you see one piece of child?" Have you seen my child? "If you havee, makee walkee

*Samshu is a liquor made in China from rice, and bhang is distilled from hemp.

long this way; we too muchee bear ye while, so long a time to stay.”*

As we approached Hong Kong we saw bold rocks rising out of the sea, shooting up like cathedral spires; Chinese junks with square topsails, and other quaint-looking craft, upon which the numerous families were living, flit by us under swelling canvas. Every bow had eyes painted on either side, while the junks rose very high out of the water in front and rear. Behind were a gate and ponderous rudder, and overhead was matting for an awning, under which probably many of these children were born. As we rounded a bold headland, under a great mountain peak of rock, our ship boomed its little cannon as a signal for Hong Kong. Presently a myriad of twinkling lights flashed from the bungalows on the terraced slopes of a lofty mountain, resembling the star-lit dome of heaven. We anchored in the spacious harbor, which, like the city, seemed ablaze with lanterns hanging from the masts of ships that represented almost every nation. It was a picture of striking beauty, never to be forgotten. As the sampans, with their eager occupants, crowded around the “Hydaspes” to welcome some long-absent husband or son, who was now returning from Penang and Singapore with accumulated riches, I thought I saw the loving mother who embraced her son, the wife her husband, and the anxious, timid maiden awaiting her long-expected beau. What happiness, what enthusiastic joy would welcome these people at their homes! Wherever I turned my eyes the harbor presented a scene of moving life and bustle. The sampans were so numerous I imagined I could almost walk ashore upon them.

Early the following morning, in May, we moved up to our magnificent wharf, fronting the beautiful city of Hong Kong. We should have two days here, which would enable us to see Canton, about eighty miles distant.

*“Tell the lady upstairs to come down.” Go fetchee piecee woman top side—down—stairs—bottom side.

The island upon which Hong Kong is located is ten miles long and five broad. It was formerly inhabited by thieves called *ladrones*. The English population of the city is two thousand five hundred, while the Chinese exceed one hundred and fifty thousand in number. The city is built upon a slope of a lofty mountain, extending down to the sea. Several of the streets are built up with excellent houses, some two and three stories high, of brick—solid blocks, that resemble a European city, which a part in reality is, as far as its architectural structure is concerned. Even the Chinese had rivaled the English in building their houses during a great speculation in real estate here, some years ago, that came near bankrupting Chinese and all. Lots and houses rose to fabulous prices when Hong Kong got on *her boom*, and the shrinkage came on in time to explode the air-castles and bubbles that had been floated on paper. This feature of its eventful history was so American-like I had no further doubts about the influence our modern civilization was exerting upon the Celestials.

The approaches to Hong Kong from the sea are among the most picturesque and beautiful of any city in the world. The business portion lies along the Bund a mile or less; while the Europeans live in pretty bungalows, surrounded by lovely gardens, on terraced drives and walks above. These romantic homes are reached by splendid hard roads, winding around up the mountain, and long flights of stone steps, by which we are enabled to ascend one thousand feet or more. The view of the harbor and shipping below was grand beyond description. On the opposite side rose the red chalk bluffs of the main-land, that stretched away toward Macao, thirty miles distant. Above me, still seven hundred feet higher, floated the British flag over a battery of artillery that could rake the harbor and approaches to the mouth of the Canton River. The harbor resembled a mir-

ror, studded with great ships from every land and sea. The Chinese junks and sampans, with easy-flapping sails, were moving leisurely over the bay. Boats were leaving for Canton, eighty miles distant, while great steam-ships—floating palaces—were arriving or departing for Shanghai, Yokohama, London, San Francisco, New York, and Liverpool. More than two thousand vessels leave the harbor every year. Hong Kong is the great distributing center for the mails as well as the commerce of the Orient. Regular lines of mail-carriers leave here every month for Europe, Australia, Manilla, Japan, and San Francisco. The enterprise of the Western World is mostly felt here in its commercial marine. The great Peninsular and Oriental line, that girdles half its circuit, touches here twice a month; while the French Messageries, another great company, under charter of the French Government, ply between Marseilles and Yokohama, touching at Hong Kong, *en route* to Saigon, Singapore, Batavia, Ceylon, and Indian ports, both ways, with their magnificent ships. These two great rival lines then carry the mails for their respective Governments, connecting at all the China ports with steamers of the Pacific (United States) Mail Steam-ship Company for San Francisco. A letter started at Talbotton, Ga., will go around the world without missing a connection. The harbor is land-locked, which to a great extent protects it against the typhoons of the China Sea. But a few years ago thousands of sampans, with their occupants, and even larger vessels, were blown on the shore. There was great destruction of life and property resulting from this storm.

Hong Kong is at the upper end, as Singapore is situated at the lower or southern end of the China Sea. Since our departure from the latter city we have risen twenty degrees north of the equator. Still it is extremely hot in Hong Kong. In all the European offices, banks, etc., the punka

is going, and was even kept in motion on the "Hydaspes" during our recent voyage. Here the thermometer registers ninety degrees in the shade and one hundred degrees in the sun. In front of our wharf stand the jinrikishas in great numbers. When you approach them the men square around their little carriages and throw up their hands like the cabmen. For ten cents you can have your pick to any part of the city. The sampans charge the same price in the harbor. On shore there are only five miles of driving, which can be easily done in an hour. The well-developed, muscular coolie, sometimes six feet tall, lifts his heels and trots like a horse. A drive to Happy Valley Cemetery (English burial-grounds) is one of the most beautiful in the world. The avenue is macadamized and smooth as a marble floor. The jinrikisha coolie wears a loin-cloth and a bamboo hat, with feet sometimes bare and at other times protected by cloth shoes. As soon as you take your seat he is gone. He does not scare or run away, and does not even shy, like the horses do. When he comes to a crossing he looks behind to see if the wheels are on securely. He works tandem or alone, and it does not matter where you want to stop, or *how long*—he obeys your command. The dog-carts, drawn by horses, and the sedan-chairs (palanquins of India), borne on men's shoulders, have nearly disappeared from the streets in competition with the jinrikishas.

I find a new fruit among others. It is the *lychee*. It is larger than the plum, with a reddish rough skin. It is delicately flavored, having a clear stone. When dried the fruit is said to rival figs. The mandarin, seedless or glove orange, and Japan plum (*biwa*) are abundant and very cheap.

I watched a Chinaman fishing on the quay. He was the very embodiment of patience. He had a broad, baggy net, which hung from four corners of a bamboo frame resembling a quilting-frame. This he let down in the water by four

cords, from each corner, tied on the end of a pole. He threw crumbs of bread over the submerged net, and after awhile drew it up very carefully with its contents. There were many small fish in it.

The Bund is the great thoroughfare, running along the water. From this grand boulevard radiate smaller streets, running back a short distance to the foot of the mountain. Along these you can study the Chinese manufactures. Bamboo is used for every thing in China, like the palm is used in Ceylon. From it they make their chairs, beds, baskets, fans, lounges, and other useful articles. The English have several large sugar-refineries here, while the natives along the Bund are engaged in milling rough rice. These little mills are a curiosity. I was cordially received in one by the manager, who handed me a cup of tea. Tea is kept hot on tap all the time. It is furnished the mill hands free, without milk or sugar. In the mill I examined there were a dozen or more pestles in motion. There was an iron mortar to each pestle that held about a bushel of rough rice. The pestle was of stone, inserted at right angles in the end of a long lever that worked in a bearing about midway, the lever extending back several feet. It was so nearly balanced that all the coolie had to do was to throw the weight of his body first on one foot and then on the other, to keep the pestle in motion. After an hour's pounding the rice was fanned by hand, separating the chaff from the grain, then pounded again, the flour being separated by a screen and the rice polished by hand, with the chaff. This was done by mixing the pounded rice with the chaff in a bamboo sieve, which was shaken by hand. It is sold at one to three cents per pound, and is the staple article of food for the millions of China.

The women and men dress so nearly alike in Hong Kong that I mistook two good-looking girls on board of our ship



CHIN-CHIN.

for boys. They were all dressed in loose coats and baggy trousers. The men wore cues, which was their most distinguishing mark; while the women combed back their jet black hair in solid waves, their features betraying more delicacy of expression. They are fond of primping and painting their cheeks red. Some of the girls affect great modesty. I heard they made excellent wives, according to the testimony of an old Englishman, who had married one of them. He told me he had a number of children, "and a more devoted wife or mother he had never seen." I presumed the veteran Englishman was a widower when his last nuptials were celebrated.

Some of the Chinese are very sociable people. When you meet one he "chin-chins" good wishes to you. He shakes his own fists at you instead of your hand. The first question asked is, "How old are you?" This is the highest mark of respect one Chinaman ever pays another, as a reverence for age is shown by all classes. In return it is etiquette for you to inquire his age. This seems to be the custom particularly among the official and literary classes of China. I suppose, of course, the ladies are excluded from the observance of these formalities. I know it would not be etiquette to make such inquiries in Georgia.

CHAPTER XLV.

SOME ACCOUNT OF CHINA—CHRONOLOGICAL, HISTORICAL, AND GEOGRAPHICAL.

CHINA proper is divided into eighteen provinces, eight of which lie south of the great Yang-tse-kiang River. It has a coast-line stretching from Cochin China to Japan and Corea, nearly three thousand miles. It is about fifteen hundred to two thousand miles broad. The entire domain—including Corea, Manchuria on the north-east, Turkistan and Thibet on the west, and Mongolia in the north-west—is a third larger or nearly twice as great as the United States. It now has four hundred and twenty million inhabitants, or nearly one-third of the population of the whole world.

The Chinese call themselves Chung Kwah, or natives of the Middle Kingdom. They boast of the greatest and most civilized empire on earth. "It is hoary with age." It is antiquity itself. China has been the source of all light, the center of civilization, refinement, culture, the arts, literature, and science, for thousands of years. Her emperors

claimed a divine origin, and a right to rule from the remotest ages. The country was in a high state of civilization when Europe was in darkness, even before the civilization of Greece and Rome flourished along the shores of the Mediterranean. They claim an unbroken record for three thousand years, and one of their historians goes back of the flood. Whang-ti reigned 2758 B.C., or four hundred and ten years antecedent to this event, according to Usher. Another historian, Meng-tse, gives a full account of the flood—describing the country fresh as a desert, the lowlands covered with water and the hills with trees. The great Yau ditched off the land, cleared the forest, and tied up his hair for a bath. Now all the coolies do theirs up the same way in a coil behind. The deluge, as calculated by Usher, was fifty years earlier than this overflowing of Northern China.

While much of this antique history of the Chinese reads like fiction, their records seem much more trustworthy than the early annals of Greece, remarks a late writer.

The Great Yu seems to have been the De Lesseps of his times. He reigned 2205 B.C., and did what his predecessor, Yau, could not do—he drained the lowlands and kept out the floods. Seventeen hundred years later Confucius eulogizes this great sovereign. A monument that relates to the above notable events has been found in the Province of Shensi, with inscriptions cut in solid stone, supposed to be as old as the Pyramids of Egypt or the Obelisk of Heliopolis. During the reign of Yu, Abraham was called, and Joseph's elevation to the throne of Egypt occurred. This reign lasted four hundred and thirty-nine years; the Shang dynasty, succeeding 1766 B.C., afterward lasted six hundred and forty-four years. Then the exodus of the Israelites, their settlement in Palestine, judgeship of Gideon, Samuel, and Samson, and other contemporaneous events, took

place. The Chau dynasty began with Wu Wang and continued eight hundred and seventy-three years under thirty monarchs, down to 249 B.C.—the longest of any record in history. It appears that before this period the Chinese suffered the loss of a valuable library that contained books of ancient history, with the loss of many lives of the literati, by order of the Tsin dynasty. This monarch seemed jealous of the scholars' devotion to these ancient books rather than paying all their homage to the history of his reign. Some books not in the library, that related to medicine, divination, husbandry, etc., escaped in private hands. These were reproduced in new works, and history was perpetuated. This great conflagration of ancient literature took place 212 B.C. From Tsin comes the word "chin," or "sin." At this time Isaiah, looking with prophetic vision to the coming of the Messiah, wrote this sentence: "Behold, these shall come from far; and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim [China]." (Isa. xlix. 12.) It seems that the true record of China goes back nearly to the time of Abraham.

China was cultivating letters, love of art and science, at this time, while the Egyptians were worshipping crocodiles, birds, reptiles, and insects. The Greeks knew of the Chinese 250 B.C., as Strabo informs us. At that remote period cotton was planted in China, which Strabo said was at the eastern end of the world. It was so located on the map of Eratosthenes. This beautiful quatrain is from the works of this Greek scholar, translated by Dionysius:

Nor flocks nor herds the distant seres* tend;
But from the flowers that in the desert bloom,
Tinctured with every varying hue, they cull
The glossy down, and card it for the loom.

China furnished the Roman ladies silk for their robes

*Seres is the Greek word for worms which produced silk.

when Rome was at the height of its power. This was carried by caravans over the steppes of Tartary and the vast regions of Central Asia, observes Mr. Coffin. There was but little communication from the first century down to the year 1624, two hundred and sixty years ago.

The Dutch settled on Formosa and acquainted the Europeans with the use of tea. In 1666 Holland obtained permission to trade at Canton, Ningpo, and other ports; but the Chinese officials were so haughty and exacting it was with difficulty that intercourse was kept up. The East India Company opened up trade for England, which commenced in 1637. In 1795 the English Government sent Lord Macartney as an ambassador to negotiate a treaty of commerce, with the privilege to establish a depot near Canton; but the Chinese indignantly refused the "red-bristled barbarian tribute-bearer," as Lord Macartney was styled in the published official records. It was the custom to offer tribute to the Chinese Government, which they considered due them for the privileges of trading with them. Trade between the United States and Canton commenced in 1786; but it is only within the past forty years, since the Opium War, ports have been opened, treaties made and diplomatic relations established by foreign countries with China. As late as 1815 Lord Amherst was sent by Her Majesty's Government to negotiate a treaty of commerce with the Government at Peking. After months of weary sea-travel by sail and a fatiguing journey overland, he was forced to return from his fruitless errand. The failure of this mission resulted from a refusal of the English ambassador to observe the court ceremonials, consisting of prostrations and bows. Lord Amherst assured the Peking authorities he would pay the same homage to the Emperor as he did to his Queen; but this was not satisfactory. It was claimed that the Emperor had a divine origin.

China had built high walls around her cities, excluded from the whole world for three thousand years. She denied all intercourse with other nations, growing self-conceited and arrogant over a venerated history no other people could boast. She cultivated cotton, silk, and tea; her porcelain was unrivaled, while the fabrics of her antique looms had startled all the courts of Europe. China had rich mines of coal, iron, tin, copper, and even gold, undeveloped—and undeveloped still.

Marco Polo, the first European who had ever visited the far East, had become a favorite with the court at Peking early in the thirteenth century. Returning overland to Europe, he carried back the account of his visit to the country, its beauty, its immense wealth, treasures of the field and the loom. All Europe became elated over the marvelous stories of the eminent traveler. Century after century rolled by, but China still refused to open her doors. In 1840 the British lion began to lash his tail; no doubt the English Government had become worried over repeated efforts she had made for friendly intercourse, but as often refused. At last she grew indignant over some alleged provocation offered by China, and sent several of her big bull-dogs around to Canton, Shanghai, Amoy, Suchow, and Tientsin to do a little barking. English men-of-war opposite every town! "What you got in *heare*?" thundered John Bull. "None of your business," replied the man of "divine origin." Boom, boom, boom! "Thunder and lightning! the barbarians are at our very doors!" exclaimed Johnny. "What do you want here?" More cannonading. The doors are opened; John Bull steps in with papers from Her Majesty's Government. "Your ports must be opened, commercial relations established, and ambassadors exchanged. We want your tea, silks, porcelain, and other manufactured goods. You must take our opium, cottons, hardware, and

admit our missions and the Lord's Bible; we will sell you our ships, guns, powder, build your telegraphs and railroads, if you want us. We are to be good friends in the future." But China proved to be one of the most unreconciled converts. In 1856 the allied fleet went out again, and cannons boomed along China's extended sea-coast. Once more her ports opened. Nearly or quite every city along her sea-board now trades with foreign nations. Probably there is no section, except in Thibet, where a foreign missionary cannot travel with comparative safety.

Nature has kindly cast the Chinese nation in a gentle, pacific mold. They have had their wars, but compared with the Western nations these wars have been few. The Taeping rebellion of our day had its origin in the brigandage of an idle and leprous soldiery, who sought to live at the expense of the honest producer. But the pressure of the outside world is forcing China to establish arsenals; to build ships and guns for sea; schools to translate books of foreign languages into her various dialects. Through this new medium her people will be enabled to study our history, the civilization, literature, science, and philosophy of the Western World. She employs the best European and American scholars to translate her books, and skillful instructors of Germany and England to drill her soldiery. In the struggle now going on, France has met a worthier foe in Tonquin than she ever dreamed of. The Western nations are teaching China how to fight. A nation of artisans, manufacturers, and shop-keepers of wonderful thrift and industry must now become a nation of soldiers as well.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FROM HONG KONG TO CANTON—BOAT LIFE AND SIGHT-SEEING IN CANTON.

WE wanted to see an essentially characteristic Chinese city, and we could not have selected a better representative than Canton. It is eighty miles, up a strong current, by two magnificent lines of steam-boats that run in opposition to each other. The fare had been reduced as low as one dollar, but we paid three dollars each way. Sir John and I were the only first-class passengers, while below, on the first deck, there were seven hundred Chinese, many of whom were the élite of society. They paid thirty cents each for the same passage. Our boat was a magnificent side-wheeler, two or three decks high, purely American in every feature, even to the officers who commanded it. The mouth of the Canton River, not far from Hong Kong, resembled an arm of the sea. There were many junks and boats dotting the vast expanse before us; while over to our left, some distance away, gleamed Macao, which for picturesque and beauty of situation surpasses even the city of Hong Kong. In the summer it becomes a kind of sanitarium for the Europeans of the latter city. Macao was among the earliest European settlements in China, made by the Portuguese (to whom it still belongs) more than three hundred years ago. Like Hong Kong for smuggling opium, Macao has occupied as unenviable a position for its long years of revolting traffic in human flesh. Horrible stories are related of the "coolie trade" which the Portuguese, aided by Chinamen, have carried on as defiantly of law. The chief source of supply is from the numerous gambling-hells in China, where the Chinese, having lost every thing else, stake their bodies for a small sum of money advanced them by the gamblers. The gamblers then sell

them for twenty or thirty dollars to the barracoon, or dealer, who doubles his money. I have seen these coolies myself, in Cuba, brought from this very port; while others go on the Pacific coast to Peru, delivered there at a cost of two hundred dollars apiece.

Entering the saloon for breakfast, we discovered the front of the boat converted into an armory. There were pistols, swords, arms, and guns of various descriptions. I learned this precaution against attack had been taken in consequence of a robbery of thirty thousand dollars in specie, some time ago, by a lot of Chinese pirates who had taken passage on a boat up the river. The money was never recovered.

Our breakfast was verily charming. Such fruits, such viands, such delicious ham and eggs, butter, coffee, and biscuit, smothered chicken, broiled fish, steak, and even waffles, bewildered us. The lychees, oranges, and bananas were all familiar; but here were hot biscuits and waffles, with Goshen butter, we had been dreaming about. Purely American! Even sugar-drips sirup, to float the buckwheats in. The American boat had introduced some of the modes of thought and habits of living into this remote empire. Even the Chinaman had been taught the subtle art of our cooking.

I felt an honorable pride in directing the attention of my companion to those waffles. He appeared a little curious to know what they were, as the waffle is essentially an American institution. His high appreciation of this American civilizer gave me renewed assurances of his increasing good opinion of our country.

Fifty miles up the river we pass under the frowning guns of the celebrated Bogue Forts that were destroyed by the allied European navies in 1856. The batteries command the river, from lofty heights, on our right, which the Chi-



nese are now repairing in anticipation of bombardment by French gun-boats. The river is a mile or more wide at this point. A battery near the water's edge, five hundred feet below the frowning battlements, is practicing with shells. One has fallen a mile below and ricocheted a great distance without explosion. A few days ago these amateur gunners accidentally threw a shell into a neighboring village, killing many of the inhabitants.

We pass through Lintin Bay, curving into the Pearl River at Whampoa, which is really the port of Canton. A number of foreign vessels, European and American, are here loading with tea. Thus far the rich alluvial plains along the river have been cultivated in rice, which has been transplanted from beds into rows and flooded, much like it is done in Carolina and Georgia. We have seen lychee and orange trees growing as we approach Canton. Among these were peach-trees in bloom.

A tall eight-story stone pagoda towered away on our left, near the Bogue Forts, in melancholy grandeur. There were lichens, and even bushes, growing out of the interstices, near its ancient summit. These old monuments, or temples are going into decay. We have passed many salt junks, with flaming dragons painted on their sides and eyes on their bows, loaded or empty.

Salt (as in India) is a Government monopoly in China. It is imported from Tonquin, and inspected by the mandarins, who get a good squeeze at it, much like the whisky inspectors do the revenues in America. It seems like all the vegetables cultivated in Georgia are to be seen in the market-gardens near Canton. The Chinese are skillful in artificial fish culture, hatching eggs in ovens, rearing ducks on the river-banks and lakes, of which, they have had a knowledge for thousands of years. They construct little lakes or ponds along the great streams, turn the water in,

and raise carp. These, with other varieties, are shipped to Hong Kong alive, in large tanks of water, which we saw empty on the "Hankow" coming up. Among the Chinese, eels are highly valued for their delicious flavor, and, like the carp, are extensively cultivated for market. The carp must have originally gone from here to Europe, and thence to the United States. There is no doubt about the gold-fish (a species of carp) having been first exported from China.

Before our aristocratic passengers disembarked we passed around on a grand review. Many of them were on dress-parade. Several of the girls, with their tiny feet peeping out below silk robes, appeared very much embarrassed at our approach. I thought I saw blushes hiding in their cheeks. The men were smoking or talking, sprawled about on mats they had spread upon the floor. A number were throwing dice, playing cards, chess, etc. The ladies sat around in small tête-a-tête groups on divans, observing the most formal etiquette and decorum. Many of their faces resembled the pictures I had seen on fans. In the center of the large audience stood a dignified man, with ominous glasses on, as for size, reading for their entertainment from one of the Chinese classics. It related to the history and wonderful achievements of the Government in the past, I was told. His audience appeared to be absorbed in the various pastimes, paying the strictest attention to their games rather than the lecturer, who was himself about as boisterous as a French Deputy or United States Congressman. A striking figure I must not fail to mention was the man with a cap on and long finger-nails on his third and fourth fingers. He must be an eccentric genius; but then we have seen such characters in our own country—people wearing long finger-nails and long hair. It is a mere matter of taste, I suppose.



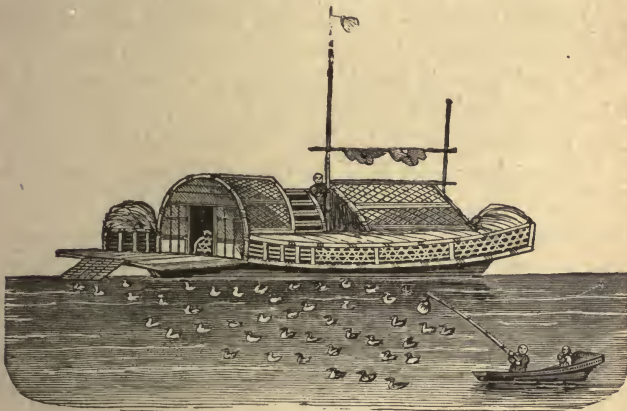
CHINESE ECCENTRICITIES.

In the distance we discover another pagoda and a few square towers rising out of a wilderness of tile roofs that present an almost solid surface.* It is the great city of Canton. Some distance in the rear are the White Cloud

*These square-top stone or brick fire-proof warehouses are to be seen in all the large cities of China. They are the pawn-brokers' shops. Here rent is paid on valuable articles of clothing, jewelry, money, etc., deposited, or even money advanced on the article held in pawn until it is redeemed by the depositor or owner. The frequency of fires and consequent loss of valuables in all wooden towns and cities have necessitated the erection of pawn-brokers' shops. The business is a very lucrative one, in which the owners generally amass great fortunes.

Mountains, that must have their sacred history and traditional lore identified with some thrilling events. We pass a little island with a small battery on it, and before us is one of the strangest sights in all the world—a hundred thousand people living in boats! We steam up the center of miles and miles of boats—sampan. They are tied up or anchored, or moving about on errands, loaded with their living freight. In each boat you see a little awning overhead—bamboo matting—a little cabin at one end, and the kitchen, with its tiny stove or brazier, at the other. Every boat is crowded with children. There does n't seem to be any sour old maids or crabbed bachelors in this flotilla, nursing perpetual solitude or their own pettish, cranky ways to idolatry. Everybody is busy here *raising children*, ambitious that their names shall descend perpetually to the latest generations yet unborn. If a baby falls overboard—and there are thousands of them (“*prettiest tings ever was*”)—the anxious mother rushes to the bow to find her tenth bantling with life-preserver on floating about in the water. “The baby has fallen out the portico! run, sis, and bring the *hook er my crook* here.” This is a long pole with a *catcher*, or hook, on the end of it. She reaches out, fastens hold of the little brat, and he is elevated in a minute. It is discovered that nothing got wet except the life-preserver. That was all the clothes he had on. The Chinaman raises his pigeons, hens, and even ducks, on his boat. You see the coops setting on the ample decks. You hear the chanticleer crow amid stream. The hens lay and cackle like other hens, raising their little broods on the floating barn-yard. The ducks can't stay aboard all the time—they must go out to swim; but at night every duck comes home. Then there are boats set apart specially for raising ducks after they have been hatched by the ovens. The master or mistress soon learns the proper quack by which the ducklings are

controlled. They, too, are permitted to swim occasionally through the day until they are ready for market. At night the hindmost duck always gets a drubbing for his tardiness in getting on board. One thousand birds may be tended by one man and raised in this way. The women and older children generally row the boats in the Pearl River. The men go ashore; but the children are born on the boats, and often their mothers have never been on land. Land is dear



DUCK BOAT.

and life is cheap. Those unable to rent a garden sometimes construct little floating islands or rafts, made of bamboo, and cover them over with soil, upon which they grow their vegetables. If a boat gets upset, the first impulse is to save its contents, and then the occupants afterward. What a study is this boat life of Canton! No other city in this vast empire presents such a striking feature in contrast to its population on shore. We have gone miles through scenes described and at last reach our wharf, where the river is comparatively narrow. What a dense mass of yellow faces

are upturned! At this wharf last year our boat was compelled to back out in mid-stream to escape being burned by an infuriated mob. Some difficulty arose between an Irish and Chinese employé of the "Hankow," which resulted in the Celestial being tossed overboard. Nearly all the European houses in the cantonment, or rear of the city, were pillaged or burned, some of the occupants having barely escaped with their lives; for which the Chinese Government was afterward forced to pay a round indemnity. There is possibly not fifty foreigners in Canton, including custom-house officers (Americans) and agents of large export firms.

We had scarcely landed before the Chinese guide had taken possession of us. One time, I must confess, a Chinaman was graciously welcomed. We had just encountered two women drummers from the Canton House, we had luckily seen coming up the river, who importuned us to stop at the finest hotel in the city. The women had trousers on, and we were *afraid of them*. The streets were densely packed, jammed solid; we could not move. Our guide was positive we would never see any thing unless we employed chairs (palanquins) to ride in, one each for ourselves and one for him. The whole arrangement looked like it had been "cut and dried." The men were ready, waiting for us. It required three to lift me. I think one of my men had the bellows. He blew like a porpoise before he had gone a quarter of a mile. The streets seemed not more than ten feet wide, and the houses, built of very small brick, rose two to three stories high. There was a man at every door, women and children above, balcony after balcony rising to the very summits in front of every opening. Paper windows and turning doors, sign-boards hanging perpendicularly in the center of the streets, painted in gold, vermilion, and yellow characters; banners streaming from cords running overhead; and clothes hanging out on top of the houses:

with a million of noisy people below jammed in the little streets and workshops—some with broad-brimmed hats and caps, others none at all; some dressed in blue blouses, baggy pantaloons, cloth shoes turned up at the end, and silk robes; and a half million of coolies dressed in pig-tails and loin-cloths, will give you a faint idea of how Canton looks to a stranger. How the stranger looks to Canton is another thing.

