Over Oceans and Continents

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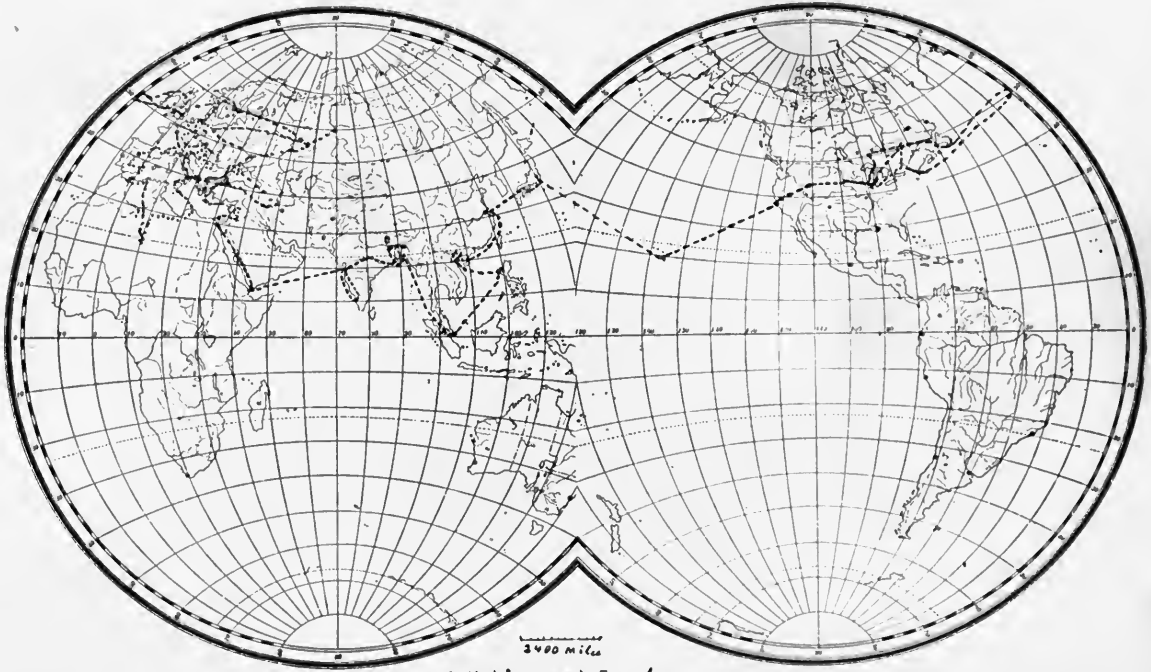

Dotted lines mark Travels.

O'er Oceans and Continents

WITH THE SETTING SUN

Blather, George John

BY

FISCAR MARISON

SECOND SERIES

FROM MANILA TO SINGAPORE, RANGOON, CALCUTTA, BENARES, BOMBAY, GOA, CAIRO AND PALESTINE

Published by the Author

2749

CHICAGO
AUTHOR'S EDITION

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To my Friends and Acquaintances,
who Kindly Desired Further Particulars of my Journey,
this Second Series is Respectfully Dedicated by
The Author.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1906.

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WASHING ELEPHANTS ON THE BRAHMAPUTRA

PREFACE.

The cordial reception met by the "First Series" of "O'er Oceans and Continents," and frequent requests for a continuance of the narrative, have finally prevailed upon the author to publish this "Second Series." While the first contained an account of the journey from Chicago to Manila, the second describes the incidents of the journey from Manila to Palestine.

Though the author is sincerely thankful for past or future kindness shown to him in regard to these books, he begs to state, that he is not looking for private financial gain. The proceeds are intended to defray the publication of an English translation of "Ciudad de Dios," a most remarkable Spanish work peculiarly suited to our times. It is an extensive work, detailing in a wonderful and authoritative manner the life of the ever-Blessed Virgin Mary. If ever human words or writings have succeeded in placing before the mind of man the heavenly charms and beauties of undefiled womanhood, "Ciudad de Dios" has done it. Should not such praise resound also in English, the language of half the world?

At the same time the English translation can be published only at considerable cost, for which there is no hope of immediate financial returns.

PREFACE.

The proceeds of "O'er Oceans and Continents" will be applied toward the publication of "Ciudad de Dios" in English.

Therefore, kind reader, for once let the end justify the means, and let the purpose for which this book is published cover up a multitude of its deficiencies. This is the humble request of THE AUTHOR.

February 1906.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE SLEEPING WAVES TO SINGAPORE — MOTLEY CROWDS — JARRING STRIFE — UNEXPECTED MEETING — AN EASTERN PARADISE.

The Palitana, an English steamer, on which we had embarked at Manila for Singapore, moved steadily along over the glassy, sunlit ocean. She was of huge dimensions, and different parts of her deck were portioned off for four different kinds of passengers. The stern was occupied by a few first-class, the middle with its promenade deck and cabins by the second-class, while the lower deck between these two was reserved for the third-class passengers, who were mostly Filipinos. The forward part, nearly one third of the whole vessel, had no upper deck, and this portion was thickly crowded by fourth-class passengers, a motley assemblage of ragged and half-naked Chinese, Malays, Japanese, Hindoos, Cingalese, Burmese, Laskars, and other natives of Asia and Oceanica. The Asiatics are great travelers, and always manage to carry along with them what seems their whole possession. Pell-mell, their bundles of bedding, ragged clothes, articles of food, rude musical instruments, arms, rough chests, faggots of wood, and other worthless baggage littered the deck, while all available space between these articles swarmed with

men, women, and children in boundless confusion. So crowded was the deck, that whole groups found no deck-room to stand, but lay stretched out upon such of the baggage as in any way permitted it.

Among the Filipinos in the third class were a number of musicians, who regaled us every day with fine selections of music. They seemed a very well-behaved set of people, and I made it a point to converse with them during the five days of our voyage. They professed themselves well satisfied with American rule. For a long time they refused to play the Aguinaldo march, preferring to play American tunes. When I finally prevailed in my request, I found the march a rather tame and melancholy piece of music.

The sea continued calm during the whole of our voyage, and seasickness kept aloof from our ship. The deep blue of the waters in these regions is something remarkable, and the sun's rays are reflected in dazzling whiteness from the frothy foam churned up by the swift course of the vessel on the placid bosom of the fathomless deep. At night the waters gleam with livid phosphorescence, lighting up the dark sides of the hull and creating scenes of weird beauty in the glittering starlight. During these nights we slept on the open decks, for the cabins were far too stuffy for us. It is in such hours that sometimes thoughts of the distant home come upon the traveler. Here, lying on the open deck, the eye could sweep the starlit vault and take in at one

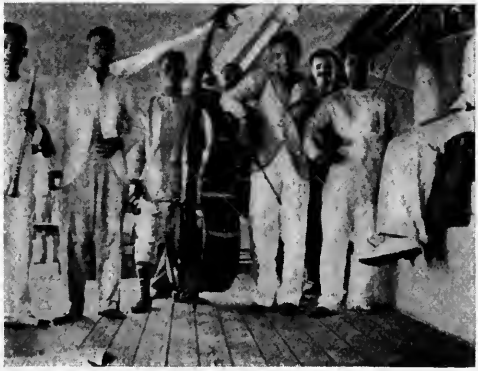
glance myriads of those brilliant beacons of heaven; while all around, in limitless expanse, slept the ocean waves, silently supporting the brooding gloom of night. Mingled with the steady throb of the giant piston-rod in the bowels of the ship and the tremorous churn of the screw-blades astern, comes, maybe, the cheery laugh of some passenger on the upper decks, or the guttural growl of the motley throngs in the fore part of the vessel, or perhaps some mournful note of their rude instruments. And when, later at night, all sounds of human life are hushed and the ear catches the tittering laugh of even the smallest bubble along the vessel's sides, what strange fancies seize upon the traveler! or, as he is thus borne over the fathomless waters, many thousand miles from his wonted scenes, though still beneath the same vast dome of glittering stars, what memories of things, read, heard, and experienced, do not crowd upon his mind! It is the vastness of God's world, and his own insignificance as an individual, that fill the mind with wonder and astonishment.

But hark! what sounds of jarring strife and fierce cries of anguish suddenly break the night's stillness? At first only the strident clamor of two or three voices rend the night air, but soon the discord spreads. As I hasten forward to the railing and look down on the forward deck, the dim starlight reveals the vast throng of swarthy natives in the first stages of mutinous confusion. Near the bow of the vessel, where the flick-

ering flames of a few faggots of wood on the open hearth shot out unsteady light, (for the natives are allowed to cook their rice on deck), two or three Mohammedans were struggling with as many Laskars, shouting forth imprecations, while some women and children were screaming. Two stalwart opponents clutched each other's throats, and the flashing of murderous steel blades marked the motions of their right hands as they sought the life-blood or warded off the deadly counter-thrusts. It seemed as if instant death of the combatants must be the result, as they sought to throw each other over the heaps of baggage and prostrate human forms around the narrow open space. In a few moments the whole deck was alive. Men hastening forward, women and children arising from their sleep, the thickening cluster of combatants, made the deck appear a pandemonium at rampage, which threatened the vessel with destruction.

But the fracas had roused the officers and crew to action. The electric lights were turned on. A flashlight suddenly shot out its glare, revealing the swarthy and excited faces of that tattered and ragged throng, and the flashing of impassioned eyes. Captain Scott shouted his hurried commands to the mate and the crew, who presently invaded the battle-ground, recklessly leaping over the littered deck and pushing aside the unwary throngs of men, women, and children. Without ceremony they opened a way through the struggling crowd, and, dealing out thumps and kicks right and left, separated the

ON THE PALITANA



FILIPINO BAND

ring-leaders. Just as the masterful commands and stinging whip of the menagerie trainer silence the roaring and snarling beasts of a circus and reduce them to sinister and growling subjection, so the determined assault of the crew cowed the angry mob of contestants. The ring-leaders were bound and taken to another part of the vessel, while a few of the crew, well armed, patrolled the deck to enforce peace for the rest of the night.

For reasons pointed out in a former volume, we had taken passage in second cabins, and met with some original characters on board. There were a few skippers, who had just sold their schooners at Manila, where, after the war with the United States, there was a great demand for all sorts of vessels. They must have made very satisfactory deals, for all of them felt quite jolly. But I am afraid their jolliness was to some extent due to the solace lustily drawn from certain jugs and bottles in their cabins. At table they were a noisy trio, one of them shouting out his orders to the waiters as if on deck of his own vessel in a storm. He was careful, however, about using profane words, after I had objected to the use of them in my presence. I make it a practice to enter my protests in such cases, and I do not remember of having met with ill-usage even from the worst kind of characters. A man who allows much profanity within his hearing can hardly be said to have proper respect for himself; while a judicious protest, entered against the abuse of the name of God or holy things, is not only

a couragous and gentlemanly act, but will often compel others to be respectful in their subsequent behavior.

There were also a few Russians in second class, who were very amusing in their self-sufficiency. All day long they seemed to be planning and scheming as to what they would do with a few thousand dollars, which they had saved up as hotel-keepers in one of the new railroad towns in Manchuria. If they are as persistent and inconsiderate in grasping at business chances as they were in securing for themselves the shadiest and most comfortable places on deck and in the dining-room, they probably have tripled their earnings by this time. I wonder whether such people are able ever to look upon the vastness of the ocean or of the firmament, or the magnificence of nature, without calculations of selfish gain.

One of the first-class passengers got up a raffle on the number of miles the vessel would make in the next twenty-four hours. As I understood it, twenty-five numbers, as near as possible to the record of miles made by the steamer the day before, were written on slips of paper. These slips were sold for a dollar apiece and assigned to each one, according as the lot decided. Even on this voyage it became evident, that Mr. M. and I had the advantage of our former traveling companions, who had refused to follow my advice in regard to the side-trip to Manila. Instead of using their round-trip tickets, which necessitated a return to Hongkong and

two thousand miles of useless ocean passage, I wanted them to take passage directly from Manila. They refused, fearing to depart from the beaten track and also on account of the expense. As a matter of fact, Mr. M. and I, by ignoring our round-trip tickets, gained in point of time, expense, and diversity of scenes visited and of experiences enjoyed. Well, "Suus cuique mos."

The distance from Manila to Singapore is 1,386 miles. On the day and night before we sighted Singapore, we passed many islands dotting the vast ocean, among them the large islands of Bintang and Sumatra, which are Dutch territory not far south of the island of Singapore. On the fifth day, in the morning at eight o'clock, when yet ten miles from the city, signals at the top of a mast were hoisted on a hill behind the city, showing that the Palitana was noticed and her signals understood. It is the only port where I saw such signals made. The pilot came aboard when we were yet a considerable distance out, and he was so careful in piloting the vessel through the channels between the numerous islands, that it was half-past ten before the Palitana swung alongside of its pier. The landing-place of vessels is near the ship-yards, more than a mile distant from the city of Singapore. No sooner had we landed than a horde of gharry-men, swarthy Malays, drivers of one-horse carriages, surrounded us, fighting for the privilege of bringing us to the city. But on the way we soon viewed again the more familiar sight of the rickshaw-men scurrying in all direc-

tions over the well-paved streets. Their rickshaws are of larger size than the Japanese jinrikishas, and are mostly drawn by Chinese coolies. In the distance the bright-colored buildings of the city reflected the intense light of the tropical sun. The buildings in the business portion of Singapore are very substantial structures, with large porches or verandas running along their fronts and very often all around the buildings. All was life and animation in the streets. Singapore is the meeting-place of all nations of the earth, for it is the midway station for the shipping between the Orient and the Occident.

We took rooms in the Adelphi Hotel, a large, rambling structure with an interior court, a beautiful garden, and large, open hallways. We had scarcely settled there, when we met S. and H., two of our former traveling companions on the Gaelic, at the entrance of the hotel. They had arrived with B. and V. H. only an hour before from Hongkong, so that our original party would again have been complete, if M. and I would have consented to use our through-tickets on the Oriental and Occidental steamer for Calcutta. But as we had fared so well in planning our own route from Hongkong, I could not make up my mind to join them; we would have a much more interesting and direct route by visiting Burmah. The O. and O. boats sail to the southern point of the Indian continent and then transfer their passengers on inferior vessels to Calcutta in the north, making an un-

necessary sea-voyage of about two thousand miles. This M. and I proposed to avoid.

After dinner we concluded to visit the most notable sight around Singapore, the Botanical Gardens. The riskshaws here are large enough to accommodate two persons. But neither the vehicle nor its human locomotive power is so picturesque as the Japanese jinrikishas. However, we hired one of them and asked a waiter to direct the coolie on his way. We had scarcely turned a few squares, when our coolie stopped and stupidly waited for further directions. He had evidently either failed to understand or completely forgotten where to go. A Japanese would have easily solved the difficulty by asking information from a passer-by. On the way out to the Botanical Gardens, as we had been told, is the Catholic Cathedral. At haphazard, I therefore pointed out to the coolie at each turn of the street what direction to take, arriving at length at the Catholic bishop's residence. Here we found Rev. B. and V., and a hospitable welcome.

Having no time to lose, however, we soon left, taking care to have one of the fathers give particular instructions to our coolie. Just as everywhere in their colonies, the English maintain fine roads, leading through all parts of the island of Singapore. Here it is of finely crushed red stone, overarched by magnificent trees, under the shade of which we bowled along to the Botanical Gardens in our rickshaw. Directing our coolie to wait for us at the monu-

mental entrance, we roamed through the grounds afoot. Here one finds all the wonders of a tropical vegetation; winding paths skirt ponds and streams, the tall palms vie with the spreading mangoes, interspersed with thousands of other kinds of trees and shrubberies, casting grateful shade and forming exquisite vistas of wood and lawn. Beds of many-colored flowers and blossoming vines lend loveliness and fragrance to the scene, while shady nooks invite to cool repose. Leaving the park at the farther end, we skirted it along a road that led through a majestic forest. Here, borne on the back of a prancing steed, we met a native Mohammedan of the richer class, who looked down from under his huge turban upon the rest of the world with unutterable scorn. He was followed afoot by two richly dressed servants, who crossed their arms over their breast whenever they feared he would turn around. Is it not a strange effect of pride, that it swells like a toad at the sight of those whom it considers inferior, while true nobility will immediately inspire with a correct estimate of one's self on encountering those that are or seem to be superior? I have seen overbearing people load grossly with insult the lowly, while, on the other hand, I have seen the sincere and true unconsciously assume a noble and dignified bearing in the presence of those above them. The swollen pride and the cringing cowardice of this worthy trio is a good illustration of the effect of the half-heathenish Mohammedanism of India. But, reader, why moralize? Let us again board our

rickshaw, and flit back through the checkered shade to Singapore.

Coming nearer to town, a Chinese procession with gorgeous banners and floaters passed noisily through the streets. Half a dozen of men carried a huge paper dragon aloft, mingling their shouts and acclamations with the sound of timbrels, drums, and tamtams, while a long line of carriages full of richly dressed Chinese brought up the rear. This turn-out was probably a part of their New Year celebration, which had been going on now for two weeks. The Chinese form a considerable part of the native population here, and we saw some of their fine residences along the road. Give the Chinese but half a chance, and they will, by their industry and dogged perseverance, soon outstrip others in the race for wealth. The Chinese converts to the Catholic faith in Singapore form a large parish, which is entirely self-supporting. This means a good deal in the Orient, where pecuniary help to the converts is the rule rather than the exception. The Chinese, once converted to the faith, are stanch and practical Catholics, as well here as in China.

CHAPTER II.

YOHORE AND ITS GAMBLING RESORTS — OFF FOR BURMAH — PLYING THROUGH THE MALACCA STRAITS — DREAMY VOYAGE — GAUDAMA'S GILDED SHRINES.

After some rest we spent a few hours of the afternoon and the evening in the native quarters. Of course, in a city entirely controlled by the English, strict regulations with regard to cleanliness and order are enforced. Hence the dwellings and the streets of the native settlement present an appearance like that of the by-streets of European cities. In Singapore the Malays and Hindoos are pretty well crowded by the all-prevailing Chinese, who set up their stores and shops everywhere. Till late at night the Chinaman sits under his flaring torchlight, waiting for straggling customers, while the dusky crowds of Asiatics surge up and down the streets, each intent on his own small business or pleasure. At one of the Chinese tailor-shops we ordered some white duck suits, which the Chinese tailor agreed to deliver on the following afternoon. These suits are quite commonly worn by the Europeans in the Orient; for they are light and airy and easily washed. The bustle of the native shops and the glare of their torchlights, only a few squares away, enlivened the cool night-air, which we enjoyed on the veranda of our hotel until a late hour.

The next day we intended to make an excursion to Yohore, across the straits north of the island. This noted gambling resort is still subject to the sway of a native Maharaja, though under English tutelage. But before going we had a lively time with some of the stupid rickshaw-men while transacting some necessary business in town. They are of the lower castes, and in slowness of comprehension not easily equaled. What is readily understood by your Japanese runner, will be totally misunderstood by these Malay coolies. The most provoking feature about them is, that they will invariably nod assent to every word or sign of yours. Assured that your directions have been understood and will now be executed, you lean back in your rickshaw-seat and let your man start out at a headlong trot. But soon he comes to a sudden stop, looks around very much puzzled at not seeing you get out, though you have not the faintest desire of doing business at that place. A new explanation ensues; again the same performance. The coolie whom we had hired this morning managed to bring us half-way to the wharf, then back to the signal station, and in zigzag course through dozens of streets until we found the bank and the livery-stables. He would probably never have arrived at the latter, if we had not requested an Englishman on a bicycle to enlighten his dense understanding. This he did in a thorough manner by simply accompanying the rickshaw to the livery-office.

We hired a gharry with the stipulation, that we were to be back in time for embarking on the Nowshera for Rangoon. It was a pleasant drive, past fine residences, along country roads, well paved, under high, overarching shade-trees, skirted by stretches of primeval jungles, which were now and then interrupted by plantations of cocoa, pineapple, banana, and sugar-cane. The plantations are inclosed by a sort of dwarf bamboo, which is woven together as it grows up, and makes a neat and durable fence. At a half-way station, which was one of the plantations along the road, our bony gray was relieved by a sorrel; but, no doubt, a measure of oats, which he had been expecting for some weeks, would have suited that sorrel much better than an excursion to Yohore.

Our road terminated at a little settlement of natives on the banks of the strait of Singapore. Yohore is about a mile and a half across the strait, which here looks like a broad river. Coolies with their sampans surrounded us offering to bring us over to Yohore. Their sampans are rude boats, more clumsy than those of Japan and China, constructed of rough unpainted planks and propelled by long poles with a round disk attached to their lower end. The oarsman stands in the rear of the boat and every stroke of the oars necessitates a full swing forward of body and arms. Our coolie tried to make us understand that he would overtake a boat far ahead of us, in spite of the unfavorable wind. He was as good as his word, or

rather, his gestures, for he brought us to our destination half an hour in advance of his rival.

Through the luxurious trees on the hill to our left gleamed the palace of the Maharaja and the noted gambling resort. As our time was limited, we contented ourselves with a rickshaw tour through the town on the right,which seemed entirely in the hands of the Chinese, and to consists only of cheap gambling dens and opium joints. Entering one of the former, we were stared at by the crowds, who were willing to forego the pleasure of dice-casting at least a few minutes, in order to get a look at such unusual callers. Scores of Chinese sat behind rude tables stacked with Mexican dollars and copper coins, ready to fleece any one that should offer. Whenever we stopped to take a closer look at the proceedings, the loiterers would crowd around, expecting, no no doubt, to see us engage in the game and break the banks. But they got small satisfaction, for we had very little time, and were not anxious to take the risk of being sunk on our way across the strait by a load of copper coins. The streets present nothing of the liveliness of the Orient: there is an air of concealment about the place,and the few people to be met with seem all to be waiting listlessly for some turn of fortune to come unawares. I wondered where energy enough could ever be found in this neighborhood to build up the great stone wall, which forms the pier a mile and a half long, or to keep the roadways in such fine condition. There are also the remnants of a canal,

which seems to give access to the interior of the country. No doubt, most of these improvements are due to their English protectors across the straits.

We had made the mistake of giving our boatman his pay and some extrá fees on leaving the sampan. So, instead of being at his post to bring us back, he was nowhere to be seen. This delay and another, which was occasioned by our Hindoo driver on the other shore, nearly proved fatal to our embarkment on the Nowshera. This good man had unhitched his horse, turned it out for pasture, and had sought some shady nook to take a siesta. One of the village urchins found him a half mile away and roused him out of his slumber. The most annoying features of Oriental life for Europeans is the necessity of keeping so many servants who will do nothing, unless repeatedly instructed and continually watched. For each household a host of servants is required, on account of the difference of caste; each servant will do just one certain kind of work suited to his caste and under no circumstances can he be induced to do the work of another, especially of a lower caste. One good European servant is worth any dozen of them, that you may select.

A drizzling rain had begun to fall during our return from Yohore. The driver was provokingly slow, and we were under great apprehension of missing our steamer. But there was no help for it, especially as the horse was almost exhausted before we could get to the half-way station. Nevertheless we obtained the duck suits, which cost us only

two dollars a suit, and finished our errands in time to reach the Nowshera. The hotel-keeper wanted to charge us full amount for one extra day, because we arrived one hour later than we expected. I understand, that some of the hotels set a certain hour and charge a full day's board for the least fraction of a day, on which you leave your baggage over time. Of course, the hour is selected in such a way, that as many travelers as possible will, in the natural course of events, overlapse the time.

I must not omit a few remarks about the natives of Singapore. There is quite a mixture of different nationalities; for this seaport is the gathering and transfer point of almost all the Oriental shipping. The natives are Malays from the peninsula, but there is a large sprinkling of Hindoos, Chinese, and Cingalese. The natives are almost black, but have regular and pleasant features, stately bearing and more intelligence than the ordinary Chinese coolies. We saw hardly any women on the streets, for the Mohammedans prevail, and the Mohammedan women are supposed to stay at home. The natives mostly wear a white strip of muslin, which they wind around their middle in different fashions, but generally one of the ends covers also the upper part of the body, while the other end hangs down from the loins. A strip of cotton cloth is wound around their heads for a turban. Many of them, however, wear no headgear, but allow their long shaggy hair to fall down in thick curls to the neck. The ubiquitous Chinaman does business for the natives and

gets the cash. The gharries are driven by Hindoos. Small, neat-looking ponies are used here to draw the carriages, while the heavier wagons are drawn by the drab-colored Hindoo cows or oxen with flabby necks and of very gentle disposition. The yoke is a straight beam simply laid across the necks of the team and supporting a clumsy tongue. The driver walks between the cart and the oxen, and seems very gentle in his treatment of the beasts.

Swinging out from her pier, the Nowshera soon passed between northern Sumatra with its range of islands, and the mainland of the Malay Peninsula, forming the Strait of Malacca. The sun had again broken through rain-clouds and gleamed on the distant hilltops and on the ripples of the calm blue ocean.

Our only fellow-passenger in the first cabin on the Nowshera was a wealthy Chinese merchant, who kept himself very much aloof during the whole voyage. We found it very strange that these English steamers do not carry deck-chairs, such as we had found on the Gaelic. The steamship companies evidently need some of the American competition to make them think a little more of the comfort of their passengers.

The five days of ocean-voyage to Rangoon were among the most quiet and dreamy of our whole tour around the globe. The Chinese merchant we saw only two or three times during the whole voyage; the one or two officers at meals seemed to avoid conversation.

There were hardly any natives on the lower decks; we ourselves lounged about all day under the awning of the stern. The vessel plowed steadily along, while over the sunny ocean the distant land now and then appeared on each side. Our captain had some queer notions about the United States, which he had picked up from passengers, and which he timidly expressed during our meals. For instance, he seemed to be under the impression, that all administration of justice in the United States was by Lynch law and nobody could be tried any other way. I was loath to give vent to my total disapproval of the Boer war in the presence of the captain, for he was entirely convinced of the justice of it, and was yet so careful to keep out of any dispute on the subject.

On the evening of the fourth day a light-ship loomed up on the placid surface of the water in the west, and frequent soundings were taken, showing that we were in the regions of the shallows. The steamer made a wide curve to the right from this point, so that we could trace its rippled course, on the calm blue waters behind us for several miles. The waters were so intensely blue that they seemed colored with indigo: a bucketful drawn up, however, is as clear and limpid as purest spring water. The next morning we found ourselves anchored far up the mouth of the great Irawaddy River, several miles from Rangoon. The outrushing tide had swung the head of the steamer oceanward, and the vast yellow floods that thundered on beween the widespread banks, kept tugging at the crunching

anchor-chains until nine o'clock. Then the tide returned, the high banks on each side seeming to sink into the floods of the rising water, and our vessel slowly swung around to proceed up the river. At one o'clock the steeples of Rangoon appeared in view, and above them all towered the golden conoid spire of the renowned Buddhist temple of Gaudama. Yet it was four o'clock, before the immense hawser had fastened our boat definitely to the jetty. In the meanwhile, crowds of natives filled the wharf, eager to be hired for unloading the steamer. Many of them, more enterprising, climbed up the high bulwarks, in order to secure employment. Soon the steamer was a pandemonium of shouting officers, excited sailors, and screaming natives, for the great cargo stored away in its dark holds was to be cleared over night.

We, however, tried to escape from the turmoil on the wharf to take a stroll in the city. Rangoon is comparatively new, and is laid out in broad streets lined with shade-trees. The buildings are of the usual kind in colonial towns: arched structures of brick, veneered with mortar mostly painted yellow, and very often consisting of four or five stories. The remnants of the old native town are less pretentious, consisting, to a great extent, of rude bamboo huts with thatched roofs. Chinese shops and those of the Tamils, Hindoos, Mussulmans, Jews, and Armenians are found all over the city. They are more or less dingy dens, where the small stock of commodities is exposed for sale. The Burmese themselves are not energetic enough, it

seems, to compete in business with these foreigners. Since the English have taken possession of Burmah, Rangoon is having quite a boom, and no doubt those petty merchants will be able to retire to their own country with a competence in a few years, no less than their English brothers.

One of the gharry-drivers, after the usual trouble to make ourselves understood, finally landed us at the parish house of the Catholic cathedral. Here we were invited to stay by the hospitable pastor, Fr. Luce; but as it was yet early, we asked him to instruct the driver to bring us to the great pagoda of Gaudama, the gilded spire of which we had seen at a great distance before reaching Rangoon. This collection of temples, large and small, is situated on a high hill overlooking the city. At the entrance to the temple grounds stand two huge dragons fifty feet high and painted white and red. From this entrance a passageway, resting on stone pillars, flanked on both sides by Chinese booths, leads upward. By means of small flights of stairs, at intervals of a dozen yards or thereabouts, this arched passageway ascends a hill, some four hundred feet high.

The naked feet of countless millions, that had used these stairs in the course of many centuries, had worn the stone flags hollow in the center, and so smooth that great care was necessary in order not to slip. Little light was admitted between the colonnade on each side, and beggars swarmed galore around the petty booths that lined

the way. As we issued into the wilderness of temples on the spacious plateau of the hill, we beheld the great gilt spire of the principal temple rising far above the other structures into the evening sky, and the last rays of the sun, reflected from its golden sides, cast a mellow light upon the wonderful groups of shrines scattered around. The main pagoda is built in the shape of a tower fully three hundred feet high. Its base is some one hundred and twenty-five feet square, but at the height of fifty or sixty feet it assumes a conical shape, curving upward in the middle and tapering into the blue sky like a golden and solid Eiffel tower.

