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WOLFE'S COVE, ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

By H.R.H. Princess Louise.

Page 22.

ROUND THE GLOBE

THROUGH GREATER BRITAIN

EDITED BY

W. C. PROCTER

WITH EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
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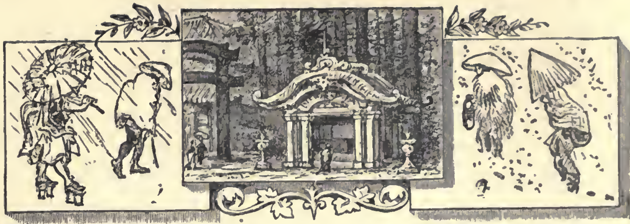

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INTRODUCTION.

IT was a happy thought to give the title of "Greater Britain" to the vast but scattered realms which secure to the English language and literature a domain "on which the sun never sets." Never in the history of the world has there been seen so wonderful an expansion of one race, speaking one language, as that which is marked by this name.

The purpose of the present volume, however, is not to give a full and elaborate account of the British colonies and dependencies. It is intended merely to present to those who have not much time for reading, and especially to the young, a few vivid glimpses of the English-speaking world beyond the seas.

Greater Britain has been created partly by colonization, and partly by conquest without colonization. North America and Australia form the chief instances of the former method, and Hindostan of the latter.

The separation of the United States from the mother country ought not to be regarded as severing the great republic from Greater Britain. Our American brethren speak the mother tongue; the historic traditions of seventeen centuries are common to them and to us; their constitution is founded on English experience and English ideas. An American visiting England has a special interest in it as the home of his forefathers; and an Englishman going to America feels as though he were visiting his married children. In fact, in regard to almost all moral, as distinguished from political bonds of unity, the United States belong much more really to Greater Britain than does Hindostan or Burmah. Nevertheless, as these latter countries are under the imperial government, we must necessarily regard them as provinces of the empire, and in that sense parts of Greater Britain. But it is with the English offshoots of the mother country that we are chiefly concerned here.

It is said that when the English first came from Denmark to establish themselves in Britain, three small ships held them all. They now number about a hundred millions; they fill two continents, North America and Australia, besides a large number of islands of the sea. Of course they have been joined by a considerable population belonging to other

races—German and French and Norse. But this has not substantially affected the English character of Greater Britain. For with some few exceptions, the laws are administered in English, the debates of legislatures are in English, the public schools are taught in English, and the whole development of each community proceeds from roots in English history.

Many causes have contributed to this wonderful expansion of Britain, but they have all been subordinate to the restlessness and adventurous energy of the race. Religious persecution was one of the chief secondary causes. This drove out the Puritans, in the days of the Stuart kings, to form a New England on the distant Atlantic shore. More recently the rapid increase of population has made it impossible to find occupation for all who are born in our comparatively small island. Nearly all the available land has been occupied, and spirited men who desired to farm their own land have been obliged to seek the opportunity of doing so in some wild and unsettled country. In the north of Scotland changes in the land system have caused a considerable shifting of population. Many of the people have obtained employment in manufacturing or commercial towns. But perhaps a still greater number have found homes across the sea. In Ireland a variety of causes that

need not be here discussed, have created an almost constant stream of emigration during the last fifty years. The population has been reduced by nearly one-half. About four millions have left their native land to begin life again, for the most part in the United States, but to some extent also in the British colonies. Changes also in the course of trade in produce have induced many landowners to lay down their land in grass, because grazing appeared to be the most profitable way of using it. And this, too, has helped to swell the exodus of families from our rural districts.

Nor must we altogether omit from the causes of emigration, the system of transportation for crime which prevailed during the earlier part of this century. It is impossible to regret that this system is now abandoned. It could not be expected that any British colony would permanently submit to have our criminal population transferred to its shores. At the same time it cannot be denied that the system had many advantages. Many prosperous and virtuous families at the antipodes have sprung from criminals who, when they found a new world opened to them, reformed their lives and entered upon a career of honest industry.

At the present day there are several societies maintained for the purpose of assisting those who

have no prospect in this country to find a new home in the colonies. But their operation is attended with many difficulties. If they send out the weakly, or the improvident, or the idle, who fail at home through their own defects, such people are not very likely to succeed elsewhere. And indeed both the United States and the British colonies are beginning to refuse to receive them. On the other hand, if we send out the strong and intelligent and enterprising, it may be said that we are robbing our own country of the best elements in its population. On the whole, it seems best not to interfere too much with individual choice or the operation of natural causes. Let information as to the opportunities afforded in the British dependencies be extended as widely as possible amongst the people. Thus young men who are forming their plans for life will be able to judge for themselves how far their prospects are likely to be improved by emigration.

With all these changes the adventurous energy of our race seems as strong as ever. Our young people find no more attractive reading than bright pictures of travel, and a kind of personal or family interest draws them to think of lands where friends have gone before. It is hoped that the glimpses of Greater Britain here following may prove both attractive and useful to such readers. They are not dry disquisi-

tions, but consist for the most part of lively and copiously illustrated sketches by well-known travellers, who have kindly permitted us to embody their experiences in this volume. Out of a number of detached journeys we frame as nearly as possible a continuous voyage round the world, nearly always amongst English-speaking people. This plan enables us to retain the vividness of personal narrative, while at the same time we have the variety afforded by many distinct observers. Starting from the mother country we cross the Atlantic; we follow the Canadian line across North America, not without occasional glances at the United States; we sail over the Pacific Ocean, calling at Fiji, and then proceed by New Zealand, Australia, India, the Cape, and Gibraltar, back again to our own land. In conclusion we have to express our thanks to the writers whose names are given in the table of contents, and to Mr. John Murray for permission to make some interesting extracts from the late Dr. Livingstone's travels published by him.

W. C. PROCTER.

WESTWARD TO NIAGARA.

WESTWARD TO NIAGARA.

CHAPTER I.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND QUEBEC.

IVEN three good things, five weeks of holiday, a wholesome liking for salt water, and fifty pounds; can you do better with them than go to Niagara? See what you will get by it. First, you will be boarded and lodged in a ship of a steam fleet, beaten by none in the Atlantic for safety, comfort, discipline, and cheapness. I mean Allan's Canadian line. You will have at least twenty days of the most pure and invigorating air that human lungs can inhale; and quite sufficient to set up even a jaded Londoner for a fortnight of rather sharp travelling. You will have a varied, amusing, and by no means unprofitable opportunity of studying human nature among numerous

fellow-passengers of all countries, ages, and conditions.

You will see a hundred or so of icebergs, which you certainly would not see either at Brighton or Scarborough. You will ascend the St. Lawrence, which, all things considered, is quite one of the most stately and interesting rivers in the world. You will pass through a district of Canada, which will bring you into contact with its oldest civilisation, and its most recent industries, its noblest public buildings, and the grandest memories of its early time. You may shoot rapids, gaze on the outskirts of the primeval forest, see native Indians, travel on railways in gilded saloons, which at night become bedrooms, or if going by water, in large steamers, some of which may accurately be described as floating palaces.

Everywhere you will hear your native tongue spoken, you will see your native flag floating in the breeze, you will be surprised, let us hope gratified, by a hearty loyalty, you will see a young Empire in all the flush and enthusiasm of increasing greatness governing itself with decision, and developing its resources with such an amazing rapidity, that, as was once said quaintly of the rush of a Canadian spring, if you would only put your head to the ground, you would hear the grass grow.

Last, but not least, you will see what all your life afterwards you will be glad to have seen, and what with every returning summer you will long once more to visit, if but for one short afternoon, Nature's

most peerless, most indescribable, most unapproachable, most sublime marvel, Niagara Falls.

My first impressions of the St. Lawrence, so much more beautiful than I had ever expected it to be,

THE ST. LAWRENCE IN WINTER.

quite convince me that this is the right way of entering North America, and not the less so because the voyage from land to land is two days shorter than to New York. But it was hard to believe, as we steamed through the bright water, and looked

round on the mountains and woods and sky in all their summer beauty, that in a few months' time winter would be come, and all be a mass of ice. From Christmas to May the river at Quebec is so thoroughly frozen over as to be a common thoroughfare for the traffic from shore to shore; and the entire stoppage of the navigation for more than one-third of the year must be a serious bar to the progress of the country.

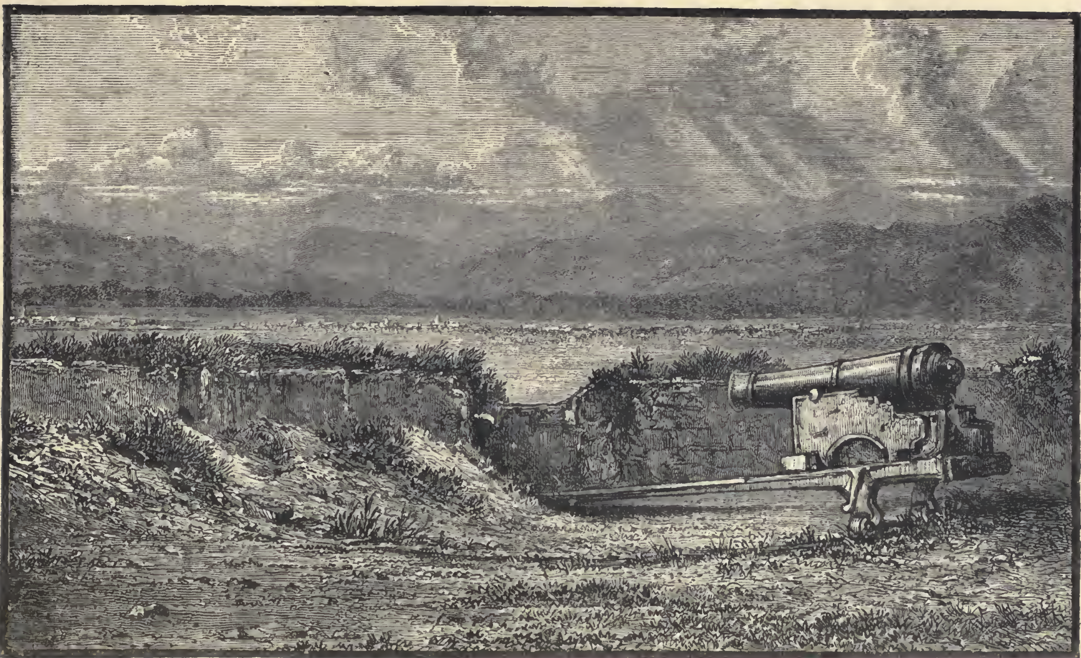
We were two days in Quebec, in that time quite exhausting the sights of that rather sombre city, and coming to the conclusion about it that one comes to about so many other places, that it is better to look at than live in. Yet for the grandeur of its site and the exquisiteness as well as extent of the views from it, it has but few rivals. The views from the Esplanade, looking down the river towards the island of Orleans, quite reminded me of the Bosphorus; but the noblest prospect is from the Citadel. Northward, over the city and the St. Charles River, you look away towards far-off azure hills, clothed with primeval forest, and in all variety of rolling or peaked outline —one in particular standing all by itself, just like Mount Tabor. Then down the river, with its ships and steamers, and smaller craft of all kinds, and the white houses on the island of Orleans, and on the far horizon, blue with their indescribable blue, a grand mountain range, the like of which we should never see in Central Canada, nor, indeed, till we returned there again. Southward, right away into the States.

QUEBEC FROM THE CITADEL.

towards Portland in Maine, is a great expanse of rich and cultivated country, the sky-line here again bounded by a range of hills. To the south-west the St. Lawrence stretches away towards Montreal, and, under a brilliant sun and with a sky just clouded enough for lights and shadows, the effect was superb.

The interior of the city is dirty and commonplace; there are but few fine buildings, and the place has an air of decay. The permanent removal of the Legislature to Ottawa, and the total withdrawal of the English garrison, was a double blow from which it is hard to recover. The streets are steep, rough, and uneven. The side walks are of wood, which is cheaper than flag, and less liable to injury from the breaking up of the frost, though more dangerous in case of fire. The tin on the spires of the churches and on the house-roofs makes them safer from sparks and the snow more readily falls off; while in the sparkling atmosphere of Canada, whether in summer or winter, the effect is bright and picturesque.

There are two romantic waterfalls near Quebec, both of which we visited. That of Montmorency is about eight miles from the city; and our pleasant drive to it gave us a good opportunity of observing the old-fashioned and rather slovenly cultivation of the soil in this part of Canada—a cultivation, however, peculiar to the French—as well as of admiring the pretty wooden houses, each with its portico and verandah, in the village we passed through. We did not observe any large timber, and the trees were mainly



INTERIOR OF THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

ash, spruce, larch, maple, and sycamore. The native flora of Canada is poor; and labour is so expensive that few care much for flower gardens.

As we approached Montmorency, we crossed the river, with deep brown pools full of trout, reminding me a good deal of the Roman bridge over the Lune at Kirkby Lonsdale. Then, passing through a little field fringed with wood, we came in sight of the fall; the summit of it a sort of edge of water from shore to shore, about a hundred and ten feet high, and then the grand plunge of the river over a perfectly precipitous rock, one hundred and forty feet high, in a mass of white foam, into a great pool below.

There is a wooden staircase leading down to the foot of the falls, from which a good view can be obtained; but we preferred the view from lower down the hill in the field, where with the prospect of the fall is combined quite the grandest sight of Quebec we had yet enjoyed, the Citadel, like another Gibraltar, looking down upon the city and river, the town itself glittering and sparkling in the afternoon sun, with the gentle murmur of the somewhat distant fall tumbling down through a setting of green foliage, and in an air far fresher and more exhilarating than a draught of the best champagne.

