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# MAGICIAN IN MANY LANDS

CHARLES BERTRAM



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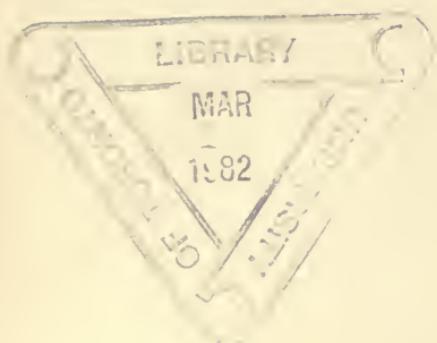
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## A MAGICIAN IN MANY LANDS



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GEISHA GIRLS, TEA GARDENS, KIOTO (JAPAN)

*Frontispiece*

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# A MAGICIAN IN MANY LANDS



Lit.

BY THE LATE

CHARLES BERTRAM

*Author of 'Isn't it Wonderful?' &c., &c.*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

PROFESSOR HOFFMANN

ILLUSTRATED BY A COLOURED FRONTISPICE  
AND MANY ILLUSTRATIONS IN BLACK & WHITE



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1911



Yours faithfully  
Charles Bertram

## INTRODUCTION

'O FOR the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still!' The poet's words come sadly to mind as I recall the genial personality of my old friend Charles Bertram, and take pen in hand to write a brief introduction to the record of his journey round the world : a record which, unhappily he himself was not destined to see in print, having in the meantime been summoned to make that last long journey from which no traveller returns.

A book of travel, written by a keen observer, is always interesting. Charles Bertram was not only a keen observer, but enjoyed opportunities of observation denied to ninety-nine travellers out of a hundred. His exceptional skill in his fascinating craft, his popularity as a public entertainer, and his personal good-fellowship had made for him a host of friends, and probably no man ever started on a journey round the world more amply provided with letters of recommendation to the four quarters of the globe. And wherever the magic carpet set him down, he had the happy knack of making yet more and more friends : all eager to show him what was best worth seeing in his temporary halting-place.

Thus at Calcutta he was permitted to see the famous Black Hole, long since inaccessible to the ordinary tourist. At Kapurthala he was allowed by special favour to witness the payment to the Maharajah of the annual tribute, the ruler sitting in state, and each man bringing his money, wrapped, Biblical fashion, in a napkin, and pouring it out at his feet. The ceremony over, Bertram dined with the Maharajah, no longer the haughty potentate, but the genial host of an honoured guest.

From the Maharajah of Patiala (the chief of the Sikh States) whose acquaintance Bertram had already made in England, he likewise received a royal welcome, and in the company of the prince took part, not only in polo and pig-sticking parties, but in the ceremonies of the 'Holi' festival, a popular event at which the chief 'fun of the fair,' started by the Maharajah in person, consists in pelting and being pelted, not with harmless confetti, but with balls containing aniline dyes, in powder, afterwards temporarily made 'fast' by a gentle douche from a fire-hose.

At Delhi, letters of introduction from Col. Sir Neville Chamberlain proved an 'open sesame' everywhere. At Jeypore he was permitted to witness the feeding of the sacred alligators, an exciting experience, for at one moment he had reason to fear that he would form part of the meal himself. At Agra he put his audience to flight. Performing before the Maharajah of Kitri and some two hundred and fifty of his retainers, he introduced the feat, in England well-known, of

catching money from the air, now and then producing by way of variation a few rupees from the whiskers and turbans of the spectators. This was too much for their nerves. Convinced that by nothing short of 'devil magic' could such an effect be produced, they, one after another, silently crept out of the hall, and at the conclusion of the trick, of the original two hundred and fifty, only fourteen were left.

At Dholpur, after a narrow escape from a tiger, chained by way of house-dog at the palace gate, he had the signal honour of being invited by the Maharana to give his entertainment in the immediate presence of the ladies of the zenana, without the interposition of the 'purdah' (the curtain which ordinarily screens them from profane view). The privilege, by the way, was strictly personal to Bertram, his less fortunate secretary being left outside with the tiger.

At the Kolar gold-fields he was tantalised by the offer of a 'gold-brick' (the genuine article), which he was told he might carry away with him if he could lift it with one hand. He did his best, but here even his magic powers were of no avail. A little later, at Rangoon, he was enabled to realise in a forcible way the poor strength of man as compared with that of the lower animals. In the timber yards and sawmills, he saw elephants lifting and stacking with ease, as if they were mere bricks, baulks of teak of three tons or more in weight !

Of his own performances, Bertram throughout says very little, save where, as at Agra, he has

some amusing incident to relate. On the other hand, he devotes three very interesting chapters to the tricks of the Indian conjurers. By favour of his princely hosts, he witnessed no less than 106 of such performances, in each case by the 'star' wizard of the district. In these pages he gives minute explanations of the mango trick, the basket trick, and others less known. Of the fabulous 'rope trick,' wherein the performer is said to throw a rope into the air, climb up it, and disappear at the top, all he has to tell us is that a reward of ten thousand pounds offered by Lord Lonsdale, with the minor inducement of five hundred offered by Bertram himself, failed to produce a wizard who could perform it. Of the hundred and six native experts, not one claimed to have seen it performed, and the majority had never even heard of it. So much for 'travellers' tales!'

At Mandalay, the road to which (*pace* Mr Rudyard Kipling) he describes as the 'dustiest, dirtiest, and most noisome' he had ever travelled, he had the uncomfortable privilege of occupying the room where Soupiala, one of the wives of King Theebaw, had chopped to pieces a maid of honour of whom she was jealous. The ghost of the slaughtered maiden did not, however, disturb his slumbers.

At Hongkong he acquired a new accomplishment, in the shape of the queer language known as 'pidgin English.' He gives by way of sample a pidgin version of Longfellow's poem, *Excelsior*.

It does not appear that he attained sufficient mastery over the new language to attempt a performance with pidgin 'patter,' attractive though such a performance would doubtless have been.

At Canton he saw the last moments of a condemned criminal. The unfortunate wretch was placed in a sort of cage, about eight feet high, with a hole in the top through which his neck passed. His feet were at starting supported by a pile of stones, but one of these had been removed daily, till he hung by his head, and ultimately died of exhaustion. His relatives meanwhile made the best of things by allowing any one who pleased, for a small consideration, to take snapshots of his dying agonies.

Another painful but less gruesome experience was an invitation to a Chinese dinner, of which he partook at Shanghai. There were several courses, and according to Chinese ideas it was a very nice dinner, but as soon as it was over the European guests with one accord betook themselves to the Shanghai Club, 'to get something to eat.'

The foregoing items are but mere samples from a vast assortment of interesting incidents, grave and gay. The chief cities of Japan, Australia and New Zealand,—Honolulu, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal, Quebec and a host of others each contribute their quota to the 'feast of good things' which is here set before us. A feast delightful even to those, if such there be, who knew nothing

## INTRODUCTION

at all of the writer; doubly so to those who knew him in his public or private capacity, and can picture to themselves the Mark Tapleyan cheeriness with which he passed through varied experiences which he so vividly and withal so modestly describes.

It only remains to add that the editing of his notes has been a labour of love, ably carried out by his widow Mrs Clara Bertram (herself well-known as a talented harpist and society entertainer), and his friend, Mr Bellingham, who has with the greatest kindness revised the whole work, made the selection of the illustrations from a large number which Mr Bertram had collected together, and read the proofs.

LOUIS HOFFMANN

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# A MAGICIAN IN MANY LANDS

## CHAPTER I

THERE comes a time in the life of every man when he wishes to enlarge the field of his operations, and having decided that this was desirable in my own case, my thoughts naturally turned to the East, which from time immemorial has been steeped in the fascinating traditions of the Black Art.

Such a step seemed the more promising inasmuch as I had been fortunate for so many years in securing the patronage of the ever-indulgent British Public. Rapidity of action, as my readers are doubtless aware, is a necessary adjunct to my profession. So, allowing myself just sufficient time to gather together my impedimenta and secure a number of influential introductions to the ruling Princes of India, I booked my passage in P. & O. s.s. *Oceania*. The day of my departure (January 16th 1899) duly arrived and 11 a.m. saw me at Victoria Station with my secretary.

A number of members of the Savage Club and many other friends, amongst them several Indian officials of high position, were on the platform to

wish us *bon voyage*, and to the waving of handkerchiefs and shouts of 'Good luck,' the train steamed out of the station.

Two days later we embarked at Marseilles.

I will not dwell upon the usual incidents of a voyage, but as this was my first journey to the gorgeous East some of my early impressions may not be out of place.

Particularly charming were the Straits of Messina,—a lovely picture—the coast rising in gentle slopes from the sea. On the one side Reggio and on the other Messina with Etna snow-clad and grand at the end of the Straits in the distance.

It was a beautiful day with scarcely a ripple on the sea. Hardly a sound was to be heard as we glided peacefully between the two towns, the houses on either side of us looking like toys. So we passed out of the Straits leaving Etna behind us with a small cloud of white smoke issuing from its crater and curling up into the blue sky.

At Port Said we experienced the delights of coaling, in the course of which we received a visit from a local conjurer who performed some tricks on the deck of the steamer very creditably indeed, and by the way he was patronised by the passengers, I should imagine he made a very considerable income.

He caused much amusement by the peculiar sounds he made with his mouth whilst performing his tricks, and his manner of addressing his audience. 'Hold this, Mrs Langtry,' he would

say to a lady. ‘Stand back, Mr Masher,’ to a gentleman. I was especially honoured when he turned sharply to me and said, ‘You haven’t paid Mr Fergusson,’ and with a not unnatural sympathy hastened to supply the omission.

After the performance we went on shore for a few hours and drove round the town. It seemed to me the rendezvous of the scum of the earth. I was assured that it had greatly improved of recent years. It must have been bad!

After a very interesting journey through the canal, we arrived at Suez.

The heat was intense and punkahs were put up for the first time.

Several seedy boys (stokers) died in the Red Sea and were ‘buried’ there.

Aden was soon reached, and immediately the anchor was dropped the ship was swarming with Somali boys shouting ‘Have a dive! Have a dive!’ Some of the passengers responded by throwing small silver coins into the sea for which the boys, regardless of the sharks which abound in the harbour, dived.

The destination of the *Oceania* being Australia, we changed ‘busses’ at Aden for Bombay, and the good ship *Shannon* had the honour of our company for the remainder of the voyage to India.

Two days after leaving Aden a Mahometan died of berri-berri and his co-religionists held a very impressive service at his burial. Having been carefully washed, the body was wrapped in clean white cloth. Many prayers were repeated, the



mourners touching the deck with their foreheads, and prostrating themselves many times with military precision. At the conclusion of this ceremony the corpse was placed on a wooden hatch grating and gently lowered over the gunwale. The ship was then slowed down and the sea allowed to wash the body off the grating, it being part of the Mahometan creed not to cast the body into the sea but to allow the sea to take it into its embrace. The solemnity of the whole proceedings, conducted entirely apart from the ship's company, was very impressive.

## CHAPTER II

By dint of great perseverance, having exhausted nearly all my patience, I at length collected my goods and chattels and proceeded by 'ghari' to 'Watson's Annexe'—a very comfortable hotel.

Here my Indian servants received me with much formality, addressing me as 'me lord' and salaaming with great reverence. Finally they dispossessed me of my keys, emptied my trunks and simply took over everything. Though at first somewhat disquieted, I soon became reconciled to this delightful custom of the country, and have never subsequently foregone—if available—the luxury of a good 'boy.'

The next day saw me preparing for my first public performance in the East. I had engaged the Tivoli Theatre, a spacious building seating about a thousand persons. There was a tolerable stage, with act drop and scenery all native painted. With the addition of a few new draperies the place looked quite presentable, and with an anxious heart, I awaited the fateful hour. The result was far beyond my best expectations. The theatre was packed and my performance most favourably received. His Excellency the Governor, Lord

Sandhurst, Lady Sandhurst, and suite, were present, together with a very fashionable audience, including His Highness the Gaikwar of Baroda and his sons. At the close of the programme an illuminated address and a gold watch from the passengers of the *Oceania* were publicly presented to me by General Ventus.



My 'Boy' guarding the Treasure Box

The following day I was honoured with an invitation from Lord and Lady Sandhurst to lunch at Government House. There His Excellency presented me with his signed photograph and a very handsome silver cigar case, engraved with an appropriate inscription.

My stay in the city was exceedingly pleasant. The three principal clubs, the Yacht, Bombay and

Byculla made me an honorary member, besides which I was shown everything of interest in the vicinity including the celebrated Caves of Elephanta.

Leaving Bombay, I went by rail over the Ghats (3,500 feet high)—a wonderful feat of engineering to Poona.

There I was splendidly entertained for two days by the Western India Club and gave two performances to packed houses at the Gymkana Club. Then, my engagements having been previously made, I was obliged to proceed to Hyderabad.

At Wadi Junction, I was put to terrible inconvenience, owing to the plague officials refusing to pass my three Indian servants—but the good influences of a kindly doctor at Hyderabad enabled them to be sent after me and so I escaped with only a temporary embarrassment.

Next day my entertainment was given under true oriental conditions. His Excellency Vicar-ul-unrah, Minister to the Nizam was holding a grand garden fête in honour of His Highness. To me was allotted a beautifully embroidered ‘shamiana’ carpeted and decorated with great splendour, and the whole ‘tamasha’ was carried out with a magnificence only to be found in the gorgeous East.

At Secunderabad I performed at ‘The Laihud-Dowla’ Theatre where I was introduced to Mr Jacobs—an amateur conjuror—made famous by Marion Crawford in his celebrated novel *Mr Isaacs*.

Hyderabad is the largest native state in India, the Nizam, the most important native prince ruling over ten millions of people.

The city is typical, teeming with people purely native, with crowds of fakirs, cripples, beggars, lepers, and others suffering from loathsome diseases, who pester the passer by and cry for 'backsheesh.'

The Nizam placed a carriage at my disposal,



Carriage

with two 'syces' who, running a little in advance of the horses, with shouts of 'bucho' 'bucho' (save yourselves!) threw the people out of our path.

Seven miles from Hyderabad is the ruined city of Golemda, which I visited. Here are to be found the tombs of past Nizams and also the hiding places of the fabulous wealth of ancient kings of India.

## CHAPTER III

AFTER four days of pleasurable exploration in and around Hyderabad, during which I went over the British Military Cantonment at Secunderabad—the largest in India—I left for Raipur where I was engaged to give a private performance at the Raj Kumai College. This I owed to the good offices of my friend, Mr Sly, the well-known political agent, whose guest I was during my visit.

He met me at the railway station and we drove in a 'bullock tonga' to his house. It was my first experience of this mode of travelling and strongly reminiscent of galloping over a ploughed field in a two-wheeled cart without springs. But this was child's play compared to the journey after dinner, upon an elephant, to the college. The splendid creature was brought to the bungalow and commanded by the 'mahout' (driver) to 'bito,' at which it knelt down whilst we climbed to the seats upon its back by means of a ladder.

These were after the style of those of an Irish jaunting car, having also a swinging foot-board on either side.

Now reader, please imagine me, a man of sixteen stone, in evening dress, perched sideways on this

beast, more than twelve feet above the ground (in the darkness indeed seeming much more) the foot-board quite a foot too high and consequently forcing my knees upwards almost to my chin.

But I did not properly appreciate the position until the 'hathi' began to move! The great lumbering creature rolled about like a ship at sea, and every time he put down a foot, it seemed as if a blow had been struck upward, with a steam hammer. Thump, thump, thump! I rolled from side to side, was shaken backward, then, with a jerk brought forward, thinking every moment that I should be thrown off the seat into what, in the darkness, seemed an interminable abyss. Soon I became hot, the perspiration rolled down my cheeks, my collar and shirt front grew limp and eventually doubled up like a boiled rag.

But worse was to follow, a horse and 'tum tum' (dog cart) came along the road towards us and, after a great shouting, the 'mahout,' in order that the horse might not be frightened, made a detour through the jungle!

So, we stumped along through the trees, the elephant, with marvellous intelligence, breaking down, with his trunk, the boughs which he thought would touch our heads. Despite this extraordinary care and the assurance of my friend, I was not happy. The necessary confidence in the beast was lacking, and in fear that he and I might not agree as to the need for removal of even one small bough, I doubled myself almost into a ball and hung on for dear life.



So I travelled through the blackness of the night, the monotonous bumpings varied by an occasional kind of long step whenever the faithful creature wished to cross a small ditch or furrow. It seemed to me that for the size of the furrow he took an extraordinarily long step!

Presently he began to move faster and soon he again found the high road.

In the course of time I thankfully arrived at the College, but not at all in a fit state to give a two hours' performance before the sons of kings. Many friends of the young princes were present and the whole entertainment was brilliant, the only drawback from my point of view being the prospective return journey on the elephant!

However by means of re-adjustment of foot-boards and saddle-seats the ordeal passed with a minimum of inconvenience and I made a relatively comfortable return to my friend's bungalow. He pressed me to remain for a tiger hunt, but having given my word to my family, before leaving England that I would not hunt lions, I decided to overlook the difference in the name of the animal and place tigers in the same category. So despite a promise that my boy should be at least there a week I resolutely declined and made the best of my way to Calcutta.

There I had engaged the Opera House, and for a week my entertainments, both artistically and financially, were most satisfactory.

During my visit, I gave two state performances at Government House before His Excellency the



Viceroy Lord Curzon, Lady Curzon, and a most distinguished company. On both occasions the throne room was used, a full band being in attendance. Lord Curzon expressed his gratification in most flattering terms and introduced me to several Maharajahs and Begums, and to the ladies and gentlemen of his suite.

A few days later, I had the privilege of performing before a native audience, being engaged by His Highness the Nawab of Dacca.

His wives and family were seated behind transparent curtains, through which they could see without being seen ('in purdah'). His Highness gave me his photograph and a very handsome silver bowl of Indian workmanship, together with a substantial cheque, and expressed his pleasure and astonishment at my various illusions.

## CHAPTER IV

ONE morning, when leaving Government House, I learnt that Lord Curzon had arranged to visit the celebrated Black Hole of Calcutta, a dungeon eighteen feet square where, in 1756, one hundred and forty-six British subjects passed the night, only twenty-three being alive the following morning.

The present Post Office yard is built on the site of this terrible tragedy, and it was necessary to excavate in order that it might be properly viewed by His Excellency.

Naturally I also wished to see the famous spot and having been fortunate enough to obtain permission from the postal authorities, was able to inspect it immediately after Lord Curzon's departure. The re-filling commenced whilst I was still there, and a few hours afterwards there was no visible sign of any excavations having been made.

There is an inscription over the gate-way pointing out the exact area of the site, and beyond this nothing is ordinarily seen connected with the awful event.

The burning Ghats on the banks of the Hughli are worth a visit and in the splendid Botanical Gardens,



BURNING GHAT, CALCUTTA

the marvellous Banyan Tree may be seen. This extraordinary growth is over a thousand feet in circumference and is still growing.

After a most interesting week I bade adieu to the numerous kind friends I had made and caught the night train for Allahabad.

A word must be said in praise of railway travelling in India. If one can get accustomed to the dust,



Banyan Tree, Calcutta

the travelling is remarkably comfortable considering the hot climate.

The first class carriages have two seats accommodating four persons though rarely occupied by more than two. The seats are about three feet wide, well padded and leather covered, and run the length of the carriage, less the width of the door.

Over each seat is another seat, folded back, which is let down at night if a third and fourth person have to be accommodated. This rarely happens, as there seems to be an unwritten law amongst European travellers against overcrowding. At one end of the carriage is a small compartment for the use of accompanying native servants, with a small sliding window communicating, so that the traveller can give instructions to his 'boy' (the servants are all called 'boys' even at sixty) should he need him on the journey. During the day one can recline on the seat at full length, and read or otherwise occupy the time, whilst at night one's 'Nowker' makes up the bed with a 'razai' and sheets, which are always carried, and the traveller is made comfortable until the next day. There is good lavatorial convenience, and the windows of the carriages are large, and have blue glass shutters to keep off the sun's glare. There is also a contrivance like a wheel about 2 feet 6 inches in diameter, covered with rushes or grass. About a third of the wheel, at the bottom, is immersed in water, and as it is turned by a small handle attached to its centre, the grass becomes saturated with water, and the air entering from the outside through the wet rushes, cools the atmosphere of the carriage.

According to the railway regulations the whole of the luggage accompanying a passenger should be weighed and charged for, 120 lbs or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  maunds, being allowed free to each first class passenger, but I have invariably found, that a charge is made only for luggage which is so large and cumbersome that

it has to be placed in the brake van. Sometimes, on this account, I must add, the carriages are so packed with baggage, that it is quite difficult to get to one's seat, trunks being jammed from floor to ceiling besides being placed underneath the seats and in the gangway. The cost of travelling first class in India is about the same as travelling third class in England—1 anna per mile. One servant is generally allowed to travel free on each fare paid, but on some railways a small charge is made, being about 6 miles for one anna (one penny).



## CHAPTER V

THE journey to Allahabad was uninteresting, except for an occasional jackal, camel caravan, or an elephant. Nearer to the city a number of nearly naked men and women were squatting in the fields or outside their mud hovels. A few palm trees, and cactus plants were scattered here and there, with numerous hawks, blue jays and parrots. Allahabad itself is fairly interesting. I visited the celebrated Fort with its underground passages, at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. Here also I witnessed the Magh Mela, the great religious fair and festival.

Thousands of fakirs, lepers, hawkers and hideously deformed cripples assemble, and pilgrims by hundreds of thousands travel from all parts of India, to take part in the function, and to bathe in the sacred waters, which they believe will wash away their sins. It is estimated that over two million people assemble annually to celebrate this festival.

Some of the fakirs impose upon themselves the most extraordinary tasks and penances.

Here is the picture of a man, who has remained standing for thirty years.



Hindoo Fakir, who is supposed never to sit down

Another dirty ragged ascetic lies continually on a bed of sharp spikes.



Hindco Fakir sitting on a bed of nails

One man told a visitor that he had never put one of his arms down for six years, and that after another six years had elapsed, he would take it down, and hold up the other.

Here are two others, who have held their arms above their heads until they have become withered, and the finger nails have grown into, and through the flesh.

The picture represents the head of a procession of naked fakirs, numbering about five hundred. They have the special permission of the Government to walk about in a state of complete nudity, for the week that the Mela is proceeding.

Perhaps the most impressive sight in the whole festival is the 'Idu'l-fitr commonly known as the 'Id festival celebrated by the Mohammedans when the great fast of Ramazan, which lasts thirty days, is broken.

The following incident illustrates in what a small world we live, after all: During a performance at the Railway Theatre, I desired some one from the audience to come upon the stage to assist in one of my tricks, and a gentleman in the stalls kindly consented to do so. In order to prove to the audience that I was not acting in collusion with anyone, I remarked, 'You are not a confederate of mine, are you?' 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'There is no understanding or arrangement between us, with regard to this trick?' 'Oh! no, certainly not,' said he. I ought to have been satisfied with these replies, but being anxious to impress the audience with the genuineness of my performance, said, emphatically, 'In fact, you have never seen me before, have you?' 'Oh! yes I have,' said he, 'I helped you with this trick in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Tamworth!' He turned out to

be the Electrical Engineer to the G.I.P. Railway Company.



Hindoo Fakir, with one hand which he may not take down

Although having no professional engagements there, I could not lose an opportunity of visiting



Hindoo Fakir with both hands up, which he may not take down

that holiest of Indian cities, Benares. To the pious Brahman it is the gate of Heaven, the place he longs to visit, and wash away his sins in the sacred Ganges before he dies.

Arriving at the big Ghat, what a scene I beheld! Moving slowly along the white front of the city in a boat, a marvellous panorama unfolded itself before me. Wonderful palaces in unending succession, each more beautiful than the last, passed in review, whilst standing in the river, sprinkling yellow leaves of flowers on its surface, and drinking from their palms the polluted water, were thousands of devotees saying their 'puja,' making libations and offerings to the sacred river, and performing the quaintest of religious and idolatrous ceremonies.

Passing up the river to the palace of Ramnāgahr, I visited the Maharajah of Benares to whom I had a letter of introduction. I was shown over the whole wonderful building, and after a short stay with His Highness, returned by water to Benares city, and paid a visit to the Holy Man of Benares.

A wonderful person, held in the highest veneration and esteem. He was walking about perfectly nude, in a beautiful garden, and received me with the greatest kindness. When he heard that I was a jadu-wallah (conjuror), he asked me to perform some of my miracles. I complied, and in expressing his delight, he said that such a state of perfection could only be attained by many years of meditation and prayer! He blessed me, hung garlands of flowers about my neck, and insisted that I should eat a small plantain from his hand, so that in



HEAD OF THE NUDE PROCESSION

future 'I should never want for food.' Up to the present I am bound to admit that his blessing has not failed! He showed me a book, given him by her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, of which he was



Holy Man

greatly proud. He also gave me his photograph, and a copy of a book of his life, which he signed before handing it to me. He then embraced me and we walked together to the garden gate, where

my carriage was waiting. Finally after many further embraces he suffered me to leave him. Shortly after my return to England I heard, with very great regret, of his death at a very advanced age.

Amongst other places I visited the celebrated Monkey Temple, also the Golden Temple, the dome of which is covered with plates of real gold, thence through the bazaars, swarming with lepers, fakirs, cripples and loathsome-looking beings, a surging mass of humanity, almost impossible to imagine. Before leaving, I made some purchases of brass ware in the Brass bazaar, and departed thinking Benares was the most indescribable place I had ever seen.

After two days' holidays in this the most picturesque and mysterious city of India, I left for Lucknow.

## CHAPTER VI

LUCKNOW, the name of which is a household word to all Englishmen! The deepest interest centres around the ruined Residency, the scene of the terrible struggle during the Mutiny in 1857, and the adjoining cemetery, the resting place of so many heroes. No Englishman can fail to be affected by the recollection of the splendid deeds of that devoted handful of their countrymen fighting against a large and mutinous army, or remain unmoved at the stories of the heroic reliefs and the valour of our troops led by Lawrence, Outram, Havelock, and Colin Campbell.

Full of such feelings I paid my visit to the Residency from the tower of which, the Union Jack proudly floats, forming the best possible monument to the eternal memory of that band of heroes. The surrounding grounds and gardens are kept in splendid condition, in loving and affectionate remembrance of those valiant dead whose intrepidity and courage were the wonder of the world.

I had made arrangements to present a series of performances at the Mohamed Bagh Theatre, a very comfortable little annexe to the charming Club House.

So great was the demand for seats, that they could not be accommodated, and a supplementary performance was arranged to take place at the Chatr Munzil Palace, under the auspices of the United Service Club, who occupy the best rooms.

The Palace was built in 1827 by Nasir-ud-din. Its walls and ceilings are decorated with plates of silver, and are very magnificent. In the grand hall my entertainment was presented to a large and fashionable audience, and was a great success.

Cawnpore being so close to Lucknow, it is only reasonable to suppose that would be my next camping ground and so leaving Lucknow at 1-10 Cawnpore was reached at 3-30. Unfortunately I became very ill here, and although I managed to struggle through my performance before a crowded audience, had to keep my bed for the two following days. My faithful 'nowker' Jairham Jugga, nursed me splendidly and pulled me through. He was very proud of a watch and chain which I gave him to mark my appreciation of his devotion.

Cawnpore has few attractions for the traveller except the interest one naturally takes in the events connected with the Mutiny. The Memorial Church, the Massacre Ghat and the Memorial Well and Gardens, are the principal objects of interest. Whilst here I had an opportunity of seeing the Mango tree trick really well performed. The juggler's name was Hassam Bux, who did the trick several times and permitted me to take photographs whilst it was in progress. I shall have a

few words to say about Hassam Bux's performance in my chapter on Hindoo jugglers.

My next place was Meerut which beyond being a Cantonment Station and headquarters of a division of the Army, has very little to recommend it to the notice of the traveller. There is a fine Club House, the Whela Club, and a nice theatre attached to it in which I gave a performance. It happened that I had engaged the theatre and paid rent in advance, and the night I was to have opened, was that fixed for the Cantonment Ball which was also to be held in the theatre. Being approached by the Ball Committee I gave up the date, the result being that everybody turned up at my performance the next evening, and the place was packed. Moral, 'always please the ladies!'

My next point was Umballa where I met my friend, the late General Penn Symons who hospitably entertained me at the mess of the Gordon Highlanders. I was indebted to the General for an introduction to my afterwards great friend, His Highness the Maharajah Patiala to whom I afterwards paid such a notable visit.

His Highness the Maharajah of Kapurthala also invited me to spend a little time in his State, and accompanied by my secretary and four servants, I accordingly left Umballa and duly arrived at Kartarpur. Carriages were awaiting us at the station, and we drove about eight miles to the Palace, where we were received by His Highness, who entertained us with great hospitality for nearly a week.

The day after our arrival, we received an invita-



tion to attend a Durbar, to be held during the afternoon, and accordingly about four o'clock drove to the Durbar Hall, on the outskirts of the native city. A little later the Maharajah arrived in great state attended by hundreds of his retinue. Dozens of gaily comparisoned elephants formed part of the procession, as with bands playing, and to the firing of cannon, His Highness entered.

The Hall is a fine, large, nearly square building, built of stone, the interior white, and having a gallery around three sides of it. At the end opposite the entrance was a richly carpeted dais with a step running the whole width of the Hall, and in its centre stood a large gilt throne, a stained glass window being in the background. Seated on the floor of the hall were hundreds of natives of different classes, divided into groups according to their stations in life, and I also presume having regard to the amount of wealth they possessed, the richest being in positions nearest the throne, the poorest tailing off to places near the entrance. Each of the natives nursed what appeared to me to be a white serviette, which I found afterwards contained coin. The Maharajah was dressed in a smart blue military uniform, beautifully embroidered with gold, and wearing a large white turban, in front of which was a magnificent diamond aigrette. He also had a gold sword with diamond hilt, slung with a white enamelled sword belt, and wore white kid gloves, making a very imposing figure as he walked majestically through the midst of the salaaming natives, and took his place with great ceremony on



the throne. There he sat immovable and impassive, as if carved out of marble. He never moved a hair's breadth for two solid hours, during which the natives, commencing with the richest, offered their 'nuzzar' or tribute money. Salaaming and prostrating themselves at his feet, they emptied the contents of their napkins reverently at his throne. Hundreds and hundreds streamed past the Maharajah in this way, a continual jingle of coin going on the whole time, until at the end of the ceremony the Maharajah was literally heaped up with rupees. At the conclusion, not a word having been spoken, His Highness rose, and walked straight out of the Hall between the salaaming crowds, who muttered prayers, and ejaculated 'Maharaj! Maharaj!' as he passed them. His departure was made with the same pomp as his arrival, and to the firing of cannon and playing of bands, he drove through the native city back to the palace, whilst along the route thousands of his subjects greeted him, and salaamed with the greatest reverence.

The same evening I dined with His Highness at his beautiful home called 'Buona Vista.' After dinner I had the pleasure of giving a short performance, and could scarcely believe that the genial gentleman who was laughing and talking in such a homely manner with me, was the same stately, majestic, impassive, weird person who had occupied the throne at the Durbar.

## CHAPTER VII

AT 'Buona Vista' I had a long chat with one of His Highness's personal attendants who had been lately raised to the rank of Captain. He was an old man, very tall, and of good military appearance, and informed me that he was in attendance on the Maharajah at Her late Majesty Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebrations. Also that whilst he was walking through the Strand one evening someone relieved him of his watch. He related this as a good joke and seemed quite pleased to think that one of our light fingered fraternity should have so honoured him with his attention.

His Highness gave me some handsome presents when I took leave of him, and with many regrets we left for Kartarpur and thence for Lahore, breaking our journey at the Holy City of Amritzar to view the celebrated Golden Temple.

The staple industry of this city is the weaving of Cashmere shawls, from the down of the Kashmir goat. Some of the finest carpets in India are also woven in Amritzar. It is the centre of the Sikh religion, and few cities of the world possess such a beautiful square as that in the centre of which is the sacred tank. The Golden Temple stands in

the middle of the lake where it is reflected in the still water like a beautiful jewelled casket.

I had allowed two days for Lahore, but business warranted my staying eight! My first performance was given at the Railway Theatre, followed by another at the Lawrence Hall; the latter was attended by the 'elite,' the hall was packed and the booking of seats at Messrs Beran's the largest ever known in Lahore.

After the performance I was entertained by some military gentlemen at the Punjab Club.

Before leaving I gave an entertainment at the Aitchinson College, two at Mian Meer, a performance for children at the Town Hall, and a private seance for a Rajah and his native friends. Everywhere I was entertained most royally, and occupied my spare time in seeing all that was to be seen in the way of mosques, tombs, and temples. A visit to the Native City pleased me immensely, as some of the old enamelled bricks and tiles and other evidences of byegone days, and of a lost art, are still visible. The narrow streets, marvellous tombs, the Fort and Jumma Musjed indeed are sights not to be forgotten. The city swarms with people, amongst whom are numbers of stately but filthy Afghans and Pathans who parade the dusty, evil smelling and densely crowded bazaars. Before taking my departure, I called upon my friend Colonel Neville Chamberlain, who gave me introductions in Delhi which proved of the greatest service when visiting that city.

Leaving Lahore at 10.15 a.m. we arrived at

Rajpoorah, and having three hours to wait for the branch line train, walked round the bazaars, and saw Major Eustace and party start for Patiala by camel ghari, a kind of stage coach drawn by two camels. It struck me as a curious-looking affair, but a very suitable means of travelling over those hot and dusty roads.

Eventually our train arrived, and we reached Patiala at 9.30 p.m. His Highness had caused excellent quarters to be prepared for us, at the bungalow of his private secretary and steward, Mr Wingrove, a gentleman whose acquaintance, together with that of his charming wife, I was delighted to make.

Of all the Sikh states Patiala is the most important, having a population of a little over one and a half millions, and a revenue of about £420,000 annually.

The Maharajah I had the pleasure of knowing personally ; we were on the most friendly terms, and it was with the deepest regret that I heard of his death, when I arrived at Aden, on my third journey to India to visit His Highness.

There was no more loyal Prince in India than the Maharajah of Patiala, the acknowledged head of the Sikh nation, and in recognition of the splendid military services he rendered to the British Empire, with his Sikh regiments, the flower of the native Indian army, he was honoured by her late Majesty Queen Victoria, by the investiture of the Grand Order of the Star of India.

He was a very keen sportsman, being devoted to

hunting, shooting, and fishing. He also took the keenest interest in polo, his teams being composed of some of the finest players in India, whilst to cricket, tennis, and racquets he was an ardent devotee. So enthusiastic was he in regard to our national game that he engaged, for several years, two of our most famous cricketers, Messrs. Brockwell and Hearne, to coach his teams, in which His Highness was a very fine bat himself. He could also play a good game of billiards, Mr John Roberts, the champion, being his tutor, and was fond of a game of whist or bridge. He adopted photography as a quiet hobby, some of his work being extremely fine. As a host he was perfect, looking after the comforts and providing amusements for all his guests. He entertained largely, and it rarely happened that there were not any British officers staying with him, enjoying His Highness's hospitality, and that of the Rajindra Club.

During the Patiala race week, rows and rows of marquees and tents were erected in the park surrounding the Palace, there not being sufficient accommodation in the guest houses, for all the ladies, as well as gentlemen, who accepted His Highness's invitation.

During this week I gave several performances in the pretty little permanent theatre, erected in the Palace grounds, His Highness's zenana being present, of course in 'purdah.' He and his guests were delighted, and he desired me to remain in Patiala, and instruct him in the art of legerdemain, which I accordingly did. He was already a fairly

good amateur conjuror, and I found him a very apt pupil. Whilst staying with him, he frequently procured jugglers from distant parts of India, for my special edification, thereby giving me an opportunity of witnessing many tricks which I could not otherwise have seen.

## CHAPTER VIII

IT was His Highness' desire that I should be present at the celebration of the Holi Festival which takes place once a year, in the month Phagun (March) fifteen days before the full moon. It is celebrated in honour of Krishna, and all sorts of license are allowed. His Highness, I fancy, scented a little fun, if he succeeded in getting me to accompany him. However I did go, and although it was very rough, and one had to thoroughly enter into the spirit of the thing (it being understood that no one, under any circumstances whatever, must lose his temper) the day was most enjoyable, though one such experience is quite sufficient for the most fastidious.

Early on the morning of the Holi, I went to the Club, where I found many of the guests, who were taking part in the ceremony for the first time. We were each provided with a complete new suit of Hindu garments, and our dressing was superintended by the Maharajah's own 'nowkers' who made up our turbans for us, and otherwise saw that we were correctly attired. I rather think I made a decent looking Hindoo—at the start—I was certainly cleaner than when I returned from the proceedings. We had camels, elephants, and

pair horse hares (*victorias*) provided for us. I was on an elephant, in a kind of box 'howdah,' next the Maharajah, and we drove in procession, about 200 in all, to the Palace in the native city, a distance of about three miles. We were received with great acclamation and reverence from the natives, everybody salaaming most respectfully. I was priding myself on its being quite a respectable function, but was woefully mistaken. The fun had not begun! Certain formalities had to be gone through and the signal given.

We arrived at the Palace, where in the courtyard, which was about 50 yards square, three sides being packed with natives, was a long table about 50 feet in length, covered by a handsome 'shamiana' or tent without walls. The table was crowded with large circular gilt dishes, upon which were piled pyramids of different coloured balls, the size of oranges, and filled with Holi powder. In front of the table was spread a large rich carpet, and ranged along the upper side were gilt chairs on either side of a large gilt throne. This the Maharajah occupied, his brother the Kour Sahib seated next him on one side, and on the other, the Prime Minister. The generals occupied the remaining seats with the other members of His Highness's retinue, ranged on either side of the table. I stood immediately behind His Highness and in my native costume, could hardly be distinguished from one of his suite. The Maharajah being seated, a troupe of Nautch girls came upon the carpet, and to the accompaniment of native

music, went through some of those extraordinary contortions, which it pleases them to call dancing. It was weird, and very monotonous, but the scene itself was dazzling in the extreme. The colours of the various costumes, in the bright sunlight, looked most brilliant, and the crowd gave one the impression of being so clean, in their white muslin costumes, dholies and turbans.

The dancing having finished, the Maharajah's brother Kour Sahib, a tall handsome man with a dark beard, wearing an enormous Sikh turban with aigrette, his white costume beautifully embroidered, came to the front of the table, salaamed, and made obeisance to the Maharajah, who took one of the balls, and threw it gently across the table, striking Kour Sahib on the breast. The ball being made of thin resin, and filled with Holi powder—a kind of aniline dye, ground to the consistency of flour—it broke, scattering the powder over his costume. He in turn threw one at the Maharajah, and the Prime Minister. Then there was a general scramble, and in less time than it takes to write, thousands of balls were flying about, their contents being showered over the crowd. Next baskets full of loose powder were thrown over everybody by handfuls. It was no good expostulating, the moment one opened his mouth, somebody filled it with powder. The battle grew furious, the whole crowd taking part, when suddenly an enormous stream of water from a fire engine drenched everybody. The coloured powder becoming wet, mingled together, until everybody was dyed in

variegated colours. Coloured water was squirted in one's face from garden syringes, and once on the skin, it was almost impossible to get it off again.

After the battle had been raging for about half-an-hour, it ceased by mutual consent; and I thankfully resumed my place in the procession and started to perambulate the city. But worse was to come, for as we passed out of the palace gates, we were deluged with streams of coloured water from the hose of a fire-engine, stationed on each side of the gates, balls of powder were smashed upon us, and filth of every description hurled at us, by the thousands of people who were assembled in the streets, through which we had to run the gauntlet. The procession, at times, was purposely impeded by the crowd, so that we might get the full benefit of their attentions. Buckets and large tin baths full of filth, and bath-room refuse were emptied upon us, from the tops of the houses, whilst we were pelted with mud, and manure by the crowd below. The howdah in which I was seated, was up to my knees in water and filth of the most repulsive nature. Fortunately I was wearing the enormous Sikh turban, which although soaked through, I kept well pulled down, and by partly covering my face and ears with my hands, and keeping my mouth tightly closed, protected myself as well as I was able, and endured this purgatory for nearly four miles, with as good a grace as possible under the circumstances. The shrieking crowd together with the din of bells,

drums and gongs which they beat the whole time, made the place more than ever like a pandemonium. At length we were clear of the city, but still accompanied by the howling mob, we arrived at the Moti Bagh, the lovely private gardens of the old Rajahs. The procession entered by one of the gates, the yelling crowd being beaten and kept back by the soldiers on guard at the entrance. When we had all passed through, the gates closed behind us, and the fun commenced anew. First we were most unceremoniously pitched into the tank which runs through the gardens. As the water was beautifully clean, this was quite a treat, for our clothes were by this means washed, and soon became dry under the rays of the broiling sun. The nautch girls accompanying and forming part of the procession, were not exempt from this treatment. They also were thrown into the water, and indeed every other member of the party who did not jump in voluntarily, was cast in by his companions. There were some tents erected in the gardens, in which a liberal amount of wine and cognac was consumed to prevent our taking cold. The Maharajah made his re-appearance in a new costume, which was immediately drenched with a stream of coloured water from a hand engine. There was more throwing of balls of powder, more ducking in the tank and more drying of clothes, the afternoon being concluded with a nautch dance, which was kept up until about 6 p.m. Finally we drove back to the palace to our own bungalows in gharis provided, where we found our own

servants had prepared warm baths, but no amount of scrubbing would remove the stains.