No less wonderful are the numerous shrines and temples round about it. Here is truly Oriental splendor, scattered in weird profusion inside and outside of the buildings. As we issued from the head of the stairs, we heard monotonous incantations, in the style of our litanies, proceeding from one of the glittering temples in front of us. The front part of the temple formed a sort of open colonnade whereas the gorgeous altars and separate shrines in the darker recesses of the rear were illumined by hundreds of burning wax candles. Behind these a mysterious gloom prevailed, from which muffled drums and jingling bells resounded. The ceiling and the pillars sparkled in gold and mosaic ornamentations. Numerous images of Buddha, large and small, stood on their overarched pedestals. Scores of natives were kneeling with their faces touching the inlaid pavement of

the temple and repeating the solemn incantations of the litany. Flanking this temple to the right stood numerous smaller shrines, some of which looked like tombs. Behind the iron-grated fronts laughed, grinned, and frowned the statues of hundreds of idols or Buddhas. Some of these were artistically carved in marble, others in wood, some showed the decay of centuries, others, again, were richly dressed in fine silks and necklaces of pearl and gold. Most of them were in the traditional contemplative position of the original Buddha, sitting cross-legged in tailor fashion. Farther along the main avenue that circles around the temple grounds, glittered the richly inlaid pillars of a temple, which was a marvel of artistic carving in pinkado wood. The carvings on this and on many other of the smaller temples seemed the work of fairy hands. So lifelike are the figures of men, animals, and plants that adorn the walls, cornices, and roofs of these buildings, that one almost expected these figures to complete the action in which they were represented, or those leaves and plants to stir to and fro with the next cool evening breeze that swept along.

Opposite to this last-mentioned temple two huge dragons with snake-like bodies rear their horrid arms and visage at least seventy-five feet aloft. On closer examination they were found to be made of rod-iron or copper screen-work, with openings of about an inch in diameter. Within these openings were suspended pieces of prismatic and colored glass, jingling as the breeze passed

through, and reflecting the sun's rays in a thousand different hues as they swung in their framework. It would take a long time to describe all the splendid monuments of religious fervor that cover this hill, and the wonderful ingenuity that is displayed in the variety and grotesqueness of the ornaments employed. Who will say that religion is but a vain aberration of the mind, when from a vague sense of its necessity, implanted in the human soul, such riches are expended in order to satisfy its craving? All over the temple grounds and inside the temples could be seen numerous worshipers kneeling with folded hands and praying aloud. Each worshiper generally brought along a candle to be burnt before his favorite statue. At one place a father with his whole family lay prostrate before an obscure and neglected idol, earnestly repeating a litany.

Though the Burmese, to judge from their features and the style of their architecture, are undoubtedly a race kindred to the Chinese, they differ considerably in regard to religion. They do not hold Confucius in such high regard as the Chinese, and are Buddhists, more than anything else. A good deal of the sensuality of Indian Buddhism and Brahmanism is absent from their form of religion. Their religious code is more simple, and in regard to family life they are superior.

Down through the covered colonnade we retraced our steps, several times losing our foothold on the worn-out and slippery steps in the gathering dusk; the series of

stairs were more an inclined plane than flights of graded stairs. On our way back we passed through some of the fine parks with which the English have embellished Rangoon. A military band was giving well rendered selections of music on one of the lawns. But there seemed to be no enthusiasm either in the players or in the few scores of English listeners, that had gathered on the greensward: they seemed all much surprised when I clapped in applause of their fine performance. On one of the streets along the wharf, under the glaring torch-light, a group of Hindoo jugglers was giving exhibitions to an immense crowd of ragged natives. Grunts of approval from the spectators rewarded their efforts; but whether there was any more substantial reward, I could not tell, for no regular fee was charged, nor did I see any collection taken up.

Arriving at the ship, we were surprised to see that its huge hulk had sunk with the ebbing tide, and its bulwarks, which had towered twenty feet above the jetty when we left, were now almost even with the wharf. A great roaring flame of gasoline, whirred from the top of a blast lamp, lighting up the whole neighborhood like a conflagration. Unseen hands were casting forth a continuous stream of cocoanuts and other merchandise through the open natches, while outside were hundreds of ragged natives, hustling carts full of the cargo to the near-by warehouses. These Orientals accompany their work with a continuous shouting

and singing, for the louder they shout and sing the more earnestly they are at work. They flagged not during the whole night, for into our cabins their monotonous singing resounded until morning. We had returned to the vessel over night, as we had made no arrangements regarding our baggage. But during the day we had decided to take passage on the Karagola, aboard of which we ordered our baggage to be brought before leaving in the morning. As we shall see, this order was fortunately disregarded.

CHAPTER III.

EXCURSION TO THONZE — LABORS OF LOVE — NATIVE LIFE — IN MURDEROUS ARRAY — A CASSOCKED NIMROD — HUNTER'S LUCK.

Early morning found us again on our way to the cathedral, for I never missed saying mass during my travels whenever it was in the least feasible. Upon inquiry we found, that we could easily make a short trip into the interior and be back in time for the departure of the Karagola. Accordingly we were glad to get an introductory letter to Father Perroy in Thonze, about 65 miles from Rangoon on the Prome Railroad. The British railroads in Burmah and India are run on the European plan. Second-class coaches were almost the same as first-class, and they are so arranged that the seats of the coupés, when let down, will furnish four fine couches for sleeping at night. The road is fenced by wire strung on iron posts, which seems strange in a country covered with forests and jungles; but this is necessary on account of the ants which would eat through ordinary posts in one night. Numerous venders of eatables and other small articles of merchandise, especially of areca nuts on betel leaves, enliven the stops of the trains at each station. The railroad runs through a flat country, which is flooded in the rainy season, making

it especially adapted to the cultivation of rice. On both sides of the railroad most of the valuable teak and pinkado timber had been cut for some distance inward. Fire had ravaged great stretches of this country during the dry season, as it finds a ready nourishment in the parched jungles. Vast quantities of rice lay piled up in sacks along the railroad, awaiting shipment; for Burmah is the greatest rice producing country in the world, and the principal industry of Rangoon are its rice mills.

We arrived at Thonze at one o'clock at night. Father Perroy was awaiting us at the station with a gharry. The town is about a mile from the railroad and contains only natives. The mission-house, like all the better dwellings, was built upon high posts and resembled a summer pavilion, constructed of Venetian blinds, that admit the air but exclude the heat of the sun. The furniture was in keeping with the poverty of these missionaries. However, the punka, a huge fan fastened to the ceiling, was not missing, and it was vigorously swung by a native boy while we were at dinner. Our meal consisted of a generous roast of water-buffalo and a vegetable stew. When the heat had moderated towards evening, our host showed us his compound. On it stood the airy church, with many chinks and cracks, built of rough teakwood boards; the incipient normal school for instructing native catechists; the house and schoolrooms of the orphan boys; another for the girls, and even a hospital of modest pretensions, which harbored only one patient at the time. To one

side was a large reservoir for rainwater, which, however, would soon be dispensed with, as the father had begun the construction of the only well in town. The natives were afraid of encountering evil spirits in the well after it had reached a depth of fifteen feet, and the only way he could induce them to work at it was by descending himself and taking a hand in the work. His garden was stocked with an abundant supply of vegetables, for there were many hungry mouths to be fed. A new growth of areca palms gave promise of a good crop of betel nuts. There was also a granary for the paddy, which is unhusked rice. Some of the orphan girls were just then at work husking some of it for immediate use. Their threshing machine was merely a stone, which the girl raised by stepping on one end of a lever and allowing it to fall on a small quantity of the paddy lying on the hollowed surface of another stone. All these improvements were the fruit of ten years of solitary labor in the midst of these half-civilized natives. Yet the father, in his conversation, mentioned many other plans that he had in view for the future. The contributions from the natives amount to nothing, for they are too poor. He works for no salary, and the expenses for his own household probably must be kept within one hundred dollars a year. The improvements were possible only by charitable donations from the outside, and principally by careful management and by the labor of his own hands.

The converts to the Catholic faith are largely Kareens

belonging to the Pali race from the north, and more industrious and thrifty than the Burmese proper. Their religion is entirely spiritual, having no system of church government, no idols, no priests, not even any special place of worship, all of which is so highly developed among the Burmese. The Kareens adore a supreme spirit of good and try to propitiate evil spirits. The Burmese, on the other hand, have a well organized church government. Their Buddhist ponghees, or monks, are unmarried; at least they promise to remain celibates for a certain number of years. They live in community, practice severe fasts, and enjoy great influence among the common people. On the streets they are required to look in an opposite direction whenever they meet a woman; but the father told me that it is often a source of amusement to him to see these monks, after having turned their faces from the women as they pass, deliberately gazing at their retreating figures from some corner, or other concealed point. In Thonze and in Rangoon we saw many of these ponghees walking the streets in their yellow mantles, which they wear somewhat like a Roman toga.

Besides the Kareens and the Burmese, many Hindoos are met with, rivaling the Chinese in business and handicraft of all kinds. Their religion is of the grossest kind of Brahmanism, in many points more immoral than the heathen cults of the ancient inhabitants of Syria and Egypt. Many of the Hindoos have their foreheads

marked with streaks of white or red paint, and carry suspended from their necks obscene representations wrought in gold or silver, in order to commemorate the shameful practices of Shiva. The towns and villages of Burmah are under supervision of native chiefs, and each family is again under supervision of a petty chief or the head of ten families. They are strictly responsible to the English commissioner of the district for any infringement of the law. The natives are allowed no firearms, for Burmah is yet under a sort of military rule, where small insurrections are not infrequent. Because the natives are forbidden the use of firearms, the wild beasts are multiplying fast in the outlying districts and demand many victims during the year.

During a stroll through the town and in the outskirts we passed a small pagoda, surrounded by some monasteries. Grotesque statues of lions guarded each side of the entrance and rows of other statues lined the dim interior. To one side of the pagoda, in an open summer-house, a bevy of Burmese girls and young women were frolicking about, engaged in some decorative work. The town consists for the most part of rude huts and some streets with rows of small shops. The most worthless things here form important articles of merchandise. The Chinese, especially, seem to get rich by selling old rubbish. The main road leading north is kept in fine repair by the English; otherwise there would be little possibility of travel as the natives do not care for such improvements. Walk-

ing a mile or two along this road, in the pleasant evening, with Father Perroy, we were deferentially saluted by the natives whom we met. In front of the huts along the road I frequently saw jars containing drinking water, placed there by the kind and hospitable natives for passing strangers.

When we again entered the town, the streets were aglare with the torchlights in front of the shops and stands of the petty traders. Gambling and good-natured frolic were going on. After the harvest, the Burmese are regularly fleeced by the owners of the gambling stands and by the money lenders. A Burmese will risk all his earnings at the gambling table, and if he loses, he will borrow even at 40 per cent from the Chinese money-lenders, in order to continue his play. On this account most of the small landholders are hopelessly mortgaged to the foreign intruders from China and Hindustan.

The Hindoos and Burmese are fond of gold and silver bracelets on their arms and legs. Some of them also wear rings through their ears and noses. The little children in the native settlement near Wanetchaung had these ornaments dangling from their bodies, though otherwise without covering. The dress of the Burmese consists mostly of a white or colored strip of cloth, in all stages of cleanliness, wound around their middle, leaving as a rule the rest of their body exposed. The women, however, have an extra loose piece of cloth thrown crosswise over their shoulders and covering their breasts.

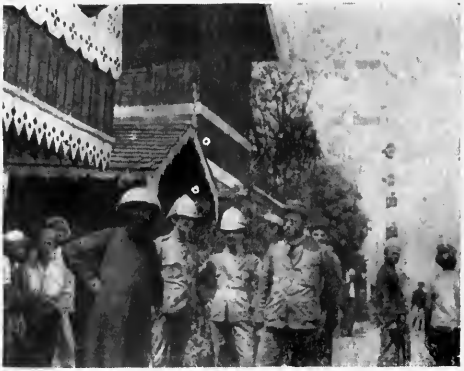
During the afternoon Father Perroy had unwittingly showed great interest, when I told him I would like to scour through some of the jungles on a hunting excursion, if possible. In his eagerness to please me and to fulfill all the requirements of hospitality, he at once assured me, that he himself had great hankerings after the same kind of sport, and that he could easily accommodate me in that line. What was more natural for me than to immediately accept this offer?

He mentioned Wanetchaung, easily reached by the midnight train, as a likely place for the indulgence in that kind of sport. Accordingly at midnight the priest's house presented a strange scene. Father Perroy had aroused us from brief slumber. Three sleepy orphan boys in their native dress stood waiting in murderous array armed with a couple of guns. In the feeble candle light we hunted up our belongings and then we started out together through the dark and silent streets of the town toward the railroad station. We looked much like a band of insurrectionists slinking through the darkness on some nefarious enterprise. Only the missionary appeared somewhat unsportsmanlike, for he came along in his cassock. I began to suspect that he must have overrated his own penchant for the noble woodcraft, and the next day I became quite convinced of the correctness of my surmises, when the good father told my companion in private, that he never fired any kind of a gun, and this was his first hunting expedition. In the second-class coaches we obtained a

coupè for ourselves, and we continued our interrupted sleep on the soft couches until we arrived at Wanetchaung shortly after four o'clock. The native depotmaster and his wife were Catholic converts, and they readily offered us places to finish our night's rest in their quarters above the station rooms.

At break of day we were invited to a breakfast, and afterwards to partake of the betel nut. This is the nut of the areca palm, wrapped into a green betel leaf with a little caraway seed, clove, and lime. It is then ready to be taken into the mouth and to be slowly dissolved. It has a stringent taste, but has a cooling effect in hot weather. The juice that forms in the mouth is blood red, and, as this juice cannot be swallowed, it must be frequently ejected just like tobacco juice. The use of the betel nut is universal in these countries, and one of the disgusting sights everywhere is the red betel juice on the walks, like the relics of frequent hemorrhage thrown up along the way. The lips and mouth of the betel chewer turn intensely red while the teeth become jet black.

Soon we started out in dread array for the destruction of whatsoever beast of the forest would have the temerity to venture across our paths. But it seems our path and the path of the beasts diverged to a considerable extent, especially as I could not persuade my companions to leave the trail that led into the woods toward a settlement of natives a few miles distant. For want of any larger game



AT WANETCHAUNG

FAMINE REFUGEES

I began to shoot at some noisy parrots and other strange birds in order to get a closer look at their plumage. A good deal of the larger timber had been cut in the neighborhood of Wanetchaung. But near the little settlement the jungle became more dense. All at once we stood in front of a group of native huts. The children, some of them entirely naked, suddenly ceased their gambols and stood staring at us. A girl of about fifteen years of age had just arrived with a waterskin carried by a donkey, and she began to let it run wastefully into jars, that were brought around by the natives. Their huts were merely a framework of bamboo, covered with moss or branches of trees, to keep off the heat of the sun. Two native blacksmiths were hammering away at a piece of iron on a stone for an anvil. Their bellows consisted of two rods of bamboo with pistons for pumping air into the fire on the ground. A few pennies given to the children gained us the confidence of the natives, and Father Perroy asked them whether any deer had been seen in the neighborhood lately.

As they answered in the affirmative, I parted company with my fellow-sportsmen and penetrated into the jungle with two boys, trusting that I would come out again somewhere in the neighborhood of Wanetchaung. The sun had parched the ground, and in some places fire had devastated the woods, so that there were many openings. As the sun rose higher, the heat became intense, but finding many fresh tracks of deer I

had no time to think of sunstroke, of which Father Perroy had warned me, or mind the difficulties of breaking through the dense undergrowth over the broken ground. But luck was against me, and after a few hours I had again begun to shoot at the birds, when suddenly a deer started from a thicket just ahead of me. My gun had just been emptied of its charge and the deer bounded out of sight: I do not know how long I would have followed in breathless pursuit, if I had not seen Mr. M. anxiously heading along the road into the woods, evidently in search of me. As he was almost entirely deaf I could not attract his attention by mere shouting, so I had to give up deer hunting in order to prevent him from making a dangerous and fruitless search. I do not see, however, what chance he had of finding me in that jungle, since I had left the road. On arriving at the station, I found that they had been in great anxiety about me, thinking that I had lost the way or had been overcome by the heat. The different birds which I brought down, were treasured up by the boys for a rare meal. A refreshing showerbath soon removed the effects of my ramble in the scorching sun, and we boarded the next train to Rangoon with many hearty adieus from our reverend and kind Nimrod of the Burmah jungles.

CHAPTER IV.

FORTUNATE DELAYS — MISSIONS ÈTRANGERES — AN AMIABLE HOST — SOME BROTHER INFIDELS — RANGOON SIGHTS — EMBARKED WITH A CARGO OF COLONIAL SWELLDOM — PRACTICAL HINTS.

Our train made so many stops, that we had small hope of arriving in time for the steamer Karagola. More delay was occasioned by the tardiness of our gharry-driver. In consequence we arrived at the jetty just in time to see the vast black hull of the Karagola, with its hundreds of passengers, backing away from the dock and majestically floating out on the rushing tide. Our mortification was great, but our missing the boat proved very advantageous in the end. Our baggage had not been put aboard, and we found it still on the Nowshera. Later on we heard that the bubonic plague had broken out on the steamer which we had missed, and in that way we happily escaped infection, or at least a long quarantine on an infected vessel. Strange to say we missed also the next vessel, and, later on, heard that she had broken her shafts in mid-ocean.

A sampan brought us with the swift running tide to the Nowshera, where we secured our baggage, which we now wished to bring aboard the Matiana, about three miles down the stream. The difficulty, however, was to

get there, as the tide was rushing up at a tremendous rate. Even the stoutest boatman would be unable to make headway against so swift a tide as that of the Irawaddy. But our Hindoo boatman knew a trick or two; giving his boat a slanting position, he lustily plied his two long oars against the tide, and so the sampan was forced to cross to the other side of the stream, about a mile distant. By thus manœuvering we crossed in a straight line to more quiet waters, on which, after an hour's rowing, we reached the Matiana. Some queer looking craft we passed on the the way, large hulks, like canalboats, propelled by a score of oars thirty feet long. Having stored our baggage aboard the Matiana, after some objections from the steward, we now found it easy to return with the tide to the Park jetty. We roomed in Evershed's hotel, where we were highly disgusted with the boisterous behavior of the bar-maids, the rapacious servants, the dirty rooms, and the slovenly business management. Yet this hostelry was among the prominent ones of Rangoon.

Next day, strolling around town after breakfast, we happened upon a building which looked like a Catholic church, and we entered what seemed to be the parsonage. Upon hearing that we hailed from the United States, two old men with flowing beards immediately invited us to a seat on the porch and a cooling drink. We very soon found out, that we had strayed into an Armenian establishment and that one of the old men was the pastor, the other a patriarch from Armenia on a missionary tour.

This latter, when he learned of my being a priest, began to assail the Catholic church as having woefully dropped from the original traditions of Christianity, the old groundless accusation of non-Catholics. True faith, he said, is found only in the Armenian church. I believe that he was sincere, and that he had hopes of converting me then and there to the Armenian faith. At first I made no answer nor gainsaid any of his talk. But when I afterward proved to him from his own ritual of the sacraments, that in most of them the form was essentially changed and that therefore they had hardly any of the seven sacraments, and not the sacrifice of the Mass as instituted by Christ, peaceful discussion was at an end. What angered him especially was, that I acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope and my belief in the propriety of priestly celibacy. As he was an old man, I tried to soothe his ruffled feelings before leaving, but not with any marked success.

At the hotel we were kept waiting two hours before we could get our charges summed up for the purpose of paying them. Hotel business must be an annoying way of making a living in the Orient. A host of dark-skinned servants moves about, who must be continually superintended and instructed. What would our hotel people do, if they were obliged to have a separate waiter for each guest? And yet in spite of the abundance of servants, meals will drag on for hours.

Again visiting the cathedral after tiffin, I was invited

to stay over Sunday and preach at the early mass in English, instead of taking our intended excursion to Pegu. This invitation I readily accepted and spent the leisure hours of the evening in a visit to Father Bohn, an Alsatian, who was in charge of St. Anthony's parish of about 8,000 Tamils. We found him directing the excavations, which were being made for a large addition to the old church. He received us somewhat coolly, until I addressed him in German, telling him that we came all the way from America. Then he eagerly invited us into his airy habitation and insisted, that we return and partake of a dinner after the services on the next day. That night, from the fourth story windows of our sleeping-quarters in the Cathedral residence, we surveyed the brilliant rows of arc lights along the wharfs over topping the countless torch and gas lights of the city.

Next morning there was a goodly congregation of Eurasians at the Sunday services. These are descendants of mixed Europeans and natives. They understood English, of course, and listened attentively to what I had to say about the greatness, universality and divine guidance of the Catholic Church. At about eleven o'clock we adjourned with two of the missionaries of the Cathedral parish to Father Bohn's residence behind St. Anthony's church. Though his income must be scant, he treated us royally, seasoning his hospitality with the most amiable and gracious friendliness, and making our stay with him a pleasure to be

remembered ever after. He could hardly speak above a whisper, for he was in the last stages of consumption. Yet he was attending to all the duties of the large parish, and his dearest ambition was to get the new addition to the church finished before the fell disease would take him off. Two years ago his superiors had sent him to France in the vain hope of a cure; but finding that there was no improvement, he wished to return and die in the midst of his labors though far from friends and home. Such is the spirit of missionaries in these far-off countries. During the dinner and the hot hours of the afternoon, comfortably seated on the porch and surrounded by the shade of the great tropical trees, the fathers gave us many points of information. Some articles in use among the Negritos of the Andaman Isles, which we had passed on our way from Singapore, were shown us, among them a bow and arrow, which must have required great strength to handle; also a woman's dress, which was nothing else than a girdle made of thin branches and fringed with leaves about a foot long. This was considerably better than what the men wear, for they wear nothing. They are said to be the most savage tribe under the British sway.

Sometimes this tribe is cited by infidels as a proof, that the belief in a Supreme Being does not exist among all nations. But, as a matter of fact, even in their case, it is not true, for they believe in evil gods, whom they try to propitiate. The atheists must indeed be hard up for an

argument against the existence of a God, when they cite such instances of unbelief. The Negritos of the Andamans will, without great reluctance, be given up to them as examples of intellectual progress and enlightenment. We would suggest, that they emigrate to their Andaman brethren in the Bengal sea, in order to swell their diminishing numbers. Adopting Andaman manners and costumes, their outward lives would then perhaps be more in harmony with the doctrines they profess.

Not content with the proofs of hospitality which he had given us so far, Father Bohn took us out on a drive through Rangoon and its great park system. In the zoological garden, the most interesting object was the white elephant, which now stood under a roof, chained by the feet to the platform. His fortunes had taken a downward course, for instead of being the petted favorite of the former kings at Mandalay, he now had to make salutes and genuflections for some miserable bananas, that the curious reached out to him. There was a great variety of native deer and frolicking monkeys in their various enclosures.

We whirled out on the fine boulevards to the municipal parks, where the bonton of the English society were enjoying their afternoon drive in their costly carriages. The lagoons and drive-ways are beautifully laid out and every turn of the road reveals new vistas of lawns and tropical woods. Credit must be given to the English in the Orient for the fine roads and public parks in all the

important towns. Of course, the natives derive small benefit from the parks, though they are not excluded; yet their social condition hardly fits them for that kind of luxury. Accordingly we met none of the poorer class of the native population on these beautiful grounds, though some gorgeous turn-outs of a few rich Mohammedans, Hindoos, and Parsees passed us on our way. Many of the occupants of the richest turn-outs saluted Father Bohn as they passed, and it seems the Catholic missionaries are enjoying the respect of the influential class of Europeans.

We arose early the next morning to board the Matiana for Calcutta. Arriving at the jetty of the British India Steamship Line, at which the steamer was moored, we found it surrounded by a pandemonium of native passengers, each with bundles of worthless baggage. There must have been at least four hundred shouting and jostling Burmese, Hindoos, Tamils, Chinese, Thibetans and Sikhs in different styles of clothing and different stages of untidiness. A few hundred of Madrasi, or Indian soldiers, also, with scarcely more order than the rest, and with an ill-concealed contempt for the civilian vulgar, pushed and crowded up to the narrow gangplanks. Each had one or more packages consisting of clothing, baskets of victuals, bundles of wood, and musical instruments. Everyone shouted and pushed, trying to make himself understood or using violent means to gain advantageous ground nearest to the vessel. It was useless

for us to try to get aboard, before the greater part of them had disappeared over the bulwarks. When finally two bridges had been let down, a number of sailors stood at the upper end dealing out dull resounding blows on the heads and shoulders of the natives as they crowded up too eagerly with their baggage. Only for this restraint, no doubt, a number of them would have been trodden under foot by the frantic crowds, which pushed up from behind. Their eagerness to get aboard was not to be wondered at, since the first comers would be able to pick out the most sheltered and comfortable places on deck: not a mean advantage on a voyage which would last several days. At length some of the boat-officers, seeing us below, made a clear passage for us, and we were comfortably quartered in first cabin. A tedious delay of seven hours was caused two miles down the Irawaddy, by the tardiness of the launch that was to bring the mail from Rangoon. However, in the afternoon the blue expanse of the Bengal sea again encompassed us.

The voyage to Calcutta on this steamer was a pleasant one as far as the weather and the accommodations were concerned. But for us democratic Americans it was a dismal failure socially. The snobbishness and exclusiveness of the first-class passengers was simply nonsensical. Yet one could have perhaps read a deeper degradation of vice on some of the bloated faces of these aristocrats, than among the motley crowd of six or seven hundred natives huddled together on the open deck below. To what

antics did not these languid men and women demean themselves in order to seem to belong to the select! Some of the men, after their early morning's trot in loose pajamas on the flooded deck, would disappear below in order to dress for breakfast. Later on, both ladies and gentlemen would lounge on deck, hardly daring to engage in conversation for fear of committing themselves, and mostly staring at the clothes the others wore. The half dozen children were scarcely noticed by their languid mothers and left in charge of uniformed servants. A change of clothes for tiffin, or noon lunch, and an hour's dawdling with the victuals; then some more languishing till six o'clock; the captains and officers stalking about like martinets, ever wary lest they talk to any one below their station: such was the routine during daytime on the sunny Bengal sea.

After six the gong sounded, and then began a general rush below in order to dress for dinner. Fully an hour and very often more, would pass in primping, and then they came sweeping into the dining hall, the ladies in decolletè and with a different dress every day, the men in vast shirt-fronts, frock-coats, all sorts of inconvenient cuffs and collars, with diamonds glittering from several parts of their outfits. Frock-coats, diamonds, and fine dresses are all right, it seems to me, on state occasions; but to wear them so ostentatiously and for such an ordinary affair as a dinner on board ship seems to me pitiable insipidity. It could all be put up with good-humoredly, if they would resort to this

ostentation in order to make the meals pass more pleasantly, but I have always seen it produce just the contrary effect. Each sits at table daintily, with an occasional blasé smile and subdued conversation on trivialities. No spontaneous, hearty laugh, no genial smile, only glum wariness and secret fear, lest any one outdo him in glittering show. Some novelists delight in painting such gatherings of high society in glowing colors. Of course they can afford to do it: a glowing imagination is supposed to be the principal stock in trade of a novel-writer. But the performances of these people merited rather the name of a refined monkey-show than an ordinary gathering of reasonable beings for the purpose of taking daily refreshments on a journey. If one happened to drop into the bar-room after dinner, some of these snobs could be seen getting by far the worst of the costly drinks, which they were ordering.

I spent a great deal of the time of these ocean-trips in filling out my daily journal; for the notes, which I jotted down into my vest-pocket memorandum book two or three times each day, were necessarily very brief. During this voyage I went among the crowds of natives on the lower deck several times. They keep up an incessant shouting, rumbling of tomtoms, jingling of bells, and noise of other instruments more or less musical. Sometimes the Mohammedans begin to sing and keep it up for hours. Fierce brawls would arise now and then about the use of advantageous places on the deck; for all the space was filled with men, women, and children, most of whom

could not find room enough to stretch in full length among the human and other baggage littering the floor. Happy he, who could place his belongings so as to afford him a convenient couch to rest on. Twice a day water for drinking and cooking was distributed, and then the scenes of the embarkment were re-enacted. At one side of the deck were large fireplaces, where these people could boil or roast some of their food. However, I think most of them avoided all exertion of this kind by simply remaining without food during the voyage, or the greater part of it.

PRACTICAL HINTS. In order to stock up a fair amount of permanent information on an extended trip, it is necessary to keep some kind of a journal. Otherwise, only a confused jumble of impressions will remain, which will eventually become so distorted, that no particulars will remain in the memory. Even with the best of memories, one cannot expect to keep the impressions distinct and separate. There is no time for reflection and comparison in the continual change of scenes. The best method is to jot down a few words on each salient point into a vest-pocket notebook two or three times a day. It is surprising how much a few words jotted down on the spot, will suggest, when one afterwards, in leisure hours, wishes to write a more extended account or spend an hour in pleasing recollections of the journey. The great secret of remembering personal experiences seems to lie in being able to follow them up in the same order, in which they transpired day after day and hour after hour.