The other waterfall is that of Lorette, near what is called an Indian village. The fall, which acts, in the first instance, as water-power to an extensive paper-mill, suddenly dashes down a long and sharp descent, through a deep gorge thickly covered with wood, on

the side of which a pretty path has been cut. You may easily fancy yourself in a Scotch glen with the

THE CITADEL DITCH, AND RAMPARTS.

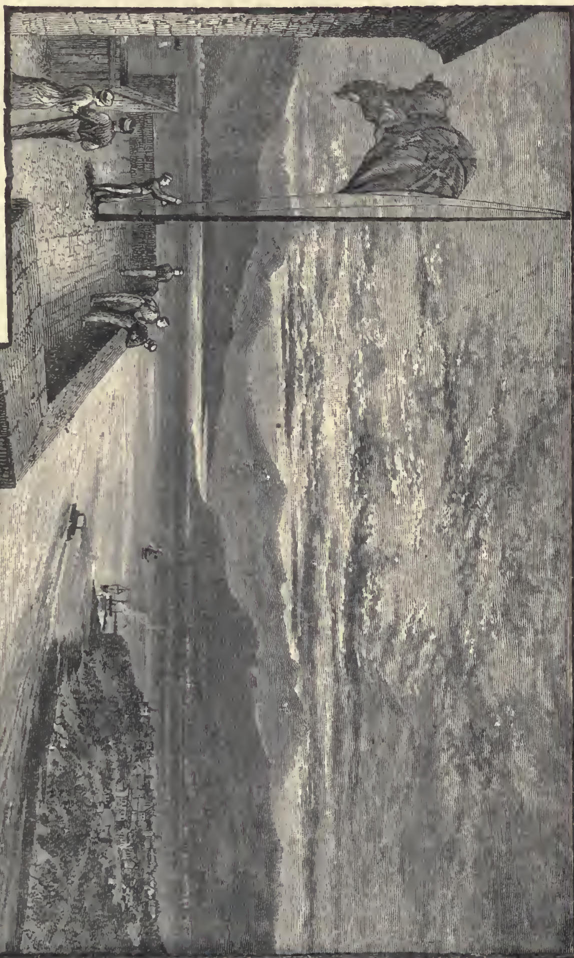
brawl of a big burn all round, and though you miss the heather, you are compensated by infinite ferns.

CHAPTER II.

MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

N the afternoon we left for Montreal in a river steamer peculiar to this continent, but which with advantage might be used on the Thames. Perhaps a Noah's Ark best describes its queer appearance. Outside it is three-storied, painted white, and fitted with pleasant green shutters to all the windows. Inside it is commodiously arranged and sumptuously furnished, especially in the principal saloon—where there is an abundance of couches, easy-chairs, tables, a magnificent piano, and brilliantly burning lamps. All round this drawing-room, which extends the entire length of the vessel, are the tiny but exquisitely clean and comfortable cabins. Underneath is the refreshment saloon, where tea is served from seven to ten. In

the evening there is usually good music with singing, always concluded with "God save the Queen." The



THE ST. LAWRENCE FROM THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S QUARTERS AT QUEBEC.

boats are steered by a wheel in front, and make eighteen miles an hour. They are crowded with passengers and cargo, and the charge is only four dollars, which includes the tea, one extra dollar ensuring the comfort of an entire cabin. We left Quebec at four, and reached Montreal in about fifteen hours. Both banks of the river are highly cultivated, and well inhabited. Many a bright little trout stream we saw leaping down into the great river ; and huge stores of sawed timber waiting to be fetched away.

At seven next morning our hundred and eighty miles were nearly accomplished, and Montreal was in sight. Certainly the approach to what is incontestably the commercial metropolis of the Dominion is very fine. The well-built and spacious city, with its numerous church spires and towers, the Roman Catholic Cathedral grandly dominating over all ; the green mountain as a background ; the river bank lined with noble quays, rivalling even stately Bordeaux ; the bustle of ships and steamers loading and unloading, as if there was not a single hour to lose ; the tubular bridge beyond spanning the glorious stream, ten thousand feet long, with its pier openings two hundred and fifty feet in width, and rising in the centre to one hundred feet above high-water mark, produce an instant impression of life and power, and of the vast opportunities, of which perhaps the most ambitious city in the Dominion is fully conscious.

But as the traveller steps on shore, and walks up

the busy streets, his impression of the greatness ot Montreal will only be strengthened. Some of the new warehouses will compete with anything either in Manchester or London for the solidity of their construction, and for the admirable taste of the elevation; while, built of a granite as durable as that of Aberdeen, they are of a far more cheerful colour.

One unvarying indication of Canadian progress is in the post-offices, which, in the great towns, were either being rebuilt on a large and costly scale, or had just been completed. The new post-office at Quebec is a singularly fine building. At Toronto and Montreal they were being erected of a size that ought to anticipate the needs of the country for fifty years.

The banks at Montreal are numerous and well-built; but I was most struck with the number and handsomeness of the places of worship. All Protestant Churches seem to lay out as much on their spires and towers as Anglicans; and the Roman Catholics, with vast wealth at their back, not content with their enormous Cathedral, said to hold ten thousand at a time, and a Jesuit church adorned with some exquisite frescoes, were then slowly erecting a magnificent new Cathedral, on the model of St. Peter's. The Anglican Cathedral is a handsome new church, built on the same plan as Salisbury Cathedral, but on a smaller scale, and holds its own among the other ecclesiastical buildings of the city.

From Montreal we went to Ottawa, on whose river young English ladies in their earliest attempts at the oars sing "Row, brothers, row." The journey occupies a day, and is performed chiefly by steamer on the Ottawa River, with an interlude of railway to avoid the rapids. At Lachine we first joined the boat, and were presently on the broad stream of the Ottawa, which at its junction with the St. Lawrence is eleven miles across, but soon narrows, and with its diminishing width becomes much more pleasing. The banks of the river are charmingly wooded, but all the fine timber has long ago disappeared. Cheerful villages, with piers for goods and passengers, give the river an air of life and bustle; in the glorious light of a perfect summer's day there was a still golden richness over the scene, reminding me almost of the Nile, and my heart rose in thankfulness to God for having made his world so fair, and for having permitted me to see it.

Occasionally there was a long stretch of water with a distant view, blue as only a Canadian prospect can be; nevertheless, in the lower part of the river there is nothing to compare in beauty either with the Danube or the Rhine. As we neared Ottawa, the scenery grew finer. A bold bluff of land, shutting out the city, acts as a natural bastion to what lies behind it, and is a feature of real beauty in itself. This turned, Ottawa came full in view, with its noble Parliament buildings crowning a grand eminence above the river, the lofty spires of the

Roman Catholic Cathedral on the left, and the city itself, lying behind, and hardly visible from the water.

These three things, the new Parliament buildings, the view of the river from the Lovers' Walk, and the Chaudière Falls, are worth coming a very long way to see. The noble Parliament buildings and Government offices are quite unrivalled for purity of style, stateliness of elevation, and also perhaps for commodiousness of arrangement, by any public buildings on the North American continent.

The Chaudière Fall is truly an overpowering sight. Our going to it was altogether owing to the invitation of a friend in one of the Government departments, who had kindly taken us over the Parliament building in the afternoon, and after dinner accompanied us to the Fall. It had been raining hard, and the dusk was coming on, but there was still half an hour of daylight; and calling a coach we drove rapidly through the back settlements of the town (mischievous people might call it all back settlement), and taking our scrambling path over the numerous logs of an immense timber yard, came out upon the Fall.

We were just where it hurls itself down into the boiling cauldron from which it takes its name; the light was fading away, the sky was additionally darkened with driving clouds, and the scene was as sublime as it could be. There was the great wide river, gloomy and angry under the lowering sky

ROUGH LOGS FROM THE FOREST.

rushing down from the frozen north on its way into the Atlantic. Tossing, heaving, struggling with itself, trying to resist its fate, but in the end passionately yielding to it, down it came rushing on in fierce and boisterous eddies till it tumbled headlong into the seething basin below, where anything solid would whirl round and round in everlasting circles, till the water dissolved it into atoms. A great cloud of mist went up and filled the air; and as we looked down on the water falling, and after it had fallen, writhing as in contortions and spasms of agony, it was a sight with a strange spell in it, and quite of a different character in its shape and beauty from either Montmorency or Niagara.

Going back, we lingered for a moment in a great sawing yard near to see the process of sawing the logs, as they come down rough from the forest, into deals fit for the joiner's use. All is done by water power. First, the log is hooked and drawn up out of the water by a strong chain. Then it is pulled up a groove to an apparatus of eight saws, which with wonderful rapidity and precision cut it into eight pieces. These pieces are then trimmed into exact lengths, and by the same force conveyed away.

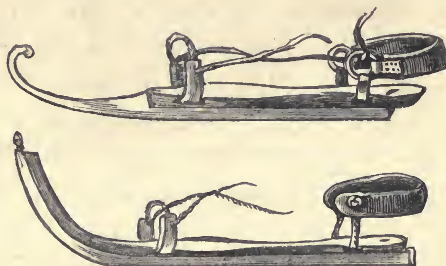
In summer this work is carried on day and night continuously by relays of men. In winter the same men go into the forests for what is called lumbering, and are occupied, in spite of the ice and snow, in felling the timber, and then moving it to the water's

A LUMBERER'S LOG CABIN.

edge ready for the breaking up of the frost. The conveyance of the logs down stream is very hard and sometimes dangerous work, for when the river gets jammed with the timber, men have to get on it and cut it loose with axes, not infrequently getting themselves terribly crushed, many miles from surgeon or

hospital. But the wages are good. At the end of the winter, in addition to the board and lodging always provided, a skilful lumberer will sometimes receive, at Quebec, a hundred pounds for his labour, which he is too often tempted after the terrible hardships of a long winter to waste in a fortnight's frolic.

Political feeling runs very high in Canada, yet, perhaps, nothing in the long run is more desirable for a young country than that each of her citizens should feel an interest in her prosperity, an honest pride in her greatness, and an actual responsibility for her good government.



CHAPTER III.

TORONTO.

FROM Ottawa we went to Toronto by railway, a journey of about twelve hours, through a flat uninteresting country, with nothing to relieve the fatiguing monotony of an ill-constructed railway but occasional glimpses of the River St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and bright gleams of woodland.

At Toronto we made our abode at the Rosslin House Hotel, the only really good hotel we had as yet stayed at. The rooms were airy, the linen clean, the table excellent, while the charge was half a dollar a day less than at Quebec or Montreal. The waiters were negroes, and capital waiters they were. Remarking this afterwards to an American gentleman, I elicited the instant reply that Providence had intended them to be servants. From a white man's point of view this was a convenient view of the

question. But it would hardly be so self-evident to the black man, who might fairly retort that Providence, in giving him his freedom, had at least afforded him the chance of doing as he pleased.

The next day was Sunday, and I was glad of the opportunity of attending service in the Cathedral, after a visit to the Dean's Sunday-school, where the hearty singing was delightful to hear. It is a fine Gothic church, and the congregation were completing it by the erection of a beautiful spire. Dean Grasette's parochial organization seemed complete, and very much of the same type as that of a large town parish in England. There is no lack either of church accommodation, or of what is of still more consequence, zeal and ability among the clergy, outsiders, and not Anglicans, being witnesses; and an English clergyman may be permitted to observe of brethren outside his own communion how ably and acceptably they seem to discharge their duties.

Toronto is a handsome and thriving city on the banks of Lake Ontario, with a population of 125,000. It had, however, when we saw it, an unfinished appearance from some few of its principal thoroughfares not yet being built up; and on the whole it looked best from the water, where the spires and towers gracefully break the monotony of the housetops, and the green trees of the park make a pleasing background.

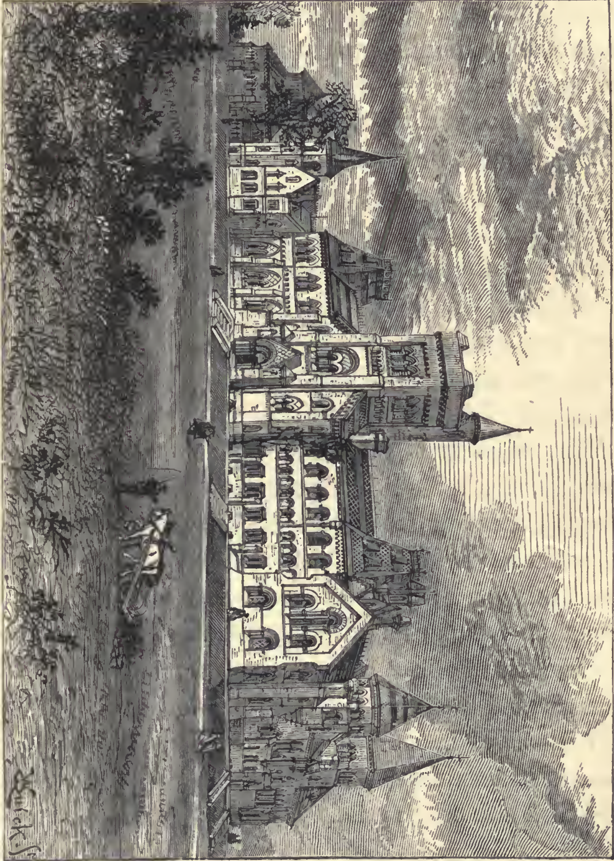
The two principal buildings in Toronto, which also give it the exceptional importance of being a

judicial as well as an educational metropolis, are the Law Courts and the University. The Law Courts, otherwise known as Osgoode Hall, are a handsome Greek building in a grass enclosure railed off from the road, and ornamented with some shady trees. I did not see the interior, but Mr. Trollope thought that the internal arrangements as far surpass those of the Four Courts in Dublin as the elevation of the Four Courts surpasses that of Osgoode Hall.