I was dyed a deep scarlet all over my body, and it was fully a month before it was entirely removed from my face and hands.

His Highness the Maharajah treated me with the greatest kindness during my sojourn in his state. I attended his polo and pig sticking parties, joined him in the cheetah hunting, alligator shoots, and on some of his fishing expeditions.

Before I left, His Highness presented me with some very valuable gifts, together with two excellent signed photographs of himself wearing the robes of the Order of the Star of India, promising to meet me at Dholpur, having given me an introduction to the Maharana, of whom I shall speak later on. So I took leave of His Highness and his suite and proceeded to Delhi the next city in my itinerary. Here Colonel Neville Chamberlain's introductions proved a veritable 'open sesame' everywhere.

## CHAPTER IX

ARRIVING at Delhi, I went straight to Ludlow Castle, a building historically associated with the Mutiny, being the site upon which was placed the celebrated battery which made a breach in the Kashmir Gate bastion. The castle is now occupied by the Delhi Club, of which I was made an honorary member, and where by the kindness of the committee I had the pleasure of presenting my entertainment.

In touching lightly upon the business side of my visit, I will content myself by stating that I gave performances at the Rama Theatre, the entertainment being greatly appreciated by the natives, and the returns showing a very handsome profit.

Delhi is one of the oldest historical cities in the world, dating back nearly two thousand years before the Christian era. For architectural beauty and historical associations it ranks with many of the ancient ruins of Europe. The modern city, which is called Shahjahanatad, or New Delhi, abuts on the River Jumna, the waters of which flow beneath the walls of the celebrated fort, or which was in times gone by, the Imperial Palace of the Mughals, in its glory, probably the most splendid palace in the world. To enumerate and

describe all the marvellous buildings and sights to be found in Delhi would in itself fill a large volume, but one may mention 'en passant' the Dewan-i-am or private hall of audience, in the centre of which once stood the celebrated Peacock Throne, reputed to have cost five millions sterling. From the dainty, jewel-like building, the Moti Musjid or Pearl Mosque, also the Jama Musjia—without rival among mosques—which is a magnificent building, having a courtyard 450 feet square, from the summit of its lofty minarets, the finest view of Delhi can be obtained. No one can walk through the Chandui Chauk without being struck by its business-like appearance. It is one of the finest streets in India, is nearly a mile long and is seventy-four feet broad. The shops are principally for the sale of gold and silver embroidery, metal work, enamels and jewellery, and are well worth a visit.

To the Englishman, of course, the battlefields and scenes of the famous siege of 1857, had a peculiar fascination. The Kashmir Gate, the Memorial Church, looking like a miniature St Paul's Cathedral, the cemetery, the ridge and the Institute are particularly interesting. Outside the Institute is a huge stone elephant, brought to Delhi from Gwalior in 1645. This I found a very fine advertising station for my business, as may be seen by the position of my announcements, shown in the accompanying picture.

The old city of Delhi, of which only the ruins are to be seen, is twelve miles from the modern city, and is well worth a visit. The magnificent tower

the Kutb Minar, is a grand monument of victory, 238 feet high, and encrusted with chapters of the Koran. I shall not easily forget the weary trudge to its summit, but when there, we were amply repaid for our labour. A splendid view of the whole Delhi plain spreads out before one like a map, on which can be picked out amongst the ruins of vanished



My bills at Delhi

empires, the mosques, tombs, and relics, and indeed all that now remains of the ancient city.

One of the most curious antiquities of India is the Iron pillar, a solid shaft of wrought iron over 16 inches in diameter and 23 feet 8 inches in length. The date of its erection is between A.D. 360-400. It weighs six tons, and it is marvellous to think that the Hindoos at that time could forge an iron bar,



larger and heavier than any forged in Europe until a very recent date. Near the Kuth Minar is a well 90 feet deep and about 15 feet in diameter down which the natives dive into only 15 feet of water. It is perfectly horrifying to witness them spring into this dark shaft, and to watch the body and the reflection at the bottom of the well gradually coming together, and with a fearful splash, disappear. A touch on the side of the well would mean instant death, and yet they are content to risk their lives over and over again for a few paltry annas.

One evening I left Maiden's Hotel, on my way to the Club House, where I was to give a short performance. It was necessary for me to cross the compound to reach the gate of the circular carriage drive by which I should get to the main road. Half way across in the moonlight I saw a terrible looking animal stalking along the path towards me. It was black, with patches of white on its face, white stripes on its chest, an enormous tail, about 6 feet long, and all the movements of a huge baboon. It was the most diabolical beast I have ever seen, and when I advanced, it walked towards me, when I stopped, it stopped. Discretion seemed the better part of valour, so I turned quickly, and went round the other path. To my astonishment, the creature turned also and came round the other way to meet me. On it came, closer and closer, its tail flourishing about in the air. I did not like the look of things at all, and must admit I was a little bit frightened. My first thought was to have a smack at it with the stick I was carrying, when suddenly a bright idea



occurred to me. In my bag of tricks, which I had with me, I carry a small Lefaucheux revolver, and invariably have it loaded with blank cartridges. I took it from my bag and, walking towards the beast, fired. It sprang into the air with a fearful yell, and with enormous leaps and bounds towards me, sank upon the ground at my feet. At that moment two 'nowkers' engaged at the hotel, hearing the report, and seeing the creature lying there, seized hold of it, when it stood up on its hind legs and proved to be a native montebank, dressed and painted to resemble a huge monkey, who imitated animals as a means of gaining a livelihood. He certainly was clever, the resemblance to the movements of an enormous baboon being perfect. He frightened me considerably, but I fancy he had the greater fright of the two. I gave him a rupee, and in return he performed the most life-like imitation of a monkey I had even seen.

How delighted poor Charlie Laurie would have been to see such an artist.

## CHAPTER X

SIR PERTAB SINGH had invited me to visit his nephew the Maharajah of Jodhpur, so after a twenty-six hour railway journey, during which the heat was too awful for words we crossed the desert, which was as much like a bone yard as anything else I could imagine. We arrived more dead than alive at the Guest House, Jodhpur, where the first thing I did was to call for a 'peg,' and didn't I want it badly. I was too thirsty to speak the truth ; I had a thirst I wouldn't have taken a 'pound' for! Only those who have experienced such extreme heat can fully appreciate the value of a 'peg' with 'baraf.' For the information of the uninitiated, I will disclose the secret of the concoction. Take a half wine glass of good Scotch whisky, place it carefully into a long tumbler, and add thereto a bottle of iced Schweppes (if it can be procured) otherwise any other 'belatle pani' will do, and there you have your 'peg.' As the delightful nectar flows between the lips, it hisses down the parched throat, steam issues therefrom, a strange desire comes over the quaffer to bite a piece out of the glass, and the 'peg' is finished. In this intense heat, could a better refresher be possibly imagined. After getting

comfortably settled in the quarters provided for us, and having also refreshed ourselves with a warm bath, we went to the palace to pay our respects to the Maharajah, and Sir Pertab Singh. Unfortunately the Maharajah had just been vaccinated, so we did not see him, but were received by Sir Pertab in a manner to be expected from so charming and genial a gentleman. Before leaving it was arranged that I should give a performance before His Highness and suite, the next evening at the palace.

As we were returning to the guest house we were overtaken by a terrific dust storm. I had noticed the wind blowing up a little as if something unusual was about to happen. Soon, in the distance, an enormous black cloud appeared, and the atmosphere began to get yellow and misty. As the storm came nearer it grew darker, and presently with a fearful rushing noise accompanied by intense heat, the terrible cloud of dust was upon us. Sweeping along, a perfectly blinding hurricane, and causing us to experience a peculiar stifling sensation, almost akin to suffocation, it became quite black, and impossible for us to distinguish objects even but a few feet distant. The storm lasted fully fifteen minutes, and we were fortunately able to take shelter in a small hut, or our experience might have been attended by more unpleasant consequences. Beyond the pleasure of visiting His Highness, I saw nothing which particularly charmed me in Jodhpur. The native quarter consists of a peculiar old city, the streets of which are very hilly and steep. There is a fine fort

with huge gates, studded with long iron spikes, said to be for the purpose of preventing elephants from battering them down. It is built on the top of a high rocky eminence 800 feet high, and reminded me very much of the kind of place, where, as I used in my childhood to read in the story of Jack the Giant Killer, the giant must have dwelt. There were high frowning battlements, immense rocks and precipices, the whole forming a most inaccessible looking castle, from which one would almost expect to see the giant emerge, and commence some of his little frolics among the natives.

I could get no laundry work done in Jodhpur, for the poor wretch of a 'dhobie' would not promise it under a week or ten days, as the nearest water tank was twelve miles distant.

The heat was so bad that it was almost impossible to exist either day or night without wet 'Khuskhus' at each door or window, these being a kind of rush screen, which a coolie keeps wet from the outside and so cools what little air there is, and makes the heat a little more endurable. Turning to my diary I find a note that Jodhpur seems to be a most uncivilised kind of place, the last place in the world to be desired as a permanent address. How the poor wretches of natives live I cannot imagine.

After one more visit to the palace, when the Maharajah took me to inspect his fine stables, I took leave of His Highness, who gave me a large signed photograph of himself together with other valuable

presents, and at 7 p.m., I departed 'without a pang' for Jeypore. I had no professional engagement there, but was very anxious to see the capital of Rajputana, and visit the now ruined and deserted city of Amber, the former capital until 1728. Jeypore is remarkable for its fine streets, the most important being 111 feet wide, whilst the smaller are from 50 to 55 feet, very few even of the slums being less than 28. The city is laid out on the American plan, the streets running at right angles to each other. Its surrounding scenery is very fine, ranges of lofty hills crossing the country. The town itself lies in the midst of rugged hills crowned with forts. At the end of the ridge overhanging the city is the 'tiger fort,' and in the scarping of the ridge blocks of marble rock, forming the word 'welcome' in huge letters can be seen from the city.

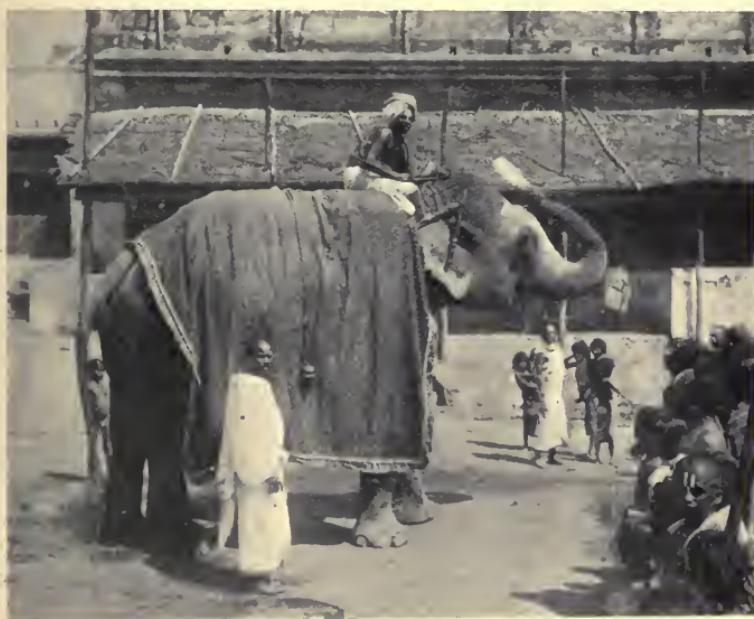
My first day was spent in an enjoyable excursion to Amber, and its celebrated Amber Palace about six miles distant.

I went all over the palace, through the zenana, and visited the small sacrificial temple, where every day in pre-historic times, human sacrifices were offered. A goat is now sacrificed daily at 8.30 a.m., thus still preserving the tradition. The ruined city is quite deserted except for a few Hindoo fakirs and ascetics who have taken possession of some of the empty houses.

Of the places of interest in Jeypore, the Maharajah's Palace, the College, the Hall of the Winds (which is now used as a zenana, and of which Sir Edwin Arnold says 'Aladdin's magician could

have called into existence no more marvellous abode.'

The public gardens, menagerie and museum are most worthy of mention. I visited the Maharajah's stables, where I found some ancient and curious carriages, a fine stud of nearly four hundred superb horses, and nearly a hundred elephants. Extensive



The Holy Elephant

preparations were being made to celebrate a Fête in honour of the Goddess of Wealth, and the elephants were painted all over with gorgeous devices, and exquisitely decorated with paint and gold and silver leaf and tinsel ; silver bells were round their necks and feet, and beautifully embroidered 'howdah' cloths hung from their sides. A splendid procession was formed, and in state the Maharajah paraded his

beautiful city, thousands of people occupying the streets, house-tops, and every place of vantage, eager to obtain a glimpse of their ruler.

Adjoining the Palace is a large tank containing the sacred alligators. On opening an iron door a flight of stone steps is discovered leading to the water. One of the attendants offered us seats inside the door, on the top of the steps so that we might witness the feeding of the creatures. He then went to the slaughter house and procured a large mass of bullocks' entrails, which he attached to a long rope, and in response to his shouting shrieking and whistling, swarms of loathsome reptiles appeared on the surface of the water and swam slowly to the steps sticking out their ugly snouts and gaping wide their white mouths and cruel jaws. One enormous brute opened wide his fearful jaws, the attendant threw the offal into its mouth, which closed with a horrid snap as the alligator sank slowly beneath the water. But the man held on to the rope and then commenced a kind of tug-of-war. The beast appeared again on the surface, opened its jaws for a moment to get a firmer hold of the offal, when the attendant with a sharp pull, jerked the dainty morsel out of its mouth. This the attendant repeated several times, until the huge monster became so infuriated, that it commenced to come up the steps after its tormentor. In two seconds there were two empty chairs at the top of the steps, and two persons, my secretary and myself, were on the Palace side of the iron door! The attendant thereupon threw the offal to the brute once more, other-

wise he himself might have been the 'dainty morsel.'

I was extremely pleased with my visit to this city, so much cleaner and with wider streets than most cities of India, and I place Jeypore as the best Indian city I have yet seen.

## CHAPTER XI

WITH mingled feelings of relief and pleasure, I arrived at Agra. After the terrible heat of Jodhpur, the change which was considerable, was most agreeable, and Caurie's Hotel, where I stayed, extremely comfortable. In relating my 'travels history' I feel now confronted with the danger of making my experiences appear 'shoppy,' and speaking too much of my business affairs, or developing into an uninteresting guide book style, which I desire to avoid ; but it is impossible to visit this city for the first time without being impressed with the number and magnitude of the tombs, mosques, and forts, which have been erected regardless of cost, by the Emperors of by-gone days, and in the production of which such fabulous wealth and enormous labour have been expended. It is not necessary to describe in detail all these creations of surpassing grandeur, that having been already done in nearly every standard work on India, but the name of Agra conjures up before me a vision of one of the most beautiful buildings the world has ever seen, the 'Taj Mahal' built by the Emperor the Shah Jehan as a resting-place for his beloved Queen. It is a building of dazzling white marble, two

hundred and thirty-five years old, but looking as if it had just been completed and out of the workmen's hands but yesterday. Upwards of twenty thousand persons were employed in its construction, which took seventeen years to complete. Its cost is variously stated, but I learned that three million pounds was expended on the building, and



The Taj Mahal, Agra

precious stones, to the value of another three millions, were used by the inlayers to adorn the structure.

Entering the garden, which is a third of a mile square, in which this 'dream in marble' is placed, and passing through an avenue of cypresses, amidst orange and lemon trees, palms, pomegranates and flowering shrubs, stands this 'Peerless Tomb,'

reflected in marble fish ponds, brilliant in the golden robes of the noonday sun. The Taj stands upon a plinth eighteen feet above the level of the gardens. Mounting this platform, a splendid view of the river Jumna is obtained, and one realizes the true magnitude of the lovely edifice on its bank.

Reverently entering the burial place of the Princess Arjamand, where also the Emperor Shah Jehan is laid to rest in a tomb, side by side with that of his beloved wife, the first object to enchant the eye is the double screen, of beautifully pierced marble, of lace like trellis-work which surrounds the tombs. A closer inspection reveals the elaborate embellishments. Upon the columns, panels, and trellis-work, graceful designs of lotus stems, leaves, petals, flowers, and buds, are worked in a mosaic of precious stones and gems of almost indescribable loveliness. The tombs are also beautified with dainty designs of flowers of every description, the inlaid work being almost unrivalled in the whole world, and representing an exhibition of patience almost impossible to imagine. Retracing one's steps through the lovely garden, under the shade of the palms and Thuga trees, the air laden with the perfume of roses and jasmine, one takes last lingering looks at the beauty of the white cupola floating above the peepul trees, like a fairy structure, and is filled with wonder, admiration and delight.

The Maharajah of Khetri engaged me to entertain his family and suite at the Palace, where I gave my performance in the large Durbar Hall. His Highness and children were seated on a couch in

front of me, the zenana being of course in ‘purdah,’ whilst his retinue and followers, numbering about 250 were seated all around me on the floor. The various tricks and illusions were much enjoyed, but it was curious to notice the look of surprise upon the faces of His Highness’s followers as they watched me. Some of them were positively frightened, and the climax was reached when I performed the well-known trick of catching money. Apparently handfuls of rupees came from the air, and I dropped them into a tall silk hat. I picked rupees from off their whiskers and turbans, and shook rupees from the sleeves of those who wore coats. In fact rupees were found in every conceivable place where rupees are not usually to be found, until some of the natives became so terrified that first one would rise, and slowly creep out of the Hall, then another and another would go, and still the silver shower continued. I shook one man’s turban cloth and twenty or thirty rupees fell into the hat. He snatched the cloth from my hand and rushed horror-stricken out of the Hall, much to the amusement of the Maharajah. Still I continued to catch rupees, until the crown of the hat bulged out with the weight of five hundred of them. Shaking them up in the hat I dived my hand in again and again, and taking out a handful each time, allowed streams of silver coins to fall back into the hat, making it appear that that there was a greater number than was really the case. Before the trick was concluded there were, besides the Maharajah and his family, only fourteen natives left in the Hall! They disappeared terrified,

declaring I was a 'Shaitan Wallah,' and under the influence of the 'evil one.' Only a few of them were induced to return, to witness the remainder of my programme. At the conclusion of my performance, after having taken leave of His Highness, I passed through some of the passages of the Palace on the way to my 'ghari.' There was quite a stampede of natives, who ran from me in fear. None of them would permit me to come near them, for fear I should place them under some kind of spell. It occurred to me as being very strange, that of all the tricks I performed throughout India, catching money in the air caused most astonishment, and in some cases fear, the reason being, I suppose, that the majority of natives so seldom get a rupee of their own, that they imagine a person must be a 'devil man' who is able to stretch out his hand whenever he likes, and catch a handful from space.

To leave Agra without seeing the Fort would have been to court the reproach of my friends. Certainly some of the most magnificent buildings of the Moguls are situated within its walls, marking as they do the halycon days of the Mogul dynasty. On the terrace of the Machchi Bhawan is a black marble slab, which has a large fissure in a portion of its surface, which at certain periods is said to bleed. The legend is that the slab was used as a Mahometan throne, and when the king was deposed and a Hindoo sat upon it, the stone cracked, and blood oozed out. Whilst we were examining the slab, a few drops of rain fell. This certainly emphasised the stain and made it look

redder than it usually does, but I am inclined to think that the presence of some kind of combination of iron in the marble accounts for the blood-like appearance, rather than the reason ascribed to it by the superstitious natives. ‘Lo! the poor Indian,’ never misses a chance!

We were conducted through dark underground passages to a vaulted chamber, in the centre of which was a well, communicating with the river Jumna, whose waters flow outside the walls of the Fort. We were informed that when the Emperor desired to rid himself of a wife with whom he had quarrelled, she was conducted in state to this chamber, the other wives being already seated around the well: A silk cord was placed round the victim’s neck, and she was gently suspended from a beam over the opening of the well, whilst her dear lord and master expatiated upon the enormity of her conduct. He then severed the silk cord with his sword, and the victim was precipitated to the bottom of the pit, and washed into the Jumna, to be torn to pieces and devoured by alligators. With this cheerful proceeding always in view, the life of a Rajah’s wife in those days could not be truthfully considered a ‘very happy one.’

There is no lack of mosquitoes in Agra, and although they are ‘as large as chickens,’ I would rather deal with them than the flies, of which there are myriads, and which, as tormentors, easily ‘take the first place.’ If you are fortunate enough to possess a decent head of hair, it becomes so wiry and dry, by reason of the terrific heat, that it is

in danger of blazing up at the slightest provocation, but if any kind of pomade or wash be used to soften the hair, it becomes at once a great source of attraction to the 'merry fly'; who does not forget to give you the full benefit of his attentions. Just sit down for a moment to write, and the fly will then be in his glory. He will first promenade your head and neck, then perambulate your ear, tickle, tickle, worry, worry! You make ineffectual attempts to drive him away, but his perseverance is remarkable, and certainly worthy of a better cause. Then he scampers over your hand (generally the one that holds the pen), and if you try to hit him, you are sure to miss, and in an instant he is back again on the same place. His audacity is marvellous, and his defiance of you irritating to a degree. He simply won't go away, but buzzes and stings when you are least expecting him. You get hotter and hotter, you say words in a foreign tongue which in your wildest dreams you otherwise would not think of using, you foam at the mouth, you writhe in agony, become furious, desperate, maddened, and in despair rush out of the place for the 'nowker' who with his flappers is the only person who can rid you of this tyrant. Whilst in India I suffered more discomfort from flies, than I did from tigers!

Now the mosquito is a cheerful and considerate soul, and you can argue with him. His attentions are generally shown at night, when he endeavours, with his sweet note, to lure you into slumber. But once you are properly ensconced within the mosquito curtains, you can hear the gentle creature humming

his sweet music, and defy him. You can lie on your bed, and make faces at him, secure in the knowledge that you are out of the reach of his poisonous dart.

If by any chance a mosquito should be found within the curtains before retiring to rest, you promptly stop four annas of your 'boy's' pay, and it will not occur again. The mosquito is considerate inasmuch as he alights gently upon that part of the body for which he has developed a liking, and departs, before you are aware of his presence or have discovered you have been wounded, thereby saving you the irritation and annoyance you sometimes experience at the hands, or rather the feet, of his friend the fly. When bitten by a mosquito, apply a drop of strong ammonia to the spot, and the effect will be magical. To prevent being bitten, smear the exposed parts of the body with vaseline, and though you may look like a human fly paper in the morning, well, no matter! Don't smear the vaseline too thickly, or you may catch bats!

## CHAPTER XII

BIDDING adieu to Agra, I duly arrived at Dholpur, where I was engaged by the Maharana to present my entertainment. I drove at once to the guest house, and found I had the same apartments allotted to me as were occupied by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in 1876. The heat was terrible, and it was impossible to leave the house in comfort until the sun had gone down, the slightest exertion being beyond endurance. After dinner, accompanied by my secretary, I drove to the Palace, about seven miles distant, and then gave a performance to the Maharana and his guests, the ladies being as usual in ‘purdah.’ My entertainment lasted about two hours, and after partaking of some refreshment, we returned in one of the Maharana’s carriages. When we had driven about half the distance a wheel came off, and we were bumped into the road and delayed rather more than an hour, searching for it. Eventually we were able to proceed and arrived at the guest house at 3 a.m. not much the worse for our accident.

The next morning, the Maharana sent a special messenger requesting me to attend at the Palace again that evening and give another entertainment before the Maharanee and the ladies of the zenana,

this time in the drawing-room without 'purdah.' This, I was given to understand, was an exceedingly great honour for an Indian prince to bestow upon me, inasmuch as no male person but the Maharana and his son is permitted to gaze upon the Maharanee and the other zenana ladies. I have never heard of a similar privilege having been accorded, and believe this to be the first time such a departure from the usual custom has been permitted. It was indeed a matter of great concern in the state, as it broke down all tradition. My secretary even, was not permitted to accompany me. Arriving at the Palace at 9 o'clock, I was kept sitting in the carriage near the entrance until 11-30. All the servants, retainers, and followers were out in the Palace grounds which were patrolled by soldiers armed with old rifles and bayonets fixed. It may be well to state that there was absolutely no danger as the rifles could not be discharged, having neither locks nor hammers!

Presently, thinking to stretch my legs, I alighted from the carriage, and strolled slowly across the square. I was passing a flight of stone steps leading from the terrace, when out of the shadow a huge tiger suddenly sprang at me. I never had such a shock in my life. My blood seemed to curdle, but fortunately for me the brute was chained, and I was just beyond the length of the chain, or I am afraid there would have been no 'show' that night. Later I discovered that there were usually two tigers, one chained on either side of the steps! Needless to say I lost no time in getting back to my carriage,

where it was some time before I recovered from the fright.

About an hour after this incident, I was conducted by an eunuch into the Palace. All the corridors and windows were closely screened with 'tatties' and all the blinds drawn, so that it was impossible to surreptitiously see within. I was shown into the drawing-room, which was about sixty feet long and forty feet wide, beautifully furnished in modern European style, quite a contrast to the gorgeous specimens of the very worst kind of decoration, often found in the Palaces of the native princes. Upon one of the walls, set out in glass cases, was a splendid collection of war medals of Great Britain and other nations, in which the Maharana takes a great pleasure. At one end of the room, the end nearest the door by which I had entered, was a large screen, placed there for my use, and at the other about fifty chairs placed in four semi-circular rows. Having made all my preparations, the Maharana entered, and enquired if I were ready to receive the ladies. I replied in the affirmative, he left and returned immediately with the Maharanee, to whom I was formally introduced. Her Highness was exceedingly handsome, and beautifully dressed in semi-European costume. She glittered from head to foot with diamonds, and ropes of pearls of fabulous value. She shook hands with me and was conducted to her seat by the Maharana. Then next came two little boys, or girls; I am not quite sure even now which they were. They were

handsomely dressed in embroidered silks, and were ablaze with diamonds, some of them of enormous size. Then followed all the ladies of the zenana, all magnificently attired, wearing a profusion of priceless jewels. His Highness introduced me separately to them as they entered the room. Some would not come near me, others approached me very timidly and hurried to their seats, I suppose they had never before seen a live wizard, and my own innate modesty must have been very conspicuous under such a trying ordeal. It was quite half an hour after I had commenced my performance before they had quite become reconciled to me, and had overcome their timidity. They appeared to take the lead from the Maharanee, who occasionally spoke some words of encouragement to them. At length their reserve was broken and occasionally they laughed quite heartily, and exhibited intense wonderment at the denouement of some of my tricks. The performance lasted nearly two hours, and they seemed to wish me to continue. In fact I had some difficulty in concluding as they became so demonstrative and evinced such childish delight. They were not satisfied until at last the Maharana promised a repetition of my entertainment the next evening. Her Highness thanked me through her husband for the amusement I had afforded and congratulating me most heartily, she shook hands and retired, followed by the remainder of the party. The Maharana desired me to come on the following evening, but unfortunately the Maharanee was taken sick with fever, necessitating

her removal to another part of the state, so that the second performance before the Zenana did not take place. Before leaving the state His Highness gave me some valuable presents, including a handsome ruby and pearl necklace for my wife.

The next day or two were spent with the Maharajah Patiala, whom I continued to instruct in legerdemain. I went on several fishing and shooting excursions with His Highness, who did all in his power to make my visit to Dholpur enjoyable. Also I must record my grateful thanks to His Highness the Kour Sahib of Patiala for his many kindnesses during my sojourn in his brother's State.

## CHAPTER XIII

HAVING a few days to spare previous to my re-appearance in Bombay, my secretary and I decided to break our journey at Gwalior; feeling it almost a matter of duty to visit that historic city.

The great fortress, situated on a mighty range of rocks 400 feet above the surrounding plain, stands out in bold relief, presenting a formidable appearance, and, viewed from the railway, is the most commanding feature in the landscape, everything around seeming, in comparison, to sink into insignificance. On arrival we found a dák bungalow situated in the station compound, and, with the limited accommodation at our disposal, made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. My experience of dak bungalows and rest houses is by no means small, but I am inclined to think that this was the very worst appointed, and afforded less comfort, than any I have been compelled to patronize during my travels in India. It had been allowed to fall into such a state of dilapidation that it was scarcely habitable. The poor miserable 'Khansamah' moped about the place like a shadow, and neither offered nor gave us any attention whatever; we simply walked in and took possession, and he left us to our own

devices. Food was out of the question, as far as he was concerned, but as my 'boy' always took the precaution to have a supply of biscuits and a whiskey peg on hand in case of an emergency, we refreshed ourselves with the best of our own commissariat department, before retiring for the night. The room I occupied was about ten feet square, with dirty whitewashed walls, in which there were holes on the floor level, communicating with the exterior of the hut. In places the plaster had come away, exposing patches of crumbling bricks, there were also several holes near the roof, which seemed to be inhabited by all kinds of creeping things. There was an opening where a door might have once been, but alas! there was no door. Perhaps that was an advantage, as the place swarmed with mosquitoes and squirrels that played hide and seek with each other in and out of the holes in the wall. These were no doubt provided as a source of amusement, in the event of the weary traveller not being able to sleep—a very probable contingency. In the middle of the room was a kind of skeleton bench, about three feet wide, from the frame of which was stretched a dirty canvas. Upon this my 'boy' placed my 'razai' and sheets, and so made up my bed. There was an apology for a 'punkah' in the shape of a dirty old rag, suspended in the middle of the room. My 'boy' procured from the station a poor wizened old bag of bones—whether man or woman I am not sure—who was to act as 'punkah wallah' for the night. I pitied the poor creature,

fated to squat outside all night pulling away at the knotted bit of old rope attached to the 'fly flapper' over the bed.

At length I retired, and enduring for some time the shrieks of the mosquitoes as they howled in my ears, and suffering intensely from the torments of their bites, I grew drowsy, the monotony of the swinging 'punkah' sending me to sleep. After a while I awoke in a fearful perspiration, the 'punkah' had stopped, and I concluded that the poor bit of humanity outside was settled comfortably in the arms of Morpheus. Suddenly the 'rag' began to sway violently backwards and forwards again, and I felt that every pull of the cord sent a cold draught of air over my body. A sudden chill is most dangerous, and I decided to take no more risk, so dismissed the poor wretch, and did without the 'punkah.' But sleep was then out of the question, so after enduring the torment of the mosquitoes a little while longer, I left this palatial bed-chamber, lighted a cheroot, and in my pyjamas strolled around the compound. I could find no signs of my distinguished secretary anywhere, and concluded he had gone to the railway station waiting-room in sheer desperation; but judge of my surprise when at daybreak I found him comfortably asleep in a long sleeve chair on the roof—and no bad judge—he always had a happy knack of finding out the best places, my own perspicacity in these matters being terribly at fault.

At six a.m., having obtained a pass from the office of the residency, we drove to the fort. At

the foot of the scarped precipice, we embarked on board an elephant, kindly provided by the Maharajah for the convenience of visitors, and commenced a circuitous journey up this precipitous mountain of sandstone. The path in some places was exceedingly narrow, and looking down from the back of the 'hathi' caused a sensation of dizziness which was far from pleasant. However the elephant was sure-footed—it was not the first time he had done the journey. About half-way up the path, we passed what we were told was the oldest temple in India, and I believed it. I was glad I had seen it, it was something to brag about. Cut out of the solid rock, it looked as though it would be an object of curiosity to travellers for many years after my head had finished aching.

We arrived at the flat-topped summit, and found a table-land nearly two miles long and about 2,000 feet wide in the broadest part. A rampart surrounds this venerable fortress, which is considered one of the most impregnable in India. Many a siege has it survived, and much of its power to resist attack is owing to the precipitous nature of the rock, and to its never-failing water supply.

On the summit, within the ramparts, there are six palaces, and many fine Jain and Hindu temples, the Sas Bahu perhaps being the finest. The gigantic rock-cut Jain sculptures, excavated in the steep cliff, are marvels of production, some of these coloured figures being sixty feet in height, the inscriptions notifying the fact that their formation dates back to A.D. 1440. An extensive view is

obtained from the summit of the rock, but the old town nestling in the shadow of this isolated cliff underneath the eastern haze is nothing but an accumulation of dirty old houses. The plains on all sides, brown and arid, stretch far away in the distance.

We left Gwalior by the mail at 11-30 a.m. and arrived at Bombay the next day at 4 p.m. I had made the acquaintance of so many friends on my previous visit that I found my time fully occupied, keeping tiffin and dinner engagements, but I gave a performance at the Yacht Club and one at the Bombay and the Byculla Club previous to my leaving for Baroda.

## CHAPTER XIV

WHEN I first visited Bombay, His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda was present at my initial performance. On its conclusion, he received me in the private room set apart in the theatre for the use of His Highness, and congratulated me, inviting me to pay a visit to his State, whenever an opportunity presented itself, which it soon did.

On my arrival I found a fine equipage awaiting me at the station, and I was at once driven to the guest house, where a suite of apartments were placed at my disposal. At the time of my arrival, His Highness, who is an ardent sportsman, had not yet returned from a shooting expedition, but I was enabled in the meantime to glean many interesting details concerning the city. Baroda has a population of about 120,000. There is a business-like air about the place, especially in the four principal streets.

The bold teak-fronted houses of these streets are chiefly occupied by bankers, merchants and wealthy natives, the Treasury and Government Offices. There are also plenty of good shops, where trade seemed brisk, and everybody appeared to be busily occupied. Many of the native and modern buildings are really very fine. Amongst these may be mentioned — The Lakohmi Palace, The College

State Library, and the new Palace Muckapura, all handsomely built structures and very imposing.

Baroda possesses a very fine public pleasure park, through which the river Vishramitri flows. On its banks, and also dotted about the park, are small pavilions and habitations for lions, tigers and other animals. In the centre of the park stands a magnificent museum in which His Highness the Gaekwar takes a great interest. Just outside the park gates is the Filkhama, or elephant stalls where may be seen between fifty and a hundred state elephants. These magnificent animals are nearly always on view and form one of the chief sights of the city.

After visiting the Nazar Bagh Palace, where the Regalia, valued at three millions sterling, may be inspected, a short drive brings one to the barracks, where the celebrated gold guns are on view. These are two field-pieces, weighing 280 lbs each, the carriages, ammunition wagons and all the fittings being made of the same precious metal. There is also a companion battery in solid silver. I am afraid these guns would be of little use in action, and could be placed to infinitely better purpose if converted into coin (a privilege possessed by Baroda) and the money applied to the educational projects in which the Gaekwar takes such a profound interest.

Elaborate preparation was made at the Lakshmi-vilasa Palace for the State performance I had the pleasure of giving before and under the distinguished patronage of His Highness The Maharajah Gaekwar Senakhaskhel Samsher Bahadur, family and guests.

At one end of the splendid Durbar Hall, a handsome stage had been erected and embellished with gorgeous decorations in the most lavish manner. Massive gold furniture dressed the stage and the whole building, lighted with electricity, formed a veritable Aladdin's Palace. The Gaekwar's full band played at intervals, under the direction of a European band-master. His Highness's family and suite were present, together with the ladies of the Zenana, who were, of course in 'purdah.' The Resident, and 250 ladies and gentlemen from the Cantonment, guests of His Highness, made up the audience. I was well received, and at the conclusion, warmly complimented by His Highness, and by the Resident and guests.

I was deeply pained at many of the sad sights I witnessed, in connection with the terrible famine, which was at its height during my brief stay in the city. At the same time, one could only admire the splendid efforts made, and precautions taken, to mitigate, as far as possible, the sufferings of the miserable victims of this terrible affliction. I think, in a great measure the poor had unconsciously themselves to blame for much of the pain they suffered, and for a great percentage of the mortality which followed, inasmuch as many who were suffering the pangs of hunger, and starvation, delayed coming into the City from the surrounding country and hills, in search of relief, until it was too late for the City authorities to successfully administer to their wants. They got past all help, and were so weak and emaciated when they did arrive and ate

so ravenously anything they could procure, that the food itself in many cases, caused fatal results. These poor people, on the very verge of death, swarmed into the City by thousands, and died in the streets and compounds. Women carried their dead children in their arms, moaning and almost screaming for help—a help it was sometimes fatal to render them. Railway passengers leaving the station, especially Europeans, were mobbed by scores of loathsome-looking skeletons, who shrieked and howled in the most unearthly manner, and with menaces craved assistance, almost using force in prosecuting their demands. The poor in the city, who were able to take food, received daily, stipulated rations, which were provided by the Gaekwar, and regulated by the police, by which means relief was served out by the officials. The water supply was supplied where most needed, and this tended, in a great measure, to mitigate suffering.

As the carts conveying straw and provender approached towards the city, they were guarded by men armed with long sticks, who marched on each side of the vehicles, and kept off, by beating if necessary, the howling hungry mob, and in the track of the carts these poor starving creatures, literally bags of bones, living skeletons, emaciated, maddened specimens of humanity, grovelled in the dust, and picked therefrom, with their tweezer-like claws, the minute pieces of straw which fell from the conveyances ; endeavouring thereby to satisfy their terrible cravings. As may be imagined, the spectacle was heartrending to a degree.

In connection with the famine, fine relief works were established where thousands of men, women, and children were employed in improving the City. Their labour was chiefly unskilled, mainly consisting of carrying baskets of earth and stones, levelling up broken ground and carrying material for the making of roads. By this means they were enabled to earn a few annas daily, enough to provide for their immediate wants. I drove round and inspected the works, and found those employed working cheerfully and with a will. The place presented an animated appearance, contrasting greatly with some other parts of the City where people were dying by hundreds daily.

Save for some of the painful incidents connected with the famine, my stay in Baroda was exceptionally pleasant and comfortable. The guest house, which was placed at my disposal, was pleasantly situated in an extensive compound, the grounds were prettily laid out, and high trees surrounded the house and hundreds of large grey monkeys with black faces and very long tails skipped about in the trees close to my windows. I was often amused watching their quaint antics.

In addition to my own 'boys' there was a full staff of servants to look after my comfort, and a carriage and pair of horses with coachman and syce always awaiting my orders.

On the evening of my departure, His Highness the Gaekwar did me the honour of coming to the railway station and seeing me off. The station was

carpeted and furnished with gilt chairs and a table upon which refreshments were provided. The mail steamed into the station, and His Highness shook hands with me and wished me 'bon voyage,' and so I concluded my visit to Baroda.

## CHAPTER XV

ONE day, at the hotel at which I was staying, the Kolar goldfields became the subject of conversation. Now I had never been to a goldfield, or seen a gold mine, and here might be an excellent opportunity, especially as I intended visiting Bangalore and Madras. I therefore put myself into communication with a firm at Kolar, who amongst other general business capacities, acted as music agents to the community. The result was that I received an invitation from Mr Hancock, the superintendent of the Mysore Gold mine, which I gladly accepted.

I arrived at Marikuppau, (Oorganin station), where I was met by Mr Hancock, who drove me to his bungalow, which I believe to be the finest in Southern India. My servants, baggage and general impedimenta followed on by bullock tonga. The bungalow, which stood at the top of the rising ground overlooking the gold fields was well built of stone, and was splendidly furnished in 'pukka' European style, being replete with every comfort. The air was perfect, with a delightfully cool and refreshing breeze, and what was equally satisfactory, there were no mosquitoes.

After bathing and dining, I retired to rest very early, and for the first time for many months slept in a proper bed covered with proper bedclothes. After breakfast we made a tour of inspection of all works, mills and offices of the Mysore Mine, which I understand to be the richest mine on the Fields, the following being the official returns for the month—8,200 tons of ore crushed yielded 12,514 ozs. of gold, 11,786 tons of tailings cyanided 1,676 ozs., and 2,793 tons of shines cyanided, 324 ozs. making a total yield of 14,515 ozs. of gold.