In the hot countries of the Orient white duck suits or kaké are very convenient additions to the wardrobe of the traveler. They are light and cool besides being durable and respectable. They soil easily, it is true, but they can be washed over and over again. For this reason several suits should be procured by having them made to order by the native tailors at the small outlay of two or three dollars a suit. Pajamas, or loosely fitting suits of light cotton flannel, are also a most enjoyable outfit for the night on board ship. On English vessels the deck is scrubbed every

morning with sand and flooded with sea-water from fore to aft. Those that believe in the salutary effects of cold water, can enjoy an hour of delightful promenading on the flooded decks in the cool breezes of the morning.

In China, the Philippines and Singapore, the Mexican silver dollar is the common currency. The banks will readily furnish usable money in the different countries at a small rate of exchange. A traveler should make it a rule to ask the hotel-keeper at what hour the hotel-day is supposed to begin and end, and he should give notice of his departure some hours before. In most cases an understanding should also be reached in regard to charges, as I suppose that no one likes to be fleeced. At the time of departure the hotel-keeper has the advantage of his guest, as he need not worry about missing the train or the boat. Have your baggage brought down from your room to the hotel office before the next hotel-day begins, as otherwise you will probably be charged an extra day, though you spend it in another city or hundreds of miles away.

CHAPTER V.

CALCUTTA UNDER TORCHLIGHT — PERSISTANT BEGGARS — UP THE GULCHES OF THE HIMALAYAS — DARJEELING.

On the morning of the fourth day the lowlands bordering the Hoogley, one of the estuaries of the sacred Ganges river, came to view on both sides of the vessel. Calcutta is some twelve miles up the Hoogley, but the passage of this short distance proved a tedious and lengthy affair. It was the first time, they said, that such a large steamer as the Matiana had ventured up so far. The bottom of the river is continually shifting, and the steamer came to long halts on the sandbanks. Already in the forenoon we passed numerous factories and large establishments along the banks of the river; but it was two o'clock before the vessel found its way to the landing, and five o'clock before it was moored to its jetty. A runner of the Hotel de Paris had climbed over the bulwarks three hours before and singled us out for customers of that establishment. Three hours is a good long while to resist the importunities of a drummer, and proved too much for us. We did not have strength enough left to prevent his gathering in our baggage and throwing it on a carriage. However, agreeing with the driver on the charges for the ride, the drummer and another native piled into the carriage with ourselves.

All of them tried to make our ride as pleasant as possible and we were not unwilling to enter into the humor of the situation. Of course they might bring us into some banditti's cave, or dump us into the Hoogley, after having plundered us; for it was now quite dark, and they said Calcutta was three miles off. But then that would have been too much like some of the encounters read in novels, and novelists must resort to their imagination for most of their dangerous scrapes. At present it was worth while to see how far their naïve appropriation of us would go. I was pretty sure it all meant only an additional claim for bakshish. We were willing to let them take the risk of their getting any, though we had made up our minds to set a limit to their demands, when the time came. They took us along the Eden race course and Eden park to the Esplanade, which was brilliantly lighted up by electric lights. Before going to the Paris hotel, we passed the Jesuit church, facing on the Esplanade, and inquired about this much lauded Hotel de Paris. The very Rev. Vicar General, Father Marchal, who resides there, received us kindly, and, in regard to our intended stopping-place, laughingly intimated, that there was not much choice between that and most of the hotels in the city.

Our self-constituted guardians landed us in front of the hotel and each received his fee according to strict agreement beforehand, together with a moderate tip. But each one demanded extras: the driver because he had made good time, the hotel runner because he had

shown us so good a place, and the lackey because he had given us the pleasure of his company. I considered it as part of the pleasantry to refuse: it would heighten the humor of the situation, if we showed that we also had a little of our own ways in dealing with them, as they had theirs with us. The howl which they set up, when we turned around and disappeared in the entrance of the hotel was part of the comedy. The hotel porter acted his part admirably by simply driving them away.

The dusky comedians, however, had seized the spirit of the play, and when we came out after supper to take a stroll through the streets, there they were, all ready to continue for another act. They followed us up renewing their beggary, and with them were a half dozen others, who offered themselves as guides to various questionable places of amusement. One particularly intrusive ragamuffin insisted on the special attractions of his resort, until I actually caught him by the neck and threatened to administer a sound kick to convince him that we were not hankering after any of their services. Even with that they would not yet be convinced, but kept following us for a while with their clamors.

In the flaring torchlights of the open Hindoo shops the streets presented a scene full of animation. No sooner would we come into the glare of the lights, than the dark forms of shopkeepers would spring up and follow us, trying to induce us in broken English to examine their small stock of canes, gaudy caps, handkerchiefs and the like.

Sometimes we had a half dozen buzzing around us like gadflies. After being thus dogged about for a few hours, we got the best of them by re-entering our hotel, where they would have been summarily dealt with if they ventured to intrude.

We were not much pleased with our hotel quarters. Adjoining the dining room was an open bar where female barkeepers, in suggestive dress, painted and powdered, kept a crowd of Englishmen around them, drinking and singing, laughing and joking with them very freely, in order to draw the silver from their pockets. The foolish dupes were already far gone in drink, and long after we had retired to the sleeping quarters in the annex, we heard their lolling and shouting in the small hours of the night. Most of the hotels have these bar and barmaid attachments in Calcutta.

Next morning we left a part of our baggage in our handbags with Cook's agency for shipment to London; mine I never saw more. When I called for it in London it had not turned up, nor was it ever traced. Calcutta is a city of about 800,000 inhabitants and the residence of the Viceroy. The streets in the European and business parts are mostly grand thoroughfares. The large modern buildings have somewhat less of the peculiar English colonial style about them than those of other cities in India. Much attention is paid to the paving and beautifying of the streets and of the parks and driveways. The northern half, and by far the most populous portion of

Calcutta is occupied by the natives. There, of course, narrow streets, with rows upon rows of small shops, are the rule. Incredible activity prevails in these quarters, and one must wonder where this stream of humanity does find its lodgings. The houses are small and scarcely fit for human habitation. Horse-cars run through some of the most crowded streets. These latter are so narrow that the passengers could reach the goods exposed in the open shops from the cars. They move along little faster than a walk, as they must pick their way through the throngs of people.

A dark-skinned Malay, in white turban and cotton sheet around his middle, had been shadowing us since last night, and without ceremony took his seat aside of the driver whenever we engaged a carriage. Now and then he would offer to assist us or busy himself in seeming to give instructions to our driver. Whenever we alighted he stood on the pavement, waiting for us, or following us on our business calls. We had not taken much notice of him, but we asked Father Marchal, in passing, to find out for us what he wanted. The mystery was soon cleared up for he informed us laughingly: "He has established himself as your servant and bodyguard and will ask for his wages when you leave town." We hastened to get rid of such a useless hanger-on by paying him a small sum and intimating that his self-imposed task was not acceptable.

In the afternoon we pushed our way through the throngs at the Sealdah railroad station in order to board

a train for Darjeeling in the Himalaya mountains. For the first thirty or forty miles the train passes through a well cultivated country, where picturesque villages are nestled under high palm trees. Beyond that, to the mountains, is a treeless prairie, which no doubt is to a great extent under water in the rainy season. On this account it is well adapted to the cultivation of rice. In the morning we arrived at Siliguri at the foot of the mountains.

Instead of rice plantations tea and coffee plantations are now seen and cover the rising hill-slopes on both sides of the railroad. A train of diminutive cars stood ready in Siliguri to take us over a narrow gauge 8,000 feet up into the mountains. The cars were not more than ten or twelve feet long, and the locomotives seemed like toy engines. The mountains rise abruptly from the plain, so that it seems impossible for a train of cars to find a passage. But the two little engines soon began to puff bravely upward into the mountain gorges, which from the distance had not been visible. The grade is mostly as much as one foot to twelve, and in some places one to ten. The curves are so short, that longer cars would be entirely impracticable. The road through these mountains is indeed a remarkable engineering feat. The Union Pacific, the Colorado Midland, and the Rio Grande rise to a much higher altitude in the Rocky mountains on tracks of the ordinary gage. But the Rocky mountains do not rise so abruptly as the

mountain spurs of the Himalaya. These tapering peaks necessitate some remarkably narrow loops, some of them not over 300 feet in diameter. In several places the cars cross and recross their path several times, so that from the car windows stretches of the iron road can be seen in many curves and complete loops along the mountain ridges hundreds of feet below. The zigzaging of the road was well illustrated at Dindaria, 3,800 feet altitude, where a score of native children ran alongside of the slowly climbing train, clamoring for pennies. Suddenly they disappeared behind a ridge, but when the train had made a spurt of about five miles at a faster rate, there the whole crowd of them appeared again with the same clamors.

We at first wondered at their marvelous running, until we saw that they had merely climbed a hill and thus headed off the train. How these little urchins shouted in exuberant glee, when we threw them a few paras, and how they scrambled all in a heap to pick them up! On two places the grade would have been too steep for any kind of a loop. Here the engineers had resorted to a series of straight runs, where the train is switched backward and forward up the mountain wall. I doubt, however, whether any American engineer or railroad management would be satisfied with such a makeshift, for the switching to and fro took up much time. At Mahamuddy or Big River, a magnificent view of the meeting of the two great rivers that form the Brahmaputra, deep down in a vast plain, broke upon our view.

At Kurseong, where we had lunch, the elevation is 7,464 feet. Here Father Naish, a Jesuit, boarded the train, seemingly on the lookout for some students returning from a vacation. At Ghoom, which is the highest point of the road, 8,800 feet above the sea, he showed us the witch of Ghoom, an old woman past her hundredth year and always on hand to collect pennies from the passengers. In her outward appearance she does full justice to her name, in which she takes a great deal of pride. I caught a snapshot of her as she linked her arm in that of my bachelor companion, and many times afterward that good man had to stand a bantering joke on the woman he had at last found. From Ghoom the train descended several hundred feet to Darjeeling, seven miles off. The road winds gracefully down the mountain sides, following the gulches near the summits. During last September heavy rains had caused many landslides in this neighborhood. Many portions of the road had been washed away or buried beneath earth and stones. Repairs had not been finished up to this time (in March), so the train could not quite proceed to its terminal station in Darjeeling. All passengers were obliged to walk or ride with their baggage two miles to town. One of the noisy carriers took charge of our small satchels and brought us to the Russel villa. Far above in the vault of heaven hazy mists had gathered over the vast mountain regions in the direction of Mount Everest and the Kinchinchinja range. Below us, on the projecting ledges and in the furrowed ravines

ON THE BRAHMAPUTRA

of the steep mountain side, hung in scattered groups the houses and public buildings of Darjeeling. So steep was this town-site, that one almost expected it every moment to break loose and slide down bodily to the immense depth of the valley below. Darjeeling is comparatively a new town, the great summer resort of Bengal and eastern provinces of India. The greater part of it consists of hotels and summer villas for the accommodation of the strangers that stay during the hot weather. There is no native quarter, though many natives from the surrounding country daily gather to do business in the market-place.

After a slight repast, we strolled along the fine residences behind the Episcopal church up to the highest point of the mountain on which Darjeeling is built. This is called Observatory hill, and rises to quite a height on the northern outskirts of the city. From this eminence one surveys the vast abysses of the surrounding valleys, the bottoms of which are lost to view in the immense depths below. This summit must have been a noted place of worship in former times. Even now several altars were remaining and a number of natives were performing their prayers and religious rites toward the setting sun. The trees on the summit were hung with hundreds of varicolored cloths and streamers, whereby the Nepalese try to propitiate the malicious spirits. These Nepalese mountaineers are more strongly built, of a lighter complexion, but also less handsome than the people on the

plains. I thought they bore a great resemblance to the American Indians. The women do most of the hard work. We met many of them carrying heavy loads suspended by a band, which runs around their foreheads and passes under the load on their backs. They are but scantily clad, some of the children not all. They seem of a proud and independent spirit, bearing English rule with suppressed ill will. We met no Nepalese beggars, though their poverty must be great.

From our elevated position we distinguished the Catholic cathedral and the Bishop's residence among the straggling houses of the town far below us. Thither we went, as I wanted to celebrate mass on the next day, Sunday. But for some reason or other, Father Naish, the Jesuit, who was in charge during the absence of the Bishop received my request rather coldly, but could not well refuse after I had shown him the necessary legitimate documents.

At our lodgings we were the only guests. Mine host and his family were staunch Calvinists, and they seemed ill at ease to have a Catholic priest sitting at the same table with them. Their behavior was very formal and circumstantial. But a few times during our stay, when some of their relatives had increased the dinner party, they began to discuss religious topics in a very tentative manner. I held my peace, until they began to make the most absurd statements concerning the practices of Catholic nuns in the orphanages. One of the wise-

acres maintained, that the sisters ordinarily baptize the children in their charge by sprinkling holy water over them. They were surprised to hear from me, that sisters had no right to baptize any children under their charge, except in danger of death; and that sprinkling holy water over the children at night or in the morning was not baptizing.

CHAPTER VI.

To Tiger Mount — The Gleaming Snows of Everest and Kinchinchinja — Russel Villa — Zigzagging Down to the Plains.

All visitors to Darjeeling anxiously scan the heavens every day to see, whether there will be any chance of getting a clearer view of Mount Everest and the wonderful Kinchinchinja range in the north. Vast clouds of vapor generally hide these mountains from view, even in the clearest weather. So it often happens, that visitors must depart from Darjeeling after a stay of many weeks without having seen the summits of the Himalayas. But we were more fortunate. The next day was an ideal Sunday, and, as we climbed up to the villa after the morning services in the cathedral, the intensely white tips of the Himalaya range gleamed down from the blue vault of the northern firmament. We at once resolved to make our previously discussed excursion to Senchal and Tiger mountain. These are eight miles off, and from their tops the most favorable view of the whole range can be had. Even before we had entirely left Darjeeling, the vastness of this mountain scenery was dimly revealed to us. The morning sun, rising over the dark walls of mountains in the northeast, lent its own dazzling brightness to that barrier of snowclad peaks, forming a scene never to

be effaced from the mind's imagery. Between us and the distant peaks, as we first sighted them from the high ledge on which we stood, lay a vast sea of mist, which rose up almost to a level of our vantage ground and covered the valleys and the lower mountains of the sixty miles of intervening region. Only here and there a few higher cones rose mysteriously, forming landmarks in the misty sea.

Encouraged by this magnificent glimpse, we walked briskly onward in the fresh morning, past sunny projections and shady recesses of the mountain-side, hoping that the clear weather would last until we could reach Tiger hill. After climbing over the mountain ridge east of Darjeeling, the British cantonment came into full view. On the mountain plateau some of the British soldiers in their red uniforms were drilling, while others were moving about patrolling the enclosures. We were not particularly pleased to see groups of natives along the road to Ghoom and in the neighborhood of Darjeeling busily engaged in building or repairing the roads on the Lord's day. The roads in these mountains are nearly all footpaths or bridlepaths, cut into the steep mountain-sides and winding upward and downward in every direction. As the mountains are very steep, a great many abutments in the frequent ravines are a necessity. These are built mostly of stones, that support the narrow ledge of the pathway. Women work at these roads as well as men; in fact, the women carry the heavy stones and

sacks of earth, while the men do the laying. We would have been much more satisfied to see them enjoying their Sunday rest. As we walked along the sunny side of the mountain, its towering cliffs rose at our elbow to the right, while the bottomless abyss yawned to our left. Deep down in the valleys could be distinguished here and there the huts of the natives, so engulfed in their abysses, that one wonders how the inhabitants will ever find their way up into the sunlight.

The market of Ghoom, which is nothing else than the principal street of the village, was crowded with natives, who were moving or lounging about the primitive shops on both sides. From here the road winds sharply up through beautiful woods to the top of Senchal and the still higher Tiger mountain. On the plateau of Mount Senchal were numerous pillars of stone masonry, which at first we took to be ruins of old temples. But they were only the remains of the British garrison buildings, that formerly occupied this ground before it was moved to Darjeeling.

Ghoom was formerly the headquarters of the English invading army; but being found unhealthy on account of its exposure on the mountain-height, it was removed to Darjeeling. The immense barracks, on account of exposure to wind and rain in these climates, are now crumbling into ruin. A bungalow, or lodging house, on the summit of Mount Senchal showed little signs of use, for the summer visitors to Darjeeling were only beginning

to arrive. In a small hut behind it, a native woman was crouching over an open fire, which smouldered between two stones. She was cooking rice and passively permitted our intrusion. Probably she knew, that the thick smoke would soon drive us away, without any waste of words on her part. After a climb of two or more miles, we reached the summit of Tiger mount, which, except where the narrow ridge connects it with Senchal, is surrounded on all sides by deep abysses and affords a magnificent view.

The sight that burst upon us beggars description. Some hundred feet below the place on which we stood, the vast ocean of mist still brooded. It hid the deep abysses and the lower mountain tops all the way up to the heaven-piercing mountain chains in the north. There, in the distance to the left, like an aspiring cone of burnished silver, gleamed the snowy heights of Everest in the forenoon sunlight, while from it the rows of lower peaks, forming the great Kinchinchinja range, stretched away to the sunny east, a dazzling wall of crystal, rising to the blue vault of heaven.

Everest is 29,002 feet above sea-level, and is separated from the Kinchinchinja or Butan range by a gigantic gap. From its top we could faintly trace a dark streak, which was no doubt the shaded portion of a great chasm, disappearing in the misty mountain regions at its base. The blue heavens showed in the immense gap between Everest and Kinchinchinja to the right. The clear,

cut lines and sheer ascent of Kinchinchinja then again shut out heaven's blue, and rising up to a height of 28,176 feet, it leads the succession of snow-clad monsters toward the right, a gleaming causeway from the earth to the eastern heavens. Although we were sixty miles south, yet the broken ridges, the sweeping plateaus of eternal snow, the abyssmal precipices of these mountains were faintly outlined on the resplendent walls, while peak upon peak flashed back their zigzag contours like streaks of lightning, where they met the sunlight's golden glory and the ethereal blue of the sky.

The vastness of this mountain-scenery is overawing, and the dazzling splendor reflected from their everlasting snowfields is like a revelation of celestial light. Man sinks into involuntary silence, acknowledging his littleness, when such magnificence of God's creation flashes on his gaze even at many miles' distance. Human foot has never trod, nor will ever tread, those gleaming summits. In solitary splendor they reach into unapproachable heights, where not even the soaring flight of the eagle or the vulture dares venture. Fleecy clouds hover over these mountain-tops, hiding them from human gaze most of the time. Even on such a clear day as we were favored with, the changing clouds often blended with the snows of the broken peaks.

Not less grandly awful were the immediate surroundings. For the world around seemed as if visited by a vast flood of mist, above which only the dark mountain-

tops of the nearer ranges peered like islands, forming landmarks to the great white mountain barrier in the north. At our feet the mysterious depths of the surrounding valleys yawned, so that it seemed as if a few steps would plunge us into unknown abysses many miles down. The houses of Darjeeling gleamed in the noonday sun on the mountain-top just above the insidious mist, while nearer to our right lay the dwindling huts of Ghoom. As the noon hour progressed, vast white clouds gradually began to envelop the top of Mount Everest and the Kinchinchinja range, reminding us how fortunate we had been in obtaining even a passing glance at the grandest mountain-scenery in the world.

In our descent from the woody mountain the freshness of the morning had given way to the noonday heat, and we arrived just too late to take the train from Ghoom to Darjeeling. The only resource left was to walk the seven miles, and we chose the western side of the mountain ridge on which Darjeeling is built. About two miles from town we fell in with a certain Mr. Grunt, who, with another student, was just finishing his studies for the secular priesthood in the Jesuit seminary at Darjeeling. These two will be the first secular priests in the diocese of Calcutta. There are few secular priests in India, for the missions are all in the hands of the religious orders. The fathers of the Missions Étrangères, of all the priests I met in the eastern countries, seem to me to come nearest to the real ideals of missionary laborers.

Though tired of our jaunt of sixteen miles, we went down to the cathedral to attend evening service at about half past five o'clock. There was a large attendance, mostly Europeans and Eurasians, the greater part of whom must have been non-Catholics. Not far from the church, on the market place, the native buyers and sellers swarmed, winding up their day's business. Most of the petty dealers have their heaps of merchandise spread on mats at any convenient corner or spot, while they themselves are squatting near, awaiting customers. As the sun sank behind the mountains, they gathered together their wares in great bundles and walked away. Coolies with brooms of splintered bamboo invaded the large area from all sides and began to sweep the grounds, enveloping those that still remained in dense clouds of dust. Our host of Russel villa observed the Sabbath in strict Puritan style, allowing no sort of game, and retiring early. This was not an unwelcome arrangement for us after our strenuous mountain climbing. Shortly after supper our Protestant hosts were thrown into a flurry by the appearance of the Jesuit priest, Father Naish, in propria persona. Happily for them, he did not stay longer than a few minutes and made no attempt to ensnare them in any of his popish plots. He merely brought us a notice from the post office, that the spectacle frames, ordered in Calcutta, had arrived and were held until called for. To their surprise he bade them good evening, just like any other

chance visitor, and left without seeming even to desire special intercourse with them. But then who knows what were really his designs? These Jesuits are so deep, don't you know.

We could not resist the desire to enjoy some more of the grand scenery afforded by the magnificent mountains round about. Early morning found us therefore cheerily climbing around the northwestern spur of the mountain on which Darjeeling is built. After leaving the fine villas along the smooth carriage road behind us, our way led us through breezy forests on the mountain-side at the brink of the encircling abyss, to the Jesuit college of St. Joseph. It is built on a spur of the mountain, which has been leveled so as to form a spacious plateau. Below it yawns the dark green valley; above it, as seen from the road, seem to hang the vast snows of the Kinchinchinja range, half buried in the dazzling clouds. Like a fairy vision the graceful buildings of the college thus lay at a distance, between the mysterious dark green of the valleys below and the brilliant white of the snow and cloud-capped mountains in the ethereal blue of the skies. It must be an ideal place for students in India.

The road, which we chose for our return to Russel villa, had been completely washed away along many stretches. Very often we had to scramble on hands and feet, up and down the steep sides, catching hold of roots and projecting rocks, in order not to tumble thousands of feet down the sheer inclines to the bottom of the abysses.

Where the path was still intact, it led, in winding courses, now into the shady gulches, then out over some exposed cliff, affording immense views of towering mountains and fathomless valleys round about. How sorry were we that we must even to-day leave such romantic scenery and exchange the cool mountain breezes for the sultry heat of the plains. But, like in the journey of life, onward we must, since only a certain space of fleeting time is allotted for this our journey as well as for life's earthly pilgrimage.

As the pigmy train wound in and out of the gulches of Darjeeling to Ghoom station, the grand Himalayas came several times into full view, though some of their tops were hidden by passing clouds. Then having left Ghoom behind, down we rumbled, rather more slowly than we came up (for there are timid engineers at the levers of these engines in the Himalayas): the same short curves, crossing and recrossing the tracks over the maze of loops encircling the mountain tops. At Mahamuddy the view was more extensive and clear than on Saturday last; vastly the river bottoms spread out far beneath. No doubt all these sandy streaks are raging seas in the rainy season. The train here makes a semicircular sweep of fifty miles skirting the mountain-ridge. Along the whole distance the vast amphitheatre of bottom lands spreads out in the depths below to the opposing mountain walls in the dim distance. The zigzag switching of Dindaria was visible in the distant

curve of the ridge ahead. On the verge of the mountain country, miles and miles of tea and coffee plantations stretched out to the right and left. At setting of the sun we were again on the sultry plains of Siliguri, rapidly leaving the towering mountains behind us.

The ground was parched and cracked with drought. Not so in the rainy season, for then the greater part of these vast plains are flooded. At Jerapur, near the foot of the mountains, rainfall during the year has reached 500 inches: 140 is very ordinary; instances of 30 inches of rain in 24 hours have occurred. As we rolled along the moonlit plains, the whole region seemed afire with the gleam of myriads of lightning bugs. They sported in countless hosts around the solitary bushes and trees, above the dried-out grasses and over the stagnant pools of water along the road. Sunrise revealed to us the vast floods of the Brahmaputra rolling by on their eager journey from the Himalayas to the Bengal sea

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE BRAHMAPUTRA — WEIRD MUSIC — NARANGUIA — IN A DACCA BUNGALOW — SAUCY CROWS.

On account of some misunderstanding, we missed the fast train to Calcutta, and therefore were obliged to to take a slow train. This entailed also a long delay in Calcutta in waiting for the night train to Dacca, whither we had concluded to make our next excursion. Bishop Hurth, formerly stationed at Notre Dame University, Indiana, now resided there, and we had with us letters of introduction from Dr. Fitte of that institution.

Nine o'clock found us again on the train, rolling through the bright moonlight to Poradaha station and Goalundo ghat, where we were to board a river steamer for Naranguia.

Accordingly in the morning, we were on board the Condor, steaming downward with the current of the Brahmaputra. So wide is this river, that not unfrequently the opposite banks are hardly in sight. Islands several miles long and white gleaming sandbanks often divide the rushing water, and the boat made many detours to find the deeper channels or to land and take up passengers and goods. The natives seem to be great travelers. Railroads and steamers are generally crowded with native passengers, who, of course, ride third or fourth class.

There were always a few hundred of them on board the Condor during the day, for though many would disembark at the different ghats, an equal number would come aboard. As a mere plank was thrown out from the edge of the low deck on to the sandy bank, several of the natives fell into the water with their bundles while boarding or leaving the steamer.

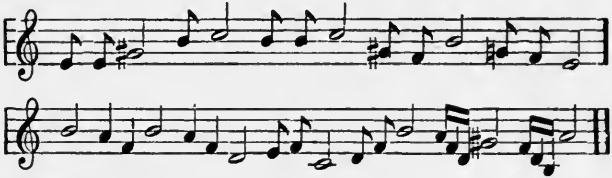
The deck hands are mostly Laskars, a noisy crowd, requiring continual supervision. They handled their brother natives, who took passage on the steamer, with little consideration, and even among themselves and with the petty native officers on board, they often fell to wrangling. The captain and the higher English officers hold themselves aloof from intercourse with the natives as much as possible. Their imperious commands are promptly obeyed, and no one dares to show any sign of disrespect.

The most intelligent and well-favored of the natives in India are the natives of Bengal and the Tamils, hailing from the southern part of India. Many of the former are well educated and hold positions in large business concerns and in the government. Muslin forms by far the greater part of native garments. As regards color, a dull gray is easily in the lead of all others. It is produced by the oldest and most widespread method of dyeing in all countries: namely by keeping soap and clean water at a distance. The ordinary way of dressing for men and women is to pass an oblong sheet of muslin around the middle and then between

the legs, so as to cover both thighs. The lower limbs are mostly bare. One end of the sheet is often used to throw over one or both shoulders. Women as a rule have an extra piece of cloth to cover their breast and a kind of large shawl to throw over their heads.

The rear part of the upper deck of the Condor was portioned off for the native passengers. A motley crowd was lazily lying around on deck, conversing in groups or silently smoking their pipes. A native minstrel tried to draw forth the unwilling pennies from the pockets of his hearers by such screeching and monotonous sounds as his primitive fiddle and bow could produce. It was an odd shaped instrument, carved out of a single piece of jackwood and all battered from age and wear. It was fitted with three silk strings, tuned a fifth apart. Scraping over these strings with a short horsehair bow, he elicited a woebegone minor accompaniment to a song concerning the love of a certain Krishna and Radica. A circle of listeners would now and then fall in with the refrain of a verse in equally doleful tones. Curious to know more about the minstrel and his music, I jumped over the barrier and joined the group. The song was not without some affecting passages, as his native listeners sometimes clapped their hands and joined in the chorus with great spirit. The minstrel however seemed to thrive little on his art, for he looked the picture of poverty. His grey hair dangled in disheveled locks from his neck, and his face seemed pinched with hunger.

The melody was almost a continual repetition of the following:



It was a gala performance for him today nevertheless, for instead of the miserable paras to the value of half a cent, which he had expected to draw out of the reluctant pockets of his native audience, he was gladdened by the two shining rupees of silver which I thought I ought to pay for the entertainment. One of the better informed listeners began to talk in broken English about their religion. It seems that many of those that come in contact with Europeans have exchanged their Buddhism or Brahmanism for a sort of atheism.

The native boats on the rivers of India are a combination of the Chinese and Japanese junks. A peculiarity about them is, that they seem more bulky in the bow than in the stern. On the Brahmaputra boats large flaps, like the fins of a fish, were attached to the rear end, serving as rudders. Others had the rudder between two tail projections at the stern. The boats were propelled either by ragged sails on bamboo poles, or by oars twenty feet long, and terminating in round shields for paddles. These rugged boats were frequently encountered during

the day. Late in the afternoon we arrived in Naranguia, the terminus of the Dacca railroad. We had to wait an hour for our train, which afforded us a chance of inspecting the factories at Naranguia.

Though there was an attempt at beautifying the surroundings of the town by parks and driveways, the long rows of miserable board shanties gave Naranguia the appearance of great poverty and drudgery. I thought there was in the faces of the natives that inhabited them something peculiarly low and sinister. The sans-souci and cheerfulness of Indian poverty was entirely wanting. At the doors of some of the huts the women were sitting on the ground, grinding rice between two stones. The Chinese shop keeper and the opium den are in evidence along the streets.

The country between Naranguia and Dacca is more densely populated than other parts of India. It must have been suffering greatly from drought, as the ground seemed literally burnt to a crust. Nearer to Dacca, however, the country was more like a continued garden, and Dacca itself is shaded by innumerable fine and lofty trees. Before presenting ourselves at the residence of Bishop Hurth, we put up at the Dagh bungalow. These are inns, maintained by the English goverment in those places, where there are no hotels conducted by private enterprise.