But the University is the pride of Toronto. It is erected in a breezy and spacious park, to the north of the town, in pure Norman style, and of a durable grey stone at a total cost of £80,000. It was a great advantage for me to be taken over it by Professor Wilson. I saw the laboratory, museum, a fine room for academical meetings and the conferring of degrees, lecture-rooms, and the library. There are also living-rooms for students, who can be maintained at a cost of £45 a year, most of which can be met by a scholarship easily gained by an average amount of industry and ability. The students have their meals together, but there are separate dormitories. Sitting-rooms can be had by extra payment. The revenues of the University are large, accruing from lands with which it was endowed by George IV., so that the professors are liberally paid, and the best men the country can produce are forthcoming.

The University is quite unconnected with any religious body; but Holy Scripture is read, and

prayers said daily for the resident students, who have the power of absenting themselves if their parents



TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

wish for it. Only twice has the permission been claimed. Some years ago the University also

granted degrees in theology; but from a variety of causes, it was totally disconnected from the English Church; and an Anglican College has existed for some years, which confers degrees, and is extremely useful for training clergymen, but of course with very scanty resources and a small professorial staff.

I must not omit to mention the Normal Training School, a most important institution, where teachers are trained for the public schools. The system of free and rate-sustained schools is here in full operation; and when I inquired about their compulsory method for enforcing attendance, I was immediately told there was no necessity for it, as the children came well enough without. Perhaps closer inquiry might reveal a different tale.

Toronto must be a pleasant place to live in both from its agreeable literary society, and also from the temperateness of its climate, which is much milder than that of Lower Canada. Not, however, that the air of this continent suits every one. English people accustomed to an island atmosphere are apt to feel the want of salt in the air of Canada; and a medical man assured me, from his own domestic experience, that it was often fatal to young children not acclimatised to it, producing a constant intestinal irritation, for which the only remedy is sea air.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HORSE-SHOE FALL.

FROM Toronto to Niagara there are two routes open. One on the Great Western Railway by Hamilton and the head of the lake to Niagara Town; the other by steamer across the lake to Niagara River, a passage of about three hours, and in fine weather fairly enjoyable.

Next morning we took our seats in the train, and, like many travellers before us, we were soon made to feel that, big as the world may be, it is not too big for all sorts of unexpected meetings. Whom should I see walking down the middle of the car but two young London clergymen, bound west as missionaries for Japan; one the curate of a dear friend at St. Mary's, Newington, the other from my old rural deanery, and himself a native of Canada, come here to say farewell to his friends before his work began.

On this railway I learned yet further to appreciate my own country from the somewhat qualifying comments on his native institutions given to me by an American gentleman of strong sense and agreeable address. " Now, sir, this is what I have to say about it, that if one of your people, supposing he's an intelligent man, after going about among us, and asking all sorts of questions from people who can give him an answer, don't go straight home, to put on all the breaks as fast as he can, and turn out a bigger Conservative than ever, I'm fixed."

This railway was through a richly cultivated country, settled full a hundred years ago, and abounding in corn, wood, pasture, peach and apple orchards, with here and there a vineyard. It is on a high table-land, so that there are frequent glimpses of the distant country, and even of Lake Ontario; and on the right hand we passed the Brock Monument, a tall and graceful pillar erected in memory of the gallant General Brock, who fell in the American war of 1812. At Niagara Town we had a moment's glimpse of the Falls, but we got out at the Clifton House Station, an insignificant shed—which here, as at most railway stations on this continent, is all the accommodation afforded to the public — and after walking swiftly down the hill, the war of the Cataracts every moment becoming more audible, at a sudden bend in the road a great flash of light and foam came across us, and we were opposite the Falls.

It was a moment in one's life never to be forgotten; a more than sufficient reward for time and money, shaky railway and stormy seas; ranking among one's past recollections of Mount Lebanon, and the Alps, and the Bay of Rio, and taking easy precedence of them all. If, indeed, I am called upon to say whether the first glimpse quite fulfilled previous anticipations, in strict accuracy I should answer that the Falls were certainly less high than I had expected, for their great breadth diminishes the impression of their height; but in this respect only did they fall short, and then only for a time, of all that I had hoped to see. But there they were at last; and it was hardly the moment for severely analyzing the quantity or quality of one's delight when, with a perfect summer's day, in which to sit down and gaze at them till their beauty became an actual part of one's memory, the end of my journey was gained.

The Clifton House Hotel is on the Canadian side, and is so close both to the American and Horse-Shoe Falls, that, when the wind blows that way, the spray comes across, and will soon wet you through. What a delight it was, our rooms first secured, to sit down under one of the cool and spacious verandahs of that delightful hotel, and gaze on the Falls in simple ecstasy! But it soon proved impossible to be either silent or solitary in that crowded place.

People in America are neither so morose nor taciturn as they are occasionally represented to be.

An elderly gentleman came up to me, and pleasantly asked if I knew a Mr. Bickersteth in England, who had written a poem that was much admired in America, and had also visited the country some years ago. On my answering that he was one of my greatest friends, he became intimate in a moment; not in the least degree conscious that in that first half hour the only company a man could wish for was his own thoughts, and the only voice he cared to listen to the roar of the Falls! Was it very selfish to feel a little in despair when he suddenly went away and then returned, bringing with him another gentleman, whom on the strength of his own previous introduction of himself he pleasantly introduced to me, as if it was the most natural thing possible? Certainly he was an agreeable and excellent man, but one who seemed to be but the first of a long series of sociable idlers, who were to interview the stranger from London during the fast-flying minutes of one of the most precious days of his life. But the dinner-gong proved my friend; and a carriage soon rescued me from the kindly-meant courtesies which at another moment I should have been only too glad to enjoy.

And now for Niagara, which I must ask to be permitted to describe in my own way; just premising that those of my readers who are dissatisfied with what I tell them should ask for Professor Tyndall's paper on Niagara, which appeared in *Macmillan*, or the first volume of Mr. Anthony Trollope's "North America."

First, we make our way to an ugly-looking tower, about a mile distant in Lundy's Lane, on the road to Thorold, a thriving township on the Welland Canal, and climbing up many weary steps find at the summit an old soldier who points out the chief features in a very extensive prospect, and with military exactness explains the story of a famous engagement fought between England and the States in 1814, when each side found it very hard to conquer Anglo-Saxon enemies, and had to be ultimately content with a drawn battle. Here, also, is the spot where, in the closing page of the "Spy," Fenimore Cooper describes the dying scene of one of the principal characters of his story, Harvey Brooks: who was supposed to gain his living by the infamy of a spy hireling, and in whose pocket was found a letter from George Washington that vindicated his patriotism.

From this tower was distinctly visible a panorama of sixty miles; northward towards Lake Ontario, westward over the rich flats of Hamilton and London, southward in the extreme distance a faint blue mountain range, which the guide declared to be the Alleghany Mountains, but which could be nothing of the kind, as they were one hundred and fifty miles away; and nearer in the middle distance, across a fine champaign of wood and cornfields, Lake Erie, with the towers and spires of thriving Buffalo rising above the trees. A little to the east, there is the grand flood of the Niagara river, much wider and statelier than

below the Falls, and bearing with it the drainage of almost half a continent, passing out of sight as it approaches the Falls, and not visible again. From this height we see the beginning and the end of Niagara; its beginning in the one lake, and its end in the other.

Now we descend, and turning back towards the Falls, go to what is called the Burning Springs; still on the Canada side, and commanding a view of the river, above the Horse-Shoe Fall. They are just at the spot where the water, in almost its greatest and grandest width, begins to stir and toss itself for its headlong journey, the white breakers on its turbulent current crisping into silvery foam under the dazzle of a cloudless sky. The sight supposed to be most worth seeing here is that of some mineral springs, emitting a gas which ignites at a candle, and affords an opportunity for charging half a dollar. I fear I hurt the showman's feelings by avowing my preference for the water over the fire; the sight of that fresh tumbling river doing one good to behold. From these springs there is a delightful and very quiet drive by the edge of what we may still call the Canadian stream, now rushing on with an ever-increasing velocity, and exactly verifying Mr. Trollope's remark about the "much little loveliness," at Niagara, "loveliness especially of water." There are a dozen spots where one could gladly linger for half a day, listening to the sleepy murmur of the water, watching its flash and sparkle in the sun, enjoying it

all the more, because the tourists find it much too dull to linger there, and soon leave you alone with nature.

Fifty yards further, and you are in the thick of the throng: carriages, horses, tourists all round you

THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALL.

two large bazaars, which you are invited to enter for the view from the summit, and photographers, who give you no peace till they have caricatured you on the spot. While daylight lasts there is no solitude here. Still we must make the best of it. We are now at the Table Rock, or at least immediately behind what used to be known by that name. But

it has recently been removed, as it had become unsafe through the action of the cataract. Here, perhaps more than anywhere else, you will feel that every human being visiting the Falls has come here to gaze on them, and has a fellow-feeling with you about it.

The position is a little higher than the great Horse-Shoe Fall. You see the river rolling and rushing on to the very edge of the cliff. You see it gracefully and smoothly fall over in a colour of the most exquisite green — always green, though green in various shades—and down it falls until it is lost in the cloud of spray that comes up half-way from below to meet it. The cloud, when the sun is on it, is enveloped in the haze of an exquisite rainbow, which towards evening seemed to rise higher and higher into the air. There was a peculiar charm about this rainbow, for the people of the place had not yet found out how to make a charge for it, and it was nature's free gift among a host of extortions. It was a singular enjoyment to stand watching the water as it slowly fell over the great lip of the precipice, and then to follow it through the creamy abyss of foam at the bottom until it slowly flowed on to join the waters from the American Fall.

The height of the Horse-Shoe is somewhat less than that of the other, being one hundred and fifty-nine feet against one hundred and sixty-eight. It is said to be already turning itself eastward to "excavate its gorge along the centre of the upper river."

THE AMERICAN AND HORSE-SHOE FALLS.

Its horse-shoe shape is supposed to be owing to the great mechanical force of the water, which also accounts for the greater depth of the river just below this fall. To my own mind the Horse-Shoe Fall is finer than the American, but the American has no cause to be jealous about pre-eminence. Either without the other would forfeit more than one-half of the combined grandeur of the whole.

Now we go on. Goat Island is opposite us, which divides the Horse-Shoe from the American Fall, and is also the boundary between the Canadian and American territories. Then comes the American Fall, which presently we shall visit on its own soil. Beneath us is the Ferry. In front is the Suspension Bridge and our own hotel. Our destination is the Whirlpool, a drive of two or three miles, and it is well worth the trouble. On three sides of the Pool rise lofty banks, thickly covered with wood, through which a path is cut down to the water. As you look on the right you see the river emerging from the Whirlpool Rapids, a few hundred yards above. To your left is an immense basin of deep green water, where, to borrow the scientific language of Professor Tyndall, "the sweep of the river prolongs itself in gyratory currents." In front, after having made a sharp bend at right angles, the stream flows calmly but rapidly away in the direction of Ontario, in a narrow but deep flood, and between well-wooded cliffs, a hundred and fifty feet high, which tame down out of all their steepness before the river reaches the lake.

CHAPTER V.

THE AMERICAN FALL.

IT may be convenient here to glance for a moment at the most probable theory of the origin and the progress of the Falls. And without wearying my reader, either with extravagant speculations or contradictory authorities, it may be sufficient to say, as the probable explanation of them, that in far-back times, the Falls began at the precipitous declivity which crossed the Niagara from Lewiston on the American shore to Queenston on the Canadian (see Tyndall's paper on Niagara); that the Falls, in the course of many thousands of years, have gradually worked their way back to where they are now, and are still working their way, at the rate of perhaps a foot a year, until the time arrives (may a better Coming have regenerated the earth long before) when the Falls will have worked their way back into Erie itself, and so will cease to be.

From the Whirlpool to the Whirlpool Rapids, if we were crows and not human beings, perhaps three minutes' steady flying would take us; and the wide waste of white roaring waters, known by that name, would be just under our feet. Being what we are, we must return by the way we came, and then driving through the railway station pass on to the Railway Suspension Bridge, and with the railway track over our heads drive slowly into the States on the other side; on our left looking down at the Rapids, on our right towards the Falls. In a few minutes we are at the entrance of an elegant saloon at the end of a by-road, with the wood on each side fenced off with high palisades, to prevent even a stray rabbit getting a look at the Rapids without paying for it. Passing through this saloon, you are directed to a lift, in which, if ignominiously, at least conveniently, you descend towards the river; and on emerging, after going down a wooden ladder, you can either go into a small summer-house overlooking the water, or go down to the river's edge. Probably, if you have time, you will do both.

These Whirlpool Rapids are certainly one of the most amazing features of the Niagara Falls. With a width of about three hundred feet, and through well-wooded cliffs of about one hundred and fifty feet high, the great river comes tossing on in a sort of frantic passion, the surface a mass of white boiling waves rushing pell-mell, wave over wave, in such desperate speed, that every now and then, as if suddenly

ROCK OF AGES AND WHIRLWIND BRIDGE.

bruised on great boulders below, or scooped up and tossed into the air by the playful hands of giant mermaids, great jets and lumps of water leap up out of the stream, and then fall back and pass on. Never have I seen anything so strange, seldom anything so enjoyable. The rushing sound, the play of

the sunlight on the water, the stillness of the lofty wooded banks, the absolute loneliness of the quiet evening scene—and then the question what causes it, set one thinking, without any sort of interruption of the luxury of quiet repose.

Professor Tyndall's theory is probably nearest to the truth, that the Rapids are caused "by a lateral generation of the waves, and their propagation to the centre;" or to explain it more simply, if not precisely in his own language, the water striking against the boulders, which are visible at the sides, produces large waves; and as each wave is formed, the wave motion is compounded with the rush of the moving river. If the water was still, the ridges would proceed in circular curves round what disturbed it. In this case they cross the river obliquely, and the consequence is that the waves which have been formed at the side meet at the middle in a coalescence of waves with waves, making "a grand illustration of the principle of interference."