We descended a shaft 2,000 feet and saw the quartz being sent to the surface. We visited the mills, where Mr Hancock explained to me the process of crushing and washing the quartz, also the cyanide process of chemically extracting the remaining gold, after the quartz has been crushed and washed. Then we proceeded to the offices, where I saw a number of large ingots of solid gold, each as large as an ordinary brick, one of which I was informed would belong to me, if I could lift it with one hand. I must say at first glance, I had visions of taking one of the gold bricks home with me, but I was greatly surprised when attempting to lift it, to find it was quite beyond my strength to move it the least bit. I was, however, presented with a very large nugget nearly two inches square, which I ever afterwards treasured.

The next evening I gave a performance at the Dorgaum Theatre, which was packed, every seat being booked early in the day, many coming from

the other mines, which form part of the Kolar fields, to witness the entertainment.

I stayed three clear days, the perfect air refreshing me greatly. During my stay Mr Hancock was exceedingly hospitable, and did all in his power to make me as comfortable as was possible. When the time came for me to depart he drove me to the station and bade me 'au revoir.' The train, like myself, was somewhat reluctant to depart. It made several attempts, and shunted backwards and forwards in the most erratic manner, but eventually one attempt appeared to be more successful than the rest, and it got fairly under weigh. At that moment a man came running up and just missed the tail of the train, as the platform came to an end. Another ten yards of platform and he would have caught it. I was quite sorry for him. I sympathised with him, as that was the only train of the day, but he did not seem to take it much to heart. He simply trotted along the track after the train, and as it ran into Champion Station two miles distant, quietly stepped on board. He knew that train!

In due course I arrived at Bangalore, one of the most attractive cities of India, a lovely spot 2,300 feet above sea level. Its climate is extremely healthy, and much appreciated by Europeans, who regard it as a kind of health resort. It is pastoral, well cultivated, and has fine parks and compounds in which are neat residences. Beyond this there is not much to see, except plenty of churches of every denomination. The Cantonment is the largest in

the south of India, the natives speak Tamil, but a greater number of natives speak English in Bangalore than in any other city in India.

Here I gave two performances in the 'Cubbon rooms' which adjoin the hotel, under the patronage of the resident, Colonel Robertson, the charming theatre being filled on each occasion.

Five o'clock next morning saw us off to the train again en route for Madras. What a lovely country we passed through! The foliage was so green, and seemed so much more typical of India while the country had a more cultivated appearance than any other part of India I had seen. The narrow valleys have pretty little cascades, and nestling on the hill-sides are beautiful little evergreen woods, dotted here and there with masses of red and yellow blossoms, the grassy slopes being covered with endless varieties of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants. On we went through the Ghats, the train, with the steam shut off, rushing down the mountain by its own impetus, for all the world like making a journey on a switchback. For thirty-one miles the train wound round twists and curves, through beautiful foliage and charming peeps of scenery, like a gigantic snake, until eventually we arrived at Pernambur. Here we were examined by the plague medical officials, and had to take out passports. Many Indian natives have little knowledge of the actual date of their birth, or birth-place, and if asked to state their age, can rarely do so with any degree of accuracy. In many cases they plainly say they do not know. My 'boy' was standing at the

passport table, and the official Baboo questioned him :—

‘What is your name?—Jairham Jugga.’

‘What are you?—Bearer.’

‘How old are you? Feefty.’

‘Who’s your Sahib? Charles Bertram.’

‘How old is he? Seventy-four.’

I had no idea I was such a patriarch!

## CHAPTER XVI

WE arrived in Madras, and drove to the Buckingham Hotel, where I was comfortable, except that the heat was very trying after the delightfully cool air of Bangalore and the Kolar fields. I had a room on the first floor of the hotel, overlooking a compound full of palm trees. From my balcony I could amuse myself by watching the natives climb the trees for 'toddy.' It is remarkable how quickly they run up the trees, with the aid only of a loop of rope about nine feet long. In the distance the men look like the toy monkeys which climb a string, the movements being very much the same, as the two hands move together alternately and then the two feet.

Out of curiosity I sent my 'boy' to fetch me some 'toddy,' which I was anxious to taste. It suggested to me a mixture of bad cyder and rotten eggs. I nearly vomited, and came to the conclusion that if that was the drink of the country, I should be a strict teetotaler.

During the next day, which was Sunday, a native conjuror performed several tricks on the verandah of the hotel. In his repertoire he included the Mango trick, and performed it very badly, but

a younger man performed some marvellously clever balancing tricks, with which I was very pleased.

I gave two performances at the Victoria Hall, under the patronage of His Excellency the



Going to Market

Governor Lord Havelock. The Government House party were present on the first night and I scored a great success.

There are some fine buildings in Madras. The new High Court buildings form a handsome pile, and are surrounded by a tower containing the latest improvements in lighting, in lieu of the old lighthouse which formerly stood upon the esplanade. The Marine, the fashionable drive and promenade, is a little over two miles long southward from the fort. Towards the evening, the drive is thronged with English carriages, and crowds of Europeans and well-dressed Indians congregate around the band-stand, enjoying the music and taking the fresh air.

One of the finest clubs in India is the Madras Club, in the Mount Road, another is the Adyar Club, which stands in a beautiful park, through which the river Adyar flows ; it is about four miles out of Madras, and is exceedingly fashionable. I had the pleasure of giving a performance here, which was attended by the élite of Madras.

The Madras coast is often visited by terrific storms. At these periods the surf breaks at a distance of four miles from the shore, and comes in with great violence. Even in fine weather, a heavy surf is always prevalent. The native fishermen, however, seem to be able to overcome the difficulties presented, by the skilful use of the 'catamaran' or native boat, peculiar to the Coromandel coast. This is merely a raft constructed of three rough logs of wood, placed side by side, and lashed firmly together. The centre log is a little lower than the two outer ones, which turn up slightly at each end. This arrangement

forms a hollow or depression, sufficient to hold the basket in which the fish is conveyed to shore. The 'catamaran' is propelled by means of a paddle, the native generally standing upright on the logs. When some distance out, they seem to be walking on the sea. On returning from work, the fisherman paddles towards the shore until he reaches the beginning of the surf; nearer and nearer each swell carries the frail craft, until when quite close, the native jumps into the surf, and pushes his 'catamaran' on to the beach. He then unlashes the three logs, and scatters them on the sand. These logs lie about in hundreds looking like the remnants of a wreck cast up by the sea. They do not seem to be owned by any one in particular, but appear to be there for the general use of the fishermen, who ply their calling in this vicinity.

The ever-present 'murgi' or chicken forms a staple article of food for the European or sahib. Do what one will, one cannot get away from the 'murgi.' At 'hazri,' 'tiffin' or 'burra Khana' the 'murgi,' is sure to be there—'murgi' roasted, 'murgi' stewed, 'murgi' minced, 'murgi' curried, hashed or in pie, rissoles or smothered up with almonds or raisins and called 'pillace.' One cannot lose it by any chance. Its dry, dusty, brown, shrivelled up carcase is to be found cold at all the refreshment rooms on the railways, and is served up on all possible occasions. I must say that when I see a native doing a quarter mile sprint around a compound, after a tall, long-legged, skinny fowl, a fowl as tall as a turkey and which lays

an egg the size of a pigeon's egg, I always feel inclined to back the bird! I know exactly what is going to happen. The poor wretch is grabbed, its head laid on a block and with one chop of a heavy knife is decapitated. The body is thrown upon the ground, where for a few minutes it jumps about convulsively and it is plucked almost alive, and cooked before the flesh has been allowed to set, being served up immediately. One cannot obliterate from one's mind the sight of that poor bird with its ostrich-like run, trying to escape its executioner. The thought of it is not conducive to increasing one's appetite, but these things have to be, in India.

## CHAPTER XVII

LEAVING Madras, and journeying southward I was much struck with the green and cultivated appearance of this part of Southern India, also of the almost entire absence of that brown and arid appearance of the country, which is such a marked feature of the Punjab and Deccan. The style and architecture of the temples differ from those of the more northern portions of India, a new interest is created, and one feels that there is something more still to see. Quaint figures of horses, in a kind of terra cotta, are dotted about the fields, and under the shades of little clumps of trees, semi-circles of these horses are seen, the heads all turned inwards to the centre.

I arrived at Trichinopoli and found that I should have to take up my quarters in a portion of the building over the offices of the railway station. My 'boy' Jairham Jugga (nice name) with the aid of the ever present coolie transferred my baggage from the platform of the very fine station to the roof thereof, passing along a parapet which overlooked the track ; and it was finally deposited in a small chamber, which was to serve as my hotel. I had to make arrangements with the 'Khausumah' of the refreshment rooms to supply me with my meals. My enquiries were then directed to discover the

locality of the hall in which I was to present my entertainment. I came across an official who was the perfection of courtesy, but who, in the end, made me pay pretty dearly for the kindness! He offered to personally direct me, and walked me about a mile up the railway line, struck across some fields, and eventually brought me to a very fine club house, where I found a convenient stage, and every appearance of doing good business. The official seemed to be '*persona grata*' with everybody, his word there seemed to be looked upon as law, and all in my interest, he kindly offered to sell tickets for me, as he said everybody applied to him for them. He also supplied check-takers and offered to lend me a table and two chairs to dress the stage. Similarly he freely ordered refreshments, ostensibly for me, but really for himself and friends—I had the honour of paying. In the most persuasive manner, he asked as a favour, and as he said, in return for the kindness he had shown me (modest) that his wife and family might be allowed to come to the entertainment free. For that night I consented. The performance took place, and the house was full; prices rs. 3, 2, 1. At the finish, my friend suggested that we should return to the station before we settled up, he could then make me out a statement he said. As I was leaving for Tutcorin the next day, I asked him to let me have a settlement early next morning. He said he had to collect some of the money. As I thought this reasonable, I could not object to the delay. I waited and waited, and although I kept seeing him,

I could get no settlement, but he was still very nice, and so eulogistic about my performance, flattering me all he knew how. At last he came out with a 'crasher.' His little daughter was going to have a Xmas tree and would I subscribe something towards it. As an inducement for him to settle with my account of the previous evening, I subscribed rupees five towards the object named. He said that under the circumstances, he thought I should have given him at least ten rupees ; Mr X. gave that amount when he asked ! I did not quite see why I should be influenced by anything Mr X. did, but, not liking to be behind anyone else and hoping to get a settlement, I agreed to give him ten rupees. He then said to save me trouble he would get my ticket for me, and as he said the account was made up, I had better give him the money, for the tickets : I did so and he deducted the ten rupees for his little girl's Xmas tree out of the change, so as not to complicate the accounts. The train came into the station and he went to get the statement and cash. Just before the train started he handed me an envelope containing an account and some cash, and hoped I would find it correct. What I did find was that the people in the two rupee seats were his family and friends—he must have been a popular man—I had consented to their going in free (according to his account they were all his friends). I also discovered that the hall-keeper and his friends made up another dozen or so, and that all the railway employees off duty were there, but, very little money. After deducting

hire of furniture, hire of check-takers (for which he charged double the usual charge,) amount for refreshments for me, himself and friends, during the performance (although I had none) his own salary for his services, a big commission on the few tickets he sold, I found that my profit was the magnificent sum of six rupees, out of which was my Christmas tree contribution with four rupees added.

On my way to Puddakkotai, I returned to Trichinopoly, and took the opportunity of again seeing the gentleman. I will not say exactly what I said to him, but I hoped his little girl's Christmas tree was a success! He was still smiling and happy ; he was the most plausible wheedler I have ever encountered.

The most striking feature of Trichinopoly is the great Rock. It stands 273 feet above the streets, and is crowned with a large Fort. It is extremely picturesque and is conspicuous from almost every point of view.

The town itself is cleaner than the average towns of India, and has a total population of 85,000.

Before leaving Trichinopoly I was entertained to dinner at the Mess of the Madras Pioneers. The officers were exceedingly hospitable, and I had the pleasure of their company until the small hours in the morning.

## CHAPTER XVIII

THE next morning at 4.30 I started on my journey to Puddakkotai, having received a very pressing invitation from the Rajah of that State. He sent his agent to Trichinopoli to make arrangements for our journey, and a dak was laid for us. The distance to the town being thirty-nine miles, a victoria was provided for me by the agent, and a change of horses made every twelve miles. I was accompanied by my faithful Jairham Jugga. My luggage preceded us by twelve hours, and was conveyed by 'bullock ghari.'

The first six miles of our journey was by star-light, and what a star-light! Great blinking stars, innumerable luminous bodies, each seeming to have its own perspective in the heavens, and resembling small electric lights studding the clear dark blue firmament. The air was deliciously cool, and I almost regretted the approach of day. Presently the day broke, and there at dawn in the solitude of the plains, we passed a party of native Roman Catholic nuns, tramping silently along a narrow pathway a little off the road. There was nothing to indicate from whence they came; they seemed to have suddenly sprung up from out of the plain. Farther on, we overtook another party, and turning



round a slight bend in the road, we came to a large clump of trees, surrounded by a wall. Here through a small gate, a third party of nuns were slowly filing, no doubt to a small church, hidden away in the seclusion of the foliage, where they would perform their matutinal prayers, and exercise their holy calling with a patience and resignation it was impossible to do otherwise than admire.

A few miles further on, a 'syce' was waiting under a shed by the roadside, with a change of horses for us. Here we partook of some refreshments, and continued the journey. The drive was very pleasant and interesting. We passed through quaint native villages, through small woods and copses, and at some of these points I stopped the carriage, and wandered a little way from the road, and found small temples buried away in the glades, and in the circular patches of clearing, where some of the natives performed their 'paja' (prayers). I also discovered some of the semi-circular groups of idols, in the form of horses, made out of a substance resembling terra-cotta. The heads of these were all placed one way, looking inwards, and were most curious, I could not resist taking a few photographs of these strange weird groups, one of which is here produced.

Coming within about three miles of Puddakkotai, we passed through a rocky ravine, with huge boulders of rock and stone lying about. The road opening out on to the plain again, we could see the town lying before us, and a handsome state carriage and pair of horses, with a mounted military escort,



waiting our arrival. With this equipage, I made my entry into Puddakkotai, and was driven to the guest house, a very handsome European building, furnished in European style. After a bath, the luxury of which can be thoroughly appreciated after having performed a forty-mile journey by road, and partaking of a good meal, I drove to the Palace to



Terra Cotta Horses at Puddakkotai

pay my respects to His Highness, whom I found to be a charming man and who spoke English fluently ; incidentally I learned that he had been in England on several occasions. A carriage was always at my disposal, and I was much interested in my drives through and about the town, which I found extremely neat and clean. Some of the small houses

were prettily whitened, others were decorated with blue and red distemper, and here and there the walls were whitened, and in gaudy colours, figures of soldiers and elephants were painted thereon. There were also several very fine European buildings that one hardly expected to find in such an out-of-the-way sort of place.

The people in the town looked extremely prosperous, as natives go, and all seemed happy and contented. The Maharajao takes the greatest interest in the welfare of the community, paying particular attention to the sanitary arrangements of the town, and doing all in his power to raise the 'status' of his people, by providing them with good schools, libraries, gymnasia, and other forms of education.

I gave a State performance in the library, His Highness and Zenana being present, the audience consisting entirely of natives.

I stayed with His Highness for three days, and on taking my departure he made me some handsome presents. As before the State carriage and escort was requisitioned and I was driven to the point three miles out of the town, where the dak carriage was in waiting for me, and took me back to Trichinopoli by similar stages, as on the outward journey.

## CHAPTER XIX

I HAVE endeavoured to speak as briefly as possible of most of the cities of India I visited while making my professional tour, but there were some places in my itinerary, in which, beyond seeing the usual temples, tombs and objects of local importance, no incident happened with which I was personally connected, that would be of interest to my readers. Therefore I have omitted the mention of these cities in the preceding chapters. But before concluding this brief record of my wanderings in this vast country of unsolved problems, there is a subject, which has been a matter of great controversy, and upon which I feel it incumbent upon me to relate my experiences, and express my opinion professionally. I refer to the Indian Juggler, or Jadu wallah, who for centuries has held a pre-eminent position as an exponent of the art of magic, and who has gained for himself, or perhaps it would be more truthful to say, has had built up for him, a reputation of being a wonder-worker, able to perform feats and miracles, bordering on the supernatural, and possessing wonderful powers, known only to himself and to his predecessors. Whence comes this marvellous, world-wide reputation? Not surely from any extraordinary

excellence he possesses over other conjurors of the world, or that he has any knowledge of supernatural or diabolical agency, other than the operations of the ordinary powers and forces of nature.

My friend Kellar, the American Magician, one of the finest exponents of the mystic art, and whose opinion I value against any other in the world, speaking of Indian Jugglers, says 'the ability of the entire fraternity is beneath contempt.' Taking them as a body, I heartily concur in this view, and here place it unmistakably on record, that I consider the Hindoo Juggler a greatly over-rated personage, around whom a fictitious glory has been cast, for what purpose it is difficult to imagine.

Most of the wonderful feats, and miraculous impossibilities, with which these jugglers are accredited, and of which one so often reads are simply emanations from the fertile brains of travellers, and have no real existence.

How many persons (not being conjurors) who have witnessed the 'Mango trick' being performed, could give an accurate description of what they really saw? Take twenty accounts of the trick, and they will all differ materially; some essential point will be omitted, or something will be greatly exaggerated, to say nothing of the embellishments which will be added to the story that never occurred at all. Ten out of a dozen will say 'the juggler came into the compound, and on 'our own' verandah, where there could not have possibly been any previous preparation made. In a handful of earth

he planted a mango seed, or stone, which we had all previously examined. He then sprinkled some water on the earth, and the seed commenced to grow, until it was about eight inches in height. This he watered repeatedly until eventually it became a full grown Mango tree, upon which the fruit was growing. These the juggler plucked, and gave us to taste.' Not a word about covering the seed, or earth, with a basket or a piece of cloth (*Kopre*). Thus the idea is conveyed that the plant was actually seen to be growing. Ask these persons if the plant was not covered in some way and they will invariably answer 'No, I think not; No! We saw it growing there before our eyes.' That is what nine or ten out of a dozen will say. Now this is what really happens:

The Juggler either places some earth on the ground, or in a small tin can (the can is the usual method) over the tin, he erects a skeleton frame, made of four bamboo sticks and around this he places a piece of coarse muslin material, enclosing three sides of the tent, the far side from the audience being left open. The muslin is raised in the front, and the Mango stone is ostentatiously imbedded in the earth, the pot being profusely sprinkled with water. The juggler then discovers, as if by accident, that it is possible to see through the muslin, and decides to cover the tent again with a thicker cloth. This done, he takes his 'Chatty' or water pot to the back of the tent, ostensibly to water it still more; but he really removes the stone from the earth, and inserts

another stone, in which a small sprig of mango leaves is tightly wedged. He then proceeds with a few trivial tricks, with which he endeavours to amuse his audience, and if possible to collect some rupees; this being his best opportunity. After a little time has elapsed, the cloths are raised in the front, and in the can, the sprig of mango leaves is seen apparently growing. Sometimes the tin



Mango Tree Trick

is taken bodily out of the tent and shown. Should any person be incredulous and ask to see the stone, the sprig is pulled out of the tin and attached to it the stone is seen, covered with mud. The tin is replaced in the tent, from the front, the cloths pulled down, and the plant watered again, through the back opening of the tent, giving the juggler the opportunity to take from the folds of the first

muslin cloth, a wet rag, containing a larger sprig of mango leaves, about two feet in height, to which is attached another stone, in a similar manner to the stone fixed to the first sprig. This larger sprig which sometimes has fruit wired on to it, is shaken out well and substituted for the sprig already in the tin, and it is constantly being watered, which gives the sprig of leaves a fresh appearance, when finally produced. It also gives an opportunity for the juggler to potter about with his hands under cover of the tent. He then goes on with a few other small tricks, and collects more money if possible, and as a denouement, and conclusion to his performance, lifts the cloths from the front and discloses the large sprig under the tent. Now he might be asked to leave the supposed tree, or give it to one of the audience. This however would expose his method considerably. To prevent any such contretemps, he replaces the tree in the tent, and suggests that he should make it grow larger still, so as to fill the tent completely. He goes behind and pretends to water it once more, but really takes both sprigs away, rolls them up tightly in the wet rag, and secretes the bundle in the folds of one end of the muslin cloth. The audience naturally get anxious to see the full-grown tree, so the juggler takes the thick cloth off first, and then it is seen through the muslin cover that nothing is under the tent, but the tin can, empty, except for the earth in it. Everything has disappeared. He folds up the frame work of the tent and wraps the sticks in the two cloths, which also contain the two

sprigs of Mango plant and says 'Salaam' and goes away to some secluded spot, there to prepare the sprigs for the next audience. It is a clever and pretty trick, when worked well, but there is nothing about it at all miraculous, nor anything but what can be accomplished by perfectly natural means by a skilful conjuror. But when one reads some explanations travellers give of the manner the trick is performed, it is nothing short of an insult to one's common sense.

Let me now quote a report of the manner the trick was performed, as seen by Tavernier in Guzerat, and given in *Lives of Celebrated Travellers*, vol. I., p. 183-184, one of the reports which have helped to build up the Indian Juggler's fictitious reputation. (The remark in the bracket is my own).

'They next took a small piece of wood, and having planted it in the earth, demanded of one of the bystanders what fruit they should cause it to produce. The company replied that they wished to see 'mangoes' (of course they would). One of the Jugglers then wrapped himself in a sheet, and crouched down to the earth several times in succession.'

Tavernier, whom all this diablerie delighted exceedingly, ascended to the window of an upper chamber, for the purpose of beholding more distinctly the whole proceedings of the magician : (that is he went away at the very critical moment) and through a rent in the sheet saw him cut himself under the arms with a razor and rub the piece of wood with his blood. Every time he rose from his

crouching position, the bit of wood grew visibly, and at the third time branches and buds sprang out. The tree, which had now attained the height of five or six feet (higher than the man himself, mark) was next covered with leaves, and then with flowers. At this instant an English clergyman arrived (the performance taking place at the house of one of our countrymen) and perceiving in what practices the jugglers were engaged, commanded them instantly to desist, threatening the whole of the Europeans present with exclusion from the holy Communion if they persisted in encouraging the diabolical arts of sorcerers and magicians. (Now please mark the conclusion.) The zeal of this hot-headed son of the Church put a stop to the exhibition, and prevented our traveller from beholding the crowning miracle.

How is it possible for anyone to write such balderdash, or expect persons to believe that the agency of the juggler's blood had anything whatever to do with the sprouting of the stick. It is on a par with a theory advanced by an American writer that the rapidity of the growth of the 'mango plant' in these cases was due to the use of a fertilizer composed of the bodies of crushed ants.

These are samples of the descriptions of Hindoo Magic, which travellers, in days gone by, have supplied to Europeans, and which have, in a measure, built up for the jugglers the fame and renown they now possess.

## CHAPTER XX

ANOTHER trick which has a world-wide notoriety is the 'rope trick'; in which the performer casts a rope into the air, where it remains fixed and rigid, unsupported by any physical means. A fellow juggler then runs up the rope, and disappears at the top. He is pursued by a third juggler, armed with a sword, who in turn vanishes into space. In the course of a few moments limbs fall, and the whole of the body, hacked to pieces, comes to the ground. The juggler armed with the sword, then comes down the rope again to the earth, the pieces of the body are collected and placed in a basket, where they are re-united, and the body is restored to life. There are persons who have actually told me they have seen this 'impossibility' performed in the manner I have here described. One person in Lahore entered into quite a long controversy with me upon the subject. In some letters by him, to the *Civil and Military Gazette*, he repeated his assurance, that he had seen the trick so performed, and supported his statement by saying that he endeavoured to take a photograph of what happened, but the camera failed to disclose anything, and gave no results whatever. He therefore falls back upon the very general statement that the whole audience,

numbering about sixty persons, were hypnotised, an opinion I have often heard expressed by persons claiming to have witnessed this marvel.

Now I believe that I am correct in saying it is an impossibility to hypnotise such a number of persons at one time, in such a manner as to prevent them from being able to see, or from knowing what was taking place around them, and surely the person who related to me what he saw happen, could not ask me to believe that he himself was hypnotised, for if he were, how was he able to work the camera. This is another of the gentlemen helping to build up the juggler's fictitious reputation. He referred the case to and asked for an opinion from Mr Maskelyne, and was grievously offended because Mr Maskelyne suggested that probably he had been dining. Mr Kellar says that 'writers who say they have seen such impossible feats performed must have had their brains steeped in "hasheesh."'

Exaggerated accounts of these 'impossibilities,' written by celebrated travellers, are as plentiful as blackberries. Here is a narrative which will take a lot of beating. The writer is careful to state, 'in my presence' thus vouching for the accuracy of what he saw. 'They produced a chain fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up, and, reaching the other end, disappeared in the air. In the same manner

a hog, a panther, a lion and a tiger were successively sent up the chain and all disappeared at the upper end.' (I am surprised an elephant was not included in the category). 'At last they took down the chain, and put it into a bag, no one ever discerning in what way the animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner described.' I should think not indeed; surely the traveller must have been the De Rougemont of the period. Again he writes :

'They were furnished with a bow and about fifty steel pointed arrows. One of the men took the bow and shooting an arrow into the air, the shaft stood fixed at a considerable height, he shot a second arrow which flew straight to the first, to which it became attached, and so with every one of the remaining arrows to the last of all, which striking the sheaf suspended in the air, the whole immediately broke asunder, and came at once to the earth.' This I think is 'drawing the long bow' with a vengeance.

I was particularly anxious to have this matter of the 'rope trick' cleared up in my own mind, but in all my wanderings, in every part of India, I never even once heard of a juggler who could perform this wonderful feat. I witnessed the performances of one hundred and six of the most celebrated conjurors, provided by the native Princes with whom I sojourned, but none of them laid any claim to being able to perform it, and when they were questioned upon the subject, disclaimed any idea of ever having seen, and in many cases, having

heard of it. I had the pleasure of meeting Lord Lonsdale in India, and he offered ten thousand pounds to any juggler who could perform the 'Rope' feat, which with my own modest five hundred pounds added, did not succeed in drawing forth an exhibition of the miracle.

In Bombay, Calcutta, and some of the other large cities, there are native conjurors who affect European evening dress, and perform at 'at homes' and garden parties, etc. Upon enquiring of them, if they had seen the 'Rope trick' performed, they all replied in the negative; and were unanimous in assuring me that no such trick had ever been performed, and only existed in the imaginations of a few travellers. With this evidence, I think this wonderful feat may be numbered with the mysteries of Aladdin's Palace, Prince Ahmed's wonderful carpet, and a few other fancy tales enumerated in *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

The 'basket trick' forms part of nearly every juggler's repertoire, but very few perform it really well, or in its entirety, that is, cause the child to actually disappear from the basket, so that the basket may be examined by the audience and found empty. When the 'trick' is properly performed, the child actually leaves the basket by grasping a strap around the juggler's waist, and passing between the juggler's legs, his movements being covered by the large cloth which the juggler uses for covering the basket. In this case the child must be very carefully trained, or the trick might come to a premature conclusion. Another

method of performing the trick is to place four sticks, about five feet in height in the ground, around the basket, and after the 'boy' has been placed in it, a long cloth is wound around the four sticks, when the extremity of the loose end, touches the edge of the crowd of spectators, whom it is generally contrived to get placed in a semi-circle. The boy runs swiftly along the cloth and disappears through the legs of a confederate, to mingle with the crowd, or to reappear in some pre-arranged manner or place. When cleverly executed, this is one of the best tricks the jugglers perform, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when the trick is shown the boy never leaves the basket at all. The basket is of a peculiar construction, the bottom, or floor of it being much larger than the opening or mouth at the top. The boy kneels inside, his back protruding a little through the mouth of the basket, to convey the idea that it is only just possible for the basket to hold him, a cloth is then placed over all, a species of incantation takes place to the accompaniment of the pipes and tom-tom, the performers gesticulating wildly, and creating a great hub-bub. Suddenly one of the number, as if in a paroxysm of rage, plunges the sword through the basket, agonising cries are heard, and the sword is withdrawn apparently dripping with blood. The basket lid sinks, and all is still. The performer places his hand under the cloth and removes the basket lid, and jumps into the basket to prove that it is perfectly empty. The cloth, sinking with his weight, covers up the boy, who lies motionless,

curled around the inside bottom edge. The cries are sometimes produced ventriloquially, and the semblance of blood is obtained by squeezing a sponge saturated with red liquid, which runs down the blade from the hilt of the sword. As the basket cannot be shown empty, a *raison d'être* for the re-appearance of the boy is necessary, so the performer goes through the pantomime of catching the boy again in the air by means of the cloth, and re-placing him in the basket. This is such a weak ending to what would otherwise be a good trick, that it rarely succeeds in causing very much astonishment.

These exponents of the magic art, invariably work in groups of four or five, although occasionally a man may be found working alone, or assisted only by a small boy. They squat upon the ground, and are able to produce, vanish or substitute one article for another with comparative ease, amidst the bundle of rags, large blankets and other impedimenta with which they are usually surrounded. In some of the smaller tricks they occasionally show a degree of neatness in execution, although many of the tricks are quite of an elementary order. They possess a suasive and artful manner, and an ability to divert the attention of their audience at the critical moment most dexterously, either by making some sudden exclamation, or making a din with the pipes and tom-tom. Sometimes they feign in a ~~most~~ realistic manner to quarrel with each other, and during the supposed altercation the trick is accomplished.

The trick with three little wooden cups and the rag or pith balls, is perhaps the best sleight of hand trick they perform, although the method adopted by them savours too much of the 'handy pandy, which hand will you have' style. They do not seem to adopt any special sequence in performing the trick ; it is rather more a game of guessing by the audience, under which cups the balls are to be found. This develops sometimes into a small wager being made, invariably ending in favour of the juggler.



## CHAPTER XXI

OF all the native conjurors whose performances I have witnessed a man named Hussain Bux of Cawnpore was, I think, the most clever; he does not work in company with other jugglers, but is assisted only by a boy, I believe to be his son.

Hussain Bux performed the Mango tree trick exceedingly well, and permitted me to take photographs of it in the various stages.

He also performed a very effective little trick in which he produced about twenty Java sparrows from under a small basket. It was one of the prettiest tricks I had witnessed, although the manner in which it was accomplished was obvious to the veriest tyro in magic. Another experiment he performed was rather startling in a way, but was not of such a pleasing nature as the trick with the Java sparrows. He unwound a ball of cotton, and cut off a piece about six feet in length. One end he placed in his mouth, the other end was held by the boy. At a signal from the juggler the boy released his end, and the whole of the cotton flew into the juggler's mouth and disappeared. He made grimaces suggestive of swallowing it, and requested the loan of my penknife. Opening the large blade he made a rapid movement as though

he intended to cut his throat. The boy as suddenly grasped his hand and persuaded him to desist, which he did for a moment, but springing away from the boy's grasp, seemingly plunged the knife with great force into his stomach, and shrieked as if he endured the greatest pain. He then raised the thin muslin shirt he was wearing, showing his 'dhoti' slightly stained with blood, and placing his finger and thumb underneath the top edge of his 'dhoti' pulled the piece of cotton out to a distance of about four feet, and lowering the edge of his 'dhoti' one could plainly see the cotton coming out of a hole in the man's flesh. Of course the effect was produced by means of a seton in the skin, with a second piece of cotton secreted under the edge of the man's 'dhoti.' This was anything but a drawing-room trick for a European conjuror to exhibit, but when performed by a native would be quite permissible.

Many of the tricks one sees in India are worked by means of a hair attached to one of the juggler's toes, and as the natural position of a native is to sit squatted upon the ground, his feet are hidden from view, and are used to pull the hair when necessary. The trick in which a small china duck, which is floating on the surface of some muddy water appears to dive when commanded to do so, is performed by means of one end of a hair attached to the duck, and the other end fixed to the performer's toe, the hair passing through a small hole pierced in the bottom of the tin containing the water. When the native pulls the hair with his toe, the duck of course

goes to the bottom, re-appearing on the surface when the tension on the hair is released. The walking rupee is worked upon the same principle. A rupee is borrowed and placed on the ground about two feet from the performer, who secretly attaches a hair to the coin by means of a small piece of wax. Between the rupee and himself, the juggler stands the outer shell of a small match-box on end across the hair. The wily native asks if he may have the rupee if he can make it knock down the match-box without touching either with his hands, nineteen times out of twenty the lender of the rupee gives his consent. The juggler then plays his pipe to the rupee, and talks a lot of jargon to it, as if to enchant it, thus heightening the effect of the trick. Suddenly, whilst both his hands are engaged playing on the pipe, the juggler jerks his toe, the rupee jumps towards him and knocks down the box in transit. With profound 'salaams' the cunning old 'fakir' bags the rupee, and goes on with another trick.

Apart from the mango and basket tricks, most of their 'sleights' are very elementary. The old schoolboy trick of cutting and restoring a piece of string, is often shown, the variation being that a long piece of turban 'Kapse' is substituted in place of the string. The ring on the stick is another which is often found in their repertoire, the old device of a second ring sewn in one corner of a handkerchief being adopted.

The repertoire of the ordinary juggler contains such minor tricks as 'the sand which is thrown

into a bowl of water, and taken out by handfuls perfectly dry.' 'Various coloured powders swallowed, and each colour blown out dry from the mouth, in any order requested.' Also the trick of 'apparently swallowing a number of needles, reproducing them from the mouth threaded upon a strand of silk or cotton.' And no 'jadu wallah' would consider his programme complete unless he could change stones or rupees into mice and scorpions, with which he startles the European 'mem-sahibs' who patronise his entertainments. Many of the 'fraternity' eschew tricks of the legerdemain or mystic order, and affect only those appertaining to jugglery, pure and simple. I saw a man in Madras, who balanced and spun several eggs upon a frail arrangement of straws, in the most dexterous manner, the whole time keeping spinning two bamboo rings, eight inches in diameter, one on each great toe, each ring revolving in an opposite direction. There is a tendency now amongst the native jugglers of India to emulate European conjurors, and it is not at all unusual to see them using a pack of English playing cards, with which they attempt the simplest of illusions. But in imitating the European conjurors, the Indian juggler is quite unable to stand up and give his performance openly before his audience, it is absolutely essential for him to be squatting upon the ground, surrounded by heaps of old rags, blankets and other lumber, only under cover of which can he successfully perform his tricks.

Personally I enjoy seeing a good native magician ; and, from a professional point of view, admire the artfulness and dexterity with which he deceives his audience ; but I think I have said enough to dispel any idea latent in the minds of any persons that the jugglers of India possess the supernatural powers with which they have been accredited, or that they can even vie with the twentieth century European or American conjurors in their up-to-date modern miracles and deceptions.

I arrived at Tuticorin at 9-5 a.m., and stayed there three days previous to leaving for Ceylon. I had been fortunate in meeting a clergyman who travelled from Trichinopoly with me, and he most kindly gave me an introduction to one of the managers of the British India Steamship Company ; upon whom I called. He received and treated me in the most hospitable manner, introducing me to the Club, and giving me an invitation to stay at his house until I left for Ceylon. Needless to say I gladly availed myself of his great kindness ; I was doubly grateful, inasmuch as the public accommodation for travellers in Tuticorin is of the poorest and most meagre description. The place itself is not attractive, but as a sea-port town is very thriving, and is the port at which travellers, desirous of reaching Ceylon from Southern India, embark for Colombo.

The excellent boats of the British India Company leave weekly, the distance to Colombo being 150 miles, the time occupied in making the journey being sixteen hours. The anchorage for the

steamers at Tuticorin is five miles from the shore, and passengers are conveyed to British India boats in steam launches.

The place has been famous for its pearl fisheries, which were known to the Romans and are spoken of by Pliny. They are now a Government monopoly, but the fisheries produce very few pearl oysters at present, and show no profit, although the chank shells produce a revenue of about £3,000 annually. The jetty in front of the town is chiefly used for loading the small schooners plying between India and Ceylon. At the time I was in Tuticorin, the cattle for the consumption of the Boer prisoners, who were in Ceylon, were loaded from this jetty, the extra work entailed taxing to the utmost extreme the labour resources of the Port.

One morning I was watching the unceremonious manner in which the cattle were being slung on board and packed like sardines in the small sailing boats alongside the jetty, when a herd at the top end of the pier stampeded, and I had to run for my life. There was nothing at the sides of the pier to prevent one from being pushed into the water. On came the herd, thundering along and sweeping the natives into the sea, I just managed to get through the gates at the shore end in time, not an instant too soon, I slammed the gates, and a native, seeing the danger, had the good sense to barricade the gates with a baulk of timber, one end of which he placed against a railway truck, jamming the other end at the jointure of the two gates, an idea which 'could only emanate from a well balanced brain.'

Many cattle fell into the sea, but the natives in charge are very adept in rescuing them ; they dive in immediately and in a most skilful manner guide the frightened animals ashore.

I was anxious to get away to Ceylon, cholera having broken out lately in Tuticorin, so I gave one performance at the Club, under the auspices of the British India Company's officials, which was most successful.

I left the next day, but found that I should experience some difficulty with the quarantine officials over my servant 'Jairham Jugga,' who being a native was not allowed to travel except with a permit ; as he had never been away from me, and had lived at the manager's house with me, (his invitation having been extended to my servant,) I knew in my own mind that there was no necessity to put Jairham in quarantine, but it was imperative for him to be with me in Ceylon as I could not possibly get on without him. So I dressed him up as a 'swell' in his stage clothes, and taking a first class passage for him, quietly gave out that he was a Rajah travelling for pleasure. And so we reached Colombo.

Then the formalities of inspection by the plague officials concluded, I found myself on board the S. S. *Pantakotta*, bound for Burmah, the country of all others I had always wished to visit. There were twenty saloon passengers on board in addition to myself, the second class accommodation being appropriated by thirty-three artillerymen *en route* for Rangoon. We sailed at 6 p.m. and, after dinner

and a cigar on deck, it was not long before I retired for the night.

The next evening I was induced to give an entertainment on deck, which had the effect of bringing the company more into touch with each other, so much so indeed, that on the following evening the ladies organised a concert to which the



I visit the Boer Camp in Ceylon

'Tommies' were invited, and most of the company took part. One 'Tommy' cheered us by singing twenty-eight verses of a song, without music, entitled 'A young Irish soldier sentenced to death.' I have not yet made up my mind as to whether or not it was a humorous song. Nevertheless the concert was a great success and the soldiers chaired the

Captain, who had very generously provided them with a supper and free drinks.

In the early morning of the 5th day (this sounds Biblical) we entered the Irrawaddy. The sun was just rising, casting its rosy light on the river banks, and illuminating the golden dome of the immense Shway Dagon Pagoda, which stood out in bold relief against the sky. At six o'clock the pilot came on board, and seeing me immediately said 'How do you do, Mr Bertram. The last time I saw you was in Liverpool four years ago,'; which once more goes to show in what a small world we live!

As we steamed slowly up the river, two dead elephants floated past us, and on shore, we could plainly see the live ones 'piling teak.' We passed the quarantine inspection, and landed at 11 o'clock, after which I soon got settled comfortably at the Strand Hotel.

The feeling I experienced upon first landing in Rangoon, was one of complete surprise. It presented the greatest contrast to any other place I had yet seen, and the thought seemed to flit through my mind 'Now this really is a foreign country.' The Burmese, with their merry indolent natures in their bright silks have no counterparts in Hindustan. They are not subjected to 'caste' influences, and their women are not secluded. On the contrary, they take great pride in showing themselves arrayed in their dainty costumes, and are seen in the streets and public places, wearing the most brilliantly coloured silks and bedecked in the showiest of imitation jewellery.

I could not resist visiting, at the earliest possible moment, that venerable pile, the great Shway Dagon Pagoda, the finest and most generally visited place of worship in Indo-China, and certainly one of the most wonderful sights of the world. From a distance, it resembles a huge pinnacle of gold, and on drawing nearer its grandeur is most impressive.



Major Regan and Executioner at Rangoon Gaol

I entered by the southern steps, at the foot of which are two gigantic leogryptis, and was immediately pestered by children to accept posies for which of course they expected to receive 'backsheesh.' Next a Burman, quite unsolicited, began conducting me up a great flight of very slippery stone steps much worn by the constant tramp of the worshippers, who daily crowd the Pagoda. The steps passed through

a kind of bazaar of small shops ranged up on either side, where pretty perky, smiling Burmese girls vended incense-sticks, artificial flowers, gold-leaf and a thousand and one other small articles, purchased by the worshippers, as offerings with which to propitiate their gods. The effect of passing up this tunnel-like entrance was weird in the extreme. Barefooted ‘pongyis’ (priests) clad in yellow toga-like vestments flitted past, whilst the peculiar smell of incense pervading the place, and the occasional single stroke on a gong, all seemed to increase the uncanny effect. It is almost futile to attempt to describe the wonderful scene from the upper terrace upon which the pagoda stands, with a circumference of 1,335 feet and rising to a height of 370 feet above the flagged space with which it is surrounded. Words convey but a feeble description of the four chapels situated at the east of the pagoda, or of the hundreds of temples, Gautamas, large and small, Buddhas, altars, bells, small pagodas, offerings, flowers, burning tapers, candles, and incense which are seen on all sides. A large bell, said to weigh forty-two tons, is suspended in one corner and is sounded by striking it with one of the large baulks of timber which lie around it. Thousands of worshippers kneel or prostrate themselves on the flag stones all day long. They come and go, an endless stream of old and young, of both sexes, continually praying, moaning and supplicating. The place is never deserted. The worshipper may be heard, intoning his devout aspirations, long after midnight! What a people! What a sight!