We were all alone in the bungalow, well enough served by the natives in charge. Bordering the bungalow to the left were several large colleges for native students under charge of the government. The Catholic cathedral,

which is of modest dimensions, and the schools and convents of the sisters lay beyond. We were received by the Frs. Buries and Kiefer, the resident priests, with not a little surprise, for nothing was less to be expected than visitors from the neighborhood of Notre Dame University in such a distant and out-of-the-way town as Dacca. Unfortunately Bishop Hurth was absent on business in Chittagong, and as our letter of introduction was directed to him personally, we did not wish to encroach on the hospitality of the two fathers, though they were solicitous about it. We returned to the bungalow and concluded to leave with the morning train. For our time was limited and, though we missed the pleasure of seeing the bishop, we considered ourselves well repaid by visiting such unfrequented parts of India.

It was a beautiful moonlit night. After our supper we sat for a long time out on the veranda roof inhaling the perfume-laden breezes that stirred the dark foliage of the trees and shrubs. Night's calm had settled on the town and the silvery moonlight twinkled through the branches and leaves, tracing their shadows on the smooth macadam walks. Early in the morning we were awakened by the vociferous songs of thousands of birds that sported among the trees. The fresh breezes ushered in the first rays of the rising sun. It was one of the most delightful of spring mornings. Having paid a short visit to the fathers, we hastened to catch the train on our way back to Naranguia. By some misunderstanding we

CHAPEL, DACCA DIOCESE

were not informed of the return of Bishop Hurth, nor had he opened our letter, when he arrived at midnight. The bishop afterward sent a letter to Agra, expressing his regret at the untoward circumstances, which prevented an interview.

The return trip up the Brahmaputra from Naranguia to Goalundo lasted till seven in the evening. For diversion we passed some of our time in feeding the crows that are met with all over India in great numbers. Not the shy, thievish crow of our country, but a bold, blinking, saucy robber of a bird. They are not entirely black, but have a dark grey streak around the neck. Flocks of them would follow the steamer up the river, keenly watching for any crumbs falling on deck or any where along the course of the boat. They came quite close to the cabin window, noisily hovering about and darting at the food we threw out. Nearer and nearer to us we laid the bits of food, until at last they would take the particles out of our hands. Occasionally during the day a hawk wheeled about among the noisy crows in close, swift circles; then, alert and hovering for a moment on fluttering wings, it would dart with lightning swiftness and unerring aim to snatch the larger pieces from their midst, before the falling crumbs would reach the lower deck or the water. I hung out a little piece of meat on a silk thread to tempt the crows. With cunning look they eyed it, perched on the projections around, but not one could be induced to seize the coveted bait. They cared

not for stringed gifts. These birds are the scavengers of those hot climates. No native would ever think of hurting them, which probably accounts for their tameness.

There was a continual embarking and disembarking of native passengers. Usually at the approach of the steamer to a halting place a picturesque band of dark forms stood on the edge of the crumbling banks, mutely gazing at the steamer and its passengers, or trying to sell fruits or other eatables. At one time a half dozen of stalwart Bathans, Mussulmen from the hill-country, scowling and haughty, stalked aboard and took their seats on deck. The other natives as a rule are kindly and cheerfully disposed people, ready to do a service but of course equally ready to receive a bakshish. However that is easily explained by their poverty. We arrived in Goalundo ghat in the moonlight, and with a young Englishman took a stroll through the town during the three hours before train time. The houses here are built of bamboo frames and matting, which can easily be taken apart and moved to higher ground as soon as the flood rises over the bottom lands. In other places the houses of the natives are reared of mud or clay, which dries in the sun and is generally whitewashed. Immense quantities of fish were stacked up along the beach and a lively trade in that kind of commodity was going on as we arrived. We were glad to accept some of the coverings of our young acquaintance on the train as we rumbled through the chilly night to Calcutta.

CHAPTER VIII.

STREET LIFE OF CALCUTTA — A UNIQUE CHRISTIAN — GRUESOME DEATH SCENES. — FLAGGING THE PLAGUE. PRACTICAL HINTS.

Early morning found us again at Calcutta and at services in Sacred Heart church. We were informed by Very Rev. Fr. Marchal, that our former fellow travelers had called during our trip to Darjeeling. They were much disgusted at their long detour and at the delay in Colombo, though Ceylon itself was interesting enough. We had been seeing a good deal of the country while they were sweltering on the sultry ocean. We had arrived almost a week before them in Calcutta by boldly cutting loose from the routine of the through tickets. They spent only a few hours in Calcutta and were obliged to rush on the fast trains across the continent of India in order not to miss their steamer in Bombay.

For a while we lounged about the strand on the banks of the Hoogley. The patient Hindoo cows attached to the rude drays were standing listlessly chewing their cud in the noonday sun. Some of the natives were busy loading or unloading the scows and native junks; more of them were lounging about in the shade or stood about in groups engaged in listless conversation. Scores of natives were disporting in the shallow water near the

river bank: some bathing, entirely stripped of their clothes, others plunging into the river, clothes and all, and some of them washing and rinsing part of their apparel in the yellow floods. The street car took us along the river bank to Eden park. It was almost devoid of visitors, for even in the shade of the wide spreading banyan trees and under the breezy foliage of sycamores, teaks and camphor trees, the heat was intense. Beautiful vistas of woodland and meadows vary with the many-colored flowerbeds, the kiosks, summer-houses and Burmese temples, which latter have been transported bodily to this park as a curiosity.

Returning, we rode the full length of the mule tramway to the opposite end of the city along the banks of the river. The shops and dwellings of the natives in these parts are tumbledown huts, built of odd pieces of wood or of clay. The whole interior of the shops is open to view; the bare ground forms the floor, and the huts can give only the most primitive night-shelter for the teeming population in the native quarters. The streets are always crowded. Red color was smeared on the doors and posts of the houses, or in fact anywhere, and the white sheets worn by the Hindoos were almost without exception stained with ochre of carmine red, which was for sale in most of the shops and was in great demand. On inquiry, we found that this red color was used as being symbolical of the incestuous relations of Siva with Parvarti, the wife of Brahma. In memory of their

adultery, a feast of several days is celebrated and the red dust is daubed in every place according to the fancy of the natives. Even their horses and cows, their carts and the harness, and the merchandise show the red colors. Some of the natives seem literally to have rolled themselves in the red pigment, and curious sights they were, as they walked along in their quondam white clothes, on which the sweat or the rain had formed irregular streaks of red from head to foot.

Near the terminus of the car line rose a large Hindoo temple, which we were very desirous of inspecting. The doorkeeper however, would on no account give us admission at the front entrance, where we applied. An Englishman, who happened to pass just then, advised us to try the private entrance in the rear. There our rapping soon brought a burly native to the door, who spoke English tolerably well. He claimed to be the head keeper of the temple and we tried to persuade him to let us enter by offering him a considerable compensation. He would not yield, however, for, he said, the ceremonies of Parvarti were in progress and would last till Saturday. No white man could be admitted. Growing confidential, he told us that he was a disciple of Dr. Knox, the Presbyterian missionary here, and a member of the Presbyterian church. On asking him how it was that he should be head keeper of a heathen temple and at the same time claim to be a Christian, he laughingly answered, that he was anxious to learn the English language. By simply

professing to be a Christian he could get all the advantages of a thorough English schooling without payment, and there are many other advantages connected with being an adherent of the Protestant religion. He saw no impropriety in assuming the name of a Christian and at the same time retain a lucrative position as keeper of a Hindoo temple. Why not humor the good missionaries and profess Christianity, since the advantages of being deemed a Christian and of remaining a heathen could be so well combined?

On our way to this part of the city we had noticed four men carrying a corpse on a bamboo frame. Only a white sheet covered the ghastly burden and a few mourners followed behind. Unheeded by the swarming crowds they wended their way to Nimtolla, or burning, gaht, whither we ourselves were bound. The bad smell of burning flesh was noticeable from afar, and easily directed us in our search.

Entering through some hall-ways, we came upon an open court, surrounded by high stone walls. The entrance and hall-ways were littered with corpses covered with white sheets. Of all kinds were these corpses, young and old, men and women. Groups of natives stood around in silence. In the open court ten or twelve large cordwood piles were blazing, the thin blue smoke curling up in the sunshine. Presently we distinguished among the crackling embers the limbs of more or less consumed human bodies. Where the woodpiles had

already burned down, only charred hands or feet or the larger bones could yet be seen, but in the more recent piles, the entire naked forms, bound and pressed together with ropes so as to require less space, were distinguishable. As the fire began to lick the cramped limbs, and contracted the muscles, it seemed as if the corpses had returned to life and were about to leap from the dreadful destruction. A horde of almost naked coolies were running about, stirring up the fires and poking the unburned limbs deeper into the fire, or piling up the glowing embers for a more speedy holocaust. At the farther end, where we mixed with the stoical onlookers, the naked savages were just building a new pyre. A cramped corpse was laid face upward on a layer of wood and then covered up with two or three rows of additional faggots. Under the wood pile was a cavity filled with dry rushes and brushwood. Shrieking, the coolies began to run around the funeral pyre, waving flaming torches in their hands. With one final fiendish yell, they set fire to the tinder below and the flames began to crackle upward to the lifeless corpse. The relatives of the dead stood mutely by to witness the ceremony. The ashes of the cremated corpses are thrown into the adjoining river to float downward and meet the departed soul.

Presently the corpse, which we had seen carried through the streets, arrived inside the inclosure. Impelled by curiosity, I lifted the white sheet from one end of the bier and met the glassy open stare of a dead woman.

The features were horribly distorted and the natural dark-brown of her countenance had yielded to the ghastly pallor of death. The carriers nodded assent when I asked, whether she had died of the bubonic plague. That seemed a minor circumstance here, for about four hundred inhabitants of Calcutta were then dying of that dread disease every day.

All corpses of Hindoos are disposed of at the burning gahts. What a sight full of despair and ghastly destruction are these death scenes, unrelieved by that hope of resurrection or a better life, which is so characteristic of the Christian burial! And there be wiseacres, who love to prate about the grand doctrines inculcated by Buddhism! Let them see India and the life of the Hindoos. The English government dares not interfere in the practice of burning the bodies and casting the ashes into the river. The prejudices of the natives for their religious rites prevent many other sanitary measures, that would certainly help to diminish the fearful mortality of the plague. The English, very wisely, are careful not to interfere in the religious practices of their Indian subjects.

We boarded a tram for Chitpore district in the north-eastern end of the city. Miles and miles of streets we passed, where the mule-cars could hardly squeeze through the thronging crowds of people. In the different districts through which we passed an entire square of houses was almost hidden beneath countless flags, ban-

HINDOO DRY GOODS EMPORIUM

ners and streamers of all colors and sizes. The inhabitants of these districts hoped by this means to propitiate the evil spirits of the plague. The shops are for the most part open, so that people passing by need not enter to purchase. The floor of the shop is raised about three feet and the merchandise lies directly within grasp of the passers-by. Generally the shop is not more than five or six feet deep nor more than ten feet long. The shopkeeper sits all day cramped up amid or behind his wares, watching for prospective purchasers among the passing crowds. I always wondered, how, with such a multitude of bazaars and shops, the owners can eke out a living.

We returned to the Jesuit church in the evening, after supper. The church is in basilican style of brick and surrounded by a fine garden of tropical plants. It was brilliantly lit up by gas and quite a large congregation filled the pews for evening devotions. We bade good-bye to Father Marchal and took a carriage for Howrah, another quarter of Calcutta on the west bank of the Hoogley river. Here are the stations of the great trunk-lines of railroads, that traverse the northern and southern provinces of the Indian continent. The railroads of India are all managed by the government, or at least heavily subsidized, in order to encourage the building of new roads. They are run much on the European plan, only there is less formality in the handling of passengers at the stations and on the trains. Nicely accommodated

in first-class coupès, we rolled on through the night over the flat country from Calcutta to Bankipur, making the distance of four hundred miles in eight or nine hours.

Practical Hints. Our experience in our selection of routes so far bears out the assertion, that much more can be seen and much more liberty is enjoyed in traveling without through tickets. This kind of tickets is sold over the highways of travel, where accommodations are plentiful. But they are limited as regards time and the choice of the routes. This limitation will interfere with desirable side-trips, which are often the most interesting part of a long journey. Those that care not so much for the convenience of first class travel can easily make up the extra outlay of money in making use of second or third class passage, especially as a certain amount of hardship during travel is even necessary to make it interesting. As regards the plague and other epidemics in Oriental countries, it is hardly necessary to worry about them, except in so far as they might entail the delay of quarantine. The habits of white men are such as to make the danger of infection very remote. Many travelers carry a large assortment of drugs with them: a few quinine capsules and laxative pills will ordinarily suffice. A bottle of cordial is often very desirable on the train in order to counteract the evil effects of a sudden change of temperature. The first care on arriving in a country is to become familiar with the value of the money used; a good supply of small change for petty services and local fares should be at once procured and always kept on hand. At the end of a long journey it will be found that a considerable saving will have resulted therefrom.

CHAPTER IX.

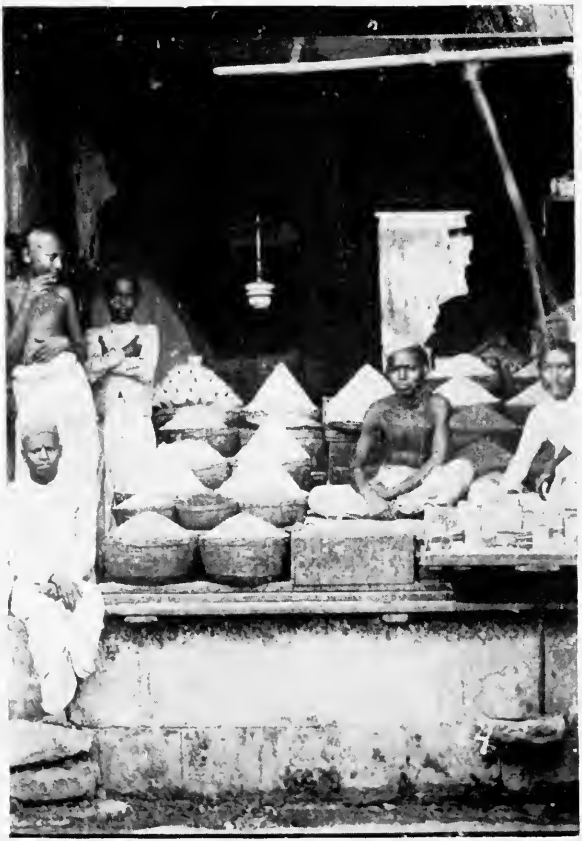
BANKIPUR HOSPITALITY — A SLY ARMY OFFICER — AT THE CRADLE OF INDIAN BUDDHISM — SAYA'S BO-TREE.

From Bankipur we intended to make an excursion to Gaya, in the neighborhood of which is reported to be the cradle of Buddhism in India. We arrived in Bankipur quite early and I started out to find the Catholic church. The European residences of Bankipur were spread out over spacious grounds, intersected by beautiful shaded avenues. I must have walked fully two miles from the station before I reached the Episcopal church, whose gothic spires overtopped the great shade trees and the fine parsonage near it. A half of a mile farther on is the native quarter and in its midst the modest church and school building of the Catholic establishment. It is a notable fact, that the Episcopal churches in the British colonies are located in the best portions of the European quarters of the cities, whereas we find the Catholic churches "in medias res" among the native population. The Episcopal parsonage and church is generally a fine mansion, where the ministers live at ease on a large income. This is furnished either by the government or by the generous contributions of the missionary societies at home. The Episcopal min-

isters in English colonies must, of course, not mingle too freely with the "niggers," as Rev. Austin, the military chaplain, whom we met today, called the natives. The Catholic missionaries generally live in poor quarters in the midst of the native settlement, on a salary which anywhere would be deemed a mere pittance.

Father Louis, a Capuchin from Germany, was just about to vest for mass when I arrived. It was Saint Patrick's day and a large congregation was already waiting in the church. When Father Louis understood the purpose of my visit, he readily yielded his place to me, and I sang high mass in honor of Saint Patrick in his stead. I was somewhat amused, when, after having shown him my credentials from Chicago, he said: "Oh yes, Chicago; the Jesuits have that mission, have they not?" He was evidently under the impression that, as in heathen countries, the Jesuits and other religious orders had parceled out the different provinces of the United States among themselves. He was greatly surprised to hear that there were over four hundred secular priests in Chicago and only a few Jesuits. No doubt he mentally scored a point against the Jesuits in Chicago for their remissness, or perhaps he re-adjusted his estimate of Chicago, and concluded that, after all, it cannot be numbered among the heathen cities.

He seemed very anxious to detain me, or at least to secure my return after we should have made our excur-



GRAIN SELLERS, BENGAL

sion to Gaya. I could not promise either with any certainty, not having the train schedules.

On my return to the station I was surprised to find my companion talking to a well-dressed, well-fed, and somewhat pompous-looking individual, who entered our compartment of the car and readily began a conversation also with me. He thought that England should, as soon as possible, annihilate every one of the rebellious burghers of South Africa. What do the Americans think about the Boer War? Unjust? Why, you don't say! Do they think it unjust? He had been to the United States and to the Bermudas; met some fine people there; had been " chawmed."

Is it possible that I should be a Catholic priest? Indeed, he was pleased to meet an American priest. How often do priests get a vacation in America? None to speak of? Why he would not know what to think, if he did not get at least two months in summer. All ministers expected it in India. Salaries? Ah! but they seem to be poorly paid in the United States.

Wasn't it unfortunate that the Pope had decided against the validity of Anglican Orders? It would have been so " chawming " to have the Catholic priests and the Anglican ministers united and form one whole. (About the charms of this union I had serious doubts, for I began to perceive, that my glib fellow-passenger, in spite of this incognito, which he so anxiously tried to preserve, was even one of these Anglican ministers).

"But confound those pesky dissenting and other, especially American, preachers!" he continued, "they are such a bother to the English government here in India. They demand so many privileges and are always asking the government to help them out of their scrapes."

Why, you don't say, are the Catholics in the United States so numerous? But don't you admire Chinique as a smart man? No? An apostate Catholic priest? What about the Lynch law: is it a fact, that it is not legalized by the authorities? It is not a real law then? Is it true, that a Catholic priest is not allowed to receive females as visitors in his house, or to be seen talking to them in church? So they are allowed to converse with them on parish affairs? But as regards social intercourse, he had seen a Catholic priest at Dinapore playing at lawn tennis with ladies: what did I think of that? Saw it with his own eyes. Oh yes, it was in public. No, he could not, of course, say that there was any harm in it. Are confessions heard only in church and not in the house? Had not known of this before. Really, it seems that the English ministers can take much more liberty in intercourse with ladies, than the Catholic priest. He had not believed, that so many restrictions were imposed upon the priest in this regard by the Catholic church. He certainly admired the charity of the Catholic missionaries in India to the famine and plague stricken natives.

In this style he spouted forth questions, surmises, and opinions, while we rattled along in the dusty train

to Gaya. He had until then been highly pleased with himself in being able to pump out a Catholic priest, without revealing his own calling and position; for he had introduced himself merely as Mr. Austin. But he overreached himself before we arrived at Gaya. He wanted to know my full name and address, which I readily gave him. I was waiting for just such a chance, as he had tried to evade giving his own full name, I now asked for it in a direct manner—Mr. Austin of Dinapore, P. G., Bruce Austin. "You are connected with the army, are you not?" "Yes, to be sure, how could you ever guess that?" "And you are the army chaplain at Dinapore, are you not?" Well, he never thought any one would ever find him out. He felt quite crestfallen and somewhat confused, when I told him that I had perceived his intention of trying to get all sorts of opinions out of me under cover of his incognito, and that I rather enjoyed this chance of giving them without the restraint which an open introduction would have imposed upon me.

Gaya is a large town, altogether native. We repaired to the dagh bungalow to get some refreshments, but they were of an indifferent kind and slow in coming. Then our gharry took us along the dusty road seven miles to Bogaya, where the Buddha-tree and one of the oldest temples of India are venerated by the natives. We had told the driver, that our time was limited, and that he would get extra pay, if he would make the afternoon train for our return to Bankipur. I was soon sorry of

having urged him onward, for though the road was none of the best, and the sun burned down with noon-day fierceness, his ill-fed ponies were urged onward without mercy, so that they were soon completely fagged out. We drove at first through at least a mile of streets of the town. The houses were constructed of clay and some of them had a coat of whitewash. They were mostly low huts, covered with thatched roofs. Many of the huts were plastered all over with lumps of dung; for the natives pick up the excrement that falls from the draft animals and fling it up against the walls of their houses, in order that it may dry and afterward serve for fuel.

Along the country road stood many vaulted tombs with cupolas. Laborers in the fields were drawing water from the wells by means of buckets attached to long beams balanced over a post. The water was poured from the buckets into irrigating ditches, that traversed the parched fields. Our road led along the flat sandy bottom of a dried-out river. The tall palms near and far, the rows of camels passing along the widespreading sands of the river-bed, the Bedouin-like natives driving them along, made us imagine that we were near an African desert and traversing one of the oases of the Sahara. The palm-trees along the road were nearly all tapped and had earthen vessels attached near the incisions, in order to catch the oozing sap, which is a delicious beverage after it has fermented.

From afar the towers and walls of the ancient temples now began to appear through the open wood. At the monastery gate stood a number of natives, who were all eager to show us the remarkable monuments, of which the place boasts. One of them brought us to the inside of a spacious, but neglected garden, at the farther end of which rose a large building like a monastery or college. As he could not speak English, we could do nothing but follow his guidance up a dark and narrow stairway, expecting to see the principal Mahmudi of India, who according to previously obtained information, has his residence here. He finally stopped in a long narrow room, full of ancient furniture, but seemingly not occupied by anyone. Our eager guide stood in the midst of it, gesticulating and pouring out a flood of words. We did not listen with an attention quite wrapt. This might have been the room which the original Buddha, Prince Saya himself, had occupied, after his long session under the Bo-tree outside, or it might have been the apartment reserved for the great Mahmudi, who was concealed in some other part of the monastery. But his flights of oratory were decidedly uninteresting to us, since he used a language not a word of which we understood. We expected to be brought into the presence of the Mahmudi himself, but it dawned upon us at last that the jabbering Hindoo was ony asking extra bakshish at every turn. I have not to this day found out who the great Mahmudi was, and why the Hindoo

brought us up into a dark hall and into the suspicious-looking interior of that many-storied building.

Across the road rose, like a huge, clumsy tower, the old temple of Bo-Gaya. It was surrounded by extensive gardens and a large sacred pond. The temple and ground are connected with the origin of Buddhism in India and date back more than 2,500 years. In this neighborhood Prince Saya spent six years in lonely cogitation, seated under a tree. Here he hatched out that monstrous fraud, Buddhism, six hundred years before Christ. After-generations set up his images everywhere among the teeming nations of India, so that now he is worshipped as a god, seated in cross-legged contemplation in myriads of shrines all over the Orient. Buddhism is nothing but the scrapings from the philosophies of Oriental nations, badly mixed up with some of the revealed truths of the Bible and the ravings of Novatians, Illuminati and other sects, condemmed long ago by the Catholic church. It has the advantage over modern Spiritism and the so-called Christian Science, in so far as it is much older and perhaps more reasonable.

The temple is built in the form of a four-cornered tower. Grotesque images of animals and gods, carved from the dark red rocks, frown down from the four sides. The temple has been lately restored by the English, as one of the curiosities worthy of preservation. The interior contains many images in the different stories, besides the great one of Prince Saya, the original Buddha,

in the lowest story. To the left lies the sacred pool, which is about three-hundred feet square and can be approached by wide stone stairs, leading down to the water on all four sides. A number of natives were even then performing the sacred ablutions in the brackish water. A large area surrounds the temple and the pool is covered with open porticoes and gardens. Behind the temple is shown the sacred Bo-tree, beneath the ancestor of which Prince Saya is said to have sat brooding for six years. On a granite flagstone the imprints of two huge feet are believed to be the impressions left by Buddha, as he passed by after his long meditation. If the rest of his body corresponded to his feet, no wonder they would make an impression wherever he trod.

Not much edified by these remnants of heathen superstition, we departed in our gharry. Arriving at the station, we were surprised to find that the owner of the conveyance angrily demanded about three times the fare stipulated. The natives are great walkers, and they generally have well-shaped limbs. An earthen water bottle dangles from their side, just as in Syria and Palestine. Thus they always have a cool drink at hand; for the wind, striking the moisture that exudes through the unglazed earthenware, has the effect of keeping the contents cool in the hottest weather. We were glad to accept the urgent hospitality of Father Louis in Bankipur, when we arrived at his church at nightfall. He was anxious to detain us until Monday, the

feast of Saint Joseph, when he expected to see several other priests of his district at his house. I was sorry, however, that I could not accept his invitation. No less urgent were the German sisters in their requests of another kind; like our sisters at home, they let no occasion slip for advancing their charitable undertakings. In the course of the evening we subscribed for an orphanage, which they intended to erect for the native children. The Father assigned the best part of his parsonage for our use during the night, and it is needless to mention, that we enjoyed our brief stay with the good missionary.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE SACRED GANGES — COWS' AND BULLS' ELYSIUM — SAVAGE HORDES OF PRIESTS — MONKEY CULT — ALERT SHOPKEEPERS — NIRWANA'S WATERS — THE BURNING GHAT.

A hearty good-bye and good wishes from both sides, and we were again on the train rolling over the flat country to the banks of the Ganges and to old Benares, the sacred. At Chauda the passengers on the train had to undergo a quarantine examination. This examination is a mere formality for the white passengers, but the natives in the third and fourth class must undergo a close scrutiny. A number of coaches lay side-tracked here, because they had been used by some passengers infected by the bubonic plague. At noon we crossed the fine iron bridge over the river Ganges, that flowed majestically onward beneath the battlemented towers and gilded domes of ancient Benares in the distance.

Arriving at that city we were immediately taken in tow by Khoda Bux, the guide, who showed us the signatures of Rev. B. and V. H. of a few days before. He offered to conduct us around for two rupees, but these we found afterward to mean six or seven, not counting those which Khoda tried to draw out of our pockets through the wily shopkeepers. We stopped first at Clark's Hotel

for dinner. Here we met the stout planter and his adventurous looking female, who had made themselves quite noticeable on the Matiana. A cloud seemed to hang between them now, for their amorous familiarity had lapsed into a distant and moody silence. Hunting for the Catholic church, we found instead of it a young Portuguese priest from Goa, who was on a visit, staying with his brother. We were hospitably invited to return in the evening and take dinner in the house. Khoda Bux then took us to see the sights of Benares. He was no better than the rest of his tribe: hurrying us through really interesting sights in order to have more time to linger in the shops, where he expected percentage on our purchases.

Through narrow, winding streets we plowed our way among the surging crowds to the Golden temple, so called, because of the profuse gilding of its walls. Odor of sandalwood filled the air; incredible noise and bustle prevailed in the narrow courts between the complex of buildings. A vicious black bull stood in the middle of an inclosure, while the patient Hindoo cows were chewing their cud in the rich stalls around. Only the heathen priests were allowed within the inclosure and they were walking about with great show of attention to the animals. Before we got to this part of the temple, a horde of savage natives, for the most part naked or clad in filthy rags, rushed at us from the narrow passages, surrounding us with eager clamors and soliciting the privi-

lege of conducting us around. They all claimed to be priests of the temple. One of them, taller and more ragged than the rest, ruthlessly elbowed the others aside, claiming that he was the head-priest over four hundred and therefore more qualified to act as our guide, than all the others. In spite of our protests and those of Khoda Bux, he preceded us on our way around, gesticulating and shouting at us the few words of English in his vocabulary. When we tried to enter the enclosure of the bull, he and others rushed up horrified, preventing us to set foot within. No wonder the bull looked vicious: the company of such a horde of savages which he must endure, would sour the life of any respectable bull, not even taking his sacred character into consideration. Before we left the temple-ground, the savage head-priest vigorously demanded ten rupees for his services. I was for giving him not a para; but Khoda said it would be dangerous to refuse bakshish entirely, for they made a show of violence. I yielded to the extent of one rupee for all of us.

As soon as Khoda could liberate us from the swarm of beggars, he began to expatiate upon the renowned brass works to be seen in Benares. Of course he bent his way to the quarters of the city where they are to be seen. What we saw, fully justified the renown which Benares bears in this respect. The exquisite and artistic tracing is executed by thousands of native brass workers at merely nominal wages. The prices which the wily

shop-keepers get for the artistic products vary according to the gullibility of the visiting customers. The merchant and the guide generally unite their efforts in order to draw the highest amounts possible from the pockets of the customers. The less inclination for purchasing they find in their victims, the lower will that amount finally be. Khoda had little success in the brass line with us: brass was not what we stood in particular need of. After a few weeks of intercourse with the brazen-faced shopkeepers of the Orient, we had acquired brass ourselves, though of a different kind. He vainly tried something softer and more insinuating, and brought us to the silk embroidery shops. The gold and silver embroidery which was shown us here was wonderfully artistic, and it seems Khoda really tried to bring prices down to the lowest level. But even that failed of its intended effect: we did not invest very heavily.