Looking back at these Rapids, as I write of them in an English home, and wishing to reproduce them for my readers as vividly as I can, though at the possible risk of grotesqueness, I can find no readier illustration of their eccentricity and impetuousness than by the fancy that if the legion of evil spirits cast out of the demoniac of Gadara had flung themselves down from those steep heights into the river below, their desperate fighting and struggling beneath the torrent of the drowning waters would have pro-

duced just the spectacle that the traveller gazes at here with a kind of startled delight.

One more drive: this, the longest and perhaps the least attractive of all, through the town of Niagara Falls and past the huge Cataract Hotel (where it is worth while to go and stay, if only to form an idea of American hotel-life on the most complete scale), towards Goat Island. We need not stop there now. Mr. Anthony Trollope has described, in language which no one will try to imitate or hope to surpass, the view over the river from the end of the little wooden bridge. But we will go into the park; and, as before on the Canadian side, so now on the American, we drive close to the rushing waters as they fly on faster and faster to their desperate spring.

There is a little black rock peeping out of the water, and a sad story hangs to it. A man, who somehow or other had got into the river, and was drifting down the current to the Fall, managed to get on this rock, and to hold on there for twelve hours until rescue came. The difficulty of course was, how the rescue should be made. At last they sent off a raft towards him, on which he was to spring, and then be dragged to shore. The critical moment came; but in his eager hurry, as he stepped off the rock to the raft, his foot slipped; he fell into the foaming torrent, and in another moment was carried down the fall, never to be seen again.

And now we are at Prospect Point, which rivals

the Table Rock as the finest sight at Niagara. A strong wall has been built (how could wages be high enough to recompense the masons for the peril of building it!) on the very edge of the cataract, and we stand within it and look over. The river rushes down so close to you that, with a long arm, you can put down your hand into its boiling stream. Before your very eyes it leaps down into the tremendous abyss; the whole thing happens as close to you as the sheet on which I am writing is close to me. By reaching well over the wall you can look down right into the gulf, and feel the water falling.

As you look away from the cataract on the surrounding scene, you see the river itself rushing towards the Whirlpool Rapids under the pretty suspension bridge. Across is the Clifton House, with its green verandahs, and its delightful air of coolness and comfort; and then, not quite opposite, but a little to the left, white and grand under the gloom of the gathering twilight, is the Horse-Shoe Fall; if possible, more impressive than when quite near. The feeling that came on me while looking down the fall was a very curious one. It would be an exaggeration to say that I felt any sort of wish to leap down it, or that it was necessary to exert self-control to prevent myself doing so. Yet I can perfectly understand, not only any one else wishing to do it, but actually doing it, in an irrepressible moment of nervous excitement; and of this I am quite clear—that I should be sorry to bring any one, whose mental

equilibrium was the least shaky, under the strange nervous tension that comes over an excitable spirit in the immediate neighbourhood of the Fall.

As to the abiding impression left on me by Niagara, this certainly I can say, that of all the glorious things in God's creation I have been permitted to see in the four quarters of the globe—and they have not been few—Niagara comes first. On various minds, it leaves various impressions ; and perhaps this is significant of its real power. To Charles Dickens, for instance, it gave the thought of peace. My own impression of it is not perhaps so much embodied in any one distinct idea, as in a sort of many-sided quiet yet rapturous enjoyment that possessed me about it. It made me so wonderfully happy to see it then ; it still makes me so happy to recollect it now.

There is its colour, as it falls so dazzlingly white, before it falls so exquisitely green, the greenness of emeralds. There is its motion, for ever going on, day and night, summer and winter, year after year, age after age ; the very embodiment and idea of quiet but irresistible power, wearing away the rocks, defying the wind to drive it back, and the frost to congeal it, with always the same volume of water, in heat or cold, in drought or rain. It is changing every moment, yet it is everlasting, ever bringing down fresh fountains from the lakes and hills of the north ; in its actual substance, different moment by moment. Yet for almost infinite years before the

first human foot trod those woodland solitudes, or human face gazed tremblingly down on its awful beauty, it has been rolling on, unseen except by its Maker, towards the distant sea.

And then its sound! The wonderful thing is that it does not sound more. No doubt when you are close to it, there is a vast majesty in its deep roar; but it is never grating, or harsh, or startling; never a sound of terror, though it is indeed a voice of strength. Sweet, penetrating, winning rather than forcing its presence on you, it lulls you gently to sleep, as you listen to it from afar. And if I may so express myself without irreverence, I seemed while listening to it to understand as with a new intelligence how the Apostle John must himself have been listening with a like lingering rapture to the soft sweet music of some distant cataract, when, writing by the Spirit of God about Him who is Himself God's Word and mouthpiece, he said, "His voice was as the sound of many waters."

Returning east from the Falls, we took the steamer all the way to Montreal, a journey of about thirty hours; of which half may have been spent on Lake Ontario, and half on the St. Lawrence. At the rather early hour of three in the morning, the passage through the Thousand Islands begins. These islands are prettily wooded and variously sized, some of them just big enough for a goat and his family to live upon, others as large as twenty or thirty acres, which rise out of the clear water, and in the bright

dawn of a summer morning have a pleasing and almost picturesque effect. I am not, however, prepared to say that I should care to get up at three o'clock in the morning to see them again, or that they deserve the very rapturous eulogy that natives bestow on them. This, however, I soon found to be an exceptional and distasteful opinion; and having once or twice hinted it only to encounter strong disapprobation, I afterwards held my peace, secretly determining to console myself by recording my convictions here.

At Prescott we were transferred into a smaller steamer, to enable us to shoot the rapids, which are numerous in this part of the river; and as under the guidance of a strong and skilful hand the vessel shook and quivered under the shock of the hissing waters, the question occurred, if the game was quite worth the candle. The last rapids, at Lachine, just above Montreal, are really dangerous, and I am not ashamed of confessing that I should decline to shoot them again. We passed on the very edge of the reef the bones of a wrecked steamer, which had come to grief there, and the evening of the day after we passed through them safely, the steering chain of the steamer snapped, and the passengers had to be transferred in open boats in the dark from the vessel to the shore. One passenger contrived to get off with the captain before the rest, so as to catch the train, and save his passage to England. I asked him what would have happened if the steering chain had

snapped one minute sooner. "Every soul on board would have been smashed to atoms."

As I began, I end. My stay at the Falls was short, but, if measured by the new thoughts, and the deep fresh happiness they gave, it was a thing of months, nay, years. Like all other sorts of happiness, it must be interrupted and finished; yet, when once possessed, it never can be all lost. Sitting by the fire, walking in the noisy streets, sleepless, or care-worn, he who has once been to Niagara, can by an act of will turn his memory westward, and he is there again.

> "Flow on for ever in thy glorious robe
> Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
> Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
> His rainbow on thy forehead; and the cloud
> Mantled around thy feet; and He doth give
> Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
> Eternally—bidding the lip of man
> Keep silence, and upon thine altar pour
> Incense of awe-struck praise. For thou dost speak
> Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop
> From His right hand—bidding the soul that looks
> Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
> Be humbly wrapped in its own nothingness,
> And lose itself in Him."
>
> MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A. W. ROFFEN.

OUR RAILWAY TO THE PACIFIC

OUR RAILWAY TO THE PACIFIC.

CHAPTER I.

A DARING PROJECT.

BEFORE we speak of the new railway, let us look at the sketches taken in that island to which the "Canadian Pacific" leads, namely, Vancouver Island, that earthly paradise lying off the western mainland coast, and shielding it from the storms of the outer ocean. Along its southern shore the island is also protected; for the long range of the mountains of Washington Territory defend it from the south-westerly gales.

One of the sketches, on page 71, shows this "Olympian Range" as seen from the house of the governor of the island. The hills are sixteen miles away, across the straits of San Juan de Fuca. The other sketch, on page 67, shows the lonely and gorgeous Mount

Baker, veiled in mist, but lifting its double cone over ten thousand feet above the still waters of the archipelago. The low island blending with the mainland shore from this point of view is San Juan, about which there was so much contention between the British and American Governments. The King of Prussia, who was called in as arbitrator, decided that according to the wording of the treaty in dispute, it must be reckoned American territory. The drawings give a very accurate idea of the beauty of the landscape. There is no fairer land in the world than the country about Victoria, the capital of Vancouver. The climate of much of the island is like that of Devonshire or Jersey. A more rigorous winter is to be met with at its northern end, and the high mountains which stud most of it afford opportunities of seeking an occasional snow-field in winter. But about Victoria the snow never lies long, and its inhabitants are far more ignorant of the art of skating than are their English cousins.

The great coal mines of Nanamo, near one of the best harbours on the island, are seventy-five miles distant, and their produce is brought by rail and steamer to "the city." A quaint and charming town it is, with very pleasant society, many English and Canadians having recently settled there. There is good land to be bought at moderate prices. But the chief attraction is the sport, the climate, and the beautiful scenery. Other minerals besides coal are known to exist. Great woods of Douglas fir cover

VIEW FROM VANCOUVER ISLAND, WITH MOUNT BAKER IN THE DISTANCE. *By H.R.H. Princess Louise.*

the whole region, and there is a lovely undergrowth of arbutus, sallal, an evergreen shrub, and small maples, while underneath all grows a luxuriant vegetation of fern and other plants, giving proof of the mildness characteristic of the coast.

Many Chinese and some thousands of Indians live in this part of British Columbia. The Chinese make excellent servants, but the Celestials are not popular, and it is probable that their numbers will be much diminished in a few years. The Indians are wholly unlike their brethren of the plains of the interior. They are almost wholly fish-eaters. On the islands to the north they build houses of carved woodwork, reminding the traveller much of the Sandwich Islanders' habitations. They are not inclined to warfare, and readily take employment in the steamers on the rivers, and in the industries connected with the catching and preserving of the salmon which swarm in every creek and stream from March to October. The results we see in the provision shops in Britain, where the potted fish are sold in enormous quantities.

In the shops and banks are to be observed the nuggets and gold dust parcels brought from the neighbouring mainland. These have been won from the soil and gravel of the workings in the Fraser and streams farther north, and the nuggets are often worth from £60 to £100 apiece. The crushing of the gold-laden quartz rocks will now become a prominent industry in the mountains, for the

necessary machinery can by rail be easily imported. Vast mines of silver and copper will also be worked. Although the amount of agricultural land cannot be compared with that to be offered to emigrants in Alberta or Saskatschewan, there is a good deal still to be had, and the delta of the Fraser only wants good dykes to make it a closely peopled country. On account of its beauty and the many charms afforded by its society, sport, and natural advantages, Victoria is sure to become a favourite place of residence.

Let us now turn to the railway which has connected Vancouver Island with the Atlantic. The following letter shows the interest which this great work awakened at the centre of the empire :—

"OTTAWA, November 6th, 1885.—I am desired by His Excellency the Governor-General, to acquaint you that he has received her Majesty's commands to convey to the people of Canada her congratulations on the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Her Majesty has watched its progress with much interest, and hopes for the future success of a work of such value and importance to the Empire."

So wrote Lord Melgund, in giving the message sent by the Queen to Mr. (now Sir) George Stephen, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The message conveyed a wish in which all her Majesty's subjects heartily joined, and not they alone, but all the dwellers in North America, who have now three lines traversing the continent. Not long ago there was but one. The southernmost should perhaps also be included, although it cannot

VIEW FROM THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, VANCOUVER ISLAND. *By H.R.H. Princess Louise.*

be called direct, passing as it does the Mexican frontier, and then turning northward through Southern California.

No one expected that the British road would be completed so soon. The news seemed too good to be true, when one of the men who was first connected with the enterprise, namely, the distinguished engineer and man of science, Mr. Sandford Fleming, was enabled to telegraph, "First through train from Montreal arrived at Vancouver; most successful journey; average speed, including stoppages, twenty-four miles per hour. Before long possible to travel from Liverpool to Pacific by Canadian National Line in ten days. Physical difficulties have been overcome by gigantic works skilfully executed, with marvellous rapidity." Then came the official announcement, "This completes the Company's main system, covering a distance of 3,053 miles."

Few would have believed, ten years ago, that such an announcement would be made during the present century. The work stands as the unrivalled national effort of a people only four and a half millions in numerical strength. That these should have not only deemed it possible, but should have persuaded others to think so also, is a success altogether unknown in history.

CHAPTER II.

DAUNTING DIFFICULTIES.

EVIDENT as it was to the ministers of successive Cabinets, that the north-western prairie lands must be settled and mapped out with roads and railways and provincial boundaries, men feared to undertake the enormous outlay. "Times were bad," and emigration brought comparatively few to the British American shores. Twenty or thirty thousand was considered a fair number for the country to have attracted during one year. There was no regular communication with the prairie, beyond the great Lakes, unless the Hudson's Bay freighters could be considered as making those distant regions accessible. Courteous as were the officers of the Company, and hospitable to any traveller going for sport or curiosity to visit their fur-trading posts, not one of them could be found who would not deprecate the

idea of "opening the country for settlement." They could not foresee that a favourable bargain for the Company would be made in reference to their lands, and they only looked upon an immigrant invasion as the expulsion of the fur-bearing animals, which alone afforded a good trade. Had they been able to prophesy, they would have welcomed the tide of the white races, whose advent would enhance a thousandfold the value of the as yet useless grass ocean around them. On the other hand, the influx of settlement can never penetrate into the northern forests, where for an apparently endless vista of years, the musk-rat, beaver, skunk, fox, and wolverine will yield their annual tribute for the European and American market.

But the Hudson's Bay people had had enough trouble in years long past with their competitors of the old North-west Company, and having passed these troubles and procured a monopoly, they did not desire neighbours who might become interlopers and usurpers. So it was said that grain would not grow, that even roots were difficult to "raise," and that an arctic climate made life unbearable in winter, even for the buffalo. It was known that these spirited members of the ox tribe liked the country in summer; but who ever heard of their staying during the winter? and why should people in the comfortable groves of Ontario desire the comparatively bleak grassy levels of the Red River? Who knew if the virgin soil was worth the plough?