On festivals; and days of rejoicing the merry crowd of happy, laughing holiday-makers which congregates at the pagoda, dressed in their best, and carrying prayer-flags, flowers and offerings of every description, is one of the most extraordinary sights it is possible to behold.

## CHAPTER XXII

THE lamented death of our beloved Queen Victoria came as a crushing blow to the British Empire in every part of the world, but nowhere could there have been exhibited greater tributes of love, sorrow and sincere regret, than those of the residents of Burma, both British and Native. When the sad intelligence arrived, that our revered Sovereign had passed away, a sudden gloom appeared to come over the place. Every house of business was closed, and trade came to a standstill. Even in the native quarters, the same touching evidence of regard and grief was manifest. Thousands of natives assembled in the public park, and sat quietly, and with the deepest reverence, around the statue of her late Majesty, and there discussed the sad and mournful news of the death of their Great White Mother. I had engaged the Jubilee Hall in Rangoon, and other halls in Moulmein and Mandalay, and had 'billed' these towns and advertised my performances very extensively in all the Burmah newspapers. Everything had to be cancelled and for five weeks I could do absolutely nothing, but visit the places of interest in the neighbourhood.

In the company of my friend Major Regan, I

drove to the Rangoon Central Prison, and made an inspection of the gaol. The prison is splendidly laid out, all the buildings, exercising and work yards, radiating to a centre upon which is erected a high watch-tower, commanding a view of the whole prison area. Passing through the massive gates, we saw the Bertillon system of measuring criminals for the purpose of identification, and also the taking of finger prints with a similar object. We went through the printing works, from which a large amount of the Government printing is turned out and also the type-foundry. Here a number of prisoners were at work, some, wearing a tuft of hair on their shaven heads, signifying that they were undergoing life sentences, were walking about the foundry carrying large ladles of molten lead. There were also cocoa-nut fibre works, carpenters, chair-makers, silversmiths, gardeners and many other callings, at which the prisoners were engaged. In the execution yard a large scaffold is erected and several nearly nude muscular Burmans were practising the art of 'flogging,' thrashing a large leather cushion or pad fixed on a tripod, using a long bamboo cane about three quarters of an inch in diameter and five and a half feet long. Some poor wretches who had been flogged, were lying in their cells, upon their stomachs, in a most helpless condition, laboriously picking oakum, their backs quite raw from recent punishment. The cells have iron railings instead of closed doors, so that it is quite possible to see into the interiors. Two prisoners were sitting on their haunches, the palms

of their hands close together as if in prayer, their faces pressed against the bars, staring vacantly into



Murderer awaiting execution at Rangoon Jail

space. They were two murderers, awaiting execution on the following day !

At the time appointed for the mid-day meal, the prisoners leave their various occupations, and file out perfectly nude, their arms outstretched above their heads, to prove that they have no dangerous weapons concealed about them. They pass along outside the kitchen wall, at the bottom of which there are several holes each about a foot square. Through these apertures, tin dishes are pushed from the inside, containing the meals prepared according to the usage of the various religions and castes of the prisoners. Each convict picks up his platter, and passes through a gate into another bare yard, where they squat on the ground and consume their food. The tops of the high walls have three rows of loose bricks piled upon them in an open-work pattern, a prisoner attempting to escape, would cause the bricks to fall clattering about his head, thus raising an alarm.

In the gaol, which is looked upon as quite a model, there were at the time of my visit, 2513 prisoners.

Another morning I went to Messrs Macgregor's timber yards and mills to see the elephants at work. I have always felt that elephants in a circus standing on their heads, have a degraded appearance. They look foolish and undignified as though conscious of their inability to pose as successful humourists, but when these sagacious creatures are seen at useful work, there is a quiet dignity in the way they go about their tasks, which is the admiration of all who visit them.

They generally work in couples, and stack the immense piles of teak with great exactitude; an

elephant with his trunk coiled up will push at one end of a log 35 feet long and weighing three tons, and guide it along the iron plated floors of the yard, in and out of the avenues of stacked-wood, avoiding all obstacles, until he brings it to its destination. A second elephant will then assist, and the two will lift the enormous log to the top of the pile. It is said that they even close one eye, and glance along the log, completing their work with final touches of the trunk and tusks to ensure a nicety of adjustment. In the mills they also do excellent work, lifting huge rough tree logs, placing them in position on the circular-saw platforms, and guiding the mass of wood towards the twirling saw, which cuts from the bulk large strips of superfluous timber. These are quickly removed and cleared away from the saw-shed by other elephants. The saving of manual labour and machinery is prodigious, and the value of their uncomplaining services cannot be overestimated.

On 26th January 1901 His Majesty King Edward VII was proclaimed Emperor of India, the ceremony, which was not at all imposing, taking place in front of the Town Hall. A few persons were provided with seats on the temporary platform, a company of soldiers lined up in the road facing the Hall, and several carriages appeared upon the scene, without any particular demonstration. The proclamation was read by the Lieutenant Governor's secretary, three cheers were called for the new King, with feeble response, the Union Jack was hoisted whilst the band played a few bars of

the National Anthem, and the soldiers immediately marched away. The whole ceremony did not occupy more than ten minutes.

On the following Sunday I attended the funeral service for Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, at the Cathedral. It was very beautiful and impressive, the Bishop himself officiating.

I visited the Zoological Gardens, but only saw a few skinny disconsolate-looking monkeys, a miserable bear, a couple of jackals and an elephant, who looked leprous behind the ears, for which he was awarded the high-sounding title 'Sacred White Elephant.'

One night I accepted an invitation to dine at a friend's house, and apparently swallowed half-a-dozen knives and forks, much to the dismay of the native butler who promptly gathered up all the remaining cutlery and hurried out of the room shouting, 'He a devil man,' 'He a devil man!' After dinner I volunteered to show my friend's dear little daughter a few tricks. The native butler returned to the room, and I commenced extracting eggs from impossible places, to his utter astonishment. Finally I pulled a chicken from under his jacket and scared him so much that he fled from the bungalow in terror. Next morning he came to his master and said, 'I cannot attend next time that "devil gentleman" coming. What, Sir! my wife, my children, all making frighten, Sir. No, I good servant, doing plenty work, master, missis, but please give leave next time that master coming this house. I very frightened that gentleman, sir, so

master please giving leave. When that "devil master" not here, then I come and do plenty work for master.'

Although I was unable to give entertainments at Mandalay owing to the national mourning, I did not lose the opportunity of paying a visit to this 'royal town.'

Leaving Rangoon at 5 p.m., we journeyed through miles of 'paddy-fields' and stretches of brushwood and reedy vegetation, passing pagodas by hundreds, 'Oh! land of pagodas and paddy-fields green.' At night huge fires of rice-stubble were burning by the railroad-side, the ashes being utilised as a fertilising substance in the ensuing season. The frontier into Upper Burma was crossed in the early morning after which the scenery greatly improved. High rocky hills stretched far away in the distance. Pagodas, shrines, tombs, many crumbling away in utter decay, rose up picturesquely from the shrubs and small jungle-growth on every side.

Arriving at the far-famed city I drove to Fort Dufferin, in the centre of which is King Thebaw's Palace, now the headquarters of the Upper Burma Club, where being an honorary member I stayed during my sojourn in 'Kipling's City,' for nine-tenths of the world have heard of Mandalay through Kipling's poem. One of its most curious sights is an enclosure, half a mile square, in which 450 pagodas were built by King Thebaw's uncle. They are all alike and side by side with a large temple of the usual form, in the centre, the whole being indeed a remarkable piece of work. Beyond

this, I saw nothing outside the Fort that attracted my attention, or interested me one little bit, and it is the dirtiest town I have ever had the misfortune to 'strike.'



Figure at gate of Anacan Pagoda, Mandalay

Inside the Fort, the Palace is much as it was in King Thebaw's time. The Throne room is used as a reading-room by the club members, although it is still open to the public, and many Burmese

families, out for a picnic, gaze awe-stricken at the ginger-bread looking old throne, and meander reverently through the out-buildings of the old Palace.

I occupied the room in which Queen Soupiala is said to have murdered her Maid of Honour, but the departed was quite at rest, and her wraith did not interfere with my slumbers. King Thebaw, I am told, had a fairly rough time, having married three sisters, who were also his own sisters. One of them named Soupiala not only ruled Thebaw, but everybody else also.

On one occasion, whilst seated on the platform in the throne room or audience chamber, where the people prostrated themselves before her, without daring even to raise their eyes in the direction of the throne, Soupiala chanced to glance in the direction of the anti-chamber and observed a Maid of Honour, of whom she was jealous, making sidelong glances at the King, her brother and husband. She immediately rose and running down the steps into the anti-chamber, snatched a dah from the hand of an attendant, and struck at her maid, who, putting up her hand, received the blow, amputating her hand some inches above the wrist. The girl fled in terror to the door, which is still marked with blood stains on the panelling. Thence through the crowd of prostrate people in the audience chamber, to her own room in an out-building, where she was followed by the infuriated Soupiala who hacked her to pieces.

I took train one afternoon to Shauzu, and at the

Arrakan Pagoda, witnessed a most interesting Burmese festival. It is known as a 'payagyi' in which the burning of a 'hpongyi' or Burmese priest forms the principal feature. The dead priest in whose honour this festival was held, was a man greatly venerated and esteemed, and held a high ecclesiastical office, corresponding to that of a



Maid of Honour's room, where I slept, and where lady  
was killed at Mandalay

bishop in the Christian Church. The good gentleman had been dead twelve months, since which time his body had been carefully preserved in honey awaiting this joyful day. This honey is eagerly sought after by the natives, who buy and eat it with relish. A notice that 'HPONGHYI HONEY' is on sale is often seen in the bazaars. It is supposed that since death the Saint has been overcoming evil

spirits, one only remaining unconquered. This, the most terrible, will, they believe, be vanquished on the day of the 'payagyи,' when the priest will become purified and enter into the holy state to which all true 'hpóngyis' aspire. The body was burned upon a huge, fancifully decorated pyre, the ceremony causing great rejoicing, thousands coming great distances to join in the general happiness. These festivals extend over four or five days, and take the form of a huge fair. Booths of every description are erected, at which food-stuffs, sweets, toys, gold leaf and flowers, together with a great number of other offerings may be purchased. A curious feature is two rows of booths, each half a mile in length, devoted entirely to gambling, a vice to which the Burman is decidedly prone. Their method of play is strongly reminiscent of roulette. Into the top of a small tower, a marble or small ball is placed, which passing through a spiral channel, runs out at the base on to a circular board, and settles in one of the many red or green indentations. A red and green cloth about 12 feet long is stretched from the board along the ground, and sitting on both sides are persons of all ages, backing for pice and rupees, the colour in which, in their opinion, the ball will fall and receiving in the event of winning an equivalent to the amount staked. Judging by the thousands thus occupied it appeared to be a most popular form of amusement.

Under gaudily painted 'Shamianas,' dancing, to the accompaniment of the curious Burmese

music, was indulged in, the 'shamianas' being surrounded by thousands of onlookers, whilst marionette and other shows were exhibited from immense cars mounted on wheels, which were occasionally dragged by hundreds of men to the different parts of the fair ground. These cars were in the form of pagodas, boats and hideous-looking figures of huge dimensions, with mechanically moving heads, eyes and limbs, profusely decorated with tinsel, glass and paint.

Another feature which caused great delight to the easily pleased crowds, was an elephant one hundred feet in height, constructed of paper on a bamboo framework. The trunk was made to move in most life-like manner being worked from the inside by means of some mechanical device.

Towards the end of the last day of the fair, after the people have satiated themselves with the various forms of amusement provided, the crowning event, the burning of the body, takes place. This is performed to the accompaniment of musical instruments, clashing of cymbals, gong and tom-toms, the firing of guns and the explosion of myriads of crackers and fireworks. Then amid the shrieks and acclamation of the people, and much general horse-play, during which the corpse itself sometimes comes into rough usage, the body is finally consigned to the flames. It is almost impossible to describe the brilliancy of the scene during the daytime, the lustrous colours of the native costumes, the glittering glass and tinsel decorations of the cars, the gorgeously painted and decorated hideous figures,

resplendent with gold leaf and tinsel, sparkling in the sun. These intermingled with the yellow robes of the 'hpongyis,' the flowers and the brightly painted umbrellas, are dazzling in the extreme, whilst rising majestically over all this brilliant collection of colour is the splendid Arrakan Pagoda, a mass of gold from its pinnacle to its base, completing a scene of exquisite beauty.

On my return I arrived at Shanzu Station in time for the train due at 4-35, but the native station clerk informed me that they usually looked for it at 8 o'clock. Rather than wait nearly four hours, I decided to walk and found that 'the road to Mandalay' was the dustiest, dirtiest and most noisome I had ever experienced. The filthy ditches by the road-side, the loathsome looking cabins, huts or whatever they might be designated —pigsties would be palaces in comparison to some of them—I really think that our friend Rudyard Kipling must have taken some other road, if he ever went there at all, but—however—my bath was very acceptable when I did arrive at the Club, where a well-served dinner and a game at billiards restored my equanimity and I retired to the 'haunted chamber.'

## CHAPTER XXIII

EARLY next morning I left for Rangoon, where I spent two days before leaving for Penang.

The excitement and alarm I experienced when leaving Rangoon will ever be indelibly impressed upon my mind. I have had many hairbreadth 'scapes and 'moving accidents by flood and field' but never felt quite so near my end, as I did when in a 'sampan' on the Irrawaddy. The ship which was to take me to Penang was timed to leave Rangoon at 7 a.m. sharp, so at 5 a.m. I went down to the little riverside landing stage, accompanied by my 'boy' Jairham Jugga. It was pitch dark and the light of a lantern flitting about here and there served to make the darkness more pronounced. I chartered a 'sampan' in which all our belongings were stowed, and directed the boatman to take us to the S.S. *Nevasa*. He said he knew the ship, and we started on the journey, the boatman standing gondola fashion, and using a pair of sculls. He struggled up the river against a perfect torrent of tide, and when nearly exhausted arrived at the wrong vessel! We then drifted back simply at the mercy of the current, the boatman pulling his hardest, I expected every moment the poor wretch would drop from exhaustion as he battled unavail-

ingly against the tide. Presently we were drawn into a kind of eddy, and away we went sucked close under the propeller of a vessel, where we nearly capsized. Horrible thoughts of alligators flashed through my mind, and by nothing short of a miracle we were freed again, and shot down, and across the river obliquely to where the current was less powerful. We then crept back up stream hugging the shore, over and under ropes, by which barges were moored to the river bank. At length, quite suddenly it seemed, the morning broke, and we saw a vessel move from her moorings and steam slowly down stream. I felt sure it was the *Nevasa* and as missing it would cost me at least five hundred pounds, my anxiety and excitement may be imagined. I told the boatman to go down stream as hard as he could pull and we went flying along, when shouts from another vessel attracted our attention, 'Ere yer are sir, 'ere yer are sir,' was the greeting, and I recognised my friend the Captain of the *Nevasa*. After repeated attempts a rope was thrown to us, and after considerable difficulty, I got safely aboard, having made a solemn resolution never to go in a 'sampan' again; a futile vow as will be seen hereafter! The *Nevasa* left precisely at 7 o'clock, but the wretched thing only went across the bar to Hastings, to take in cargo, and did not start on the voyage to Penang until 4-45 p.m.! I was the only saloon passenger, but we shipped a great number of coolies and Chinamen, 3,000 tons of rice, eight lions, three tigers, six bears, twenty horses, a number of goats

and an elephant, all hoisted on board by means of a steam crane. Several horses kicked and struggled so violently that they fell into the sea, and were rescued with great difficulty. The elephant was swung on board, and the moment he touched the deck commenced to run 'amok,' causing a stampede amongst the crew, and some time elapsed before he was finally secured.

There is nothing to chronicle of this short voyage, but after three clear days' sail we anchored off Penang, where I found that I had to risk a 'sampan' journey to the shore. I drove in a rickshaw to the Eastern Oriental Hotel, close to the sea front, where I was exceedingly comfortable. It was blazing hot, the glare of the white roads being almost blinding.

Penang is a pretty place, the town being laid out on the American plan. The inhabitants are principally Chinese, and Chinese shops, Chinese joss houses, abound everywhere. The rich drive about in the smartest of European carriages, with the finest horses, their women folk being handsomely dressed, and wearing thousands of pounds worth of diamonds, pearls and other jewels. The Chinaman is a shrewd business man, monopolising the greater part of the trade of the city, and living in the most palatial houses in Penang and its suburbs.

The town is flanked with hills 3,300 feet high, at the foot of which fine botanical gardens are situated, and a waterfall not unlike the Powerscourt fall in Ireland on a smaller scale. On the summit is the Crag Hotel, to which patrons are conveyed in

chairs, and which is much frequented as a bracing resort.

I did fairly good business in Penang, and sailed for Singapore on 16th February on board the Dutch boat the *Maha Vajirunhis*. There were fourteen saloon passengers, including two missionaries, who ‘improved the shining hour’ by selling foreign stamps to the other passengers. Here I made my first acquaintance with a Dutch wife. This statement, at first blush, perhaps requires a little explanation. A Dutch wife is a long hard pillow, five or six feet in length, and twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. When in bed, it is cuddled between the arms and legs to allow the air to circulate around the limbs, a very necessary precaution in these hot climates.

The food on board was, to me, novel and curious; and I cannot say I relished it. Still it was Hobson’s choice, so I did my best.

The approach to Singapore was exceedingly pretty as we steamed through hundreds of small islands, here and there a single palm tree standing up out of the sea quite by itself. The beautiful entrance to the harbour, through a narrow channel was picturesque in the extreme. The high precipitous hills on either side were luxuriant with vegetation, and dotted with elegant private mansions.

Once more I had to risk the journey ashore in a ‘sampan.’ This time it was exceedingly rough, and seemed a little dangerous, but intimacy with danger perhaps made me callous, and we landed in safety.



Cingalese Chiefs

It was the Chinese New Year, and a general holiday was observed in consequence. All the places of business were closed, the post office included. I drove around the Chinese quarter which is extensive, and looks most prosperous. The streets, shops and houses were draped in the gaudiest coloured silks, red, blue and yellow predominating. Enormous Chinese lanterns, each large enough to hold a person, helped to decorate the place, in honour of the festive season. New Year is a time of great rejoicing, the Chinese making it a custom to exchange presents with each other; at midnight on the last day of the old year, large quantities of crackers and fireworks were exploded, guns discharged, and high carnival held by all classes.

The smartest club is the Singapore, and numbers amongst its members the leading merchants, bankers and officials of the place. The Tanglin Club and the German Club each boast a large membership and are both installed in handsome premises.

My entertainments at the Town Hall were well patronised, the Governor Sir F. Swettenham and suite being present on my opening night, and the performances proved a financial success, which after all is the most important consideration.

I visited the splendid Botanical gardens of which Singapore deservedly boasts, and after a week in Singapore, I left for Hong-Kong, on board the P. & O. S.S. *Plassy*, this voyage being the maiden trip of that splendid steamer. We experienced very rough weather, but the last day of the voyage being much smoother, the ladies were 'en evidence'



Devil Dancers

and I gave a performance in the evening, after which a collection, realising a considerable sum, was made on behalf of that admirable charity, the Royal Alfred Institution. We reached Hong-Kong at 7 p.m., and anchored in the harbour for the night. Viewed from the ship after dark, Hong-Kong presents a most fairy-like appearance, the lights of the town and in the houses, which stretch far away to the top of the peak, having a most charming effect.

The next morning we assembled for medical inspection after which we went ashore. I stayed at the Hong-Kong Hotel, where I was made as comfortable as I could possibly wish to be.

Hong-Kong, an important British possession, is an island  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and from two to five miles broad. It has an area of 29 square miles, and a total population of a trifle over 297,000, of which between seven and eight thousand are Europeans or Americans. It has also a floating population of Chinese numbering 32,000, living in sampans and harbour-boats. Victoria City, generally spoken of as Hong-Kong, is situated on the north coast of the island, and has a frontage of four miles. The broadest part of the city is the central portion, which is about half a mile across, whilst the eastern and western portions vary from two to three hundred yards. It is built in three terraces, upon the mountain slope, which rises to the height of 1,825 feet above the sea. The 'Praya' or Esplanade is devoted to shipping, docks and harbour works. Crossing the Queen's Road, the most important

commercial street in Hong-Kong, the second terrace is reached and there the Government House, Cathedral and other public buildings are found, amid clumps of palms, beautifully laid out gardens, luxuriant in verdure and rich semi-tropical vegetation. The upper layer is known as the 'Peak' and is reached by means of a convenient cable-tramway. Its highest point has a signalling station built upon it for the benefit of vessels entering or leaving the harbour. There is also a very fine hotel on the summit, and in the neighbourhood, stretching down the mountain side, to the second stratum, many private houses, villa residences and bungalows, belonging to the wealthy residents, are situated.

From the Peak, on a clear day, a magnificent panoramic view of the harbour crowded with warships and merchantmen of every nation, is obtained ; on one occasion I counted as many as thirty-eight men-of-war lying at anchorage.

A 'rickshaw ride of about two miles, eastward past the barracks, and the Happy Valley is reached. Here, surrounded by hills, upon a beautiful level plain, which constitutes the 'Valley,' the lovely race course is situated. During race week, which is usually at the end of February, or the beginning of March, it is quite a gala time in Hong-Kong. The streets are policed by Indian Sepoys and Sikhs, who have great control, and keep the motley crowds in good order.

The Hong-Kong club, very conveniently located on the esplanade and overlooking the harbour, is one

of the finest clubs in the far East. I had the privilege of honorary membership, and was pleased to be able to avail myself of the Club's hospitality. The German Club has also fine premises admirably suited to the requirements of its large membership.

The streets of Hong-Kong, especially towards the western portion, simply swarm with human beings—a motley heterogeneous mass, representing nearly every country on the face of the globe. Hindoos, Sikhs, Malays, Jews, Parsees, Cingalese and Mahometans, jostle each other in the streets and market places, whilst the ubiquitous 'British Jack Tar' saunters leisurely through the crowded thoroughfares, smoking his cigar in stately magnificence, as unconcernedly as if he were promenading the Whitechapel Road. The Chinaman, of course, predominates, and the sameness of facial expression is remarkable. Except for disparity of ages, they are as like as 'peas in a pod'—indeed monotonously alike. I believe their only means of identity is their small individual peculiarities. I heard a Chinaman when speaking of another, distinguish him as being the man with a 'chop-dollar' face, meaning that the man was marked with the small-pox. The origin of this expression, comes from a custom of certain firms marking the genuine dollars which pass through their hands, with a small punch mark, of Chinese characters signifying the name of the firm; a guarantee that the coins are not counterfeit.

I gave a series of performances at the Theatre Royal, City Hall, which were excellently patronised;

or as one of the Chinese ushers was careful to explain to me ‘Every man plenty too much come magic man’s pidgin.’ The Chinaman’s pidgin English sounds very curious to those unaccustomed to hear it. It is fairly expressive though enigmatical. I asked a Chinaman why the sampans or native boats always had a large eye painted on either side of the bow, he replied, ‘No got eye no can see ; if no can see how can walkey walkey.’

On one occasion a servant-man desired to know how I liked my breakfast eggs cooked. Upon my telling him to fry them, his ready answer came in one unbroken breath, ‘No can fly em ; fly em spoil em ; boil em can do.’ The following is a small vocabulary of useful words in pidgin English.

<i>chop chop</i>	quickly	<i>maskee</i>	no matter
<i>chop</i>	mark	<i>topside</i>	higher up(upstairs)
<i>man-man</i>	stop	<i>joss</i>	religion
<i>spill’um</i>	damaged	<i>savvy</i>	understand
<i>my</i>	me	<i>chow chow</i>	food
<i>pidgin</i>	business	<i>pieces</i>	thing, article
<i>side</i>	place, home	<i>catch</i>	fetch, carry, get, buy
<i>talkee</i>	said	<i>bobbely</i>	disturbance, noise
<i>how-fashion</i> which way, or how <i>chin-chin</i> a greeting.			

Four verses of our old friend ‘Excelsior’ in pidgin English will give a fair idea of how it is put into practice.

#### EXCELSIOR—(TOPSIDE HI-YAH)

That nightee time begin chop-chop,  
 One young man walkee—no can stop  
 Maskee snow, maskee ice,  
 He cally flag with chop so nice. —Topside Hi-yah !

He too muchee solly one piece eye  
Look—see sharp—so! all same my,  
He talkee largey, talkee stlong,  
Too muchee culio, all same gong. —Topside Hi-yah!

Inside that house he look—see light,  
And evely loom got fire so blight,  
He look—see plenty ice more high,  
Inside he mouth he plenty cly. —Topside Hi-yah!

Old man talkee—‘No can walk’  
‘By’mby lain come—welly dark,  
‘Hab got water welly wide.’  
‘Maskee! my wantchee go topside.—Topside Hi-yah!’

Business is generally transacted between natives and foreigners in this jargon, the Chinese readily acquiring a superficial knowledge of English, sufficient to render themselves intelligible.

I walked along the Praya one evening at sunset, and was astonished to see the immense number of people living in the sampans and harbour-boats. Also the great number of children of tender ages, practically unattended, and in many cases, themselves taking care of the boats. It was a matter of great wonderment to me that the little ones did not more often tumble into the sea, for they ran about the boats, and climbed from one to another in the most daring manner. As the sun went down great quantities of crackers were exploded on the boats, and women with large sheets of burning paper, trailed the fire along the gunwales, waved the lighted paper around the bow and stern, and licked every part of the boat with the flame, presumably to drive away the evil spirits. In addition to their idols, before which joss-sticks and odoriferous

woods are kept burning, on many of the boats ancestors' bones are actually preserved, underneath the decks. How this floating population manage to provide food for themselves and their families is a marvel. It would indeed be impossible but for their sober habits and the extreme cheapness of their daily food.

Hong-Kong possesses a fine market where the natives purchase every variety of food stuff excellent in quality and moderate in price. Among the Chinese delicacies on sale will be found owls, hawks, edible bird's nests for soup, dog, cat, horse-flesh, ducks and eggs varying from one to two years old, green with age. Milk, butter, or cheese is rarely seen, but curious fish are on the stalls; with many tit-bits toothsome to the Chinese taste, but loathsome to the European.

The news of my success at the theatre soon spread, and I was in request both at the Chinese Theatre, and at the Tea-gardens in the happy Valley. My fame also reached as far as Canton, and I received an invitation from the British residents to pay them a visit, an entertainment being arranged to take place at the Sha-mien Club Theatre. Accompanied by the 'rajah travelling for pleasure' I left Hong-Kong at 7 a.m. on board the *Ho-ram* a very comfortable little steamer, which arrived at Canton at 4 p.m. I put up at the Victoria Hotel, and at 9 p.m. gave my entertainment.

## CHAPTER XXIV

THE next day, being provided by the secretary with a guide, chairs and bearers, I took with me a basket containing tiffin and some whisky and cigars - it being impossible to procure these things in the native city—and went upon my tour of inspection. The city area, enclosed by the walls, has a circumference of about six miles. There are twelve gates, besides two water gates which permit boats to enter the enclosed area, and to pass across the city. We entered by the South Gate, nearest the Pearl river, and found the streets long and straight, but very narrow, there being only just room for a palanquin chair to be carried through. The shops meet overhead, and it is only occasionally possible to get a glimpse of the sky between the houses. These shops contain productions from every quarter of the globe, the merchants being civil, diligent and persevering in their business, and, as a class, most honourable in their transactions. The Chinaman indeed is an expert man of business, and his integrity undoubted. His word is his bond, and if he makes an error in judgment, or his bargain does not quite come up to expectations, he does not grumble, but says 'maskee' (no matter) and tries to profit by the experience thus gained. My bearers

dumped my chair down upon the execution ground, a dirty, muddy open space about 40 feet by 80 feet, surrounded by tumble-down dilapidated houses and sheds. Against the crumbling walls huge pots were stacked containing human remains. Heaps of loathsome garbage, broken pots and filth of the most revolting description, were strewn about, and here and there portions of the body of a man who had



Hacked to pieces, Canton

been sentenced to be hacked to pieces were lying about the ground. The old man, who appeared to be in charge of the place, raked over some dirty matting and produced therefrom a horrible-looking head, which he offered me for inspection, which needless to say I declined.

The streets of Canton are mostly paved and are much cleaner than the generality of Chinese cities. The usual open ditches of filth are, of course, in

evidence, and on three outer sides of the city there is a canal or ditch of foul, sloughy matter, where, packed side by side, are thousands of boats which form the dwelling-places of a vast number of its population. The river bank in front of the city is entirely concealed by thousands of these junks and so-called flower-boats, which are arranged parallel to each other for a distance of five miles, the whole resembling a floating city. I passed through the mazy streets, the bearers often carrying the poles of the palanquin into a shop, in order to turn the sharp right angle of a street. So we came to a large open space flanked with a high hill, surmounted by three forts. The large five-storied pagoda is situated upon this hill, and ascending to its summit a fine panorama of Canton is obtained. There I took my lunch, whilst my bearers had a well-earned rest.

On the return journey I made numerous purchases, and my guide insisted upon my inspecting the celebrated water clock. This being one of the chief sights of the city, I alighted from my chair and he took me along a very dirty courtyard, up the stairs of a ricketty old ramshackle kind of a pigeon loft, some distance higher than the roofs of the surrounding houses, and there was the clock, which I was informed had not stopped for many hundreds of years. No one would for a moment suppose it to be a clock. It was simply a collection of old tubs and crockery basins, from which water dripped, percolating through a rotten piece of wood, doing duty as a spigot into the basin below, that basin dripping in turn to a lower one, and so on until the

lowest is reached. At regular intervals the water is emptied from the lowest basin into the top one, and is used over again. It was a terribly dilapidated affair, and ill repaid the exertion of stair-climbing to which I had been subjected.

Just before departing, I witnessed the last moments of a man sentenced to death by strangulation. He was placed in a species of cage about 8 feet in height, his head protruding through a hole in the top, his feet resting upon some pieces of stone piled up sufficiently high to support the body. One stone was removed daily, until the poor wretch hung unsupported by the neck and finally succumbed to exhaustion. His relatives were ‘improving the shining hour’ by making a small charge to allow persons to photograph the miserable creature in his death agony.

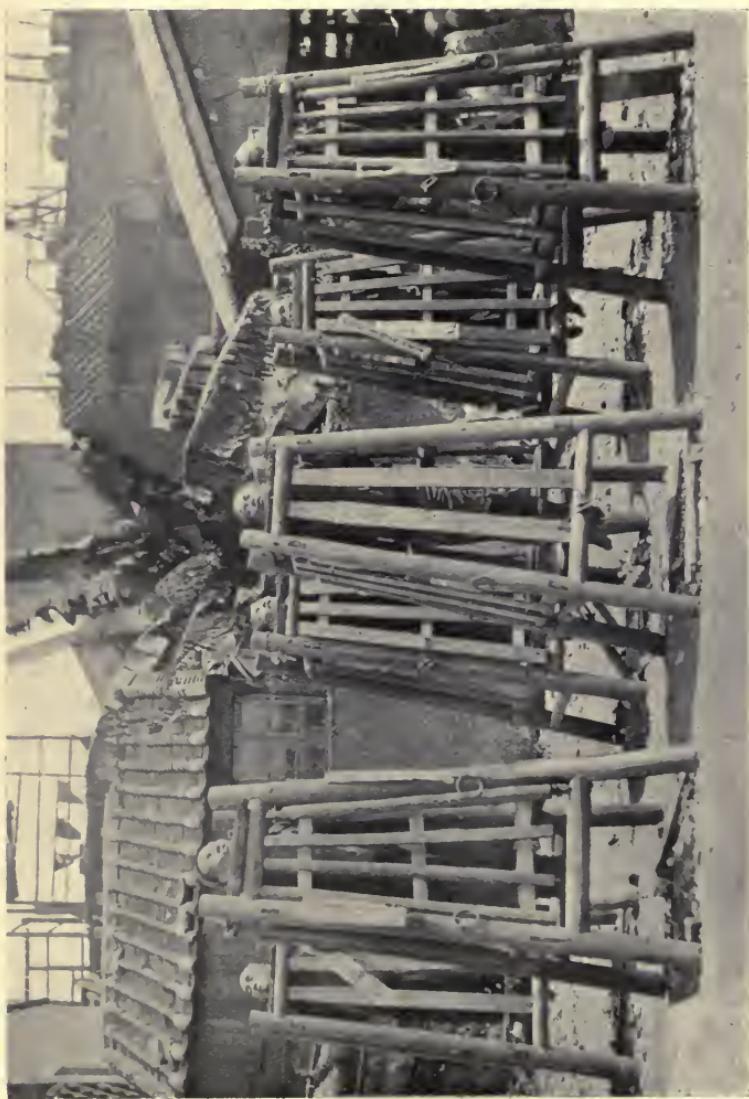
A rainstorm passing over the city, my visit was rather abruptly brought to an end. I do not remember ever having seen the rain fall so heavily. It ran in rivers off the housetops and poured down on to the roof of my chair till I really thought it would be broken in. The waterproof blinds of the chair were drawn, but one was actually washed completely away. What with the noise as the rain drummed on the roofs, and the shouting of the bearers, as they hurried through the narrow streets, my return journey was quite exciting. Upon arriving at Sha-mien, I found that my ‘boy’ Jairham Jugga had already placed the baggage on board the steamer *Fatshan*, and we left at 5 p.m. All the evening and during the greater part of the

night the terrible storm raged, the lightning flashes most brilliantly illuminating the water, and



Native condemned to death by slow strangulation

the surrounding country. So terrific indeed did the



Six men strangled in yard of the Steamship Company, Canton

storm became that we were in great danger, the steamer being unable to proceed, and twice during the night it became necessary to anchor. It was a dreadful voyage, and we did not arrive at Hong-Kong until 9 a.m. the next day.

I should have been pleased to spend a little more time in Hong-Kong, but my visit was unavoidably curtailed, as my agent wired me to 'come on at once' to Shanghai. Accordingly I booked my passage on the North German Lloyd Steamship *Stuttgart* and left on 9th March.

The S.S. *Stuttgart* arrived in the Woosung River on the 12th of March, after a very enjoyable three days passage, in beautiful weather, calm seas and cool refreshing breezes. We anchored at 11 a.m. off Gutzlaff island, in consequence of there being insufficient draught of water to enable our ship to proceed. At 1 p.m. we continued our journey until within ten miles of Shanghai, where the passengers and baggage were transferred to a steam launch which arrived at Shanghai Bend at 6 p.m.

The trip up the Woosung River, lined as it is with yards, factories and commercial buildings, bearing the names of English and American firms reminded me very much of a journey up the Thames from say Erith to Woolwich or Deptford. There was nothing I saw which conveyed to me the idea that I was in China, but the moment I stepped ashore, the natives' costumes, the one-wheeled barrows, and other curious vehicles, together with the monotonous expression of countenance on the

faces of the people, soon dispelled the illusion, and there was no doubting that I really was among the Celestials. I went direct to the Astor House Hotel, one of the most comfortable hotels in which it has been my good fortune to stay.

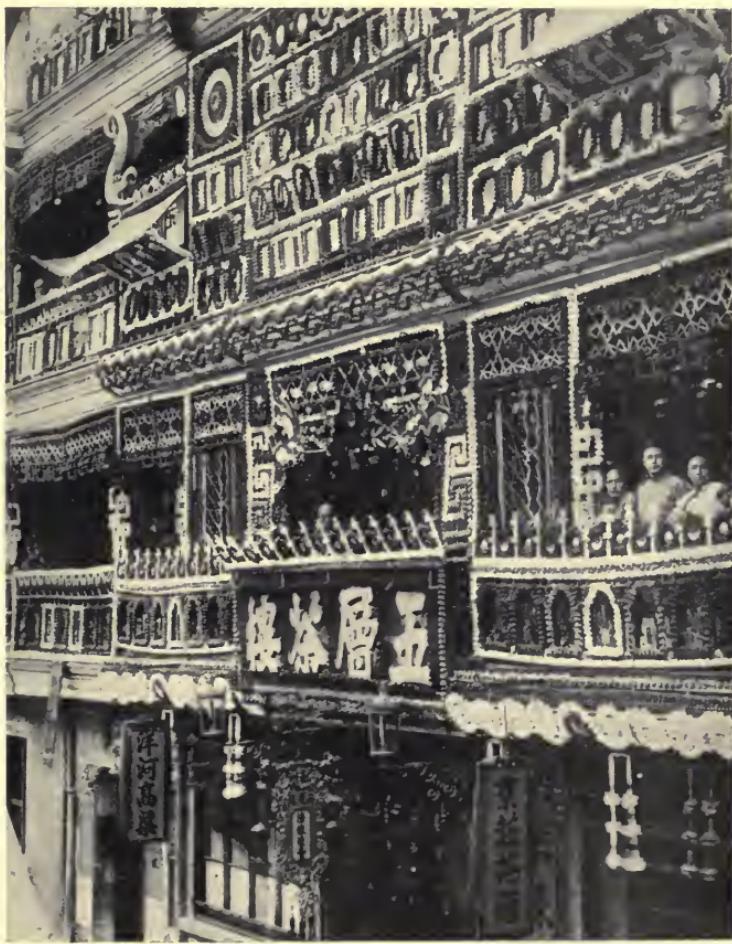
Shanghai is divided into three distinct parts or settlements, in addition to the Chinese quarter. In passing up the river the American settlement is first reached, the Soochow creek separating it from the English settlement. Further up the river is the French colony, with a much smaller area than the other two, and infringing on the native city. The Chinese city is surrounded by walls four miles in circumference, pierced by seven gates. It is, I think without exception, the filthiest place possible to imagine. The streets are very narrow, and reek with mud and decomposing matter of the foulest description. The houses are nothing but dilapidated hovels of the worst class, huddled together in close contact, without a semblance of sanitary arrangement, and exemplify a combination of all the worst characteristics of Chinese cities. Offal and filth of the most revolting nature is carted about in open tubs in these narrow thoroughfares which literally teem with human beings. Mountebanks, fortune and story-tellers, obscene peep shows, gambling and joss houses, stinking dens, and cripples covered with festering sores swarm the streets, making it almost impossible to thread one's way along what is by no means a desirable locality for a 'foreign devil' to find himself alone in after dark. There are no buildings of any interest or with any claim

to architectural beauty, the only redeeming feature of the city being its geographical position. Outside the Chinese-quarters a very handsome bund runs along the frontage of the French and English settlements, upon which some elegant buildings are erected especially in the English quarter. Notably the Hong-Kong and Shanghai bank, the Shanghai Club, Masonic Hall, besides several hotels and many handsome shops.

Crossing the fine bridge over the Soochow creek one finds the Astor House Hotel, and the commencement of the American settlement in which are numerous shops and business offices and flanking these are building yards, docks and shipping offices. In the English quarter is a very fine Theatre and the Masonic Hall is also used for dramatic representations. I gave performances at both places, also at the County Club and Astor House Hotel, all with very satisfactory results.

Some of the police in the settlements are equipped in uniforms similar to the English police, others are Chinamen wearing a kind of German uniform with peculiar conical, white painted hats, having a large number in lieu of a badge on the front part. The Sikh police, however, are by far the finest body of men. Their uniform is similar to the English police except that they wear khaki putties, and with their large red and black turbans have a commanding appearance. There are a few horses and carriages in Shanghai, but the rickshaw, of which there are thousands, is the most popular form

of conveyance. Small books of tickets are sold at the clubs and other places, and are paid to the drivers in lieu of cash. The tickets are redeemed



Native Tea-shops and Dancing-girl houses, Shanghai

at certain offices upon application, a great convenience to residents, who ride even the shortest distances. The rickshaw-men are more civil than

those in Colombo, of whom I had occasion to speak in a previous chapter.

The English settlement has a fine race-course and sports ground, with a club adjoining the course. The Country Club is a few miles out, on the Bubbling-well Road, which takes its name from a well by the roadside the water of which is cold, but is continually bubbling as though it were boiling. This club is well appointed and has a pretty little theatre attached, being quite a fashionable European resort.