The bazaars of India are interesting places for the visiting strangers. Native life is exhibited in those narrow, crowded streets in all its phases. There they sit on the platform behind their wares, those keen-eyed merchants, watching for prospective purchasers in the passing crowds. A European in the street immediately electrifies a whole neighborhood. Every one of his motions is watched. Let him take but a step in the direction of a shop, or cast a mere casual glance at the goods displayed; let him but listen with half an ear to the solicitations of the scores of shopkeepers in the vicinity, and

HINDOO FRUIT STORE, BENARES

up they will jump, snatch an article from their stand, surround him, pursue him, dodge around by the dozen and flourish their articles before his eyes. Lower and lower falls their price, with loud protestations of its ridiculous lowness, until the distracted passer-by finds himself encumbered with some article more or less useless, and more or less dearly bought, considering the trouble of carrying it with him on the long journey. We see no Chinese here; the Hindoos, their match in business, supplant them and outdo them in their specialty of getting what they can, even if the profits are next to nothing.

Khoda Bux, not finding much gain in tarrying about the shops, and fearing to lose an extra bakshish if he did not yield to our demand for other sights, proceeded to the celebrated Monkey temple. As we approached, we saw the grinning beasts in great number cutting their monkey-shines. One involuntarily begins to ask, whether they are not grinning in sheer contempt of the foolish bipeds that set them up as sacred objects. But there is something behind this monkey-show which is more obscene than the antics of these disgusting animals. Khoda Bux threw them some sweets, which he had bought for that purpose. The same was done by all the natives before they entered. Khoda was no heathen, but a Mohammedan. He professed great contempt for the practices of the Hindoo religion, nevertheless he conformed to some of them, in order not to incur the hatred of the priests. The half-clad priests of the

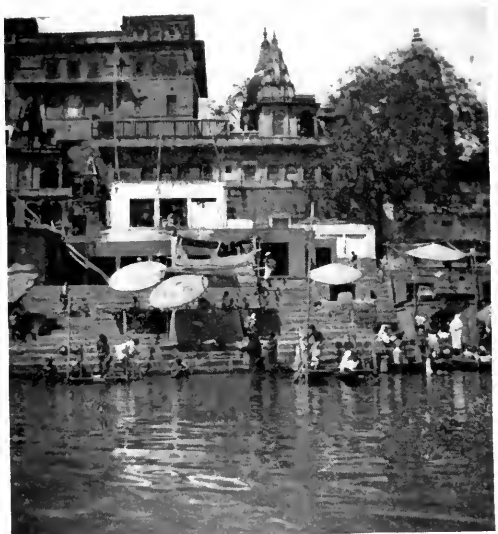
Monkey temple went about distributing flowers and throwing chaplets of daisies around the necks of those that had entered, gathering bakshish at the same time. One of these fellows threw a wreath of flowers also around our necks, in order to make us worthy of treading on the temple ground. We of course tore it off, thinking where monkeys could cut their capers we could at least walk without wreaths, in spite of the bakshish-hunting, heathen priests. A crowd of people kept pouring through the gates of the inclosure and streamed toward the portals of a not very large temple opposite. Khoda informed us that the wife of a rajah had just arrived, in order to go through some ceremony in honor of Parvarti. Both he and the priests prevented us from entering one of the side doors, saying, that no outsider would ever be allowed to witness of the ceremony. That did not interfere, however, with the brazen demands of the priest for bakshish. Khoda afterwards brought us to the other side of the temple, where we saw the image of the goddess, but on account of the press of the people around it, we could not see in what the ceremony did consist. Khoda would only faintly indicate the nature of the performance, without going into particulars. That this temple, and the ceremonies connected with it, were very popular, was sufficiently evidenced by the festive throngs scattered about the ground.

On my journey, and before, I have sometimes heard the assertion, that Christianity is nothing else than the

modification of Brahmanism or Buddhism, and derives its institution from the great Oriental nations. The ceremonies of the Catholic church especially, are compared with the ceremonies of these oriental religions. But the outward showing of religion is something which is partly left to human ingenuity and invention. It is founded on the common basis of human reason. What wonder, that the philosophic religions of the Orient should adopt certain outward ceremonies, which resemble those of the Catholic church? All the outward show of the true church is intended to demonstrate the mysteries hidden beneath. But to ascribe to the ceremonies of the Catholic church such a low origin as Buddhism or Brahmanism is the height of silly prevarication. There is a certain similarity in a few minor ceremonies of these monstrous abberration and the ceremonies of the true church, because the former are altogether human institutions, aping the good and the reasonable, possessed in divine plentitude by the Catholic church. Obscenity dons the robe of sanctity and of reasonableness, and the most shameful practices parade in the garb of religious observances: hence superficial minds are deceived. The few moral precepts, which heathenism professes, are necessary deductions of the natural law and cannot be evaded; but this same natural law is also an integral part of the doctrines of the true church: hence some similarity in minor and outward points, but vast difference in spirit and in essence.

Among the most beautiful sights of Benares are the banks of the Ganges. The right bank rises one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet from the water, and is fringed with old palaces and castles, temples and monasteries, with many an oriental turret and tower. Khoda hired a huge tub of a boat with four oarsmen to take us from the Monkey temple back to the other end of the city, a distance of over two miles. Slowly we moved up stream, seated on rickety stools on a sort of upper deck. The evening sun glittered from gilded turrets and grated windows of the towering buildings on the bluffs, while behind and above the clear-cut outlines of eaves and battlements, rose the mellow-tinted blue of the heavenly vault. In ever varied shape and style of architecture these numerous buildings passed in view, as we slowly glided up the deep blue bosom of the Ganges.

These banks and bluffs are the most sacred and blissful shore of Nirwana, whither tend the longings of the rajah and the pariah, the wealthy merchant and the beggar, the priest and the monk. Here the wealthy build their palaces, here the poor seek the rude huts or the shelter of over-hanging eave or narrow cleft of the rock, in order to die within sight of the sacred river. The pilgrimage to Benares' river-bluffs and a bath in the calm flowing stream, is the height of the ambition of the natives throughout India. The right bank of the river is lined with stone walls, rising up either straight or in tiers. Some of the palaces and temples rest upon this wall for



NIRWANA'S STAIRS, BENARES

MOSLEMS OF INDIA

a foundation. Among the most remarkable buildings along the shore are those of the rajah of Madras, and the great Mohammedan mosque with its many slender turrets and minarets. In India the mosques of Allah stand often side by side with the temples of Buddha. The vast temple of the pilgrims rears its crumbling walls like a fortification at the head of the wide-sweeping stairs into the air. On these stone stairs hundred thousands often hasten down from the portals of the temple in times of pilgrimage in order to plunge into the waters of the Ganges at sunrise. Even now, as dusk was falling, the dark forms of the Hindoos were making their solemn ablutions in the sacred floods, throwing water over their heads and toward the departed sun, or dipping it up with their hands to drink.

It was already dark when we halted opposite the burning ghat of Benares. Even from afar the odor of burning flesh was carried toward us on the gentle zephyr, and the rippling waters of the stream was streaked by the lurid glare of five or six funeral pyres half way up the lofty embankment. Our tublike boat approached quite close up to the banks, so that we could distinguish the dark forms of the mourners encircling the fires and the demonlike stokers moving about. High into the dusky air the crackling flames leaped up as they stirred the crumbling embers or rearranged the charred bodies. From one dying funeral pile protruded an unscathed head still adhering to the glowing skeleton in the midst of

the flames; the bulging eyes starting from their sockets as if in mute and nameless agony. Presently two of the firemen seized a heavy pole and with one fell thrust crushed the dark skull to pieces. The scattered brain fell hissing on the embers. The dull thuds of the poking fiends raised a spray of sparks and for a moment cast a lurid glare over the faces of the spectators in the dark background. In the water, immediately between us and the fires, were seen the indistinct forms of more bodies, stripped of their clothes in order to be washed before their destruction by fire. The ashes of the thousands that are burned, are thrown into the stream to be carried to Nirwana. Only a short distance down the stream is the great bathing place of the pilgrims where thousands drink of the water thus mixed with the ashes of their dead.

We left the boat and climbed up the high banks past the gruesome funeral fires and entered the veriest maze of narrow streets and lanes, lighted by the smoking oil lamps and torches of the dingy, dusky shops. After receiving his pay Khoda insisted on leaving us, merely giving necessary directions to our gharry-driver. The latter lost his way, for the ride seemed to come to no end. But he finally brought us past the post-office, where we received a telegram from Cook's office in Calcutta, to the effect that there would be no steamer berth at our service in Bombay on the 31st of March. From the post-office the driver easily found the house of Dr. Saldanda,

where we dined in pursuance of this morning's invitation. Though we were late, we were very kindly entertained. A few hours later found us comfortably settled in a first class coupè, speeding through the night over the flat country from Benares to Lucknow.

CHAPTER XI.

REMNANTS OF THE SEPOY WAR — CAWNPORE: ITS WAR MEMORIALS — AGRA — THE TAJ MAHAL.

We arrived next morning in time to say mass in the Capuchin church at Lucknow. Father Bartholomew afterwards invited us to breakfast and procured Barnabas, the son of the sacristan, for us as a guide. This young man conducted us to the ruined residence of General Lawrence, the scene of the great conflict in the Sepoy war of 1857–8. Before the English occupation, the building had been the palace of the rajah. Though it is built only of brick and clay mortar, the thick walls of the ruins will no doubt last for centuries. Everywhere is seen the devastating work of the cannon. In the cellar or basement of the fortresslike building the women and children of the English residents dragged away 86 weary days, while the men defended the entrances above. Many died of the hardships endured and of wounds received. Beautiful parks surround the ruins, for the English do not stint their money (nor that of the conquered natives), when it comes to perpetuating the memory of those that died in their wars of conquest.

Our next visit was to the grand mausoleum of Sad Delican. The entrance is through a grand colonade of

brown sandstone. A magnificent sweep of marble stairs leads up to the portico and into the great audience room and ball room of the former rulers. In the midst of the audience hall stands the silver tomb of Delican and his wife. Behind it also the pulpit of like material for reading the Koran in public. The carving and the enameling on these is exquisitely artistic. But even they are surpassed in this regard by the decorations on the tomb of Mahomet, which stands in the same hall and is an exact reproduction of that in Mecca. In keeping with the richness of these tombs, are all the decorations in the great halls of the mausoleum. We climbed up through the winding stairs to the gallery fifty feet above the marble floors of the ballroom, where the Mohammedan ladies sat as witnesses of the festivities below, unseen by the gay throngs in the hall. How many a Mahommedan beauty has sat behind the exquisite trellis work in the high balustrade, filled with longings to join in the festivities, which were forbidden them by the harsh rules of their religion! Another remarkable mausoleum, the Imambara Ashal Dohla,is situated across the river Goomta and preserves the memory of the minister of Sad Delican. In several respects these mausoleums contain workmanship unequalled by the great monuments of Europe.

Barnabas, our young Christian guide, offered to accompany us to Bombay at a salary of one rupee a day. We accepted his services as far as Agra. After passing through the crowded native quarters and getting a scant

and dear lunch for dinner, we boarded the train for Cawnpore. The heat was oppressive. Riding on a train is scarcely the most comfortable way of spending the noon hours in India. Yet the ride was not of long duration, for Cawnpore is only 42 miles from Lucknow. Directly from the depot we drove to the residence of Fr. Ludovicus, a Capuchin, who tends to the wants of the Catholics hereabouts. A vicious bullpup rushed out of the house in a rage, trying to appropriate as much of our lower anatomy as would come handy, before the fathers could call a halt. But fortunately a cane in the father's hands persuaded the vicious beast to desist and we saved our limbs for further use. We were earnestly pressed to make a stay, which however we could not do. It seems the true church is everywhere in India making satisfactory progress. The want of priests, however, is badly felt. If the missionaries, who almost all belong to religious orders, could only succeed in training up secular priests, it seems to me that the church would spread much faster.

A fine gothic church was erected in Cawnpore in memory of those who perished in the great insurrection of 1858. Beautiful colored windows diffuse a mellow light between the marble columns and through the chancel and body of the church. Along both sides above the wains-scoting, memorial tablets with the names of the Englishmen that perished in the revolt, stand in prominent view. In fact, that seems to be the principal object of

the church. Around it are laid out beautiful flowerbeds, drives and parkways. At a distance is another division of the park, in the centre of which is the splendid monument of the Sorrowing Angel. We entered the park, conversing with each other in an ordinary tone of voice. Soon a couple of policemen rushed upon us, and in horrified whispers told us, that no loud speaking was permitted, for the ground was sacred. The monument is built of marble, forming an octagonal colonade above a spacious platform. In the middle is the opening of the deep well, above which the statue of a large angel spreads its wings. In this well were found the bodies of the women and children of the English residents after the insurgents had been expelled from Cawnpore. The besieged had surrendered on condition of safe passage to Allahabad, but were ignominiously slaughtered here and some of them, yet alive, were thrown into this well.

While the English portion of Indian cities is always widely spread out and beautified by costly parks, the native quarters present the usual crowded and squalid conditions of the Orient. Cawnpore forms no exception to this rule. As we were not allowed to enter the native temple, we returned to the hotel for a much-needed rest.

During the last six weeks we had had very little time to rest ourselves, for our sight seeing and travel took up all our time. On the hotel table were lying copies of Dowie's missionary publications and we met them

also in other places of the Orient: proving that the impostor, who poses as Elias III, was not losing much for want of distant enterprise.

Reaching the depot at nine o'clock we found all the first-class coupés occupied. However, the conductor, with many apologies, assigned us places in second class, which were just as comfortable. Early in the morning we had to change cars at Twundla for Fort Agra. There Father Hilarius O. C. afforded me a chance of saying mass, after which we rested until two o'clock. During the journey I wrote very few letters for want of time; but I did not neglect to send frequent short messages on postal cards to friends at home, which served almost the same purpse.

The most noteworthy building of Agra, and of India, is the Taj Mahal, or the tomb of Mahal, the wife of Shah Jehan. No wife ever received a more splendid token of affection from her husband, than the wife of this Mohammedan ruler two hundred years ago. It does seem strange, that a Mohammedan should so distinguish himself since women are but a plaything in the hands of Mohammèdan husbands, and very often the mere slaves of his passions. The Taj is built inside of a vast inclosure, not unlike a fort, on the banks of the Jumna, about two miles from the city. The imposing entrance and the serried colonades, peering through the encircling shade trees inside of the park, form a magnificent surrounding for the Taj. As one issues through

GRINDING FLOUR

the imposing portals of the colonade into the gardens and lets his eyes sweep over the artistic flowerbeds, the spouting fountains and basins, the low clusters of shrubbery, an entrancing vision of purest white, rising in the background, soon fixes upon itself the attention of the visitor and draws him on to examine more closely the magic structure on its vast platform at the farther end of the enclosure. The park is fully one half mile long and one quarter of a mile wide. A balustrated platform, fifteen feet high, slightly overlooks the shubbery and the fountains in front of it. It extends over the whole width of the rear of the garden and from its four corners aspire tall and slender minarets, while the great Taj, like an emanation from fairy land, arises from its centre. So symmetrical in all its parts is it, that the beholder forms no adequate notion of its size, but finds all his thoughts immediately taken up by its wonderful beauty.

The lower portion of the Taj, a perfect square of about two hundred feet, rises some thirty feet like one solid mass of marble of dazzling white, from the platform. The joints of the marble blocks are almost invisible, even at close inspection, and only a few delicate tracings break the smooth surface of this lower story. On this square rest the octagonal walls of the upper portion, abounding in exquisite carving and tracery, which set off the doors and lattice work of the Moorish arches and panels, the turrets and minarets on each of the eight sides of the

superstructure. Above all these, encompassing the edges of these eight sides in a wide circular sweep, the polished cupola majestically overtops the bewildering maze of arches, cornice-work, flanking minarets and turrets, vaulting its snowy sphere to the blue sky. The whole edifice is built entirely of purest Jaipur marble, the only other material being the precious stones used for mosaic work both inside and outside its walls.

After beholding the beauty and perfection of detail on the outside, we were well entitled to wonder, whether we would meet corresponding perfection on the inside of the building. And we were not disappointed. Entering the great Moorish portal on the side facing the gardens, we were received into a spacious hall, which spread away before us, while at both ends and in front of us the magnificent stairways led on to other apartments both above and beneath the one we had entered. In the centre stood two sarcophagi, also of white marble, but inlaid all around with a profusion of most precious stones, making them look like vast gems of many-colored hues. These are the resting-places of Shah Jehan and his wife. There was no other furniture in this or in any of the other halls; but the walls, the ceilings, the banisters, cornices, entablatures, friezes, and lattice windows presented a maze of precious mosaic-work and carving, that made the dead marble seem a thing of life.

Many times as we retraced our way through the garden and the road back to the city, we turned back our

lingering gaze upon the peerless outlines of the Taj. The grand cupola rises over two hundred feet into the sky, dominating the surrounding country and watching over the river Jumna, that broadly sweeps, in many a winding, past the walls of the edifice. From afar the great white cupola is visible in the sunlight; but when the silver sheen of the moon falls over the dome and minarets, the Taj seems a vision of enchantment, which one fears might disappear at the lightest breath: such is the fairy gracefulness of its tracery and architecture. After all, the so-called civilized nations need not call themselves the sole proprietors of art and munificence, nor is the nineteenth century unrivalled in the grandeur of its monumental structures. There is nothing new under the sun, as Solomon says.

From the Taj Mahal we drove to the fort of Akbar within the confines of the city. From the outside at least, it makes a formidable impression on the beholder: walls forty feet high, parapets and bastions, towers and turrets frowning down upon the passerby. But when we had entered the immense arched gate, we saw that the huge wall was only of brick loosely laid in clay. It would stand no parley with the wide-mouthed engines of destruction of modern times. The fort was tenanted by a British garrison.

From there our way led us along the banks of the river past the dwellings of Hindoo monkey priests and over a pontoon bridge to the memorial tombs of the viziers of

former times. This building, though not so large as the Taj Mahal and of a different style of architecture, is likewise an exquisite creation in marble. Inside of it are the resting-places of the former grandees.

The streets of the town swarmed with natives, many of whom must be desperately poor. The famine is driving the natives toward the cities for relief. There are large tracts in different parts of India where the rice crop was a total failure. The country which we had passed from Benares showed evident signs of great drought and the destitute condition of the fields easily explained the poverty of the natives. Everywhere they crowded around the stations in the hope of some assistance from the passengers. They seem, however, to take famine and its woes a good deal as a matter of course. It is nothing unusual in India. Whenever the rainfall is notably less than normal, a famine will make its appearance. The great staple is rice, and that will not grow, unless the country is flooded during the rainy season. Moreover the land is in possession of the great land owners, mostly English, who will not store up the product for home consumption, but export it in order to obtain greater prices.

At hotel Metropole we met our acquaintances of the Gaelic, Messrs. Fortescue, King and party. Mr. King kindly offered us his berth on the Carthage, which was to leave Bombay for Suez on the 31st of March. We concluded to discharge Barnabas Marceline, giving him

his fare to Lucknow and paying him liberally for his services. For those that desire a servant, who can at the same time take the place of a guide, I would recommend that young man.

At the depot we found, that the train for Delphi was late and crowded. An Englishman and his lady monopolized the coupé, so that naturally we did not much enjoy the ride during this night. But it passed like many another night: there is no retarding the march of time, whether we are enjoying ourselves or not. The train service is tolerably good and the attendants are polite, more so than in some parts of Europe, and by far more so, than the conductors on American railroads. The snobbishness of our conductors is entirely absent from their Indian confrêres: they seem to be under the impression there, that a conductor does not own the road, together with the life and limbs, and the body and soul of the passengers. Still, the management as a whole would hardly do for the land of the star spangled banner. The fastest trains do not make over 30 miles an hour. Tickets are bought before entering the cars and are collected at the end of the ride as you pass out through a gate. If you have none at that time you simply buy one then. Very often our tickets were not inspected during the course of the whole run, nor were the coupons detached at the proper stations.

CHAPTER XII.

DELHI — JEHAN FORT AND THE PEARL MOSQUE — FAIRY PALACE OF OLD MOGUL KINGS — GAUNT FAMINE SUFFERERS — AHMEDABAD BY STORM — PRACTICAL HINTS.

The train arrived in Delhi at 4:30 A. M. After sunrise one of the gharry-men pressed his services on us to bring us to the modest chapel of the Capuchin father, who tends to the spiritual needs of the Catholic soldiers in the cantonment. The poor nag could hardly drag the vehicle for want of food and stopped several times on the short way to the chapel. The good father on hearing that our time was limited, quickly prepared the altar for mass and would not let us depart without a collation afterward. He told us that there were a good many Irish soldiers in the cantonment here. His salary, however, was a mere pittance and his small dwelling gave evidence of great poverty. He had a pet in the shape of a beautiful angora cat, which rubbed its soft fur against our feet, while we sat at table. It was a sworn enemy to all snakes and had in a short time cleared the whole neighborhood of these pests. Our gharry-man expected to be engaged for our drive through the city, but when we told him to give his nag some feed first, he wanted to double his charges for the morning drive.

In another carriage we then drove to the fort of Shah Jehan, built in 1633 much in the same style and of the same material as the one we had seen at Agra. The most notable sight within is the marble palace of the former ruler. It runs along one side of the fort about two hundred feet and is divided into two wings by an open portico. Just as the Taj, it is of the finest Jaipur marble, white as snow and inlaid with precious stones. The right wing contains the public audience hall, where formerly stood the famous Peacock throne, said to have cost $30,000,000. This throne, together with the great Kohinoor diamond, was part of the plunder which Nadir Shah took with him, when in 1739 he wrested Delhi from the Mogul kings, who had reigned here since their renowned ancestor, Tamerlane. A canal of limpid water formerly ran through this hall and across the floor of the portico to the harem and dwelling of the kings. There it furnished hot and cold water for fountains and for the baths connected with the harem. What a time these old Mahommedans must have had in their luxurious dwellings, where they whiled away the hot afternoons and evenings surrounded by the beauties of their harems! Only their buildings are left, not another vestige of their power. In the construction of this magnificent palace nothing was used except the finest polished marble and the still more precious stones, gathered from half the surface of the earth and here inlaid into the walls and pillars of their dwellings. Inside the walls of the

fort is also the Pearl mosque, another gem of Moorish architecture. In front of it is a large open court, paved with marble and surrounded by an open colonade. On the floor of the mosque spaces are marked off in mosaic for each worshipper. The only furniture in Mohammedan mosques is the mihrab, a niche in the wall and sometimes a pulpit for public reading of the Koran. These are always in such a position that the audience faces in the direction of Mecca.

Nowbat, the guide, whom we had met in the Pearl mosque, now conducted us to the Jumna Musjid, the largest mosque in all India. It is within the city, rises in the rear of an immense platform and is flanked right and left by beautiful pillared arcades. On the four corners minarets tower aloft at least three hundred feet. The whole is built of red sandstone trimmed with white marble keystones and quoins in Moorish style. It was built by the son and successor of Shah Jehan. On the floor were again the separate squares marked off for each worshipper. Otherwise the interior presented the usual bareness and one is apt to ask, what is the real purpose of all these costly pillars, cornices and arches in Mohammedan mosques. The small niche, or mihrab, in front, hardly seems important or suggestive enough for such costly architecture. On the side facing the fort is the Friday portal, which was never opened except when the Shah paid his official visits to the mosque on Fridays. It is hardly ever opened now. The English governor,

however, has several times claimed the privilege of entering through it, in order to impress the natives with the fact that he is now the successor of their former rulers. From the top of one of the minarets we could survey the whole city of Delhi and the immediate surroundings.

We proceeded to the ridge about two miles outside of the city, where the gallant stand was made by the English against the Sepoys in 1858. The inevitable memorial tower there commemorates the names of those who distinguished themselves in the bombardment and recapture of the city from the hands of the mutinous garrison of native soldiers. Near it stands a granite pillar; said to be 3000 years old. It looks battered enough to be that old, but one is easily deceived about the age of ruins in those countries. Nowbat skillfully launched us into the shops of some of the silversmiths at the noted Chadni Chunk Bazaar. The work was wonderfully artistic and beautiful; we did not, however, invest. In another shop we were shown the most delicate embrodiery at ridiculously low prices; but we did not wish to be troubled with carrying such goods around the world. I took the address of Kandjimull Rugh, Wandae and Company, for possible orders in church vestments.

After taking tiffin (for so the noonday meal is called in English colonies), we boarded the narrow gauge to Jeypore and Ahmedabad. During the afternoon we traversed a barren, burnt country, with scarcely a sign of vegetation, except a few stunted locust trees and rugged

cactus hedges along the sides of the railroad tracks. At some of the way-stations we saw the sacred peacocks kept in enclosures by the natives. A few strings of camels crossed over the parched plains in the distance. Gaunt famine appeared in the pinched faces of the natives that crowded up to the depot enclosures in the hope of getting alms from the passengers. They were not allowed to approach the trains, but they made mute appeals for aid through the picket fences around the stations.

During the whole night, and until noon of the following day, we continued to travel through the arid alluvial sand waste for five hundred miles. There was no river on our way, only dried-out torrent courses. But wherever the natives had succeeded in finding well-water for irrigating a small plot of ground, a green oasis had sprung up and luxurious vegetation covered the ground. In the middle of the day, distant hills began to break the monotonous landscape. The rocky mountain waste of Abu came to view and Abu peak reared its rocky cliffs and promontories into the air on our right. Not even in the mountain gorges was there any vegetation to be be seen, through we could distinguish a few trees around the famous monastery of Mount Abu, as the train made a wide sweep around its base. An occasional monkey gamboled over the rocks or climbed up the telegraph poles, stupidly gaping at the passing train. The gaunt figures of the famine sufferers were more frequent today than yesterday.

MALAY WATER-CARRIER

When we reached Kotel at 5:35 P. M., the rocky wastes had disappeared and the country was again a flat plain, containing fields of rice, grain and other products. A little farther on, a small fort loomed up to our left, the chimneys of mills and factories rose into the evening sky, and soon we rumbled into the great station of Ahmedabad. Here we had to wait for the broad gauge railway train to Bombay and we concluded to make use of the time at our disposal for a drive into the city. Leaving our satchels in the care of a Hindoo we stepped out among the crowd of jehus. Like furies they pounced upon us, offering to bring us anywhere. One of them understood our wishes sooner than the rest and we accepted his offer. With a triumphant whoop he climbed his seat and lustily cracking his whip, he made his horse gallop through the whole crowd of gharry-men toward the city. As we had promised bakshish for quick service, we were in his eyes the sole owners of all the streets of Ahmedabad and he drove on with a continuous warning yell to man, woman and beast to keep out of the way.

The shops and streets of Ahmedabad are superior in appearance to those of other cities we had met in India. There must be few white people here, for we saw none on the streets. We passed through three great gates of the three walls that encircle the town. Following a crowd of people into a mosque, we saw hundreds of proud Mohammedans kneeling on the stone flags of the

court, facing in the direction of the mihrab and the pulpit. On our return the driver of the gharry kept up a ceaseless shout of "Jelah, Jelah," and a lusty cracking of his whip. Many an angry look was cast at him and at us from the scurrying natives in the street, as they tried to dodge the unswerving horse and carriage. Two native policemen tried to interfere, one mounted on horseback, the other on foot. But our gharry-man was not to be imposed upon by any minions of public order, when he had two white men behind him, that would give him bakshish and back him up against the whole native police of Ahmedabad. Without deigning to slacken the gallop of his horse, he angrily pointed at us behind him saying, that the great sahibs must make the train; let the native rabble give way. He lashed his steed into a lively gallop, shouting and cracking his whip so much the louder. The guardians of the streets bowed to the unanswerable argument. So taken up was he with the importance of his commission and with the bright hope of bakshish, that he shouted his warnings to people far ahead or to any straggler a half block down the side streets.

The train master allotted a separate coupé to us and we were soon bowling away towards Bombay through the moonlit night at a much faster rate than on the narrow gauge in the afternoon. We passed over a more picturesque and fruitful country than that encountered hitherto across the continent. The signs of drought

and famine gradually vanished and tropical vegetation again covered the hillsides. However, the soft couches of the coupé after the day's fatigues were an invitation to a night's rest, which we did not long resist.

PRACTICAL HINTS. The best time for travel in India and in the southern Oriental countries are the months of November, December, January and February. During those months one avoids both the annual rainy season and the torrid heats. It will be advisable however, to take an extra blanket along as there are cool nights and no arrangements for heating, at least not adequate ones. Those that are anxious to stock their minds with useful and pleasant information must be ready to endure the hardships and fatigue of sight-seeing. In fact, the interest in travel will soon disappear in those who are disinclined to exertion. They will begin to hasten past the most remarkable scenes and while away the hours in the hotels. Another good means to keep up the interest is to take daily notes, even though this may at times be very irksome.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOMBAY'S BEAUTEOUS ENVIRONS — A QUIET SAIL — THE PARSEES—TOWER OF SILENCE.

In the fresh morning air of Friday, March 23, we found ourselves speeding through the palmgroves and the wooded hills of the island of Salsete. Soon the manufacturing districts of Dadar, a suburb of Bombay, flitted by and we rumbled past the several large stations of the city to the southern extremity of the last of the small islands, on which Bombay is built. The site of Bombay includes several of these islands, which are artificially joined to each other by filling in, and form a long peninsula. Bombay is therefore surrounded by water on three sides. The young man, who had traveled with us on the Condor, had recommended to us the English Hotel, where we accordingly put up. It was managed by Parsees and we were well and cheaply accommodated during our stay. Seeing that we preferred fish and eggs on Friday, they very readily acceded to our wish and offered to do so at any other time we should desire.