Our guide would say, "Hi, yi," then the people would look around and open the solid ranks so our coolies could trot along. I noticed iron bars and grates in front of many



HOW WE RIDE IN CANTON.

doors, and the rooms had high ceilings, sometimes frescoed or beautifully painted. Some of the shops were resplendent with grotesque paintings, umbrellas, fans, balloons, and toys innumerable. There were many fine crockery-houses, where we inspected different styles of porcelain and painted ware. The porcelain is made at the works in the country, brought to Canton and painted. The entire city is engaged in man-

ufacturing. There are tens of thousands of little shops in which you will see from one to a half dozen men at work in the different specialties of the trade. The shops, often of wood and of the meanest descriptions, turn out the most exquisite works of art. Here you will see the Chinese engaged in the plainest and most intricate workmanship; work in silk, feathers, gold, silver, brass, ivory, metals, glass, embroidery, painting, carving, weaving, knitting, spinning—all by hand. Here were silk fans, with ivory handles, worth seventy dollars each, exquisitely painted for the nobility. Then there were fans at a half to a cent each. I saw a man embroidering peafowl, pheasant, and paroquet feathers into the most tasteful and elaborate designs. There were fire-screens worth fabulous sums. Most lovely panels were deftly needle-worked and painted for drawing-rooms; silk rugs, curtains, handkerchiefs, cloths in beautiful colors for dresses, scarfs, etc., manufactured on the most ridiculous and antique looms. I saw men carving—in bone, camphor and other beautiful woods—different objects, representing animals, birds, sampans, chairs, and various pretty things. Here the opium and several kinds of pipes are made, and elegant silks woven that adorn the palaces of Europe. Here fire-crackers, gongs, and the comic fans for the United States trade are manufactured. From Canton nearly all our China, porcelain, and much of the tea, is exported. Bamboo is used for almost every thing. It is largely cultivated in China. The camphor-tree, from which our gum is obtained, is one of the most valuable of woods manufactured.

Let us see something else now. As we pass through the crowded streets we hear the hucksters crying, with open mouths, their fruits and wares on their heads or suspended at each end of a bamboo pole—reminding one of old Aunt Sukie (colored lady) in Charleston and Savannah: “Here is your fresh oysters! oys-ters!”



“OYS-TERS.”

Some carry trays on their heads, full of onions, lettuce, melons, and cabbages. We see little stalls with tubs of live eels and fish for sale; dried and fresh fish; live rats and cats; chickens, ducks, turkeys, eggs, mutton, shrimps, chitterlings, livers and gizzards of different things (I never stop to ask questions in Canton), and things I never saw before. For variety the Chinese market can't be excelled. Fish are taken out of tanks alive and sold as you buy chickens—or, if preferred, the merchant dresses the fish to order, saving the head and entrails, with cockerel's combs, for his poorer customers.

Here comes a fellow with a couple of live pigs, kicking and squealing, hanging at each end of a bamboo pole. “Stop!

come here!" says our guide. We advanced as cautiously as possible, for we smelt something—in fact, we had smelt something ever since we reached Canton. But the odor of "Araby the blest" was of a different species—different from any thing we had snuffed. It was so savory! Well, it was a dog—a barbecued animal, with head, body, feet, and even *toes*, unmistakable! He was roasted as brown as a Berkshire hog. I tried a hundred times to imagine what he was like. I began on roast pig, chicken, turkey, and lamb; then I tried to remember other roasted animals and fowls, but I could think of nothing. The discrepancy grew so great, I finally concluded he *smelled like a barbecued dog*.



HERE WE COME!

You see gamblers, fortune-tellers, mountebanks, just as you do in Christian countries. Old China street is a famous place for astrologers, and quack doctors too. People poke their heads out of the doors, and the street-urchins run after the "foreign devils," as we are called; our hats, shoes and

costumes are as strange to them as theirs are to us; we are a strange people to each other. They call us "Western barbarians," and we call them heathens.

The Presbyterian, Catholic, Wesleyan, and London missionary societies are all at work in Canton. The Catholics have been here several hundred years, and at one time came near getting possession of the Government; but intrigue in politics was the final cause of their expulsion. They now number many times double more converts than all the Christian denominations at work in the empire. The Catholic priests dress like the Chinese, wearing the cue as well. I could scarcely discriminate between them, they looked so much alike.

CHAPTER XLVII.

TEMPLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED SAGES—EXECUTION GROUNDS—EXAMINATION HALL, ETC.

ALL the religions of the Chinese may be comprehended in three systems: Buddhist, Confucian, and Tauist. The Tauist religion is the oldest, and is the court religion of the empire. Buddhism is the strongest in China, forming the basis of the system embraced by one-third of the human race. Confucianism, or reverence to parents, has assumed the form of ancestral worship.

The Buddhist monks or priests live in the temples, having a building adjoining to cook in, another to sleep in, eat in, etc.

The philosopher Tau was born just before Buddha, 600 B.C. He was a Chinaman, like Confucius, and wrote a remarkable work on "Truth and Virtue." In this book, giving a description of the creation, he advocates the theory of an Almighty Ruler, a great First Cause, evolved in the creation of the universe by several gradations. "He

taught that thousands of years before the creation there was an unembodied living principle existing in vacant space." After the creation of man, he dropped like a ball from heaven into the open mouth of a virgin, who was asleep. Eighty years after that, he was born with the white hairs of old age, and was named the "Old Boy." This is the deity-worship called Tau. Here are some pretty lines dedicated to this god, by an old king of the Sung dynasty, about one thousand years ago:

Great and most excellent Tau,
 Not created, self-existent;
 From eternities to eternities,
 Antecedent to the earth and heaven,
 Like all-pervading light
 Continuing through eternity;
 Who gave instruction to Confucius in the east,
 Who called into existence Buddha, in the west;
 Director of all kings;
 Parent of all sages;
 Originator of all religions;
 Mystery of mysteries.

Many of the Tauist and Buddhist gods seem related—for instance, the medicine and thunder gods, to whom prayers are offered. One of the Tauist gods is the national emblem on the flag of China, the dragon. He rules the clouds, lakes, oceans, and storms.

As we shall directly carry you into the temple of the "Five Hundred Sages," I present illustrations of the transmigration or transformation theories of the Buddhist religion and a mild picture of a Buddhist hell.

Here is a picture representing future life, showing the transmigration of souls: "A boy is changed to a dog; one man has horns growing from his forehead, his feet and hands are changing to hoofs, a tail coming behind—he is changing into a bull; a third, to an ass—head and ears

already on." This last "transmogrification" is not at all uncommon, perhaps.



"TRANSMIGRATION."

But the Buddhist idea of hell is truly horrible. The sinner is supposed to be cast head foremost into a sort of grist-mill, and ground to pieces—being mocked the while by two demons who manage the execution with great delight.

In the "Temple of the Five Hundred Sages," the most notable in Canton, there are life-size gilded figures representing the disciples of Buddha. Before each figure is an incense-burner, where offerings are made daily.

Another temple near our boat-wharf was profusely decorated with bunting and gilded paper lanterns in honor of the Tai-tou's visit to Canton. The columns supporting the roof of the temple were elaborately carved with dragons in every conceivable design. Across the river was another celebrated temple, the Ocean Banner, which we did not see.

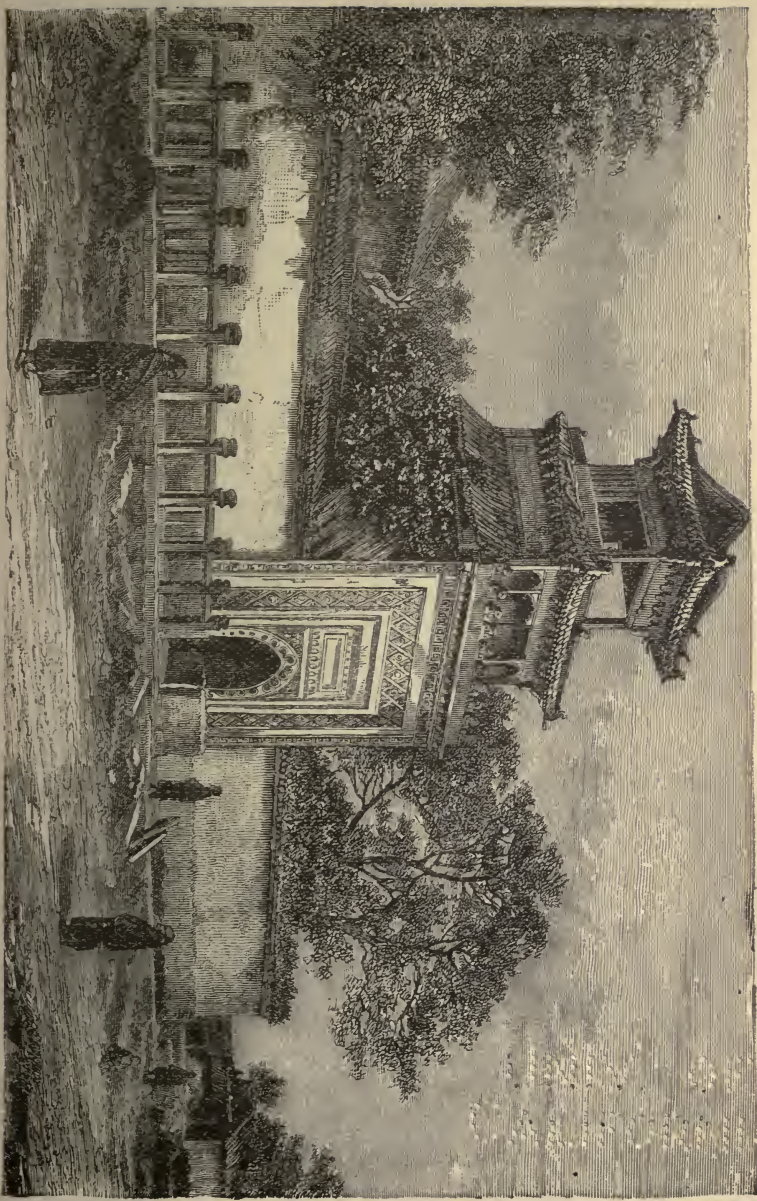
This is on the island of Honan. The Examination Hall and Execution Grounds are probably the two most interesting sights to a foreigner.

Near the city wall is the Examination Hall, a building capable of accommodating ten thousand students. They do not come here for study, as they do at the American colleges, but for examination. On their arrival, each pupil is assigned to a stall four by six, with a little window for light, a table to write on, a stool, bedding, etc. He carries his provisions in with him, but no books. He is locked up for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as the case may be. Subjects are taken from the four books of the ancient clas-



WE DO OUR WORK THOROUGHLY.

sics to write upon. Three essays and one poem are to be composed. When the subjects are once given out by the commissioners all hands go to work. There are no books, no keys, no cheating allowed in this trial. It is pure head-work. A jury of literary men examine the various productions. If they pass, a red mark of approval is made after each essay has been copied, to show no partiality. Those who



A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

pass the first jury go up to the second; all others are rejected. This is the second degree the student is contending for now. He has taken his first of "Beautiful Ability," instead of Bachelor of Arts, at his district college. Unless he takes the first, he cannot go up to the Canton or Provincial Hall. One hundred out of ten thousand now pass. Here are the A.M.'s, or Advanced Men. The session is over; the victorious are highly honored; ovations and high honors await them; cannons boom, fiddles, drums, flageolets, gongs, cymbals are attuned to the sweetest music, bonfires and lanterns are lighted, and the procession of their friends forms to celebrate this eventful occasion. The news flashes to every part of the empire, for each district is ambitious to excel and win its share of honors. "The success of the student is equivalent to an election." These examinations are the stepping-stones to political honors and civil office. To be a mandarin and viceroy, you must first be a literary graduate. There is no party service, influence of friends, money, or whisky tolerated in this system; merit and qualification must invariably be the test for office. We have mentioned the first degree, B. A., and the second degree, A.M.—the first obtained at the district, the second at the provincial college. There is still a third, for all students who have passed the A.M., at Pekin; if successful here, they receive the degree of "Doctor of Laws," which entitles them to occupy the highest official positions. Those who fail are allowed to try every three years. Many grow old in these efforts, and die at last without success. Some have studied for fifty years, and failed. To all competitors of this character the Government is very generous, giving them an allowance from the imperial treasury, to enable them to study at Pekin.

This has been the system in China for nearly two thousand years. Students preparing for the test examinations

become familiar with the literature and history of their country. Besides this advantage, the system is purely democratic, giving every student equal advantages.

The Chinese are a very literary people. Their classics, fiction, stories, histories, and works on dramatic art are to be found at the numerous book-stalls or shops in every city. They are a reading people, and hold their literature in the highest esteem. Printing-offices are as numerous as the bookstores—shops where men sit at tables handling blocks on which characters are engraved. The Chinese claim an unbroken record of history back three thousand years—as old as Moses. Their chief text-books of Confucian classics are about as ancient as the prophecy of Isaiah, observes an intelligent writer.

They have magistrate courts in China, in which petty cases of crime are tried; but the Emperor has power over life and death, without trial, I believe. Many of the poor wretches condemned to death are brought here to the Execution Grounds. The criminals, sometimes a dozen in a line, lay their heads along on blocks, waiting for the ax-man; presently he begins the decapitation, severing each head from the body at a single stroke, moving the basket along to catch the heads as they fall. For trivial offenses, the officers tie the culprits' "pig-tails" together, which is regarded as an eternal disgrace. On one occasion I witnessed a scene of this kind myself.

Bankruptcy is almost unknown in China. They are afraid to break here. It is too uncomfortable. When a native dealer fails to pay his creditors, they all assemble at his house, fortified with their pipes and a goodly store of rice and tea, and there they sit, calmly smoking, sipping, and eating till the money is paid. If, however, the defaulter be a European, they post a police agent at his door, and fasten on it a huge sheet of paper, on which

each creditor writes the amount owing to him. It is said the wealthiest banker in the world lives here in Canton—richer than the Rothschilds—worth \$1,400,000,000. His name is Aan Qua.



INTIMATE RELATIONS.

You ought to see a drug-store in China—you would never get sick again. The druggist is the doctor, and pulls teeth as well (there are dentists to fill them). From a peck to a half-bushel of old stubs may be seen in front of almost any shop in Canton. I heard they pull teeth with their fingers—I never saw it done. The law is very stringent about license to practice medicine, I know. Every physician is required to hang out his sign-board for inspection, with the name of every patient who has died under his treatment written on it.* One day a European arriving was taken suddenly ill, so I read, and sent his

*The sign-boards hang up and down, just like their language reads.

"varlet" out for a doctor. "Go in haste; but be careful to find the board with the fewest names on it." After walking himself nearly to death, he was rewarded. Looking up, he saw a sign with just one name. After the medicine was administered, the thoughtful patient congratulated the doctor upon his eminent success. "How is that?" says Esculapius. "Why, in your practice, I hear you have had only one death." "Yes, that's so." "How long, doctor, have you been practicing?" inquired the eager patient. "Well, yes; I commenced yesterday." A doctor is paid here for keeping a man well. I have no doubt the people live in dreadful horror of the Chinese *materia medica*. They have four hundred and forty-two medicines, either one of which, it seems to me, ought to kill a "pig-tail" at long range. I have secured a partial list by accident. I find such curious items as "dried red-spotted lizard, silk-worm moth, parasite of mulberry-tree, ass's glue, tops of hartshorn and bird's-nest, black and white lead, stalactite, asbestos, tortoise shells, human milk, glue from stag's horns and bones, ferns," all recommended as tonics; burned straw, oyster shells, gold and silver leaf, iron filings, and the bones and tusks of dragons, are stated to be astringent. The so-called dragon's bones, by the way, are the fossil remains of the megatherium and other extinct animals which are found in various places, and which our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors esteemed so highly for medicinal purposes. Indeed, any one acquainted with the leechdoms of our own forefathers might suppose, in glancing over these Chinese prescriptions, that he was reading the medical lore of Britain until the eighteenth century. There is the identical use of ingredients, selected, apparently, solely on account of their loathsomeness.

There are certain diseases which the physicians declare to be incurable save by a decoction of which the principal

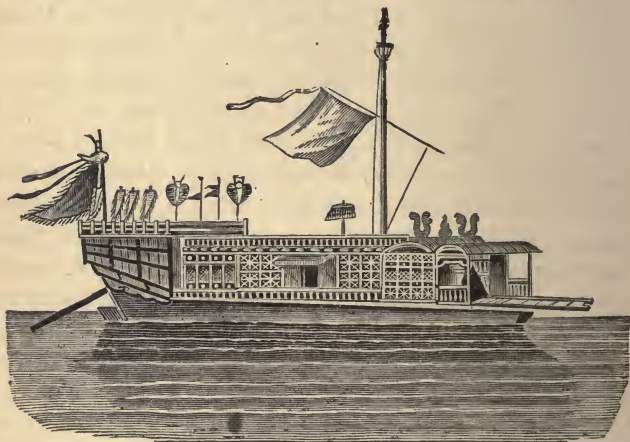
ingredient is warm human flesh cut from the arm or thigh of a living son or daughter of the patient! To supply this piece of flesh is (naturally) esteemed one of the noblest acts of filial devotion; and there are numerous instances on record in quite recent years in which this generous offer has been made to save the life of a parent, and even of a *mother-in-law*.

A case which was held up for special commendation in *The Official Gazette* of Peking, in 1870, was that of a young girl who had actually tried herself to cut the flesh from her thigh to save the life of her mother; but finding her courage fail, she had cut off two joints of her finger and dropped the flesh into the medicine, which happily proved equally efficacious; "for," says *The Official Gazette*, "this act of filial piety of course had its reward in the immediate recovery of the mother." This case called forth "boundless laudations" from the Governor-general of the Province of Kiang-si, who begged that the Emperor would bestow "some exemplary reward on the child, such as the creation of a great triumphal arch of carved stone, to commemorate the act."

Leaving Canton, we moved slowly down the river. We observe that famous hostelry, the Canton House, sitting upon four bamboo posts, something like a chicken-coop. The name, emblazoned in the gable, was the biggest thing I saw. A number of "Chinese men-of-war," about as large as a good schooner, with a number of small cannon grinning, I learned, were to protect the salt trade, and prevent the smuggling of opium, etc., which is sometimes thrown overboard down the river and floated ashore.

A Chinaman rarely ever entertains at home. This dispenses with an immense deal of worry about his house. He invites his friends on the "flower boat," which you see floating on the Canton River, where dinners are served for

the purpose. As a general rule, the Chinaman's house is not constructed with drawing-rooms, etc., like ours. The proprietor of the boat furnishes every thing—flowers and gorgeous lanterns, fluttering flags and a band of music. The band consists of three girls with painted cheeks and lips, *perform-ers* on the banjo, guitar, and cymbals. These play while the guests are dining.



FLOWER BOAT.

The Chinaman believes we foreigners come over here to eat, because we do n't have enough to eat at home. They must regard us as very fastidious, when we refuse to dine on their *bird's-nest* soup,* or even shark's fins. A Chinaman's stomach is his source of intellectual life. The fattest man goes for the wisest one. Most Chinamen eat at hotels, except those with families, who live at home.

* Bird's-nests are obtained on the rocky cliffs of Borneo and Sumatra. A man suspends himself by a rope to secure them. They bring several dollars apiece here, as the gelatine is used for making soup.

They usually eat on getting up in the morning, and then at three to four o'clock in the afternoon. The wealthier class eat three or four times a day. A father will sometimes dine by himself, to enjoy an extra dish of meat, while the children must be content with rice. The poor folks (and there are millions of them) buy their meals from the street drummers. Only the very poorest eat rats, cats, and dogs; the better classes never. A cook gets his diploma and degrees in cooking as he does in science. "The Celestials use no table-cloths, napkins, knives, forks, spoon, dishes, plates, or glassware. Instead of napkins, they use packages of thin, soft paper, which also serve them for handkerchiefs. After using, they throw them away. Each guest has a saucer, a pair of sticks, a package of paper, and a minute cup, with salt-saucer. The Chinese women never dine with the men. Everybody smokes during the eating of a formal dinner, and the dinner is crowned by a story or legend narrated by some more or less known orator. No topic of general interest is discussed at such dinners, but a gastronomist who knows all about the preparing of food receives attention."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

RETURNING FROM CANTON—AMUSEMENTS OF THE CHINESE—UP THE COAST TO SHANGHAI.

DON'T imagine that the Chinese have no amusements. They have many of the vices, as well as the virtues, of Christian nations. They fight chickens, gamble, go to the circus and theaters, drink samshu and some whisky; but they have a perfect horror of a drunken man. They point to their superiority over foreigners in morality as well as in temperance. But they will fight the mud and snapping turtles in mortal combat. These turtles are trained for the business, and show wonderful vitality even after the tail,

foot, or head has been nearly bitten off. They will continue to bite just as if nothing had happened. Raw meat and a drug known in Texas as "loco" are fed to the combatants. Sometimes a fight lasts for ten hours. One of the most terrible conflicts occurs between a species of wildcat (much like the American) and a bull-terrier. If the dog can catch the cat by the nose he wins. If the cat falls on his back, which he will do if he can, the dog loses. The Chinese use sharpened spurs, pointed steel, file the teeth of the animals, and resort to every artifice to win. The Foochow cocks bring seventy dollars each, and some of them boast of as long pedigrees as a blooded horse in America. You would be amused to see them fight two rats in a battle, or a rat fighting his deadly enemies, the cat and the dog. A Chinese quail is the gamest bird that "ever fluttered." It will fight for hours, and drop from sheer exhaustion. These amusements are going on in Canton and other large cities, and can always be located by a profuse display of bunting. About two to five cents is the admission price.

On our return to Hong Kong the "Hydaspes" was getting up steam for Shanghai, five days sail up the northern coast and nine hundred and twenty miles distant.

We did not have any particular desire to see the American Consul here—Col. Mosby, the ex-Confederate chieftain who betrayed the confidence of his people in the darkest hours of his country's peril. I hear it stated that the Colonel does not intend to return to Virginia. Well, Virginia will not grieve over parting with her disloyal sons.

Hurrying to the Peninsular and Oriental office to have my ticket extended, we were soon most comfortably settled down on the "Hydaspes," which had become a home to me. I found the company's agents here and at Calcutta the most obliging gentlemen, whom it was a pleasure to meet. Like other passengers, I have received at the hands of these

officials many considerations of kindness I shall not soon forget.

We leave Hong Kong on the 24th of May, steaming slowly eastward, out among a group of islands, and then turning north occasionally sight the coast and cities along it on our stretch to Shanghai. In one hundred and eighty miles we pass the city of Swatow, one of the ports opened by the treaty of Tientsin in 1858. It is also the shipping port for Foo-choo-foo, a city a short distance inland. There is a lofty range of mountains I see a little south, stretching away toward the west, that must be a coast range. The river Han, making down from these mountains, flows through an extended plain devoted to the cultivation of sugar-cane. This crop is made up into sweets, of which the Chinese are very fond, and shipped to distant markets of the empire. We pass in sight of a bold headland, jutting down the sea like the Cape of Good Hope, observing fishing-smacks and tiny boats. These are white, those at Hong Kong green, and I learn the boats at Shanghai will have square bows and red gunwales. "You can tell each city by the color of its boats." Some of the islands we pass in the bay are terraced from the water to their very summits. Swatow is the sea-port for Kwang-tung and Fukien. They are poor districts, with dense populations, hard for missionary work, hard to live in, and hard for the Government to manage. The mandarins sometimes find it difficult to quell the mobs that rise against their authority. From this port the people have emigrated to California in large numbers.

One hundred and fifty miles north of Swatow is the city of Amoy, the most ancient port in China. A thousand years ago junks were seen from Amoy in the Persian Gulf. The Portuguese were here in 1544, and much earlier than this—in the thirteenth century, when Marco

Polo first came out from Europe. In those days it was a great port. It was captured by the English in the Opium War of 1841, and thrown open as a treaty port under the treaty of Nankin. Many of the richest men in China were merchants here once. The mountains are bare of forest, which detracts from their picturesqueness.

We have passed Formosa, of which Kelung is the capital city, far to our right. A part of the island is opposite Amoy, and is noted for its extensive coal-beds, camphor-gum, camphor-wood, etc. The French fleet have bombarded Kelung with several men-of-war, which are in possession now.

We knew when we got opposite Foochow by the immense number of fishing-boats, which probably numbered a thousand, extending as far out as our ship, fifteen miles from shore. The Chinese fish with cormorants. You see these large birds sitting on the edge of the boats looking down in the water for fish. Presently one dives, brings up a large fish, but cannot swallow it. Its master has a ring around its neck that prevents such a contingency.

This great city is situated thirty miles inland on the river Min, and is about one hundred and eighty miles distant from Amoy. It is the greatest city between Hong Kong and Shanghai. Nearly one hundred million pounds of black teas were shipped from here during the past twelve months, at least half of which went to England. Here the oolong, flowery pekoe, orange pekoe, and congou are cultivated. I learn the difference in these teas lies more in the manufacture than in the plant. A large number of English and American missionaries, with quite a population of Europeans, numbering several hundred probably, reside here. Foochow is spelled several ways. Some call it Fuh-chau (Foochow), while the Chinese call it Fuchau, and the people themselves pronounce it Hak-chieu. I am indebted for

much of this information to Mr. Coffin. The population must be nearly eight hundred thousand. The climate is mild, frost rarely ever falling here. But in 1864 two inches of snow fell—first in forty years. “The Province of Fukien, of which Foochow is the metropolis, is about as large as the six New England States,” observes Mr. Coffin. Here millions of bamboo (the same genus as our cane in Georgia, but a larger species) are cultivated, and exported on junks built expressly for its transportation. It is very light, and you can’t overload a junk with bamboo. I have seen them piled as high as a hay-rick in New England, under a cloud of pressing canvas. Returning from Shanghai, they bring back a cargo of rice, beans, etc., from the valley of the great Yang-tse. But now we behold rocks rising out of the sea—little islands of rocks—and a distinct line, running as far as our eyes can reach, marks the clear waters of the China Sea and the flow of the muddy Yang-tse. This is China’s Mississippi, that flows down from the mountains of Thibet through the plains of the central provinces, bringing with its resistless power, through thousands of miles of territory, a muddy sediment, which it here empties into a broad estuary of the sea. We see coming out ahead of us ships of every nation—some French, Russian, American, but the largest number British steamers—sending up their great clouds of smoke or spreading their snowy sails for a long stretch homeward. One has turned up the coast to Japan. All these vessels have come down the Wusung River from Shanghai, about thirty miles distant from the confluence of the great Yang-tse with the Wusung River. We pass under the guns of the village of Wusung, on a pretty green bank at its confluence, where the French have established a naval depot. In 1841 the English tore the mud fort here to pieces. Across the country to Shanghai is only about twelve miles, but by the river thirty, or may be less. It was on this

short cut, between the mouth of the river at Wusung and the city of Shanghai the railroad ran a few years ago, but which the Chinese Government purchased, tore up, and moved away. I will give you the reason why this was done before I leave Shanghai.

We change from our steamer to a small tug, because our ship must wait for the tide. The river-banks are very low up to the great city. We see peach-trees in bloom; fields of cotton now six inches high; acres of beans, sugar-cane—*sorghum?* yes, sorghum; fields of rice growing in the water; wheat and barley being taken off and then plowed, flooded, and fields of more rice being planted. You see the Chinese with their blue blouses on, broad-brimmed palmetto hats, bare legs, with their wives and children, setting out rice-plants. Some are pulling them up out of the green beds, others dropping them in bunches, about like we drop potato-slips in Georgia; while the whole family are formed in line, with a bunch of plants in each left-hand, setting out two and three plants from left to right, then next, next, and next member of the family catching up the refrain until a row is set out as far as they can reach. If five in family they will set a line twelve to fifteen feet, then drop back, plant another line, stepping backward all the time. The plants are set about six inches apart each way, and when they finish a line by the eye it is as straight as an arrow. Wonderful people! We see the gardener coming out of his bamboo hut, covered with matting, to work his sweet and Irish potato patches, his cabbages and cauliflowers. The banks of the river are bordered with rushes and reeds. A fisherman, with his great baggy net, now and then appears, while the stream swarms with sampans, junks, and boats of every description, crowded with their families of children. At last the landscape is broken by smoke ascending from tall chimneys in the distance; the night comes on, and

through a wilderness of shipping and sampans we reach the shore. It is Shanghai.