I saw a great deal to interest me in Shanghai, and have to thank my friend Mr Sam Shonock for his great kindness and hospitality. Through his instrumentality I saw many things I otherwise should have missed. I have to thank him for my introduction to the Shanghai Club, the daily rendezvous of the business men and merchants who transact much of their business there. It is a small Stock Exchange where everybody seems to combine business with a desire to drink the greatest number of cocktails in the shortest possible time. Indeed it is the most hospitable place I have ever found!

I received an invitation one day to visit a gentleman at his house, a charming domain a few miles out in the country. The house was surrounded by beautiful gardens and lawns, but the numerous Chinese graves upon the estate formed quite an eyesore. The proprietor determined to remove them. The right to do this he purchased from the descendants, at the moderate price of two dollars a

body. Who can say after that, the Chinaman does not love his forefather?

I met my friend Mr Percy Brough in Shanghai, and in his company visited the Court of the Chief Chinese Magistrate and saw for the first time the administration of Chinese justice. The court room



Rickshaws

was about 18 feet square, one side entirely open, with a step down on to a pavement which was covered with a verandah roof. At the back of the Court room, facing the opening, was a table six feet in length covered with red cloth, upon which were palettes of red and black paint and a number

of finely pointed brushes used in lieu of pens and ink. Behind the table was a high-backed chair, with two smaller chairs by its side. The sides of the space in front of the table were occupied by forty or fifty persons, of whom about a dozen were Chinese policemen wearing their quaint conical hats. Four of these wore a white feather hanging down the back of the hat, which indicated that they were executioners. On the pavement outside were about fifty or sixty more persons jostling each other in their endeavour to see what was going on within. The magistrate, wearing his mandarin's hat and peacock feather, entered and took his seat at the table, Brough and I occupying the two smaller chairs. Immediately a fearful hubbub commenced, and a poor wretched looking Chinaman was dragged by the 'queue' through the crowd at the entrance, and unceremoniously thrown upon the ground in front of the table. The magistrate, police and onlookers all began to talk at once, the prisoner chiming in by howling most piteously. Presently there was a lull, the magistrate shouted something in a squeaky voice, and I gathered that sentence had been passed, for the prisoner, still howling, immediately unfastened his nether garment. He was quickly seized by two of the white-feathered gentlemen and thrown face downwards to the ground on the pavement in view of the magistrate. One of the police placed his knee between the prisoner's shoulders, and winding his long pig-tail round his hand to get a better grip, dragged his victim's head back until I thought the poor wretch

would have been strangled. The other policeman pulled the prisoner's garment down and dragged the front part through the prisoner's legs and twisted it round the back binding the prisoners legs securely together at the ankles. He then knelt across the back of the man's legs, pinning him helplessly to the ground, there to receive four hundred strokes of the bamboo, the punishment to which he had been condemned. One of the other executioners, armed with a flat bamboo rod about two feet six inches in length, one inch in breadth, and a quarter of an inch in thickness, squatted on his heels by the side of the prisoner, and commenced dealing a rapid succession of strokes upon the back part of the prisoner's thigh, but apparently using no great force. At first I felt inclined to smile, at what seemed to be an exceedingly mild punishment, but soon the severity of it became evident, as a white circular patch four inches in diameter formed on the thigh, and soon became blue like an immense bruise. At the conclusion of the first 100 strokes, the executioner was replaced by another, the strokes still falling on the same spot until presently the centre of the blue patch broke, and a red spot, the size of a shilling appeared, quickly spreading until the whole of the patch was quite raw. At the end of the second hundred the first executioner resumed his place, and although his tapping did not seem to be so severe, the poor wretched prisoner howled more and more piteously. It was explained to me that the bamboo rod had been exchanged for one, the under side of which was quite rough, and as each stroke was now

accompanied with a slight backward dragging movement, the raw flesh became lacerated in a terrible manner. At this point of the proceedings my friend Brough beat a hasty retreat into the open space where he was seized with a violent attack of vomiting. At the conclusion of the 400 strokes the poor wretched recipient was quite exhausted and scarcely able to move. However, he was roughly lifted and with blows and buffetings was hurried away out of the magistrate's presence. The next case was one in which a woman was bamboo'd on the hand as a punishment for stealing. Her hand was rested palm upward on a stand four feet in height, the finger-tips being placed underneath a fixed strap, whilst around the wrist another strap was placed, the ends, passing through two holes in the stand, were attached to a pedal which when pressed, held the hand immovable in position, one executioner placed his foot on the pedal, whilst the other administered 200 strokes. Needless to say that the woman's screams were heart-rending. In a case of perjury 200 strokes of the bamboo upon the lips was delivered as a punishment, the bamboo used on this occasion was a foot long and only a half-inch broad, but the punishment and suffering caused thereby was terrible, the lips swelling and protruding to an enormous extent, and causing intense pain and disfigurement.

## CHAPTER XXV

I HAD intimated to my friend Mr Shonock how delighted I should be to partake of a real Chinese dinner, and accordingly found myself one of a party of nine, five Europeans and four Chinese gentlemen, who made all the arrangements and very kindly volunteered to see us through. We arrived at the house where the banquet was to take place and, with many kow-tows, were shown into the dining-room. Upon the table, which was laid for nine persons, there were at least fifty little dishes of curious looking food-stuffs, jams, etc., and small saucers filled with a medley of non-appetising looking trifles, of the character of which I had no idea. We were each provided with a small basin three inches in diameter and a pair of chop-sticks, which I found required a deal of practice to properly manipulate with any certainty. The first course was served in a basin six inches in diameter, placed in the centre of the table, from which we helped ourselves. I judged the contents of the basin to be tripe, but it proved to be a greater delicacy, namely 'shark's fin!' Each person dipped into the basin with his chop-sticks and took therefrom a piece of fin and placed it in the little basin in front of him. I tried in turn, but my piece of fin kept slipping out

of the chop-sticks. At last after many attempts I succeeded in landing a piece into my little basin, when the difficulty seemed to be to get it out again! However, after repeated efforts I managed to hold it for a moment firmly enough to enable me to bite a piece off. It tasted very like cod's tail, was glutinous but insipid and wanted salt and bread, neither of which commodities could be obtained to make it palatable. Next followed what appeared to me to be monkey-nuts, but were really dried melon-seeds. Upon these also we Europeans practised with our chop-sticks and I soon greatly improved under the tuition of our Chinese friends. Small cups of hot shumsu were then served, which reminded me of bad spirituous sherry, and to which I did not take at all kindly. A basin of birdsnest soup was then placed before us. It had the appearance of hot gum with small squares of jelly and some pigeons' eggs floating in it. Each diner was supplied with a gigantic mustard spoon, with which to ladle the soup into our small basins, which did duty for each course. The soup was not at all bad, but insipid for lack of salt. More shumsu was served, then some eggs, a year or two old and quite green, floating in brine! I had to pass this dainty dish! Other courses followed consisting of snails, cockles and small portions of duck wrapped in dough, but all very insipid to my taste. Finally more shumsu, and our dinner was concluded! Each was then provided with a Chinese pipe, and a singing girl deputed to wait on each of us. Her duty was to keep placing in the bowl of the

pipe the tiniest pinch of tobacco. With a dexterous wave of the hand a smouldering spill she held burst into a flame from which the pipe was lighted, when one whiff entirely consumed the tobacco. This operation was repeated innumerable times to the great satisfaction of the young ladies. We left, perfectly satisfied with the experience, my European friends agreeing with me that we had better repair to the club and get something to eat. I am afraid I should never be able to master the use of chop-sticks. When using them I am always reminded of a gentleman who was one day entertaining an aged friend to lunch, and noticing his guest making peculiar contortions with his mouth, ventured to remark that possibly he was not enjoying his lunch. 'Oh! yes, I am,' said he, 'but you see I have only one tooth, and I am trying to spear a pickled onion,' —a feat which seemed to me to be on a par with holding anything with a pair of chop-sticks.

I finished up the evening by visiting a native conjuror, who gave me a private performance at his home. He was remarkably clever in his particular style, and by far eclipsed anyone I had previously seen. I tried to induce him to come to Europe, but the difficulties he put in the way made it impossible for me to make the necessary arrangements for his visit.

The proprietor of the Chinese Theatre at Soochow engaged me to give a series of performances, extending over a week. I therefore gladly accepted the hospitality of Mr Olsen the European head of the police, who sent his house-boat down

the Yang-tse-Keang for me, together with an invitation to his house during my stay in Soochow.



Street in Soochow, 6 ft. wide

The house-boat was attached to what is called the 'train,' that is a string of junks and barges which

are towed by a powerful tug up to Soochow-city twice a week. The boat was replete with every comfort, the cabin being very daintily upholstered. My 'boy' Jairham Jugga accompanied me, and also two of Mr Olsen's Chinese servants, who cooked and looked after my creature wants. The 'train' left Shanghai and threaded its way slowly through a mass of junks, barges and post-boats in the Soochow creek. It was not until 6 p.m. that the 'train' had anything like a clear course, by which time it was quite dark and pouring with rain. By some means another 'train' got across our course, and we got mixed up in a most hopeless muddle, the barges and junks drifting between each other, fouling the ropes and cables which caused a delay of more than an hour. Whilst we were waiting one of the Chinese 'boys' came into the cabin holding a red carp-like fish by the tail. 'Master!' he said, 'my make e fly.' Well I had seen many flying fish, so I thought it quite unnecessary, and I told him so, especially as it was raining. He looked surprised and said, 'my b'long number one man cook, no can fly my make e boil.' Then it dawned on me that it was meant for my supper, and very well indeed he cooked and served it. My 'boy' Jairham had disappeared into a junk ahead of the house-boat, and, after an excellent supper, I went to bed. A perfect tempest was howling around, and the water splashing unceasingly against the sides of my cabin. I had been asleep some time when I was awakened by a terrible hullabaloo. The 'train' had stopped, the boatmen

were swearing at each other in Chinese—that is, I supposed it to be swearing, for the language was awful. After some time I learned that all the commotion was in consequence of the tug having broken her propeller. I could do nothing to facilitate matters, so retired again, and after six hours further delay, another tug, coming down the river, took us in tow and we proceeded on our journey.

At 8 a.m. my cook came to me and said ‘my makee chop fly.’ And he did and I made it fly afterwards at my breakfast!

We arrived at Soochow at 1-30 p.m. instead of 8 a.m. our scheduled time. There I found Mr Olsen on the landing-stage waiting to receive me, and was duly installed in most comfortable quarters in the Police Station. I had a splendid suite of rooms overlooking the native city, whilst Jairham made himself comfortable

somewhere in the cells below amongst the prisoners.

Next day I drove to the theatre to make my arrangements, and when I arrived a play had just commenced. I had a seat in what corresponded to our stalls, and was greatly amused at what I saw. I have not the remotest idea of what the play was



Visiting card of  
Governor Neil, Soochow

about, but the masks were hideous, the dresses gorgeous, and the unearthly noise made by what they were pleased to designate a band, provided a perfect pandemonium. The stage was a platform, open on three sides, quite devoid of scenery. The performers made their 'exits and their entrances' by two curtain-covered openings at the back of the stage, whilst the furniture and properties were openly placed in position by attendants who were not supposed to be seen. Many of the players also in full view of the audience, were not supposed to be 'en evidence' until they took up certain positions on the stage.

The audience were seated in rows, with alternately a chair and then a square table. Immediately on being seated a man came along carrying an armful of hot flannels from which the boiling water had just been wrung, he handed these to the persons seated in the stalls, who promptly commenced mopping their faces with them, another attendant brought cups of tea, each cup having a small saucer which formed a lid to it. This acts as a strainer, and keeps the tea leaves in the cup, and is pushed slightly aside when it is desired to drink the tea.

The audience do not applaud, but express their satisfaction by grunting, which requires an acquired taste to call encouraging. In my own performances, I found it extremely difficult to play in such deathly silence, which however does not signify lack of appreciation. On one occasion, as I was concluding a trick in which I produced hundreds of small flags, the audience rushed on to the stage in their anxiety

to obtain them. I learned afterwards that they desired them as charms to keep away evil spirits. Also during a performance they would come up on the stage unasked, and examine my apparatus, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my properties from them.

But I was anything but satisfied with my reception at my first performance. Silence reigned supreme and as the audience left the theatre slowly and silently, I thought to myself what a ghastly failure I have made. However the Chinese manager came and said they were delighted and that my fame would spread throughout the city. His prophecy came true, for the next night the theatre was packed to suffocation. I think the theatre in which I played was the only decent theatre in the place, for I visited two or three others, which were packed with people of both sexes, and the plays there enacted were of the most filthy and obscene description.

There is a Chinese proverb which says 'to be supremely happy, a man should be born in Soochow, live in Canton, and die in Liang-chow,' the last named city being situated at the foot of the Nau Shau highlands. Soochow is a great commercial centre, the silk industry being represented by a greater variety of goods than are produced anywhere else in the Empire. Under the guidance of the proprietor Mr Denigri, I had the pleasure of inspecting one of the chief Filature Works and was greatly impressed by the extremely orderly manner in which the factory was conducted, and

the clever and up-to-date machinery used in the various processes.

Of course a visit to the native city was imperative ; my friend Mr Olsen and I therefore arrived at one of the city gates, and were conveyed in palanquin



Native conveyance. Sometimes the wheelbarrow carried ten people at a time

chairs through the city, the streets of which were very narrow, but a trifle cleaner than Canton. There is an area of three miles by two and a half miles with walls around 14 miles in circumference, and enclosing forty miles of canals and nearly a million

inhabitants. Formerly a city of handsome buildings, and known as Beautiful Soo, it was captured by the Taipings in 1860 and practically reduced to ruins. Through the enterprise of the late General Gordon it was recovered in 1865. Some idea may be gathered of its original splendour from the native plan engraved on a large slab of marble which has been preserved since 1247, also from some of the ruins themselves, notably the large pagoda, a marvellous structure reaching to nine stories; the splendid gardens and remains of some of the interiors, and the Namen of the Governor. M. Tsai, Minister for Foreign Affairs, offered me his hospitality, and I was also received by the Governor Kwei, son-in-law to the late Marquis Tseng. I took tea with him and his suite, and greatly amused him with some of my little table tricks. He was delighted, and laughed most heartily, but when, as we walked in the gardens together, I gave him various hints upon the subject of horticulture, and I broke a laurel leaf in halves, taking from it a dollar, he said he thought I 'b'long devil pidgin.'

On the following day the Governor's two sons and M. Tsai, on behalf of the Governor paid a return visit, and presented me with signed photographs, four fans and four chests of tea. Mr Olsen wished me to see the mixed court, at which he sits as a magistrate in the event of an European being charged. The presiding magistrate was Mr Li, to whom I was introduced and had a seat on the bench. One of the cases heard was that of a man who had kidnapped and outraged a girl, and

sold her to a farmer for 140 dollars, after which he proceeded to abduct her from the farmer. His case was adjudicated upon and he was ordered to refund the 140 dollars and receive 400 cuts of the



Native God, Soochow

bamboo. Failing paying the money he was to be bamboo'd until he did. He had already received two doses of 400 each, so on this occasion as he had not refunded the cash he received 800 strokes.

After this fearful punishment he was a really pitiable object, but was lifted in front of Mr Li, who ordered him 1,000 more if the money was not paid within five days. His friends have the expense of keeping and feeding the prisoner whilst he is in prison, and the object of the recurring sentences is to put pressure upon his relatives to induce them to find the money for him.

My eight days' sojourn in Soochow was full of interest and Mr Olsen's hospitality and kindness I fear I shall never be able to repay. I returned to Shanghai in his house-boat, bearing with me charming recollections of 'Beautiful Soo.'

Then, having taken leave of all my friends in Shanghai, I embarked on the Nipon Yusen Kaisha steamer *Saikio Maru* en route for Japan.

## CHAPTER XXVI

LEAVING Shanghai by the *Saikio Maru*, a fine boat which had already done service as a cruiser during the Japan and China war, I arrived at Nagasaki ; a pretty little town located on the shores of a beautiful harbour, four miles in length, and about one mile in breadth, sheltered by an amphitheatre of picturesque hills reaching to the height of 1500 feet. The city, which is nearly a mile square, is situated at the upper or north end of the harbour. It is neatly laid out ; the streets, crossing each other at right angles, are laid out with a strip of paving down the centre of the roadway. The population is about 7,000. I was greatly pleased with this, my first glimpse of Japan, and amused myself by wandering about, and making purchases at the curious little shops. I found groups of Russian naval and military officers, lavishly spending money, and was told that this was the policy they adopted for the purpose of ingratiating themselves with the natives, by whom they were always welcomed. My stay in Nagasaki was brief, our vessel leaving for the next port, Maji, a thriving little town on the Kuishui side of the Shimonoseki strait. It is a great coal depot and the starting point of the Kuishiu railway. On the opposite side of the strait is the town of Bakau,

impinging on the entrance to the Inland Sea. It was in this town the attempt was made on the life of Li Hung Chang, during the peace discussions at Shimoneski. The straits are almost surrounded by high fortified hills, the narrow opening to the Inland Sea being only wide enough to admit one ship at a time to pass through.

We entered the beautiful Inland Sea with its countless islands, and queer old daunis castles and the picturesque and richly cultivated hills, sloping with precipitous declivity to the water's edge. So steep are these hill slopes that a joke is told to travellers passing through for the first time 'that the oxen and ponies used for ploughing on these declivities, have their legs longer on one side than on the other to enable them to walk the steep mountain sides with comfort'—they are not told what happens when the animals turn at the end of the furrows! I was enchanted with the varied and kaleidoscopic scenery, continually presented to our view with lovely well-wooded waves of green hills lapping to the sea, the passage through which ended all too soon. Arriving at Kobe and passing the medical examination to which passengers are subjected, we went ashore. Jairham Jugga, my Hindoo servant, was with me and he created quite a sensation as he paraded the streets in his native costume, and became a good walking advertisement for the performances I anticipated giving. I soon made friends at the club, of which I was elected an honorary member, and under its auspices I was duly advertised to present a series of entertainments

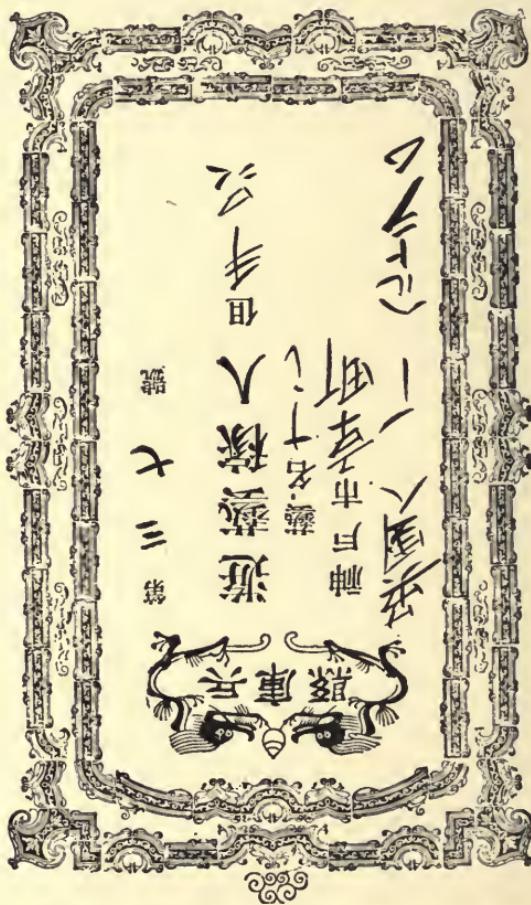
at the theatre. I had the stage beautifully decorated, and reckoned on doing fairly good business. On the first night just before the doors were about to be opened and the public admitted, I received a visit from a police official who firmly but politely informed me that my performance could not take place. I was exceedingly surprised at this information.

'Why not?' I asked him.

He replied that I had not taken out an actor's licence. I informed him that I had already paid a heavy tax which I considered a great injustice; as it was not based upon the receipts, but upon the seating capacity of the house, and I was not aware that any further demand would be made upon me.

He said that every actor had to take out a licence which would cost 30 yen (about £3 12 0). I had never in my life laid claim to being an actor, although I remembered that I had been elected a member of the Savage Club under the qualification of a 'comedian.' But I fancied I saw a way out of the difficulty. I explained to my friend the 'officious official' that I was not an actor in the usual acceptance of the word, but that my performance consisted of exhibitions of sleight of hand and magic. I made this further clear to him by pretending to swallow a dollar and reproducing it from the end of my nose. He looked perplexed but was perfectly satisfied and said the performance might take place if I took out a five yen licence as a 'buffoon.' 'Bertram the buffoon,' is nearly alliterative but hardly dignified, but I paid my five yen, and the public were admitted.

Kobe is a foreign settlement adjoining the old Japanese town of Hiogo and has a population of 220,000. It is the shipping port of Osaka the chief manufacturing town of Japan and it is exceedingly



License for an actor in Japan for one year  
under the head of Buffoon

healthy, the pure dry air giving it special advantages over many other towns. On the hill side at the back of the town, and overlooking the harbour,

numbers of pretty little villas have been erected which are occupied by the leading residents of the settlement. I had several opportunities of visiting these charming little domiciles, the European owners of which in many cases were married to Japanese wives. In such circumstances the houses were then furnished, half in European style, the other half in Japanese and occupied by the wife, children and Japanese servants. The settlement presents an animated and busy appearance especially in the native quarter where the bright dresses of many of the little Japanese women about the streets, the Geisha girls driving in the rickshaws, the gaudily decorated shops with flags and lanterns displayed, and the neat black and gold uniforms of the smart little but consequential officials, make up a bright and happy looking scene. The native houses in Kobe struck me as fairly clean and comfortable contrasting greatly with some parts of many of the larger cities of Japan, where I regret to say much squalor is to be found.

I left Kobe armed with innumerable introductions to persons of position in Yokohama and Tokyo, which greatly added to the enjoyment of my visit. The train journey to Yokohama interested me, the country being well cultivated and neatly laid out in little patches, and like everything Japanese made up of a lot of littles ; but I must admit I was a trifle disappointed, even although I was there during the cherry-blossom season. Perhaps I had expected too much. On the route we passed that gracefully curving volcanic mountain Fuji-san, more generally

known as Fuji Yama—the snow-covered summit of which rises to the height of 12,395 feet above sea level; exceedingly beautiful, as its name 'Peerless Mount' denotes. The Japanese are proud of this notable landmark of Japan and it is accorded by them a very prominent position in nearly every form of Japanese decorative art.

Yokohama is less Japanese than some places in Japan remote from foreign influence: the male population seem to be of two distinct types of men; if they are not small, perky and polite, they are big, bloated and vulgar; I prefer the perky little man. There must have been a great change in the country during the last twenty or thirty years. In lieu of the bright-coloured picturesque garments previously worn, the people now look solemn and sombre. A great number of the women dress in a bluish black or slate coloured material, many of them with blackened teeth, giving them a repulsive appearance, whilst the majority of the men, other than the coolie class, wear long Inverness capes, and hard bowler hats. The long cloak hanging over stockinginged feet and ankles, and open wooden sandal-like clogs, raised upon two transverse pieces of keriwood, about three inches from the ground, looks most incongruous, and most certainly destroys the picturesque appearance of the people.

I regretted that it had not been my good fortune to see these interesting folk garbed as at the time of the old Kwazoku (nobility) and the Shizoku (warriors) when the warrior carried two swords, one to be drawn at the time of war, and the other

with which he took his own life by command of the Mikado. No doubt the recent war has caused a



A Morning Call

great and unfavourable change in the behaviour of the lower orders. They have become arrogant,

and their treatment of Europeans is by no means improved. But the same old engaging courtesy and kindness is still preserved in the upper and middle classes.

My entertainments at the Public Hall were a great success, most of the European population and Japanese upper class patronising my performances. Unfortunately my season was abruptly terminated in consequence of a series of earthquake shocks rendering it unsafe for an audience to assemble in the building. The 'Box of Curios,' the humorous paper of Yokohama, notified the fact in the following terms :—' If the earthquakes continue, Bertram the prestidigitator will be pressed to dig a "tater" for a living.'

I saw most that was to be seen in Yokohama, and came to the conclusion that it was more like an American city than anything else I could imagine. Whilst in Yokohama I received a command to appear before the Mikado, or Emperor, as he prefers to be named. I therefore left for Tokio, and arrived at the Imperial Hotel, at which I stayed. Here I found a letter from the British Legation awaiting my arrival, and a telephonic message later desired me to call at the Legation. I drove with the secretary to the Palace and made all arrangements. It was decided by Baron Saunomiya, that I should first give a performance at the Palace at Hayama before His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince.

## CHAPTER XXVII

THE palace at Tokio, a remnant of feudal times, is a castle enclosure surrounded by a deep moat with high scarped stone ramparts, planted with pine trees grown in fantastic shapes. In place of the old 'Yoshiki,' handsome Government offices have been erected. These buildings are constructed with wooden beams, cunningly bolted into the walls, as a provision against the effects of earthquake, and prove a very efficient safeguard. The gardens surrounding the buildings are very beautiful, the colours of the trees and plants harmonising in an amazing manner. The part of the city near and approaching the palace, the well-to-do Tokio, can boast some fine buildings, and good specimens of architecture which lend an air of affluence to that locality, but a drive around the city will soon convince one that there is behind this veneer of prosperity a shocking amount of poverty, squalor and wretchedness very seldom revealed to the ordinary tourist. The Japanese are proud of their reputation for cleanliness, and therefore keep the poorest of the world's poor and their squalidity as far as possible from sight. Yet here is misery of the worst form, a quarter of a million persons, huddled in hovels, in perfect ignorance whence their next meal will come. The tourist

will visit the beautiful Uyeno Park, and be delighted, but his heart would break were he to know the misery and suffering to be found in the adjacent Shitaya district. Here the poor exist in an atmosphere of foul stench, filthy water and putrefying garbage, and in their struggle against the pangs of hunger and starvation gladly devour fish entrails, bad rice and offal raked out



Imperial Palace Bridge, Tokyo

of the refuse barrel. The privations and sufferings of these penniless people are terrible to behold. The outcasts of all other nations of the world live in the lap of luxury when compared with the misery endured by this quarter of a million starving and practically homeless wretches. Japan may become a big power, but by the adoption of western ideas the happiness of her children has gone for ever.

Tokio has a two horse tramcar which commences at Shimbashi railway terminus, and passing through the main street of the city branches off, one part to Uyeno and the other to Asakusa ; but most of the wheeled passenger traffic of the city is in the hands of an army of 50,000 jinriksha coolies who look upon travellers as legitimate prey, and even follow



Wisteria and Kioto Bridge, Temple, Tokyo

and pester native pedestrians with such persistency that they are regarded by the community as a perfect nuisance. It is not an easy matter to control 50,000 coolies who have nothing to lose except their lives, upon which they place little value ; consequently they have to be endured.

The population of Tokio is variously estimated in a list of cities of over 20,000 inhabitants, but

the population is stated to be 1,333,256. This, I should think, is about correct. Other computations give it as varying from 800,000 to a million which is in my opinion a very low estimate.

Having made preparation for my appearance before His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince, a Japanese gentleman deputed to act as my guide arrived from the palace about 2 p.m., and accompanied me to the Shimbasi terminus where we booked to Dzuahi, a small station just beyond Kamakura, the old capital of Japan. On arrival we found several jinrikshas awaiting us, in which we rode about seven miles along the coast, until we came to Hayama, the palace or seaside resort of His Imperial Highness. The house is not large, but purely Japanese, standing in the centre of some beautiful gardens which overlook the sea. Upon entering we were requested to remove our boots and list slippers were provided. I was ushered very mysteriously and with much kow-towing through sliding panels or papered doors, into a room which was scrupulously clean, very formal, and devoid of decoration and furniture. The floor was covered with straw matting, stretched tightly and well padded underneath. This room, which was set apart for my use, communicated by means of sliding panels with the next apartment, in which I was to give my performance. I was then ushered into another room, where a very excellent European dinner was provided for me. I was shortly informed that the Crown Prince would receive me, and I was conducted into his

presence, and presented to His Imperial Highness who conversed with me in French. He desired me to commence my entertainment, which I did, the audience consisting of several members of the Royal Family and a number of the suite. His Highness was much surprised and amused at many of the tricks I presented, evincing quite childish glee at the production of several hundreds of small flags from tiny sheets of tissue paper, and going down upon his hands and knees he gathered the flags from the floor. He came to the table and curiously inspected nearly everything I used in my performance; in fact, I had great difficulty in inducing him to keep his seat during the entertainment. At the conclusion he expressed himself wonderstruck, and delighted. He asked me for a signed photograph which I had the honour of presenting, and taking leave I was ushered into another room where a court official stood at a table upon which was a handsome present, which with many kow-tows the official presented to me on His Highness's behalf. I returned to Tokio accompanied by Baron Saunomiya, who spoke English fluently, and informed me that he was requested by His Highness to compliment me upon my entertainment, with which he had not only been amazed but charmed.

To enumerate and describe the places I visited and the sights I saw in Japan would fill the pages of more than one book. In the limited space of one volume describing my journey round the world, I must in a measure curtail my account.



Geishas



Main Street, Tokyo

I will therefore make but a passing mention of Miyanoshita, which is a favourite resort, famous for its hot mineral springs, which abound in the neighbourhood. It is quite close to Yokohama and therefore well patronised, though for the hard-worked person in quest of ease and rest, a more secluded spot should be chosen than this modern spa, but its close proximity to Yokohama makes it, as the guide book says, 'well worth a visit.' The scenery around is very beautiful, thereby adding to the attractions of the place.

One could not dream of leaving Japan without paying a visit to that shrine of shrines Nikko, the resting place of the dead Shoguns. Leaving the train at Utsonomiya, thence thirty miles by 'rickshaw, one arrives at the sacred bridge at Nikko. To attempt anything like a description of its myths, legends, and temples would be futile, but to sum it up, it is a most marvellous conglomeration of tombs, exquisite carving of indescribable grace, chaste lacquer work of marvellous beauty in which the Japanese show such consummate skill, avenues of cedars (*cryptomeria Japonica*) interspersed with azaleas, camellias, cherry and plum blossoms, iris and scarlet camellias, the whole being a blaze of colour, and an almost indescribable fairy-like scene.

Buried away in the midst of mountains of stately pines and cedars, through which only occasional glimpses of the sky can be obtained, is the red lacquer Sacred Bridge, which, spanning the dancing waters, forms the entrance into the holy

ground of Nikko. The objects of interest to the traveller are legion. The marvellous temples and shrines, the wonderful bronzes, the pagodas and the beautiful Yomeimon gate, a dream of white and gold, with its gilt trellis work, and magnificent carvings of birds and dragons, require the pen of Sir Edwin Arnold to describe. I fear I cannot ; it must be seen to be realised.

Kioto is the oldest city of Japan, founded in 793. It remained the capital of the Empire for a thousand years. In those days it was named Saikio signifying Western City, in contradistinction to Tokio which was then known as Yeddo or Eastern City. Kioto has a present population of about 380,000 ; it never exceeded a half million even in its palmiest days. The streets are wide and laid out in rectangular style, the houses are small and seem smaller in consequence of the wide streets. Taking it all together it is the best arranged and perhaps the best administered city of Japan. Abounding as it does with Shinto and Buddhist shrines and temples which are placed outside the city proper, and close by on the borders of the beautiful lake Biwa the monasteries Ishiyamadera and Miidera, very large numbers of visitors are attracted. There is a profusion of cherry and azalea blossom in the vicinity, and variety entertainments being the order of the day there is little wonder that the city seems to resemble a continual fair or place of amusement. The flower festival brings enormous numbers of visitors annually to the city, at which time the dancing girls, gaily dressed in bright



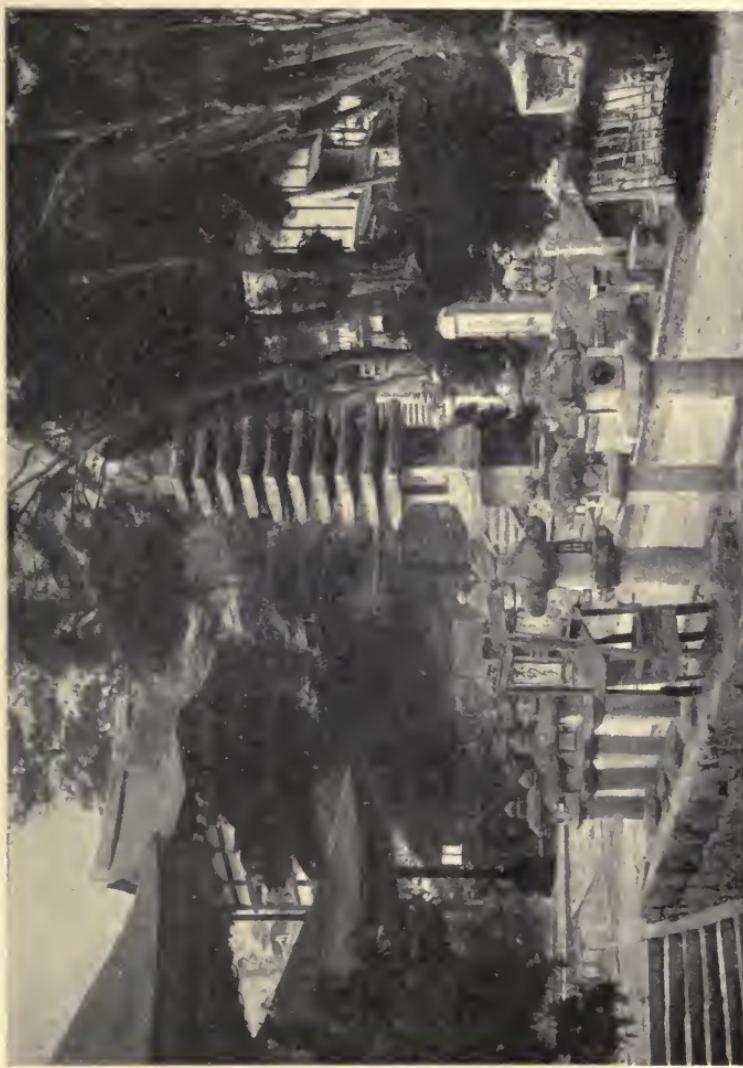
SEVENTH SHOGUM, SHIBA, TOKIO



GEISHAS : AN UNSATISFACTORY VIEW

coloured kimonos and carrying skeleton umbrellas intertwined with blossoms, execute quaint dances to the delight of the onlookers. The knees of the girls being hampered by the tightness of the petticoats they wear and their sandals being held only by a strip of list between the great and second toes, causes them to shuffle which gives them an appearance, especially when in Indian file, of dancing a cake walk. The cherry dances take place when the cherry trees are in blossom. On these occasions the most celebrated dancers of the country arrive in Kioto to take part in them. The dresses worn by the dancers are exquisite both in colour and richness of materials. The dances themselves are fine examples of colour grouping and elegant posturing. The bodies of the dancers sway with willowy languor in graceful curving rhythmic movements, the motion of the feet being scarcely perceptible. The arms are elegantly waved, whilst opening and shutting, twisting and twirling their fans in a manner displaying great beauty of form and action. Quaint festival cars of enormous size, many of them reaching far above the housetops, parade the streets, followed by thousands of sightseers, who in common with most Orientals, rejoice in what the Hindoo would call a 'tamasha.'

Near Kioto are the picturesque Hozugawa Rapids with fierce cataracts, water and surf dashing, rushing, leaping and roaring at the bottom of a deep ravine, in a manner that one would think a boat could hardly live in it, yet parties continually enjoy the exhilarating amusement of this switchback-



KINJONZU KWANOI KIOTO—TEMPLE GARDENS

like method of travelling. The surrounding scenery is perfectly magnificent and should not be missed by the visitor to Kioto.

I have spoken but briefly of most of the cities I have visited in Japan, many of the smaller towns and villages I am compelled to leave unnoticed, the professional nature of my visit preventing me from leaving the beaten tracks, or making long excursions from the larger towns. In the big cities the tendency of *Angliaize* was most obvious. A large proportion of the natives speak English, and railway tickets and notices, telegraph forms, street names and trade advertisements are printed in Japanese and English. English methods are adopted in trading. Telegraph boys in blue serge suits, on bicycles dash about the streets and look as if they had just ridden down from St Martin-le-Grand. Hundreds of male passengers coming in by the railways, attendants at hotels, and clerks in many offices affect European clothes. The Government officials dress in faultless English style; frock coats and top hats being the order of the day. The coolies in their tight-fitting hose, and dark blue cotton tunics with large white or red Japanese characters or other devices worked on the backs are picturesque and seem to be the only survivors of the olden times; and moreover the coolie does not wear a 'boxer' hat. The military and police uniforms are modelled on the French pattern with 'Kepi' caps, and in many cases the men carry swords, nearly as big as themselves; but they are well-dressed, very smart and up-to-date. Japanese ladies of rank appear by com-



THE YOSHIWARA.

mand at court functions in European dress, the only part of the female population to adhere to the ancient picturesque costumes being the Geisha girls and the occupants of the Yoshiwaras.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

JAPANESE family parties often patronise the large hotels where they take European meals. I have noticed that on these occasions the tooth-pick is diligently used between the courses, the quill being kept handily behind the ear, to be in readiness for constant use.

I was anxious to see a Japanese conjuror, but he seems to be remarkable for his absence. His place is taken by the juggler, who makes most wonderful use of his feet in nearly all of his tricks. Whether he is supporting a column of butter-tubs, balancing a screen, ladder, or bamboo pole, up which a boy climbs, or spinning a huge tub upon the soles of his feet, the performer meanwhile lying on his back, his power of balance is truly wonderful, and wire walking and wrestling are also favourite exhibitions, in both of which the Japanese are unsurpassed.

The subjects of Japanese plays are mostly historical and are generally represented with the utmost realism. The more blood the better the Japanese audience seem pleased; hence the array of gory canvases and picture posters usually displayed outside the theatre, notifying to the public the bloodthirsty scenes to be witnessed within. On entering the theatre immediately facing the doors



JAPANESE JUGGLERS

was a pile of clogs and sandals thrown indiscriminately into a heap so that it would seem impossible to redistribute them to their proper owners. I was requested to take off my boots. This I refused to do, but the box office keeper with an eye to business rather than let me go charged me two yen (about 4s. 6d.)—the proper payment



Geisha girl in bed

should have been nearer 10d.—conducted me up some rickety stairs, brought me a chair and placed me on a platform by the side of the boxes. I was the only European in the building and my appearance created quite a commotion among the audience. The stage was a large platform with one proscenium ; having a dirty old blue curtain, very much torn, hanging from near the roof. The 'rag' blew about

occasionally showing the preparations being made behind. The audience who were seated quite close up to the stage front rank amused themselves during the entractes, by peeping underneath the



Yoshiwara Girl

curtain. On each side of the stage is a platform about four feet in width, which leads to the front of the house. This is called the 'hanamichi' or flowery way, and is used by the principal actors as

an entrance or exit. There are no footlights, but on the right of the stage the floor drops about two feet below the stage level; here the 'clapper' kneels, and beats the stage with two wooden blocks, in lieu of a bell. It is also a receptacle for properties not in immediate use on the stage. Over this sunken part, about six feet from the floor is an opening in the wall, 10 feet by 5 feet in which sit the chorus, three in number, who drone out the words of the play being enacted.

When the curtain was pulled aside the scene was not at all bad. It was made up of a series of screens; a profile tree, held up by 'dogs,' stood a little to the O.P. side, and near it a kind of three sided box without a top, four feet square and a foot deep. This was placed on the floor and represented a well. The attendants on the stage moved the scenery or properties about quite openly and were not supposed to be seen by the audience. The play was well acted, the climax being that two children were condemned to slay their own father, who to save them trouble obligingly disembowelled himself (*Kara-Kiri*). The villain of the piece was cast into the well, where he remained for about five minutes in full view of the audience. He then crawled out at the back of the box-lid on his hands and knees and so off the stage; the audience saw him go; but that did not matter; they had seen him thrown in!