The public and private buildings, which we noticed at our first stroll, were the finest we had yet seen in the Orient. They are all substantially built of pressed brick or hewn stone, profusely embellished with architectural ornaments. Only the numerous dark-skinned people

on the thoroughfares reminded us, that we were not yet in one of large cities of Europe. Beautiful parks, driveways, and private gardens vary the vistas of tasteful structures along the busy streets. The houses and stores of the better class of natives are almost modern and are kept clean and in repairs. The pavement is diligently swept and sprinkled each day. One is at a loss to account for the prevalence of the plague in such a well-kept city, unless one wishes to ascribe it to the influx and presence of so many natives from the different famine districts of India.

As it was too early to do any business at Cook's, we decided on a boat-ride out into the beautiful bay. A horde of boatmen immediately surrounded us as we approached Victoria bunder. Each sought to drag us to his boat and loudly extolled the fine sailing qualities of his particular craft. The most persistent won the day and bore us triumphantly down to the wharf. A fresh morning breeze bellied the white sail and wafted us gently outward on the placid sea, just as old Sol began to peep over the Ocean's vault. Within the landlocked bay verdant islands peered over the water and in three different directions military fortifications frowned from the island hills. On every side vessels and smaller boats, with and without sails, dotted the waters. Our boatman was an Arab and he had a young Malay, all in rags, as a helper. They got out a dish of shrimps of which, uncooked, they made their morning meal. The

boat did not belong to them, but to an Englishman to whom they were to deliver a stipulated sum every week. The ordinary earnings of these boatmen amounted to eight rupees a week, that is about $2.75. Three rupees a week was the magnificant salary paid to his helper. No wonder they were looking for bakshish, poor fellows.

We had intended to visit the Elephanta caves, which are on an island about seven miles out in the bay. However as there was no breeze, we ordered our boatman to return to the nearest landing, in order to arrange for our departure on the O. and O. steamboat on March 31st. Even then we had to wait a long time at Cook's office, before the clerks made their appearance. When they finally straggled in, I found among other letters, one from Mr. Neidlinger, Cook's agent in Chicago. He had simply sent back to me the blank application for a passport, instead of the passport itself, as agreed. The passports were urgently needed for entering Palestine and traveling in the Turkish dominions. Mr. Lee, the American consul here, gave me some hope of my being able to obtain passports from Consul General Long in Cairo. The other letters from friends at home were most pleasant communications, assuring me that all was well. To crown my disappointment, Cook's agent flatly refused to return the coupons, which I had sent to him through the agent at Calcutta, although their their return was made a special stipulation. He knew probably, that with the coupons untouched, I would have

BARI BUNDER, BOMBAY

BEGGARS

been able to enforce a refund, if I now chose to take passage on the boat of some other company.

Walking through the streets of Bombay during our stay there, especially in the morning, we often had to guard against stepping on the hands or feet, or stumbling over the prostrate forms of natives, bivouacking on the streets. Whole families, only half-clad in their rags and with woebegone features, would thus pass the night without any shelter on the hard flags of the sidewalk. They flock into Bombay from the famine districts to find assistance for themselves and their children. But I am afraid they hardly improve their sad lot. The city is trying to keep them out, but with little success. They do not seem to beg much, probably because they meet with few able and willing to help. Their emaciated faces and their stoical endurance are depressing to the passerby. Immense flocks of tame pigeons, joyously cooing and playfully fluttering about in one of the large squares, sleek and well-fed, were a sad contrast to the miserable human forms, that were lying and sitting around, trying to warm their chilled limbs in the sunshine.

The afternoon of the first day we consumed in seeking to find a more congenial passage to Suez, than what, very likely, the one provided for by our coupons would prove to be. The fare on the Triester Lloyds and on the Italian Rubattino, the other competing lines, was much cheaper and promised to be more pleasant than

on the English boats, of which we had become heartily tired. Besides, second class passage would have been a welcome variation. However, we were handicapped by our roundtrip tickets previously delivered into the hands of Cook's agency in Hongkong and Calcatta, forcing us to abide with the O. and O. steamer, the Carthage.

After nightfall we hunted up the nearest Catholic church and found the Fort chapel, in the business section of Bombay. Here was the residence of Archbishop Dahlhoff and two priests, Frs. Gretler and Hutmacher, all belonging to the Jesuit order. As we came after nine o'clock, we caused somewhat of a disturbance in the modest establishment. But we were treated kindly both then and a few times afterwards, when I said mass there. While I read mass in the chapel next morning, a whole row of pews was occupied by members of the young ladies' sodality, Europeans and Eurasians, neatly dressed in white and blue and wearing their veils. They were a pretty sight, as they devoutly recited the office of the Immaculate Conception.

Strolling up town, we visited the imposing University buildings, surrounded by well-kept parks. From the tower of its library, over two hundred feet high, we could survey the whole city and its environs. A succession of islands stretches about 15 miles southwest into the sea. On the last two or three, Bombay is built. From the tower northward, a few miles distant, the woody heights of Malabar hills rise out of the sea. It is the fine resi-

dence portion of the Parsees. On one of the hills rose the Tower of Silence, looking much like the gas reservoir of a large city. The top of these towers is covered by a grating. On this grating the Parsees expose the bodies of their dead. Vultures gather and perch on on the wall around and begin to tear the flesh from the corpse, as soon as the mourners leave. The skeleton remains for a time exposed to the air, until it falls, bone by bone, through the grating on the ground below, awaiting the general resurrection. The Parsees are of the belief, that is is impious to contaminate the bowels of the earth by consigning the corpse to the grave, or to pollute the sacred fire, which they worship, by burning the body. The voracious vultures easily and willingly solve all their difficulties by tearing the obnoxious corpses to pieces.

In the immediate neighborhood of the University tower, on which we stood, are grouped the University buildings, all in fine gothic style and peering above the beautiful shade trees. Not less splendid are the business blocks and some public buildings rising above the ordinary structures. The Bari Bunder R. R. station, not far from our hotel, yields in size and magnificence to none in America or Europe. To the east the wide bay spreads out dotted with many islands. On the south and west stretched away the limitless Indian ocean.

One meets a great many Parsees on the streets. They seem to be a well-to-do and influential part of the popula-

tion in Bombay. The men wear a peculiar sort of cap, something in the shape of a fedora hat without the rim. I was told by a Parsee, that this cap is worn in fidelity to a promise made by the Parsees, who fled to Guzerat from the Mohammedan persecution in Persia. The prince of Guzerat allowed them to settle in his territory on condition, that they and their descendants wear this peculiarly shaped hat. The Parsees we met were always polite and obliging. They are shrewd and successful business men. On inquiring about their religion, I was told by several of them, that they do not adore the sun or the fire, though they have the name of fire-worshippers. They count the sun and the fire among their holy things, because in their estimation they are the most potent manifestations of God's power and holiness. I am, however, constrained to say, that I suspected these shrewd persons of trimming their religious tenets somewhat, in order to make them less objectionable to Christian ears. They are very devout and are often seen on the streets and in other public places engaged with a prayerbook.

The Parsees hold education in high esteem and are earnest frequenters of schools and libraries. They take good care of their poor and have a large charitable fund in reserve. But there are few really poor among them. In their dress the men differ little from Europeans, except in the headgear. The women look very pretty in their light, graceful clothing. An oblong square piece of silk cloth is thrown over their heads and falls in graceful

folds over the loose waist and picturesque skirt, giving them a madonna-like appearance. Their faces are uncovered and they walk freely with their husbands in the streets, which is not common with the rest of the natives. Yet they are modest in their behavior. It may be, that some share of the good impression, which these Parsees make on the casual beholder, is due to the natural shrewdness of these people, by which they studiously avoid giving any offense. We heard some people remark, that they love more the outward show of virtue, than the practice of it for its own sake. But what I observed with my own eyes would not justify such assumption. A young Parsee, whom we happened to ask for directions in one of our strolls and whose name was Munchershaw D. Nasi Kwala of Greaves, Cotton and Co., readily acceded to our request and even offered to accompany us on our sight-seeing in Bombay.

I said mass on the third day in St. Xavier's Jesuit college. It is a large complex of buildings, affording all modern conveniences, except elevators. In the public chapel a large number of people had gathered. I did not return to the college during our stay in Bombay, and so I cannot say much about it. Sunday is well kept in English colonial towns and even the natives seem to consider it a holiday. In the large commons, which we had to pass on our way from the college to our hotel, there was an encampment of several hundreds of natives, who had taken refuge in the city from the famine. They

seemed altogether destitute and slept upon the bare ground during the night. No provision for food or shelter was visible. The trees of the common alone afforded them somewhat of a protection against sun and rain. The men, women and children were sitting or lying on the faded grass of the park-lawn and presented a woebegone sight.

CHAPTER XIV.

PORTUGUESE REMNANTS — FORT BASSEIN — BORILI AND THE KENNERY CAVES — RELICS OF OBSCENE PAGANISM.

For the same day we had planned an excursion to Bassein and its forts, and to the Kennery caves. The train passes through the same country, that we had already seen on Friday morning coming from Ahmedabad. Along the west coast of India there are many traces of the original conquests of the Portuguese. One of them is Bassein fort, about twenty miles from Bombay, and three miles from the railroad. Three hundred years ago, the Portuguese erected a fort in this place and settled in the nighborhood, just as they had done in many other places along the coast. Even now in many dioceses of India there are two Catholic bishops: a Portuguese and a French or German. They exercise independent jurisdiction in the same territory, and there is a certain amount of friction between the Portuguese and the other Catholics on account of this abnormal state of church government.

At the railroad station we hired a native cart in order to bring us to Bassein. The road is but indifferently passable. But we were diverted during our inconvenient and jolting ride on the cart by the novel sights on the way.

Groups of native men and women, poorly clad and only half at that, passed us on the way, some of them carrying heavy bundles balanced on their heads. It seems, that also here the females must do the hard and menial work, for the heavy burdens were carried mostly by them. They are ill-favored specimens of natives, of diminutive stature and neglected in their appearance. Their clothes were but rags, wrapped around their bodies and certainly had not touched clean water for a long time.

In the village of Babri, a mile and a half from the station, we unexpectedly came upon a Catholic church. At this parsonage we found a Portuguese priest, at least such he appeared to be, to judge from his features, though his complexion was as dark as that of the natives. This darkness of complexion I had occasion to notice very often in the descendants of Portuguese in the Orient. Some of them are even darker than the Malays themselves. The priest at this place said he had in his parish about 2000 Catholics and that he was under jurisdiction of the archbishop of Goa. He gave his name as Rev. R. H. Barreto, wara (dean) of Babri, and he seemed offended at my taking him to be a native. His income from the town of Babri must have been scant, for his house was poorly furnished and his cassock looked as if it had done service for the new ones, that had failed to turn up in the last twenty years. There were clouds of suspicion on his brow even after I had shown him my celebret; but he offered us a glass of wine, when he had

sufficiently comprehended what we told him in Latin, the only language that offered some chance of communication with him.

Not far from the church, before entering the town of Babri, the ruins of a once famous heathen temple are seen along the road. A large pond, such as often adjoins native temples, is still accessible on its four sides by the stairs descending to the brackish pool. The road to the fort of Bassein leads directly through the long-stretched bazaar of Babri and was filled with the swarming natives. About a mile farther on, the primitive native cart which we were using brought us to the frowning bastions and towers of the old fort. The granite walls are thirty feet high all around and on the west side are lapped by the ocean waves. They enclose a half square mile of ground along the seashore and neither time nor exposure had robbed the fort of its appearance of unlimited resistance to the invader. But usefulness had long ago departed and it now stands as a ruin, to tell of the power of the first European invaders of India. As we walked along the top of the rugged walls, how easy it was to conjure up in imagination the forms of Portuguese adventurers, manning the port holes, scanning the blue ocean, filling the crumbling barracks below with noisy revelry, lording it over the natives of the surrounding country; or the stately officers, living in luxury in their quarters, or the cowled monk within the walls of the ruined convent, saying mass or chanting the office! The roofless church still showed,

that the Portuguese united religion with their conquests. Many a goodly fort the Portuguese erected in their palmy days on these shores; now all their power and influence has vanished. So will, no doubt, the gnawing tooth of time undermine the present power of England. It will be but a just punishment for the rapacity and selfishness which she tries to conceal under the cloak of civilization.

Returning to the station on the same cart, we were quickly brought to Borili on the way back to Bombay. Some four miles from this village, in a neglected wilderness are the cave temples of Kennery. We hired the only conveyance that could be had: an oxcart on two wheels without springs. Up and down hill, over a rocky trail and through wild forests, where towering palms vied with other leafy giants, we pursued our way in the sultry afternoon toward some rocky mountains east of the station. Half the time we trudged along on foot, rather than endure the rough-and-tumble ride in the small cart. Under the low arched canvas cover we could not sit upright, but were constrained to lie on our backs, our feet dangling out of the cart behind. The native driver urged on his two Hindoo cows from his precarious seat on the tongue between the two animals. India looks pleasant and civilized enough to the tourists, who stop in European hotels of the large cities. But let them spend some time in the villages or on the by-roads and in the jungles off the beaten track, and they will see how

far back, after all, these people are as yet in the amenities of civilized life.

The temple caves are situated halfway up the rocky declivities of a mountain. There was no sign of habitation to be seen in the neighborhood. Long ago the city, which no doubt gave occasion for constructing such remarkable temples, has disappeared. The territory around is of volcanic origin and the footsteps of the visitor sound hollow, proving that the ground is honeycombed with cavities. Not a soul was visible when we arrived, though we had met a few natives cutting bamboo on the road. At a distance of about a half a mile from the caves, our cart driver gave us to understand that we must walk the rest of the distance, as there was no road up the mountain. Though we could see the dark opening of the cave temples on the brow of the mountain, no trail or path leading up to them was visible. While searching for a path, a native suddenly stepped out of the bushes, making signs, that he would be our guide. He was as perfect a specimen of the human form as I had yet seen anywhere. The only clothing he wore was a lap of cloth in front suspended from a cord around his hips and passing between his legs. His skin was darker than is usual among the Malays, as he was a Hindoo. But one rarely sees such well shaped and well proportioned limbs, such graceful carriage, such a combination of strength and agility, as were noticeable in this son of the wilderness. As he preceded us up the rugged mountain trail the sun-

light, that fell upon his slender dark form, revealed a wonderful pliancy and graceful adaptation of the muscles to the exertion of climbing the hill. At his side a murderous looking knife dangled from the cord around his hips. No doubt he would he a dangerous antagonist, if at this moment he chose to turn around and throw himself on us for an attack. But he was altogether peaceful and even very considerate in calling our attention to dangerous places on the way.

As we reached the openings of the caves, or rather the portals of the temples, a beautiful view of land and sea lay beneath us. In the far distance to the south some of the steeples of Bombay peered over the hazy horizon. The first cave we reached is the interior of a complete Hindoo temple, hollowed out from the rock. A spacious atrium forms the entrance, where on both sides the huge carvings of ancient gods stand out as guardians. Beyond this, in the darker interior, two rows of huge pillars, part of the native rock, aspire to the vaulted arch above. They are crowned with capitals and support the semicircular vaults of the middle and the two side naves. There is, of course no window, only the light which enters by the door penetrates with diminishing power to the rear, leaving the background almost in darkness. But after our eyes had become somewhat used to the gloom, we saw the huge obscene image connected with the religious beliefs and practices of the natives. It rose about thirty feet, carved from the solid rock of the mountain.

Around this spot, no doubt, in former times obscene rites and sacrifices disgraced the bowels of the earth, though now centuries of neglect had put a stop to these practices. The sides and vaults of the cavern temples were adorned throughout their length with grotesque carvings.

Steps hewn into the sides of the mountain led away from the temple in all directions to the dwellings, convents and assembly halls of the priests, who had attended to the services. These apartments also were cut into the mountain sides and showed equal skill in carving and desire for ornament. Ancient reservoirs still held the water that sickered through the crevices of the rocks and numberless openings led from the large assembly halls to lesser cells and chambers farther into the bowels of the mountain.

Our nimble guide accompanied us and showed us the more hidden chambers. He received the money, that we gave him in return for his services, with the air of a prince, though his poverty must have been great. With many a quip and joke about our odd mode of travel we jolted back over the wild trail on our oxcart. We arrived just in time to take the train at Borili back to Bombay. There we spent the rest of the evening in the immediate neighborhood of our hotel. All the streets round about were full of life. Flickering torchlights of the native Hindoo and Chinese helped to dispel the darkness from the wide streets and from the great square

in front of the Bari Bunder near our hotel. The laughing and chatting of the passersby, the bartering at the gaudy booths, the jingling of the horse-cars and rattling of cabs, contrasted strangely with the stoic resignation of the natives, that crouched along the walks with famine and poverty written in their faces.

CHAPTER XV.

ELEPHANTA AND ITS CAVE TEMPLES — FAMINE REFUGEES IN BOMBAY — AT POONA — WITH THE JESUITS — THROUGH SCORCHED TABLE-LANDS.

Next day early found us in a rowboat with three oarsmen, riding over the bosom of the bay to the Elephanta caves. The wind and waves were in our favor, yet the distance to the island caves was greater than we had calculated. The easy-going Hindoos soon lagged in their exertions at the oars. The sun was beginning to shoot down meridian rays and the cool breezes of the morning subsided. We had discarded most of our light duck suits and improvised an awning as protection against the noonday heat. However, smoking our cigars and bantering away the drowsy flight of time, we enjoyed the vistas of islands and blue waters and of the widespread city, sinking more and more to the level of the horizon. In the north the rugged shore rose boldly out from the sea while the outlines of the barracks and forts on some of the islands to the south contrasted with the lively green of the other islands scattered in profusion to the east. Men-of-war were ominously brooding on the waters near to the city. A clumsy Arab or Morisco sailboat, with high poop and square, ribbed and tattered sails, moved slowly along, like a vision from the scenes of a thousand years

ago. Every now and then our swarthy boatmen amused us by trying to make us understand what super-human exertions they were making in order to hasten our passage. But their hints at bakshish were much more enduring than their spurts at the oars.

The stone landing at the foot of Elephanta hill is directly connected with the stairs, that lead to the cave temples, about half way up the mountain. Crowds of natives immediately surrounded us to offer flowers, strange seeds, walking-sticks cut from the bushes, or in fact anything, in order to get bakshish. Palanquin-carriers almost forced us into their uncouth chairs in order to carry us up to the entrance of the caves. We preferred to walk. The grounds round about are fenced by some enterprising land owner and you are expected to pay entrance fee. You are also expected to pay the guide, who takes you in charge around the cave. These caves are of the same kind as those at Kennery, being similarly cut into the side of the rocky mountain. But the carvings inside are more varied and artistic and they are better preserved. The ceiling in this temple is not arched, but forms a flat surface, richly carved, divided into square panels and supported by ornamented pillars. In the centre of the background in the main temple the image-group of the Hindoo trinity stands forth from the rock. Brahma, the creator, is represented as holding a pomegranate, Vishnu, the preserver, as bearing a lotus flower in his hand, and Siva, the destroyer, with a cobra

snake wound round his four arms. In a recess of the cave to the right is represented the lustful prevarication of Siva with Parvarti, in grotesque figures. In a separate group in another portion of the temple, Parvarti is seen as half woman, half man, with one breast. Around the walls, which form many recesses in the half-gloom, other groups of carvings commemorate the heroic deeds of the Hindoo gods. In the rear is shown the sacrifice of a child to the gods. All the images are skillfully cut out of the native rock of which the mountain is formed, with many minor images and adornments in between.

A separate cave temple adjoins the larger one and contains representations of the seven virgins of Siva. Here also stands the so-called holy thing of Hindooism, being the same obscene image as that which we had seen in Kennery cave. The guide would not enter upon any explanation, but passed it lightly over, being no doubt instructed to that effect by the owners of the grounds. Some of the huge round pillars, and also some of the images, seemed to have been violently broken. The guide said that the Portuguese wantonly pointed the cannon of their men-of-war into the mouth of the cave temple and bombarded the place. These sturdy old rovers of the sea, in their zeal for the true faith, had a summary way of dealing with outward vestiges of heathenism; nor did they for a moment consider, that sentimental tourists and wisely prating archeologists would condemn them as vandals. The caves are about 1300

years old. A bustling flunky tried to electrify the surroundings at the refreshment stand and monopolize the attention of those in charge, by announcing the approach of " her ladyship " and companion. This pompous blusterer probably exceeded the orders or wishes of " her ladyship," whoever she was.

Again a crowd of children surrounded us as we came to the landing place. Some of them readily jumped into the water after some pennies, that we threw them: a wetting mattered little to them, for they were almost naked. On the way back the wind and waves were against us and the boatmen had to work hard at their oars. The beauty of the scenery was now obscured by haziness and we were rocked to sleep by the motion of the boat. Once or twice a boisterous wave dashed over the sides and awakened us by a sudden drenching. However we landed in safety in spite of the unruly waves.

From the long-stretched pier we wended our way through some narrow lanes toward the street cars. The natives here live much like Europeans, in small houses built of brick. We came upon a Portuguese church, the oldest in Bombay. Though the church seemed well furnished, the same could not be said of the parish house, which was nearly bare of all furniture. It was tenanted by three swarthy priests, all of them Portuguese; the youngest of them, however, spoke French very well. He happened just then to come in from attendance on a man stricken by the plague. Their parishoners are

mostly descendants of the old Portuguese, much mixed up with native blood. In fact I thought there must be much more native than Portuguese blood in these priests, as they were so dark-complexioned. They receive very small salaries; stipends are only one rupee, fees for baptisms, two rupees, and I rather suspect that very often they do not get even those.

On the way back to the hotel a few coppers, which we distributed among some woebegone beggars, soon drew a score of others. They opened their eyes in wonder at our unexpected offer; for evidently they were not accustomed to expect any liberality of that kind on the street. That probably accounts for their despairing looks, unaccompanied by any spoken request to the passers-by. We had intended to start on our trip to Goa this afternoon, but our boat-ride had lasted too long. The next best thing to do was to take the night train to Poona and proceed next day on our way to Goa. We had ordered two gray suits of clothes at a native tailoring firm in the down-town district, as the white duck suits soiled too quickly. To our disgust the orders had not been attended to. Muncher Shaw, the young Parsee, readily promised to urge the tailors to have the suits ready for the 31st., the date of our departure for Aden. With him we visited the Parsee library, a costly modern structure, which was founded entirely by one rich Parsee of Bombay. It contains a full library equipment and the reading rooms were crowded with studious Parsees. One of the most muni-

cficent of the Parsees is Jeejeebhoy, the founder of the Jeejeebhoy Institute. It was easy to while away a few agreeable hours in the lively streets of Bombay until train time. Later on we were speeding through the night to the important town of Poona, about three hundred miles south of Bombay.

The night's ride gave us a good shaking up, as the seats were hard and narrow. But one generally gets to his destination on a train, convenience or no convenience, if one does not jump off or if the train does not jump the tracks. In the early part of the night the train had climbed several thousand feet to the high plateau of the Poona mountain district. The morning sun revealed to us a monotonous plain, much parched for want of rain. Around Poona, where we arrived about eight o'clock, the country is a little more undulating. We directed the gharry-driver to bring us to the Catholic St. Patrick's cathedral, where the Jesuit bishop Beiderlinden resides. At first his secretary, father Frenkamp, received my request to be allowed to say mass with marked distrust. Later, however, we were hospitably entertained. We always managed to make a return for hospitality shown, but naturally, on such occasions, one cannot offer it beforehand.

Having said mass and partaken of a slight breakfast, we accompanied the secretary on some of his parish visits in his phaeton. He afterwards extended the drive, so as to show us the town of Poona. One of the largest

POONA STREET SCENE

CAVE TEMPLE

cantonments of English soldiers is located here and the Cathedral church supplies the religious wants of the numerous Catholic soldiers in the cantonment. The Protestant Episcopal church is a fine structure surrounded by beautiful gardens. These parishes of the established church of course are subsidized by the English government. Poona is infected by a more than usually hateful and malicious set of Brahmans, who are bitter enemies of the Catholic church and her priests. Their doctrines are to a great extent devil worship. Numerous temples line the ways to the old town of Poona. They are not large, but of a peculiar style of architecture. The pyramid towers of other parts of India assume here the shape of a grotesque piling of cupolas one upon the other, while the outside of the temples is painted in bright colors and the figures of the gods and godesses are particularly hideous.

Poona was the ancient capital of the Peishwa kings, ruling over a sturdy and warlike race, which qualities are easily read from the faces of the present inhabitants. Since 1817 the Poona district has been subjected to English sway and is a military centre. Many of the well-to-do Bombay people come to Poona in order to escape the heat during the summer months.

In the centre of the town a fine modern building in the form of a star affords all the conveniences of a splendid market. The stalls of the venders are arranged in systematic order and are kept very clean. The variety of

green vegetables and fruits is a novel sight in a town of mostly native population. I traded off a few annas for some specimens of the ancient Peishwa money, which are irregular pieces of brass and copper, marked with rude letters.

On the way back we passed the Portuguese church, which is not under jurisdiction of the Jesuit bishop. Father Frenkamp seized the occasion to exchange a few words of greeting with his Portuguese neighbors, but he was rather distantly received. The Jesuits conduct a large school in the native district and the fathers and brothers, that we met there, were all Germans. We had a very pleasant chat with Bishop Beiderlinden at dinner. The rest of the afternoon we whiled away partly in a siesta, partly in the soldiers' clubroom behind the parish house. A number of the soldiers came straggling in while we played at billiards. They had about them a good deal of the reserve of the English, so that not much was said on either side.

After bidding a hearty good-bye to our kind host, we boarded the train for Goa. As our train rushed across the country the evening sunshine slanted over dreary wastes or occasional villages of rude huts. When darkness gradually stole over the land, we took what uneasy sleep we were able to get on the seats of our coupé. In these elevated plateau regions the nights are cool and we sorely felt the want of sufficient covering. During the next day, until after noontime, we passed through a

dreary waste of burnt-out hills and valleys. It seemed as if there had not been any rain for a generation. The remaining vestiges of grass and other vegetation, and even the ground, had assumed the appearance of a district scorched by prairie-fire. The hideous desolation of the country had been followed by gaunt famine, of which we only too often were reminded by the haggard faces of the natives around the stations. At some places a piteous wailing of the beggars arose as the train stopped. Our train was making but slow progress on account of tedious and inexplicable stops. At four o'clock in the afternoon the country assumed a more cheerful aspect. The train entered Goa territory at Castle rock. We would certainly have been held in quarantine at Collun, if it had not been for the timely warning of Melle Castro, a friendly railroad official of Goa, who told us, that unless we would take some precaution we would be held at least 24 hours. This would have been fatal to our embarkation on the Carthage. We therefore joined his company and the company of some Portuguese priests, with whom he was traveling. He took care to explain circumstances to the sanitary officers, and so we were allowed to pass.

CHAPTER XVI.

NARROW ESCAPES — TROPICAL SPLENDOR — MORMUGAO AND PANJIM — WATCHED BY THE POLICE — "HIS TOMB SHALL BE GLORIOUS" — MASS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The small territory of Goa is certainly the garden of India. Not a sign of famine or drought was to be seen within it, but mountain, hill and valley are clothed in deepest verdure of tropical vegetation. After passing through the arid famine districts, it was refreshing to view again the palm groves, the fertile valleys, the winding stream and the gushing spring. The railroad leads directly up into a mountain pass along the side of a rocky spur. Having reached a great elevation it continues along the summit, shooting into dark-mouthed tunnels, where the abrupt spurs jut out, and curving around the adjoining gulches of the mountains. Peacefully in the evening sun, far below us, lay the vast and pleasant valley, stretching out toward the blue ocean. Its green fields and luxuriant groves were watered by silvery streams. Suddenly, as the train dashed around a sharp cliff, the white foam of a cascade caught our eye. Headlong the gleaming water fell over the red rocks high above, forming ledge upon ledge of dazzling spray in the sunlight as is struck the terraced cliffs, until it disappeared in the impenetrable foliage of the abyss below.

Only for the kindness of the Portuguese priest, F. H. Franco, who was on a visit to his native Goa from the college in Mylapore, Madras, and in whose company we had successfully escaped quarantine, we would that night have been stranded this side of Goa as moneyless beggars. We were completely at our rope's end with our native money, and there was no chance of drawing any until we should reach Goa. He told us that we would be carried by the cars only as far as Pegaum. From there we would have to take passage on a steamer across Mormugao bay. Though the amount required for passage was small, yet we would very likely have had great difficulty in procuring free passage or passage on credit. When I told him about our predicament, he readily promised to advance the amount necessary, though he said there would probably be no chance of again meeting him in Goa. But he said we could pay the amount to one of his companions. Fr. Franco is president of St. Thomas college near Mylapore, which he said is reputed to be the place where the apostle St. Thomas was martyred.

The inhabitants of Goa have an unbounded faith in the power of St. Francis Xavier and his tomb is held in deep veneration. Castro Melle was especially enthusiastic in his praises of the saint. He asserted, owing to his intercession, famine never approached Goa, no matter how prevalent it may be in other parts of India. He was present at the opening of the tomb seven years ago.