Let them fight awhile. We have seen these battles before.



LANDING AT SHANGHAI.*

It is a fight all the way round, from the time you land in Naples, Alexandria, Joppa, to these distant shores. It is a part of every traveler's experience. We expect it, and are disappointed if there is not a skirmish over our baggage. We walked down a broad, beautiful avenue, under a blaze of electric lights, to the Astor House. Block after block of stately buildings in brick, faced with stone, towered away many stories high, in majestic grandeur.

This new city, with its mysteries of electricity and marvels of architecture, belonged to another civilization—the civilization of the Western World. Here the Bund is the beautiful avenue of the Champs des Elysées, and the Astor House the Grand Hotel of Paris. This American Hotel is located in the European part of Shanghai.

*All heathens on baggage. They will fight from New York around the world to see who shall carry it to the hotel.

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN THE CITY OF SHANGHAI.

OUR visit to Shanghai had been anticipated with real pleasure. Here we should meet our distinguished Georgian and beloved missionary, Dr. Young J. Allen, whom I had already apprised of our approach to the shores of China. Early the following morning we heard a gentle tap at our door. We knew it was our friend, who had come to welcome us and conduct us to his hospitable home. The ever-present jinrikisha wheeled us away up the Bund and back a few blocks down a street between two walls to Dr. Allen's residence. Across the street dividing the residence lots from the Anglo-Chinese College grounds rose the magnificent new college building. A separate chapter, devoted to the educational and missionary work, will embrace some account of this grand institution, whose recent successful inauguration marks a new epoch in the mission work of China. We had brought good tidings from Oxford, Georgia, to the distant home in Shanghai. For several years Mrs. Allen had been absent in her native land, educating her children. Edgar, the eldest son, would soon graduate with distinction, and all eyes were turned toward him as a worthy successor to his illustrious father. Arthur was a most promising lad, following closely upon the steps of his brother. He was to pursue his education at Oxford, while Edgar, after graduation, would perfect himself in other branches at Baltimore. Mrs. Allen and the smaller children were to return to Shanghai the succeeding fall.

At tiffin (one o'clock) Dr. Allen introduced me to Miss Anna Muse, his daughter Miss Millie, and the Rev. George R. Loehr, who are teachers in the Anglo-Chinese College. Miss Muse, of Atlanta, Ga., and Mr. Loehr, a graduate of

Oxford, had only arrived in China two or three years ago. Their progress in acquiring the Chinese language had been remarkable. Miss Allen had enjoyed the finest educational advantages at Staunton, Va., Italy and Germany in Europe, and was herself an accomplished Chinese scholar. Dr. Allen, on account of valuable literary services rendered the Government in the translation department at the Arsenal, in this city, had been honored with the title of Mandarin. These pleasant associations were to crowd my days full of interest and pleasure in Shanghai. The young ladies informed me the first thing to be done on reaching China was to "*name me over.*" They all had foreign names. Dr. Hendrix informs us his Chinese name was *Hung*, which sounded a little bad in English; but it meant constancy, or perseverance, in Chinese. I begged them not to name me. I had rather be called "Yung Kwatsa," or Foreign Devil, ten days than to be *hung* any time.

The first impressions of Shanghai ever made on my mind was when I was a boy. The tall, gawky fowls known as Shanghai were stumbling over every block in my father's yard. Shanghai pullets and three-story roosters were the rage in those days. I have often remarked they brought with them the Asiatic cholera to our barn-yards. We needed no bells or horns to wake up the drowsy Sambo, for these lofty cockerels rang up every village and plantation in the land.

The foreign settlements or concessions here are outside the walled city, consisting of the American, English, and French cantonments. These different cities, altogether embracing a European population of five thousand or more, are subdivided by creeks as boundary lines. I believe one or more of them live under the same municipal government. They have water-works, and are lighted up by electricity. The streets are macadamized and sprinkled by

roller hose in the same way as in Paris. The houses on the Bund, or Broad street, fronting the water and shipping, are magnificent. Here are the great importing and export houses of the Japan and China Trading Company, Russell & Co., Jardiniere & Co., and many other wealthy English, American, and French firms.

Thousands of Chinese have "caught on" to the new city, built up elegant club-houses, shops and stores, residences of brick and wood, with pretty grass yards and flowers, presenting a picture in striking contrast to the narrow streets and squalid abodes of the walled or old city. The aggregate population of both cities is about half a million. On account of its geographical position Shanghai has naturally become the commercial metropolis of the empire.

Suchow, the political capital of the Province of Kiang-si, seventy or eighty miles distant, boasts of one million souls, while the province contains a population of thirty millions or more. The Suchow creek enters the Wusung in front of the Astor House, forming the boundary line between the English and American quarters. Up this creek we can go to Suchow, then by the Imperial Canal to the Yang-tse, on to the city of Peking. It is a journey of seven to ten days by American steamers, running twelve to fifteen miles an hour. On the way we would be enabled to visit Nankin, once the southern capital of China, under the Ming dynasty until the fifteenth century. Then the present Tartar government, or Manchu dynasty, came into power and moved the capital to Peking. The Taeping rebellion, which lasted nearly twenty years, destroyed twenty-five millions of people. The war commenced on the borders of Burmah, spread to Canton, rolled down the Yang-tse to Shanghai, and the Yellow River to Peking. This war ended about 1864. After leaving Nankin, one hundred and ninety-four miles

west of Shanghai, we could proceed up the mighty river to Hankow, the great tea-market, where the steamers receive their cargoes from junks, coming down from Poyang Lake like a covey of ducks. Hankow is about six hundred miles from Shanghai; but steamers can ascend the Yang-tse still five hundred miles farther, and small craft to the very base of the Himalayas, several thousand miles distant. This mighty river, comparable only to the Mississippi and Amazon in extent and volume, bears upon its bosom the merchandise of two hundred and fifty millions of people. One hundred miles south of Shanghai is another large city called Hangchow, where the Great Canal commences. Then there are Ningpo, Nantziang, Karding, Kwung Shau, and any number of smaller towns, connected with Shanghai by canals or water navigation. These canals are spanned by numerous bridges, built of stone, many of them showing beautiful arches, strong enough to bear a train of cars, erected more than two thousand years ago. They are rarely crossed by a horse, and never by any vehicle, being used only for pedestrians.

We see then that Shanghai is at the mouth, or terminus, of a perfect net-work of canals. Thousands of junks, sampans, and native craft, with their brilliant flags and flaming dragons painted on their lanteen sails, crowded every creek and available space, receiving and discharging cargo. Here are great steamers from New York, London, Marseilles, and the Black Sea, loading with tea and silks. Opium hulks, or stationary ships for the sale of opium, are visible too. The streets present a moving panorama of human beings. Wheelbarrows, jinrikishas, and traps do the work of transportation. Two persons sit cross-legged on a board to balance each other, with a stirrup on either side to put their feet in. One man does the pushing. When there is only one passenger he leans his vehicle over on one side and shoves



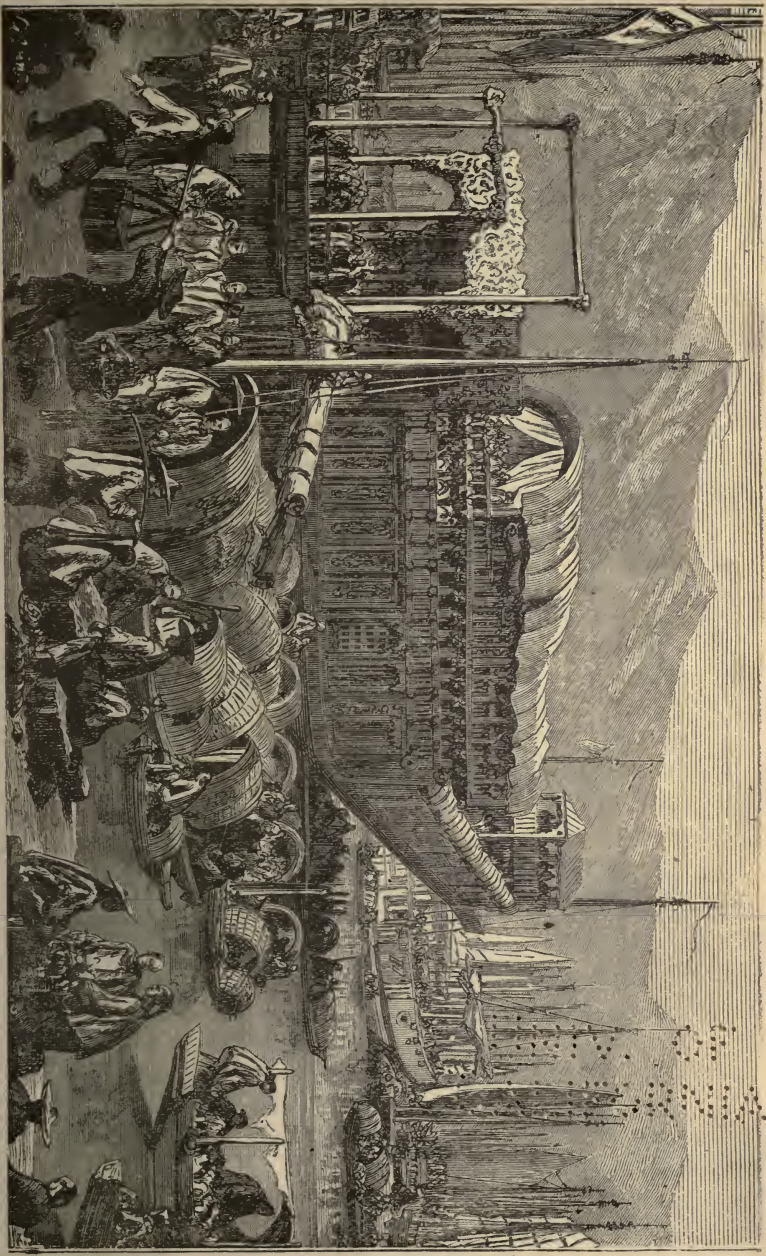
CHINESE COACH, OR WHEELBARROW.

along. The jinrikisha has been introduced from Japan, and is exceedingly popular with the natives and foreigners. The "trap" is the one-horse four-wheeler, with a coolie perched behind, who shouts to the crowd, "Get out of the way! Here we come!" Yet you never see anybody move an inch, and the wonder is there are not funerals every day. Men carry every thing on their shoulders, balanced at each end of bamboo poles. Ships are loaded and unloaded, baggage, boxes, crates, provisions, vegetables, crockery, the water they drink or cook with, the garbage, and even the offal, are carried in this way. If the burden is very great it is suspended from a bamboo pole and borne by two men. In China, as in India, human muscle is the cheapest commodity on the market. It is equally abundant.

The Chinese scull their boats instead of row them. Sometimes they have a rope attached to the upper end of the oar, while at the lower extremity it is tied to the side of the boat. They pull the oar with one hand while the other aids the stroke by pulling forward and backward upon the rope. The increased momentum given is simply marvelous. The accuracy with which they scull their boats, working the oar in the rear end backward and forward across a swift current, from one point to another, struck me with more astonishment. The women often row, while the little daughter pulls on the rope. They cook, eat, and sleep under the bamboo awnings of their sampans in the same manner described at Hong Kong and Canton. A long boat, with a little cabin in the center, called the mail or snake boat, runs between Shanghai and Suchow in sixteen hours. One man works the oar with his foot and steers with his hand at the same time. The average speed per hour is about five miles.

It is now the 28th of May; the weather is showery and sea breeze bracing, with overcast skies. We have a cup of

tea early in the morning, breakfast from eight to ten o'clock, tiffin at one, and dinner at four to six. With slight variations, this is the prevailing custom of living among foreigners throughout the Orient. If you have the money you can live as comfortably here as in Georgia. The markets are well supplied with fish, oysters, and game—such as quail, pheasant, wild ducks, venison; poultry, eggs, and vegetables in abundance and very cheap. I never ate finer shad, sole, bass, carp, or chicken, in any country. Beef and mutton are dear, being produced in the mountainous districts, some distance away. The finest grouse and quail shooting is enjoyed during the season by foreigners. We have had at dinner, on several occasions, sweet and Irish potatoes, English pease, lettuce, radishes, *roasting-ears*, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, etc. The sweet potatoes are not so firm as ours, but very delicious in flavor. Jerusalem artichoke is one of the aristocratic dishes among foreigners in Shanghai. The Chinese vegetables are not popular, on account of the way they are fertilized and forced into rapid maturity. They are hardly ever eaten by foreigners. Here, as in India, coarse grass, cotton-stalks, etc., are used for fuel. The foreigner burns coal and wood in grates and chimney-places, as in his native land. The Chinese have no chimneys to their houses. They burn coal in a brazier to warm their hands by in winter; pad and wad their clothing, the wealthier classes using furs to keep warm. Men and women, I am told, have large sleeves, into which they can draw up their hands. Children are wadded and stuffed out so if one should fall he would roll like a town-ball. The Chinese are a sluggish, immobile race; but when they undertake any thing they hardly ever fail. They have intellect and genius of the highest order. Their wonderful industry and economy are the chief factors of their success. Very often they work and sleep in their shops. The houses of many poor



ON THE WUSUNG, NEAR SHANGHAI.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

people are destitute of furniture. Sometimes they have stoves, benches, and chairs to sit on. A few even have bedsteads, but little else. On the Chinaman's mantel or over his bed you will see his gods. As I have remarked, he carries them in his boat as well. Except the wealthy, whose homes are often inclosed by high brick walls, the poor people I have seen live in thatched or wooden houses, covered with tile, very often upon bare dirt floors. The family generally sleep in the same room, but it presents a scene of utter confusion. There are a few wooden bowls to wash and little sweeping to be done. All the rubbish, boxes, clothes, and baskets are piled up in the corners. The children are ragged or perfectly nude; their mothers are at work in the field, and *they* go to work too as soon as they can toddle about. China is a perfect bee-hive of industrious people—a beggar is almost unknown. For common labor their wages are eight, ten, and fifteen cents a day, finding themselves; skilled labor, of course, earns more. Jinrikisha and trap men often realize twenty-five cents, and even a dollar a day. The Chinese here live on vegetables, rice, and fish. A water chestnut is among the delicacies relished by them. But the Chinese differ in habits, customs, dialects, and manners in the eighteen provinces as much as the Southerner and Yankee differ in the United States. Of course there are some habits common throughout the empire, such as religious worship, mode of burial, eating with chop-sticks, etc.

Dr. Allen is a most valuable cicerone. He gives us all the time he can spare from his official duties. Just now he is expecting the mail from America, which is looked for with intense desire on the arrival of the mail-steamers at Yokohama. From Japan it requires five days, through the Inland Sea, by the Japanese Government line, to reach Shanghai. The arrivals at Yokohama from San Francisco are telegraphed here immediately, so everybody lives in

eager expectancy of letters and papers from home. The face of the *Atlanta Constitution, Advocates* at Nashville and Macon, in the Doctor's drawing-room, seemed quite familiar to me after an absence of many months.

Finding jinrikishas convenient, in a few minutes we had crossed the Bund, one or two bridges over canals, and arrived in front of the north gate of the old city. The wall around is perhaps four miles long, twenty feet high, as wide at the bottom, and ten feet across the top. The top is much used by pedestrians.

The streets of the new city were narrow enough; but here two men could stand in the center and touch on either side of the houses. Crowded is too mild an expression—it was jammed; and everybody was trying to pass each other by dodging—no room for traps, jinrikishas, or wheelbarrows. There were none here. Standing-room was in demand; we could not even see a chair—palanquin. After we had proceeded a short distance, I discovered the highest prerequisite necessary for doing the old city was a good *nose*—a nose that was not inclined to turn up at every thing. The oldest traveler knows this. The mixed smells, the unswept streets, foul sewerage, poverty and dirt, visible in our explorations, would paralyze a dude to describe them; and if he succeeded, “a civilized man would have to hold his nose to read it.” I never knew the Doctor to indulge in such intemperate smoking before. The people use water out of the canals that run through this old city. The sewers empty into the canals. You can draw your own conclusions. In the new city the foreigners catch the rain-water and keep it in cisterns or jars.

Half the population we saw seemed engaged in making “mock money,” in the shape of the Chinese gold and silver cycees. It looked something like a shoe. This mock money is mere tissue-paper that is pasted together to repre-

sent the cycee. When it is burned and sent to the other world for the use of the spirit-land, it passes for big money up there, though its cost here amounts to a trifle; you can buy a hat full for a couple of cents, but sent to friends in the other world one piece is supposed to represent one thousand dollars. I saw carving in wood, bone, etc.; some people were making fans and baskets, while others were indulging in the fragrant shrub "that exhilarates but does not intoxicate." A printer was making books with the latest novel to sell. The Chinese are a reading people, and are fond of works on philosophy, fiction, poetry, their classics, dramatic art, etc. These books, with paper covers, are printed on wooden blocks, one leaf at a time, bound and sold for a few cents a copy. I am not sure their spring poet was living or dead. When we had passed through the surging masses into an open square, we were honored with a gymnastic performance, a special benefit being given to each—the Doctor and myself; although we saw each other's performance, and its artistic effect was exactly the same, it was important with the *troupe* that each of us should have a special overture. We gave it a crowded house, as every Chinaman in the city seemed to gather about us. This opera, comedy, or farce, was performed by a girl with trousers on; while a boy held the legs of a dilapidated table, an old woman with another pair of breeches on jumped on top, fell flat of her back and extended her feet in a vertical direction; up went a ladder, to the top went the girl—winding her nymph-like form under and over each round, she finally reached the summit; waving her hand in triumph with a roguish smile (she was after our money), she began to descend feet foremost, as she had gone up. I stood in breathless silence. Presently she bounced off the table and ran to me, with a coquettish air and her little roguish cap in her hand. "Hold on, Doctor;

I'll pay *that bill*. What's the damage?" The Doctor, interpreting: "One hundred and forty-four cash." "Suffering Moses! there an't money enough in the crowd to pay it." Then we began to figure—it was just thirteen cents. Twelve hundred cash to the dollar makes everybody rich and contented. Then we came to a little garden, with a tea-house in it. Here they were sipping tea, eating watermelon seed, parched pease, etc. Several Chinamen were playing cards—we saw no ladies. They never go out with their husbands except on funeral occasions, so I heard. A Chinese lady considers it vulgar to walk in the streets. Her complete helplessness is considered her greatest charm—her dependence on her husband. They have no pockets in their dresses to carry any money in. They must make economical wives.

Just as we were departing I observed a wealthy gentleman approaching the garden, with a string of cash a yard long hanging over his shoulders. As the men have no pockets, the money must have square holes in the center, so they can string it up. I was anxious to negotiate with the gentleman, so I would be ready for the next performance; but the Doctor informed me it was his *private change*. I learned a man, unthinkingly, one day attempted to cross the river in front of the Astor House, and came near sinking his sampan with five dollars worth of this stuff, called "copper cash."

We visited Confucian and Tauist temples amidst the yells of the heathen boys. Boys are pretty much alike all the world round. Girls are very different. There was a big drum and a bell at the entrance to the temple-grounds; the yard was overgrown with weeds and grass, while the buildings showed neglect, and wore an air of general dilapidation. There is not much difference between Tauism and Buddhism in China—the religion is about the same. Some-

times a Chinaman having doubt about one will adopt *both*, just to be certain "he has got it." The architecture of the Chinese temple springs from the Mongolian tent, that of the Greeks from a tree.

We observed the different censers, altars, etc., where the offerings are made to the dead on semi-annual occasions. A native charity hospital showed the care that is taken of the aged and poor. Those able to work were employed in making articles to sell. In one part of the building I saw immense piles of rice done up in matting and stored away for consumption.

Returning, we visit a justice's court and several jails, where we saw a large number of prisoners awaiting trial. The first was a bamboo pen, with the poles set upright a few inches apart. Each prisoner wore a wide board around his neck so he could not reach his mouth with his hands. They were in here for theft, debt, abduction, etc. One man said he was in there for *marrying his brother's wife*; another Chinaman replied, "Do n't believe him"—intimating that abduction was a less crime than thieving. In another prison (a building) we saw some hideous faces, whose guilty consciences already accused them. Dr. Allen remarked that several of these men would be beheaded. From the magistrate court the small offenders can appeal to a higher tribunal. The subjoined oath is the one usually administered to witnesses in California and China:

"This is to inform the spirits of the gods, also the evil spirits and demons, all to descend here to hear, oversee, and examine into the case [naming the parties litigant] and crime charged. If I come here to swear profanely and tell the untruth or not, according to the facts of the case, I humbly beg the celestial and terrestrial spirits to redress the innocent party and punish the false witness immediately, and arrest his soul. May he die under a sword, or die on the half-way of the sea, and

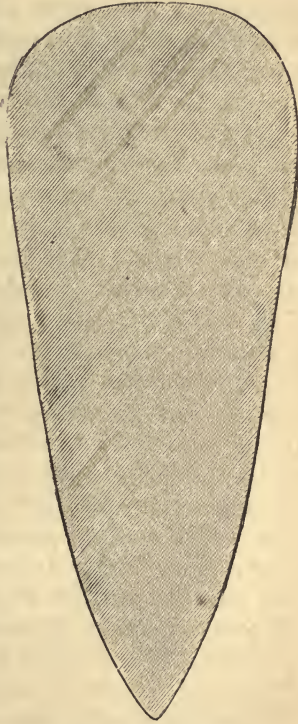
have no life to return to China. This is the true and solemn declaration of oath sworn to by my own mouth, and signed by my own name, by my own hand. Done this — day, — month, in the — year of Quong Sol.”



A COOLIE IN HIS BAMBOO OVERCOAT—WET WEATHER.

A novel overcoat, worn by the coolie in wet weather, is made out of split bamboo; he wears a hat of the same material, and straw sandals confined by strings around his ankles drawn over from each side. Many go barefooted as in other countries, but the better classes in China wear nice cloth shoes turned up at the toes. They have leather bottoms, generally edged with black cloth. Then they have a straw sandal for the house, while the tiny shoes of the ladies are made of beautiful colored silks. A full-grown

lady's shoe is often not more than four inches long. The custom of binding their feet is of very ancient origin, the history of which seems lost in obscurity. Only the wealthy classes are addicted to it as a custom; sometimes there is a pretty girl in a poor family, who must undergo the horrid torture, in the hope of marrying wealthy. The bandages are loosened about three times from birth to maturity, and are not removed until the feet have ceased to grow. The Chinese say it does not affect the health like *tight lacing in America*. A Chinese beau dotes on the small feet of his sweetheart. He *must* see them occasionally, as we saw them on the "Hankow," going up to Canton. The girls blushed awfully as we cast sly glances at their tiny feet peeping out below their baggy trousers of colored silks. "We should n't ought to have done it," but we could n't ought to have helped it. Sir John declared they looked mighty cunning—that is, the girls. When they are grown, their toes have been mashed flat and turned in under the bottom of their feet, their big toe alone escaping the deformity. When they attempt to walk, they hobble about in the most ludicrous manner. The Chinese have only carried this custom to extremes as the Singhalese of Ceylon and Hindoo girls of India



SOLE OF A CHINESE SHOE

have bangles and rings. The Americans and Europeans, in modified forms, are subject to as much criticism in wearing jewelry, lacing, and small shoes. Except the Chicago girls, there is not a woman in America, we believe, who is not proud of her No. 3 or No. 4 shoe, if she can wear it. Let us be charitable in our criticisms of the Chinese.

Somebody asked a Chinaman why his people did not abandon the horrible practice of binding feet. "Smallee footee woman no go walkee, walkee, walkee," he replied. We are to infer that Chinese ladies would walk the streets if they could, the same as women in other lands. This is one advantage our ladies have over them. We subjoin an interesting history of this ancient custom that appears to be nine hundred years old:

In A.D. 975 the last Empress of the famous Tang dynasty, who was the most beautiful woman of her time, had clubbed feet. She bandaged and ornamented them so successfully that the fashion of cramped feet spread through the whole empire. The Emperor Kang-Hi, the founder of the present Manchu dynasty, in 1762, made a great effort to suppress foot-binding. After issuing one edict that proved ineffectual, he prepared another, accompanied with most stringent and severe penalties; but his advisers warned him that if he persisted it would probably cause a rebellion. Thus the conquerors of China were conquered by the women of China. They set their tiny feet on princes' necks. On the men he imposed the shaved head and the cue, and also the dress they had to wear; but when he tried to suppress this practice, the women defied him.

The following morning Sir John joined us in a visit to the Government Arsenal, about five miles distant.* This ride by jinrikishas carried us out in the country, along a road where there was a countless number of graves. At least one-third of the land around Shanghai is a grave-yard.

*A curious incident is related about a regiment of Ghourka (Indian) troops being confined by their English officers here some years ago. The following morning the officer discovered that all the soldiers had climbed up over the high walls of the inclosure and gone. They had toe and finger nails like cats. The place was pointed out on the road-side.

Thousands of conical mounds, covered with grass, mark the resting-places of its departed millions. In China it costs more to support the dead than it does the living. One hundred and fifty millions of dollars are spent annually in ancestral worship. Fortunately every few hundred years, with the change of the ruling dynasty, the whole country is leveled and takes a new start. The higher the mound the greater the social distinction of the dead. I have seen coffins setting on benches waiting for burial—coffins just covered with matting or straw, or nothing at all, on top of the ground. My host pointed out a baby tower on the road-side that resembled a well walled with brick. In a hole in the center infants and small children are thrust, wrapped in cloth; and when filled, another would be built.

The Arsenal consists of a number of huge brick buildings, in which we found about three thousand Chinamen at work. Here you can see them building ships and iron-clad men-of-war, making Woolwich guns of immense caliber, swords, side-arms, and the Remington musket, every part of it. I examined the work carefully; it is well and thoroughly done. They make shot and shell. The iron is imported from England, and an Englishman superintends this gigantic establishment. The Europeans are not only learning the Chinese how to fight, but to make their own guns and ammunition. In the translation department here Dr. Allen labored eleven years. His place is now filled by an Englishman; but I learn the Government would be glad to give the Doctor fifteen dollars a day for his services if he will return. Dr. Allen, Rev. Matthew Yates, and Dr. Martin are considered the best Chinese scholars among the foreigners in the empire.

I was interested in the engraver's department, where the books are all published. When the manuscript has been once carefully prepared on transparent paper, each letter

in a little square by itself, it is laid or pasted on blocks of wood and then cut out, each character, by the engraver. A page of this so cut will be a fac-simile of the printed copy. A brush dipped in ink is passed over these blocks, like the roller over our type, the paper then placed on them, and being rubbed over again by another brush the printing is done. This is a slow process, but the Chinese discovered it long before we did our metal type, and stick to it. The more progressive Chinese laugh at the old way in comparison with the Presbyterian Mission type-press, in operation in Shanghai. I was presented with engravings of the Confucian Annals, which are the size of the page of the book published.

Of all the foreigners who have figured in the history of China none have left a more enduring name than the British General Charles George Gordon, the gallant hero and martyred soldier of Khartoum. He is known here as "Chinese Gordon," having rendered efficient military services some years ago in restoring order and peace in China. He was believed by many to have possessed a charmed life, so eventful had been his career. In the late war, just ended in the Soudan, Gen. Gordon was besieged in Khartoum by the rebels, against whom he fought in a death struggle for months and months without relief. Finally the Gladstone or Home Government dispatched an expedition under Gen. Wolseley up the Nile for the relief of Khartoum; but before it reached its destination, fighting its way through the desert, news was received by the British forces that Khartoum had fallen, and that the dauntless hero had been butchered in the palace by the treason of one of his trusted followers.



GEN. CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.

(517)

CHAPTER L.

RAMBLES—SIGHT-SEEING AND FUNG SHUEY.

COMING home last night, Dr. Allen remarked, as we passed by an electric motor: "When the electric light was first introduced here, it would have amused you to watch the Chinaman run up a ladder and wait to see how the *candles were lighted*. He could not understand how they could be lit without matches. Presently it would flash right in his face. '*Devil pigeon!*' he would exclaim; '*devil pigeon!*' and down he came."

When the English steamers first appeared in Chinese waters the Chinese built a boat just like them, painted eyes in the bow, and launched it; but it would not go. They were perfectly astounded. They had no idea about machinery. They thought it ought to go anyhow.