I went with a party of five to a Geisha house, to partake of a Japanese dinner, and it was about the tamest affair I have ever experienced. The house



JAPANESE FUNERAL RITES

was situated on the top of a hill and surrounded by extensive grounds. We were admitted at a wicket gate, the janitor with a lantern guiding us up a winding pathway to the house, it reminded one very much of entering a convent. Ten or a dozen girls were kneeling in a row at the entrance to receive us, which they did with much sucking in of

the breath and heads bowing to the floor. We removed our shoes and were conducted to a large room about 35 feet by 25, covered with soft matting, but no furniture. When we were tired of standing we sat on the floor, which to me after three minutes became the most uncomfortable position I had ever endured. The girls, whose ages might have been any-



Blind Street Musician

thing between ten and twenty, were pretty and richly attired, but very shy. Their hair which was elaborately decorated with gilt combs, wonderful looking hairpins, butterflies and flowers, was a perfect work of art. After a while these little musumes commenced stealing out one or two at a time, returning with small

tables about eight inches high, and lacquer trays containing little cups or basins of various kinds of food stuffs. Floating in a sort of warm syrup were morsels of glutinous substance, which looked like turtle fat. This we had to remove and convey to our mouths by means of a pair of chop-sticks. They brought us little bits of fish, small white cakes, sweetmeats, shrimps, fruits, beans, chicken and eggs, shuffling in and out of the rooms, and each time returning with some quaint little dainty, which they placed upon the tiny stool-like tables before us. As each delicate morsel was finished the young lady poured out a small cup of saké, a villainous beverage tasting like warm weak ale and water with a dash of bad sherry in it; horrible stuff, it seemed to be the correct thing to hand the cup to the lady to drink first, she then hands it back, bowing her head to the floor and sucking in a long breath of satisfaction. The banquet reminded me of a lot of children sitting on the floor playing shop, a most juvenile affair, and I ached all over. The debris was cleared and three girls entered gorgeously arrayed and performed a dance which consisted of graceful posturing and manipulating their fans to the accompaniment of a three-stringed guitar, and a koto, an instrument six feet in length resembling an elongated violin case fitted with fiddle strings. Most of the girls danced in batches, but there was very little variation in the dances. As a change and to cause a little diversion I gave a small exhibition of sleight of hand to their intense surprise and wonderment, with the result

that none of them would venture near me afterwards. At the conclusion of the evening the Geisha came to the entrance of the house and repeated the head bowing and long breath taking as we bade them adieu and departed, the attendant again lighting our pathway to the public thoroughfare.

If I were asked how my impressions of Japan



A lady's foot—Japan

compared with my ideas preconceived of the country, I should very reluctantly have to admit that I was much disappointed. I found it over-rated and far from realising the accepted picture formed in the minds of the untravelled majority. The beautiful colours, universal neatness and cleanliness, and simplicity one expects to find, of which one has learned to believe Japan is the

'beau ideal,' is a myth. Neither are the people particularly original, although wonderfully imitative of occidental manners, customs and ideas. Pictures are drawn of Japan as a country where all is bright ; gaily dressed folks living butterfly lives, the sun always shining, a land of swaying lanterns, gold-fish, ever blooming flowers, and happiness reigning supreme. This may be the impression conveyed to the mind of the ordinary tourist who looks only for the beautiful, and sees Japan in the cherry and plum blossom season, visiting only the brightest of show places and attending the gayest festivals. He knows nothing of the terrible cold of winter, the fearful privations of the half starved thousands, and the hard struggle for existence the poor endure, harder in Japan than anywhere else in the world. Did the ordinary tourist know this, accounts altogether too rosy, which are presented to the world, would be somewhat modified. Japan is too suddenly becoming Anglicised ; one false step may wreck her for ever.

## CHAPTER XXIX

ONCE more I am on the briny ocean, skipping along through the South Channel of the Inland Sea, on board the *Hakata Maru* bound for Hong Kong where I have to change 'busses' for Australia. The daily routine of a journey by sea varies so little, that even speaking a ship in mid-ocean becomes an important event. Some excitement therefore was caused one morning when we passed quite close to H.M.S. *Hermione*, tearing along, throwing the white foam up over her bows, as she ploughed through the beautiful blue sea, a perfect picture. We heard afterwards that she was hastening to protect the P. & O. S.S. *Sobraon* which had gone ashore somewhere on the China Coast. In conversation with a few of the *Sobraon*'s passengers in Hong Kong I learned that the owners of the junks, chartered to remove the baggage from the stranded ship, turned out to be pirates, and decamped with everything leaving the passengers with no redress against the P. & O. Company ; which to me seemed very hard. In Hong Kong, I met Robert Brough, under whose auspices I was to tour Australia. My Hindoo servant Jairham was to go with me, but before I was able to get a passage granted for him I had

to enter into a bond for £100 that he left Australia within six months of landing. The S.S. *Guthrie* left Hong Kong on 9th May, the Brough Comedy Company and myself being the only saloon passengers. The days passed in delightful indolence, eating, drinking, reading, writing and dozing being our only occupations. The sea was as a rule smooth, although we had several days of very heavy rain. I gave a display of card-tricks one evening in the saloon, for the amusement of our party, and to the intense delight of the Chinese servant boys on board. The day after the exhibition the first officer invited Percy Brough and myself to take hands at poker in the officers' saloon. After the game had commenced the first officer's servant, who had seen me on the night previously, poked his head inside the door and touching his master on the arm, said pointing to me, 'You no can play poker with that master, him catchee catchee five pieces acee ebby time.' On 15th May we crossed the line. Neptune claimed me as his victim and I was duly lathered and shaved, according to ancient custom. Percy Brough was Neptune. Since commencing this account of my travels I regret, with the most profound sorrow to say that poor Percy Brough has passed away. Poor Perks, we were so fond of him, 'a fellow of infinite jest.' We never knew a dull moment when Perks was around, Perks, Hamilton, (Brough's manager) or as he was called Hammy, and I, were bedfellows, and were so happy. We arrived at Port Darwin on 19th May and set foot on

Australian soil for the first time. Thursday Island was reached on 23rd May, and we went ashore, to find a few shops and shanties, and in the streets, which were overgrown with grass, goats and geese strolling about, as if the place belonged only to them. We saw a few aborigines, and a little way out of the town there was quite a large colony of Japanese who have taken up their abode there.



"Ophir" in Sydney Harbour, with the Duke and Duchess of York  
(now King George and Queen Mary) on board

Leaving Thursday Island, our engines were put on full speed to enable us to pass through Torres Strait before dark, and running down the coast of Queensland, inside the Great Barrier Reef 700 miles in length, passing hundreds of islands on this dangerous coast, we arrived at Cooktown 25th May. Whilst at anchor we captured a small shark which caused a little sensation among the ladies

on board. We entered the lovely Sydney Harbour, on 1st June passing on our way to the landing stage the *Ophir* anchored off Pinchgat island, having the Duke and Duchess of York on board. On reaching the 'Australia' Hotel I found that I had gained 2 stone 4 lbs in weight, the result of being unable to take sufficient exercise during the journey.

Sydney was en fête, in honour of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, and the streets were beautifully decorated, much more lavishly indeed than anything I have ever seen in London. I was charmed with the harbour, with its pretty little bays, coves and inlets, romantic spots, and delightful nooks and corners, of which the Sydneyites may justly be proud. As I was due in Melbourne I stayed but two days in Sydney, to return later. Some relatives of mine left England in 1855, and hearing that they were living at a place named Talangatta, I determined to find them, and broke my journey at Albany for that purpose. I found that a train left Wodonga at 7.30 a.m., and by paying 1st class return fare and signing an agreement that I would not hold the railway company responsible if they killed me, I was permitted to travel in a cattle truck, on a train conveying 200 bullocks. A journey of 35 miles through the mountains brought us to the township where I duly discovered my relations, who were overjoyed, I being the only relative they had seen for close upon fifty years. I returned to Albany and continued my journey to Melbourne, where a few

moments after my arrival at Menzies Hotel, Mr Norman Menzies took me into the smoke room and introduced me to the Chief of the Melbourne Police. He said many complimentary things regarding my ability; but the Chief of the Police was a bit sceptical and said, 'Well, I've seen all the conjurors, and they are all more or less alike to me, but if this gentleman whom you say has such extraordinary ability, can tell me what I have in my waistcoat pocket, I will believe him.' I immediately said, 'I know, a tooth.' I never saw anyone so dumbfounded in my life, he walked straight out of the place to the Athenaeum Club and talked of the wonderful man he had just seen. He was interviewed by the *Argus*, and long accounts appeared next morning about the marvellous wizard and his wonderful powers, which proved a splendid advertisement. I had never seen this gentleman before in my life. I had not been in Melbourne fifteen minutes, how did I do it? I will let you into the secret. It was simply a fine 'guess' which happened to come off all right; nothing else (isn't it wonderful?). On my opening night we turned hundreds away from the doors. The Athenaeum Hall was packed, the audience was pleased, and my success assured. If one can please a Melbourne audience, which is very exacting, one can please any audience in the world. I was elected an honorary member of all the clubs, and during my stay made many good friends. Leaving Melbourne I played in forty-three towns and cities of the Colonies, but to write a

detailed account of each would, I imagine exhaust the patience of my reader. Therefore I will give a general description of the towns, mentioning only items of especial interest, which I noted in my diary from day to day. In consequence of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, a general holiday was observed in Sydney and Melbourne. The decorations, fireworks, illuminations, dances and free out of door shows, many provided by the municipalities affording the people all the amusement they required, the consequence being, that the entertainment business came to a perfect standstill. The theatres were doing absolutely nothing, and concert artistes of good repute, were playing to the 'Wood family,' namely empty benches. I therefore determined to get away from the festivities, and try the 'back blocks' as the country townships and suburbs are called by the dwellers in the cities. But even there the effect of the Royal visit was apparent, for the people withdrew their savings from the small banks, and went down to Sydney and Melbourne to spend them at the general holiday. The first town I went to was Bendigo, where my opening was far from satisfactory, but as everybody I met said, 'ah! but wait until Wednesday,' I remained cheerful. 'If Bendigo wins the football match Eaglehurst v. Bendigo, the theatre will be packed,' they added. Bendigo lost, three goals to nil, so Bendigo did not come in its thousands to see the wizard. It then transpired that the inhabitants were broke, having drawn out of the savings banks £70,000 in one

week, which had been spent in Melbourne. At Castlemaine I played to a packed house, but the audience was very rowdy, uncouth, unwashed and vulgar, and jeered at, and hooted, the few decent well-behaved folks as they came into the front seats. I was much disappointed in the behaviour of the general public, and surprised that steps were not taken to suppress such hooliganism. At Maryborough, the Major received me at the railway station, and drove me in a carriage and pair to the Town Hall where, in the Mayor's parlour, I was introduced to the town councillors, who were present at the performance in the evening, and with them a sprinkling of other nice people. But many were kept away by the rowdy element, which was so pronounced, that I had repeatedly to threaten to stop the performance, unless they behaved somewhat like Christians. Ballarat was in similar financial straits owing to the Royal visit, so I settled down for a few days' enjoyment, and was fortunate in making the acquaintance of a Mr Walker, a well-respected resident of the city. He took me about the city and suburbs, and one day drove me five-and-forty miles across country. He had a fine 'buggy' and a pair of splendid thoroughbred chestnuts. This was an experience ; we went flying along at full gallop, over fields, ploughed and otherwise, ditches, streams, through the Bush, galloping at breakneck speed. Small trees and bushes passed between the horses and were crushed under, or the 'buggy' lifted over in a remarkable manner. I was floating in space half

the time, a foot and a half off the seat, then down with a bump. Mr Walker said this was good for my liver, well perhaps it was, but what surprised me was, that the springs stood the strain. Unless one has had such an experience as this it is difficult to believe that a 'buggy' is such a fine cross country vehicle. The following is a list of the towns in which I played before reaching Sydney— Albany, Wagga-Wagga, Goulbourn, Bathurst, Orange, Wellington, Dabbo, Forbes, Parkes, Monlong, Blaney, Lithgow, Mudgee, Gulgong, Parramatta, Junee, Cattamundra, Temora, Navandara, Jerilderce, Berrigan, Yarrawonga, Corowa, Rutherglen, Chiltern, Beechworth, Wangavatta, Berry, Nowra, Coolangatta.

At Goulbourn I passed a very pleasant afternoon with Canon Leigh, a delightful old clergyman, who related some of his thrilling experiences with bushrangers. His descriptions were very vivid and humorous, but at times pathetic. At Bathurst my audiences were large, but their behaviour so disgraceful, that the newspapers had the temerity to speak of it in strong terms. My manager, Mr Manning, one of the best fellows in the world, had resided in Australia for seventeen years and had never seen a Kangaroo. We were going to Molong when I espied one near the railway and several more afterwards, Manning was quite excited about it and considers himself quite a 'cornstalk' now. Lithgow, a thriving little town in New South Wales, will doubtless become an important place in the near future. In the locality are coal

mines and very extensive iron and steel works, quite a miniature Barrow-in-Furness, buried away in a valley at the foot of the Zig-Zag railway. The people are all workers and consequently better conducted than the idlers found in so many Australian townships. I have made a special note in my diary as to the behaviour of the Lithgow audiences, and I am glad to have the opportunity



Prince of Wales Theatre, Gulgong

of saying a good word for the rising little town. I was also pleased with Mudgee, whose only fault was its ugly name. From the moment I arrived, until the time I left, I was treated with the greatest kindness and consideration. This pretty little township has nice wide, clean streets and good shops, the residents look cleaner, better dressed,

and quite a superior class : the 'larrikin' element being conspicuous by its absence. I did extremely good business here. We drove by coach a distance of forty miles from Mudgee to Gulgong, where we played in a tin barn, lighted with oil lamps, and rejoicing in the high sounding appellation of the Prince of Wales Theatre. When gold was first discovered there, Gulgong in a short time numbered a population of 20,000 persons. They took 26 tons of gold out of the place and then cleared out themselves, leaving the present remnant of 1,500 there, who well patronised my performance. My men drove back to Mudgee the same night, taking the baggage with them. My company and self stayed at the same hotel until the coach left next morning. We had travelled about ten miles, when we learned that on the previous evening, on the same road, a coach had been 'stuck up' and robbed, by bush-rangers who took all valuables belonging to the passengers, except £200 one man saved by hiding it in his stocking. My manager, Mr Manning thought that as we had thirty miles more to do through the bush, it would be a wise precaution to hide our previous night's takings in a similar manner. For that purpose he opened his bag, but the money was not there. He searched his pockets without success ; poor chap, he was in a terrible state of mind, and pale as a ghost. At last he gave it up as a bad job, someone must have stolen it. We travelled another ten miles when he suddenly remembered that he had placed the money for safety under his pillow at the inn in which we

stayed, and had come away without it. We arrived at Mudgee in the evening, and telegraphed for the cash to be sent on by the next coach, fortunately the landlady found it herself, and the money arrived intact the next morning. The country through which we drove was perfectly lovely. We passed hundreds of staked-out claims, and saw numbers of miners 'fossicking' for gold. How they find it is a mystery to me. I once went



My bills at Mudgee. Mr Deoneux in foreground,  
agent and bill-sticker for Kenna

fossicking at Parkes, for a whole day, but never saw a shadow of a sign of anything which resembled gold, and should have felt repaid if I had only picked up a nugget worth ten shillings. Parkes is one of those 'one horse towns' of which there are so many in Australia. One main street with two or three offshoots in which hardly a soul is to be seen, certainly not after dusk. People living

'on gold' but as poor as church mice. If they were not poor they would not be there. In these townships the men are uncouth, boys impertinent, rude and unruly. I am inclined to think that the masters in the state schools are in a measure to blame for this condition of affairs. They are not strict enough with the boys, and pay little attention to their general good behaviour. There are no State paid religious teachers in the Colonies, so that practically the young are without religious training. The small vices and uncouth manners of the men are imitated by the boys, and there being no softening influence at work among them, their good conduct shows little signs of improving. This is not so noticeable in the large cities, but in most townships the boys are perfect terrors. They seem to think they have a right to conduct themselves like their elders, who do not set them a good example, and they consequently develop into hooligans of the worst type.

During my entertainment at Forbes, I stopped my performance three times during the evening and positively refused to go on, in consequence of their disorderly conduct. The 'hooliganism' began before the performance commenced, and culminated in their taking the screws out of the back rail of a seat, upon which a boy was sitting. The boy fell; the iron support of the seat back perforated his stomach, and killed him on the spot. Surely someone should be responsible for any continuance of such reprehensible conduct in a public place of entertainment.

On my way to Blaney, I saw a notice on a wood-



pile, which did duty as a railway station, that passengers could stop the trains during the day by waving the red flag, and after dark, by lighting the lantern which was suspended there for the purpose. Not a bad way to run a railway station. Blaney consists of one street, one hotel, one shop of each kind and a School of Art, over the door of which is a brass plate commemorating the relief of Mafeking. As there was six inches of snow on the ground when we arrived, Manning ventured to think that it might make us *Chill Blaney!* As it was, our visit was a perfect frost.

One of the towns which we honoured by a visit was Jerilderie. We journeyed across the plains, flat as a billiard table, thousands of sheep grazing thereon, and flocks of cockatoos rising by thousands into the air. Eventually we arrived and put up at Egan's Royal Mail Hotel. Jerilderie is somewhat famous as being the town which was 'stuck up' by the notorious Ned Kelly gang of bushrangers. They rode into the town and first 'stuck up' the police, and imprisoned them in their own station. They then took possession of the inn, now the Royal Mail Hotel, and robbed the Commercial Bank next door. As persons entered the hotel, Kelly served them with drinks, but allowed no one to leave the house. Whilst the police were under lock and key, the gang had the audacity to take the wives of the policemen to church. They ill-treated the bank manager, by making him dance in a state of nudity in the back premises of the inn, killed a few persons, and got clear away with their



plunder. I had a chat with several men who had been connected with the affair. One was the man who burnt the books belonging to the bank, and he described the whole of what took place, re-enacting the whole scene. Some miles off on the plains was a tumble-down hut, flourishing under the name of Cave Hotel, where Kelly and his gang enjoyed a night's carousal previous to 'sticking up' the police and town. The same old woman who was there then, keeps the place now. The Royal Mail Hotel is much the same as when it was left by Kelly. Every bullet mark about the place appears to have a history to speak of which the people of Jerilderie never seem to tire. One begins almost to think that they look upon Kelly and his gang as heroes and martyrs, instead of the disreputable scoundrels they really were.

The town of Orange, New South Wales is 192 miles from Sydney, and is a most dreary looking place, loafers being plentiful. I put up at the Royal Hotel, a grand name for a miserable hostelry. The waiter attended us wearing a pair of shabby trousers, and the sleeves of a dirty shirt tucked up above the elbows. He was a cheeky sort of fellow, all the while grumbling at his place, but wouldn't leave it. He whistled over the food as he carried it to the table and served us. I gently remonstrated with him for whistling and blowing in my ear which was not at all pleasant, and on my looking up to speak to him, he recognised me, and said, 'Hullo! Mr Bertram, what are you doing here?' I replied that I was not aware I had the pleasure

of his acquaintance, when he said, 'Oh, I've often served you with your dinner at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.' Truly a small world is this. I was at Junee in what is called 'showtime'; the Agricultural Show bringing in great numbers from the surrounding district but of course a corresponding amount of competition in the way of amusements. I went to what is termed a fit-up show, of which there are many travelling Australia. They had excellent printing, depicting scenes from the drama '*When London Sleeps*, Direct from the Royal Princesses Theatre, London.' One picture showed a woman walking over the moonlit house-tops, on a telegraph wire. A view of Waterloo Bridge with a woman plunging into the Thames was another. A house on fire, and pictures of handsomely furnished west-end drawing-rooms, crowded with ladies and gentlemen dressed in the height of fashion, and the flaring posters allured the crowds in at every performance. The Theatre was really a tin shed, at one end of which was a platform 6 feet deep, none too strongly fixed up, of loose planks, and a dirty old cotton cloth hanging on a wire forming a curtain or act drop. The lighting of the hall and stage was effected by means of three parafin oil lamps, two of which were on the stage behind the curtain and could be plainly seen through the thin material. There were only three persons in the company, two men and the leading lady, who doubled the part of orchestra which consisted of a small portable flutina, a little out of order, and played behind the curtain. The men did duty as

ticket seller and taker respectively until the hall was full. Then they went behind and played in the drama. After an overture by the orchestra, the curtain was pulled aside and disclosed a piece of dirty crumpled cretonne stretched across the stage, the rag split half way up the middle to form a centre opening. A lot of balderdash was talked, having no particular meaning, then the ticket-taker commenced ill-treating the lady, whereupon the ticket seller appears through the 'centre opening' just in the nick of time, and knocks the villain down, the lady hurriedly thanks her preserver and flees off the prompt side to pull the curtain on the tableau and start the orchestra. The second act or scene,—I am not sure how it was described,—was another piece of dirty cretonne somewhat different in colour to the previous one, but with the addition of a pair of dirty white curtains one pinned on each side of the 'centre opening'; and two rough boxes covered with stray bits of torn cretonne, served for the furniture of this Park Lane mansion. In this scene there was an interview between the ticket seller and the lady, in which she explained to him how she had escaped from a burning house, by walking along a telegraph wire to a place of safety. This was evidently dragged in to realise the poster so flaringly displayed outside of the hall. The ticket seller congratulated her upon her fortunate escape, the audience jeered, and the curtain closed upon the scene. In the third and last act, the No 1. cretonne cloth was pulled across the stage in front of the west-end mansion scene, the hero

and the villain met, each denouncing the other in the strongest possible terms, until eventually they agreed to settle their differences by a duel with swords. A pair of practice cutlasses were obligingly handed on by the lady presiding at the flutina and a fearful battle ensued to the accompaniment of the orchestra. The villain was wounded and whilst on the floor writhing with agony from an imaginary sword thrust, he pulled out a revolver and shot the ticket seller in the back. The 'play' lasted about an hour and a half, the prices charged for seats for this swindle were three, two and one shillings, and the management took thirteen pounds at the door. Needless to say that everybody was disgusted, each swearing he would never be taken in again—until the next time.

My manager decided that it would be advantageous to play at Yarrawonga, a town on the borders of Victoria and New South Wales, about fifty miles from Berrigan, and which, in the absence of a railway, could only be reached by road. We chartered a lumbering old coach, which resembled the Deadwood coach so familiar in Buffalo Bill's show, and required the greatest nicety in packing and loading it to get all our impedimenta on board, and at the same time keep sufficient room for seven persons and driver to travel in comfort. However we managed it, and set out on our journey, amid derisive cheers and promises of the onlookers to attend our inquests. Outside the town we came across enormous numbers of rabbits, thousands and thousands of these mammals disporting themselves

by the roadsides. They have increased to such an extent that Australia is quite overrun by them ; and are regarded as one of the most serious pests with which the country has to deal. Stringent measures have been taken by the Government to check the increase, but with very little success. When we had completed the first ten miles of our journey through the 'scrub' and eternal gum trees, thousands of which are ring-barked, and with their bleached, white trunks resemble giant bones, growing from the earth : we came out on to a bit of open ground, where I noticed our driver anxiously looking at the off side wheels. He pulled up and we discovered that the wretched coach had slipped out of the leather strings, and looked very much like toppling over altogether. We lost no time in getting out, and the male members of the company had to set to work to unload. This was terribly annoying, made all the more irritating by the discordant cackle of the 'Laughing Jackass' which, whilst we were sweltering in the sun, lifting this heavy baggage, would perch quite near and shriek at us like a demon bursting with shrill laughter. It was most aggravating, and my manager every now and then would stop and shake his fist at the 'demon' saying, 'I'd give you something to laugh at me for, if I had a gun, my beauty.'

Well, we did not look like arriving at Yarrawonga that evening, and had visions of camping all night in the Bush. We held a council of war, and decided to unharness one of our five horses and let the coachman ride back to Berrigan for assist-

ance, and in the meantime lunch by the roadside. I occupied my time after lunch in making a hurried sketch of our breakdown. In a little over two hours our driver returned with another man and a 'sulkey ;' the baggage was repacked on the coach, the company rode in the 'sulkey,' and we resumed our journey. The drive was full of discomfort, it was very hot, and the southerly 'bustle' drove the sand and dust into our eyes, until we were nearly blind; the road was rutty, and every now and then we were obliged to drive through flocks of thousands of sheep. The dust then became terrible, and after other trifling adventures, among which we lost our way for an hour in the scrub, we crossed the Murray River and arrived at our destination at 7 p.m. A good shower bath and a hearty tea at the Victoria Hotel, and we were soon comfortable, and laughing at our late experiences. Business was fairly good, but it cannot be denied that the people generally were very poor, and had little money to spare for amusements. I made an excursion one morning and followed the Murray River about six miles into the Bush, and came across an old shanty made of tree logs, rags, and bits of sacking roofed with bark and flattened with kerosene oil tins. Outside it looked like a heap of rubbish, but it was tolerably clean and comfortable within. Inside the front part of this improvised house was a sturdy white-bearded old man who was reading. My curiosity prompted me to speak to him, and in course of conversation I learned that he had made a lot of

money by selling soap of his own manufacture to the 'Squatters.' He told me he had spent it freely among his friends who had now forsaken him, and being too old to carry the 'swag' and stoneybroke, had built himself this little shanty in which he had lived three years, and would probably there end his days. Over a small fire, outside the shanty, a 'billy' swung, in which he commenced to cook his dinner, which consisted of three eggs. He told me a baker drove round his way, once a week, and left him two or three loaves which he paid for with the few pence he gained by collecting old bottles, or in exchange for a fish he occasionally caught in the river. I asked him if he was a native of Australia, and he replied that he had come from England; that his home had been near the Elephant and Castle, London, and that his name was John Fuller. By a curious coincidence I was due to call upon a Mr John Fuller, the Mayor of Napa City, California, and who has since become my uncle by marriage. The first Mr Fuller seemed very happy and contented. He accepted from me a box of navy cut tobacco and I bade him adieu.

I believe there are many men in Australia, with a similar history to this. I heard a friend of mine who when in the Bush, came across an old gentleman of about seventy years of age, who was at work 'clearing' with a view of commencing sheep farming. Over the door of the log hut, a small board was nailed, upon which was painted the inscription, 'Ici on parle Francais.' A Frenchman

passing one day addressed the old gentleman in French but failed to get a reply. The Frenchman explained that he addressed him so, as the board over the door of the shanty signified 'Here we speak French.' 'Is that what it means,' replied the settler. 'Why, do you know, that a bleary-eyed old bounder came along this way last week, with a wart on his nose, and sold me that board and said it was Latin for "God bless our 'appy 'ome." ' After doing a few more towns in the 'back blocks' I was indeed pleased to get once more into comparative civilisation, and in Sydney I played a successful season of five weeks at the Palace, a very beautiful theatre, built with the unclaimed prize-money of Tattersall's Melbourne Cup Sweeps. Sydney is a fine city with an old-world look about it, and not at all like the more regularly laid out city of Melbourne. Its situation is unsurpassed by any city in the world, the peninsula upon which it stands is nearly 13 miles in length, the city area about 2,700 acres, with a population of 500,000 spread over an area of 91,000 acres of city suburbs. No front of the city is more than  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles from the sea, the average distance being three-quarters of a mile. The principal street is George Street, two miles in length. It is flanked on either side with fine shops and handsome commercial buildings. The post office, Town Hall, Cathedral and chief railway station are all in George Street. Pitt Street is the next in importance, the Opera House, the Palace and two or three minor theatres being situated there. Sydney can boast some fine

hotels, the chief being, the Australia and the Metropole, and also possesses a fine electric tramway system. Port Jackson with its magnificent lake-like expanse of water is one of the natural beauties of the world. A whole volume might be written in describing this beautiful harbour, but I must content myself with a passing tribute. I made many dear friends in Sydney, and had the good fortune to meet some of the most charming people possible, but in chronicling my experiences I cannot refrain from condemning in the strongest possible terms that class of community known as the Sydney 'push' (loafer or thief). He is dirty, loafing, impertinent, tough, mean and contemptible to a degree, and with an exalted idea of his own importance. He thinks Australia the land of the free, and that no one has any right to interfere with his behaviour. A walk up Pitt Street will convince anyone of the truth of this statement, hundreds of these disreputable loafers will be found lounging about and standing on the curb smoking and spitting the whole day long, till the street looks filthy with their expectoration. Then they hang about all day, ever ready to do a 'push' (robbery). A lady hardly dare walk up some part of the street, for fear of these pests of society. The 'pushes' also intimidate the theatres and places of amusement, keeping people from patronising them, until the managers are glad enough to purchase an immunity from their terrorism by giving them free passes to secure their good conduct and behaviour. I know of a case of 251 persons being

in the dress circle of a theatre, 200 of whom were dead-heads. The same sort of thing goes on in the country, thousands of 'sundowners' loaf about from place to place, and unless they receive food and shelter from the farmers or squatters, there is sure to be a fire on their property, a rick or two burnt down; no one knowing who has caused the conflagration. In the Sydney tram-cars notices are posted that anyone expectorating in the cars will be fined £1,000 and imprisoned for two years. My Hindoo 'Jairham' says, 'Sydney big place, plenty tief man here.' The Victorian Colony is most exacting in the collection of duty on everything imported, the officials are brusque, and everybody seems to be on the make. Minor brands of champagne cost £1 a bottle, whisky nine shillings, half-a-crown is charged for a search at a register office, tram ride 3d., reduced to three halfpence if a shilling's worth of tickets are taken beforehand. I met a musical friend from England who had a pencil-case sent to him as a present. The postal authorities made him open the package in their presence, and charged him twenty seven shillings and sixpence duty on it. I was charged 4d. per pound duty on all the printing matter I carried for my performances. I had to enter into a bond of £100 that I would take my conjuring-table out of the colony within a stipulated time, and a demand was made upon me to pay income tax on £200 for two weeks, the assessment being made one day after my opening night. This was sharp practice with a vengeance. To change a

£10 English note at the post office cost 5 per cent. Trades are controlled by trades unions, and a man must not work at his trade more than a stated number of hours a day. Thus a premium is placed upon idleness. One cannot get 'barbered' after 2 o'clock on Wednesdays, or 6 o'clock on other days. A barber discovered working after these hours, but a few minutes, is heavily fined by his society. I sent my servant with a pair of practically new boots, to have a stitch put in the welt. Jairham was thrown out of the shop and the boots after him, and told to tell his master to buy a new pair. All these things hamper trade, the Factory Act spoils business, and the payment of members of Parliament is to my mind a great mistake as it leads to a certain amount of jobbery. The people are poor, but the country has many resources.

It was my good fortune to make the friendship of Mr Charles Barnett on the day of my arrival in Sydney, and I must express my deepest gratitude, for his great kindness, hospitality and true friendliness towards me during my stay in that city. We became the best of pals, and I look back with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to the truly happy times we spent together. How thoughtfully he arranged little trips and surprises for me, in and about the harbour, Manly and Parramatta, and a pleasant trip to Berry and Coolangatta, and how unselfishly he interested himself to make me happy. A better friend I have never met and I am looking forward to having an opportunity to repay him,

however inadequately, when he comes to this Old Country. The last week of my stay in Australia was passed almost entirely in Barnett's company, and I think was the most enjoyable time I had during the whole of my trip. Unfortunately this happiness could not last, and the day came when we had to part. My servant Jairham left by a P. and O. boat to Bombay, and I embarked on board the S.S. *Sierra*, and as we steamed down the beautiful harbour, the last person I saw was Barnett, waving his hand to me and wishing me, as I know he did, God speed to my native land.

## CHAPTER XXX

AUCKLAND, New Zealand, was the next port at which we were to call. We passed through the Sydney heads into the open sea, and gradually the entrance to the harbour was merged in the coast-line, and then I appreciated how easily it escaped the notice of Captain Cook, as he passed down the coast and landed at Botany Bay. Directly we were clear of the coast, terribly rough weather set in, but being a fairly good sailor, personally I was not affected, although it quieted the passengers considerably and caused many absentees at meal-times. Enormous seas swept over the deck, one huge wave rising 15 feet above the captain's bridge, and carrying away an immense boom, which tore a large hole in the deck, through which over 100 tons of water poured into the engine room, causing the firemen to beat a hasty retreat.

We arrived at Auckland on 9th November, where in honour of the birthday of His Majesty King Edward VII, a general holiday was being observed, and the troops and cadets inspected and reviewed by the late Sir Hector Macdonald. Whilst looking over the town, I met several old friends from England, who I had no idea were in New Zealand. We celebrated the meeting by a little dinner on board our vessel.

Four days later we reached the Island of Tutuila, one of the Samoan group in the South Pacific. We arrived in the early morning, and I was on deck betimes to get a first glimpse of the approach. The sea was quite smooth with low coral reefs, which surrounded and enclosed small lagoons. Through the openings in the reefs our ship was carefully steered until we arrived at the entrance of the charming harbour of Pago Pago.

Then the whole beauty of the place lay revealed ; from the very edge of the sea, girt with golden sands, rich vegetation and luxuriant verdure, stretched far away to the summit of the highest hill. Palms, bread-fruit trees, creepers and climbing plants, bananas and cocoa-nuts were growing together in marvellous profusion. The harbour resembles a large lake, which, except at its narrow entrance, is surrounded by high and thickly wooded hills. Close to the banks of this immense lagoon, many well-built native houses lie buried under the waves of delicious shade, cast by the spreading leaves of the palm and cypress trees.

A tiny white jetty runs out from the shore, and serves as a landing place for the few Europeans and officials who reside in the buildings and Government offices. Pago Pago being one of the coaling stations of the United States, we were not surprised to find an American gun-boat lying at anchor in the middle of the harbour. Our vessel was soon surrounded by small boats and catamarans, and it was a matter of surprise to many of us to see the natives swimming towards us, holding with one

hand out of the water, baskets containing curios, fruit and other commodities. They are a fine built but not at all an industrious race, quick and intelligent, but without stability or determination. We passed some hours on the island, and made purchases from the natives, whose women and children especially hailed us with great delight.

One of our lady passengers was affectionately escorted by two dusky beauties, each holding one of her arms, and two or three children tenderly clinging to portions of her dress. So they promenaded the shore followed by several other women and children each vieing with the other for the honour of touching or holding any part of the white lady's dress.

We crossed the 'line' on 15th November, and Neptune came on board, and according to ancient custom, claimed as his victims all who were crossing the equator for the first time. He and his wife were seated upon thrones on the forward deck and the ceremony duly proceeded. Great was the amusement as Neptune's constable searched the ship for victims, and brought them struggling before His Majesty, where they were duly lathered with a white wash-brush, and shaved with a poop iron. Any attempt at speaking or shouting was promptly stopped by ramming the brush into the neophyte's mouth, or by smearing his face with a black greasy substance resembling tar. Then followed the inevitable sail-cloth filled with bilge-water, into which he was unceremoniously thrown. The proceedings lasted for about two hours, there

being twenty victims, the fun being particularly enjoyed by those who were exempt from the ceremony.

I had been looking forward with great eagerness to seeing Honolulu, which we reached on 19th November. I had an impression that Honolulu was similar to other Pacific islands, and inhabited by a half civilised race. My surprise therefore was great when we entered a small but safe harbour, showing every sign of modern civilisation. A fine city with splendid streets lighted by electricity, an efficient system of street tramways, good shops and large substantial buildings of brick and stone, Government offices, markets, two theatres and a large post office were amongst its wonders. There were also fifteen churches; which is said to be more to the square inch than in London or New York, several fine hotels, and lastly a palace.

Everything was up-to-date, even the finest telephone house to house systems I have ever seen. In fact the only want from which Honolulu suffers is telegraphic communication with the outer world, which no doubt will soon be remedied. The climate is mild and uniform, and the city has all the characteristics of a rapidly developing American city. We left Honolulu late in the evening, the Beach Hotel signalling us 'bon voyage' by alternately lighting and extinguishing all the electric lighting plant, with which their grounds and gardens are illuminated. At first the weather was very unsettled, the sea rough, and the heat terrific, but every day it became cooler and smoother

until we were enabled to indulge in delightful perambulations of the deck. There we amused ourselves by timing the flights of the flying fish, or by watching the enormous gulls which skim with motionless wings, with or against the wind with equal facility.

On moonlight nights, quite nice little concert parties assembled in retired parts of the decks, and charming impromptu duets, glees and solos were performed. I gave a conjuring performance in the saloon one evening, and on others lectures and concerts were given, so that the time passed merrily enough until the 25th of November at 2 p.m. when we were stopped by a fog just outside the 'Golden Gate' San Francisco. After a while the fog lifted and passing through the strait we landed on the American Continent at 6 p.m.

## CHAPTER XXXI

THE San Francisco and the San Pablo Bays form an inland sea, which is entered by passing through a narrow strait five miles long and one mile wide and known as the 'Golden Gate.' San Francisco, the largest commercial city in California, is six miles wide and about twelve miles long, with a population of 400,000. It is situated on the Golden Gate end of the Peninsula formed by the San Francisco Bay on one side, and the Pacific Ocean on the other. The greater part of the city is laid out in rectangular form. The principal artery, Market Street, is about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, it is a grand thoroughfare with fine commercial buildings and well appointed shops. The Palace Hotel just off Market Street, is the principal hotel, built at a cost of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions of dollars, and accommodating twelve to fourteen hundred guests. San Francisco is a rare place for amusement, being well provided in the way of theatres, variety halls, and dime shows. The greatest outdoor attraction is the beautiful and splendidly situated Golden Gate Park, having an area of 1,050 acres, with the Pacific Ocean as its western boundary.

To a person who has, even for a short period, resided anywhere in the Celestial Empire, the

Chinatown of San Francisco becomes a very tame affair. Certainly thousands of Chinese are huddled together in a comparatively small area, and a few may be seen in shops, and about the streets, but otherwise it differs little from any of the other poor localities of the city. There was little indeed which suggested that it was the haunt of the Chinaman. Theatres, joss houses, opium dens, gambling hells and other places usually associated with the Chinaman and his habits, certainly exist; but it is almost impossible for a casual visitor to discover them. Their theatre is in one of the principal streets and consequently can be easily found; but the principal joss house is securely stowed away in a private house at the top of two flights of stairs.

The gambling and opium dens are mostly buried in underground regions of dirt and squalor, and it would indeed tax the temerity of most persons to venture to explore their haunts, except under the direction of an experienced guide. One of them conducted me to an 'opium den,' of which there are many, in underground Chinatown. We passed through a dark forbidding looking alley which ran from one of the streets, and suddenly dived into the doorway of a dilapidated house, thence down a flight of about twenty steps leading to a long, badly lighted passage way, flanked on either side by small doors, which gave the place the appearance of the corridor of a prison. Opening one of these doors, we found ourselves in a very dimly lighted room. On first entering, the objects

in the room were hardly distinguishable and a most offensive and sickening odour pervaded the place.

After a while we could discern several emaciated looking wretches huddled on little bunk-like shelves ; some were asleep and two or three were filling and smoking pipes of opium. The preparation of the pipe takes between five and ten minutes, but the actual smoking only about thirty seconds. The method of preparing the pipe I was particularly curious to observe. A large drop of opium, which is of a treacly consistency, is taken on the end of a wire dipper, and by twirling the dipper round, is prevented from falling until it has been roasted over a small spirit lamp which the smoker keeps within reach.

As the opium roasts, the dipper is kept twisting, and every now and then the drop is rolled upon the flat surface of a tray in which the lamp stands. Then it is again held over the lamp until sufficiently cooked to the smoker's liking. The dipper is then inserted into the small orifice of the pipe, and by a dexterous twist, the opium comes off and adheres to the pipe-bowl. Having thus prepared his pipe, or had it prepared for him, as is sometimes the case, the smoker lies comfortably down, takes the stem of the pipe in his mouth, and again holds it over the spirit lamp, until the opium frizzles and burns. The fumes are then inhaled and exhaled through the nose and mouth. The practice when carried to excess is most injurious, all inclination to work or exertion is lost, desire for food disappears and the smoker gradually becomes emaciated,

wasting away until he develops into a living skeleton. On the other hand I am told that a moderate use of the drug is no more injurious than the habit of smoking tobacco, and providing that the smoker has plenty of work and exercise, it acts upon him only as a stimulant and enables him to undergo great bodily exertion.

Many of these 'dens' are intentionally kept for show purposes, in this dismal and filthy condition. The owners are perfectly aware that visitors expect to see something horrible, so that the more they can accentuate the loathsome and odious appearance of the places, the more the visitors are impressed. The guides are '*personæ gratæ*' and evidently 'stand in,' with the keepers of the 'dens,' and share the plunder, extracted by way of tips, from sympathetic globe trotters.

During my stay in China I had the opportunity of inspecting several of the native theatres, and found the audiences usually seated in rows corresponding with the stalls of a London theatre, with this difference, that small tables were alternately placed between the chairs. Behind these and on the same level, was an enclosed part corresponding to the pit of an English theatre. The women occupied open boxes, ranged around the outer edge of the auditorium, on the ground floor, an arrangement which prevented overcrowding, and enabled the audience to dress well and take their ease. The auditorium of the Chinese theatre at San Francisco was nothing but an immense pit with a gallery sloping over it at a steep angle, both being

packed almost to suffocation with sweltering humanity.