With his own eyes he had seen a man born blind suddenly recover his sight, and a Protestant lady, who had been carried to the church at her earnest entreaties, was entirely cured of paralysis of many years' standing. These two miracles,he said, he had witnessed personally; many other miracles are known to him through the testimony of friends.

It was already dark when the train arrived at Mormugao harbor. There was little management and much confusion among the passengers before they were safely embarked on the rocking ferryboat. To my surprise I found the boat under English management; but I did not wonder afterwards, when I saw what Rip Van Winkles these Portuguese are.

Scarcely had the ferry left the sheltering bend of the shore, when she began to be tossed about like a cockleshell. There were few that did not show signs of seasickness. It is eight miles across the Mormugao bay to Panjim, but the ferry had been a full hour under way before she rubbed up against the shaky landing of Panjim or New Goa. It was too dark to distinguish much along the shore, for the few dim lights revealed only some low buildings, which seemed small shops, or warehouses in a crumbling condition. One of the priests showed us to a rickety hotel with the high sounding name of Hotel of India. It looked to be more like a disused dwelling house of bygone centuries. A boy who knew a few English words appeared at the door and conducted

us to the padrone. This gentleman seemed to care very little how affairs were getting along in his establishment, as long as he could expect a slender stream of perquisites. The personnel of the India hotel consisted of this easy-going landlord, whom we saw only once more, when we settled our accounts, the aforesaid lad and another youngster, who made a prodigious noise with the dishes after meals in some dark room to the rear upstairs. We were the only guests. I suppose there are other hotels in Goa, but in our strolls through town next day we certainly found no exterior signs of astonishing enterprise in the hotel line. The whole Portuguese settlement seems to have gone asleep two hundred years ago and to be still dozing on, gratuitously fed by the exuberant soil and fanned by the cool breezes of the sea, that sweep through the magnificent palm groves. The part in which we had landed is called New Goa, but it must have remained "new" for a long time, to judge from the houses and public buildings it contains. They would make up a very respectable old timer of a town in America. But for the present we crowded back all these thoughts in our eagerness to get something for the interior man.

We were almost surprised, when in a moderately short time the youngster brought us a substantial meal and a bottle of fiery wine, to both of which we did ample justice. Afterwards, a short walk along the wharf, (if you wish to call the street running along the water's edge a

wharf), was not conducive toward keeping us awake very long. Most of the people were already in bed, though it was not yet nine o'clock. The electric light of the English ferryboat cast a flood of light on its immediate surroundings, whereas farther on a lonely lantern flickered in front of a house here or there. As far as business was concerned or the pursuits of nightly pleasure seekers, it made little difference: darkness would just as well answer; neither business nor pleasure seemed potent enough to stir the inhabitants. We, too, returned to seek retirement. Before we did so, however, we sent the black-eyed youngster to procure a carriage for our early morning trip to the tomb of St. Francis Xavier in old Goa. He returned, assuring us that a carriage would certainly be in readiness at an early hour. Then we retired to our primitive beds, sleeping the sleep of tired travelers in spite of the sultry weather.

Blissfully ignorant of what these people understand by an early hour, we arose at five o'clock and were ready for our drive at six. In vain we looked out of the window up and down the absolutely quiet street for the promised vehicle. Not a sign of life from man or beast. But yes, after the sun had risen already high over the verdant mountains, and was glaring into the silent streets, we see a form slowly moving around the nearest corner of the street. Is it possible that they have need of a policeman in this dreamland? He looks drowsily up to our window and begins to stare in wonder: people already

dressed, talking quite loudly, looking out of the window, and not yet seven o'clock? It must be a discovery to him, which can well bear farther investigation. He turns to pace up and down on the opposite side of the street. And now he hears a carriage coming toward the hotel: what can it all mean? As if petrified with amazement he stands not ten steps a way in order to unravel the mystery of such early commotion. He watches our every move, as we hasten out of the door and start on our way. We must have figured largely in his reports at police-headquarters that day.

No one is allowed to say mass on the tomb of Saint Francis without special permission from the ordinary of the diocese. Passing the great white church, located on a hill and surrounded by beautiful gardens, we had to leave the carriage and climb up through some narrow lanes paved with cobble-stones, to reach the vicar general's house. On our way we met a few scurvy dogs and some skinny pigs, that seemed heartily ashamed of being up so early. The Vicar-general certainly did not live in the best quarters of the town, we thought. But he was astir, as we saw on entering the ground floor of his dwelling. The room was almost bare of furniture and the floor consisted of the beaten ground. The reverend gentleman was sitting in old worn-out slippers without coat or vest, on one of the rickety chairs, talking to a man of still darker complexion than himself. He looked at me and at the celebret with a puzzled air, as if he could not for

the world make out what connection I and that paper had with himself. He returned the paper to me after a short pause without taking the trouble to examine the document and told me to show it to the presidio of the convent, where I wanted to celebrate. What else was there for me to do, than to proceed on the way to old Goa and take my chances?

The road to old Goa must be a remnant of the times, when the Goese were still agoing, at least easily. It is a fine drive, five miles long, between two strong walls, one to shut off the waters of the sea and the other to keep back the high waters of the lowlands in the rainy season. Seats were arranged at intervals as resting places for foot passengers. On each side of the road the wall rose a few feet higher than the road: a good thing for any driver that wanted to go to sleep on the way: he had the assurance that his horses or oxen would at least not dump him into the sea. The fresh morning sunshine rested on the landscape to the right and on the blue expanse of the ocean to the left. White walls of churches gleamed from the hilltops or through the palm-groves in the valleys. Ahead of us the straggling houses of old Goa, the tops of some ruins and the renaissance steeples of the larger churches began to appear. There is only one street in old Goa. It winds along the base of a hill and the few old shops, one or two wine taverns and the huts in peaceful decay, gave the impression of dreamy decline and yet not of neglect. It is hard to believe, that

this little straggling village once rang with the shout of the Portuguese adventurers, saw the glittering pageant of Portuguese governors and their retainers, or ever was the centre, from which the Portuguese sway extended for thousands of miles along the coasts of India, Ceylon, the islands of the Pacific and even to the coasts of China.

There must be about ten magnificient churches in this little town, which hardly exceeds the size of a hamlet. And besides there are numerous ruins of other churches in the neighborhood. The archbishop of Goa holds independent sway over about 800 priests, a great number of whom reside here. No doubt Goa must have formerly been a large city, for the largest and most splendid churches are at quite a distance from the cluster of houses at the foot of the hill. The church which contains the tomb of St. Francis, is that of St. Monica, or Bom Jesu, as the Portuguese call it. It is not the largest nor the most magnificent. The great convent of St. Monica is connected with it. The renaissance, mixed with certain features of architecture peculiar to the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, is the style of this and the other churches of Goa. Most conspicuous among the ornaments of the church of Bom Jesu, is the great high altar, one splendid mass of gilded woodcarving rising to the apsis of the sanctuary and filling out the whole background. In the side chapel, which contains the remains of St. Francis, is also a magnificently gilded altar. Above the mensa of this altar rests the great silver casket,

wherein his body is enclosed. It is richly carved and bedecked with jewels. When we entered the church, only one old priest was saying mass at the rear of this altar. The sacristan did not understand, or did not want to understand my request, but at last referred me to the presidio of the convent. A boy conducted us through a court and vast corridors. A number of stone cutters were employed in the corridors replacing a stairway. It struck us as strange, that any repairs should be going on in this sleepy neighborhood.

A swarthy Portuguese came out of a room in the second floor and eyed us suspiciously. It took him a long while to read the celebret and what I said to him in Latin he did not seem to understand. However, he told the boy to conduct me to another great church across a wide meadow. Their distrust was getting to be more than amusing. They probably could not understand, why I had not appeared before them in a cassock, if I wanted to say mass. I followed the boy into the sacristy of the other church. This sacristy was richly decorated and large enough to form a good sized church by itself. The paintings and carvings alone must have cost a fortune. A score of mostly gray-haired canons, or bishops, (for all I knew,) were either getting ready for, or just absolving the morning service. At any rate our appearance among them caused quite a stir. Here my celebret went from hand to hand, each scrutinizing it and making comments until it reached a dignified and particularly aged-looking

man. He argued with the others and finally told me in Latin, that I certainly could say mass anywhere, as the papers were quite clear. He sent the boy back with me to the presidio of St. Monica's. But I had had enough of him and tried to coax the sacristan to get things ready for the celebration of mass. As he hesitated, I began to vest, but unfortunately I needed his services, at least in order to procure wine. He went upstairs and no doubt argued the whole matter over again with the presidio, letting me wait a long time. Persistance carried the day, for he came at last and served my mass at the tomb of St. Francis. Of course a great deal of the devotion, which I had expected to feel in celebration at this renowned shrine, was lost on account of the previous annoyances. But nevertheless, I considered myself fortunate in procuring this privilege, even with difficulty.

There was no hotel nor restaurant of any kind in this neighborhood, and I felt in no mood to trouble any one connected with the church for a breakfast. So we drove off immediately to visit the other places of interest. A bevy of persistent beggars stood at the church doors: they probably would have gotten a more generous alms if I had not been treated with so much distrust. The driver took us first to the former habitation and the favorite chapel of St. Francis. The well, which was dug by St. Francis himself, and which is considered miraculous by the natives, is so wide, that stairs had been built to the bottom, fifty feet down. But the well and its

surroundings are allowed to go to ruin. Farther along the road we came upon another beautiful church and extensive convent. The church is surmounted by a fine cupola. The convent occupies one side of a large garden and it contains the apartments and much of the furniture once used by the great explorer, Vasco da Gama. Here he resided as governor of Goa, 400 years ago. At every turn new churches and convents could be seen peeping from behind trees or towers and cupolas overtopping the palms. The pure white of the walls contrasted pleasantly with the deep green of the foliage.

But I am afraid we were not in a fit state of mind to appreciate fully the beauties of the scenery and the magnificence of the building which we visited. An empty stomach is apt to keep enthusiasm well within ordinary bounds, even on extraordinary occasions. I wondered much at the number and size of these churches built a mile or more away from the village, all the inhabitants of which would not fill even one of the larger side-chapels. Yet they probably were much too small to contain the thousands that flocked to this paradise on feast days in former times. The houses and the people around the churches have long since disappeared. These churches are only vestiges of the former splendor and the numerous priests, that are established in them to the present day, no doubt are living on the rich endowments of former times.

CHAPTER XVII.

MAKING THE MOST OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE — IN SLEEPY HOLLOW — MORE FINANCIAL TROUBLES — SKIRTING THE MALABAR COAST — LEAVING INDIA — PRACTICAL HINTS.

Looking for some kind of tavern or hotel, we returned to the straggling cluster of houses of old Goa. Through the open door of one of them we saw a few men sitting around a table. On entering and asking for something to eat or drink, a stout, swarthy host came from the dark background and appeared to understand our wants. But as to fulfilling them, he seemed in a quandary. His house was no doubt considered as the great emporium of saleable articles in this mouldering town; for the dingy room was scantily stored with the most ordinary articles of household use, lying about in ancient dust and scattered through the dark corners or on rickety shelves and tables. What an old curiosity shop it was! And yet the owner seemed perfectly contented. After diverse questions in Portuguese, imperfectly understood just like our answers and signs, he brought forth from the gloomy room in the rear a dusty bottle and poured out a dark liquid, which proved to be but indifferent wine. Not a bite of bread was forthcoming, only a crust of dried-out cheese. However, that was somewhat of a beginning

in the line of eatables and our hopes were again on the rise. Vainly, nevertheless: we had to postpone our breakfast until we should again arrive at India hotel.

It had become absolutely necessary to procure some Indian or Portuguese money, as the small amount which we had borrowed from the hotel keeper last night was fearfully on the wane. There is a bank in New Goa, which we found hidden away somewhere in a by-street. It had a counting room upstairs, in which the counting seemed to bear but a subordinate part. One man sat before a large ledger with a dreamy air, another was idling away his time behind a partition or railing in the other half of the room. Our letters of credit were turned this way and that; the endorsements of the large banks in Hongkong, Calcutta, Singapore, Bombay had no charm for them. My circular notes of Cook and Company? Conundrums. The American Express coupons? Never heard of them. I hauled out an American Eagle: "Ah, oro Americano!" The jewelers are sometimes very anxious to get "oro Americano," on account of its fineness. It woke them up sufficiently to offer its value in rupees or francs with a discount of 25 per cent. But then they must go over to the jeweler to have it weighed. We were too patriotically business-like to have the most beautiful and the most reliable gold coin in the world undergo such a process of weighing and such a depreciation. Come what may, we trusted to luck and the intrinsic value of "oro Americano" to carry us out of this and

any other predicaments. We left these Goese bankers at their EASE and did the GOING ourselves, though as it afterwards turned out, not at our ease.

But the protests of the inner man in the meanwhile became more and more imperious. So we went to the hotel and sat down to our dinner in willful forgetfulness of what might be our lot as moneyless gold, and bank-draft owners in this sleepy old town. Perhaps we could yet find and wake up some dreaming jeweler by the clinking of the American eagles before night. Or may be our jolly host had more appreciation for the good round pieces than the befuddled bankers. So we cleaned up everything on the cracked plates and platters of the India hotel and, like consummate and conscience-less deadbeats, laid down for a well deserved siesta.

When the heat of the sun had somewhat lessened, we took a stroll along the old breakwater and then through the town, past the market, always in a kind of surprise, that there should be any houses or any kind of life at all in this dreamland. On the market there were a few sellers, fewer buyers and many empty stalls. On the outskirts we came to some soldiers' barracks under magnificent palmtrees. Whether there were any soldiers sleeping within, we could not find out; at any rate, though the buildings are neatly kept, they gave forth no sign of activity. How magnificently those cocoa-palms waved above in the gentle zephyr! Farther on there stood a few native huts under the trees, where the granite road leads over the

canal bridge. The center of the fine stone bridge was flanked by two monuments with the names of old governors chiselled in their base. Seats invited to take a rest and to enjoy the beautiful view out upon the blue ocean. In the convent garden to the right some nuns, dressed in black gowns and great white hoods, were quietly taking a walk. After some time two or three officers, dressed in dark-green and gold-bordered uniforms, were coming up the road with their wives or sweethearts, proving that sometimes the inmates of the barracks are awake in spite of all appearances to the contrary.

Bordering the canal, immediately before coming to the bridge, a wide enclosure was strewn with great heaps of cocoanut. Workmen were breaking them up in order to let the white pulp dry in the sun. Great quantities of the pulp lay around and the foreman gave us to understand, that it is thus shipped to the mills for extracting the oil. Returning by another route from our stroll, we saw some very neat residences, but the few streets remained quiet and only here and there a business house could be seen. The only signs of sociability, that we could see, were two men, sitting in front of what must have been a café, taking some of the cooling drinks.

We had exchanged a five dollar gold piece during the day at considerable loss. But when we came to settle our hotel bills, we were two rupees short. I asked the hotelkeeper to let that little amount stand, until I should have a chance to send it to him by mail. He would not

hear of that proposition, and yet he did not wish to accept of any of the American gold pieces at a reasonable discount, convincing us that, when it comes to settlement of money matters, even the Portuguese wake up. It was only after I threatened to leave at any rate, that he sent the boy over to the jeweler and finally agreed to more favorable terms.

We had to be off, if we wished to be certain of catching the Carthage for Suez on the 31st of March. My companion seemed somewhat broken up by the hardships of our strenuous travel in the last six weeks. I regretted this so much the more, as we would probably find scant accomodations on the Shanara, which was even now taking her cargo preparatory to her voyage to Bombay. She was only a ferry boat with open decks. At eleven o'clock she bore away from the dimly lighted wharf into the dark waters of the sea.

The Shanara was intended only for native travel, with open deck, no berths, no cabins, no meals for passengers. They were supposed to bring their own accomodations with them. As she rocked through the damp atmosphere out upon the unruly waves, we made up our minds that we would have to rough it for the next forty hours. Like a fiend the little imp of a boat began to sway and splurge on the ocean swell. Some poet said, that the ship moves over the sea like a thing instinct with life: she was instinct not only with one life, but with that of a thousand bucking bronchos gone on a rampage. If she

did not throw us all off into the sea, she did the next thing to it: she made us throw up (beg pardon of the readers). We soon came to the conclusion, that if there was any nook on the boat which afforded shelter from the spray and wind above deck, we must make an effort to get into it by fair means or foul. I went below and found one of the officers, who promised to sneak us into his own berth on payment of a certain price. As he said there was a strict rule aboard not to allow any passengers in those quarters, I made at least one berth secure, trusting to find a chance to get another for my companion after a while, or if not, to smuggle him down in order to bunk with me. However, he spoilt that little game. He came a few minutes afterwards and began to suspect me, of having left him to his fate above, while I had sought a snug shelter below. As he was very hard of hearing, I did not dare to explain at length. But even the few words of explanation, though of no avail to dispel his suspicions, were sufficient to bring around the steward. The result was, that we came very near losing our shelter. However, on payment of about three times the price at first demanded, we were suffered to remain.

As the morning sun rose again over the mountain plateau of India, it revealed the shady sides of the bold promontories of the Malabar coast to our right. The vessel in her course followed the coast line more or less closely.

Sometimes the walls of an old Portuguese fort could

be seen looking grimly down from the cliffs into the sea. They were crumbling to pieces, though formerly they no doubt were considered impregnable. A few cannonballs from modern cruisers, at several miles distance, would soon level them to the ground. At some places our vessel came to a halt in order to wait for a boat full of native passengers, that struggled through the surf to reach its sides. In the afternoon our steamer gracefully swung around a battlemented headland into a small sized harbor. On the farther side of the fort a native town straggled along the curve of the bay and up the parched hills behind. It was lucky that we had taken along at least some provisions from Goa, as we would have been at loss where to procure any on the way. I tried to fight off seasickness by writing at my journal most of the time. Near us sat a trio of swarthy Arab merchants, who were chatting together all day, seemingly in the best of spirits. One of them was very anxious to buy an American eagle to use as an ornament. But he soon drew out of the bargain, when I told him that its value was sixty-three rupees. So the day passed and the night stole away in spite of our discomfort, until we arrived at the Carnac bunder in Bombay at about four o'clock in the morning.

Carnac bunder is a long distance from the business part of Bombay. All was yet dark and the long bunder was lighted only by a few dim lamps. When we came to the entrance some carriages were waiting, but as we were

not in a hurry, they were gone before we thought of hiring one of them. However, after we had walked through some dark streets for a while, the jingling bells of an oxcart sounded through the twilight and we hired it to ride up town. These carts are rude boxes on two wheels, drawn by oxen and covered with muslin, which is stretched over semicircular hoops arching over the box. A rough seat is arranged for the passengers under this cover. The driver sits on the wagon tongue outside, urging on his patient beasts by a cord fastened to their necks or horns. The natives make much use of this kind of conveyance. In a roundabout way we found our way jingling through the quiet dusk of the morning to the English Hotel. Although it took over an hour, we were too early for the porter of the hotel, who admitted us only after much hammering at the door.

The tailors at the Grand Hotel had our suits ready according to agreement. They were well made, though they cost only 32 rupees ($10.00). Of course they were not very clerical, as they were of a gray color and of sackcoat style. But I had learnt to disregard these mere conventionalities and looked rather for convenience and service. On the way to Ballard bunder, we passed through the Crawford market, the largest I met anywhere for produce of all kinds. Before being allowed to embark, all the passengers had to undergo a health examination, which, exceptionally, was not a mere formality, such as we are accustomed to at quar-

antine points. The assembly on the tug, that was to bring us out to the Carthage, gave us a taste of the uncongenial society with whom we would have to spend our time during the voyage. The snobbish aristocrats would certainly not be the most agreeable traveling companions. At two o'clock all were aboard, the anchor was weighed and the great steamer made a wide sweep around the sunny roofs and tall towers of Bombay out into the vast blue deep.

Just a few general remarks about India, before it is altogether out of sight. Its history dates back to the most remote ages. Long before the countries of Europe were even inhabited, the country of the Hindoos was far advanced in civilization. The vestiges of Hindoo advancement in the sciences, in architecture, in systematic goverment date back to remote periods. India is a vast peninsula, 1,900 miles long and 1,700 miles wide, teeming with population. The adherents of the old Hindoo religion are by far the most numerous, though there are some Buddhists, especially in Burmah, and some fifty millions of Mohammedans. The aborigines were probably of the Mongolian family, but these were later on absorbed by the Aryan races that spread out eastward from the plains of Babylon and the mountains of Persia. The Portuguese were the first Europeans that invaded the country. They have now yielded supremacy to the English. Until 1857 the East India company controlled the goverment of such pro-

vinces, as they had been able to annex ; since then, however, England has taken more direct charge. In many provinces the native princes or rajahs have been left in nominal power and England does not interfere very much in native customs or religions. Each native ruler is under tutelage of an Englishman, who is called a Resident. The European contingent of the army numbers about 75,000, the native portion 215,000, officered, of course, by the English. Railroads intersect India in all directions and they are mostly under government management or generously subsidized.

PRACTICAL HINTS. When traveling in the Orient an English helmet, which is made of white duck and a thick lining of crok, will be found very satisfactory for outdoor wear. The hot rays of the sun are dangerous to most white men, unless their effects are guarded against by some light and thick covering for the head. These helmets are so shaped, that the most sensitive parts are protected and yet kept cool by the circulating air. Those that buy mementoes and curios, even only at the most interesting points of their journey, will soon find their baggage getting very cumbersome. It becomes necessary to ship a portion of their baggage ahead of them. The best place to send them to is England, especially for Americans, as they will be able to repack before leaving for America. The facilities for shipment to London are numerous in all the ports, but it is advisable to have them insured, as they are liable to be lost or stolen on the long route homeward.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON THE ARABIAN SEA AND INDIAN OCEAN — ADEN AND BAB EL MANDEB — THE RED SEA — GAY LIFE ABOARD SHIP — AN UNFROCKED CLERIC.

The Carthage was crowded with people in both first and second cabin. We had our berths in the first cabin and we found our surmisings as to the quality of the company fully verified. The majority were people, who in their affluence think nothing more important in life than to observe any amount of formality in daily intercourse. The meals are of course first class in every respect. But the formality of it all spoils the enjoyment. Until we got to Aden, meals were about as cheerful a proceeding as a first class funeral. This was especially true of dinner, for which these people make great efforts to show off their manners and their dress. What prodigiously solemn faces they did carry down to the dining room, together with their silks, embroidery, jewels and acres of white shirt fronts. I hardly blame them for their solemn faces: most of the participants in this tragedic farce showed, by indubitable signs, that they consider it all absurd and a torture, but dare not refuse a rôle in it for fear of being ostracised.

Otherwise we had a very quiet and pleasant voyage. No storm or high wind disturbed the tranquility of the

blue waters. Most of the time I sat under the canvas of the rear deck, busy writing at my journal. During the five days, which were consumed in the voyage from Bombay to Aden, the passengers lounged about deck morosely whiling away the time. On April the 5th we were nearing Aden. At noon the rugged cliffs and bare mountain islands of the Arabian peninsula dimly hove in sight toward the west. But we sailed past these mountains, which proved to be only some islands. Rounding them, Aden was discovered lying at the foot of the distant granite hills in the bright sunshine. No landing was allowed on account of the plague. Here we were to be transshipped to the O. and O. steamship Britannia, which was due here from Australia and on which we were to make our passage up the Red sea through the Suez canal to Brindisi. Aden is not a large town: the principal buildings visible were the long-stretched barracks for the English soldiers. They were built on the slope of the rugged mountain, flanked by clusters of houses on each side.

The Britannia was already anchored in the shallow water a quarter of a mile from our boat awaiting our arrival. The quarantine flag fluttered from its masthead, indicating, that she also would not allow passengers to land at Aden. The Carthage kept manoeuvering about for anchorage, plowing up the sand of the shallow ocean-bed. The passengers of both boats were crowding the railings, anxious to see the proceedings. It was

an interesting scene, lit up by the bright afternoon sun: the blue expanse of the Indian ocean stretching away to the south; the sandy shores of Abyssinia, forming a dim yellow streak down the southwest; a collection of desert island cliffs and the red promontories of Arabia hemming in the view to the east and north. A northerly breeze chopped the glittering waters into whitecaps, that caused the smaller boats, launches and lighters to rock on the unruly brine.

Four or five boats, filled with curly-haired negroes, were hovering around our vessel, bobbing up and down on the choppy sea. Nimbly their dark inmates paddled around the high hulk of the steamer, with upturned faces on sharp lookout for the dropping coins. While paddling, they filled the air with their shouts for bakshish and "I dive, oha" sung in chorus and in rythmic measure. If any of the amused passengers dropped a coin into the sea, their froglike chorus suddenly ceased and out of the boat they jumped into the waves after the slowly sinking coins. Beneath the clear surface very often there ensued a scramble for the money before it was out of sight. The successful one would quickly emerge, followed by the rest. Triumphantly he held the captured coin over the water, while swimming along and shaking the brine from his wooly head. And again they intoned their chorus "I dive, oha," showing the white of their eyes and shining rows of teeth.

All the passengers of the Carthage were transferred

to the Britannia and some of the Britannia's were taken aboard the Carthage, for she was to return to Bombay immediately. This consumed nearly the whole of the afternoon. Besides the bakshish-divers, there were a number of other natives in boats, who were trying to sell curios to the passengers while transshipping. I bought a pair of springbock antlers for a shilling. We obtained berths in the same room with Mr. King, who had been our fellow passenger on the Gælic from San Francisco. In the evening the Britannia, with its teeming load of passengers, rounded the Arabian promontories and entered the dangerous passes of Babel Mandeb, the gates of the Red Sea. Next morning we were still in the narrow straits between Arabia and Africa, heading northward. On both sides rugged and barren mountains reared their cragged sides from the blue waters. Peculiar white streaks ran down the mountainsides on the left of us. They looked much like snow, but they are the salt deposits of the vapours, that are carried up from the sea by the winds. In between the mountains, stretches of sandy plains gleamed in the sunshine on both sides of the straits.

Among the second-class passengers a shaggy, long-haired individual made himself conspicuous by loud talking and disputing, stalking up and down the hurricane deck, reading from a prayerbook or from a Bible. He was reported to be an Episcopalian minister, who had been divorced from his wife and had been excom-

municated by the church authorities in Australia for insubordination and heresy. I doubt whether all the accusations brought against him were true, but he soon became the laughing stock of the vessel. He had a wonderful flow of language and seemed to be well informed on many subjects. However, I thought him somewhat deranged in mind and not fit for any argument on religion or any other subject.

Intercourse among the passengers was put on a much better footing since the more democratic Australians formed such a considerable part of the ship's company. The snobbish passengers of the Carthage were now in the minority and their reserve and formality at a discount. One could go down to meals with some sort of enjoyment. Still, even with this improvement, the sociability or good-feeling among the passengers was far from comparing favorably with that, which we all enjoyed so much on board the Gælic from San Francisco to Hong Kong. Some of the Australians in first cabin had arranged a fancy dress ball for Saturday night. Accordingly the promenade deck was gayly illuminated and half of the first-class cabin passengers appeared in all sorts of odd costumes, some of them very rich and costly. There was dancing, and music, and much merrymaking. One of the young wags had fixed himself up in imitation of of Clarke, the eccentric Episcopalian minister before mentioned. He strutted about with a long coat and a shaggy wig of curly hair and a placard attached to his

back " Not wanted on voyage," such as is usually put on that part of one's baggage, which is not wanted in the cabin and therefore stowed away in the freightroom. I thought they were a little hard on the minister. They certainly had a good time on that Saturday night, dancing and singing, laughing and joking, as the great steamer plowed its way undisturbed over the dark waters of the Red Sea.

Frequently on the passage up the historic sea the shores of Africa and Arabia came into distant view. Occasionally we encountered a steamer or a sailboat. As the eye sweeps over the waters of this huge inland sea a reddish tint seems to hover over the deep blue. This peculiarity probably accounts for the name of the Red Sea. It may be that this impression is caused by the ruddy color of the shores and of the islands, which rise out of the water. The voyage consumed nearly four days. The rocky coasts began to narrow toward each other and we hove in sight of Suez in the forenoon. Until now we were as yet uncertain whether we would be allowed to land at any other place except Brindisi without going through a quarantine. This morning, however, news came from the officers, that passengers could land at Suez without undergoing quarantine.

We decided at once to land at Suez and make our way to Cairo and Palestine as best we might. The Britannia had anchored at about a mile from the entrance to the great canal and the straggling houses and the

SUEZ

government buildings were lying pleasantly in the sunshine before us. All the passengers were assembled in the dining room and had to pass in review before the Egyptian doctors. There was no hitch in the procession as there had been none in the score of other like inspections that we had till now undergone on our journey.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUEZ — STREET-LIFE — BAKSHISH-HUNTERS — ALONG THE CANAL — ISMAILIA — WELL MET — CAIRO AT NIGHT.

Then those that wanted to stop off at Suez descended to the clumsy boat, that was to take them and their baggage to the wharf. A tattered sail was raised and the swarthy boatmen plied their oars. There were only a dozen or so of passengers that had left the Britannia and were now waving adieu to their acquaintances, that crowded the bulwarks.