One morning after breakfast we started on a pedestrian tour in the country in the rear of the city, sight-seeing. A number of familiar-looking trees soon attracted my attention. The China-tree, with its blooms and berries, looked like an old friend. Here it is dignified with the name of Empress of India, which suggests it must have originally come from that country. The mulberry, willow, cypress, pine, elm, cedar, arbor vitæ, peach-tree, pibo (Japan plum), all indicated the latitude of Middle Georgia. The tallow-tree and camphor-tree were among the exceptions. Tallow is obtained from the berries, while camphor comes from boiling the small twigs, leaves, etc., of that tree. Formosa, which is the West Indies of China, produces the best camphor-gum. But the wood is sawed into lumber for furniture, boxes, chairs, and every thing. A camphor-box is proof against moths.

In the rear of the city were large pyramidal straw houses used for storing ice. The paddy-fields are as remunerative

in winter as they are in summer. The ice is broken up in the fields and floated into these houses. It is largely used in summer in shipping fish in junks from the coast to Suchow and Shanghai. For a hundred miles square around Shanghai the rich alluvial bottoms, a few feet above the sea, are cultivated like a garden. Two or three crops are grown on the same beds at the same time. The highlands are planted in beds four to six feet wide. I saw young cotton sown broadcast in the wheat, a few weeks ago, up three inches high. In a few days the wheat will be taken off and the hoes will go through this cotton crop weeding out. The cotton will be followed by broad beans. This is the rotation on the highlands: First year, wheat; second year, cotton; third year, beans. Lowlands are planted in rice the first year, followed the second and third years by cotton and wheat. Wheat comes off 1st to 10th of June; ground is broken up by bullocks (buffalo cows), flooded, harrowed, fertilized, and rice transplanted from beds. The rice-beds being sown in April, the plants are four or five inches high by June, and their growth is scarcely retarded by transplanting. We examined a water-wheel made of bamboo, with rim, buckets, and all complete, worked by a bullock in the same way described in Egypt. It flooded the crops from a canal. Hold your nose a few minutes; we are going through a field of guano-factories — manure sinks. My nose had been naturalized in the old city, but when the guano distributors were set in motion, the men were told with a bland smile to hold up or hold down until we could pass. These are brought from the villages and city every day, distributed in barrels or sinks over these fertile acres before they are applied broadcast. Whenever a crop of any description is planted, the liquids are applied. They are applied to the growing crops of rice as well. Thus every foot of land cul-

tivated is first enriched. The broad beans are planted largely, fed to stock and eaten by the people. Indian corn grows well; but I don't think it is used much. The wheat is all of a bearded variety, like the Egyptian. It grows in the same fields along-side of rice, and does not seem to rust. But the quality is not so good as American, nor does it appear to make fine flour on the little millstones of the natives. This land is worth seven hundred dollars per acre, producing three or four crops a year. Dr. Allen inquired for me of one man, "How much land you work?" "One acre and three-quarters, sir." "How many in family?" "Seven." "Make good living?" "Tight squeeze," says the Chinaman.*

Arriving at a village, we saw piles of straw in front of the houses, a few domestic animals tied up, capon chickens scratching about, and ducks swimming in the canal. A sneaking cur got wind of our approach and set up a fearful yelling. A woman invited us to take a bench, which we accepted; but she never stopped spinning. She worked both pedals with her feet, which ran a belt over *three spindles* and spun *three threads at once*. This is done in a sitting posture. As they have no cards, it was wonderful what skill she employed in attenuating the batted cotton. The cotton is picked off or separated by roller gins, and whipped with a stick arrangement until its fiber unites, as in carding. It is then spun. All the crop of China is manufactured at home.

Everywhere you see thread in warp. Often in the same house they spin and weave the coarse cloth that is worn by the family. The warp is stretched out on pegs in a frame at full length, much like our mothers used to do it. Hundreds of years ago the people wore silk, but that is too costly now, only for the wealthy. Cotton was cultivated about Nankin before our Saviour was born.

* I have heard of people who could hardly make a living on a big plantation.

A little farther on there was a tremendous noise of some sort, which we could hear, but could not see. It was evidently seditious or revolutionary in its character, from the incongruities of sounds. We had better retrograde; but the Doctor assured me it was a school in session, and we hurried on. Arriving at the door of the academy, which consisted of a thatched bamboo hut with a dirt floor, we found the teacher *fast asleep*. The school was taking a welding heat on their last lessons. The boys and girls were all standing up with their backs to the recumbent school-master studying away at the top of their voices. It looked just a trifle indifferent in us to arouse the old gentleman—but the children stopped suddenly on our entrance, which must have alarmed him, and up he jumped with a pair of big red eyes. He invited us to be seated; and after getting them adjusted, in the appalling silence of the school-room he answered several very polite questions propounded by the Doctor.

Across the ditches and canals there were long stone slabs ten to twenty feet in length, for pedestrians. Bamboo grew in groups about the villages, and bamboo-shoots, young and tender, furnished the epicures with a delicious esculent on their tables.

Returning to the city, we walked a mile or more down the abandoned bed of the only railroad line ever built in China. There was some dispute between the English company—who had secured a charter for running horse-cars from Shanghai down to Wusung, mouth of the river—and the Chinese authorities about a violation of their chartered rights. The English got tired of horses, and hitched on a steam-engine. All of China became indignant over the supposed outrage. This was only seven or eight years ago. The controversy that arose in consequence, between Pekin and the Court of St. James, resulted in the purchase by the

Chinese Government of the road and its franchises, with full remuneration for loss to the company. I had heard the Government had sunk the iron in the bottom of the Pacific Ocean; but they had simply moved it over into Corea. That iron is just waiting to come back. Before they took up the track it is said that every Chinaman for thirty miles around walked down and took a ride on it. I thought I could hear that engine coming every step I made until we had reached its old depot or station-house in the city. In front of its massive gates there was an immense crowd assembled, indicating that some unusual event was transpiring inside the inclosure. Dr. Allen, whispering to the guard, motioned to me. "Come," he says, "this is one of the most notable events ever celebrated in China." "What is it, Doctor?" I eagerly inquired. "Why, the Tai-tou is celebrating his mother's birthday; a rare opportunity to see the nobility!" "But how can we get in? I suppose they are all invited guests." "Yes, that is the trouble."

There were thousands of curious spectators outside of the building looking on in perfect amazement. Again addressing the guard in Chinese, we both passed into the first court, and approaching the grand entrance to a large building the second guard swung back the doors, which admitted us to full view of forty Chinese noblemen and their ladies. The Tai-tou was there, I suppose; his mother I did not recognize. But the nobility of the empire sat around marble-top tables sipping tea, eating sweets, fruit, etc. I observed one and two button mandarins, with red, blue, gilt, crystal, and white balls on the top of their caps to denote the class to which they belonged. The imposing retinue of servants wore about as many airs as their masters. It was difficult for me to distinguish them at times. Some of the mandarins were standing about in groups, others sitting as described. A number were indulging in the pipe, their ladies

being seated opposite to us, across the court, under the gallery that extended all round. Across this open space the eyes of the nobility were upturned, looking at a theatrical performance going on for their amusement. The troupe was from Peking, and no doubt had often played before the Emperor at the palace. They were performing on a raised platform twenty feet above the ground. Occasionally the mandarins gave a guffaw, and then resumed their pipes.



THE ORCHESTRA.

The troupe consisted of five men dressed like clowns. They marched in and out of an ante-room at least a dozen times, the band following. Occasionally they would halt and say something funny. The mandarins laughed. At last, in the triumphant pose of his majestic body, Macbeth stopped

at the head of the troupe, faced his audience, drew his sword in the wildest excitement, and brought down his antagonist at a single stroke. Presently the dead man arose. "What! shouted Macbeth; "I strike thee down with my sword, and yet thou livest?" This brought down the house. Everybody roared, except the uninvited guest and the ladies. The tom-tom,* or band of music, just "took the cake."

The gentlemen wore silk robes over silk or satin trousers, summer caps made of bamboo hung with fringes of silk, and on their breast some designation of rank. Each cap had a ball on top; and their baggy trousers were gathered above silk slippers or shoes. All this dress is prescribed semi-annually by the "Board of Rites" at Peking, and published in the *Official Gazette*.

The ladies' dress consisted of short loose robes confined around the throat with a narrow collar. The robe is worn over a long full skirt, both of which are frequently made of richly embroidered silks. The sleeves are long and large enough to fall over the hands; while the hair is gathered up in a knot on top of their heads, and fastened with golden bodkins and adorned with flowers. They all wore trousers, shoes of satin, silk, or velvet, beautifully worked with gold, silver, and colored silks. The little girls' short dresses reach up to their throats and fall over full trousers. Their hair, combed from their foreheads, hangs down in plaits on each side until they become brides, when the braids and curls are formed into knots, intermixed with flowers and jewels. Dr. Allen personally knew several of the mandarins, whose agreeable smiles he recognized on several occasions. There were men of great dignity and impressive personal appearance here, with immense goggles on. This was a good piece of *Fung Shuey (luck)* for the close of the day's rambling.

China is a land of superstition, hobgoblins, good and evil

*It makes all the cranky, crazy sounds that were ever heard. A Chinese Minister at Washington was once asked how he liked Gilmore's Orchestra. "O!" he replied, "the first part was just splendid!"—alluding to the tuning-up part.

spirits. Everybody believes in these, from the three-button mandarin down to the coolie. A gentle breeze brings long life and happiness from the south; but the north wind is blown by the devil, and brings sickness and death. When it thunders in China it is a sign the Emperor's ministers are quarreling; when it is *foggy*, the women are meddling



FUNG SHUEY.

with private and public affairs. Have you ever noticed the number of pretty days *we have* in Georgia? But there are many of our people who believe in Fung Shuey. Yes, American people. They see evil spirits about their graveyards, hang horseshoes over their doors to keep them out; carry rabbit's foot in their *vest*-pockets; won't cross a road if they see a rabbit cross it, because it's *bad Fung Shuey!* Then we call Chinese heathens, and they call us barbarians and foreign devils. "If you were not barbarians you would not kill our people in America, batter down our walls here with your cannon, destroy our people with opium, and kill

our wives and children. We don't trouble you. We protect your people here under our treaties; but your people murder ours in America."

Fung Shuey literally means "wind and water." These spirits, or wind, move in a straight line. The people build walls in front of their gates to arrest them—keep them out. Trade gets bad in a town, business declines, the doctors hold a council to investigate the causes. One morning they found the wall, or gate, down where the devil got in. The wall was repaired, and business revived at once.

Confucius was a remarkable man. He was born five hundred and forty-nine years before Christ; collected and wrote the five books of prose and poetry which are universally studied to this day by the Chinese as sacred volumes. His system is one of morality more than religion, inculcating obedience of children to parents, founding upon this theory the whole structure of the Government. In these teachings he lays down the duties of the sovereign as well as of the subject; and while he exhorts the people to obey the Emperor as their father, *he* is exhorted to care for his people as he would his children. Confucius was the Martin Luther of his times, for his sayings, maxims, morals, and philosophy are taught in every school-room, home, and college, forming the basis of all their knowledge, from his time down to the present day. He is worshiped by the literary classes as the most wise and holy one. The people use no pictures or images as the Buddhists do in worshiping Confucius in their temples. To his teachings we must trace ancestral worship, in which he believed himself. Worship of ancestors, or the dead, and Fung Shuey are the two great causes to-day that oppose all foreign intervention—Christianity, colleges, railroads, telegraph-poles, the working of the coal-mines, and innovation of all foreigners. Every port that has been opened and every treaty negotiated has been

wrung at the cannon's mouth, in consequence of this superstition, of traditional customs, and horror of disturbing the departed spirits.

The whole empire is a grave-yard. Fung Shuey affects the dead as well as the living; hence every effort to protect the graves from evil influences. In digging the railroad, suppose the spade decapitates some venerated friend in these ancestral burial-grounds—the headless ghost would then wander about in the land of darkness, when the retribution of disease and death would be visited upon the miscreants who had permitted such sacrilege. This worship of the dead is the chief religion of the empire. Filial reverence is religion.

The Chinese believe this is the world of light—after this is the world of darkness; that the dead, or those in the spirit-world, can look out or down in this world and behold the deeds of the living. Those living here in the light cannot see in the darkness. The people live in constant fear of the dead. A son worships at the grave of his father, who rewards him with health and prosperity. Up there the father needs food, clothing, sampan, his hoe, rake, and plow, boats, chickens, rice, ducks, and fish, just as he needed them down here. As his father is in the invisible world, these articles, made out of paper, wood, etc., must be burned into ashes at the temples and sent to the other world in an invisible state.

Some writer has observed: "In China a man endowed with much forethought can make some provision for his own future comfort." The priests have considerably organized a bank for the spirit-world. To this the provident may remit large sums during their life-time, and can draw on the bank as soon as they reach the dark country. The priests periodically announce their intention of remitting money on a certain day, and invite all who have any to

deposit to bring it. All who feel doubtful of the generosity of their next heirs accordingly come and buy from the priests as much as they can afford of the tin-foil paper money which is current among the spirits. It is an excellent investment, as for a handful of brass cash, altogether worth about one-penny, they will receive sycee—*i. e.*, the boat-shaped blocks of silvery-looking tin-foil, bearing a spiritual value of thirty dollars.



REMEMBERING DEPARTED FRIENDS.

Paper houses, furniture, and clothes may in like manner be purchased and stored beforehand, in the happy security that neither moth nor rust shall corrupt them, neither shall thieves break through and steal them. When the depositor

(probably a poor coolie or an aged beggar) has invested his little savings in this precious rubbish in the ecclesiastical bazar he delivers it to the priest, together with a sum of real money as commission. For this the priest gives a written receipt. All this din is thrown into a large boat. It is a frame-work of reeds with a bamboo mast, and its sails and planking are of paper. When all the depositors have made their payments, the priests walk several times around the boat, chanting some incantation, then simultaneously set fire to both ends, and the paper fabric vanishes in a flash of flame. The priests bid the depositors keep their certificates with all care, and give them to some trustworthy person to burn after their decease, whereupon the said certificates will reach them safely.

The Emperor is divine; he reigns in heaven as well as on earth. The invisible world is a counterpart of China, with its Government administered by the Emperor, court, ministers, prefects, viceroys, etc., just the same. The Emperor represents the Pontiff of Rome, and can intercede or come between the people of this and the other world.

The people worship the gods in each magisterial district with a view of propitiating them in behalf of some of their dead friends. In prefects the jurisdiction is larger, and they worship on up until it comes to addressing the Emperor. If they should neglect the dead, they believe they will be punished for it. If a Chinaman dies in California or Australia, he wants to be brought home, where his friends can provide for him. Three festivals a year are celebrated at the temples in honor of those who have no father, mother, or friends to look after them.

China, with its four hundred and twenty millions, is an inert mass, it has been said. It cannot be moved from within; it must be moved from without. The Bible missionaries, railroads, telegraph wires, steam-boats, telephones,

electricity, hospitals, arsenals, and school-houses are among the potent factors that will accomplish for China what is being done in Japan, and what has already been accomplished in India. Brahmanism, caste, prejudices, and sacred bulls, in India; Fung Shuism, ancestral-worship, superstition, and traditions, in China, must yield to superior forces of modern civilization. When the locomotive-whistle goes screaming through this empire of grave-yards (which it will and must do), breaking up "these chains which bind the living to the dead," the sunlight of hope that is tinging her mountain-brows will flood the valleys of China with the cries of redeemed millions. This may be a work of years, and even ages. But we cannot remain idle; it is an effort worthy of our highest ambition. The Bible and the missionary will yet be triumphant.

CHAPTER LI.

MISSION WORK—ANGLO-CHINESE COLLEGE.

THE first effort at introducing the Protestant religion was made by Dr. Morrison, in 1807. He had first to acquire the language, translate the Bible; and then to the Chinese it was incomprehensible. "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God," Mr. Nevins says, rendered according to the Chinese idiom, reads thus: "God's Son, Jesus Christ, gospel beginning." As they had thousands of deities of their own, they thought God suggested as many more. Gospel translated meant "happiness and sound." It was seven years before Morrison had the first convert, and twenty-eight years later before a church was founded. The Opium War came on then, which prejudiced the people against all foreigners and their religion. This was in 1844. The Protestants now claim twenty-five

thousand converts, and the Catholics nearly one million. The latter denomination has been at work here many hundred years. About two centuries ago their property was all confiscated and the Jesuits driven out of the country for alleged political intrigue against the Chinese Government; but several years ago the discovery of some old deeds reinstated millions of property throughout the empire to these influential Christian people by treaty. The fathers of the Church adopt the cues and Chinese costume, and build houses like the Chinese, some say, just to please the people.

I regret my inability to visit the immense Catholic establishment at Sikawie, near the city, where there are over one thousand people, about seven hundred of whom are receiving instruction from the fathers and sisters. It is a wonderful institution, composed of a foundling hospital, schools, and even a mad-house—buildings which cover one hundred acres of ground. In connection is an observatory for making meteorological observations; while in the city is a pyrotechnic institution that exhibits the workings of the telegraph, with much fine apparatus for illustration, compounding, etc., in the doctor-shop. A large revenue derived from valuable real estate in Shanghai supports the institution. The Catholics are certainly doing a great work here, worthy of their highest ambition.

Of the Protestants, the Baptists—with Dr. Lord at Ningpo, and Dr. Matthew Yates in Shanghai—are among the most distinguished workers and scholars in China. Dr. Lord some years ago first obtained consent of the Chinese girls at his school—in fact made it a condition of attendance—that they should unbind their feet. The parents objected at first; “their daughters could never marry without small feet.” But Dr. Lord triumphed; and the girls, growing up, married as well as any others. This was a wonderful step in advance, which has been fraught with good results.

The Presbyterian Church of the South has been represented here for some years by Mr. Davis, Mr. Dubose, and Miss Saffold, and Stewart, Painter, and Helm, of the Suchow and Hangchow districts. The Chinese graduate the social status of our missionary women according to their own. As all their women are either married or concubines, they cannot understand the relation of an unmarried lady in a married man's family. I have heard our missionary girls have had to bear many hard epithets from the common people.

We visited the Seventh-day Baptist, Mr. Davis, and the Bridgman Home, on the edge of the city, called West Gate. Miss E. M. McKeetchnie received us with great cordiality at the Home. After serving delightful tea and cake, this estimable lady (from one of our Northern States) organized her school to entertain us with agreeable exercises of music, needle-work, etc. These bright little Chinese girls were neatly dressed, with unbound feet. Dr. Allen spoke in the highest praise of this school. Both Chinese and English, I believe, are being taught. Miss McKeetchnie's lady companion was absent on a visit to America.

I propose now to give our Methodist people of the South the results of my personal observations and investigation of their schools and mission work in China. I had traveled two-thirds around the globe without meeting a single missionary from the South, until I reached Shanghai. Here is the nucleus, or base, of the only representative Church work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on this side of the Pacific. Well may we feel proud of it, for it is a grand monument to the self-sacrifices and labors of consecrated men and women who are buried here, and to those living, toiling, patient workers who are illustrating the spirit of the gospel, and winning for themselves a crown of immortality in heaven. In 1848 Taylor and Jenkins,

our first missionaries, landed at Shanghai; then Cunnyngham in 1852. For two years he was alone—Jenkins had come home in the meantime, and returned with Messrs. Lambuth, Kelley, and Belton as reënforcements. Belton died on his way home in 1855; and the following year Kelley returned. In 1860 Dr. Young J. Allen and Mr. Word arrived. From 1866 to 1875 Drs. Lambuth and Allen were our only representatives, when Parker arrived; since then, W. R. Lambuth and Miss L. Rankin, in 1878; C. F. Reid and Miss D. Rankin, in 1879; Royall, Loehr, and McLain, in 1880—the latter, remaining only two months, returned and died; and Park, Anderson, Mingledorff, and Miss Anna Muse, in 1882. In the fall of 1884, Professor W. B. Bonnell, Miss Laura A. Haygood, with Miss Dona Hamilton and Miss Jennie Atkinson, arrived at Shanghai.

From the subjoined official report of 1885 the subdivision of the various works may be observed under the heading of three presiding elders' districts, viz., Shanghai, Nantziang, and Suchow. The extracts show the statistics, health of the Mission, and last appointments for the year preceding:

“STATISTICS.—The following comprise the statistics of the China Mission to December 31, 1884, viz.: Male missionaries, 12—2 being absent; female missionary, 1; Woman's Missionary Society missionaries, 9; stations where missionaries reside, 3; out-stations, 6; communicants, 163—male 75, female 88; self-supporting church, 1; probationers, 56; Anglo-Chinese schools, 2—pupils, 269; foreign teachers, 5; native teachers, 7; boys' boarding-school, 1—pupils 55; boys' day-schools, 8—pupils, 127; girls' boarding-schools, 3—pupils 107; girls' day-schools, 8—pupils, 114; Sunday-schools, 14—pupils, 478; ordained native preachers, 3; unordained preachers, 6; colporteurs and helpers, 5; Bible-women, 3; church-buildings, 7—value \$11,300, sittings 1,270; rented chapels, 14—sittings, 870; male hospital, 1

—value, \$10,000; in-patients, 272, out-patients, 11,587; medical students, 8; periodicals published, 1,100; books and periodicals distributed, 16,226; contribution of native Church, \$198; total value of Mission property—Parent Board \$107,300, Woman's Board of Missions \$28,200.

“HEALTH OF THE MISSION.—From sickness and alarms of war the usual operatives of the Mission have suffered considerably during the year. Brother Mingledorf was disabled for several months in the spring and summer, while toward the close of the year Brother Reid, after vainly striving to stave off such a necessity, was obliged, in obedience to competent medical authority, to return to the United States with his family. At this date, however, all the missionaries and their families are well, and the usual work is progressing favorably. God's mercies and blessings have been signally vouchsafed us amidst all our trials of sickness and other interruptions, and to him, in devout acknowledgment of his great grace, would we reconsecrate ourselves for renewed service during the year which is just before us.

“In conclusion, we cannot forbear a further and emphatic reference to our call for more laborers. On the ‘sent’ was never a higher distinction conferred than that of being a missionary to China, nor to the Church a grander conquest offered than awaits achievement in the conversion of her millions to Christ. The felt and longed-for but inarticulate desire of all nations—the gospel—is now the desire and need of China.

“APPOINTMENTS.—*Shanghai District*.* J. W. Lambuth, P. E. Shanghai, O. A. Dukes. Trinity Church, Sz Tsz Kia. Shanghai Circuit, to be supplied (by Tseu Hoong). Tsih Pau, Lee Bing Zung. Soong Kong, Dzung Yoong Chung, Tsing-poo, Dzung Sau Tsung. Anglo-Chinese College: W. W. Royall, Principal; W. B. Bonnell, G. R. Loehr, Miss Anna J. Muse. Woman's Work: Miss Laura A. Hay-

*On the establishment of the Japan Mission in 1886, Revs. J. W. Lambuth, W. R. Lambuth, and O. A. Dukes were transferred to that field, and stationed at Kobe, Japan.

good, in charge; Miss Dona Hamilton, Miss Jennie Atkinson, assistants; Miss Anna J. Muse, in Anglo-Chinese College (*vide* above).

“*Nantziang District.* O. G. Mingledorff, P. E. Nantziang Circuit, Sung Kyung Kwei. Kading and Wongdu, Dzung Tsing San. Pleasant College, Miss Lochie Rankin, Principal. Anglo-Chinese and Day Schools, Miss Dora Rankin, in charge.

“*Suchow District.* D. L. Anderson, P. E. Nicholas Church, Lee Tsz Nyi. Hospital, Dzau Tsz Zeh. Buffington Seminary and Nön Toong Gyan, Tsa Voong Tsang. Kwun San, to be supplied. Buffington Seminary, A. P. Parker. Hospital, W. R. Lambuth; W. H. Park, absent. Woman’s Work: Boarding and Day Schools, etc., Mrs. Parker and Miss L. Philips. Hospital: Miss Dr. Mildred Philips in charge; Miss Baldwin, assistant. General Treasurer of the Mission, O. A. Dukes. Superintendent, Young J. Allen.”

At Shanghai are comprised at present the evangelistic work, the educational (Anglo-Chinese University) and woman’s work. There is one self-supporting church here—Little Trinity, the munificent gift of Hon. L. G. Harris, of Athens, Ga. There are numerous chapels in the walled or native city, foreign city, and distributed throughout the districts.

The educational work comprises at present the woman’s work, the premises being large and well located, with the following departments: Boarding-school, training-school for Bible-women, day-schools for boys and girls, and general visiting work from house to house among the women, having in view the establishment of a high school or college of a similar class for girls and young ladies, to be self-supporting. This woman’s work will be in charge of Miss Laura A. Haygood, late of Trinity Church, Atlanta, assisted by a staff of competent workers; for this feature of the work will be the best ever organized or put in operation.

The work in the district of Nantziang comprises the evangelistic and woman's work combined. Here the Misses Rankin have established a large and flourishing boarding-school for girls, and partly self-supporting school for boys, the most prominent feature being the easy access to the women, a great number of whom attend church and visit the schools.

The Suchow district comprises a missionary community with these several departments: The church, theological and boarding school for boys combined; also a large hospital belonging to the Parent Board.

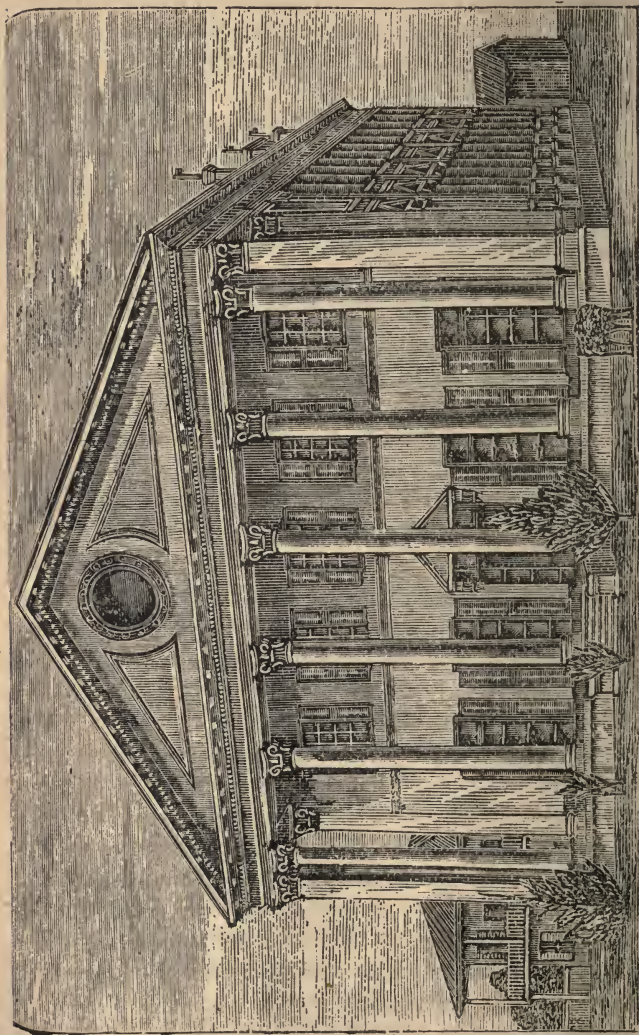
Woman's work comprises boarding-schools for girls and day-schools for boys and girls, a projected female hospital, and when fully equipped in its several departments will be perhaps the most thoroughly organized of any missionary work in China. I will observe that these districts have been admirably located, and at present only needing the necessary reënforcements that have been called for—more men for the evangelistic field and more for the schools, all of which are now in operation, but lacking the men to meet the demand. It has been found that an increase of the native preachers is unadvisable, and hence the urgent demand on home.

The chief points of difference between our Methodist Mission in China and other missions, it occurs to me, may be stated as follows: First, its concentration; second, its thorough organization; third, mutual coöperation of all the departments; fourth, close alliance between the woman's work and Parent Board's work; fifth, its embracement of all classes. I find the high schools, day-schools, and colleges patronized by people able to pay; boarding and day schools supported by mission funds—poor people, properly speaking; orphanage; and lastly the superior equipment in the way of buildings, comprising residences, churches, hospitals; and finally the class of superior men and women being

called to the field. The object of the superintendent being to place the work in China on a sound and enduring basis, no pains are spared in its thorough equipment, or in its qualification of men.

With such a base for operations, an extended system of canals radiating in every direction; with cities, towns, and villages five to ten miles apart, and four or five cities with five hundred thousand to one million inhabitants each, and one hundred miles square as level and rich as the Mississippi Valley—you have a picture presented of the country immediately accessible to Shanghai. With a hundred more laborers in this promising field, the work most gloriously begun and consolidated within a radius of eighty miles, I believe a million of souls could soon be won to Christ.