When I arrived it was impossible to gain an entrance by the front doors, the crowd being so great, but my guide took me to a back slum, where we passed through some extremely dirty alleys leading to apartments occupied by ladies whose moral excellence was of the shallowest nature. After running this gauntlet we passed through the door of a dilapidated building along some tumble down, filthy passages, and arrived at the back of the stage, which consisted of merely a platform about six feet from the floor; the back and sides of which were thronged with people. We were escorted across the platform without any regard to the actors, who were already performing, and provided with seats within a few feet of the players. At the back of the platform was what they were pleased to call an orchestra, which kept up an objectionable din by clashing cymbals, gongs, drums and shrieking pipes, their chief object appearing to drown the voices of the performers on the stage.

There was no scenery to assist the story of their plays as in the modern theatres of Europe, but the actor occasionally stopped short to tell the audience where he had arrived, or a board was conspicuously placed on the stage to indicate the scene the members of the audience were to imagine before them. I was not particularly interested in the play, as I heard it had been running for six weeks, and it would take three weeks more to work out the

development of the plot! As in the Greek and Roman theatres the female parts were played by men or boys, who command unusually high salaries for their services. The atmosphere of the place was stifling, and after enduring the repulsive odour of the seething mass, for nearly a quarter of an hour, I was truly glad to beat a retreat and once more inhale the comparatively fresh air of the street.

I left San Francisco by the Southern Pacific Railway, touching Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Kansas City and Denver en route, arriving eventually at Chicago. For sake of completeness, it is indispensable that I should give an itinerary of the cities and towns visited by me in America and Canada, to each of which, however, I shall give but a passing comment. I made my headquarters either in New York, or in Chicago, from which centres most of my travelling in the States originated. My visits were chiefly in company of a professional party, being for the greater part of the time fulfilling professional engagements. To save repetition hereafter, I may mention that I performed in all the cities mentioned, and with few exceptions with great success and prosperous issue. Starting from Chicago I went direct to St Louis, and then on in the following order: Cincinnati, O.; Lexington, O.; Columbus, O.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Cleveland, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; St Paul, Min.; Minneapolis, Min.; Toledo, O.; Louisville, Ky.; Nashville, Tenn.; Memphis, Tenn.; New Orleans, La.; Washington, D.C.; Baltimore, Md.; Richmond, Va.; Hartford, Conn.;

Worcester, Mass. ; New Haven, Conn. ; Springfield, Mass. ; Burlington, Vt. ; Montreal ; Toronto ; Quebec ; Ottawa ; Kingston ; Bridgeport, Conn. From New York City I went to Boston, Mass. ; Philadelphia, Pa., and in the States of New Jersey and New York : Poughkeepsie, N.J. ; Saratoga, N.J. ; Newark, N.J. ; Brooklyn, N.Y. ; Troy, N.Y. ; Albany, N.Y. ; Schenectady, N.Y. ; Utica, N.Y. ; Ithica, N.Y. ; Rochester, N.Y. ; Trenton, N.J. ; Orange, N.J. ; and Ogdensburg, N.Y.

New York City being the principal centre of mercantile and financial operations of the United States, and being the leading city of the Continent, must claim my first attention. New York proper, as distinguished from Greater New York, which absorbs Brooklyn and Jersey City, lies mainly on Manhattan Island, situated at the upper end of New York Bay. With the Hudson and East rivers respectively on the west and east, a peninsula about sixteen miles in length is formed, but the Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvil Creek, small tide ways, separate the greater part of New York from the mainland.

The city is laid out on a rectangular plan : Broadway, the main thoroughfare, and once the most fashionable, runs practically through the whole length of the city. It belies its name somewhat at some points, it being too narrow for the large amount of traffic. Streets designated by numbers run at right angles to this main artery, and are separated at equal intervals, twenty to a mile, and popularly known as ‘blocks.’

A stranger's first experience of New York is one of great bewilderment, he becomes dazed with its noise and bustle. The tram cars appear to travel with the speed of ordinary railway trains, and as they dash past, the clanging of the warning bells helps to swell the hubbub of the streets. At places where the elevated railroad crosses, or runs along the avenues overhead, it is almost impossible to hear oneself speak, the din is so terrible.

With the exception of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, the roads of New York are very bad, but as the street railway and trams are the principal modes of transit, the condition of the roadways is of less importance than would be the case in cities having more carriage traffic.

Fifth Avenue, with its immediate vicinity, is now the most fashionable quarter, and in this locality are many costly houses, but without much architectural pretension. At the north end the Central Park about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, half a mile wide, and containing 843 acres is situated. The promenades in the park are exceedingly picturesque, and the drives on a fine spring afternoon, present a scene of great brilliancy. A splendid zoological collection may be seen here free to the public, and is a source of great amusement and diversion for those who frequent the park. The Bowery situated in the south part of the city is the Whitechapel of New York, and quite adjacent is China Town, having much the same appearance as the locality bearing the same name in San Francisco.

On the occasion of the visit of Li Hung Chang,

the place was ‘en fête,’ the Chinese holding a carnival. The houses were decorated with tinsel, lanterns and flags. Fireworks were let off during the day, and all through the night, and on passing through the quarter the following day the streets were found to be strewn to the depths of three inches with the cases of exploded crackers and other fireworks. There are plenty of fine theatres and variety halls in New York, and the dime museums and continuous shows are extensively patronised. The fare presented at the dime museums is often of a curious nature, peams, cripples, persons in trances, spiritualistic séances, quaint dances and curios from all parts of the world, being the chief attractions ; at the entrance of one of these museums was an iron barred cage, containing a woman manacled, and stated to a credulous crowd to be mad. She grinned and gibbered at the people assembled round the doorway, much to their amusement. At another museum eight divorced ladies, waiting for new husbands, were on view ! New York is fortunate in its situation, being within easy reach of many popular seaside resorts.

Coney Island, about 10 miles from Brooklyn, is connected by railways, and by several lines of steamboats, which run excursions at exceedingly cheap rates, to the various resorts. The favourite trips are to Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, Sheepshead Bay and West Brighton, whilst many steamboats run across to Staten Island. The first two places have immense hotel and bathing

accommmodation ; but West Brighton in the season is the most popular and densely crowded, shows of every kind, dancing booths, roundabouts, swings, circuses, and all the fun of the fair, together with promiscuous bathing, going on all day long, forming a scene almost beyond description.

On entering New York Upper Bay, Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty stands out prominently on Bedlois Island. A powerful electric light is displayed in the torch held by the figure, which illuminates the bay, and as the Americans say enlightens the world. It is distinguishable for 30 miles, and as a beacon is most serviceable to mariners entering the bay at night. The wonderful dimensions of this marvellous piece of work can only be realised upon close inspection. Some idea of its size may be gauged by the fact, that sixteen of our party stood in the head of the figure at one time, whilst a dozen easily stood inside the upper part of the torch. Persons landing on Bedlois Island will probably quickly discover that the place is alive with locusts or grasshoppers of large proportions. A sailor once declared to me that a swarm of locusts settled on his ship and divested it of every shred of sails ! His story was corroborated by another mariner, who vowed that he saw the same swarm, shortly afterwards pass over his ship, and that every locust was then wearing a canvas jacket !

The pleasure of my stay in New York was greatly enhanced by the good friends whom I met at the Lotus, Lamb's, and Players' Clubs, and from whom

I received the greatest kindness. The Corinthian Yacht Club Headquarters is on Hamilton Island in Long Island Sound. Whilst on a visit to New Rochdale, one of my 'Lotus' friends accepted on my behalf an invitation to a 'clam bake' given by this yacht club to their friends. What a 'clam bake' is, very few persons outside America know, and it was certainly a new experience for me. My friend and I arrived at the island at 8 o'clock in the morning, and found a pit about 5 feet in diameter dug near the sea, and filled with large stones, over which a huge fire was burning. When this had burned itself out, the ashes were raked flat and a quantity of wet sea-weed spread over them. Upon this foundation, a couple of dozen chickens, trussed, and each wrapped in muslin, were laid in circular rows, between which a dozen lobsters, two bushels of sweet potatoes in their 'jackets,' and two or three bushels of clams were packed. Clams are bivalve shell-fish in appearance like 'cockles,' but somewhat larger. Long neck clams have a kind of tube about two inches long attached to their shells; these were used on this occasion. Another layer of sea-weed was spread over the provender, and the whole covered with a sail-cloth, pegged tightly down that it might not be disturbed by the wind, and there left to steam for four hours.

The guests numbering about a hundred ladies and gentlemen arrived in small boats and steam launches, and after the food had been declared by experts to be properly cooked, stood at rough tressel

tables, nearly breast high, and partook of the meal prepared in this primitive manner. The Atlantic breezes created a splendid appetite, and I found the repast most enjoyable. We passed the remainder of the day in rowing and sailing in the Sound, and in the evening all were hospitably entertained at the club-house where a concert was given, attended by more guests who came across to the Island. The bright moon shimmering in the calm water of the little bay, and the small boats illuminated by Japanese and other lanterns, sailing to and fro across the Sound, made up a scene of fairy-like beauty.

## CHAPTER XXXII

A SHORT journey of two and a quarter hours, and we arrived at Philadelphia, the chief town of Pennsylvania. It has an area of 129 square miles, which is greater than that of any other place in the United States. The city is a perfect net-work of electric tramlines, the cars being worked by the overhead trolley system, which spoils the appearance of the city, the poles and wire being most unsightly. Market Street is a fine broad thoroughfare, and it is here that the chief wholesale business of the city is conducted. Chestnut Street is the most fashionable, and is lined with a handsome bank and insurance buildings, together with most beautiful shops, one of which is Wannamaker's Store, a very extensive and world-renowned establishment. The City Hall is a magnificent building covering four and a half acres, with a tower reaching a height of 537 feet, the highest building of its kind in the world.

The main streets of Philadelphia are better paved than those of New York, and present a very animated appearance during the day time, being invariably crowded with pedestrian traffic. On visiting the mint I was much interested in the process of preparing the metal discs, and the

methods of milling and stamping them into coins. By the courtesy of the officials I was permitted to stamp one of the silver discs myself, but although it was only a dollar, I could not persuade the authorities to allow me to retain it, even by offering five times its face value. However, to compensate for my disappointment I was presented with several coins and tokens as souvenirs of my visit. There is plenty to see and amuse one in Philadelphia, and many charming suburbs provide little jaunts and excursions to such as are weary of city life. A trip to Atlantic City is one of the best of these. It is a large straggling pleasure resort, a kind of Brighton to Philadelphia, and has a population of 40,000 inhabitants. A wooden esplanade upon tressels skirts the sea-front, and extends to a distance of four miles. This is known as the New Broad Walk, and the side farthest from and facing the sea is lined with shops, shows, refreshment, dancing, skating and music saloons, baths, theatres, water shutes, switchbacks, merry-go-rounds, museums, skittle-alleys, race-course, and every conceivable form of amusement. There is also a very fine Japanese tea garden, and the splendid sands provide excellent accommodation for the tens of thousands who daily indulge in the luxury and amusement of sea bathing.

I shall not forget Atlantic City, for was it not here that I learned to ride a bicycle? I was practising on the firm sand of the sea-shore, riding in a circle turning always to the left. After a while I felt quite at home on my 'Columbia' and suffi-

iently confident to divert my efforts and try to ride the reverse way of the circle, turning now always to the right. I was going fairly fast, and gradually extending the circumference of my track, arrived on the crest of the plateau formed by the wash of the sea, when a boy whom I had not previously seen jumped up right in front of me. In trying to avoid him, I lost the pedals, and the 'bike,' seemed to suddenly fly away from me, dashing from the incline into the Atlantic Ocean. I threw myself backward from the saddle into the sea, when I found myself up to my neck. Fortunately I was able to grab the bicycle by the hind wheel, and dragged it out of the water to the intense amusement of a large crowd collected on the broad walk.

I am not likely to forget Atlantic City! After a successful season in Philadelphia I went to Boston, Mass., via New York City. My journey was somewhat eventful. I had booked a passage on the *Priscilla*; one of those gorgeous floating palaces of the Fall-river line of steamboats which run between New York City and Boston. The magnificent equipment of these palatial boats surpasses anything I could have imagined in connection with a ship. The *Priscilla* is 441 feet long and 93 feet in breadth, and has a tonnage of 5292 tons. The decoration and upholstering of this splendid steamer, is lavish in the extreme. White and gold predominate in the quarter deck used as a smoking room. The purser's office on the quarter deck, the stairways and vestibules are

embellished with panels of sumptuous beauty in the modern Roman style. The ceilings are in square panels of white and gold, adorned with exquisite cameo carving, and in the centre of each square a cluster of electric lights adds to its beauty. The grand and gallery saloons, dining-rooms and main stairway, are particularly rich in their furnishing, the whole pertaining to the palace of an emperor rather than for the accommodation of steamship passengers. We embarked at the New York City Press, 18 & 19 North River, and had just started on our journey when we learned that the other boats of the Fall-river line had been stopped in consequence of a warning that a cyclone was approaching. The information proved correct, and a fearful storm soon broke around us. The sea ran high and dashed over the decks and open parts of the boat, the wind blew a hurricane and the rain poured down in torrents. I never experienced such a fearful night either on sea or land. To make matters worse about 1 o'clock in the morning an alarm of fire was given. To say that I got out of my bunk would be untrue; I flew out, and to my horror found that the cable next to my own was in flames, having been accidentally set on fire by the occupant. A small engine and hose was quickly on the spot and commenced working on the blazing cabin, the firemen fortunately succeeding in extinguishing the fire, which was rapidly spreading and in a very short time would have become unmanageable.

Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, is the most

English of American cities, and the second city in wealth and commerce in the United States. Some exiles from England came over to Charlestown in 1630, and in conjunction with the Rev. William Blaxton, who had previously settled there, in 1623 founded what is now the city of Boston. The original Puritanical character of the people, their tone and customs of life, have entirely disappeared in its growth and development, and it is now substantially cosmopolitan. The city reminded me of some parts of London, especially when the streets were narrow, and when the electric tramcars, which form the principal means of transit go through these narrow thoroughfares, they have barely sufficient space to pass and quite fill the street.

Charlestown is one mile from Boston, and situated on the north bank of the Charles river; upon the summit of Bunker's Hill a monument is erected commemorating the defeat of the British. I am not quite clear about this terrible *defeat*! The British charged the redoubt and lost 1,000 men, the defenders after losing 400 fled, leaving the British masters of the field. From the top of the Obelisk, which is made of brick and stone, and resembles an enlarged Cleopatra needle, a fine view is obtained of the harbour. It was here that the 'Boston Tea Party' defied the 'Tea Act,' and to prevent the landing of the taxable cargoes, boarded the English ships, disguised as Mohawk Indians, and emptied the tea into the sea.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

OUR next calling place was Montreal, and for the first time in six months I saw the Union Jack floating in the breeze. I stood and raised my hat to it! Montreal is the largest city in the Dominion of Canada, and during the last 150 years has developed into an important commercial centre and seat of manufacturing enterprise and industry. It has a population consisting chiefly of English and French, numbering about 270,000. The two nationalities being the chief representatives of the city, an amount of rivalry has sprung up between the promoters of the various religious and benevolent institutions, to which can be traced the imposing character of many of the principal buildings. The Cathedral of St Peter's is a magnificent structure designed after St Peter's of Rome, and occupies a conspicuous position at the corner of the Dominion Square, whilst the Parish Church or Cathedral of Notre Dame is a great and spacious edifice with accommodation for 10,000 worshippers.

On the occasion of my visit to the Cathedral the bodies of three firemen, who had courageously lost their lives whilst in the execution of their duty, were lying in state, Mass being celebrated for the repose of their souls. I should say that quite

10,000 persons were present on that occasion. The McGill College and University is the most prominent educational institution in the city, the University comprising the faculties of arts, applied sciences, medicine and law, with students numbering between six and seven hundred. During my professional season at the Academy of Music, the students came en masse to the performance and it was certainly an evening unparalleled in my recollection or experience. The theatre had been given up to their representatives in the early morning, and about fifty or sixty students worked during the day, decorating the Auditorium. The balconies were draped with University colours, and an immense banner was hung from the top gallery, which part had been reserved for their reception. From the gallery and the stage, a wire had been fixed, upon which ran a traveller and pulley, and as the artist in the opinion of the galleryites, merited favour, so a present in the shape of a box of cigars, a walking stick or a handsome basket of flowers, was sent along the wire and lowered to the performer on the stage. They had their own programmes printed, the ordinary one being interspersed with items of their own songs and choruses, led by their own conductor, stationed in the centre of the front row of the gallery.

Half an hour before the time appointed to commence the performance, between seven and eight hundred students, dressed in quaint carnival dresses, carrying lighted torches and lanterns, and headed by a fine band of fifty musicians, marched through

the principal thoroughfares, discharging fireworks as they paraded the streets. As the procession arrived at the corner of each block of buildings, advance members of the procession ignited large pans of red and green fires, brilliantly illuminating the densely crowded streets. The procession arrived at the theatre, and in an orderly and methodical manner, took the places reserved for them in the gallery, the other parts of the house becoming quickly packed.

The performance commenced and between each item in the ordinary programme the students sang their own quaint glees and catches, a pianoforte they had provided themselves with in the gallery, being used as an accompaniment whilst their own conductor beat time with his baton. They were exceedingly orderly, except when one artist refused to say a word or two of thanks for the gift he received from them, they hooted and compelled him to beat a hasty retreat, several small empty bottles being hurled at him. At the conclusion of the performance the procession was reformed, and the students marched back to their quarters, stopping en route at the Windsor Hotel to serenade our company.

By this time there must have been at least five thousand persons in the procession, and our reception was of the liveliest character.

Shooting the Lachine Rapids, proved one of the most exciting incidents, although of brief duration, I have ever experienced.

Leaving Montreal early one morning with my dear old friend Harry Brett, we journeyed by

the Grand Trunk Railway. Lachine is a pretty little place on the St Lawrence river, about ten miles above Montreal and opposite the Indian Reservation, Caughnawaga. There we went on board a small steamer, and waited three quarters of an hour before we commenced our perilous journey down the river. As we neared the rapids the boat gained impetus, travelling faster and faster until we came in sight of the awful swirling water, amid the threatening rocks which here and there showed themselves above the surface. We could feel the current sucking us along. With four men at the helm the little steamer dashed in and out of the narrow channels between the plateaux or shelves of rock, which were within touching distance on each side of us. With the river hissing and boiling like a cauldron our little boat seemed to fly along. Here with a bank of rocks directly in front of us, when it seemed impossible to prevent being dashed to pieces, the boat would suddenly turn sharply at right angles, within a foot of the threatening mass. Then rushing along for about twenty yards, unexpectedly turned again into another narrow channel of churning water, the submerged gorges showing here and there just beneath the surface. How the pilot knew the track was a mystery, there seemed nothing to indicate it, or by which he could be guided. It was a matter I suppose of constant practice. He stood like a statue, his eye never for an instant off the bow of the boat. I don't think he even winked, until he had brought us through in safety, and we had left the boiling

mass of seething angry water behind. I was pleased to have had the experience, but nothing would induce my friend Brett or myself to repeat the journey. Our opinion was unanimous.

I had always promised myself that if ever I was within a reasonable distance, or a favourable opportunity occurred, I would not miss seeing the Falls of Niagara. Therefore, being in Toronto which is less than three hours' journey from them, I embraced the opportunity and went alone. Pictures of the beauty and magnificence of the Falls have been forthcoming from time to time from so many able writers of every nationality, that it would be futile for one to attempt a description of them, so content myself by simply recording my impressions on the occasion of my initial visit. At first I was a trifle disappointed in the general view, and felt that what I had read of the Falls had been greatly exaggerated. It was not until I had been standing for a considerable time on the Table Rock, gazing at the 'Horseshoe,' that its beauty and grandeur seemed to grow upon me. I became lost in wonder, was fascinated, and felt for the time rivetted to the spot. That peculiar roar and deeply hidden subdued organ-like note, which is heard, only when the attention is particularly directed to it, was so full of solemnity that it infused my mind with a religious awe. I left the Table Rock and went far down beneath to the 'Rock of Ages' which lies in the bed of the chasm. The vast volume of water falling causes a fine spray, which resembles a perpetual mist, and when the sun shines a delight-

ful rainbow effect is caused. Niagara by moonlight is also very striking, the lunar rainbow giving the Falls quite a fairy-like appearance.

We were now in that glorious but mysterious season, known as the 'Indian Summer,' a period between autumn and winter, when after a spell of cold weather and a little snow has fallen, the atmosphere becomes balmy and delightfully warm. It lasts about three weeks previous to the approach of the extreme cold. The haziness and the excessive warmth of this peculiar season are attributed to the heat and smoke of the many prairie fires raging at this period of the year.

When I arrived at Quebec the Indian summer had passed, and winter had set in, in reality. The cold was intense, sleighs and furs were the order of the day, and I had to provide myself with a pair of icecreepers, which I ought to explain are a little device attached to the boots under the instep, with several small spikes to prevent one slipping on the frozen pavements. When not in use they fold back on a small hinge, and lie under the insteps close up to the heels of the boots. Quebec is the most picturesque and best fortified town on the Continent, being known as the Gibraltar of America. There is an upper and a lower town, the former being built on an elevated plateau, overlooking the St Lawrence and the St Charles rivers, whilst the latter lies on the banks of the St Charles river.

The French quarter of the city which is the largest is very quaint and interested me greatly. I was exceedingly comfortable at the Frontenac Hotel,

near the Dufferin Terrace, a magnificent promenade 140,000 feet long, and 200 feet above the St Lawrence from which there is a striking and very beautiful view. But one of the most pleasant days I ever spent was in a sleigh drive, with some friends, to the Montmorency Falls. The drive in a well appointed sleigh with a pair of good horses, through the clear crisp and frosty air was most exhilarating. The Falls are picturesquely situated in an enclosure, and although they have not the extent yet they exceed Niagara in height by 100 feet. We lunched near the park and made purchases from the Indians who offer for sale, skins of every description, moccasins, pipes, bead ornaments and other articles, manufactured by themselves. I was greatly pleased with my visit to Quebec, and sorry when the time arrived for me to take my departure.

Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, I thought a splendid city of fine buildings. The people are kind and hospitable, and the good old Union Jack was still flying. As in Quebec, there are two distinct towns, the upper and lower, separated by the Rideau Canal. On Parliament Hill the Government buildings rank among the finest specimens of architecture to be found in North America. With a temperature of 20 below zero, the River Ottawa was frozen over, trotting matches and horse races being held on the ice. We crossed the river in a sleigh to New Edinburgh, where we visited the pulp mills, and saw the process of making paper from wood. We also visited

Chaudiere or Rideau Falls, the match factories and other places of interest in the neighbourhood ; and on our return inspected the water-works ; where the chief engineer called our attention to a large gong, which gave the alarm in case of fire, and also automatically set in motion certain machinery for pumping water into the hydrants, in sufficient quantity to extinguish a fire of the greatest magnitude. We left at 4 o'clock greatly impressed by these splendid precautions, but at 4-15 an alarm of fire at the Government Offices was actually given, and unfortunately the beautiful machinery at the water-works failed in consequence of the water in the hydrants having frozen. No water being forthcoming it was of course impossible to check the fire, and the Parliamentary buildings were destroyed. The fire lighted up the adjacent buildings and the flames glistening in the surrounding snow and ice, were a sight magnificently grand. Irresistibly I was reminded of when Eaton Hall with its costly treasures was being burned. The Duke of Westminster stood gazing sadly upon the scene, when a country yokel approached him and said 'It is not so much of a fire, your Grace' 'No' . . . answered the Duke, 'but it is the best we can do for you.'

The next day the Government buildings were still burning, and pickaxes had to be used to dig out the fire engines and hose from the ice. Even the firemen who directed the streams of water, which came late, were frozen to the ground where they stood, and looked like enormous icicles.

Eventually help came from Montreal, and the fire was extinguished. Fortunately the records were saved, but the damage was estimated at a million and a half dollars.

The amount of snow we passed through on the way to Kingston was inconceivable, drifts 10 to 15 feet deep blocked the roads; snow ploughs were fixed on the fronts of the locomotives, which force their way through the banks of snow, throwing it away on each side in high graceful curves resembling immense fountains. Huge red hot stoves were in the cars, and as we dashed through the dreary looking country, the fine snow beat through the interstices into the cars, and in this manner eventually we arrived at Kingston. Still snow, always snow—there seemed fields of it—never-ending. As Brett and I were walking home one evening to our hotel, suddenly he disappeared as if by magic. He had slipped into a hole six feet deep which had become filled up with the drifting snow, to the level of the surrounding road. I had great difficulty in extricating him, but eventually I succeeded, after which by judicious application of hot Scotch whisky he soon recovered from the shock. At Prescott we crossed the river St Lawrence in a penny boat, passing through a channel which had been cut in the frozen river, and arrived at Ogdensburg, a city and port of entry to the United States.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

ONCE more we were under the Stars and Stripes, and Uncle Sam became again our guardian. Ogdensburg is regularly laid out, and known as the Maple City by reason of the profusion of these trees. Staying a day at Utica we proceeded to Chicago.

Chicago, familiarly known as the garden or Queen City, is the second city of commercial importance in the United States of America. It stretches along the west shore of Lake Michigan for thirty miles, and has an area of 190 square miles and contains 4070 miles of streets and alleys. Fifty years ago Chicago was a mere trading port of half a dozen huts, now its commerce is enormous. My first impression was one of amazement, streets, sky scraping buildings, beautiful shops, bustle, crowds of people, all surly looking, street railways with cars running by threes and fours like trains. The population, numbering between 1,800,000 and 2,000,000 is cosmopolitan; every nationality in the world being represented. In 1871 occurred one of the most notable incidents in its annals, viz:—the great fire, in which 73 miles of its street frontages were destroyed. Since then its growth has been unparalleled. The population which was at that time 360,000 has increased by 1,500,000.

Hardly had the ashes time to cool when the inhabitants with marvellous energy set to work to rebuild, and in the short space of three years handsome stone and brick buildings replaced the miserable wooden structures which previously formed the city.

I met many nice people in Chicago, and received the greatest hospitality, but I was not charmed with the general appearance of the street public. They seemed to be morose and looking for trouble. Perhaps I was influenced in my opinion by the prevalence of 'Hold ups' in Chicago at the time. Every day one heard of numbers of cases, a person perhaps would be looking at the goods in the shop windows ; a man would come and stand at his side and in an undertone say 'I'm a desperate man, I've got you covered,' meaning that a small pistol he had in his pocket was pointed towards him. 'Keep quiet and hand over your satchel' (purse) which, in forty-nine cases out of fifty was done, the villain's retreat in all probability being covered by a couple of armed confederates close by.

The same kind of thing happened in saloons, two men would enter, one covering the 'bar-tender' with a gun, whilst the confederate cleared the tills and money registers of the cash with which they decamped. Even in a street car a desperate man has suddenly made his appearance, called 'Hands up' to everybody, and compelled them to deliver up their purses, note satchets and jewellery with which he coolly made off.

Whilst I was in Chicago the police seemed utterly unable to cope with these desperadoes. The state

of affairs was so bad that I rarely ventured out at night alone. My friend Brett struck a bright idea to get over the difficulty. He carried a large purse, full of nickels and dimes, ready to hand over immediately should he ever be 'held up.'

Sandbagging was also very prevalent. The ruffians provided themselves with an innocent looking weapon, simply a bag about 12 or 16 inches long, shaped like a sausage, and filled tightly with sand. A crack across the back of the neck with this little article, and the victim drops absolutely senseless, the blow causes no bleeding, and the victim appears simply to be sleeping naturally. He is then robbed and left to his fate, probably to be found by a patrol man.

One of the principal industries of Chicago is hog and beef-packing. There are several large firms who carry on this business and an idea of its extent may be realised by the fact that the union stock yards occupy an area of 475 acres, 75 of which contain 8,500 covered pens for hogs. I visited Messrs Armour's establishment, where I was permitted to see the whole process. The hogs were driven from pens in the stock yards, through narrow alleys, and over winding viaducts, until they reached the slaughter house. There appeared a never ending stream of hogs, in single file, which disappeared through a small door in the wall of an immense building. Here they filed into a kind of arena, where tireless men attached a chain with a slip ring to the hind leg of each, and a ring at the other end of the chain was slipped on to a peg

fixed on a solid wheel, which was constantly revolving, elevating the shrieking hogs in the air, where a mechanical contrivance transferred the chain to an elevated trolley. The hog then passed head downwards over a pit, in which stood a man armed with a terrible looking knife, which as each hog passed he plunged into its throat. The hog during a subsequent passage on a trolley was scalded, scraped by a machine filled with spring knives through which the carcase passed, disembowelled, decapitated and trimmed, the various parts being conveyed down shoots in the floor, to the other departments. The carcase was then washed and continued its journey along the trolley to the cooling rooms previous to being prepared for packing. The first part of the process was simply horrible to witness, and many a strong man has had to turn away from the scene. The slaughterman, covered with a kind of leather apron upon his right side only, stood knee deep in a tank of blood. As the hog came swinging towards him, he steadied it with his left hand and cut its throat with his right, being drenched with blood as it gushed from the wound. The smell of the hogs, the blood, and steam from the scalding tanks caused a sickening stench, whilst the horrible unearthly shrieks from the dying hogs, and those hanging head downwards on the trolley, all added a scene of never to be forgotten horror. I was told that every part of the hog was utilised except its squeal.

Leaving Chicago I arrived at St Louis, where, to use an Americanism, 'I got comfortably fixed

up' at the 'Planters,' a palatial hotel in the centre of the city. Whilst staying there, I had the pleasure of making the friendship of that genial old actor, favourite alike in England and America, Joseph Jefferson. He was playing at the Olympic theatre, 'Rip Van Winkle,' alternating the performances with the 'Cricket on the Hearth,' and 'Lend me five shillings,' in each of which I saw him to advantage. He came to see my performance at the Century Theatre, but told me afterwards that he was too deaf to hear me properly from the box which he occupied. I offered to give him a private performance at the hotel, and so passed a very pleasant afternoon with himself and his family. He was a charming old gentleman, brimful of kindness, fun and appreciation. He was most flattering in respect to my performance, and at its conclusion presented me with signed photographs of three pictures he had painted, for he is not only a great artist on the stage but a painter of rare ability. He also gave me a very pressing invitation to visit him at his home at Lousiana, which I regret to say I was never able to accept.

A short time previous to my arrival St Louis had been visited by a terrible tornado, one of the most disastrous in the annals of the many catastrophies of this nature which occur on the American continent. The city presented a wrecked appearance, almost beyond words to describe. The devastating wind came tearing down the streets, swaying immense buildings with its powerful blast; demolishing in its progress the Mammoth power-

house of the Union Depôt Electric Railway, levelling long rows of palatial buildings of stone and brick, tearing off roofs and rolling up like paper the tin coverings of the many store houses in the vicinity. The air was filled with bricks and lumber, whilst through the sixty-five acres of St Louis, the hurricane cut a zig-zag course two miles long and a mile in breadth, carrying everywhere death and destruction. Towering elevators filled with grain and smoke stacks of mighty factories, were scattered crackling and crumbling to the ground; huge trees in the parks and gardens were uprooted and sent flying through the air like feathers, steamboats in the river were spun round like tops, the water rushing through the breaches, until they finally sank with all on board. Boats and barges were hurled by the violence out of the water and landed hundreds of yards up the river banks; railway cars and trains in the railway yards were overturned and wrecked, churches cut in halves as if with a mighty guillotine, factories and the beautiful residences gracing the avenues of the parks, were completely demolished, until the Metropolis represented a scene of ruin and carnage, which appalled all Christendom, and brought misery and mourning to thousands of hearts. The whole of this terrible destruction and loss of life was accomplished in the space of twenty minutes. Some idea may be gathered of the dreadful fatality, when I add that at the corner of 7th Street, twenty-seven persons were killed outright in one building alone.

I paid a most interesting visit to the celebrated 'Anhenser Busch Brewery,' a business of surprising magnitude, supplying as it does millions upon millions of bottles of German beers to the thirsty population of America. There I was presented with several souvenirs and statistics of the business ; and came away marvelling at the enormous number of thirsty people. During my sojourn of eight days there were several bad cases of 'holding up' in the city. In the Planters' Hotel a case occurred where a gentleman was suddenly 'held up' by a ruffian who robbed him of £8,000 worth of diamonds. As is usual no arrest was made and the scoundrel got clean away.

My journey from St Louis to Cincinnati was far from interesting. Occasionally we pulled up at a wood pile, as the little villages or townships are called, and which strike one as being very primitive. Even the fields appear new, whilst the houses are made of wood and look like sheds, arranged on each side of a main street, where logs laid transversely form the side walks, up the centre of which series of lopped trees act as telegraph poles, the roadway itself being overgrown with grass ; these, with usually a small church resembling a church out of a box of toys, and painted blue, green, or red, constitute the township. The inhabitants invariably turn out to the side of the track to see the mail pass, and a freight train often consisting of as many as a hundred wagons, each the length of a Pullman car may be seen waiting on the siding or labouring on the

track, the enormous engine giving out a series of explosions at ten seconds intervals, in its effort to move the weight of the half a mile of wagons, slowly along. In lieu of hedges the fields are divided off by laying logs across each other to the height of about four feet, in a succession of v shape zig-zags, and the gardens or grounds surrounding the private houses, near the towns, are not fenced but quite open, even to the side walks.

I found the travelling by rail very comfortable, except that the heating of the cars is sometimes excessive. One can procure almost anything to eat or drink on board, and there are a library and writing room, smoking lounge, and lavatory accommodation on most trains. The parlour cars are handsomely fitted and upholstered, the attendants being usually coloured men, whom I found very obliging.

There is one person on board the train who demands attention for a moment, I allude to the 'train boy,' or to bestow upon him his proper title 'the newsagent.' He is ubiquitous, very obliging and generally ready to render the passengers any small service which lies in his power. He is not only what his name implies, but also a 'hustling' and enterprising tradesman, whose chief aim is to induce passengers to make purchases from his wonderful store. When the word 'all aboard' has been given by the conductor, the big bell on the engine has finished tolling, and the train has fairly started, the 'newsagent' makes a tour of the various cars, offering for sale first newspapers and

journals of the principal cities on the line. He then disappears for a few moments, and from some secret recess hidden far away in a baggage-van, returns with his arms full of monthly English and American periodicals. He wastes no time in soliciting the passengers to buy, but gives them a kind of 'taste,' hurrying along dropping the books on empty seats or handing them to the passengers. When he returns, five or ten minutes later to collect the book, a percentage of the passengers has become interested in an article or short story and purchases the copy. Away goes the newsagent and returns from his cave of plenty with chocolate and chewing gum, for which he usually gets a ready sale. He is generally good tempered and chatty, and often a bit of a comedian ; he gets into conversation with the passengers, pointing out to them places of interest on the journey, at the same time, although not unduly pushing his wares, keeping his eye on the main chance 'business.' From his varied stock he successfully exhibits, fruit, cigars, candy, 'smelling salts for tired feelings, nice deck of cards, sir? Certainly! All winners, yes, only a 'quarter' colonel, good luck! Now, colonel, how about a nice love story, this is a clinker'—with the accent on the 'a clinker,' as he produces a series of yellow back novels, for the would-be buyer to choose from. Next he offers 'snow glasses' to protect the eyes from the glare, and then 'gin killers' which were a mystery to me. I thought they were 'poker chips,' but discovered they were used

to sweeten the breath, or to kill the smell, if a person had been indulging in the luxury of drinking gin. The train boy is quite a wag, for he finds it pays to be funny, and the more humorous he is the more money he makes. I am told that these train boys pay large sums annually to the railroad companies for the privilege of thus disposing of their wares.

The country was a bit monotonous with miles of Indian corn, growing to the height of fifteen feet, swamps and flat uninteresting prairie land; while here and there numbers of trees stripped of their bark, lay about on the ground, evidently blown down and left to rot where they fell. So we arrived in the State of Ohio, along the east fork of the White River, over a trestle bridge, passed log shanties by the wayside, where the folks were busy burning the fallen trees into lengths. (Not a bad idea in the absence of saws or machinery). Through more fields of Indian corn and about thirty miles of rough country to the Paris of America, Cincinnati. I took up my abode at the Burnet House Hotel, and from the first felt that I should like the city. It is clean and has plenty of fine shops, stores and imposing buildings, and a splendid system of street railways, whilst the suburbs and surrounding scenery are picturesque and beautiful. It is built on two plateaux, one sixty feet and the other one hundred and twelve feet above the level of the Ohio River.

Electric cars run on an elevator or inclined plane cable railway, from the lower to the higher plateaux.

It was approaching Christmas, and I was greatly amused at the novel methods of advertising, adopted by the large stores and shop-keepers. At one large store the whole of a window was arranged as a stage, with scenery and accessories, and the pantomime of 'Robinson Crusoe' was performed with a full caste, and proper complement of supers. Not only was the story told, but an elaborate transformation scene and harlequinade completed the performance. In another window the interior of a cottage with large ingle-nook and chimney-piece was represented. This depicted the home of Santa Claus, the white bearded old saint being surrounded with toys which he gathered in arms full and disappeared up the chimney. The crowd which gazed in at the window, would then hurry across the road, to witness his reappearance a few minutes later out of a chimney-pot on the roof of the establishment, from which exalted position he scattered small gifts and advertisements among them. Most of the millinery and large drapers' shops had living models in the windows, upon whom the various goods to be purchased were displayed.

## CHAPTER XXXV

I MET that splendid magician Kellar in Cincinnati and had the pleasure at the Walnut Street Theatre of witnessing his performance, one of the finest exhibitions of conjuring I have ever seen. My own performances were being given at the Opera House, and although running in opposition to Kellar, he generously assisted me with the Press, for which kindness I again tender him my best thanks.

There is a large coloured population in the city, and by crossing a dirty little ditch of a river facetiously called the 'Rhine,' the German quarter, known as 'Deutsch Land,' is reached. Some time since the country surrounding Cincinnati suffered considerably from a plague of 'wire-worms,' and some genius imported a quantity of sparrows into the city to counteract the ravages made by these pests. But the sparrows multiplied to such an extent that they became an intolerable nuisance, and the remedy was worse than the disease. The telegraph wires throughout the city swarm with these birds, and to mitigate this nuisance, the municipality authorises at stated periods a general battue of the sparrows. When the birds have congregated on the wires for the night, hundreds of persons

assemble underneath with guns, and simultaneously volleys of duck shot are fired, slaughtering the birds by thousands. Lark pies and puddings figure upon all the menus of the cheap restaurants for some days after these onslaughts have been made!

Whilst in this city an amusing instance of American genius in advertising came under my notice. A celebrated entrepreneur who was running a farcical comedy at one of the theatres, and with whom business was not at all flourishing, to give it a 'fillip,' one morning desired one of his principals to make up with wig and grease paint as for an evening performance, and proceed in a cab with his properties to a photographer's to have portraits taken for the purposes of advertisement. The manager saw him start and immediately gave information to the police that a 'Nihilist' was conveying explosives to a certain destination. A constable was told off to watch for the poor wretched inoffensive actor, who was duly arrested. The driver of the cab protested, whereupon the police arrested him as an accomplice, hundreds of people assembled, and one of the angry crowd tore the wig off the man, who was ignominiously marched through the streets to the police station. The wily manager meanwhile watched the proceedings through the glass door of a bank on the side walk, and in due time arrived breathless at the police station, where he bailed the prisoners out, explaining who he was, and threatening all manner of proceedings against the police. Every newspaper in the city published columns, reporting

the occurrence, and at the same time spoke highly of the amusing comedy, with the inevitable result that the theatre was packed with an audience curious to see the hero of the adventure.

The play was really good, and consequently the report of its excellence soon spread, and the season which opened so badly furnished us a great financial success. There is only one man whom I know would have had the audacity to carry out such a ruse. I wonder if my reader can guess his name? The week I spent in Cincinnati I thoroughly enjoyed, and taking leave of the many friends went on to Lexington, Kentucky, which, except that it is an important railway junction has nothing much to recommend it to the traveller. When I arrived a horse fair was in progress, and a large crowd of niggers and doubtful-looking persons of the 'cowboy' type, galloped horses up and down the main street. I could not help noticing a show which was being well patronised, and which for morbidity would require a lot of beating. Some weeks previously a nigger, who, guilty of a criminal assault, had been lynched and burnt to death at the stake. The show consisted of a cinematograph representation of the burning shown upon a screen, whilst a phonograph record of the poor wretch's screams and ejaculations synchronised with the moving picture. I soon saw all I wanted to see of Lexington and left for Indianapolis, stopping one night en route at Columbus.