Such was the language industriously employed. But there were doubts whether it was right that the country should be left to the musk-rats and buffaloes. Lord Selkirk had persuaded some of the Highlanders, who, at the beginning of the century, thronged so easily to the emigrant vessels, to sail into Hudson's Bay, and to ascend the Nelson River, and to settle to the south of Lake Winnipeg. They formed a most flourishing colony, and the French voyageurs, who had taken unto themselves Indian wives, also throve and multiplied. Then again the Americans, higher up the Red River, which casts its dirty waters into the lake, had found the valley most fertile, with a soil marvellously black and rich.

It became evident that vast wheat-fields, affording far more space and scope than any heretofore occupied, had been hidden away in that dim green north land. The old provinces of Canada, magnificent as they are in area, had their best tracts already used for agriculture, and that craving for novelty, and for yet better land and for new soil, which is the wholesome characteristic of the Transatlantic farmers, was strong among Ontarians and New Brunswickers, and Nova Scotians. Had not the Americans derived new life and hopes from the time that civilisation was carried inwards from the coast? The mere fringe of the New England colonies, with the Carolinas and New York, had blossomed and bourgeoned into a nation controlling the Mississippi, and master of all the regions which pour their wealth through the great

market-place on the shores of Michigan, the city of Chicago.

Why should not Canada also have its Chicago? To be sure there was the rocky desert to the north of Lake Superior, and a further stretch of country which, like the north shore, was fit only for wood and minerals; but had not the United States also their desert beyond the flats of Nebraska? Was this rocky tract, which would very likely prove rich (as a part of it had already proved) in silver and copper, so bad an impediment as that horrible plain, so many hundred square miles in extent, filled with alkali dust and ugly sage scrub, called "the American Desert"? Did not that brown Sahara extend almost to the Rocky Mountains on Uncle Sam's territory, and had the Canadians anything so disagreeable and useless?

No; on the contrary, it was known that once past the marshes and rocks and woods of Keewaytin, there was in Canadian territory one uninterrupted stretch of grass for eight hundred miles right up to the Western Mountains. And as to the quality of the soil, the veil had been lifted. Even Richardson, the traveller and naturalist, famous in boyhood's memory as the man who had once, on an arctic expedition, shot one of his companions, an Indian, because morally certain that the said Indian had begun, in his hunger, to kill and eat Richardson's white comrades—even Richardson long ago had declared the Saskatchewan country to be good.

Then, in our own time, Colonel Butler had written a charming book, describing with ecstasy the riches of a region which, in spite of the ice and snow covering enveloping it during the season of his journey, he had found to possess an excellent climate and promising soil. So the world began to believe in the north-west; and Canada saw that she must have it soon under control, or the active American might go in and possess it; and she decided to build a railway.

She was so keen about doing this that, in order to get an indispensable member of her future sisterhood of provinces under the national government, she promised British Columbia that the line should be made so as to reach the Pacific in a very few years. At that time such a promise looked as if the Government expected a miracle to be wrought on their behalf, for Mr. George Stephen had not at that date appeared above the political horizon. It was Mr. Stephen's assent to form a company to undertake the work that virtually produced the results we now witness. This may seem a remarkable statement, but it is the bare truth.

If we look back we see how government after government had been floundering in the slough of half measures, and in the "muskegs" or bogs of the political difficulties always attendant on the undertaking by the State of any great public work. The smaller the State, and the more party conflicts centre around the domestic quarrels involved in the giving

of contracts to firms or companies, or even on the appointments by Government Departments to offices in connection with docks, railways, or canals, the more impossible does it become that the direct action of the State can prove a satisfactory method for the prosecution of an undertaking. A strong executive can alone provide the best means, and the best means can alone be found in a powerful company with an able chief. To these agents it is essential to confide the business, under proper conditions. Witness the ineffective progress made under Mr. Mackenzie's Government; although, with the best intentions, surveys were pushed forward, and work commenced. The difficulties seemed almost insurmountable; and almost as soon as the facile promises had been given they were repented of, because the regions, hitherto unknown, showed obstacles, as soon as they were examined, enough to daunt the stoutest heart. The north shore of Superior was known to be a mass of rock. Then mighty mountain chains barred the way to the western coast, and no one knew of a pass on the most direct route through the "Rockies." There was one far to the north, and it was resolved to lay the line across the plains so as to reach it, and then take a zigzag course down the easiest river courses. But it was soon acknowledged that much more time must be given to surveying.

Meanwhile the twenty thousand white men in British Columbia were exhorted to patience and moderation, qualities which, in view of the promises

MOUNT SELWYN, AT THE PEACE RIVER PASS.

formerly made to them, they found it difficult to exercise. They spoke as if their union with Canada must be repealed. They objected to the employment of Chinese, although it was not possible, except at enormous expense, to get the necessary amount of white labour to begin the road. Hardly anything was done on any section, so that men began to lose faith in the earnestness of the desire to bind the provinces together. Parties with theodolites and scientific paraphernalia, although most necessary pioneers of labour, did not strike the popular imagination to the same extent as would a party of navvies.

But events were hastening towards more definite conclusions. St. Paul and Minneapolis, in Minnesota, had become great facts. Flourishing cities had been created there on lands in no way superior to those of the lower part of the Red River. Settlement was rapidly progressing, and the Americans had pushed their communications to our border. Most fortunate of all, one of those who had seen the advantages of the country was Mr. Stephen. He had control of a tract which virtually gave him as much land on American soil as exists in the whole of Lowland Scotland. The improvement made in that part of Minnesota through the energy of himself and his friends was phenomenal.

Full of eagerness as was the Government of Sir John Macdonald to open up Manitoba, it was difficult to see how the feat could be accomplished; for,

although there was not much opposition to the laying of a railway over the prairies, there was still hesitation as to the direction it should take, and no one believed that it would be possible to overcome the opposition excited by any proposal to push the line through the sterile and unpromising portions of the route. Indefatigable as was the Minister of Railways, and capable as he had shown himself of proving that a State road could be managed without loss, by the manner in which the "International," between Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and Quebec had been administered, it was manifestly adding a tremendous load to that already placed on the shoulders of his department to saddle it with the task of another great undertaking. Even his indomitable will might recoil from such a prospect.

On the other hand, there was no want of volunteers who deemed themselves able to build a railway to the moon if they could only get the contract on terms which might pay for bridging the interstellar spaces. New York and London vied with each other in producing men, who had talked the matter over in club smoking-rooms, and were quite ready to certify to the soundness of their own financial condition, and to become the pillars of a nation. Even in Canada itself there were several who declared themselves ready to cope with any emergency. But it was much to be desired that a syndicate should be formed which would command the confidence of men in the Old as well as in the New World, and, above all,

that they who had the experience in Minnesota to guide them should come forward. Would they be induced even to look at the new country? Eminent Englishmen, guides of London opinion, had been persuaded to go as far as St. Paul; but in some cases had refused to look even at Niagara, unless from American soil, and had positively refused to look at Winnipeg, believing all things Canadian to be "cracked up" and only a future northern fringe of Washington dominion.

But the patriotism of Mr. Stephen made him at all events go to judge for himself of the value of Manitoba. He came back, as many a man since has come back, convinced that in the north-west lay the future prosperity of Canada. But the Government terms were hard, for they had to satisfy public opinion, which is always suspicious of bargains made with individuals, however eminent for integrity and pluck. Pluck was the quality required, and in the case of the future president of the Canadian Pacific Railway there was no doubt that this existed, combined with many others which we need not mention here. With true Canadian patriotism he finally launched out into the work, gathering round him distinguished men of the commercial world in Canada, London, and New York.

CHAPTER III.

THE VICTORY.

ROM the moment that these gentlemen put their shoulders to the wheel, we felt that the affair was only a question of time, and that victory must soon crown the desire to span the continent and unite the provinces. It was only an affair of time, and with Mr. Stephen at the head of the organization, the time would be made as short as possible. Now for the necessary support! It was obviously the interest of the country to get these men as their best agents, and then to help them through thick and thin, through evil report and good report; to allow no detraction to turn the Government from the honest path of backing those who were proving themselves the indispensable friends of their country.

The object was a national one, for how can a country live in isolated sections, barred each from

each, except by passage through a foreign land? How can a political whole be cemented together, when there is no backbone for the limbs? A railway traversing the Dominion on its own soil was only to be delayed at the price of secession, disintegration, and destruction of the Union. Completed, it would give new life and hope to the enormous territory, would carry emigrants direct to the place where they would be settled, would give to the farthest communities a pledge that their interests were not to be neglected or sacrificed, and would brace with the invigorating influence of national feeling the cohesion and solidarity of Canada.

In 1881 the incorporation of the new company took effect, and with a capital of 100,000,000 dollars the start was made. Cash to the amount of twenty million dollars was to be given by the Government, and an equal number of acres of good land in the new territories was to be added. The small "bits" of the road already begun were to be completed, and handed over when finished. These portions traversed country that was formidable enough from an engineer's point of view, and very little labour had been "put in" upon them. The first was that between the Lakes Superior and Winnipeg, a distance of no less than four hundred and twenty-eight miles, and these were miles covering an unbroken series of lakes, bogs, rocks, and woods, where no settlements were possible, where much cutting and "filling in" had to be done, with the probability that in many cases the stuff put

in the treacherous swamps would sink, and have to be again brought up to the requisite levels. But nitro-glycerine and giant powder were soon at work, and the pretty lakes gemmed with countless water-lilies, and the little islets tufted with their crown of pine, and the lonely forests silent but for the knocking of the woodpeckers and the hooting of the owls, heard the blasts that gave passage to the wide liberty of the open plains.

Again, in the far west, at the very limit of this track, almost nothing had been done. There the labour was far more serious, and great cañons,* between immense precipices had to be threaded, and ledges made and tunnels bored along the mountain's face, over torrents that rose with the summer melting of the snow a hundred feet in perpendicular height, sweeping with tremendous violence through the bottom of the gorges. Yet the Government promised to carry out the plan here also, and two hundred and thirteen miles of road-bed had to be laid and furnished to the satisfaction of the company.

It was even undecided where the terminus was to be; but this was soon settled, and a lovely fiord running far up into the hills was chosen, having at its mouth an excellent harbour. Along the shore of this ocean inlet grew wondrous specimens of the Douglas fir and gigantic cypress, to the height of 150 and 250 feet, and of a girth of 25 and 30 feet.

* Narrow mountain passes with lofty precipices on either side are in America called cañons.

These stand close to the water's edge, and it is on the borders of such sheltered coasts that the tallest trees are found.

Inland there are magnificent groves of the same species clothing the valleys of the Columbia River; but the finest are to be seen near the sea, and it is to be earnestly desired that they may be preserved in some area chosen as a national park, that travellers may have the attraction of visiting the tremendous aisles where the great shafts rise from the thickets of glossy-leaved shrubs, to be lost to sight in the dark green gloom above. I do not think there is any scenery more solemn and beautiful than the interior of such a grove. It wants, of course, the intense colour and the sunlit glory of the liana-hung woods of the south, and the undergrowth is not so varied or bright. But the russets and browns, the greys and sombre greens, the purple tints on the straight stems, varied by the vivid hues of the moss, which provides a compass for the wanderer, because it grows most abundantly on the side which feels the western sea moisture—all are most delicious to the eye. And overhanging the sea margin, in crannies of the rocky bays or covering the jutting promontories, are the beautiful madrona-trees, the large-leaved arbutus, with the trunks as red as coral. All this forest is evergreen. Winter strips the scattered maples of their autumnal fire, but makes little change on the steep slopes of these deep lochs.

Away above, the hills become whiter, and the

snow comes far down, driving the wild sheep and goats to the valleys. But the frost is light except in the interior. The temperature, however, was often quite low enough for the Chinese labourers even near Burrard's Inlet; and as they hewed a lane through the woods and graded the track, they used every half-hour to rush away to warm themselves over little fires lit at intervals by the wayside. Crouching over these, the small blue figures, with their saucer-shaped straw hats, could be seen acting on the Indian principle that many tiny fires are better than one big one. "You make fire so big you must run away from it; make small, then can sit close," says the Indian, and the Chinese seem to agree with him. For the cold weather to be encountered in the winter time on the higher ground white men were alone found to be of real use, and where they were employed the work went forward merrily.

The big mountain buttresses were bored through; trestle bridges, to be quickly made more substantial, carried the construction trains, so that the navvies had house and food carried along with them as they progressed. Curious obstacles had to be overcome, and one which was unique was encountered near where the Thompson River joins the rushing Fraser. At this spot a remarkable land slide seems to be in perpetual operation. Probably owing to the action of some springs of water, all the soil of a whole mountain slope is slowly descending at the even rate of about eight feet per year. It is like the move-

ment of a glacier, very slow, but very constant. Big blocks of earth, bearing on their tops shrubs and higher growth, are to be seen toppling over near the road. They look as if they would fall, but the pressure of the soil above, where the like masses are seen in apparently the same predicament, is gradual, and there is no danger of sudden descent. Each year the lowest blocks are pushed down into the impetuous river, and are taken to form atoms of the delta plain which affords such good land to the settler by the sea. The engineers, I hear, have avoided the unusual difficulty by crossing over to the other bank, where firm gravel gives security to the road bed. Very grand are the views of peak and snow-fields from points in this tract of the valley, and at one of the finest prospects a bend had to be made, giving the traveller an opportunity to let his eye dwell on beauties which are too often seen in such journeys only for an instant.