To give a correct idea of the geographical position of the splendid grounds and buildings comprising the Anglo-Chinese University, Dr. Allen's and Prof. Royall's residences, you must walk five minutes north of the Bund, back of the American settlement and broadside the English, down a street between high brick walls, and stop. On your left are about four acres of ground, on which are erected two substantial two-story brick residences, and on the right three acres of ground, from which rises in majestic proportions the Anglo-Chinese University. This is a large two-story brick building, with hall below and recitation-rooms above, ornamented in front with magnificent portico and Corinthian columns with capitals. The two lots, including the original lot (forty-one mow), about seven acres, cost \$38,667—worth \$58,000 at the time of purchase, cash value. The Chinese gentleman, a man of immense wealth, gave Dr. Allen a reduction of \$19,333, and sent him a dozen pupils to the college when opened, within the past year. There is a center building and a left wing contemplated not yet built. Only the right wing is shown in the illustration.



ANGLO-CHINESE UNIVERSITY, FOUNDED BY DR. YOUNG J. ALLEN.

Both English and Chinese are taught in the college, with an attendance of two hundred pupils. If the university could be completed it would be filled with seven hundred to one thousand students. The college is patronized by the wealth and nobility of China; it is self-supporting. And when these boys go out into the different provinces they fill places of honor and trust, where their power and influence will be felt. Twenty per cent. of the boys have become Christians. The exercises of each day are opened with prayer; Bible-reading and preaching on Sunday, with prayer-meeting once a week. These prayer-meetings are entirely voluntary, yet I saw Dr. Allen's drawing-rooms crowded with Chinese boys, dressed in silk and blue blouses, each wearing a cue. A number have professed religion. Educate them! educate them! From personal observation I declare in my honest judgment this is the key that opens the riches of our literature and Christianity to China's idolatrous millions. Educate the Chinaman in the genius and spirit of our civilization, and he becomes the dominant factor in the East. He learns the name of Jesus and the wealth of our Bible, and knowledge is revealed to him. He bears the glad tidings to his benighted father and mother. He fills places of honor and trust at home and abroad. He will take the place of the foreigner in his custom-house, arsenal, translation department, counting-room, college, newspapers—everywhere. China is at present compelled to employ foreigners to fill all the offices mentioned. It will not be so long. She is now competing with the foreigners in export trade, running merchant lines, banking, etc. A number of the boys taught by Dr. Allen are in the diplomatic service abroad. Education is our hope in China. Hospitals, woman's work, and evangelical work will crown our efforts with triumph.

On several occasions I attended the chapel services with

Dr. Allen and Brother Loehr. They had fine audiences and attentive listeners. The screen in front of the chapel door, the continual going out and coming in of the Chinese, as they do in their temple-worship, strike a foreigner with curious interest. The *blind* at the entrance is to prevent the idle curiosity of loungers or street pedestrians which would mistake the church for a bar-room. They must have thought a new missionary had arrived when I occupied a seat, usually in the pulpit. One night at Little Trinity a well-dressed, handsome young Chinaman, after service, approached Brother Loehr. I thought we had another *convert*. But he proposed to join only on conditions—if Brother Loehr would *recommend* him for a position in a mercantile house on the Bund! He walked off, looking sorrowful. Hiring them to attend church, giving away tracts, etc., has been stopped by our denomination. They now eagerly buy every thing in the way of tracts, Bibles, etc., and read them when they have to pay money.

I am sorry space forbids my giving an account of a most interesting sermon I heard Dr. Allen preach. It would be highly entertaining.

In conclusion, I want to commend once more the excellent methods of our work—its *concentration* and *extension* versus the scatteration tactics so commonly practiced by other denominations in China. We want one hundred and fifty more missionaries—male and female, lay, clerical, teachers and preachers—to develop the foundation work that has been so wisely laid. We want old Methodism *in boats*, like it was once enthroned on *horseback* at home—young men and ladies of settled convictions, who are willing to work awhile and wait before marrying. We must add more to our missionary contributions, so that these workers can be sent to China. Here is a great responsibility presented before our Church and people worthy of their most *serious*

consideration. The time has come when every man is expected to do his duty.

I think one of the most devout and consecrated Christians I ever saw is the venerable Sung Zeu Kong, Chinese director of the Anglo-Chinese College. He is seventy-eight years of age, and has been a Christian for forty years. He is a very learned man, having translated the whole Bible into the Chinese language. His mother is still living, ninety-eight years old.

CHAPTER LII.

CULTIVATION OF TEA AND ITS PREPARATION FOR MARKET—LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

CHA is the Chinese for tea. The Province of Fukien produces the best black teas. Bohea is the name of the hills on which it grows. It is a species of camelia, and bears a white flower. The difference in the teas depends on the district, the season, the time of gathering, the manipulation, etc., as I observed passing Foochow. The first or spring leaves are quite tender, and of finer flavor than the full-grown summer or coarser leaves of autumn. The plant here does not yield its pickings throughout the year as it does in Ceylon. One-half pound of dried leaves is the product of one bush a year in Fukien. Small farmers and the Buddhist priests are the principal growers. The thermometer rarely falls below forty-four degrees. Black teas and green, when not *doctored*, are really grown on the same variety of plants. The tea-plants, ten inches high, one year old, come from the seed, which are gathered in October and kept in sand till spring, then planted in beds. Five to six plants are dropped in a hole four feet apart each way, made with a long knife.

The cultivation is with a hoe. The Chinese propagate



THE YOUNG PLANT.

from cuttings, small twigs, which they plant in trenches and then transplant to their gardens, where they grow five feet high. Tea-oil is extracted from the seed. Three pickings a year in China. The shrub is an evergreen, tenacious of life, and grows best with a southern aspect, on thin, gravelly hill-sides.



TRANSPLANTING.

Drawings for these illustrations were made by a Chinese artist, and are very correct representations.

After the leaves are gathered and wilted on bamboo trays, they are rolled into balls to get the twist in, put in kettles or pans under a slow heat over charcoal fires. Once heated, they are thrown on a mat, rolled, heated again and rolled. Each process is called a firing.



FIRING TEA.

The first crop of tender leaves makes the finest tea. It is sold to the mandarins and wealthy classes at home. Russia gets the second best overland, England the third, and America—well, I am sorry to say, but I believe she gets the grounds the Chinese fire over again, colored with Prussian blue (poison) gypsum, and *packed in with their feet*. Of course, some good teas are sold to our country; but they are not the *green teas*. The Chinese say Americans won't buy until they color it green.

The Chinaman makes *his tea* by putting the leaves in a cup and pouring hot boiling water on, which barely colors it. The cups have covers to fit down closely. They use no milk or sugar as the foreigners do. In the Chinese stores



PACKING.

and shops tea is kept on tap. They drink it instead of water through the day. Spring water, they say, makes the best tea. A chop of tea is six hundred chests. Samples of a chop are tested in commission houses in Shanghai by experts who taste the different qualities. Each chop is taken by the sample. You can buy excellent tea here for twenty-five cents per pound, and lower grades cheaper. The crop in the interior is transported on men's backs to the canals, rivers, and ports, sometimes hundreds of miles.

Notwithstanding England is her best customer, she generally manages to have a balance in trade on opium account against China. English ships go twice through the tropics, sometimes four months on a voyage, before reaching home. Her goods exported in return reach here bound in iron hoops and baled in water-proof wrappings. I see it stated the Americans have suffered in careless handling, many of her cottons being found mildewed on opening, notwithstand-

ing our country enjoys the advantage of a shorter transit. Mr. Fred Haskell, of the Japan-China Trading Company, one of the leading houses on the Bund, informed me that Augusta, Georgia, light cotton sheetings (from Sibley and other mills) were preferred to all others by the Chinese. Mr. Haskell handles large quantities of these goods. We cannot grow opium successfully, nor will the Chinese buy whisky from us (their samshu is good enough for them), but it occurs to me here is one of our greatest markets for the cotton-mills of the South. California ships her flour here, and Oregon her redwood and other kinds of lumber, at remunerative prices. Ginseng, kerosene oil, and some other goods, are largely exported from San Francisco. The trouble is that China produces nearly all she wants at home, and can throw all nations, except England, in her debt.

Somebody has said the Chinese language was the invention of the —— . I have been in Shanghai a week, and have not been able as yet to speak one word of this outlandish tongue.

Tom Benton, of Texas, once remarked that the Chinese had a very expressive language. "What is there expressive about it?" asked his mother-in-law, who is an incessant talker. "Take the word 'ken,' for instance." "What does 'ken' mean?" "It means several things. In the first place, it means a female mouth. Another meaning of 'ken' is a gate. In short, any thing that is everlastingly opening and shutting is called 'ken.'"—*Texas Siftings*.

I wanted to pay my respects to the Chinese editor, the ponderous writer of the Shanghai press. Brother Loehr had kindly proffered to introduce me, and when we entered the sanctum he raised his immense goggles and came near bowing me out the door before I could *say a word*. I finally recovered from my discomfiture, and *bowed* him back. Brother Loehr informed him I was a member of the Amer-

ican press. He shook my hand most cordially, extending us a fraternal greeting. It gave him much gratification and pleasure, he said, to meet an American journalist. Mr. Earnest Major, the English manager, then showed me through the press-rooms. The pig-tails were running up and down ladders, getting a character here and there out of cases to set some copy. These were metal types, or characters, which were being cut or made by hand in the office. Mr. Major presented me specimens of the different publications and a copy of the *Pekin Gazette*. The cartoons in the illustrated editions represented the French retreating in every direction before the victorious armies of the Government. Some great battles and fearful slaughters of the enemy's troops in Tonquin were represented. But the French declared the Chinese had advanced backward and retreated *on them*. Sometimes a fort or line of battle was being carried by the Chinese at the point of the bayonet, and then great numbers of the enemy were captured or slain. They seemed to understand the art usually practiced by Western nations of recording nothing but victories.

The *Pekin Gazette* (official paper) is the oldest in the world. It is one thousand years old. I had presumed it was about the size of the *Savannah Weekly News* or *Macon Weekly Telegraph*; but I found its dimensions to rival a napkin. It contains only the official proclamations of the Imperial Government at Peking. Mr. Major informs me about one in every fifteen of the population reads a newspaper. Every town and city publishes its cheap books, from one to five cents each, which furnish the masses with various styles of literature. The Chinese, as I have observed, are a reading people. But they are fond of what is old, while we like to read what is new.

One day our party, consisting of Dr. Allen, Sir John,



ONE OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

Misses Muse and Allen, visited a large reeling-factory of silk cocoons. We were too late to see it in operation. It is French, I believe, employing a large force of Chinese girls. The machinery, of the most approved model, was all imported from Europe.

Returning, I bought specimens of Ningpo carving, representing a sampan, buffalo cow, palanquin, etc. The people of Ningpo are here in large numbers engaged in this branch of art, for which their town is so celebrated. At one house I saw camphor-wood coffins piled high, as if the undertaker did a large business.

The ornithology and zoölogy of China present many interesting objects for study. There are the hawk, owl—screech and large owls; eagles, falcons, and king-fishers; the raven—that ubiquitous crow; the jackdaw (no buzzards), magpie, jay, turtle-dove, pigeon—both common and carrier. The natives tie a whistle on the car-

rier-pigeon's back to know where he is. As the pigeon flies against the wind the whistle may be heard a great distance. Early one bright morning we were sitting in the garden, near a pretty lakelet, where a number of beautiful birds were observed flying or hopping around us on the grass. Among these was the minor I had seen in India. But the lark, O the heavenly lark! which Amelia Welby, of Kentucky, has sung into immortality, is here. Watch him as he nestles in the grass; now up he soars, higher and higher, singing as he goes, into the blue vaulted dome of heaven. Poising on his tiny wings, he pours forth his musical notes in ecstatic joy; but exhausted, folds his wings and drops to the ground.

The minor, like the cuckoo, lays its eggs in other birds' nests. The Chinese call the cuckoo *tsna-kingdian*, because it calls out to the husbandman to hurry up the plowman. The canary is bred in large numbers, and sings beautifully. Of game birds we find the bustard (size of a turkey), golden and silver pheasants—perfect beauties—and common pheasant, which often measures three feet from head to tail. These birds are found in large numbers; also grouse and quail. This quail is a different bird from the Georgia partridge, being somewhat smaller. Then there are the swan, goose, and duck, both domesticated and wild. Snipe and woodcocks are migratory birds, as with us—appear here spring and autumn. Among the animals there are the bactrian, the camel, horses, sheep, goats, hogs, buffalo cattle, Mongolian ponies, and mules larger than horses. The dogs in China, like those in India and Egypt, appear to belong to the wolf species. There is a long-haired, pug-nosed dog called the *St. Charles*—a lap-dog. The court ladies of Peking carry in their sleeves a little pet dog weighing about a pound when grown. This species is a royal monopoly.

Dr. Allen has traveled in Mongolia far to the north of Peking and the Great Wall, where he found a shepherd dog of immense stature guarding the flocks of those wandering Abrahams and Sarahs who move their tents from place to place over the boundless plains of Mongolia. These people are the Tartars, who never live in houses. China has foxes, badgers, weasels, mongoose, and raccoons, but no opossums. As I have stated, the marsupials belong to Australia, North and South America, being found nowhere else on the globe. The Chinese hunt foxes for their fur—not *for fun*; no fun about a Chinaman—all business; also the hare and white rabbits. Among the curious game animals is the hog-deer—he has a tusk in the upper jaw like a hog; and there is a wild boar that grows to five hundred pounds. The Englishman's pig-sticking propensities would admit of large indulgence in China. Fish are in endless variety; all kinds are sold alive in China markets. The carp (a native here), bass, perch, sole, cat, and trout, fresh mackerel and salmon, are cultivated in artificial ponds, which are easily constructed by turning the water from canals and rivers into sinks and depressions. Oysters are very fine. The Chinese stick bamboos in the salt water, and to these the oysters tenaciously adhere in large numbers. When full, the bamboo is pulled up, with a good crop. They have crabs, clams, turtles, etc.; also snakes, scorpions, etc., like we have.

There are four different kinds of oranges most common in China, four to six cents per dozen. The mandarin is so called because it requires no labor to get at it. The Chinese dwarf their fruits, shrubs, and evergreens. The mandarin here is the Tangerene of Malta or Africa. The coolie orange is so named because it requires labor. It is a clear, bright oval, found in the south about Canton, and in Cochin China. The persimmon is very large and luscious

when ripe. The tree, bark, and leaves are larger, but it is evidently the same genus to which our Georgia persimmon belongs.

China has its famines, droughts, and floods like India; typhoons instead of cyclones, but they are equally as destructive of life and property. Northern China suffers from famine. In 1878, in the province of which Shamsee is the center, no less than ten million people starved to death from a long drought. There were abundant stores of provisions brought to the sea-shore, but the people could not reach them. The canals all dried up, the people sold every thing, even to their houses, clothing, wives and children. Finally all animal food was exhausted, including cats and dogs. Pack mules and horses were eaten up in trying to reach Tientsin, where millions of rice and food were waiting. Having finally nothing else to eat, they began to eat themselves. No country needs railroads worse than China. These principal causes may be the means of reducing the overburdened population, as war, yellow fever, cholera, etc., depopulate Europe. But railroads would furnish relief, as they have done in India. The more enlightened and advanced statesmen of China, represented by Le Hung Chang, the present Prime-minister, advocate the construction of telegraph lines, railroads, colleges, etc., to meet the pressing demands of the outside world. In the past few years China has made most wonderful progress in this direction. I learn now that she will introduce machinery and European labor to work her coal-mines—may be her gold, tin, copper, and inexhaustible resources of iron. China is comparatively a new country, with untold mineral wealth undeveloped. Her people have learned to work gold in California and Australia, coal, iron, etc. These new industries once opened up would directly command her own skilled labor in these countries. The Chinese peo-

ple are the most intellectual in the East, but they have done nothing scarcely of themselves, except manufacture and till the soil. They have made many very wonderful discoveries, but hardly perfected any thing. They discovered the compass, and only navigated from one headland to another; they discovered gunpowder, and never until a few years ago made any thing but fire-crackers to pop; they discovered stone and block printing, and still stick to their slow and crude methods.

England is already inside of her doors, and Russia is knocking at her northern gates. This outside pressure is forcing China to adopt new methods and ignore her antiquated customs, as they now fail to meet the demands upon her. Railroads soon built will solve the question. She has several telegraph lines in operation. But China is the only country around the world, except Palestine and a few islands in the Pacific, which has not already built railroads. Even Java and Japan have splendid lines; Australia, and I believe the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, Central and South America—the whole world except China—have railroads. In many respects China resembles America—her coast-line, physical characteristics, climate, soil, and productions being very nearly similar. Geographically, we ought to command a large trade from her fertile shores, and be her good neighbor. In event of war with Russia, China will find England her strongest ally. These moral forces and outside pressure, we maintain, must solve for China her future position among nations.

CHAPTER LIII.

PIGEON ENGLISH POETRY—THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

WE have stated that our Bible has recently been published in pigeon English. It forms the colloquial language of the Chinese in the sea-port cities and towns along the coast. Even the Europeans have been compelled to learn it; and a late arrival at Shanghai of the American war-ship "Ossipee" has developed a pigeon English poet. The following amusing couplets, never before published, were contributed to this book by Dr. Russell, surgeon of the "Ossipee," through a friend. Dr. Russell is a Georgian, and a son of Professor T. B. Russell, of Fort Valley. The arrival of the man-of-war, its booming guns; the Chinaman going out in his sampan to meet it; his joy over "plentee pidgin," *plenty business*; meeting the sailor, doing his tailoring for him; the sailor getting drunk on shore and looking for the Chinaman, are all well described by the Chinese poet:

HI-YAH, CUMSHA (BACKSHISH).

Tune: "O Susanna, do n't you cry for me."

One fine day, as my sittee inee shop,

Hi-yah, cumsha.

Hear big ship guns makee noise, pop, pop,

Likee muchee cumsha me;

Pickee upee sam-poo, makee likee see,

Hi-yah, cumsha.

Mellican war-junk, "Ossipee,"

Likee muchee cumsha me.

Chorus. Hi-yah for da Mellican ship,

Catchee plentee dollar for me;

Catchee plentee pidgin allee day long,

War-junk "Ossipee."

Big sailor man makee muchee chin-chin,

Hi-yah, cumsha.

Makee sailor clothes, butee no fitee him,

Likee muchee cumsha me;

Clothes no fitee, my no care,

Hi-yah, cumsha.

Makee for to sellee, no makee for to wear,

Likee muchee cumsha me.

Big sailor man come ashore for a spree,

Hi-yah, cumsha.

Dlinkee plentee liquor, den he lookee for me,

Likee muchee cumsha me.

Lun vellee hard, but he catchee bime-by,

Hi-yah, cumsha.

Makee muchee barbar punchee inee eye,

Likee muchee cumsha me.

As I find it impossible to describe but a few things, I have prepared the remainder of this chapter, from careful study, about facts worth knowing. For it is not generally known:

That the Chinese civilization is the oldest in the world.

That China is the most densely populated country.

That it is the oldest empire on earth.

That its history is unbroken for three thousand years.

That one dynasty ruled eight hundred years.

That China is mentioned in the book of Isaiah.

That a colony of Jews settled on Yellow River before Christ was born.

That Confucius hinted at a "holy one who was to come in the West."

That a commission was sent by the Chinese Government to ascertain who this holy man was.

That this commission was met by the Buddhist priest in India and turned back. Buddha was the holy man, *they*

said, they were looking for. In this way the religion of Buddha, instead of Christ, was introduced into China.

That silk was first woven in China.

That the Empress spun and wove silk before Christ was born.

That all the people once dressed in silk.

That the Chinese discovered paper.

That China, India, Persia, and Arabia traded with each other before the Romans invaded Britain.

That Solomon knew of China.

That they first wrote books on bamboo.

That in the year 95 they discovered the art of making paper from bamboo.

That they wrote with camel-hair pens from blocks of ink.

That China comes from Tsin—a silk-worm.

That the mulberry and silk-worm were cultivated during the reign of Great Yu-yu, B.C. 2205.

That two Nestorian monks, in the sixth century, stole the eggs of the silk-worm, concealed them in a bamboo, and brought them to Constantinople—from which silk culture first originated in Greece and Europe, during Justinian's reign.

That porcelain was first made in China in 1000 A.D.

That the Chinese first invented the art of printing on stone, five hundred years before it was known in Europe.

That the Chinese first made fans and umbrellas.

That a Chinese boy, in the Anglo-Chinese University, remarked that "that word did not make the same noise, (sound) as the other."

That they first established the feudal system.

That Genghis and Kublai Khan nearly conquered Europe in the thirteenth century.

That the Chinese invented the mariner's compass before our Saviour was born.

That they discovered the magnetic needle.

That they first made gunpowder.

That Confucius was born 550 B.C., and was one of the wisest of men.

That Kublai Khan built Peking, and the Great Canal one thousand miles long. It required one hundred and seventy thousand men many years to construct it.

That the Chinese Wall is one thousand five hundred miles long, built two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born, to keep the Tartars out.

That the Tartars conquered China by military power.

That the Chinese conquered the Tartars by their superior civilization.

That passports existed in China before they were known in Europe.

That the Chinese practiced medicine like the English, at the same time, eight hundred years ago.

That the Chinese can calculate without figures better than we can with them.

That they first cultivated tea.

That cotton, called nankeen, was first grown in China.

That cultivating fish and hatching eggs by artificial methods was first practiced by the Chinese and Egyptians.

That the Chinese write from top to bottom.

That they hang their sign-boards up and down.

That they make all the gongs and fire-crackers.

That they make rice-paper from bamboo.

That they spell a whole letter of our language with a character of their own.

That they discovered the principles of the telephone nearly two hundred years ago, and called it a thousand-mile speaker.

That the boys play shuttle-cock and fly kites in **China**.

That they have seventeen-year locusts in China.

That a Chinaman can marry a dozen wives.

That they all crave the birth of boys.

That the Chinese put their tombs or monuments in houses.

That they sell their daughters for presents.

That one Chinaman kills another by committing suicide on his neighbor's door-steps.

That they fish with cormorants, nets, and bamboo-pens.

That a policeman catches a rogue by beating a gong to scare him.

That the thief generally gets away.

Chinaman says: "You Mellican man very dirty folks; you always having your clothes washed."

The Chinese dress in white for mourning, instead of black.

The foreigners have go-downs in Shanghai to store goods in, and the Chinese have pawn-brokers' shops to keep their valuables in.

A Chinaman hardly ever laughs.

The old folks make the matches for their children when they are quite young.

The Chinese celebrate many pretty festivals, like those of the lanterns, boats, etc.

They have no coined money, except copper mills, with holes through them—eleven to one cent.

Every thing in China is bought by taels—a tael is one dollar and thirty-three cents of our money, equal to an ounce of pure silver. One sycee equals three pounds of fine silver. Gold ingots are valued at seventeen times as much more. Every dollar sent to China from America gains eleven cents in value.

That the English have banks in all Chinese sea-ports.

That the Chinese put their stamps on Mexican silver dollars, to show they are genuine—called chop dollars.

That they make their long cues with black silk braid.

That they have eighty different kinds of vegetables.

That they have just translated our Bible into *pigeon English*.

That China never borrowed a dollar until this year (for the Franco-Chinese war).

That the Mandarin is the court dialect.

That different provinces speak different dialects.

That the Chinese are a most wonderful people.

CHAPTER LIV.

LAST DAYS IN SHANGHAI—DEPARTURE FOR JAPAN.

OUR last days in Shanghai were the pleasantest of them all. Sir John had been with us in several of our rambles. He too had become endeared to Dr. Allen by frequent manifestations of kindness at his hospitable home. We had passed many delightful hours in the exquisite gardens of the European Park, amidst its parterres of rare flowers and charming music. Whom should we remember very kindly for the many pleasant days and good friends we had made in Shanghai?

The evening before our departure a most brilliant reception was tendered a small party by Mr. Fred. Haskell and lady at their palatial home on the Bund. It was just charming! The beauty of the ladies was queenly, and the munificent hospitality of our host would have excited the envy of an European prince. In the drawing-rooms were many specimens of antique art, and upon the walls hung a fine collection of paintings. Among the honored guests were Mandarin Allen, Sir John R. G. Sinclair, Lieut. Gilmer of the United States flag-ship "Trenton," and the ladies. The music was delicious—and such singing! One of our ladies had played before Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales. She also played *before us*. This was



CHINESE SERVANT.

a little remarkable. But the menu was more noticeable still. Here were rare dishes and choice viands worthy of Delmonico's ambition. There was nothing wanting to make that evening memorable. Mr. Haskell is one of the merchant princes of Shanghai, who captured one of Georgia's queenly women when he won the heart of Miss Margaret Houston. She is the sister of Mrs. Dr. Young J. Allen, who will be well remembered about Newnan, Ga.

Early on the fourth morning of June we were accompanied on board the Japanese steamer "Mitshu Bishi" by number of our friends. We had received cordial tidings from the Chinese director, one or two native preachers, Prof Royall, dear Dr. Lambuth and his estimable wife, Bro Anderson at Suchow, and the venerable Dr. Matthew

Yates of the Baptist Mission, from North Carolina, whom I had met at Dr. Allen's home. Mr. Haskell had kindly presented us letters to his houses in Nagasaki and Yokohama, where we should receive courtesies that had distinguished our stay in Shanghai. As we floated down the Wusung, among thousands of junks and sampans, our friends stood waving us final adieus. At last one handkerchief only was visible, signaling us its love and prayers. It was Dr. Allen's. In a few hours we turned across the mouth of the Yang-tse River into the Yellow Sea, with the coast range of mountains visible all day on our left. Ninety miles from Shanghai we passed the famous Saddle Rocks, or islands, one of which is shaped much like a saddle.



I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THIS BOAT. THEREBY HANGS A TAIL.

Early next morning we approached, through a narrow inlet, the city of Nagasaki, one of the most picturesque and interesting cities in Japan. A fort, *en barbette*, commands the magnificent approaches to the land-locked harbor. Before us rises the Island of Pappenberg, a memorable spot in the history of Christian persecution several hundred years ago

in Japan. Twenty thousand men, women, and children were hurled from the lofty cliffs above us upon the rocks below, which is hardly a cable's length from us. There is no monument to mark the spot, but these gray cliffs will stand as an everlasting memorial to the martyred dead. On our right we pass the foreign residences, extending up the mountain-slopes by terraced walks. Before us lies Nagasaki, with its streets of shops and wooden houses extending up its matchless harbor. It is but a mile across, with lofty mountains rising all around it, four miles from the sea. The mountains are terraced from the water's edge to their lofty summits—strips of golden grain variegated with other crops of green. Around us swarm the sampans, with another nation *sculling* instead of *rowing*. But they are different people from the Chinese.

Japan is a small country, but it is the gem of the Orient. It consists of a group of islands—Yesso, Nippon, Kiusiu, and Sikok being the four largest. There are hundreds of smaller ones—yes, thousands, probably—some inhabited and others the habitations of numberless aquatic fowls. The most fertile are the last named, with a dense population. In its physical aspects Japan resembles Italy or Great Britain, with its beautiful mountains and fertile vales. It lies between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels, cooler in the summer than the United States, and warmer in winter. Tokio, or Yedo, is its present capital—the whole country boasting of thirty-five million inhabitants. All these islands are of volcanic origin. The disintegrated lava, flowing down their mountain-sides for ages past, has made them very rich.

Marco Polo speaks of Japan in his travels in Cathay.

Genghis Khan, of Tartary, fitted out a naval expedition against Zipanza in 1260 and was wrecked off its coast; but in 1542 the Portuguese discovered the country. Francis

Xavier, a Portuguese priest, reached Goa in India and pushed on to Malacca, where he met a Japanese named Angrio, a Christian convert, who with Xavier arrived in this city in 1549. This missionary Jesuit, having adopted plans, died on his return voyage to China. Nagasaki was the first trading port opened in the country in 1558. Christianity under the Catholics spread rapidly; but in 1587 a new Tycoon came into power, and declared Japanese should rule Japan. Then they began to put the Christians to the stake, hang them on trees, and throw them down precipices by the thousands. In 1618 the last Jesuit was expelled from the country. The Portuguese driven out, the Dutch came in, and their trade and people were confined to a small island called Djesima, in front of Nagasaki. They made no effort to introduce religion. All this occurred during a period of religious zeal that inspired all of Europe toward the discovery of new countries and the propagation of the gospel.