Indianapolis is a city of fine proportions, wide streets, fine stores, and really good buildings, it is

known as 'Railway City,' and is a large commercial centre.

My next calling place was Cleveland, where in the Grand Opera House I gave a performance before a very fashionable audience, amongst whom was the American statesman, Mark Hanna, who came upon the stage and assisted me, acting as my unconscious confederate. Unfortunately my stay was limited to one day in this fine city, and I had only time to drive round the principal districts, see the beautiful monument erected in the Lake View Cemetery to the assassinated President Garfield, and leave by the midnight mail for Milwaukee, which I reached via Chicago at 2.45 p.m. the next day. Milwaukee is the largest city in the state of Wisconsin and is situated on the edge of Lake Michigan. It is sometimes called 'Cream City,' from the colour of which the building material is made in the vicinity. The following week I spent in the twin cities, St Paul and Minneapolis in the State of Minnesota. There I made the acquaintance of several persons who were relatives of intimate friends of mine in England, and the hospitality they extended to me added greatly to the pleasure of my sojourn in the Gem City and the City of Flour. I don't know of any greater source of enjoyment on a clear, crisp frosty morning, than that afforded by a long sleigh drive with a pair of spanking horses. My newly made friends provided me this invigorating pleasure every day for the week I was with them ; one day driving from St Paul far into the country overlooking the

snow covered valley of the Mississippi, the river itself being bridged with ice, on another a splendid drive to the Lake of the Isles and again to the charming little Minnehaha Falls on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Smelling, and the Falls of St Anthony, immortalised by Longfellow in ‘The Song of Hiawatha.’

Where the Falls of Minnehaha,  
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley.

And he named her from the river,  
From the waterfall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

The Falls are situated in a little dell which lies in the centre of a thicket surrounded by larger trees and one

Sees the Minnehaha,  
Gleaming, glancing through its branches,  
As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches.

The Falls were partly frozen, long icicles hanging around them, and the frost on the bushes and on the surrounding trees produced a lace-like stereoscopic effect which was exceedingly beautiful. In driving through a park on the road to the Falls, I was greatly amused to see an immense rock, mounted upon a granite pedestal, upon which was an inscription informing the public that ‘it was the identical rock which Moses struck with his staff, to procure water for the Israelites’; but of course the Yankee is nothing if not truthful! Being Christmas time



St Paul—I mean the city—was quite *en fête*, the shops and stores being decorated. Processions were formed, and Father Christmas and a band of musicians upon a huge sleigh drawn by six horses perambulated the streets, whilst at night a promiscuous discharge of fireworks did not add to the comfort and safety of pedestrians.

Commercially I think the ‘Twin Cities’ were passing through a bad time, for there was quite a panic among the banks, several of which ‘went up’ following the ‘going up’ of the Bank of Minnesota. I spent Christmas day with my new friends, who did their best to assist me in celebrating the festive season in a manner as nearly as possible approaching our own good old English custom. Two days after, I wished them ‘au revoir’ and proceeded via Chicago to Toledo, of which I thought nothing and left without a pang.

Five days later I was 1,500 miles south at Louisville, in a sweltering almost unbearable heat. But as I passed only one day in the city, I have little to chronicle, except that I did good business and made a few dollars. Eight hours railway journey and I reached Nashville, where I felt I was really in the veritable home of the negro, and every second individual was a ‘coloured pusson.’ They lounged about street corners, drove cars, carts, carriages and vans, and swarmed in the streets. In the theatres there were specially reserved parts for them, notices being displayed ‘For coloured persons only,’ whilst on the railway carriages compartments were respectively labelled ‘For white passengers only,’ and



'For coloured persons.' I passed down a side turning off the main street, and noticed a small shop having a window about six feet by four, with a wire blind on the inner side, across the window on the outside of which was written in whitewash Jake Levine, Justice of the Peace. As I passed a terrible commotion was going on within; I entered, and found a small shop about twelve feet square and nine feet high, packed with negroes and negresses, one of whom had a terrible gash about six inches long straight across her face, the effects of a cut with a razor. A barrier running across divided the shop into two parts, two-thirds being devoted to the public, the remainder being occupied by the prosecutrix, and the defendant (for he was not a prisoner), the former charging the latter with attempted murder, and in the corner at a small table sat a 'cow boy' looking man, who wore a slouch hat and who, I was informed was 'Jake.' The noise in the 'Court' was terrific, each vieing with the other in shouting and threatening with 'Cut yer deep.' I was told that when the niggers quarrelled they produced razors and holding them by the sheaths, used the swinging blade across each other's faces, hence the threat 'I'll cut yer deep.'

I was not at all in love with Nashville as a city, and should certainly dislike it as a 'permanent address.' I was more interested in Memphis, situated on the east bank of the Mississippi, that eternal river with its 3,200 miles of water-way, or if the main branch of the Missouri is included a total length of 4,300 miles. It seems impossible to get

away from it ; one can never lose it, it is like the poor ‘always with us.’ One travels hundreds and hundreds of miles, and arriving at a town ask ‘What river is that?’ ‘Why, the Mississippi’ ; travel a few more hundreds and ask the question again, and one gets a similar answer, always the ‘Mis’sippi,’ the ‘Mis’sippi.’ It twists and twines about and winds and meanders to such an extreme, that in one part of its pilgrimage it takes nearly 1,500 miles to cover a point to point distance of 500 miles. It has many other peculiarities, for instance it grows narrower and deeper towards its mouth, it also has a happy knack of occasionally cutting through little peninsulas, thereby shortening itself somewhat, with unpleasant complications to land-owners and others, to say nothing of wiping out a person’s property altogether.

I spent a morning on the banks of the Mississippi with an old river pilot who explained that he was there before the Civil War, and gave me a graphic description of a naval engagement in which the Union forces defeated a Confederate fleet, destroying their vessels by bombarding them across a piece of land forming a convenient bend in the river. There seemed an element of truth about the story, but in Memphis one never knows. The city is the largest interior cotton market in the United States, and indeed there seems to be cotton everywhere. Carted about the streets, unloaded from freight trains in the depots, from barges and steamers at the wharves, ‘cotton-gins,’ cotton compresses, ‘everywhere cotton.’ I visited several ‘cotton-gins,’ and

had the process of ‘guming,’ cleansing or separating the cotton from the husks and seed explained to me. I was also much interested in the method of hydraulically compressing the cotton into huge bales, and securing them with iron bands ready for shipment. There are a great many negroes in Memphis, more than half the population being coloured. The city is methodically and tastefully laid out ; located in the centre being a small park, known to the inhabitants as Squirrel Park, from the numbers of tame squirrels scampering about in the trees and on the lawns. The heat in Memphis is intense and in the hot weather almost unbearable.

A journey of 826 miles through immense tracts of forest and hundreds of miles of palm trees and cacti, the railroad traversing swamps and marshes, standing in which may be seen occasionally lonely dwelling-places reared on high poles, out of reach of the alligators and other reptiles which frequent these marshy lagoons. I arrived at New Orleans, the Crescent City or Metropolis of the South, where once more the Mississippi is to be found. Here indeed was the river, in all its majesty, and ranged on its banks were splendid buildings and fine wharves, where thousands of bales of cotton, sugar, and other merchandise awaited shipment on board the freight boats moored alongside the levee, whilst the presence of a number of magnificent two funnel steamers, loading at the wharves, indicated the enormous commercial importance of the river at this point.

With the exception of Liverpool, New Orleans is the largest cotton market in the world. The city

is spread out like a huge suburb, and planned with a view of obtaining as much air and sunshine as possible. There is an abundance of forest trees, a wealth of fragrant flowers, and a never ending supply of fruit, which includes the plum, pomegranate and orange. This immense suburb is intersected by 450 miles of shady streets, and whilst it has a population of less than a quarter of a million persons, an area of 155 square miles is assigned. The city is exceptionally interesting from the picturesqueness of its older sections, whilst the most characteristic features are its levee, wharves and French market. The bustle of business begins at daybreak, crowds of people comprising every nationality gathering together, the French tongue predominating. The main business thoroughfare and promenade on the American side of the city is Canal Street, crossing which the French quarter is reached, its chief thoroughfare being the Rue Royale.

The streets have a system of open drains which are about two feet wide and two feet deep and run parallel with the side-walks. These are flushed several times a day, and the city is considered to be one of the healthiest in the Union. Owing to the swampy nature of the country, it is impossible to dig far below the surface without striking water. This necessitates the burial of the dead in tombs and huge mausoleums above ground; some of which indeed resemble miniature marble arches and temples, the largest structures being owned by clubs and societies for the reception of their deceased members. The minor parts of the marble

walls of the larger tombs, are divided off into square recesses, resembling large pigeon-holes, for the reception of the coffins, which when deposited are cemented up with a slab, upon which the name or number is engraved, corresponding with a record inscribed on a large slab or plate generally placed near the entrance, which looks like the name indicator usually found in the lobbies of large office buildings. Seats are provided in railed off portions under the shade of the trees and mausoleums, and it is not unusual to see large parties, relatives of the dead, gathered together and picnicking there, in order to be as near as possible to the departed. Flowers and the cheaper but more enduring emblem of regard, the indestructible ‘Immortelle’ made of black rag and white beads decorate the tombs, the whole effect being gruesome and ghastly; though the cemetery is beautifully laid out and kept in excellent order. Whilst upon this not very cheerful subject I must mention the curious custom in New Orleans of advertising the decease of persons, by means of small printed bills posted on lamp-posts and telegraph poles, notifying the fact to the public and desiring their prayers for the repose of the departed souls.

Changing the subject and turning from grave to gay, perhaps the most important annual event in New Orleans is the Mardi-gras or Shrove Tuesday festivities. The city is then given up entirely to mirth, fun and frolic. Rex, the king of the carnival accompanied by a large retinue robed in oriental splendour, is received at the

City Hall. At night processions of fantastic groups, with horses, chariots, masks, costumes, whimsical dresses and other embellishments savouring of Parisian taste, parade the streets, attended by bearers of lanterns and flickering torches. Thousands of persons take part in this revelry and frolic, and private receptions, dances, and a grand masked ball generally bring to a conclusion the carnivalistic ceremonies of this day of rejoicing, which are a survival of the French and Spanish occupation of New Orleans. Whilst dining at the St Charles Hotel, one of the finest in America, I was surprised to see numbers of small chameleons running about and crawling over the plants with which the tables and sideboards were decorated.

I had always been given to understand that their one great accomplishment and occupation was that of changing their colour, but though I watched most carefully I failed to detect even a blush, and have come to the conclusion that their power is greatly exaggerated, and if exercised they perform in private and not before the vulgar gaze. Another species of reptile to be found in New Orleans is the alligator. He is not nearly so elegant as the chameleon, though there is more of him. I had seen many of these creatures during my excursions in the suburbs and by the canal, but was considerably astonished when one evening a friend made me a present of a small basket containing two baby alligators, each measuring about eighteen inches long. I had no particular

desire to keep them in my bedroom for the night, so my friend suggested that they should find a temporary shelter in the bath-room, and accordingly the basket and the two babies were placed upon a shelf over the bath.

My friend Brett, of whom I have already spoken, was staying with me, and next morning was quietly taking his bath, when suddenly the two alligators, in some mysterious manner, having escaped from the basket, flopped into the water. I might mention that Brett has a great aversion to these reptiles, especially when they attempt to join in his matutinal bath, and it took him much less time to get out of the water, than it did for him to get into it. He rushed out of the bath-room, leaving the two little beasts to their aquatic devices, and bursting into my room, declared that the place was alive with alligators. Harry refrains from telling this story to teetotallers, and he says that they are liable to put a wrong construction on it!

Many are the blood-curdling tales told of the voracity of these saurians around New Orleans. On one instance a woman and five children, who were bathing together in a canal, were said to be devoured by one of these monsters. The reptile must have been terribly distressed at the fifth babe. I think this is on a par with a tale told me at the St Charles, of two niggers, both waiters at the hotel, one a very tall fat man, the other a short thin man, who for a small wager entered into a competition as to which of them could eat the most between 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. At 3 o'clock in the

afternoon the little man was three turkeys and a leg of pork ahead!

Horse-racing is a great feature of amusement with the New Orleanite, races taking place nearly every day. I thought the race course very good, but the horses were a poor lot, and made a very tame show.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

AFTER visiting many other places of interest I left New Orleans, and arrived two days later at Washington. The 'city of magnificent distances,' the seat of the Government of the United States, forms part of the district Columbia. It is truly a beautiful city; the streets are wider than those of any other city on the globe, and excepting the chief business thoroughfares are all lined with maple and elm trees. It may well be called the city of distances, for looking from the Treasury, down the Pennsylvania Avenue, a distance of a mile and a half, the Capitol is seen situated at the extreme end. It is a magnificent block of buildings 751 feet long and covers an area of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres, yet looking down the avenue it resembles a child's toy in the vista. On the right of the avenue is the Washington Monument, a plain obelisk 55 feet square at its base, and 555 feet high. From the White House, the official residence of the President, Cleveland, the twice-elected president of the United States, who kindly promised me his patronage, accompanied by Mrs Cleveland and Secretary Olney, witnessed my performance at the Columbia Theatre.

The theatre was packed with a fashionable

audience, including the British Ambassador Sir Julian Pauncfoote and suite. I visited the Treasury and saw the process of printing, cutting and counting the bank notes, and was shown and duly impressed with the sight of bullion to the tune of 795,000,000. For once in my life I held a million pounds or 5,000,000 dollars in my hands for a moment, but I noticed the custodian did not take his eye from me whilst it was in my possession. I had a vague idea that he knew who I was, and feared that I might put my professional ability into practice and spirit it away. The bank notes which are returned from circulation are destroyed by pulping, after which a certain firm has the privilege of modelling the pulp into small statuettes of the president and many of the leading politicians, which may be purchased for a 'dime' or a 'quarter' in every part of America. I paid a visit to the Senate Chamber, where a debate was proceeding, the subject having reference to the Ohio Rail road.

The Congress Library is a fine building, but the internal decorations I thought somewhat florid.

Among the places of interest in or about the city may be mentioned the War Department buildings, art gallery, museums, botanic and zoological gardens. The streets are spacious and run north and south, and east and west. Those running north and south are designated by numbers, those running east and west, by letters of the alphabet, so that an address say, 1002 P. and 8th at first sounds curious to a stranger, but one soon gets accustomed to it.

A short journey of 37 miles brought me to Baltimore, where I arrived in a heavy snow-storm, and my first impressions were therefore not so favourable as they might otherwise have been, though a closer inspection of its principal features soon convinced one that it was a large and flourishing city. Handsome buildings were numerous, the New City Hall being one of the finest in the country. The Peabody Institute and Art Gallery is also a fine specimen of architecture. There are three universities, several colleges, and 125 public schools, to say nothing of the 200 churches with which the city is blessed. Several beautiful monuments occupy prominent positions, the principal being 'The Battle Monument,' and a handsome memorial erected to the memory of Washington, both constructed of white marble.

Baltimore possesses a number of parks, the most important being the Druid Hill Park, which has an area of 700 acres, and can claim more natural beauties than any other park in the United States. In its centre is a beautiful lake in which sea lions disport themselves for the amusement of the visitors.

Commerce is in a flourishing condition, nearly every industry being represented. Over forty million cans of Chesapeake oysters are packed annually, and the fruit and vegetable packing is also a thriving industry. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is one of the most fashionable places of worship in Baltimore, and the service which I attended was one of great pomp and ceremony,

being conducted by the Cardinal. When the time arrived for the sermon to be delivered, a large hexagonal pulpit moved mechanically forward to the centre of the chancel, and at the same time a sounding board resembling a shell automatically rose from the pulpit, and as it opened, disclosed the officiating priest. Despite my sincere regard for that spirit of reverence which is so necessary in a sacred edifice I must plead guilty to a sense of risibility as I saw the priest appear. It seemed so theatrically mechanical that it reminded me of a transformation scene, whilst the appearance of the priest from the inside of the shell irresistibly suggested 'Venus rising from the Sea.'

In Baltimore I met many persons whom I knew in England, amongst whom was Mr Wuland, who was playing a successful season, and for the amusement of the members of his company I gave a private entertainment, at the Euton House Hotel.

Next I proceeded to Richmond, Va, and thence to Plainfield, N. J. which may be looked upon as a residential suburb of New York. Near the town is the Washington Rock, from which elevation the General used to watch the British movements. At Trenton, N. J., I gave a performance at the Opera House, but could see very little of the town in consequence of the great amount of snow. From there I went on to Orange, the home of the mosquito, the residents appearing proud of this distinction, which they perpetuate by emblazoning the fact in the bowls of the souvenir spoons which are sold in the city. Whilst there I experienced a terrible

blizzard, the snow being in some places ten feet deep; making it impossible to get about until the snow-plough had been through the streets. This plough threw the snow on either side forming huge banks, through which passages had to be cut to enable the pedestrians to pass from one side walk to the other.

I left Orange and crossed the Hudson River which was frozen over, the ferry boat having made four attempts to cut through the ice before we succeeded in reaching our destination. The short journey occupied two hours, two powerful tugs being hitched on to the ferry boat to prevent it drifting with the ice into New York Bay. The next day I went to Hartford, Conn., and performed at Parson's Theatre, but saw little of the town, the snow being between ten and fifteen feet deep and the side walks and roads impassable except for sleighs.

When I arrived at Worcester, Mass., I had a day to spare, so drove to Quinsigamond Lake and witnessed the ice-harvesting, the operation of cutting and storing the vast quantity of ice being extremely interesting. The ice is prepared for cutting by first clearing the surface of accumulated snow, which is accomplished by means of a scraper drawn by a pair of horses across the area to be cut, usually about 100 yards square. The ice-plough consists of a series of sharp saw-like blades which cut into the ice to the depth of five or six inches and attached to one side is a dull flat blade which runs at a distance of two feet parallel to the cutter.

and serves as a gauge. After the first cut has been made, the marker runs in the groove, by which means the next and every succeeding cut is kept equally distant. After the area has been cut in one direction and again cleared, the operation of cutting is repeated cross-wise, at right-angles, the cuts this time being three feet apart. The ice is about 15 or 18 inches thick and the plough-blades having cut but six inches deep, the cakes of ice three feet by two are not separated entirely, but broken off from the main body, by means of a four pronged spade-like instrument called a fork-bar, into blocks of fifty cakes, each cake weighing about 250 lbs. The large blocks are floated and steered by men, armed with long poles which have a spike fixed at one end, down channels already cut in the lake. The icehouse, situated near the edge of the lake, is a huge shed-like structure without floors, about eighty feet in height, and having a door running all the way up the side of the building. As the blocks pass down the channels, men stationed upon planks break off the rows of five cakes as they float beneath them, the pronged instruments acting as huge ice-picks. The rows of five cakes are guided down other narrow channels, about two feet six inches wide, which run at right angles to the largest water way, where they are separated into single cakes, and float along to the foot of an inclined place; here a series of wooden cleats are fixed to an endless chain, these cleats form a series of chambers capable of holding one cake of ice at a time. In these the cakes are elevated and cleared of any odd

pieces of ice or snow by passing under a hinged scraper, faulty blocks being broken by men stationed on the elevator. There are a number of runaways leading from the elevator to the icehouse, along which the cakes are guided to their destination and stowed away inside the building. Great skill is required to draw the blocks off at the right place, as the pace with which they are poled from the end of the lake to the scaffolding and up the inclined plane into the icehouse is remarkable, and keeps everybody 'hustling' who is connected with the work. The icehouse to which I refer holds about 50,000 tons of ice, but there are many which hold twice that quantity. In America the cutting and storing of ice forms an important industry during the winter months, as much as 2,000,000 tons being annually stored; of which New York alone consumes half a million tons.

Whilst at New Haven, Conn., I gave a performance to the boys of Yale College which they much appreciated, I having managed to get into their good books. I found New Haven, or to give it its Indian appellation, Quinnipiack, a pretty little town about four miles square, nicely laid out and 'bulging' with colleges and college residences. There is a park or public green of sixteen acres in the centre of the city, the streets are wide and shady, the squares and streets being planted with elms, which are fine and abundant. The Hyperion Theatre is very fine, as are most theatres in America, every little town no matter how small boasts an Opera House. The towns-folk have a great idea of the

magnitude of Quinnipiac, as the following story shows. One afternoon I happened to be in a jeweller's shop making a small purchase and the proprietor and I were soon in an animated conversation. Among other things he spoke to me about London, as he 'guessed I was a Britisher' and came from there : I replied that he had guessed right. He then became very confidential and said quite seriously, 'Now ! I have heard that this London is a big place ; say ! what size is it, is it as big as New Haven ?' I ventured to inform him that New Haven would just about stand in my garden. He seemed quite annoyed and would not believe London was larger than New Haven : then pulling down his waistcoat with an air of satisfaction said, 'I shall go some day and see for myself.' We parted good friends though I told him not to forget to pack up and bring New Haven along.

My experience in New Britain was not at all brilliant. My diary informs me that New Britain has a fine theatre, a fine Roman Catholic Church, a bad hotel, is a one-horse town and was the birth-place of Elihu Burritt.

My next calling place was Springfield, Mass., where I stayed two days, and had an opportunity of inspecting the United States Arsenal, the Armoury and the Springfield breech-loading rifle factory. The prevalence of snow prevented a close inspection of the city, which is rather above the average of American towns, the streets being wide and lined with elms and maples. The chief architectural features are the City Hall, the

Library, St Michael's Cathedral and several fine churches. A magnificent block of buildings is that used as offices by the Boston and Albany Railroad.

Six hours by rail, and I arrived at Burlington, Vt., where I gave a performance at the Opera House. Burlington is picturesquely situated on the east bank of Lake Champlain across which may be seen the Adirondack mountains in the distance. The air in this locality is very bracing, and the neighbourhood much frequented as a health resort. The lake was frozen and ice-boats were sailing gaily over its surface, the speed attained being marvellous, sixty miles an hour being nothing unusual. Skaters with large sails fixed across their backs, which they manipulated by means of short cords, were skating on the lake, the wind impelling them along the ice with great velocity. A fine quality of marble is found near Burlington, the quarry being said to be the largest in the States. There are I believe no liquor saloons licensed in Burlington, and consequently liquors are supplied surreptitiously at barbers' shops and billiard saloons. Nearly everything bears a tax. For example, persons owning pianos are taxed, in many instances doubtless a blessing in disguise, but it seems pretty hard that a person should be taxed for wearing a gold watch, which I am told is the case, that is if the case is gold!

Seventy-three miles north of New York and located on a tableland 200 feet above the east bank of the Hudson river, stands the quaint little city of Pough-Keepsie, quaint not only in itself, but in its

name, for the spelling of which there are forty-two different methods. The town is neatly laid out with good wide shaded streets with trees planted on the edges of the side walks, whilst outside the town are villas and bungalows, prettily situated overlooking the Hudson. I passed a couple of days pleasantly enough at the Nelson House Hotel, and although my business occupied the greater part of my time I found an opportunity of accompanying my friend Brett to a pretty little place about twenty miles distant named Wappingers Falls. We started about mid-day, and in a very short time were quite in the country; tramping along a wide beaten track, with a prolific growth of scrub, under-growth and small bush trees on either side. As Brett remarked, we seemed to be now in the back-woods of America in reality. We had tramped about an hour and anticipated striking the track of a narrow gauge tramway, which we were informed we should find at a junction a few miles on. At length we came to the tram rails rather overgrown with grass at this particular point, and we followed the lines expecting the tramcar to overtake us. Turning a head in the beaten path imagine our horror to find our further progress barred by a couple of 'bars,' I should say bears, standing on their hind legs in the path about 100 yards ahead of us, one of them as I judged stood about eight feet high, the other about five feet only. Personally I am not well acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of bears, and so proposed that we should turn back, but Brett who was armed with a

thick stick thought that we had better tackle them. Brett always was a valiant fellow, but I felt that my own prowess was not equal even to the smaller one. As the beasts came slowly towards us, I suggested as a compromise, that we should hide in the thicket a little out of the beaten track and hold a Council of War. To this Brett agreed, and we dived several yards into the wood. A few minutes later we heard a rasping, singing in the air, which we instantly recognised as heralding a trolley wheel on the wire over the tram track. We hastened out of the scrub and looking back, there, sure enough was the tiny car in the distance dancing swiftly along towards us on the undulating rails. We signalled the driver to stop, and to our intense relief, got safely aboard 'Saved.' On went our little 'saviour,' we soon came up to the bears and as we dashed past saw that they were muzzled, whilst two men, their keepers, were slumbering peacefully on the neighbouring bank !

## CHAPTER XXXVII

SARATOGA SPRINGS lies in the valley of the Hudson, 185 miles from New York City, its chief attractions being the mineral springs, which from time to time have been discovered. There are between forty and fifty distinct varieties of waters found here, the constituent parts of which differ considerably in their nature. As a summer resort the springs are extensively patronised by the genteel and fashionable folk of America. The name of Saratoga had hitherto conjured up in my mind those thin, tasty slices of cold, crisp potato, salt, palatable, appetising and so seductive. The counters and bars of saloons and restaurants seemed to be the abiding places of those alluring morsels. Place a dish of walnuts with salt before anybody and the temptation to continue eating is great. Just another—the last—he says, but the last rarely comes until the dish of nuts is removed one way or another, so with the ‘Saratoga chip,’ a man will eat one chip, then take two or three, then every now and then break from the friend with whom he is in conversation and furtively sidle up to the dish, as if he were committing a theft, steal another large pinch, repeating the operation until the dish is finished. The Saratoga chip was a rare

provoker of thirst and therefore provided gratis in the liquor saloons. I was particularly on the look out for the 'chip' in Saratoga, but did not find it, so take it that the 'chip' is going out of favour as being calculated to nullify the medicinal virtues of its mineral springs.

The hotels in Saratoga are the largest in the world, and according to some reports in the dining-rooms, black waiters are mounted on horseback and gallop about the room that they may more expeditiously serve the numerous patrons of the hotel. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, but I did notice with astonishment, the remarkable way in which the waiters carried huge loads of plates and dishes of food on salvers a yard in diameter, balanced on their finger tips and held at arm's length over their heads, running quickly about the immense dining-rooms, in and out of the tables without accident in a manner most phenomenal.

Saratoga was 'en fête' with a flower carnival and a grand demonstration by the various fire brigades. In the main thoroughfare several manual fire engines were stationed, and at a distance of about 150 yards, there was a slightly inclined plane, about fifty feet long and a yard wide, starting from the ground and gradually rising to the height of 10 feet at the farthest end. This platform was covered with white paper, and the competitors with this hand engine worked the pumps, whilst one of their number directed the stream of water on to the inclined plane, the

extreme limit of the wet mark made on the paper being afterwards marked with a pencil. The winning squad were those whose strength projected the water the greatest distance up the plane. There were other competitions with steam engine for efficiency in drill and preparation, all of which were extremely interesting.

I passed one day at Newburgh, where beyond seeing Washington's house and a collection of curios and relics, there was little of interest. Emulating the 'only American who never told a lie,' I will content myself by remarking that I left Newburgh without a pang.

A short stay in Utica and Ithaca, in which towns there is little to interest the stranger, except that mention might be made of the Cornell University in Ithaca, and I proceeded through the beautiful Lehigh Valley to Rochester. I found Rochester Flour City, a fine city, having well-paved wide streets lighted with electricity and trees growing in abundance. It is a prosperous manufacturing town, boots, shoes and ready-made clothing being its chief industry. The Genesee River flows through the town, and the Genesee Falls are quite near. To the power therefrom obtained, and to the fact of Rochester being an important railway centre, much of its prosperity can be attributed. There are numerous fine buildings, many of the sky-scraping order. I gave a performance at the Lyceum Theatre, which was well attended and a financial success.

If there is one thing on this earth that an American workman seems to have a grudge

against, it is a baggage, basket or trunk of foreign manufacture. If one travels in America with an ordinary English clothes trunk, in less than a week it will be smashed to a certainty. Everybody is down on it, the railroad porters, the express men, the baggage man in hotels and the employees at theatres, all seemed banded together in a solemn compact to do as much damage as possible in the shortest space of time. At the depots an ordinary trunk such as is used in England, would be unceremoniously hurled from a freight van, and a heavy American Saratoga trunk, iron bound, iron clasps, iron corners, and fastened with two locks and four heavy iron hasps hurled out on to it, with the result that its poor little English brother is smashed to pieces. Baskets come in for the same ill-treatment, being pitched about without the smallest consideration, and holes knocked in them by the iron corners of trunks weighing nearly half a ton.

At the close of the performance at the Lyceum Theatre, I heard repeated thuds on the stage, and left my dressing-room to ascertain the cause, I found boxes and baskets being dropped straight from the flies, a distance of about forty feet, with but a mattress for them to fall upon, and this only to save the stage floor. The baggage had been taken to the flies by means of an elevator, but was being simply hurled down from the store-room to save trouble without any thought as to the damage done to my property. At Ithaca I had a trunk pitched out of the baggage van on to the track,

and the box was smashed so badly that it was impossible to use it. I had to leave someone in charge, whilst I went to the town and bought another trunk. I have never found such disregard for property in any other country I have visited.

Schenectady is one of those towns which it is difficult to describe. As the coster said when he upset his barrow of fruit in a crowded thoroughfare, ‘there ain’t a word for it.’ I should think it was rarely visited by any but those who, for their sins, were obliged to go there, or by such as for some reason wish to keep their business doings fairly private. For this reason I presume Edison has established his works there, and he has my assurance that he will be free from the vulgar gaze. The construction of locomotives and iron bridges is the chief industry, and the place boasts the possession of a fine theatre, named the Van Curler Opera House. Farewell Schenectady!—What a contrast to the last named town is the city of Albany (New Amsterdam) situated on the Hudson, near the mouth of the Mohawk River. It can hardly be called a beautiful city, although the streets are wide and roomy. It is not laid out with the regularity of most American cities, but there are a few fine buildings, the chief being the capitol, to the building of which thirty years have been devoted, and although not yet finished it has cost upwards of twenty-one millions of dollars. The city contains many fine churches and a handsome and well appointed Roman Catholic

Cathedral. There is a large theatre called 'the Harmanus Bleeker' Hall, where I gave a successful performance.

A flying visit to Troy and then I made a journey down the Hudson, one of the noblest rivers of the United States. The upper part of the river is monotonous and unattractive, but lower down the scenery is beautiful and varied. Seated in the observation car at the rear of the train the beauties of this grand river unfold themselves in an endless and everchanging panorama. The day was glorious, and in the early morning the variegated colours of the woods, sloping hills and the cultivated lands, were exquisite in the extreme; whilst the picturesque appearance of the many islands, some immortalised by Fenimore Cooper, was striking and magnificent and added greatly to the interest of the journey. We passed through wild but wooded regions where grand glimpses of the Catskill Mountains were obtained: verdure clothed the distinct slopes, and a peculiar charm was added by the occasional richness of the sylvan beauty of the scene. As we passed along we got a view of Poughkeepsie on the distant bank of the river, and further on still the pretty little town of Peekskill came into view, looking quite picturesque in the sunlight, with its own image reflected in the glinting waters.

Upon turning the sharp bends in the river, we came upon grand stretches of woods rising up from the water's edge in a harmony of blended shades and variations of colours. Lower down the river the hills rose precipitously from the water, and in

some respects, the views in this part of the river are singularly impressive and possess a grandeur peculiar to themselves, in many cases quite unparalleled.

As we neared Hoboken and Jersey City the Palisades rose picturesquely to the height of between 300 to 500 feet and continued for twenty miles along the west bank of the river. We arrived at Weehawkew and taking the ferry were soon once more in New York.

A word about Brooklyn. I arrived there on election day, and must confess my astonishment. Everybody was election mad, and I never witnessed such a scene as the streets of New York presented on this occasion. Myriads of flags decorated the streets, and hundreds of thousands of people crowded the thoroughfares in a state of semi-wild excitement. As I passed up Broadway some business premises burst into flames, but in less time than it takes me to write of it, engines were on the spot, a temporary bridge erected across the roadway upon which the hose was run, so as not to stop the traffic of the street cars, the engines were taken up a side street, the firemen got to work, the fire was soon under control and it was not long before the flames were quite extinguished. Meanwhile the election mob continued its orgies ; shouting and blowing horns, singing and shrieking and letting off fireworks. Processions marched and counter-marched, headed by men carrying lighted torches, girls blowing horns and trumpets rode bicycles. Cinematograph pictures, many

coloured were exhibited outside every newspaper office, bands playing during these displays, whilst the crowd roared expression of delight or disgust, as the subjects exhibited pleased or displeased them. Mingling with the crowd, I watched the spectacle and did not retire to my hotel until the small hours of the morning, the proceedings being kept up throughout the whole of the night. I spent about ten days on this visit, between Brooklyn and New York, and gave several private exhibitions at mansions in the Fifth Avenue, and a very successful performance at the Freundschaft Club, where many ladies were among the audience. Social intercourse between youths and maidens is everywhere more easy and unrestrained in America than in England. A girl has her own friends who when they call, ask for her, and are received by her, it may be alone, because they are not deemed to be necessarily friends of her parents also. In no country are women and especially young women made so much of, the world indeed is at their feet. An American lady does not expect to have conversation made to her by a man, but feels it as much her duty or pleasure to lead it as his.

The American man is a good hospitable fellow at heart, never tired of doing good turns, but of course taking a very back seat when women are 'en evidence.' When among his confrères bluff is the order of the day, but always good-humoured and without malice.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE time has now arrived when I must enter upon the last stage of this my journey round the world. I felt a natural longing to see the dear ones at home and to walk once more through the old familiar Strand, and a longing, which I had experienced hundreds of times during my eighteen months' absence, to be for only one hour in London.

My agent had secured for me a berth on board the *Lucania*, and on my arrival at the pier I found many good friends assembled to 'au revoir' and wish me God speed. One indeed showed the sincerity of his wishes by placing in my cabin a case of champagne, a thoughtfulness which was much appreciated by myself and some acquaintances on board every morning in my cabin. As the good ship steamed out of New York harbour, past the Liberty Statue into the open sea, I felt a relief, a sense of satisfaction that I had so nearly completed my journey, at the same time a sceptical feeling as to whether I had really travelled so nearly round the world. We had a very pleasant passage similar in many respects to others already described ; the greater part of my time being occupied in look-



*to Charles from Tom.*

Charles Bertram

ing over my papers, and putting in order the notes, from which the experiences chronicled in this volume have been compiled. Among the passengers on board were several members of a celebrated Opera Company, some of whom I had the pleasure of knowing intimately, and whom I also knew were ardent devotees of the game of 'poker.' On many occasions they invited me to take a hand with them, but as I seldom play cards, and had a great desire to complete my notes, ere my journey ended, I begged them to excuse me. Every day they repeated their invitation, and at length in sheer desperation late one evening I consented.

Many people, I don't say all, regard a conjuror who plays cards as a kind of genteel card-sharp, and there was therefore great interest in the card room when I took my seat at the table. Many of the onlookers were curious to see what would happen, speculating as to the penalty of such temerity on the part of the other players. I overheard one remark 'Wait until it's Bertram's deal you'll see how he'll fleece them.' Another said 'I pity you fellows, I wouldn't play with him.' The latter part of this remark referring of course to the poor innocent conjuror. Well, the game went on, irrespective of these impolite remarks until it came to my turn to deal, 'Now you notice the hand Bertram will deal himself,' I heard whispered. I dealt and the betting commenced. The man on my immediate left came in, others went out, the man on my right came in, and I found all eyes on the dealer, myself; I tried to

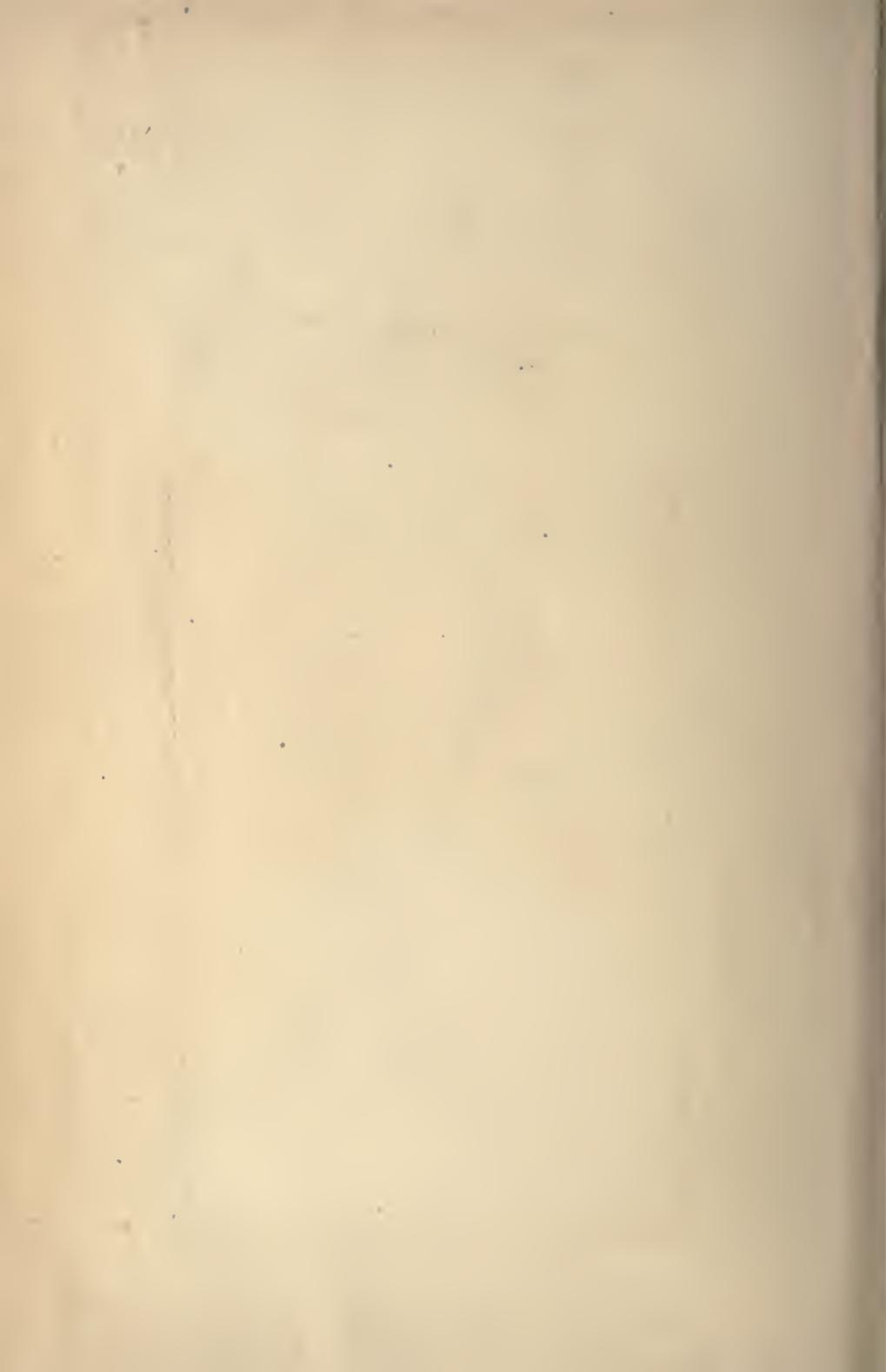
look wise and perplexed, and at length to the surprise of the onlookers threw up my cards and went out of the game, leaving the two who had 'come in' betting against each other. They bet and 'raised' each other alternately, until the stakes reached a fabulous amount, even to pledging their perspective salaries, and neither would give way. I went on with my work, and presently the lights were extinguished, and the cards were enclosed in envelopes, for neither would give way. Next morning betting recommenced, both being equally obstinate. At last being within a half hour of Queenstown where one of the players was leaving the ship, it was finally agreed, as neither would give in, to make a draw of it. The envelopes were opened, and it was found that each player held a royal straight flush. What did they call me? Well, I'll not say; but on leaving Queenstown I was desired to attend on the upper deck and on my arrival was informed that a presentation was about to be made to me. There were a great number of passengers assembled, and a box about twelve inches square was handed to me, together with a letter. I thanked them and opened the box, which contained a toy lamb on wheels, which squeaked when its head was gently pressed. The letter stated the gift was 'presented to me by a few admirers as a small token of their esteem and as a symbol of my much vaunted innocence.'

We made a very fast passage, the time being five days and nineteen hours. Liverpool was soon

reached, and I duly arrived at Euston. I will draw a veil over my reception and the affectionate greetings I received, but as I had not yet quite completed the circuit of the world, I drove to Victoria Station, and walked up the platform to the identical spot from whence I had started eighteen months previously.







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Bertram, Charles  
A magician in many lands