Dangers of another kind have to be guarded against in this Alpine country, where the snow-slides or avalanches had to be taken into account. So much practice has been afforded by experience of difficulties of this kind on the American railways, that the only question is one of expense. So many "snow-sheds" have to be placed where the falls are heaviest. These are like the coverings seen on Swiss bridges. Stout timbers, of which there is no lack, support a strong roof capable of resisting the impact of any ordinary slide; and spots where heavy falls occur are avoided,

or the safe shelter of the rocks themselves is used by the process of tunnelling beneath them. Wherever high wooden bridges are necessary (and there is one which is perhaps the highest in the world), the lowest supports rest on masonry of the strongest kind. Cobweb-like as these wooden structures appear from a distance, it is wonderful what strength they possess, and how extremely rare accidents have been upon them, universal as is their use all over the American continent. The trains go over them at a leisurely pace, and the conductors usually call the attention of the passengers to the outlook; otherwise they might never notice the extraordinary nature of the road they are traversing. The traveller, roused to attention, then finds that he is proceeding along a narrow way just wide enough to hold the pair of rails forming the single track, and with an abyss below him of two or three hundred feet.

In the snug cars the transit is no more trying than is the walk across London Bridge. But if a man unaccustomed to heights tries to walk across as an experiment, the sensation is not so pleasant. The "ties" or sleepers are only a short distance apart, but between each yawns the gulf below, and many a person finds it advisable to halt and gather nerve as he goes on his way stepping from timber to timber; for his eye gets confused in the effort to look through the intervals and to the next resting-place for the foot. Perhaps the shortest-sighted are the least inclined to giddiness in making such an effort.

AT CANMORE.

Many, of course, laugh at the idea of such weaknesses, but the strongest in body often prove the weakest in head.

The engraving of Canmore gives a good idea of one of the fine hill views. The first surveys of these ravines and hills looked like one of the old physical geography charts of our boyhood, where all the acutest and tallest peaks of the globe were gathered together at the top of the map to show their relative heights. Such a formidable row of uneven sharks' teeth was never seen. It seemed impossible to run a straight line anywhere

among them. And for a long time it was believed that none could be found. Man after man who had explored the ranges had come back with the tale that as far as he could see through the dense forest unbroken range succeeded unbroken range.

ON THE FRASER RIVER.

The entrance to the Fraser cañon is not difficult. The engraving gives the outlook from near the foot of its great ravines. Every one knew the Fraser gorge could be penetrated, costly as it would be ;

for a waggon road had already been made to cling to the precipice walls above the foaming floods, and this had carried the gold miners up to regions where in old days the Indians could hardly get a mule along the craggy footpath scarcely fit for a goat. Then there was the Thompson River, giving access by more easy paths to Kamloop's Lake, and beyond again, by streams overshadowed by woods, to Lake Shuswap, a beautiful sheet of water, winding with many arms among the forest slopes. Then again, yet farther, there was the Eagle Pass to the Columbia River, which was a little difficult, but was certainly passable.

Ah! then came the puzzle! We might follow the Columbia round its great bend of seventy-five miles and so reach the foot of an awful "coll" or neck, which might be reached by climbing three thousand feet, and so down over the "Kicking Horse Pass" to the eastern side of "The Rockies." But could the Columbia bend be avoided? All accounts said, "No, it is impossible; we see no chance of it." But Major Rogers, an American engineer, thought he would make another attempt. Through perils innumerable, from the difficulty of getting food, and with dreadful fatigue, he accomplished his object. Following a stream called the Illecillowat, he took observations, with the result that he came down from the entangled forests declaring that the thing could be done.

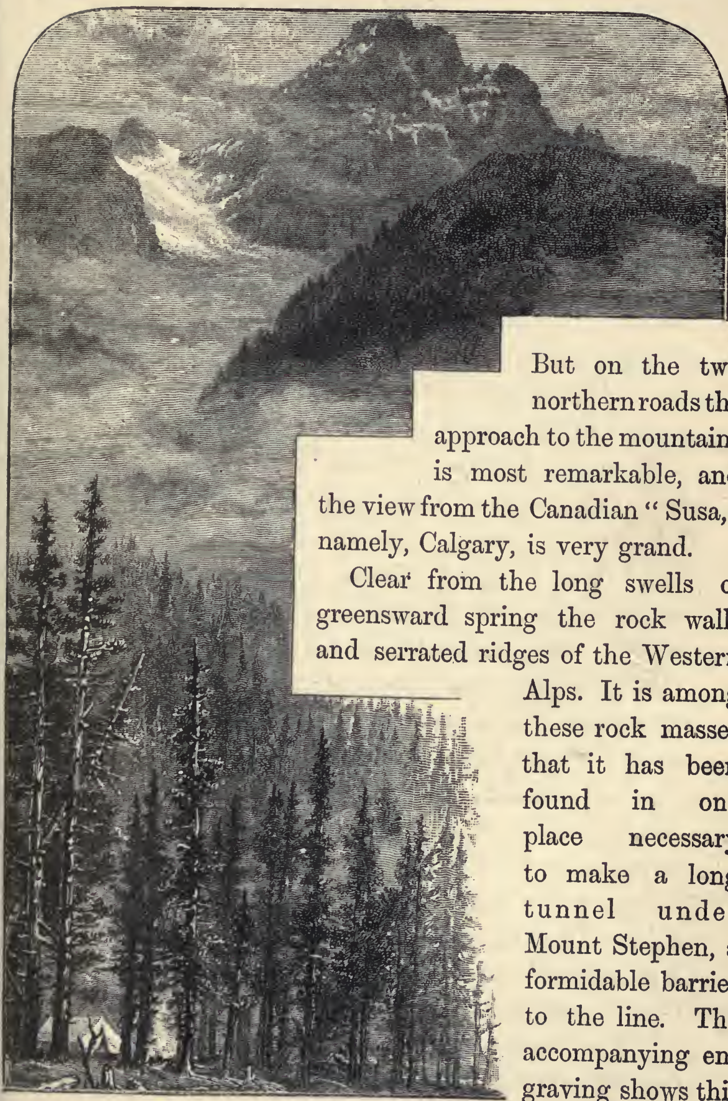
He had found a practicable pass. Few believed him, but he was "not to be denied," and taking with

him Mr. Sandford Fleming and Principal Grant, two men who, like himself, believed that nothing was impossible, he went over the route again, and light broke in on the darkest problem of this stupendous enterprise. The sea range in the Cascade Mountains had been traversed, the "Rockies," the most eastern, would give trouble, but a bit could be placed in their rugged jaws, and now the central or "Selkirk" range had also been conquered, for where the surveyor says the navvy can go, the iron horse can follow.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE PACIFIC TO WINNIPEG.

THE task is done, and done in less time than many governments would take to talk of it. The Canadian Railway spans the continent. Nowhere can finer scenery be enjoyed from the window of a car than upon this line. There is no doubt that the favourite Transatlantic excursion will no longer be to New York, Niagara, Montreal, and Quebec only, but that all who have a month's time to spend will go to the Pacific by the Northern American line, or come back that way, making the Canadian Railway their object on the outward or return journey. By the "Union and Central," striking as is some of the scenery on the western slope, there is very little worthy of note until the woods are reached; for one is borne to the top of the high ranges without knowing it, so gradual and so tame is the ascent.



But on the two northern roads the approach to the mountains is most remarkable, and the view from the Canadian "Susa," namely, Calgary, is very grand.

Clear from the long swells of greensward spring the rock walls and serrated ridges of the Western Alps. It is among these rock masses that it has been found in one place necessary to make a long tunnel under Mount Stephen, a formidable barrier to the line. The accompanying engraving shows this

"little difficulty." As the train leaves the hills, standing steel-blue against the golden sky of sunset, and we depart from this fascinating Alpine land, let us listen to the words of one of the latest settlers within its valleys, and beguile half an hour in the smoking-room of the train by hearing what he says.

There is nothing so interesting as the recital of recent experience; and the following letter was received by me a few weeks ago. It was written by an English officer who, last year, determined to try his luck in the ranche country; and it gives so graphic a picture of life among the valleys of British Columbia, near to the borders of America, and a hundred and fifty miles from Alberta Territory, that it is worth far more than any general description.

"I have now," he writes, "been over a twelvemonth in this lovely country, and am therefore in a position to give an account of it which may be of value. Thanks to letters of introduction, my way was smoothed on my arrival at Victoria, and, accompanied by my son, I made my way here last winter. We had a hard time of it—in a tent up to last January, with the thermometer occasionally 40° below zero of Fahrenheit; but from the 24th of January we had the most exquisite weather imaginable. The winter was an unusually severe one, but I purposely braved it, in order to gain experience of the country at its worst season.

"First let me give a brief description of the country and valley where we are located. Starting

from the Kicking Horse Pass, where the Canadian Pacific Railway meets the Columbia River, we have a long valley formed by the Rocky Mountains on one side and the Selkirk Range on the other, and stretching for two hundred and fifty miles to the American boundary. About half-way along the valley is a flat piece of land of about two thousand acres area, with the foot-hills of the Rockies and Selkirks coming down on each side of it. This flat is, curiously enough, the watershed of the two great rivers, the Columbia and the Kootenay, there being only a difference of eleven feet between the two. The former flows north, and then makes a great bend to the south, the latter flows south and then makes a great bend to the north.

"We thus have a long valley of two hundred and fifty miles, with the Columbia and Kootenay rivers flowing in opposite directions from its centre. Both these rivers are navigable for the above distance, and it is contemplated to put steamers upon them next year, which will bring the whole valley into water communication with the Canadian Pacific Railway. The width of the valley varies from fifteen to twenty miles, and it is composed of foot-hills, benches, or river-terraces, and bottom lands, all covered with bunch grass (an excellent, nutritious grass, making the best beef in the world), and a considerable quantity of magnificent pine and larch timber. It may be described as open forest with small prairies scattered through it.

"North of the watershed there is no pine, and very little larch, but Douglas fir is scattered over the grazings. The bunch grass gives way to pine grass about eighty miles north of the watershed. Good agricultural land is very much scattered in patches varying from three hundred acres to fifty, here and there, but the former quantity in one piece is rare. The soil is generally a sandy loam, with a gravelly sub-soil, and it bears splendid crops of potatoes, oats, barley, peas, and wheat, but where the sand predominates over the clay irrigation is necessary. There are many streams flowing into the main river, which afford means for irrigation. Father Fouquet, the Roman Catholic priest, who has lived in the valley for fifteen years, declares that irrigation is not necessary; but I should be loath to farm some of the lands without the power of irrigation on an emergency.

"There are parts which must originally have been lakes, where the soil is deep and exceedingly rich, forming a dark vegetable loam, and I am fortunately located on such a spot. This year I had over ten tons of potatoes from one acre, and without manure or irrigation. An acre of oats averaged five feet three inches in height—and some stalks were six feet six inches. Turnips, carrots, and beet do admirably, but it is too cold for Indian corn to flourish. Currants, raspberries, gooseberries, and strawberries, together with numerous other berries, grow wild in the greatest profusion. There is also a wild vetch, a wild pea, and a wild onion.

"As to climate, I have found it perfectly delightful. There is generally a heavy fall of snow at this season (October), or early in November, which disappears in a few days. Just before Christmas the second snowfall occurs, and the snow lies until March, when it commences to thaw, and is generally gone by the first of April. The average depth of the snow is about fifteen inches. Horses do admirably on the wild grazings without any other food in the winter, and come out in the spring in admirable condition; but unless a man is fond of gambling he should feed his cattle for three months in the winter, otherwise he might lose a large proportion of them in a very severe year.

"Horses, or rather large ponies, may be bought at 27 dollars per head, taking a number of various ages; cattle at 30 dollars in the same way. Wages and food are very high at present: labour 45 dollars and food per month in summer, and 30 dollars and food per month in winter. Beef sells at 13 cents, pork at 20 cents, flour at 10 cents, potatoes at 3 cents per pound. But the local market is limited at those prices. Herds of cattle can be readily sold at Fort McLeod, distant two hundred miles from here, at 40 dollars per head.

"The future of the valley is dependent on its mining, timber, and cattle-ranching resources. There is an almost certain prospect of a very large mining population growing up in the valley, as gold is found in all the creeks, and one locality has given out over three

million dollars within the last twenty years. The country is yet in its infancy as far as mineral prospecting is concerned, but valuable discoveries are constantly being made. A clever mining engineer who has lately visited us, considers this to be one of the richest mining districts on the American continent.

"There is no doubt that the lumber trade will also develop, as the timber lies conveniently for supplying the north-west provinces. Cattle-ranching, with ordinary care, must prove very profitable, and there is yet a field open for settlement in that direction. There is no doubt that when communication is easy, the valley will become one of the great tourist routes, as the lake, river, and mountain scenery could not be surpassed.

"The district is admirably suited for English gentleman emigrants, provided they have capital. A steady man with a commonsense head and with not less than £3,000, would be sure to succeed; and with patience and hard work he might in twenty years have an income of as many thousands a year as he had capital to start with. But the man without capital should not come here; he will find the cost of food and wages so great that it will crush him before he can get returns from his farm, and he cannot count upon any returns worth mentioning under three years.

"As to sport, there is plenty of game; but it is difficult to get at, on account of the immense extent of forest on the mountains. There are grisly, brown,

BRANDON.

and black bears; here and there elk and cariboo, besides numbers of black and white-tailed deer, mountain sheep and goats, several kinds of grouse, wild swans, geese, and ducks; but a large bag cannot be made. There are quantities of splendid trout in all the rivers and they take the fly readily. Hitherto we have been very much out of the world; but with steamers on the Columbia and Kootenay rivers we shall be within fourteen days of England.

"I ought to have mentioned that although in the winter months there are one or two cold waves of three days' duration, the remainder of the time has given us most enjoyable weather. February, March, and April were most lovely months. The altitude of the valley has never been accurately measured, but I make it about 3,000 feet above the sea. I would not advise any gentleman emigrant to bring out a wife at first; he should come himself for a year, and get things settled up, and then bring out his wife.