To its political history, mythological and otherwise, we can barely allude—only to its prominent phases. The Mikado, like the Emperor of China, claimed divine origin—descended from the gods. Then came the Shogun (Shogun), who ruled in the name of the divine man. But the Shogun's power became hereditary about seven hundred and fifty years ago, and has continued, with short intervals of war, revolution, etc., down to 1868. This Shogunate was represented during this long period by three powerful families—the Hojo, Taira, and Tokugawa. Iyeyasu, the wisest prince of his times, headed the line. From 1598 to 1868, the Government once organized with wisdom and sagacity, the country enjoyed a period of tranquillity and prosperity nearly three hundred years, down to 1868, or the Revolution. During the Shogunate's rule the people divided up into classes that brought on wars, which produced the

samuri, or soldier class, who were supported at public cost, under daimios, or districts. The *samuri* became the daimois (or lords of the land) retainers, out of which grew a feudal system similar to that practiced during the Middle Ages of Europe. Then there were the common people at the mercy of both. The Shoguns kept the Mikado out of reach of the people. He was too sacred to be approached; but in his name and fear they could govern the people. But now the Mikado, having always been *nominal*, wanted to be the *actual* ruler.

The United States Government, it seems, furnished the provocation that developed into a crisis. The Japanese had been a seclusive people for two hundred years—prejudiced against all foreigners. But this jealousy was brought about by political intrigue against the Government by the Jesuits (Catholics) here, just as it was done in China. That brought on the bloody persecution of Christians to which I have alluded. “Down with such people! We don’t want your Christianity,” said the Government; and Christianity was kept out for two hundred years.

In 1849 the discovery of gold in California brought America face to face with Japan. Accordingly in 1853 Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, with the United States Navy, steamed into the harbor of Yedo, opened negotiations with the Shogun, whose capital was here, while the Mikado’s was at Kioto, some two hundred miles distant. The Shogun called himself the *Ti-kun*—we called him *Tycoon*. This assumed titled monarch usurped imperial powers, proposing to treat with Commodore Perry. This brought the Tycoon, or Shogunate, into a conflict with the Mikado, who was only a boy. But the men who had created the Revolution took possession of the young Mikado, removed him from Kioto to Yedo, changed the name to Tokio, or Eastern Capital. Then the revolution of 1868 began in

earnest. A new government must be organized on a basis to treat with foreign powers. Embassadors were to be appointed and received, treaties to be made, and an army created (the French model was adopted); a navy was to be built—Englishmen were selected to do it; railroads were to be constructed—Englishmen were imported to do this; an educational system was to be adopted—Americans must do that. In short, the feudal system having been abolished, the daimios, or lords, were compelled to surrender their territories and revenues to the Government, which retired them on a pension. Every daimio then, with his family, moved to the capital.

The young Mikado changed all. He made the dependent the freemen, and the feudal rulers the subordinates. He made men freeholders in perpetual tenure of their lands. He insured as great protection to life and property as may be enjoyed. His code of laws he modeled after those of England and the United States, establishing a sufficient judiciary. He gathered about him broad, sound, and progressive counselors. He rules an empire already having five hundred miles of railroad, five thousand miles of telegraph wire, unsurpassed postal facilities, with a postal savings-bank system worthy of imitation in this country. He has built a navy, and can repair ships with the best. As great as what he has accomplished, if not greater, is what he has proclaimed he proposes to do; and that is, in 1890 to convert his empire into a constitutional empire, with a parliament exercising the delegated authority of the people. What a wonderful change is this to have been effected in seventeen years!—the consolidation of the Government, the appointment of governors over the provinces, collection of revenues, etc. The immense expense incurred in building railroads, telegraph lines, organizing armies, navy, arsenals, navy-yards, supporting foreigners as instructors and

the daimios on pensions, has necessarily involved the Government in a national debt. But her railroads are profitable; even the line of ships we travel on from Shanghai must be a source of great revenue. Then the tax on rice-lands—five or six dollars per acre—with other revenues, will eventually, it is supposed, enable the Government to pay off the retired nobility at once.

Such is a brief historical sketch of this wonderful people and land.

Among the practical results already attained may be mentioned the establishment of English schools and colleges; the translation of our text-books into the Japanese language, and their adoption in hundreds of schools and abandoned Buddhist temples; the education abroad in America and Europe of thousands of Japanese boys and girls; the observance of our Sabbath by Government officials; the encouragement given to missionaries; the rapid conversion of her people—several thousand Protestants and eighty thousand Catholic adherents; the appearance of the Mikado on the streets of Tokio; and the hospitable welcome of European people.

At the sea-ports you see many Japanese wearing straw hats and our shoes (the custom of shaving their heads is fast disappearing in the sea-port towns); but our clothing is too expensive in comparison to their costumes, which cost from fifty cents to six dollars each. The first is cotton, and the last is the price for silk goods. While not so convenient, I think their costume is a handsomer one than ours. They use ice, and buy many American and European goods. Their exports go into the millions—principally lacquer, silk, and tea.

CHAPTER LV.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE, HOUSES, ETC.

IN the harbor we see three Russian men-of-war, three German, English, and American frigates. Here is an ostentatious display of yards, sails, frowning batteries, and men on board, as if they were on dress-parade. We miss the eyes in our sampan, which wears an air of cleanly comfort without the usual paint of the Chinese boat. On shore a



JINRIKISHA—THE WAY WE TRAVEL IN JAPAN.

dozen jinrikishas are awaiting our arrival. The men are a trifle shorter, but stouter, than the Chinese—all *bottom* and *muscle*. They are more neatly dressed, wearing a broad-brim hat, straw shoes, and *tights*, with a loose blouse falling below their hips. Somebody has said it looks like the

Japanese coolie has been "*melted and poured* into his trousers." They open at the bottom. We select two of the *best trotters* for a dash up the Bund. In a few minutes we reach the fish-market, where we see the people, early in the morning, going and returning with their purchases. The fish are all sold at auction. Every variety, in baskets or spread on the paved court, may be seen in Nagasaki. Great



TEMPLE TO THE GODDESS OF THE SUN.

sharks, dolphin, mackerel, skate-fish, (seen in Naples), golden bream, devil-fish, crabs with distended arms several feet long, sprawn, octopus, eels alive, dog-fish, etc.

We saw black, sleek bullocks bearing their burdens, wearing *straw shoes*. We visited a Sintoo temple, up terraced steps of stone, one hundred feet high on a mountain-slope. In the court below was a torii, or gate-way, made of stone. Pilgrims for a hundred miles visit these shrines to cast in a few coppers as an offering to some god, which seems to constitute their only act of worship.

Here Buddha is worshiped, as in China, the religion hav-

ing been introduced here in the sixth century from China and Corea. But in its new home it appears to have been modified, forming into several sects.

The tea-garden is an invariable adjunct to the shrine or temple. Tea without milk or sugar, with cakes and candy—pretty girls, with pearly teeth and olive complexions, to wait on us—their plump figures and raven tresses equally as charming as their silk dresses. Approaching us, these girls set their waiters upon the floor, bowing three times, saying with a winsome smile, "*Ohayo gozarimas*"—You have come quickly, sirs. *We said nothing*. Their jet-black hair was combed back in waves, with pretty ornaments for decoration. They wore their panniers or bustles behind, with their dresses crossed in front, rather low. Their skirts fell in graceful profusion above sandaled feet. They were anxious to talk with us, and seemed rather coquettishly inclined. We bowed, laughed, and drank tea—Sir John receiving more bows than *I*; and when we parted with each pretty maiden, our hearts all felt so heavy-laden!

I have seen a number of women with blackened teeth and plucked eyebrows—hideous monsters! I wondered what they do that for. "Married women," the guide said. Afraid somebody would fall in love with them! My sainted grandfather! give me the nightmare, or banish me into exile forever! Some other man except her husband, eh! The ladies do n't do that way in Christian countries. Some of them will spend hours before a looking-glass to catch some other fellow. These customs are perpetuated in honor of a princess who was very beautiful, but devoted to her husband; she did not desire to be more attractive to other men's eyes than his own. Now all wives follow her example. We see people bathing together* as we walk along the streets. We visited curio-shops—a beautiful crockery-house near the Island of Desima, where egg-shell china, crackel-ware,

*The people of the middle classes do not consider it immodest to expose their persons or even bathe together. The sexes have not been educated that way.



ONLY MY HUSBAND.

and painted porcelain, glittered and vied in every style and color. Here were vases worth a thousand dollars, tea-sets hundreds more, and full service at fabulous prices.

The tortoise-shell house and manufacture interested us very much. Here we saw the artisans deftly working into beautiful creations of art the crude material of the shell. They use hot water for bending, and little tools for polishing, shaping, etc. I saw jinrikishas, paper-cutters, spectacle-cases, sampans, and even miniature ships, made out of tortoise shell. The young man brought us sandals in exchange for our shoes, left at the door—his floors were beautifully matted. The shops are all open in front, but closed at night by movable sliding-doors. Another screen divides the shop from the parlor. On the shelves we saw lacquered ware, tea-trays, fans, and carved ivory, etc.; sometimes dry goods, then groceries, tin, copper, willow-ware, charming Arima baskets, exquisite art. An interesting sight was the

family dining. Here were pots, pans, saucers, and tea-cups, sitting about. The houses in Japan have no chimneys as in China. The cooking is done on a brazier, sometimes in front and then in the rear of the house. Places are made for the utensils to set in (clay furnaces), with a place for coal fires underneath. An open space, dirt floor, is observable in every house, which serves as a passage. Platform floors, raised two or three feet higher, are generally covered with matting. Shoes are left, as described, at the door, in entering a Japanese house. The family, bare-headed and often without shoes, sit cross-legged around little trays, using chop-sticks, picking up a bit of fish, rice, etc. The men shave the crown of their heads backward, and tie the hair from either side on top in a knot, bringing it forward and dropping the end over. Even little boys five years old, with their heads dressed like their fathers, are observed adopting the style and manners of their parents. All the family eat together.

The houses are of wood (not painted), one to one and a half story high in Nagasaki. They make their windows out of transparent rice-paper. A door is divided off into little squares and covered with this thin rice-paper. There is no furniture of any kind—only matted floors and cushions to sit on. The bed-clothes, matting, and wooden pillows used in sleeping are folded up and kept in closets during the day. So a Japanese house is open in front, with no rooms at all. But when night comes on, these houses are converted into passages and bed-rooms in a few minutes by running out from their hiding-places these movable screens or doors. When we want a servant, we clap our hands for him.

The Japanese are extremely polite at their houses, and invariably serve you with a cup of tea, as a mark of hospitality. It is always polite to sip it, whether you want it or not.

Our letter introducing us to Mr. Rogers, of the China-Japan Trading Company, was doubly appreciated when we became acquainted with the head of the Nagasaki house. His charming bungalow, picturesquely situated a thousand feet above the sea, looked out of a pretty garden amidst playing fountains upon the bay and terraced slopes beyond.

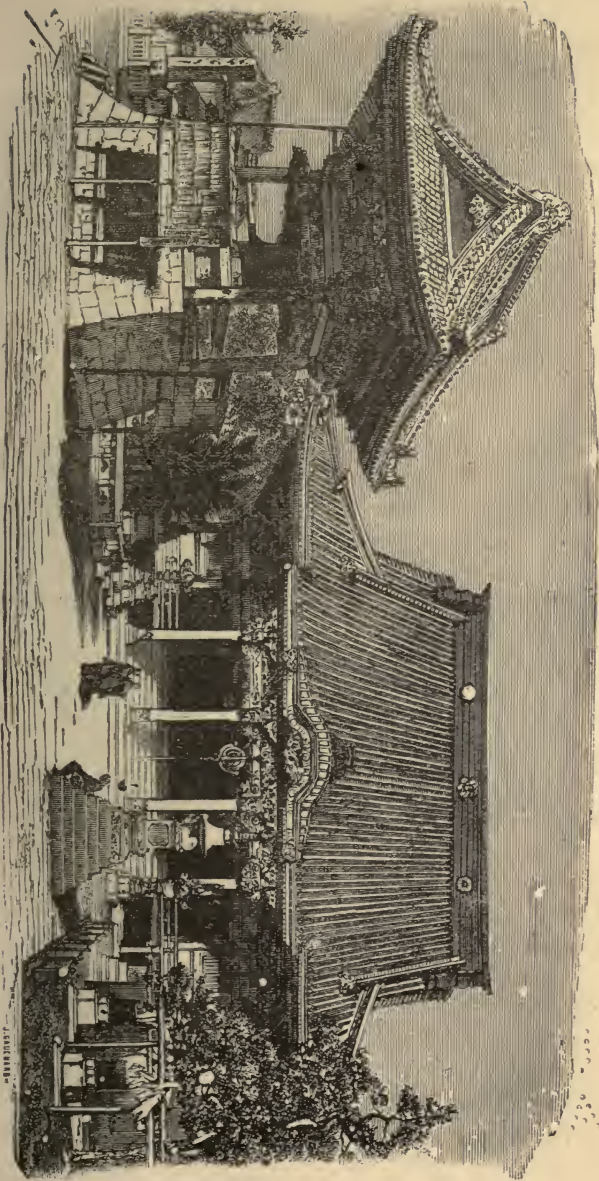
We had English pease, lettuce, Irish potatoes, tomatoes, fine roasts, fish, devil-crabs, puddings, and strawberries and cream, for dinner. Among the invited guests were General Jones and lady, of Virginia—American Consul here—Sir John, Judge Flanders and Judge Wilkins, of St. Paul, Minnesota. The latter gentlemen had just reached Japan on a voyage around the world.

Here were the Japan plum (*Biwa*), pine-tree, magnolia, cherry, peach, orange (dwarf seedless), China-tree, fig, and bamboo, growing in Mr. Rogers's gardens. Mr. Rogers's beautiful wife (American) and Mrs. Jones did the honors in the most charming style.

Oranges grow as high as thirty-four degrees north latitude in Japan, even where the snow falls several feet deep. It is thought the morning sun kills the bud, when frozen, in these high latitudes, as in California.

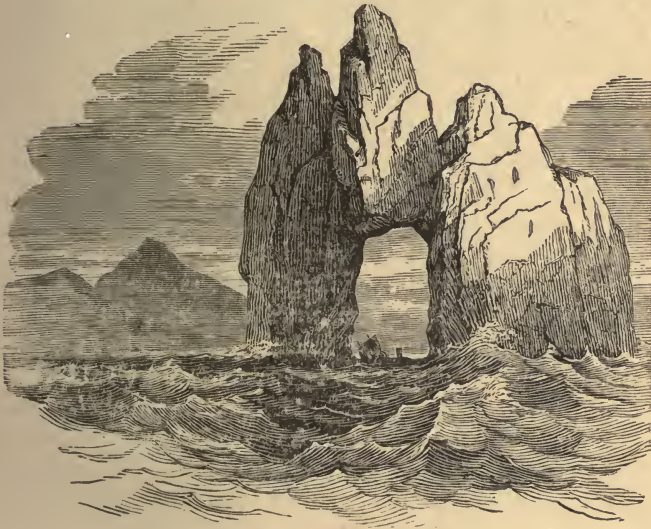
Lovely azelias, roses, ferns, camelias, box-wood, cedars, etc., flourish in Japan. The raspberries and strawberries are very fine. Barley and bearded wheat are most universally grown.

We left Nagasaki on the 6th of June, sailing up a picturesque coast all day, until we reached *Bekan*, Si-mo-na-sa-ki—entrance to the Inland Sea. On our left is a long town of wooden houses. A curious rock rising out of the ocean presented a natural gate-way on our voyage to-day. It is God's own marvelous creation. The Inland Sea is the great water passage between Nippon and Kiusiu. This wonderful sea, studded with its thousands of little islands,



JAPANESE HOUSE.

stretches two hundred and forty miles, to Kobe, and is probably ten miles wide. The scenery is remarkably fine, being mountains, and often terraced to their very tops, visible on either side. The tortuous channel through which we thread our way surprised us with revelations of the grandest views—sometimes a white sand-hill, resembling a mountain of snow. This Inland Sea is crowded with sampans, steam-



A NATURAL GATE-WAY.

ers, and junks. In case of a squall their square topsails can be dropped in a lump. Dr. Hendrix observed that the sails come down like the people drop, "all in a heap." We can see the villages on shore, with their fishing-smacks, patches of wheat, long radishes and turnips—the green alternating with the gold; the ground being forced under high culture and manure to produce its crop of beans, cotton, or vegetables—often two or three crops a year.

Each village has its grave-yard too on the hill-sides, where reluctant nature has refused to respond to the toiling laborer's hand. When they bury their dead they dress in white for mourning, and usually bury at sunset. They love the living and reverence the dead; but do not worship as the Chinese in every respect, although Confucius has left a deep impression on these people. They decorate their graves with flowers as we do. Two bamboo joints are placed to hold the loving offerings each day. They bury *in jars*, in a sitting posture, as well as in camphor coffins.

In the dim distance we see Kobe gleaming above a low coast-line. Away in the background rise lofty mountains. Hiogo is the native town, while Kobe adjoining is the European city. Here are banks, post-office, telegraph office, hotels, newspaper offices, great export houses, etc. Mrs. Appleton, a Virginian, like many of our missionaries in China, has come up to Japan for her health. She is a very pretty little woman, with a sweet little cherub in her arms, upon whose mother's cheeks we hope Japan will paint the roses that have faded away in Shanghai.

We could go by water up the bay to Osaka, but the tempting jinrikisha and railroad are too near at hand. Here is the first railroad we have seen since leaving Ceylon. It is one of the finest in the world. The heavy steel rails, laid in solid ballast, with first, second, and third class coaches, station-houses of brick, waiting-rooms, and booking offices, are decidedly English in their personal aspects. The rules and regulations are the same, with Japanese officers, conductors, and engineers. This splendid line connects Osaka, twenty-one miles, with Kioto, twenty-three miles beyond.

Osaka is the Venice of Japan (four hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants), with its hundreds of canals and bridges; a city of temples, pagodas, curio-shops, stores, man-

ufactures, and native hotels; celebrated for its old castle, the new city hall, mint, and splendid depot. Its stores are filled with goods, which can be easily replenished from the wholesale houses, called go-downs. It is a primitive Japanese city, a great commercial place, being connected with Kobe by the bay, or water navigation, as well as by rail.

Kioto was the Mikado's former or western capital, full of temples, shrines, and sacred buildings. It numbers some two hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, and is the Canton of Japan. Here exquisite crapes, silks, lacquer, bronzes, kakimonies, and fans are made.

From Kioto to Biwa Lake, nine miles by jinrikisha—a charming spot—thence return to Kobe by rail.

Our road runs through a broad, fertile plain from the mountains to the sea. It must be twenty-five to thirty miles wide and fifty miles long. The farms are divided off into so many gardens, one to three acres, and these into small beds of all possible shapes, some square and others round. Through them run the irrigating ditches, with paths raised a little above, on which the coolies pass with their baskets and buckets, swinging from each end of a bamboo pole. These paths are wide enough for horses, which they use as well as bullocks in cultivating their farms. The plow has one handle, as in all Eastern countries from Syria to China, which the farmer holds in one hand and guides by a rope he holds himself, or a bamboo pole tied to the bullock's or horse's nose by a short rope, guided by a boy. When the land is once plowed it is drawn up into ridges or beds with a hoe. Between the beds the water flows from the ditches when irrigation is needed. I saw the farmers cutting their grain with the hand sickle, threshing out the rape-seed, from which oil is made, and burning up the bushes in the fields. This land will be plowed up, manured, and flooded, to receive a crop of rice-plants. The

method is the same as described in China, only the Japanese plant by a line often, and are more methodical and painstaking. Here are radishes growing two feet long, which are eaten by the natives all the year round. The farmers live in villages; but men, women, and children are



PEASANT GIRLS.

seen working in the field. They make fans out of bamboo and winnow their rice and other grain. The straw is made into shoes, mats, and coats of different kinds. The bamboo is split up fine and manufactured into mats for their temples, shrines, and houses. Every thing is economized—nothing lost. The Japanese grow large fields of egg-plants, indigo, beets, cabbages, and beans as well. The farmers, with their *umbrella* hats on (bamboo, two to three feet broad), blue blouses, short leggins, and their wives with their

skirts tucked up, all standing in line in the mud two feet deep setting out rice-plants, is a sight never to be forgotten.

In our first-class coach the leather seats were arranged on the sides, with no wash-bowl, glass, or closets. Opposite was our genial captain and the Japanese purser, wreathed in smiles. Two beautiful Japanese girls were going up to Kioto, and they sat opposite too. They were dressed in charming silks, with sashes, girdles, and their national costumes, called the kimono. Their heads were under contract by the week, and I noticed each carried in her girdle a package of small bits, or squares, of tissue-paper, which confused me with perplexity. Afterward I heard they were tiny *handkerchiefs*, which they use once, twirl up with their fingers, and send whizzing away into the air. It is not etiquette to use a handkerchief but *once* in Japan. The following interesting description of how the Japanese girls do is full of interest, I apprehend, to girls in other lands:

“When a Japanese girl gets up in the morning she washes her face, but does not have to dress her hair. That is attended to but once a week. The hair-dresser comes to the house and arranges her jet-black locks in the fashion for little girls of her age. So she has no trouble about her hair, and after her bath the servant assists her to powder her neck with a small white brush. She puts a little red paint on her lower lip, and a little gilding in the middle. When she removes her sleeping-dress she has on only a short skirt, which is simply a square piece of cloth, crape, or silk tied around the waist. No other under-clothing is worn. In making her toilet for the day she first puts on a garment usually made of some coarse material, not very long, and reaching only to the waist, but with long sleeves. On the neck of this garment is sewed a deep fold of scarlet

or some bright-colored crape or silk. A long, straight skirt of blue or red crape, silk, or wool is tied around the waist, and over all three of these garments is worn the kimono, or dress. This is of some dark color, and made of coarse spun silk or thick crape. For festivals and holidays the dresses are of very fine material and very handsome. The outer dress is simply a wrapper reaching to the feet, with very long and wide sleeves hanging nearly to the ground, and used as pockets. On each shoulder a deep tuck is made, which extends to the waist, thus making a little fullness for the skirt. But the dress has no gathers, and is straight all the way down. The neck is adorned with a wide piece of black velvet or satin, which reaches nearly to the waist, and the dress is crossed over the bosom and confined by a girdle. Over this is worn a very wide sash, a piece of brocaded silk or satin, stiff with embroidery in gold or silver, lined with soft silk and fastened behind in a very large bow. When these are all on, but barefooted, or if in cool weather in white mitten socks, made to reach only to the ankle, and with a place in which to put the great toe (just as mittens have a place for the thumb), she goes out to say 'Ohaio,' or 'Good-morning,' to her father and mother."

Our time was occupied in studying scenery inside now, instead of outside. We saw no more crops, views, or mountains that day, until we had parted at Osaka with the pretty damsels, who sped on their way.

We never met a foreigner in Osaka. We were detained here a day waiting for a guide and passports from Kobe. The native hotel furnished good accommodations, with knives and forks for us. I observed native gentlemen, officers of the army, dining with chop-sticks. They shuffle in the rice from bowls like the Chinese, but eat soup with spoons. We enjoyed a magnificent view of the level plain from the lofty pagoda of the principal temple; visited the mint,

which coins the copper, gold, and silver of Japan. The people complain because the Government doesn't put holes in the money. Paper money of denominations of ten to ninety *sens* is largely used. One hundred *sens* equal one *yen*, which is ninety cents of our money. A very small copper, called cash by foreigners, a fraction of a *sen* (or cent), has a hole in it. The paper bill *yens* run two, five, twenty, fifty, and one hundred. The mint machinery was imported from Europe, and is the finest I ever saw. There were none but Japanese officials in charge.

The Cyclopean masonry of solid blocks of granite—forty feet long, fifteen feet high, and eight feet thick—are seen in the castle. The difficulty of transporting these stones from the quarries, two hundred miles distant, each one as big as Cleopatra's Needle at Alexandria, puzzles the philosopher of this day. It is another Baalbec mystery to me. If they brought them here by water the Japanese craft and engineering were equal to the Cheops machinery with which the Pyramids were erected.

In Kioto we stopped at the Jiutei, an excellent native hotel, on the slope of a lofty mountain. The panorama of the city below, with its hundreds of shrines and temples, its white castle, Imperial Palace, and Exhibition Hall, is very impressive and full of beauty. Kioto is a city of amusements—ancient operas, comedy, farce, and tragedies. Here the pretty posturing and singing girls are found in great numbers; festivals nearly every day; bonfires on the mountains at night, arranged to represent different devices; and endless rounds of sight-seeing in the suburbs.

Once a year, at the Kamigamo (Shinto Temple), on the 5th of May, the *keba*, or horse-race, takes place. Here two sons of kings, who disputed a right of succession, once ran for a throne.

At the temple of Higashi Hongwanji I find the priest of

the Buddhist sect Monto, very wealthy, are educating missionaries for Europe and America in several languages.

Nara being twelve ri, or thirty-six miles, distant, south of Kioto, we were not able to visit the great Dai Butsu. This idol-image of Buddha was cast in 749, more than eleven hundred years ago. It is fifty-three feet six inches high, made of copper plates and a little gold. Inside is a temple decorated with altars, shrines, etc. It is said a man can crawl out of his nose, it being three feet in diameter. A stone lantern, brought from Ceylon centuries ago, probably, has been burning ever since. Many small deer, very gentle, are found in the mountains. Tea-bushes here, five hundred years old, produce the finest tea in Japan.

A trip down the rapids of Oigawa River is attended by the wildest excitement. The natives shoot you through the mountain-gorge, in long boats, at a fearful rate.

We saw Japanese persimmons in bloom along the road from Kioto to Biwa Lake for three ri, or nine miles. The trees were of immense size, but very similar in leaf and bark to our own. The Japanese dry the fruit like figs, and they are much relished as a dessert by foreigners when ripe, being eaten in milk with a spoon. They grow to the size of an apple here, of a deep blood-red color (seedless), which is not always an indication of maturity. This persimmon will undoubtedly grow finely in our cotton-belt, which experiments already made by Mr. P. J. Berckmans, of Augusta, have fully demonstrated. Mr. C. Menelas, of Savannah, W. W. Thompson, near Smithville, and H. H. Sanford, of Thomasville, Ga., have had equal success. They are most delicious after frost, and bear transportation well. The great Tokaido, or national highway between Kioto and Tokio, would afford us ten days of beautiful traveling by our *pull-man cars*; but we must hasten our return from Biwa by rail to Kobe. Our route lies through terraced

gardens of tea, which are cultivated in low-trimmed hedges. From the Hiogo Hotel (English) we visit the Cascades, back of Kobe, up long, winding paths by tea-houses, a thousand feet, or higher, from which we enjoy an enraptured view of the city and shipping in the harbor. Kobe and Hiogo are full of curio-shops, temples, photograph (native) houses, etc. But the curio-shops most interested us. Hari Shin hangs a sword over his gate and leaves one to stumble in accidentally. Hidden away back there is a room full of old saddles and state kagos, or palanquins; a niche full of old banners and spears; an apartment piled high and hung with old dresses, brocade draperies, and uniforms; rooms filled with carved and gilded Buddhas; divine Kwannons more or less battered and worn, and rooms of old china, old lacquer, and old wood-carving. The last room looks upon a little garden, which of course holds its miniature pond crossed by a stone bridge, its stone lantern under the shadow of a tree at the water's edge, and bronze storks and stunted pines along the slope of the small mountain cunningly represented at one end. Across the garden are three more rooms of armor, coins, and all kinds of ancient things; and a second story repeats all the labyrinth of rooms filled with more and more curios.

The days of *hara-kiri*, when the disgraced man killed himself, are gone. The imposing ceremonies attending the *hara-kiri* were similar to a duel.

CHAPTER LVI.

FROM NAGASAKI TO YOKOHAMA.

FROM Kobe to Yokohama, up the coast of the broad Pacific, is two hundred and forty-six miles. Our captain (Connor) and purser had returned from their jaunt up to Kioto. But we miss two of our brightest faces from

Shanghai—Mrs. Appleton and Miss Colt. Miss Colt was traveling with her aged father around the world the second time. They were just up from Manilla, about the equator, where they had passed the winter. Charming Miss Colt! she was so chatty and gossipy with the captain. We all enjoyed her company and occasional good shots at the commanding officer. She had smuggled her little pet



THE EASTERN SHORE.