Having arrived on shore we were detained for about two hours by quarantine formalities, which I thought were extremely nonsensical. Our soiled clothes were gathered into bags and placed into a disinfecting oven, which ceremony cost us two shillings a person. Then we were lazily towed in our clumsy boat some miles farther along the shallow shores, at an expense of a few more shillings. Egyptian officials minutely inquired into our names, business, destination, and the hotel at which we intended to stop. I for one, answered at random to the foolish inquisition and by the time these ignorant Egyptians had scrawled our answers on their records, misunderstanding nearly everything that we said, they must have been much less enlightened about

ourselves and fortunes than they were before they began. Of course the main object of all these vexations was always bakshish. Fees were to be paid for everything and to everybody connected with this so-called quarantine establishment of the Khedive. Cook's agency and the carriers in their employ, showed an exasperating zeal in imitating their example. Most of the passengers made violent protests against some of these demands. A horde of hungry porters fell over our baggage in order to carry it to the train, which was ready to start for Ismailia and Cairo in a few hours. In the meanwhile we fell victims to a dragoman, who offered to show us the native settlement of Suez, which was hidden behind the government buildings.

The streets presented a lively Oriental scene, though on a small scale: shops full of trumpery for the native purchasers, open sheds for those that wanted to have a smoke of tobacco or opium, peddlers of sweetened orange water, bawling out at the top of their voice and letting cupfuls of it out of one leg of a pigskin, the turbaned men and the muffled women in their wide breeches, the ass-drivers with their dogged animals, urging them along by prodding and twisting their tails. In a crumbling mosque there were a few Mohammedans, squatting on their knees and making many bows and gestures toward the Mihrab and Mecca. At the entrance of the mosque were several jets of running water, at which the devout Mohammedans are supposed to make their

ablutions before starting their devotions: a very sensible prescription of their prophet Mohomet, as most of these people would probably never wash themselves otherwise. Finally the dragoman dragged us into an Italian restaurant for dinner. He was not slow to order a good one for himself and did the greater share of the eating. Dogs and cats gathered around us, while we sat at our meals, and they were not less expectant of good fare than the dragoman. At his advice we hired a carriage to see the gardens outside of town; but it was only a makeshift of the dragoman, to induce us to spend some money in a wine and ale-shop surrounded by a few trees. The whole country around Suez is a sandy desert and only irrigation will enable any vegetation to spring or live. In the distance behind the garden the great locks of the canal were visible. On the way back an Egyptian funeral passed us: four men were carrying the corpse on a bier to a cemetery on the outskirts of town. The principal wife and the four concubines of the deceased followed in silence behind the bier. They were entirely covered by black mantles and had blue ribbons tied around the head. Ahead of the corpse a crowd of shouting, wailing, cymbaling and tomtoming men moved along, while a bevy of wailing women followed in the rear of the wives of the defunct.

After a stay of two hours, we boarded the train and we were jogged along over the sandwaste parallel to the Suez canal, to Ismailia. Soon we overtook the

Britannia, which was slowly crawling up the canal like a huge black monster of the desert. No ship is allowed to go faster than three or four miles an hour and there are many delays at the slips in waiting for ships coming in the opposite direction. Very often, also, vessels are detained by running foul of sandbanks when making a short turn. From the train they look like hugh phantoms, wafted over the sands, for one seldom gets a glimpse of the canal itself. The passengers of the Britannia were on the watch for us and they waved us a greeting over the sand dunes. With the exception of Ismailia, which is a railroad junction, the whole stretch between Suez and Port Said is a dreary sand waste with an occasional lagoon of shallow water.

At Ismailia we had to change cars for Cairo: not an agreeable proceeding, when one hundred greedy carriers fall over yourself and baggage, almost tearing it and themselves to pieces in the eager effort to earn the few pennies for carrying it. Some more wretched cars, more sandy plains, more unaccountable delays and reiterated inspection of your railroad tickets by Egyptian trainmen, who wear a miniature railroad train and a halfmoon on their coat lapels. But also these things come to an end, even in Oriental countries, and you arrive at your destination in spite of delays and vexations. It was night, however, before we reached Cairo. We were surprised to hear no noise in the fine station and to find no carriers swooping down upon us. But our

surprise was premature: as soon as we set our foot on the street, they came down upon us and our hand-bags like a horde of savages. For a time our satchels wandered from hand to hand, for each one of the runners, cabmen and porters tried to secure hold of our grips, in order to enforce his importunate solicitations by actual possession. But Korf's Bayrischer Hof carried the day with us: we could expect to find something to quench the thirst as well as to satisfy the appetite there; at least so the name led us to surmise. There surely Gambrinus would smile on the dusty and parched travelers, who had in vain sought his nut-brown gifts since they had left Manila in the antipodes.

With a triumphant hurrah the cabman and a dragoman captured our baggage from a previous robber, flung it into the carriage and shoved us onto the seats. Then, shouting and cracking the whip, they set the horses a galloping over the great square past the electric lights and plunged into some dark streets, trying to head off one or two other cabs that had gotten the start of them. Luckily we were not dashed to pieces, but emerged again into well lighted and busy thoroughfares and suddenly halted in front of Korf's hotel. Sure enough, there out of the doors comes an individual with rotund form and face, the very picture of smiling King Gambrinus or his brother, addressing us in German and holding out both his hands in order to welcome us. I don't know which seemed to please him more: our

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being able to talk with him in German or our being Americans. Probably in the estimation of this jovial host, these two qualities go far to make up the ideal guests. Let no one be afraid to suspect us of not ordering immediately some of the delicate lunch and the other delicious things served there. The jolly hotel-keeper sat with us and joined us, as we rewarded ourselves with the foaming Hofbräu for escaping a parched hemisphere, English snobs, Khedivial customs and quarantines, wolfish carriers and breakdown trains.

The funny dragoman, who in his Oriental costume, looked like a near relative of the mummies, had followed us from the station and penetrated to the room, which our blooming host had shown us. I told him we had devoured, hanged, drowned and precipitated into the mountain abysses all the dragomen we had met in the Orient, and cautioned him to let us alone, if he did not wish to meet a similar fate. But he merely answered by sepulchral grin and kept on descanting on the wonderful sights he would show us at half rates. His persistance won the day and we engaged him for the next morning. He offered to show us around for an hour or two before retiring for the night. Cairo is a city of more cosmopolitan character than perhaps any on earth, Constantinople not excepted. In the gay season, which was just coming to an end, people from all nations flock to Cairo, bent either on business or pleasure, especially pleasure. A good deal of it, I suspect, is of the for-

bidden kind. I asked the dragoman to show me the nearest Catholic church, as I wanted to make arrangements for the morning. But he was in no hurry and probably took my request for a joke; with Cairo dragomen churches do not figure in the list of attractions. There is no want of solicitation to forbidden pleasures. Early next morning I went in search of the church, which had been pointed out to us from afar last night. I did not find it readily, as it is almost hidden behind high houses at the end of a narrow lane. Its walls were merely a continuation of the surrounding tenement houses. The priest in charge received me very kindly and readily consented to my saying mass.

CHAPTER XX.

SKIRMISHING FOR A PASSPORT — AT THE PYRAMIDS — POSING AS THE RENOWNED HAKIM ALEMAN — PEERING INTO ANCIENT TOMBS.

It had been my ambition to celebrate Holy Week in Jerusalem and accordingly I was anxious to procure my passport as soon as possible. We soon found, that if we trusted any part of the management of this business to an agency, we would certainly be disappointed. I fully made up my mind to be there and attempt the entrance into Palestine at all hazards, whether I could get a passport or not. Cook's people told me, that it would be impossible to get a passport within less than ten days and that it would be equally impossible to enter Palestine without it. Their agent in Chicago had failed to attend to this passport as agreed, and here in Cairo they made it their business to detain us contrary to our wishes. The American consul was more accommodating: on the next day he made out my American passport on presenting evidence that we were American citizens. But he told me that it would be hard to get the visè or signature of the Turkish consul on account of the Ramadan feast.

The people were out in gala style, music and processions to the graves of their dead were now the order

of the day. No Turkish official would take the trouble to sign a passport for a giaour during the holidays. I made up my mind to defy the Sultan and his horde of lazy, bakshish-hunting officials; if I could not get his laggard, feasting representative in Cairo to attach his barbaric signature to my American passport, I would invade his territory without it.

More at ease, we hired a driver to bring us out to the pyramids, about four miles from the city. The Orientals are all merciless drivers, but the hope of bakshish was an extra incentive to our driver for urging on his horses. We quickly passed through the residence portion of Cairo, over the bridge across the Nile. The river was studded with barques and darksailed dahabiehs, that were moored in clusters along the bridge piers and the river banks, or were slowly moving on the bosom of the majestic river. Beyond the river our carriage skimmed along the well-kept pike beneath the shade of magnificent acacias and afterwards between the green wheat fields, where three crops are reaped every year.

We were ascending the gentle slopes, to the sand-plateau of the desert. At its edge the great pyramids reared their triangular sides to the sky. Behind us, as we gradually climbed higher, lay the magnificently curving river, and the great city, studded with palaces and many a minaretted mosque. Behind it all, across the river the rocky heights, which so many centuries ago furnished the materials for the pyramids, hemmed in the view.

Before reaching the vicinity of the pyramids, the picturesque ruins of a Bedouin village dotted the greensward. The proud sons of the desert could be seen stalking in their white burnouses under the crumbling walls, which they still used as abodes.

In the distance before us a group of about thirty persons were just scrambling down the sides of the pyramid of Cheops. They looked no larger than rabbits leaping from rock to rock. As most of them were dressed in white, making a lively contrast with the dark gray rocks, we thought they were mostly ladies, but soon found out that the greater number of them were guides in their white burnouses. They were making a great ado about their work of conducting the tourists safely down the steep sides of the pyramid.

We were accordingly not a little disgusted to find, that these ancient monuments are now in the hands of speculators, who have erected a ticket office near by and force the tourists to engage three guides apiece, who are to bring them safely up to the summit and through the interior. They pretend that great danger is connected with the ascent to the top and that thievish outsiders are apt to take advantage of the traveler, when once he is on top. I could not for the life of me see any great danger or difficulty in climbing up the sloping sides, since the huge blocks of stone form a sort of stairs. As for the advantage, that the other natives will take of the tourists, what is the difference to him, whether he is rob-

bed by a money-grabbing syndicate or by the bakshish loving Arab? I prefer the latter mode. As we bought tickets a horde of the Arabs came rushing from the base of the pyramid, each claiming us as his prize. The uniformed ticket vender, without consulting us, selected six of them, three for each of us to guide us up the pyramid. I protested and said, that we needed no accompaniment. But he would not even compromise for any less number. There must be three, he said: one at each hand to pull up and one behind to shove. How foolish it all seemed: a pair of sound limbs and good lungs would bring any one to the top without outside help.

As we could not get rid of our six Arabs, a grim humor took possession of me and I resolved, if possible, to get our money's worth of fun out of the superfluous retinue. They began in a broken jargon of English and French to magnify the dangers of the ascent. Ridicule only made them more earnest in their exaggerations. Two of them wanted to seize me by the hand, when we came to the rough terraces of the crumbling rock, while the third one pretended to show the way, as if the worn trails of the tourists were not in full sight. But refusing their help, I had them winded before we were half way up and they urged us to take a rest in a recess of the broken side. They were not in a hurry to resume the ascent. One of them tried to assure me, that he was a doctor, especially appointed by the government in case of accident

But he said no more when I told him, that I, on my part was a renowned Hakim Allemand and it would not much matter if he broke every bone in his body, while I was around. He had hauled out a small bag and said it contained, besides the medicine, old coins dug from the secret chambers under the pyramid. They were very rare and of great value: an Englishman had given him $25.00 for the smallest of them. I offered him a piastre (five cents) and after some indignant protestations, got one and he was anxious to sell the whole bag of them for a few additional piastres.

But what an astounding work of the pigmy man these pyramids are: we must have looked like ants crawling over a mountain. Huge blocks of stone, piled one upon the other, in ever diminishing squares, from one of four hundred feet, to one of ten feet across at a height of 450 feet from the present level of the sands! By sheer weight of the skillfully placed rocks they have held together for over three thousand years, so that even now the pyramid seems a solid mountain of rock. Originally the surfaces were covered with polished granite, which formed a smooth incline from the bottom to the top. This outward covering has, however, entirely disappeared, having been used for other buildings in Cairo or having slid down to the bottom as débris. The tiers of rocks are now exposed and form irregular steps from three to six feet high.

As we reached the dizzy heights of the last layer of

rocks the people at the base looked like dwarfs creeping around on the sands. The vast undulating plains of the Sahara stretch westward as far as the eye could reach, while eastward the valley of the Nile sweeps from north to south, a magnificent pathway for the vast stream as it seeks the ocean. To the south the equally renowned pyramids of Memphis can be distinctly seen on clear days. Our eyes, sweeping past sunny Cairo across the Nile valley, met the rocky bluffs ten miles away, shutting off the horizon. How could the great blocks of stones, on which we were then standing, ever have been brought across the valley and the stream without modern machinery? And yet they were small in comparison with those found on the sphinx and in some of the excavated temples at the foot of the pyramids.

At a short distance from the Cheops, on the top of which we stood, three other pyramids somewhat smaller arose. Between them, the Sphinx reared its battered face out of the sands. From our place of vantage the woman's head and crouching lion's body of the Sphinx, though 130 feet long, seemed no larger than some mastiff lying at the foot of the pyramid. What tyrannical power these ancient monarchs must have wielded, to compel hundred thousands of their subjects to pile up such mountains of rocks over their intended resting-place!

We had some more fun with the pretended guides, while resting on the summit and climbing down the sides of the pyramid. But they took it all in good part; of

AT THE PYRAMIDS

course in the hope of so much the greater bakshish. These white-robed Bedouins, that conduct large parties, are certainly a curious sight as they seemingly creep down the rough sides, now turning this way and that, zigzagging to right and left, stooping for a leap or straightening out to assist some tourist. They conduct the parties along a worn-out trail, but it seemed to me that the pyramids could be climbed in many other places. Generally tourists consider the exertion of climbing to the top sufficiently tiresome and they neglect entering into the interior. Some of them even content themselves with a survey of the pyramids from below. But we wanted to see also the interior, especially as we had guides as targets for indulging our humor.

There is a small opening on one side of the Cheops, which is the only entrance into the vast stone pile. So, down we crept on hands and feet, making the dark cavern resound with joke and laughter. At first the passage descends about fifty feet. The rock is very slippery and the notches, which must have formerly served as a kind of stairs, are almost completely worn away. Soon the passage becomes still narrower and then leads upward. Only the fickle light of the candle chases the thick darkness from our immediate surroundings, leaving the cavernous passage above us still in brooding blackness. Up still we crawl, now and then warned to climb around some dark pit and to guard against ramming our heads against projecting rocks above us. The air is

suffocating and the perspiration drops from our faces, as we reach a sort of offset, where one passage leads into the Queen's chamber straight onward, another above our heads, leads still farther upward into the King's chamber. Grasping some projections in the rocks, we climb into this second passage and ascend until we must be far above the middle height of the pyramid.

Here, out of breath, we entered into a large square room. The flickering candle vainly battled against the centuries of darkness, that have blackened the chiseled rocks of the smooth walls. A huge sarcophagus, rifled of its mummy and of its precious contents, was the only object in the room. So these Egyptian kings failed in their purpose after all: the greed and curiosity of succeeding generations have found out their dried-up remains, though they had been buried beneath a mountain of solid rock. Our voices, in thousand muffled echoes, resounded like the rumbling of thunder over their rifled tombs, where they had thought it impossible for any human being to penetrate.

Vain calculation of the great ones of the earth! While the lowest slave mouldered away in peace in his ignoble grave, the remains of these kings, snatched from their tombs, are now the hideous objects of vain curiosity to thousands and thousands of laughing, chattering and light-headed visitors in the museums of half the world.

We descended again to the ledge of the dark passage and visited also the Queen's chamber. This is much

smaller and absolutely bare, as probably both the tomb and its contents stand in some museum. The descent on the slippery stones of the passage is rather more difficult than the ascent. Our guides, ever intent on an extra bakshish, lighted some bengal fire, which for a moment flashed its brilliant blue light far up and down the mysterious passages. One of them climbed down into one of the pits and we could then faintly hear him chipping fragments of rocks from the tomb of an infant king. His voice sounded as from the bowels of the earth. Of course he wanted to sell us some of the fragments. As the good natured humbugs had afforded us much merriment we did not stint our bakshish, though we had paid for their services as guides, when buying our tickets.

On the back of a camel we were carried around the Sphinx, which rears its scarred woman's face one hundred and fifty feet above the débris and sand around it. In fact all the monuments in this neighborhood are buried about a hundred feet beneath the sand and waste, which has gathered at their base during the centuries of their existence. Adjoining the Sphinx is its great temple, half excavated some years ago, but fast disappearing again under the sand eddies. As we returned on our camel-back excursion a young Bedouin joined us and offered to climb to the top of the pyramid of Cheops and come back in ten minutes, for a shilling. As it had taken us half an hour, we scarce would believe it. But no sooner had I promised the shilling, than he doffed his

mantle into the hands of the camel-driver and nimbly began to leap from rock to rock along the corner nearest to us, and after reaching the top, descended along the other corner of the same side. He returned in nine and a half minutes; but he was pale as death and terror shone in his eyes. He had met a snake half way which these Arabs take for a sure omen of death within a year. As we were again bowling down the slope to the city in our carriage, we regaled ourselves with the lunch, that had been provided for us by the genial hotel-keeper. Of course we supplemented it later on at the hotel with sundry other good things.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN KHEDIVIAL STRONGHOLDS — SCOWLING MERCHANTS — NIGHT SCENES — MATARIEH — PAST SAND LAGOONS — OVER THE RIPPLING WAVES TO PALESTINE.

Afterwards we went by street-car to the fort of Saladin Jussuf, the citadel of which is 1100 years old. The way to the fort leads up a hill to a high and wide portal in the frowning walls of the fortress. High watch-towers guard the corners of the battlemented walls. Under the gateway a few shabby Egyptian soldiers stood on guard and the fort itself is garrisoned by the Khedive's soldiers, but is officered by the English. On an eminence within the fort rises the beautiful mosque of Mehemet Ali. Its facades are covered with pure alabaster from top to bottom; but the winds and weather of only ninety years have almost worn away the artistic carvings on the soft material. On the farther side of this mosque, there is a grand platform, fenced in by a marble balustrade. As it is on the summit of a high hill, we could survey the whole of Cairo with its thousands of minarets, the Nile sweeping through the sea of houses and the great pyramids on the opposite bluffs.

Retracing our footsteps to the older portions of the fort, we found it almost deserted and the grass growing on the pavements. Some of the buildings date back to

the time of Omar and the moslem conqueror Amru in the seventh century. Brightly the afternoon sun played on the dismantled walls, where tufts of enterprising shrubbery were now growing from the fissures. In this part of the fort is also the old well of Yussuf, overtopped by an ancient tower. It antedates even the coming of the moslems into Egypt which was in the year 640. The opening of a well shaft yawns within the tower and a spiral path winds around the shaft to the bottom. Halfway down we came upon the frame work of a huge turbine, which was built over the abyss furnishing the water and from which slaves formerly had to carry it up the spiral pathway. As we looked down over the edges, the dim reflection of the water assured us that the well was at least not bottomless. In the sides along the spiral path recesses were hewn that resembled burying places. Certainly a strange location for a mouldering corpse.

On one of the grass-grown streets of the old fort we met a blind beggar, seemingly the only Turk left on a spot where multitudes had stood and probably fought in olden times. He began to ask for alms from afar, as he heard our approaching footsteps; but he was one of the few moslems, that thought it worth while to say a word of thanks for the alms we gave him. All the bakshish hunters and beggars of moslem faith grasp the proferred alms as a matter of course and with a mien, as if they suddenly regretted, that they had asked in such pityful and urgent terms. They do not seem to expect anything

CAIRO FROM THE CITADEL

CITADEL MOSQUE

from their own countrymen, but let a giaour only come within hailing distance and they will immediately be on the alert to fleece him. Not a word of thanks will escape their lips in return.

Coming back to the gate, we were closely scrutinized by the guard; whatever they had on their mind, they said nothing, but merely prevented us from entering a large building nearby, which seemed to be an arsenal. At the foot of the hill on which the fort is built, in a very lively quarter of the town, is the mosque begun by the Khedive in honor of his mother. Its architecture is peculiar, in so far as it is an attempt at uniting the Greek with the Moorish style. It was never finished, for want of funds. Cairo is fast becoming one of the great modern cities. Everywhere on the streets are the encroaching signs of European improvements and European manners: cafés and beer gardens, filled with well dressed people, show windows of European business houses, street-cars, cabs and carriages, streets crowded with Europeans. All this must have been absent before the English occupations.

Not far from the fort are the old bazaars of Cairo. They seem to have been formerly long rows of shops, over which roofs have now been built in order to cover the narrow streets between them. Here most of the peculiar ways of the Orient have been preserved. Each dusky merchant tires not to expose to the view of the passers-by as much of his merchandise as he can in front

of his small stall. He himself, hovers around his cherished stock, always on the alert for any customer. Woe to the pocketbook of any stranger who is of a curious or prying disposition and has the time and inclination to examine the goods: he will not so easily ecsape their eloquent solicitations and will surely part with some of his good money for useless trumpery and spurious antiques. The bazaars were quite interesting even to us, who had seen so many on our trip. I am afraid though, that we left some enemies behind in those bazaars of old Cairo. The merchants must have noted us for hard-hearted giaours since no eloquence of theirs drew even a piastre. Two swarthy Arabs at least, gave unequivocal signs of their anger. We stopped to examine the curious old weapons and trinkets with which their stall abounded. The two shop-keepers at once rushed forth and began to praise the antiquity and the artistic workmanship of their swords, daggers, helmets, pistols and of the collection of antique jewlery and brassworks. But their smirking friendliness grew into an angry scowl, when we moved on without having made a purchase. They shouted abuse after us in their disappointment and no doubt would have run us through with some of their old sabres, if they had dared. There are certain quarters of these bazaars and of old Cairo, where moslem fanaticism may become dangerous to the Christian that passes through. A good many of the shops in the bazaars were closed on account of the Beiram feast.

Behind the bazaars are the Jewish quarters, full of dirt, ragged children and slovenly men and women, who looked askance at strangers, as if they were not used to seeing any. An old man, who was warden of a synagogue, did not hesitate to show us all the secrets of his temple. In front, we were surprised to see something like a high-altar. In the top part of it were several doors, which he opened. Curiously enough we saw the recesses filled with many fine vestments and vessels, which looked much like those in Catholic churches. We returned in a roundabout way to the more modern portion of the city.

As evening fell, music resounded from every direction and the pleasure-seeking people gathered around the cafés and saloons, sitting out in front of them under the porches, or at tables grouped on the walks. Following their example ourselves, we could observe at leisure the animated scenes. The principal streets were brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. The sounds of all the European languages mingled with the more unfamiliar Turkish or Arabic around us. Busily the waiters were gliding to and fro in their white aprons. All the establishments of any pretension had some kind of musical attraction and the strains of different kinds of music reached the ear on all sides. Peddlers with all sorts of small merchandise plied their trade among the patrons of the cafés and other establishments. Several of them came also into the Baierischer Hof, whither we had

retired later on, and where we sat for a while conversing with mine host of the rotund face and the hearty manners. He generally presided at the table d'hote in regular old style and enlivened the fare with conversation; the guests were mostly Germans, but among them was a belated bridal couple from Russia, who had all sorts of adventures to relate about Constantinople.

Our stay in Cairo was necessarily short, as we intended to invade the Turkish territory at Jaffa, pass or no pass, on Wednesday or Thursday. We should otherwise have visited Alexandria and made a short tour up the Nile. Rising early next morning we hailed a passing carriage, in order to drive out to Matarieh. Tradition mentions Matarieh as the place where the holy family resided for a time during their stay in Egypt. We passed many ruins on the way out. The road leads through the outskirts of the city across a fertile plain to the extensive gardens of the Khedive. In a separate enclosure of these gardens, the tree and the well, where the blessed Mother and Child rested, are venerated by both Christians and moslems. The tree which afforded shade to the holy exiles from Palestine, is large and irregular in shape. It bears upon it on all sides the marks of vandal visitors. The lower limbs bave been stripped of their leaves and twigs and the trunk has been robbed of its bark, so that I wondered, how it could still be alive. The lower part of the trunk is forked into two branches and is oddly bent, so as to form a seat, on which no doubt our Blessed Lady

rested with the little Infant. A few steps from the tree, the fountain, which welled forth from the earth at her bidding, still gushes out and irrigates the surrounding gardens. The Khedive has erected a stone enclosure over its opening in order to regulate the flow of water. Adjoining is a garden with a fine chapel in honor of the Virgin Mother, which was given in charge of the Jesuits by the Khedive. I was sorry I had already broken fast, and so could not celebrate mass on a spot so intimately connected with the trials of the two most blessed persons in history.

Some rods farther along the main road, where a blindfolded water-buffalo was slowly turning a creaking water-wheel, stands a towering obelisk. It is one of the oldest in existence, being over four thousand years old. The vast monolith of granite retains its polish almost throughout its entire length; only on one side in the middle some few pieces have peeled off. On each of its four sides carved hieroglyphics give solitary message of the buried past. Images of animals form the greater portion of the inscriptions. Fully ten feet of soil and débris had collected since the obelisk had been erected, for we had to descend a stairs in the excavations around it, in order to reach the rock foundations upon which it rests. A half mile off the road is the ostrich farm, which guides and guide-books make much of, but which we did not think worth while visiting.

Lustily our driver plied his whip in order to make

sure of the extra bakshish promised him. These Orientals are pashas, when they hold the reins of their horses: being the mere slaves of despotic rulers, they enjoy the luxury of playing the despot toward their animals in their turn. However, we got back to Cairo so much the sooner on that account. It was necessary to see the American consul-general, arrange for our departure to Port Said and attend to other minor business, before leaving on the noon train. The charges for our stay at Korff's hotel were very reasonable and the accommodations are as good as could be desired in any place.

In order to reach Port Said by rail it was necessary to go back to Ismailia and there take the railroad along the Suez canal. We had to be satisfied with the same kind of clumsy cars, as those which had brought us here from Ismailia; but from there to Port Said the accommodation and the train service are much better. Almost during the whole stretch to Port Said the Suez canal is in sight on the right hand. The sandy wastes, as far as the eye could reach, are streaked with the blue waters of lagoons and the canal itself widens out in several places into a kind of inland sea. On that account, though it connects two salt seas, this canal is to a great extent a sweetwater canal, being fed by the lagoons. As the sun sank in the west, the beautiful sunset scene of Laguna di Bay in Luzon was almost reproduced. The carmine of the flaky clouds, mingling with the greenish-blue stretches of of the western sky and gradually darkening toward the

east, formed, for our delight, a magnificent dissolving view, as if to enhance the departure of old Sol from his diurnal course. In the gathering dusk immense flocks of white pelicans would occasionally take wing from the bosom of the quiet lagoons and, settling again in some other quarter, would disturb the placid reflection of the western skies on the lagoons. On arriving at Port Said, boatmen rushed upon us from the dark like a set of demons to seize our baggage and hurry us along with it to the dusky hulk of the Austrian Lloyd, the Thalia, which swung at anchor in the harbor and stood ready for departure to Jaffa.

After much running and confusion on board, the passengers at length found their berths, we among the rest. There was little of the formality of English boats. Supper was plentiful. We found aboard six Canadian secular priests and two Franciscan friars from Paraguay. We were greatly surprised to see the shaggy and eccentric Clarke, who had made himself so noticeable on the Britannia, again our fellow passenger and in intimate conversation with one of the Canadian priests. The latter seemed much taken in with him and was in lively conversation with him at supper. The whole afterdeck of the steamer was littered with baggage and passengers of the third class. They seemed to be a gleaning from all nations and climes. Some of them soon gave generous tribute to Neptune and the mingling of men, women and children on their uneasy couches, improvised on pieces

of baggage, was somewhat of a distressing sight on European water. For a long time after the Thalia had begun to leap over the brisk, curling waves of the Mediterranean in the hazy moonlight, I stayed on deck, preferring one of the benches to the crowded quarters of the cabins.

We were now only a short distance from the wished-for goal, that had principally attracted us over three fourths of the earth's surface. To-morrow our eyes would behold the Holy Land, the centre and the birthplace of all important history. How many pilgrims through the centuries had preceded us! How many had counted it a privilege to die for the possession of the land sanctified by the Saviour! How many would count it as the supreme privilege of their lives to visit the sacred scenes! What are the monuments and the scenes of other countries in comparison to those of the land selected by God for his chosen people and as the theatre of the grandest drama of the universe: the life and death of the Savior, the resurrection, the sending of the Holy Ghost, the sublime life of the Virgin Mother and the founding of the church of God.

PRACTICAL HINTS. Any one making an extended trip in foreign lands should obtain a passport of his own country. It will be very useful in case of accident or trouble with the authorities. The Turk and the Russian are yet so far back in civilization as to require a passport from the strangers, who honor them with a visit. For entering Turkey, it is necessary to have a special teskere, or identification, from one of the Turkish consuls residing

outside of Turkey. When one has a passport from his own country the teskere is merely a stamp and signature on the back of it. Without a home passport it must be a regular Turkish passport and will cost much more than the simple visè or endorsement of the consul on the American passport. This teskere must be signed by the authorities every time you leave a town after a stay of even only a few hours. It is especially necessary in every coast town at which you wish to land.

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