"Yesterday an old man, over seventy years of age, came to me. Where had he come from? He had been born and bred in Golspie. I gave him some of the whiskey of the country, and told him that when he next came I might be able to give him a glass of Clyneleish whiskey from Brora. I was amused at his remark of thanks, for the curse of this region may be put down as whiskey-drinking in excess. Such scruples had evidently not troubled my friend, for when I announced my expectation of the arrival of mountain dew from Sutherland

he said, 'Weel, now, sir, ye'll just be the making o' this country!'"

It may be mentioned in passing that the cattle droves have thriven marvellously of late on this side of the mountains, among which the writer of the foregoing letter is settled; and that whiskey is not a commodity allowed to be sold in Alberta, so that the old Sutherland emigrant had better remain where the country has the best chance of such "making."

If the reader has not gone to sleep already he may do so now, as the train passes on. He will miss the junction of the line to the coal-mines, and the crossing of the Bow River, with the swift and clear water of the South Saskatchewan, whose waters are already made muddy by the alluvial deposits of the flat country. He will miss Regina, the official centre of the new provinces; but he may console himself if he awakes when the morning's light shines upon cultivated fields, grain elevators, substantial stations, near busy little towns like that of Brandon, a three-year-old city. These are springing up like the flowers in spring-time all over the prairie country. They are not yet, as a rule, free of their aboriginal structures of plank, but they show church-towers and public buildings.

CHAPTER V.

WINNIPEG TO MONTREAL.

INNIPEG itself deserves a more than passing look, for the site gives promise of great wealth. The Assiniboine joins its waters to those of kindred hue in the Red River's stream. Fine buildings, wood-paved streets, gas, and handsome shops show the vigorous growth of the young capital of the West. It is strange to think that only fifteen years ago, Riel the leader of two revolts, who has lately expiated his second crime by death, believed himself secure here when he raised the flag of a mongrel separate state, and bade defiance to the British Empire. His last crime was the worst, for he attempted to raise the red against the white man; but peace to these recollections, which may be deemed the last trouble of the newest country in the New World.

Henceforward let us hope that an uninterrupted time of ever-progressing prosperity lies before the great grain provinces of Canada. What they may do in the future has been shown this last year, when, in spite of insurrection and disturbance, more than eight million bushels of wheat were ready for export. With careful sowing, the early frosts of autumn can be made harmless, and, to judge by the looks and words of the people, there are health and comfort to be found in the wide north land now open to all who love independence, and toil renumerative in the two great requisites of health and contentment.

No one who has knowledge of the present condition of affairs dreads any Indian trouble, any more than death at a London crossing. The chiefs knew too well what was their sole chance of getting food, and did not join Riel. The exceptions were men living far to the north of the railway, and in contact with the half-breeds. The grievances of Riel's deluded followers, the so-called Metis, have been fully investigated and remedied. No redskin would have dreamed of resistance to the law had it not been for the instigation of his evil-minded cousins. The exceeding promptness with which the Canadian troops were sent westwards, their swift tracking of the insurgent bands, the summary end put to the armed rebellion on the far away Saskatchewan, and the just and certain doom dealt out to the murderers, have produced the desired lesson.

The land along the railway may still be obtained

at prices which are ridiculously cheap. Branch lines are being pushed in various directions. The whole of the eight hundred miles to the west of Winnipeg pays tribute to her advancing prosperity. The cattle ranches have proved as successful as was expected in Alberta, and where cattle cannot be easily grazed all the year round, a large amount of horse-breeding will probably be carried on, for horses appear to thrive well all over the plains, and especially in the north during the winter cold. The coal mines opened by Sir Alexander Galt have already reduced the price of coal at Winnipeg to eight dollars per ton. There is an apparently endless amount of good fuel, so that as other mines are developed, and a double track laid, the best provision can be made against winter's severity.

The last news given to the Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company is good. "There is," says their Land Commissioner, "a decided improvement in mercantile affairs in Manitoba. The bank deposits are largely increasing ; so much so, that the rate of interest is being steadily reduced. The wholesale and retail business throughout the city shows a marked improvement. Similar reports are received from Brandon and other points. The price of grain is much better than last year, and the quantity of first-class wheat much greater than was expected in September. The branch lines now being constructed are of benefit, both from the expenditure incurred and the improving transportation facilities for grain

which they are creating. The Fall has been fine and very dry. A large amount of land has been ploughed, and will be ready for early sowing next year."

There is no doubt that, although in 1881 there was an undue amount of speculation, and the resultant recoil, together with the general depression in business, produced much disappointment and distress, the country is now finding its level. The national highway must reap the benefit of this solid and satisfactory advance: the dangers which menaced it have been conquered. These consisted not so much in the rocky wildnesses of the Lake Superior shore, sufficient as they had been to make men decry the honest purpose of pushing the undertaking. No; the real danger lay in persistent detraction by interested rivals, and in the attempts of New York rings to cut down stocks that might compete favourably with those supported by themselves.

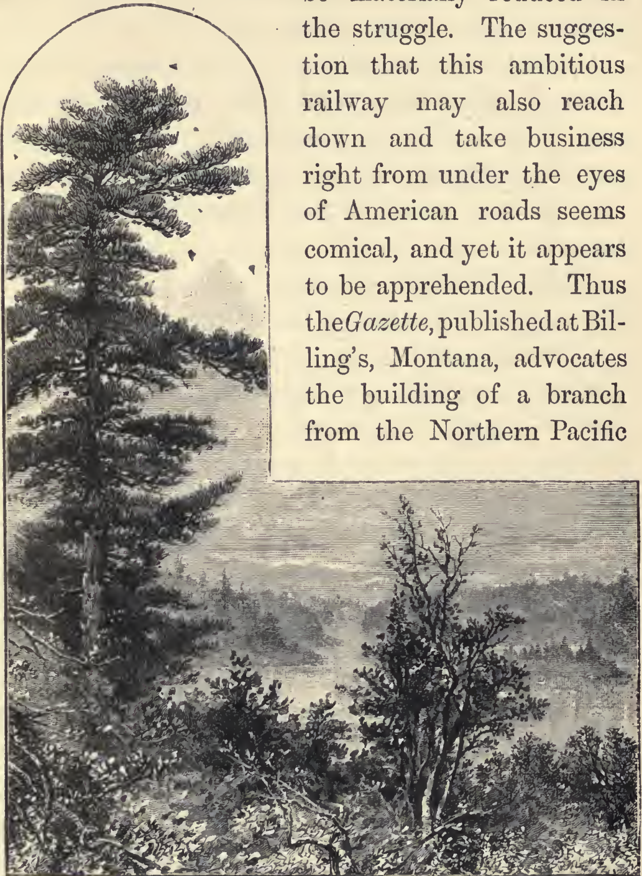
If once this gigantic effort, made by a people of such comparatively small numbers, should succeed, there was no doubt that the southern "combinations" would have to look to their laurels. What other company possessed, as did this new upstart, harbours on each ocean, entirely free only to themselves, relieving them from the obligation of parting with the "earnings of the most remunerative traffic"? How could the fact be passed over that there was a saving in distance of more than four hundred miles, and that, if one looked at the saving in reaching Asia, the gain was enormous? Opposition was

natural. But it must be acknowledged that the public opinion of the great people of the United States overlooks the small jealousies of competing companies, and regards only the "greatest good of the greatest number;" and it hails with joy the opening of a new access to the West.

No more appreciative notice has come from any quarter than that given by a Chicago writer. "A transcontinental railway parallel to, and in many respects a competitor with, those of the United States, but independent of them in respect to all agreements, is now completed. The Canadian Pacific has a continuous track from Port Moody, a distance of 2,900 miles; the longest line in the world. A few days ago its trains commenced running from Montreal to Winnipeg, 1,430 miles, and from the latter point they already run west 1,000 miles. The entrance of this line into the field will soon develop some new phases of railway competition. The Canadian Pacific has been built as a national highway, and to develop the region through which it passes. Travel and freight traffic between Europe and Asia is to be diverted from the long all-sea route, and from the railways now reaching the sea at Portland and San Francisco; and the trains of the Canadian Pacific, and the fast steamers which will ply in its interest between Vancouver Island and Japan and China, will offer all possible inducements.

"There is no fear that American railroads will not hold their share of transcontinental business against

this new rival; but it is not unlikely that rates may be materially reduced in the struggle. The suggestion that this ambitious railway may also reach down and take business right from under the eyes of American roads seems comical, and yet it appears to be apprehended. Thus the *Gazette*, published at Billing's, Montana, advocates the building of a branch from the Northern Pacific



THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

north-westerly to Fort Benton. The Canadian Pacific Railway has a great and useful work to

perform in developing the vast country which has called it into being, and in this the people of the United States will be glad to see it succeed. If it is operated on the principles of fair and reasonable competition it will receive honourable treatment from the railways of the United States; and in time the growth of the continent, which all transcontinental lines will help to develop, will give them all ample support."

Of the difficulties overcome north of Superior some idea may be formed from the annexed statement:—

With the exception of about sixty miles, the principal material encountered was rock of the hardest description known to engineers and contractors, and the oldest known to geologists—sienite and trap. Over two and a half million cubic yards of solid rock excavation of this description—a mixture, chiefly, of feldspar, hornblende, and quartz—had to be removed, besides large quantities of loose rock and hardpan. The task may be judged of by the fact that for fifteen months one hundred tons of dynamite per month were used. The explosive property of dynamite is considered to be equal to twelve or thirteen times that of gunpowder; so that for every month, for fifteen months, if gunpowder had been employed, enough would have been required to freight one of the Company's large steel steamers running on Lake Superior. The dynamite was manufactured on the works.

The operations went on without intermission,

winter and summer, day and night, controlled by an army numbering for the greater part of the time not less than twelve thousand men. There were also employed from fifteen hundred to two thousand teams of horses, supplemented in the winter by about three hundred trains of dogs. To house and accommodate this vast host, nearly three thousand buildings of various descriptions were erected on the works.

We can give no estimate of the quantities of food for men and dogs and forage for horses which were brought in; but in the fall of the year seven months' provision had to be made for this hungry host, with appetites so whetted by the hard out-door work and the eager nipping air that each man consumed on an average five pounds of solid food per diem. To bring in these supplies and the material for the works, the company had seven steamers running, and the contractors five. For the same purpose fifteen docks and storehouses were built by the company along the shore of the lake, requiring three million feet of lumber in construction. The shore was so rough that supply roads could not be built except at enormous expense; so the supplies and material were landed at these docks, and thence distributed by fleets of small boats along the line. And not only were there difficulties by land, there were difficulties by water as well. Michipicoten was one of the most valuable points of distribution along the entire coast; but it could not be advantageously availed of, owing to the fierceness of the storms. Here two docks

were built, each in turn to be washed away by the violence of the sea, and here also two steamers were sunk. Consequently the supplies had to be landed four miles west of Michipicoten, and distributed from that point instead.

The labour and expense of getting in the stuff from the coast at Michipicoten to the railway inland on the north may be estimated from the following: First, a road through the rocks had to be built seven miles in length; then a lake six and a half miles long was struck, to traverse which a steamboat had to be constructed. A stretch of sixteen miles of rough mountainous country, requiring large rock blastings and cutting, had then to be encountered. That accomplished, a second lake eleven miles long was reached, where another transport steamer was built. Two and a half more miles of road intervened between this lake and Dog Lake, where a third steamer was built. This boat ran from the point of taking in the supplies fourteen miles to the north-west angle and twelve miles to the north-east angle of Dog Lake, distributing her freight along the works, which were now at last reached—about one hundred miles of the road east and west being in this way supplied from Michipicoten. On these inland lakes six docks and six warehouses were built. As many as eight hundred and sixty derricks were used on the works.

Between Nipigon and the Pic there are five tunnels, and not less than ten rivers had to be

diverted from their natural courses and carried through rock tunnels excavated underneath the road bed. One of these rivers measures in width one hundred and fifty feet. There are along the coast eleven miles where in the living rock a shelf has been formed for the road bed of the railway, averaging twenty feet in width, in some places considerably wider. The rivers crossed by the line are spanned by iron bridges, the abutments—indeed, the stone work throughout—being the best kind of masonry. There is some temporary trestle work, which has mostly now been filled in. As a further evidence of the quality of the work, it may be remarked that no grade exceeds fifty-two feet to the mile, and the curvature is generally good, only two curves exceeding six degrees.

There were few accidents to call the hospitals into requisition, and such was the care exercised in the dynamite factories that no casualty whatever arose in the manufacture of the tons upon tons of explosives. There was, however, one serious result from culpable ignorance and temerity, four men having brought dynamite into one of the houses and placed it on the stove to thaw! The experience was a severe one, but to these poor fellows it carried no benefit. The survivors were more cautious. After the works were completed, care was taken to demolish the dynamite factories so as to render them innocuous.

Although last winter was very severe, with heavy falls of snow, Mr. Ross regards it as exceptional, and

he does not apprehend difficulty in working the line. The winters of 1882-3 and 1883-4 north of Lake Superior were, he says, delightful, with only about two feet of snow, and no drifts. The character of the country, he states, is very different from the dreary waste between Port Arthur and Selkirk, being bold and, with the lakes and rivers, exceedingly changeable in its aspects, striking and picturesque.

The work would have been completed earlier even than it was but for the transport of the troops to suppress the Riel rising, the labour of laying track and building bridges having to be suspended in order to take the forces round the gaps. The first troops reached the division about April 1st, and were through by the 20th. Fifteen days later a train passed over without a break. The last troops went past on May 19th, fully equipped with sleeping and dining cars.

Once the north-eastern shores are left behind the route runs through the woody country skirting Nipissing, and so by the Upper Ottawa to familiar ground around the capital of the dominion. Crossing the Gatineau River, the junction of which with the Ottawa is here shown, we are reminded that colonisation is being actively carried on by the French Canadians in the valleys of the tributary streams, such as the Gatineau, Lièvre, and others, giving a "back country" to the Ottawa and St. Lawrence valleys. Montreal is reached in less than two hours from this point.