Japanese dog in her state-room, and the captain overheard it in passing. "First-class passage for two, Miss Colt; the ship's rules must be observed." "We will have this ship stop, Captain Connor, and you put off here," she facetiously replied.

Our table has been superb, with a great variety of Chinese and Japanese articles. We eat Japanese rice, fish,

eggs, oranges, pears, and chickens; Chinese mutton, beef, turkeys, potatoes, etc.; while America contributes to the larder in hams, bacon, flour, buckwheat, and sugar. We have Chinese and Japanese teas, pea-nuts, and American waffles. The Japanese oranges are seedless, thin peel, of oval shape, and very delicious—mostly Tangerene variety. Our rice is steamed after being boiled a little, which expands every grain twice its size, standing by itself. Eaten with curry and Bombay ducks (dried fish) from India, as it is all around the world, it is a most excellent dish.

We have Japanese and Chinese first-class passengers, the latter being the bankers and brokers in many Japanese cities. In traveling across the Pacific they nearly all go steerage—here, first-class.

Arriving in the Gulf of Yedo early on the morning of the 12th of June, I looked out of my port upon the snow-mantled brow of Fuji-Yama, seventy miles distant—an extinct volcano that rises twelve thousand and fifty feet high, with a crater three miles in circumference and two hundred feet deep. It is the sacred mountain of Japan, much venerated by the people. It enters into all their art. Its lofty summit dominates the landscape for one hundred miles around. It can be ascended from two or three sides, as it rises with a majestic sweep from the plain and sea-shore. Having finally made our way through the fishing-smacks, sampans, and junks, we anchor. A little steam-yacht, flying the American colors, lands us at the pier, and we take jinrikishas for the Windsor House, 18 Bund—American hotel. Magnificent! Every comfort and luxury that could be desired. Facing the sea, it commands a grand view of the ocean. William, the American colored steward, serves us with delicious strawberries of immense size and good flavor. For breakfast we have waffles, hot biscuits, and Goshen butter, sirup and batter-cakes. This looks like a civilized country.

The popular thoroughfares in the European city are the Bund and main streets, upon which are erected many fine brick houses, curio-shops, steam-ship offices, a tea-hong, with pretty, well-paved drives between high walls. The Honcho Dori and Benten Dori are the principal native streets, which contain shops of the finest lacquer-ware, bronzes, porcelain, silks, etc. These articles are extensively manufactured here. A few of the native houses are brick, but oftener wooden, with heavy eaves.

The foreigners live out on the bluff, in the rear of the city. Their charming homes command a grand view of Fuji-Yama, the city, and ocean. The English, Americans, Germans, and other foreigners, bring their habits with them to China and Japan, as the people from this side of the Pacific carry theirs across. There is a United States naval hospital here, a foreign cemetery, and beyond a race-course and rifle-range. Near by are Boehmer's Gardens, No. 28, the most extensive nursery for native and exotic plants and flowers in Japan. Here the Japonica in all its native glory—Japanese persimmon at home—chrysanthemums, bulbs, seeds, etc., are to be found. Messrs. Kuhn & Co., 79 Main street, and Messrs. Deakin Brothers, 16 Bund, from whom we purchased a large collection of curios, are German and American merchants of the highest standing.

Japanese artists will paint your portraits from life on silk panels; tattoo your body, arms, or legs in India ink, with fruits and flowers, or huge snakes coiled around, with venomous-looking tongues protruding, a fox with the hounds in full chase, and in other fanciful designs. Many foreigners patronize these artists, as well as the side-shows, wrestling, boxing, fencing, acrobatic feats, theaters, etc.—all kinds of amusements. The Japanese are a festive people, fond of holidays, plays, etc. They have their picnics and May parties on the wooded hills, and celebrate them with in-

tense enthusiasm. In their legends and folk-lore are stories like "Uncle Remus's brer rabbit and brer fox," so inimitably told by my friend Joel C. Harris. The children are fond of their cats without tails, and play with their little spotted dogs—all eyes.

Besides jinrikishas, there are livery-stables in Yokohama, horses, traps, and *betto*s. The *betto* is a hostler or outrunner, who is always at the horse's head, either standing or trotting; but he answers the place for a horse-rack as a rule. The foreign ladies, English, French, German, Russian, Italian, Dutch, Portuguese, and Hungarian—all countries are represented here, but especially the English, who outnumber all foreigners except Chinese—are fond of driving down the Bund with the outrunner. Only a few wealthy people ride horseback.

A missionary first introduced the jinrikisha here about fifteen years ago. Thousands of these baby-carriages are made in this city and Tokio, at twenty-two dollars apiece. The natives run stables of these as well as livery, the men taking the places of horses.

The Japanese shoe is a wonderful thing. It is usually a sandal or clog. The first is made of wheat or rice straw, sometimes with a leather sole, and is much more durable than might be supposed. A pair of straw shoes can be bought for two cents. The clog is a piece of kiri wood,* cut the size of the foot, raised two or three inches above the ground by cross pieces of board, one near the heel and one near the toe, inserted tight in the grooves and glued. Both styles are held upon the foot by a cord coming between the big and second toes from over both sides of the feet. Sometimes they are worn without stockings; but the short stockings usually worn have a separate toe knit for the big toe, like a thumb of a glove, to permit the

* The kiri-tree is cultivated in Japan for making wooden shoes.

cord to pass through, which holds the shoe in place. This arrangement allows the wearer, by a shake of the foot, to leave the shoes at the doors of their houses, temples, etc., so that no dust or mud ever soils the mat upon the floor. These elevated clogs are preferred for wet weather. When a train arrives, the sound of these wooden shoes clanking on the pavement produces a deafening noise.

The babies and small brats are all carried in a loose sack on the back; the back part of the blouse is made loose, and confined at the waist by a belt, so the babies can be dropped in on the back of the nurse. Old men, grandmas, and little girls six years old I have seen employed in this way. When a foreigner passes through the invariable one straight street, the whole population of the village swarm in front of the doors—so you can take the census.

The Japanese, like the Chinese, hold filial reverence one of their highest duties. The authority of parents is held in sacred veneration even by the married sons, who never grow so old as to feel themselves free from parental restraint. This devotion and respect of children is one of the most beautiful parts of their domestic life. The son never marries without deference to his widowed mother's wishes, and when married often spends his life with her, his wife as well as he being considered under *her* authority. It is a rare thing to ever see a baby cry, or a naughty child, in Japan. But it must not be inferred that society is unattended with concomitant evils. Immorality and licentiousness prevail here, as elsewhere. I believe the wife is generally true and virtuous, but daughters by poor parents are sold for concubines, and even to mistresses of abandoned houses; but after a girl has fallen, she is often sought in honorable marriage, especially if she has been the mistress of foreigners. I have seen it stated that the natives whip their wives, and that even women of the higher classes are sus-

pected of infidelity, in the city of Tokio. A native sometimes asks a foreigner, "How in the world you manage your women without beating them?"

Shintooism seems to have been the primitive religion of Japan. I have seen no idols in the Shintoo temples—they claim to have none—but generally a mirror, representing the all-seeing eye of the deity. In this glass you must study your faults, correct them in life, etc. A foolish tradition, connecting with its history some goddess who became enraged once and then happy again on beholding her beauty in the mirror, is given by the guide. This Shintooism, or *looking-glass religion*, would appear to be popular in other countries.

We visited a famous old temple, eleven miles in the country by rail, on the road to Tokio, near Omori station. It is situated one and a half mile distant, at Ikegami (upper lake), erected in honor of Nichiren. Returning, we came along the sea-shore, through a fertile country, by *Black-eyed Susan's* tea-house, and made the last three miles by jinrikisha, in exactly eighteen minutes, to the Windsor Hotel. Our men had legs like *ostriches*, and used them too. (*Backshish*).

Black-eyed Susan's has become historical, since the present occupants of the inn are connected with the Pocahontas of Japanese tradition who once saved the life of an English sailor on this spot by her intercession with his captors. Of course they married.

Another delightful day was enjoyed in visiting Kamakura, formerly the Shoguns' capital of Japan, and the great Dai Butsu (pronounced *Di-boots*), eighteen miles distant. We passed over many stone bridges, through thirty or forty villages—from five hundred to fifteen thousand inhabitants, perhaps—where the people were at work in their fields and shops on Sunday. We saw plenty of heathen temples, but few worshippers—many of the old temples are going to decay,

and others are used for school-houses. They have bells, generally in front, to wake up the gods, which they do by clapping their hands; then they mumble something, throw one-tenth of a cent into the treasure-box, and leave.

At Kamakura there is a tree (*icho*) one thousand years old. Yoritomo, the first Shogun, made this his capital in 1185. Many a bloody battle has been fought around these



BUDDHA.

hills. The temple (Shintoo) is reached by climbing fifty-eight stone steps from which a grand view of the ocean is enjoyed. Some very old swords, carvings inlaid with gold, an ink-stand, bows, arrows, etc., are shown us by the priest.

In a mile and a half down the valley we stand in front of the colossal bronze idol Buddha, cast in 1252, that is three feet lower than the one I described at Nara—this one being just fifty feet high. We went inside of the old hea-

then, but his nose being only two feet wide we were unable to crawl out. There is a window in his back which looks out on a pretty landscape. We had our picture taken sitting in his arms, thirty feet above the ground, reached by a ladder. An earthquake has shaken the old gentleman up once, and a tidal-wave nearly carried him out to sea. This image was cast in sections and put together, weighing half a million pounds. His face is eight feet long, ear six, nostrils two feet three inches, and mouth three feet three inches wide. In his forehead appears the inevitable wart. His thumb is



FIRE ENGINE.*

eight inches long and ten wide; from elbow to waist is eight feet. Kamakura was the Shogun capital for four hundred years, down to the sixteenth century, when it was moved to Yedo, the present capital of the Mikado. Japanese temples, like their wooden houses, are very perishable. Fires sweep away whole cities sometimes. The law compels everybody to carry lamps after dark. As we had made about forty miles with the same men, we were rather late returning.

*The people pump the water up in buckets, and run to put out the fires, just like we do in Georgia towns.

From Yokohama to Tokio is eighteen miles, with an occasional glimpse of the sea. A village on either side of the railroad extends the whole way. Three round stone forts in the harbor, with frowning batteries, command the approaches to the capital. Tokio is an immense wooden city of unpainted houses—full of shrines, temples, palaces, and sacred places. There are a few magnificent modern brick structures, like the Club House, Naval School, foreign schools, Dai Gakko, Imperial College, Museum of Natural History, foreign ministers' and consulates' residences, Engineering College, etc. The residences command a magnificent view of the city from Castle Hill. The population is probably one million. But we cannot compare Tokio with New York, Edinburgh, Paris, London, or Berlin for magnificence. A Japanese wooden city and a foreign town are as much unlike as their people. But there is a world of wonders here, full of curious interest and study. The temples of Shiba, Ueno, Akasaka Go Mon, and Asaksa are the most celebrated. Shiba is the garden of Tokio, full of pebbled walks and flowers. Its court, fronting the temple of Zojoji, contains two hundred stone lanterns. Here are the tombs of the Shoguns and Mikados. Seven of the Tokugawa family sleep here, and five at Ueno. Jyeyasu* and Jyemitsu are gorgeously entombed at Nikko. Zojoji is full of images, holy storks resting on beds of lotus flowers, and fine lacquer wrought in arabesque and high-relief. We walk through with shoes off, on the matted floors, in amazement. The buildings are all of wood, a species of cedar called *cryptomeria*. An immense unfinished Buddhist temple close by was reared (its mighty timbers) by ropes of hair made of offerings left by the pilgrims. The names of contributors are placarded at the gate-way. The original temple was burned down some years ago, and it is doubtful if this huge

* Jyeyasu was the founder of the Shogun dynasty.

structure is ever finished. The Buddhists always wash their hands in a stone lavatory before prayer. These monoliths, or water-troughs, are cut out of a single stone, a fine specimen of which is to be observed here. I have seen no new shrines, and but few temples building; the old ones are going to decay, and many others are offered for rent, which shows the Buddhists are on the decline in Japan.

The immense forests of cryptomeria on the hills beyond Shiba are beautiful indeed. Three or four miles distant, in another district called Asaksa, we visited probably the most celebrated temple in Japan; it was the temple of Kin Riu Zan (*Kwannon Sama*), in which is deposited a solid gold image of the goddess. The approach to the temple-grounds is along a paved court lined with gay shops, through a gate-hall, on either side of which stand colossal red wooden gods (tutelary guardians)—Ni-O (two kings)—one to welcome those who repent and lead a new life, the other to bless the newborn infant destined to become a good man. On one of these huge images were hanging straw shoes as offerings; while the other's monstrous *corporosity* was literally covered with paper prayers, first chewed into soft wads and stuck by throwing hard. If the prayer sticks, it is all right; if not, it will not be answered. There was the usual five-story pagoda (painted red), and an octagon building containing hundreds of idols and representations of the goddess Kwannon, in answer to prayer. Near by is a wax tableau of life-size figures, surpassing even Madame Tousseaud's exhibition in London. Here are tame pigeons (sacred), tea booths and shops, a theater, circus, archery galleries, with every kind of exhibition for amusement. There is also a native artist (picture-gallery) and a god for every thing at Asaksa; the god for the colic is a mere fragment—he is nearly rubbed away. His brow and face have suffered much, but his *diaphragm* is a magnificent *ruin*. This divinity is supposed to



PICTURE OF A PLEASURE PARTY, AFTER HAVING SEEN THE COLIC GOD—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE TEMPLE.

have the power of healing the colic. The sufferer rubs his hand first over that part of the god that corresponds to the diseased organ and then rubs himself in the same place. The thunder and lightning gods seen at another temple were immense wooden images (painted red), ten to fifteen feet high. They struck me with amazement. There are about

fourteen thousand gods in all. The gods of health, wealth,* fame, strength, muscle, the widow and orphan, are among the most popular in Japan. But when a fellow gets into purgatory here, as among the Buddhists and Tauists of China, it sometimes requires two or three *lifts* by the priest to get him out. A Buddhist hell is a perfect bonanza.

Among other temples in Tokio which I cannot describe are those of Hachiman (god of war) and Five Hundred Sages (disciples of Buddha).



WILL TAKE A SMOKE.

Tokio is a city of canals and bridges. It has one large boulevard, terminating at Shimbashi. On this thoroughfare, ninety feet wide, are many fine two and three story houses of mixed European and Japanese architecture. A few streets are paved. I saw a street railroad working horses which resembled Bullet in the "Georgia Scenes." Their shadows were enough to frighten them. Some of the streets once had barricades closed up by gates at each end. When the police wanted to arrest a thief or suppress a riot, they ran to these

*This god is worshiped here as much as he is in America.

gates and closed them up, and got him. If it was a fight, the combatants were furnished with bamboo-poles, while the officers climbed up on the house-tops to see the struggle. The blacksmith sits on the ground and hammers on his anvil. Nearly all work in the way of manufactures is done in a sitting posture. The tailor wriggles his cloth over his needle; the carpenter draws his plane toward him; the Japanese mounts his horse on the right side, instead of the left side doing (like the Chinese) many things opposite to us.

Doctors are paid a salary by the Government, and are not required to have a diploma. Saki is kept in kegs piled up in front of shops and some temples. It is used at festivals in the little gardens of the wealthy, which are found in the rear of most Japanese houses. During evenings, men and even ladies use the little pipe—two whiffs—both at home and at the theaters. Saki (rice-liquor) is liable to prostrate the average citizen by intemperate indulgence, but excessive drinking is a rare exception.

Foreign goods are as great a curiosity in Tokio as Japanese goods are in America.

The theaters are a curiosity. The acting seems mostly controversial. If it is a comedy, farce, or burlesque, usually two men are most prominent on the stage. In acrobatic and gymnastic feats, which are very wonderful, a number are sometimes employed. The funniest sight is when a change of scene is wanted to see the main stage change the position of the actors from front to rear, or rear to front, on rollers. It resembles a turn-table. The tongues on either side are stationary. The pit, in which the people sit on mats upon the ground, looks like a chess-board, each square seating four people. I saw some benches, and up in the gallery were private boxes for the aristocracy. Boys with fruits and candies walk along on planks, crying their wares. Everybody smokes and eats ground pease during

the performance. I saw one fellow *step up* and light his pipe at the footlights. Admission five to twenty cents.

When a festival in honor of a god or hero is given the people go to the temple. All celebrations are fixed throughout the year by law or custom. The most novel sight I saw was a bamboo pole erected at many houses. During the 5th of May just passed there was a fish tied on the end of every one of them, showing *a boy* had been born there during the year. The occasion is one of presenting gifts of clothing, toys, toy horses, coats of armor, swords, etc., the boy being the pride of the house. Every boy is remembered by his friends and relatives, being overwhelmed with presents. The girls' day comes on the 3d of March. Then, instead of the fish as a symbol, the doll goes up. All the shops are now ablaze with dolls, doll toggery, tea-sets, lounges, mats to sit on, etc. The boys have the advantage of the girls; and an anxious mother does not wait for the time, but runs up the symbol a month or *more in advance*.

There are no bridal parties in Japan. Often a couple, engaged by their parents when babies, struggle for years to secure and lay aside marriage expenses for trousseau, the bonzes (priest's fee), and a feast for friends in honor of the event. When not able, the girl runs away to the bridegroom's house and secretes herself. All the neighbors pursue her, and when she is found the girl's parents—mother first, then father—become reconciled, as if they had been angry. The betrothed usually marry and receive many presents.

The *obi*, worn by all ladies except the nobility, is a kind of giridle and corset combined; it is wound around the waist and fastened on the back, so as to produce a large furlow—a cartridge-box-looking arrangement. If she is a widow and determined never to marry, she knots the *obi* in front; but I never saw *one* worn that way.



THE WAY I LIKE IT.

The ladies in Japan never kiss when they meet, nor look behind to see if somebody is looking at them. They *always* bow. There is no doubt in my^a mind but this is the native land of "Old Mother Hubbard" in America. It is called the *krimoni* in Japan—a loose overdress without a ruffle in it, and hanging *en négligé* to the ground. The girdle

imposes the proper restraint here; but in America the old "mother" is turned loose like a young colt bounding over the prairies.

I thought she was an old heathen! The pannier originally came from Persia or Japan, and was supposed to be a London or Paris fashion. It is now discovered that *crinolines* were worn in Hesiod's time, eight hundred years before Christ. He advises young Greek men not to be led astray by women's clothes "puffed out behind." Two hundred years earlier than this period, who can tell but Helen, when she fled with Paris to Troy, did not wear a crinoline? There is not much new under the sun.

Our visit to the Ladies' Bazar at the Club House, on our arrival in the city has left the most agreeable impressions upon our mind. It shows what a progressive people the Japanese are. Here was a magnificent exhibition of Japanese art and manufactures, arranged after the American fairs, to raise funds to build a charity hospital for the poor. The leading families of the nobility led in the movement. It was a grand success. I saw beautiful Japanese girls

dressed in American costumes, speaking English at their several booths.* They were quite up to the American girls in all the arts of coquetry and persuasion necessary to drive a trade. A large number of English people came over from Tokio to witness the first effort of this kind ever made in Japan. We returned to the hotel bankrupted.

One of the most delightful visits we enjoyed was to the Maple House, on the suburbs of Tokio. The house, built entirely of maple, was the home of a wealthy family. We were welcomed by two pretty little girls, who cried out, "Ohayo!" Then we shouted, "Arigato!" "Welcome," "Thank you." Our guides remarked, "Be seated, gentlemen;" for we had been joined by an English party at the hotel. There were cushions for six all in a row. Doubling up in a heap, we squatted upon the floor. There was no furniture of any description—nothing except the mats upon the matted floor. As soon as the girls appeared, with lacquer trays of tea, candies, cakes, etc., they set them aside, as is usual, bowing three times, their heads touching the floor. When we attempted to rise I found my cross-legged extremities in inextricable confusion. I could n't rise. Some of the boys had rolled over on their sides and scrambled up. It looked as if it would take both guides to extricate me from my perilous position. I felt like a *ruined community*. We went up maple steps into a smoking-room, and descending exchanged our sandals at the door for clogs to take a pleasure walk with the family in the garden. I was delighted. Securing my feet firmly by the cords that come up between the big and second toes, I was ready to roam abroad. But the first thing I discovered were my heels. The boys roared, yet it was etiquette, you know. Arriving, at last on the spot where the "Empress once sat," the guides said, we all took a seat, looking out on the deep blue sea. I had dreaded my return to the maple chateau. I con-

* Parisian dresses are imported by the belles of Yedo, while fashionable European dances and riding-schools are being introduced.

cluded to make no more ventures on those uncertain shoes, so I gathered up my clogs in my hands, walking back to the door. Not etiquette, you know! They were just as uncertain as a Georgia mule. Bowing our "Say O naros" ("since it must be so"), I unthinkingly threw a kiss at the pretty little miss, who came near fainting at the maple door. But when we departed, "since it must be so," she smiled very sweetly, and I bowed very low.

I let my *horse* out on his metal coming home. When we reached the native hotel I heard those pretty girls at the Bazar were Vassar girls. Then O how sorry to see what I had missed, should we ever have married; for I know those Vassar girls had learned to kiss.

I wish I could give a description of our visit to Nikko, ninety miles distant in the north of Japan. We made this memorable journey *in two days*, by jinrikishas, two men to each carriage. Every five miles the men stopped for chow-chow, rice, and tea; sometimes a pair of new straw shoes. The same men pulled us through (we occasionally walking up mountains) forty-five miles each day. They averaged five miles an hour, with most extraordinary endurance. I would tell you of the grandest mountain views; of Nikko, a city of temples and magnificent tombs; of a pedestrian tour still farther north, above precipices, over bridges and deep ravines to the summit of a mountain five thousand feet above the sea. On the way we saw a cascade leaping over a mountain and lost in spray thousands of feet below. We climbed up many a dizzy height and cliff. At every step were wonders of surprising beauty, the deepest gorges and most weird scenery I had ever beheld. Above the clouds at last we behold the falls of Kegon-no-taki, three hundred and fifty feet sheer descent—a mile above the charming lake of Chiuzenji, eight miles long and three miles wide. High over our heads rose in awful sublimity the volcano of

Shirane, nine thousand feet. A more lovely picture had never before enraptured our vision.

How we enjoyed the hospitality of the native inns, villages, and people, the quaint sights and curious things seen—of men and women bathing together; of nude men walking home through the village streets; of rice-mills run by water; sawing lumber by hand; of different modes of traveling;



THE CANGO—MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.

of the celebration and military encampment at Nikko; of its wonderful shrines, thousands of strange gods, images, lacquer, mosaic painting, and curious bronze bells, from Corea; lofty flights of stone steps up to temples thousands of feet high; of earthquakes that have shaken their gods up; of the gorgeous tombs, bronze storks, and pebbled courts of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, the Shogun princes; of reeling silk, growing cocoons, in villages; of curious customs; a thousand things or more—enough for a book. Along the road I saw a contrivance for hot baths. A tall kettle is half filled with water. You get in, and presently a smoke begins to ascend all around you. A man ignorant

of the motive would escape in mad fright from the threatening caldron. But as soon as the water is warm enough the fire is removed.

We returned to Yokohama, after an absence of a week, to find our steamer, the "City of Pekin," up from Hong Kong, nearly ready for her long stretch across the Pacific. Going to the booking office of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company, I found a large number of first-class passengers registered for the "City of Pekin." There were many English people from Australia and China; two war correspondents (French) from Saigon, a half dozen G. T.'s (globe-trotters), a large number of Japanese intermediate, about eight hundred deck (Chinese), and several American merchants bound for San Francisco, New York, and Europe. Mr. Alex. C. showed us every courtesy worthy of a polite and obliging general passenger agent. By his uniform kindness he won our highest encomiums, which I am sure he fully merited, believing the company has not a more faithful and efficient officer on this side of the Pacific.

CHAPTER LVII.

LEAVING YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, FOR SAN FRANCISCO—
HOMEWARD BOUND—THE "CITY OF PEKIN"—INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE, ETC.

ON the 18th of June, promptly at the hour advertised, the great steam-ship "City of Pekin" steamed out of the harbor of Yokohama, Japan, on the broad Pacific, homeward bound. We watched the city, then the coast-line, with its villages and beautiful mountains, fade away on a glorious view. Still visible for an hour longer was Fuji-Yama, lifting its imperial crown, mantled with snow, that stood alone in majestic grandeur.

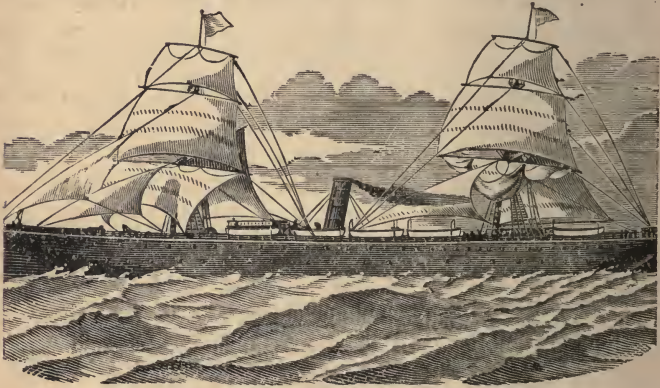
For many days and nights we sail around on the great

circle, following up the *kuro siwo*, or black gulf-current, that shoots its warm waters from the equator north toward the Aleutian Islands. From here this gulf-stream flows eastward, then southward, warming up the shores of the frozen regions north, then past Oregon, and is lost in the Polar Sea. We have described to you already the gulf-stream of the Atlantic Ocean. The *kuro siwo* is the gulf-stream of the Pacific.

At the end of five or six days' sailing we start across the Pacific toward the American shores. Three times a day the officer of the deck notifies the captain of "Eight bells, sir!"—8 A.M., 12 M., and 4 P.M., hours at which the longitude and latitude are ascertained by the ship's chronometers. Sailing east as we have traveled from Greenwich, England, the ship's time has been altered every day to correspond with the true time determined at eight bells every morning. On the sixth day we crossed the meridian, the one hundred and eightieth degree, changing now from east to west longitude. A few hours ago it was one hundred and seventy-nine east of Greenwich; now it is one hundred and seventy-nine west. One degree, representing four minutes of time, multiplied by three hundred and sixty, a whole circle, and divided by sixty minutes an hour, will throw the time into twenty-four hours we would gain by a voyage around the world if our watch was set at Greenwich and never changed in making the voyage. Going east then we would gain exactly twenty-four hours, or west would lose that time. Coming east our clock is put forward every day about fifteen minutes, and the calendar is made to correspond by adding a day. Coming west a day is dropped to avoid confusion, the clock being set back fifteen minutes. Thus if the "City of Pekin" were going west and cross the meridian on Monday the next day would be Monday also.

Let us now take a peep at our mammoth ship, one of the

great screw-propellers of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company—a perfect floating palace. She is broad and deep like the ocean, and very long, with powerful engines to shoot us across. She carries over a thousand tons of coal, and will average fifteen to seventeen miles an hour. She is built of iron, by John Roach & Co. (American), I believe



THE "CITY OF PEKIN" CROSSING THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

nearly five thousand tons burden. If she was a mind to, the "City of Pekin" could carry off as large a town as Talbotton, with its twelve hundred inhabitants, and our seven miles of railroad and engine for ballast. We have nearly one thousand people on board, forty-five thousand chests of tea, and any amount of other merchandise. Six times around her decks is about a mile. Every day the English boys from Australia, the finest athletes in the world, play base-ball; besides, we can play shuffle-board, rings and quoits, leap-frog, and promenade at the same time. We are a *large community!* We have the best captain in the world, first, second, third officers, purser, chief engineer and several assistants, a doctor, four quartermasters, freight clerks and

stewards. We have a barber-shop, carpenters, ice-house, apothecary-shop, butcher-pens, bakery, laundry, pens of fat turkeys, droves of cattle, sheep, pigs, etc.—enough for a large village. There is a car-load of flour, canned goods, and pickled meats; vegetables and fruits, game and fish on ice; strawberries and cream for dinner; all kinds of nuts, pastries and luxuries of every kind. The “Pekin” combines the elegant hotel, the sumptuous grocery, and inexhaustible store-houses of Chicago. We have every thing except a telegraph wire and daily newspaper. Our expenses are enormous, requiring fifty to sixty thousand dollars for a round trip voyage to Hong Kong and back. Besides the Government subsidy of forty-six thousand dollars for every voyage for carrying the United States mails, the chief source of income is from steerage passengers. Our officers are American, but the crew is Chinese, over one hundred persons in all. We have the usual fire-alarm drill, manning of boats, etc. The bread and water are kept in the ship’s boats for the last hope. Our captain, G. G. Berry, was nearly born on the billows of the ocean, “fledged in the deep.” He is a native of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, on the line of Maine; is fifty-six years of age, and has been forty years at sea. He was for many years commander of ships for the good old house of A. A. Low & Bro., New York, on which he doubled the Cape of Good Hope thirty-three times. “Captain, have you ever been shipwrecked?” I inquired one day, lounging in his elegant state-room. “O yes, four times; once in the China Sea and three times in the Atlantic.”

Capt. Berry has a very accurate knowledge of history and a decidedly literary turn. One day, sitting at dinner, somebody remarked the Irish had once whipped the Scotch. “Not so,” retorted a Scotch gentleman on his left; “it is false; it is not history!” The question was at once sub-

mitted to Capt. Berry as referee. "Yes," replied the noble commander, "and held Scotland four hundred years after subjugating it."

About the twelfth day we passed through fields of jelly-fish and porpoises, and a large number of whales at a distance were sending up jets of water as they occasionally came up to breathe, resembling fountains playing on the placid bosom of the ocean. We are sailing over water five miles deep. The varying shades of reflected light under changing skies and shifting clouds, the variety of exquisite colorings and radiant hues, whose heightened beauty has been brought into expression by agitation of the waves, afford an endless study. I have heard it said the sea is blue when the water is deep and green when shallow; but these hues must vary under the changing skies. Their beauty is indescribable. Seeing the sun rise and set at sea is too gorgeous for any thing. I hope the Japanese student who woke up the ship by a recitation of spring poetry this morning will be spared *such a calamity*.

A slight bearing to the southward would take us past the Sandwich Islands, where our ship formerly stopped. Here we would behold the most terrific grandeur of an active volcano in the world—Kilauea.

On the fifteenth day the bulletin of the ship reported four thousand five hundred miles run. Our long, eventful voyage, full of pleasure and interest, was drawing to a close.

The captain gave a grand Fourth of July dinner, with plenty of wine, in honor of American independence. There was to have been an oration, but the orator's eye was too much inflamed for the declaration. Considerable hilarity in the social hall the night previous had blasted his highest ambition.

Dan and Jack had kept up an animated discussion whether the world was round or not. Dan said it looked



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NATIVES OF HAWAII LEAPING INTO THE SEA.

Will leap one hundred feet or more for ten cents.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

very flat about Shanghai to him. Jack declared it as round as an apple. He had traveled east out the front door of his house several months toward sunrise, and here he was returning by the back door, going east all the time.

It was the last night. Some glowing tributes to the greatness of our countries must be paid; the Queen's health drank; the President of the proudest republic on earth, etc., remembered. England remarked: "We girdle the world with our ships." America said: "We feed it with our commerce, and enrich it with our gold and silver." A Russian bear was sitting in the corner doing a lot of thinking. Australia observes: "We have the broadest fields of wheat, prairies covered with sheep, gold and silver, fruits of every clime, and the richest land under the sun." A Californian yelled out: "You have not got a pumpkin that weighs four hundred pounds!" "O hush! we have trees five hundred feet high." "That's nothing," replied the Californian; "your city of Melbourne could dance a cotillon on one of our stumps, and Adelaide could ride through the hollow of another on horseback, four abreast, and file out at a knot. Why, it takes two men to see to the top of one of our trees!" continued the Californian. "You have no 'possums!" "Yes, we have." "Kangaroos?" "Don't want them." "*The colored lady?*" "Plenty of them." "Well, we have a curious animal in Australia called the laughing jackass; have you got them?" "Yes, thousands of them!" roared the American.

A few things worth knowing:

That volcanoes are found around the whole world.

That the world is burning up internally.

That the Aztecs of Mexico and Incas of Peru were Buddhists, and must have crossed Behring's Strait or the Pacific.

That there are lofty mountains and trade-winds about the equator that temper the heat.

That the only practicable rail-road route to China is from Calcutta through Burmah.

That Australia and Africa are the only two countries of which the black man is a native.

That Australia has trees that shed their bark instead of leaves.

That their most gorgeous flowers have no fragrance.

That their most beautiful birds do not sing.

That orange culture extends up the coast of California almost to Oregon.

That there are thirty-two different species of maple in Japan.

That Japanese cockerels have tails ten feet long.

On the morning of the 17th at breakfast Capt. Berry remarked that we had been off the coast of Oregon all night, and at noon we should see land. Everybody began to strain his eyes for that Lone mountain that has so often cheered the sailor's heart with the first sight of land: first but a speck on the horizon, then broadens and deepens until we behold the grandest stretch of coast-line. The Australians said the mountains reminded them of their country—bleak to their very summits, enveloped in ever-changing hues. It was California.

CHAPTER LVIII.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO YOSEMITE—THEN HOME.

IN an hour the pilot-boat appeared, coming to meet us. Numerous sail and craft were now visible. Presently the "Pekin" glides through the Golden Gate into the beautiful harbor. Now we behold the beauty of Alcatraz, Goat, and Angel islands. We see the doctor coming. The pesky custom-house officers are already here. But our patience is exhausted waiting six mortal hours for the medical staff.

The doctor arrives at last. He might be mistaken for the Czar of Russia. He brings up a lot of boxes, looking like dynamite. We are to be fumigated, Chinese and all, notwithstanding our officer reported a clean bill of health. A tug takes us to shore. At last, our native land! Those odors were enough to have made a Chinaman *blow his nose off*. Omnibus for the Palace Hotel. In a few minutes, up stately streets, above which rose the most magnificent buildings, we were alighting under a large glass court, full of flowers and statuary, in the center of the largest hotel in the world. It is the world-renowned Palace, nearly ten stories high, brick and marble; over eight hundred rooms, with miles of arcades, halls, galleries, warm and cold baths, grand saloons, electric bells, etc.

San Francisco is a splendid city, only thirty-five years old, and boasts of three hundred thousand inhabitants, eleven hundred streets, alleys, etc., thirty thousand buildings, one hundred and thirteen churches, forty-nine hotels, one hundred and sixty-eight newspapers, high schools, colleges, clubs, reading-rooms, libraries, parks, and aquariums, with the best fire department on the continent. Her fine cable roads fill every stranger with astonishment. Cars flying through the streets without horses or steam. The Cliff House, Woodward Gardens, Mint, and Stock Exchange, China Town, Seal Rocks, and Telegraph Hill, are among its noted attractions. A grand view of the ocean may be enjoyed from Telegraph Hill. These wonderful street-cars are propelled by powerful engines stationed at the terminus that work cable ropes running under the ground in the center of the track. The cars are moved by a grip that holds them to the cable. Telegraph Hill is as steep as Vesuvius. When one car goes up it pulls the other down.

San Francisco is a very beautiful but hilly city. It boasts of its palaces, banks, and attractive suburbs. In Oakland,

across the bay are many splendid homes and charming gardens. Mr. S. G. Murphy, formerly of Columbus, Ga., and cashier of the Pacific Bank, is building a palatial residence in this city. He married the charming daughter of Col. George P. Swift, of our beautiful Georgia manufacturing metropolis. Hon. Charlie Swift, Col. Murphy's brother-in-law, is enjoying a large and lucrative law practice in San Francisco. I also met Mr. Jones, of Columbus. Judge Walter Levy and other prominent Georgians are well known in California.

Sometimes an earthquake is felt here, which pours the people out on the streets at the dead hour of midnight. But except stiff winds the climate is delightful winter and summer, the rainy season setting in about October.

I wanted to pay my respects to Messrs. Williams, Dimond & Co., the general agents of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company, who had shown me so much kindness. A few minutes before my departure I had met Capt. Berry near the Pacific Bank for the last time.

We were joined at the Palace Hotel by Messrs. J. J. Hardy and Alfred B. Black, two of our fellow-passengers on the "Pekin," from Adelaide, South Australia, for an excursion down the Southern Pacific road to the big trees and Yosemite Valley. We had met Capt. T. D. McKay, general agent of the great Burlington route, and Col. P. G. Beam, who had very kindly arranged all the details, tickets, etc., for this most interesting and wonderful jaunt of rambling and sight-seeing among the snowy Sierras. We would advise all travelers to procure their tickets East and to the Yosemite from Messrs. McKay and Beam, who will spare no effort for their pleasure or accommodation. Crossing to Oakland in the ferry-boat at the foot of Market street, we were soon whirling away past lovely homes and gardens, leaving San Francisco, like a speck among its hills,

in the fading hours of evening. At ten o'clock Saturday night we stopped at Merced, one hundred and forty-five miles from San Francisco on the Southern Pacific Railroad. Remaining over the Sabbath, in the early morning we enjoyed a grand view from our hotel window of the San Joaquin (San Wa-keen) Valley, a limitless wheat-field that stretched away twenty to thirty miles, as level as a table, to the foot-hills of the snow-crowned Sierra Nevadas. We attended the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church in the morning, Mr. Burgess pastor; heard a street preacher on the way; saw the eucalyptus or fever tree (Australian), and enjoyed a drive with Mr. Charlie Huffman over his fields of eight thousand acres in golden wheat and barley. Mr. Huffman is a Louisianian, a gentleman of prominence and great wealth, who settled here before the Southern Pacific Railroad was built. He bought these lands very cheap; now they are worth from thirty to fifty dollars per acre. We saw fields of wheat that would average fifty bushels per acre; a hundred acres volunteer wheat estimated at twenty. Mr. Huffman has one hundred very fine mules from Kentucky and Missouri, with which he first turns the land in fallow, then drills in three pecks Australian seed-wheat per acre in October and November, as soon as the winter rains set in. Some of the lands are sandy, others alluvial, loamy soils—very rich. His combined reaper and thresher cost five thousand dollars, and was made at Stockton. He works thirty mules, fifteen on either side of a long lever, drawing the machine in front of them. A man sits on a platform between two large flange-wheels, guiding the machine. The grain is cut, threshed, fanned, bagged, and thrown off by a man as the machine moves along. The wheat will stand in the field without injury until October. Mr. Huffman feeds his mules on mixed wheat and barley—not a grain of corn, as I saw none growing in the San Joaquin

Valley. He showed us one flock of Merino sheep, five thousand head, which he keeps for wool.

Two or three hours travel by stage Monday morning carried us beyond this treeless plain into ridge lands, where we began to see the prairie squirrel that burrows in the ground. At many of their homes or holes I saw owls sitting. Our driver says they are companions, and sleep together. The moment I chased one of these little gray, reddish animals he made for his hole, invariably poking his head out to see if I was coming. Often near by the road they would fall back on their heels, facing us, as if on dress-parade. We saw no shrubs or trees until we had left the valley and begun to ascend the mountains. The road up their rugged sides was tortuous, winding and rising higher and higher. The view of the valley and the Merced River far below us presented a picture of surpassing beauty. Little quail in pairs ran across the road. Thousands of sheep were grazing in the mountains. The grass on either side looked dead, but it remains nutritious still, there being no rain to destroy its good qualities.

We passed Gen. Fremont's town—a dilapidated old village and post-office. Furnace after furnace was dismantled. The whole mining region through which we passed seemed hushed in deathless silence.

At Mariposa I found Mr. Ben F. Maddox, from Dalton, Ga. Ben had married a beautiful girl here and settled down. He is the editor and proprietor of the *Mariposa Herald*, a prosperous weekly. I saw fine nuggets of gold and silver ore for sale, and galena, in which silver is so often found. All night long we traveled over the lofty Sierras, covered with redwood, sugar-pine, and cedar, with snow visible on the highest peaks. This is a region of the deepest solitude, scarcely a habitation to be found until we had reached Clark's the following morning. Clark's is twenty-



YOSEMITE VALLEY.

six miles from Yosemite Valley, where the stage-road from Medera, on the Southern Pacific, comes in. Here were hundreds of tourists from all parts of the world, arriving and departing every day. I stopped at a magnificent hotel, in which I found the people sitting around blazing fires, down in a deep valley, with the snow-covered summits of the mountains rising all around us. A heavy frost was visible on the 16th of July.



SOUTH DOME—FIVE THOUSAND FEET.

Near by, Mr. Hill, an artist of national repute, has a studio, where he paints from nature marvelous creations of Yosemite and other views. A picture of the valley was recently sold to Gov. Stanford for twenty-five thousand dollars, I was informed. Mr. Hill showed us several other very fine works of art.



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YOSEMITE FALLS.

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TO THE
 MEMBERS OF THE
 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

We are now about ninety miles from the Southern Pacific Railroad and one hundred and fifty south-east of San Francisco. From Clark's we go over to the valley by a six-horse coach, driven by a colored man, on an excellent road that winds around and above cliffs and gorges, amidst the deep silence of the grandest forest I ever saw. Half-way we change horses, and now with new surprises at every turn we make, often at full speed above chasms yawning thousands of feet below, we see granite peaks shooting up above us until we are lost in contemplation of nature's wonders. Our first view of the valley was from Sensation Point. To my mind it resembled a long, wide opening, or hole, blown out by dynamite or some great natural forces, leaving two perpendicular granite walls standing on either side of a little green valley, scarcely a mile wide, three thousand feet below us. The Merced River glistened like a silver ribbon meandering through it. By a circular road we descend at a rapid speed, going down, down, almost straight, about five miles before we reach the bottom. On our right, above a little bridge we cross, is the Po-ho-no—Bridal Veil Falls—that leaps over a rocky precipice nine hundred feet, swinging with the wind its sheet of silver spray amidst the grandeur of primeval forest.

Before us rises in awful sublimity El Capitan, a cliff of solid granite without a seam in it, thirty-three hundred feet high. Here the valley grows so narrow that if this mighty monarch were to tumble over it would hurl its awful form across the deepened chasm.

Opposite our hotel are the Yosemite Falls, that leap over the summit of the mountain below—a broad, white stream, falling twenty-seven hundred feet, breaking midway on disintegrated boulders of granite, then leaping again makes the valley, four hundred feet below.

From our kitchen window we can catch trout in the crys-



EL CAPITAN.

tal depths of the little Merced. Besides Hutchin's Hotel, where we stop, there is Cook's and other houses near by. The photograph artist, curio-shops, etc., make up the village.

Early the following morning we started on a pedestrian tour up the valley to Mirror Lake. We crossed many bridges over the Merced, meandering amid its green banks, leaving the gate-way of the valley behind us, the Cathedral Group and the Three Brothers rising in matchless grandeur into the heavens. We came upon the little lake by sudden surprises, nestling at the foot of the great Half Dome, away up in a corner of the valley. Zurich, Como, Killarney, and Lucerne were all forgotten. I stood hushed in a moment's expectancy, watching intently in the crystal depths of the lake for the first reflected rays of the

sun rising over the storm-embattled heights of the Half Dome. It must have been eight o'clock before the great orb came marching over its lofty brow with his train of purple, pink, crimson, emerald, violet, orange, dun, and gold, which were at once reflected in gorgeous frescoes thousands of feet below. The sun itself resembled a ball of fire. We saw every leaf, twig, and bending tree—even the gray, perpendicular granite walls that rose five thousand feet above it—mirrored in the transparent waters all at once. In the breathless awe and silence thus inspired we lingered until this beauty all had gone. Just across rises the North Dome, three thousand five hundred and sixty-eight feet high; Clouds Rest, six thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the valley and ten thousand feet above the sea.

Retracing our steps to the bridge over the river, we walk up a cañon of the main Merced, filled with great blocks of granite fallen from dizzy heights, until we climb along a precipice under and up over Vernal Falls. Here below, in the awful chasm of mists and clouds and beautiful rainbows, we gaze above on lofty heights all covered with snow. We are four and a half miles from Hutchin's Hotel, and a mile and a half above is Nevada Fall, the grandest cataract in the world. Vernal Falls are four hundred feet, but Nevada leaps over a mountain, falling six hundred feet below.

Mrs. *Snow* keeps a hotel between the two falls, in a snowy region. Mr. *Snow* was coming across the mountains with a saddle-bag of provisions. It must all be transported in this way. His quaint, eccentric spouse gathers lichens and pretty ferns in leisure hours for scrap-books she sells to tourists. Mr. *Black* attempted to interview her, but she just referred him to a map. She did point with pride to the Cap of Liberty, another aspiring dome, three thousand one hundred feet above the valley, and directed our toiling steps

above Nevada around to Glacier Point. We climbed up solid mountains of granite, holding by the bushes that grew out of crevices; crossed several snow-streams, at least ten thousand feet above the sea; flushed deer and pheasant through a wilderness of primeval nature, walking twenty-nine miles in one day—about three days' rambling for the average tourist. We enjoyed the grandest views of cañons, Nevada and Vernal falls, the deepest gorges, the loftiest mountains, on the way.

When we reached Glacier Point we were nearly exhausted. I was almost sick. I called on the proprietress for calomel. She was French (Alsace); could not speak English well. "O yes; just wait a moment; I will have it ready in a few minutes." Presently I shouted again. "O yes, just hold; it will be ready toreckly! One minute!" she screamed. But it was the dinner she was cooking for us. She had never heard of calomel in her life. So I ate about two dollars' worth of her eggs, ham, coffee, waffles, and pies; took a look down the valley over the iron railing at Glacier Point, close by, three thousand feet deep; a look at all the falls, crags, and peaks (as for gorges we had enough), and descended rapidly five miles on foot to Yosemite below. There were the Cathedral Spires, Cathedral Rock, Mount Star King, The Sentinel, and Sentinel Dome, that make up the *tout ensemble* of the valley.

Returning to Clark's we visited the big trees, Mariposa Grove, five miles distant, where we beheld the Grizzly Giant, thirty-one feet in diameter and thirty-one yards in circumference. It is about eighty feet to the first limb. We drove through the Wawona in our four-horse coach, twenty-nine feet in diameter. The hole is cut through at the ground, about eight feet wide and ten feet high. These trees are over three hundred feet high, and belong to a species known as *sequoia gigantea*, that grow in the Sierras



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ONE OF THE BIG TREES.

three to four thousand feet high. There are two groves near together, the upper containing just three hundred and sixty-five trees. Another group in Calaveras and still another in Fresno are the only trees of this species known in the world. The redwood is a coast-range tree, and furnishes the most timber for lumber. The sugar-pine is very large, and valuable for building material. Chutes are made from the lofty Sierras to the railroad, sixty miles long, into which a stream of water is turned to float the product of the saw-mills down to the valley.

Both the Mariposa and Yosemite belong to California, granted by act of Congress in 1864. I procured specimens

of bark eighteen inches thick and cones sixteen inches long near the Log-cabin, in Mariposa Grove.

Mrs. Langtry was just ahead of us. She had created great enthusiasm and most extravagant laudations among the stage-drivers, who had been honored in her visit to Yosemite.

We arrived at Medera, south of Merced, by the other route to the valley, the one mostly traveled. We passed through Fresno, where Mr. Jack McDonald, formerly of my county, now resides. At Medera I met Judge Holmes, another Southerner, who informed me there were many Southern people in this part of the State.

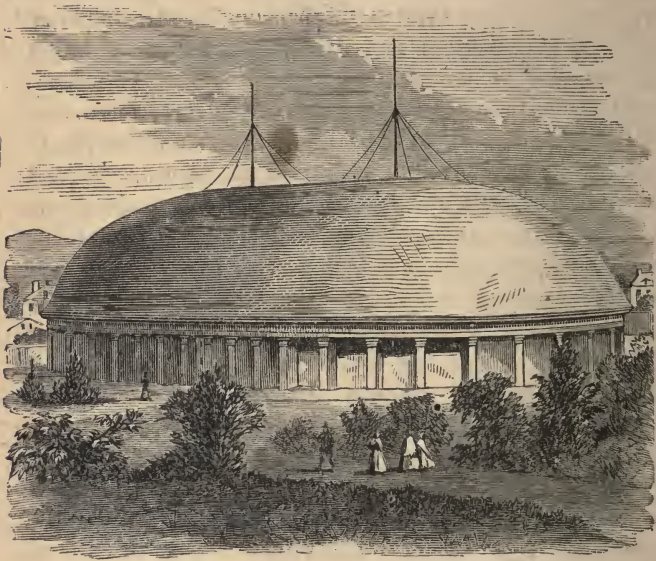
Fresno, Tulare, and Los Angeles are the counties that grow the raisin-grape, figs, almonds, oranges, and grapes for wine—of which thousands of acres are devoted to its culture. Irrigation costs three dollars per acre. The product of an acre for wine is one hundred dollars net, or more, in Fresno and Tulare counties. Los Angeles is devoted largely to orange, lemon, raisin, and fig culture. The city contains twenty-one thousand inhabitants, embowered in lovely orange-groves, pomegranates, guavas, citron, almonds, and grapes. Such lovely drives, bewildering skies, roses and fruits of every kind, can scarcely be found on earth. Here are the famous groves of the Stonemans, Shorbs, and Wilson, that will remind you of an earthly paradise. Corn is largely grown in Los Angeles, and fifteen tons of alfalfa per acre has been gathered, and pumpkins weighing four hundred pounds.

Fifty-eight miles still farther south is Riverside, in Bernardino county—a dream-land of tropical fruits and flowers, nestled at the base of snow-capped mountains. Here is an avenue ten miles long, adorned with palm, cypress, pepper, magnolia, and eucalyptus trees, from which peep out pretty homes of wealth and culture amidst orange-blooms and

vines. Among her prominent names may be mentioned Col. Holt, of the *Press and Horticulturist*, Mr. James Betner, H. J. Rudsill, B. F. Allen, W. H. Ball, E. G. Brown, W. H. Backus, D. H. Burnham, Jos. Boyd, A. S. White, Mrs. M. M. Emery, Messrs. Streeter, Evans, Derby, Sanders, Vandergrift, Hewitt, Johnson, Haight, Hollis, and others. Thirty varieties of oranges are grown.

Returning to Lathrop, we went up the Sacramento Valley, by Stockton, to Sacramento. Here we visited the State-house, Mrs. Crocker's art-gallery, and left for our long journey over the Sierras, Nevada, Utah, Salt Lake City, across the Rocky Mountains, Wyoming by Cheyenne, down the Platte Valley by Fort Laramie to Omaha. We cross the Missouri River to Council Bluffs, Iowa; then through Burlington to Chicago, Louisville, Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta—home. The Central Pacific extends from Sacramento to Ogden, and Union Pacific from Ogden to Omaha, Nebraska. There were Monterey on the sea—charming spot; Santa Cruz Valley, Santa Monica, the Geysers, Prescadero, the great salmon fisheries up the Sacramento River; Lake Tahoe, deeper and more beautiful than Como, on the summit of the Sierras; Virginia City, Nevada, and other charming spots, we could not visit. For nights and days we traveled over treeless plains, alkaline deserts of sage-brush, where the buffalo was once seen. Now the antelope turns its pretty head, and prairie dogs in villages face our train. We pass Elko, Humboldt,* Sherman—the highest point of the road (eight thousand feet)—with lofty peaks mantled with snow, far in our rear. At Ogden, about half-way, we changed cars for a run to Salt Lake City, twenty-two miles down a pretty, fertile valley, in sight of the lake all the way. Salt Lake City has thirty thousand population, all Mormons except five thousand Gentiles. Stopped at the Walker House, visited the hot

* The proprietor of the hotel controls the water privileges, and has made a fortune selling water.



THE TABERNACLE.

springs, baths, tithe-grounds, Tabernacle, coöperation stores, Brigham Young's old (Lyon) house, President Taylor's residence, the *Tribune* office, Professor Clayton's Mineralogical Bureau, and State Geologist; returned to Ogden, resuming our overland journey home. Stopped at the Palmer House in Chicago; saw Armour & Co. cleaning hogs by machinery, and rode on the cable street-cars.

Our voyage is drawing to a close. If I could now transfer it to canvas, what a gorgeous panorama it would make! You would behold Arabs, Turks, Hindoos, Singhalese, Malays, Chinese, and Japanese, in their mosques, temples, pagodas, joss houses, catamarans, massoolas, sampans, junks, proas, and other queer craft; you would see streets like

cork-screws, lanes and alleys filled with millions of people carrying baskets on their heads, chests of tea swinging from each end of bamboo poles; dressed in pantaloons, baggy trousers, blue blouses, flowing robes, long gowns, turbans, broad brim or steeple-shaped hats; millions wearing a loin-cloth, with cues and shaved crowns; others nothing at all. You would see shaved heads, plucked eyebrows, painted faces, tattooed arms and legs, riding in sedans, palanquins, or on donkeys, camels, and elephants; these and thousands of other things described in this volume.

The best time to make this voyage would be by the west (San Francisco) in November, or east in January from New York. You would hit the seasons right then, at a cost of three thousand dollars, first-class. Six months' absence is too short; twelve months would be better.

I came by the Chicago and Louisville Short-line, and spent one day in Nashville at the Maxwell House. This city is one of the most splendidly constructed and beautiful in the South. It boasts of the finest State Capitol, the best publishing house (Southern Methodist), and the most magnificent university (Vanderbilt). We met Dr. R. A. Young, Secretary and Treasurer of the Foreign Mission Board, a man of great financial ability and towering intellect. The venerable Agent of the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Rev. J. B. McFerrin, beloved and esteemed throughout the South, was still at work in his department. Mr. L. D. Palmer, the present able manager of the House, is a Georgian and an old student at Oxford. I did not have the pleasure of seeing Dr. Kelley—who was away—the present Treasurer of the Mission Board and former missionary in China. Surely the Publishing House has fallen into safe hands. One of the most delightful acquaintances I made in Nashville was Maj. W. L. Danley, the popular and most efficient superintendent of the Nashville & St. Louis Rail-

road, Louisville & Nashville and Nashville & Chattanooga roads. The Major is a most delightful gentleman, and an enthusiastic worker in the Sunday-school cause.

Lebanon, thirty miles north-east, is a fine old country town, noted for its colleges, elegant private residences, salubrity of climate, and refined society. It was once the home of Govs. Wm. B. Campbell and R. L. Caruthers, and there our esteemed friends Mr. Sam Stratton, Dr. John D. Owen, Judge Williamson, and others, now reside. Judge Williamson married the widow of the renowned cavalry leader, Gen. John H. Morgan. Lebanon boasts of an excellent weekly newspaper (the *Herald*), and several banks, among its other attractions.

At Chattanooga we were highly entertained by Capt. Gaulding, superintendent of the observatory on top of Hamilton county's fine court-house, with a history of meteorological observations made at this station.

Mr. W. T. Rogers, the popular passenger agent, placed me under many obligations for appreciated courtesies.

A few hours to Atlanta by Dalton, in one of the magnificent palace cars of the Western & Atlantic (State) Georgia Railroad—Gov. Jos. E. Brown, President—ended my voyage around the world.

I had parted with my beloved companion, Sir John R. G. Sinclair, at the Palmer House in Chicago, and Messrs. Hardy and Black, who proceeded by Niagara Falls to New York, *en route* to Europe.

Leaving Atlanta by the magnificent new road, East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia—Maj. Henry Fink, Manager—we soon arrived at Macon. Then "home, sweet home; there is no place like home." Left on the 1st of February, returned on the 1st of August—absent just six months.

ADDENDUM.

"All's well that ends well."

DEDICATED TO THE P. G. IN G.

EVERYBODY remarks, "There she goes, the p. g. in G." Every town and village, every city and hamlet claims her birthplace—the prettiest girl in Georgia. Her symmetrical form is nature's own model—full of grace, and poetry in every motion. Aurora paints her cheeks with her blushes in the morning, and heaven dwells in her lustrous eye. She never laughs or talks in church, nor even looks behind. She venerates old age; has a class in the Sunday-school; is good to the poor, and never speaks unkindly of any one. She is the light of home, and the joy of all around her. She is the most ubiquitous girl in Georgia. The young men go crazy over her melting charms, and old men raise their glasses to take *a peep*. She is modest and unassuming, and is so pretty she does not *know herself* how lovely she is.

There is no such girl around the world,¹

So *dear to me*, as this p. g. in G.

I am now growing old,

With threads of silver among the gold;

Yet I never see or chance to meet

This Georgia girl, that's e'er so sweet,

But what I feel I'd like to be

Just young enough *again* for the p. g. in G.

(621)

THE END.







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