JUNCTION OF THE GATINEAU AND OTTAWA RIVERS.—*By H.R.H. Princess Louise.*

Controlling interests have been secured by the Canadian Pacific Railway in Ontario over other roads

to prevent hostile intrigues. In brief, the history of the greatest undertaking of this age is seen at a glance in the following table :—

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 16TH, 1881.

Commenced building westward from Winnipeg, May, 1881. Owns in November, 1885 :—

	Miles.	Miles.
Main Line	2,894·7	
Branch Lines, East	403·4	
,, ,, West	221·2	
Leased Lines	698·3	
		4,217·6
Which have come into the Company's possession in the following manner :—		
Built by Government and handed over to Company	706·5	
Acquired by purchase, lease, or otherwise	1,370·5	
Built by Company since May, 1881	2,140·6	
		4,217·6
The mileage operated by the Company next year will (approximately) be		4,235
		Dollars.
Net earnings, 9 months ending 30th September, 1885		2,289,000

I am sure it will be the wish of all patriotic men, be they British or Canadian, that this backbone of the Dominion may, year after year, draw ever-increasing profits. Troops and freight may thereby be sent by a route several hundreds of miles shorter than any other to China and Japan. Mail service, if sent over by this way, will be greatly accelerated, and none but British ground, and none but British ships, need be touched from London to Hong Kong. It is a noble work nobly performed. LORNE.

IN THE FIJI ISLES.

IN THE FIJI ISLES.

CHAPTER I.

SCENERY AND NATURAL PRODUCTS.

IJI, with its hundred and fifty isles, looks in the distance very much like many other isles a good deal nearer home—Harris, Lewis, and Skye, for instance—especially as seen on the day of our arrival. Thick mist alternated with such downpours of rain that we had to beat about for a considerable time just outside the coral reef (which lies about a mile from the shore of Ovalau), actually within sound of the church bells, but seeing literally nothing, till a lull in the storm revealed the passage, *i.e.* the opening in the barrier reef. Through this we passed into the quiet harbour of Levuka, when a bright gleam of sunshine fell like a ray of promise on the little town, with its background of richly

wooded hills, and dark craggy pinnacles far overhead, appearing above the white wreaths of floating mist.

I confess that Levuka greatly exceeds our expectations. We had imagined it was still the raffish haunt of uproarious planters and white men of the lowest type, described by visitors a few years ago; instead of which we find a most orderly and respectable community with strongly church-going tendencies. Besides the native chapels there are three well-attended churches of the Episcopal, Wesleyan, and Roman Catholic persuasions. We are told that the reformation in the sobriety of the town is partly due to the Good Templars, who here muster a very considerable brotherhood. Doubtless their work is greatly facilitated by the increased price of gin, which in former days flowed like water, at the modest price of a shilling per bottle, but has now risen to five times that sum.

As concerns shops, or, as they are here called, stores, they are many and various, and if not troubled with a useless frontage of plate glass, they are at least fully stocked with all things needful; and there are several boarding-houses and hotels which, if not luxurious, at least provide the necessaries of life.

The situation of Levuka is by no means a desirable one for a capital which may become so important as that of Fiji, as it consists only of a very narrow strip of land on the edge of the sea, backed by steep hills, running up to nearly three thousand feet. Though, of course, the lower spurs of these may gradually be

LEVUKA.

dotted with villas, there is no possibility of extending the town, unless by expensive terracing. Only within the last few months has there been anything like what is ordinarily called a road—even the main street being only a strip of rocky sea-beach, and the few other footpaths are of the roughest description.

So, from the moment we leave the very untempting sea-beach, all our excursions must be on foot; and such exhausting scrambles I have rarely been driven to attempt. The hills are so very steep, and, moreover, so densely wooded, that a moderate walker really need not attempt them, though the bluff faces of crag and rock pinnacle are certainly attractive.

There is no means of locomotion save walking and boating; the various Indian methods of carrying are unknown, and great was the amazement of the natives when the first horse was landed at Levuka. So gigantic a creature had never visited them in dreams, and one poor fellow still bears grievous traces of a frightful kick received while too confidingly taking hold of the unknown animal by the tail. Greater still was the wonder when, on one of the larger islands, a couple of mounted horsemen appeared for the first time at some of the inland villages, and were, naturally enough, hailed as supernatural beings, at whose approach the affrighted people fled precipitately, seeking refuge in the tallest palms, or wherever else they could find shelter.

This island of Ovalau, though important by virtue of its being the site of Levuka, the present capital, is,

in point of size, somewhat insignificant; considerably larger, however, than Bau, the tiny isle on which King Thakombau's own particular town is situated. Both these isles lie off the coast of Viti Levu,* which is by far the largest of the whole group. Viti Levu simply means Great Viti, which is the name by which these islands are always called by their own people; the name of Fiji, which we have adopted, being simply the Tongan mispronunciation of the word.

The majority of these isles are protected by a partial rim of coral, which acts the part of a natural breakwater, and encloses a calm lagoon of shallow water whereon the smallest canoes can sail in safety; and as there seems invariably to be a break in the reef opposite the mouth of every stream, there are not lacking passages by which to enter these harbours of refuge. Moreover, many of the isles lie so near to one another, that you can often travel for a considerable distance, almost always profiting by this shelter, and avoiding the dangers of the open sea. Others, however, lie as far asunder as the Scilly Isles from the Hebrides or the Orkneys, and Fiji is composed of several groups quite as distinct as these.

Certainly nature has done her part well in offering surroundings of infinite beauty. There are innumerable sites on these breezy hillsides whence, looking down through a veil of glittering palm-leaves and rich foliage, the eye that loves exquisite colour can never weary of simply watching the ever-changing

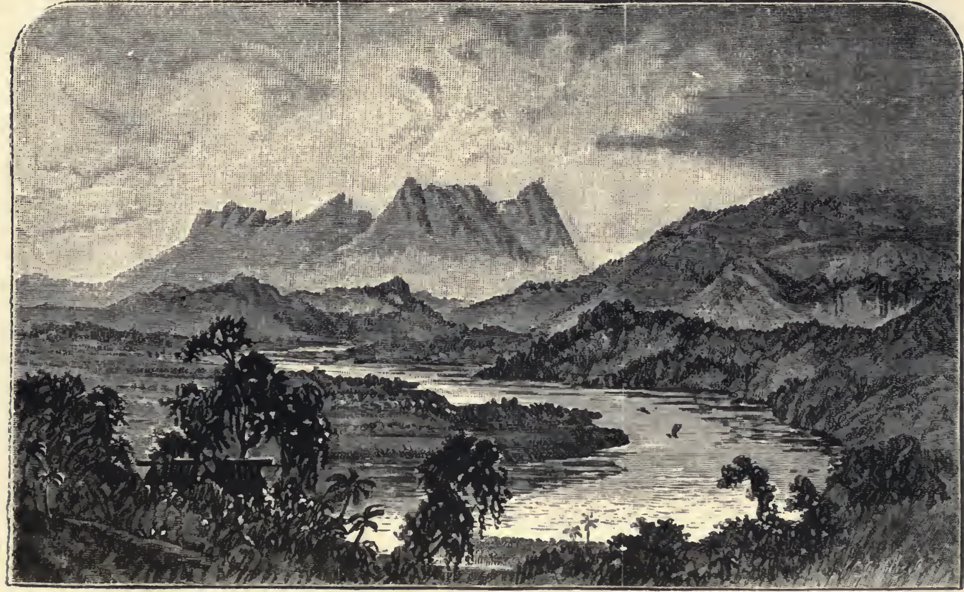
* Pronounced "Veetee Layvoo."

scene outspread below; for the calm sea-lake, whereon vessels of all sizes float so peacefully, is separated from the great purply ocean by a crystalline rainbow. The coral reef acts the part of a submarine prism, producing a gleaming ray, wherein blends every shade of aquamarine, mauve, emerald green, sienna, and orange, for ever varying with the ebb and flow of the tide, which at high water covers the reef to the depth of several feet. The highest edge of the reef lies towards the ocean, and a line of dazzling white surf marks where the great breakers wage their ceaseless warfare on the barrier; but the passage through the reef is plainly marked by a break in the white line, and a broad roadway of deep blue connecting the inner waters with the great deep. All along the horizon,

"Like sweet thoughts in a dream,"

lie the neighbouring isles, their beauty sorely at variance with such deeds of ruthless bloodshed and extermination of whole tribes as have been thereon enacted in very recent years.

The great barrier reef is not our only marine rainbow, for a labyrinth of smaller patches crops up everywhere, making the navigation of these waters a thing of infinite danger to the uninitiated. But for a never-failing sensation of delight, I commend you to floating over the reef in a boat of very light draught, so that you may peer down into all the crevices of those wondrous coral gardens, where every tinge of delicate pink, lilac, and blue recalls the



THE REWA, IN VITI LEVU.

flowers of earth. Alas! these sea-flowers fade away so soon as we take the beautiful tufts to land; for the colour is given by the gelatinous coral insect, which drips its life away when taken from its home, and, in a few hours, leaves us only its white skeleton —a very poor substitute for the lovely thing we saw and coveted.

The beautiful vision, moreover, like all that submarine garden, derived much of its charm from the medium through which we beheld it—the clear, translucent water. Sometimes we look down on patches of many-coloured weed, where exquisite fish of vivid hues congregate in families, some striped with crimson, some with black; some are vivid yellow, with a collar like peacocks' feathers. The commonest of all are either green or blue, each more dazzling than any brush could paint. Some of the loveliest of these are so tiny that you can keep a dozen in a tumbler; others are about the length of your finger.

Sometimes we pass over great tables of dark coral, whereon lie lumps of brain and mushroom coral, sponges, and madrepores. Of course, to secure these prizes it is necessary to step on to the reef; which, however tempting in some respects, is not altogether pleasant walking, the sharp points of the coral cutting through the thickest boots, while deceptive appearances make it probable that you will plunge into a much greater depth than you expected. But to the natives, untroubled by overmuch raiment, the reef is

a source of endless amusement and profit, and often at low tide they sail thither in their picturesque canoes, with large yellow mat sail, and curious outrigger attached to one side.

These canoes are always objects of interest, especially those of the chiefs, which, besides carrying a flag, sometimes have a fringe of great streamers floating from the sail, while the canoe is richly adorned at both ends with glistening white shells (the *Cyprea ovula*), which are also a favourite decoration for the main beam on roofs of houses. The boatmen (who rejoice in such quaint rendering of scriptural names as Luki, Joeli, Isaia, Ilijah, Solomoni, Zachausi, Methusela, &c.) beguile the time by singing monotonous songs, which, but for the almost invariable and very peculiar accompaniment of clapping hands, would often recall the Gaelic lays of our own northern boatmen. Some of these are invocations of the idle wind, nor is the familiar custom of whistling for a breeze by any means unknown.

Imagine the aggravation of day by day paddling over this warm sunny sea, sorely tempted to bathe therein, and yet knowing full well that the sharks here hold high revel and have an especial eye to white limbs ; not that they are particular, having no objection to eating turtles, shell and all, or anything else that comes in their way.

As regards climate, our impressions are highly favourable. We see white men who have been here or years, going about without any of the ordinary

precautions deemed necessary in tropical climates. White umbrellas and solar hats are alike neglected, and a white puggaree is considered ample protection in a country where sunstroke and fever are alike rare. The thermometer at 90° marks an exceptionally hot day, and with the exception of occasional tropical showers, we have generally fine weather—hot certainly, in the mid-day hours, but almost invariably tempered by a balmy breeze and soft grey clouds. December is supposed to usher in midsummer heat and heavy rains—not incessant, but very much in earnest while they last, and for three months we may be liable to hurricanes, which, however, are not an invariable part of the programme; nor can they possibly be as severe as those of the West Indies, or all the frail buildings which compose this little capital would inevitably have long since been levelled with the ground.

One unattractive characteristic of these isles forces itself on my notice all the more cruelly, coming in sharp contrast with the profusion of wild-flowers in Australia—namely, that they scarcely produce a blossom. I have walked day after day till I was weary, without finding so many flowers as would fill a small vase.

The strange lack of animal life is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of these isles, where the only indigenous four-footed creatures are rats and flying foxes. Even the pigs, which now run wild in the jungle, were originally introduced by the Ton-

SUVA IN VITI LEVU (THE FUTURE CAPITAL) WITH THE NAMOSI PEAKS.

gans, who also brought ducks and fowls; and as to other animals, such names as *seepi*, mutton; *goti*, goat; *pussi*, cat; *ose*, horse; *collie*, dog, and *bullamacow*, beef, sufficiently betray their origin. Happily, the list of Fijian reptiles is equally small. The snakes are few, and not venomous. Scorpions and centipedes are very rare, so that flies and mosquitoes are almost the only foes we have to combat. Even fire-flies, which we look upon as a positive right in all tropical lands, are very few and very dim.

However great may be the shortcomings of Fiji in the matter of flowers, she may safely divide honours with Australia in respect of ferns, which grow in richest profusion, and are of innumerable species. Nothing can be more beautiful than a damp ravine in either country, with luxuriant masses of exquisite ferns hanging from every bough of the grey old trees, and here and there the stem of a magnificent tree-fern rising thirty or forty feet above the sea of greenery below, bearing its noble crown, and having its lower fronds all tangled with glossy-leaved creepers or festoons of the delicate climbing fern, the tender leaves of which hang mid-air on long hair-like trails.

But if Fiji has her lovely tree-ferns, she also has her tree-nettles, which attain the growth of large forest trees. Beautiful and treacherous are their large smooth leaves, veined with purple or white, so

tempting to the eye, so cruel to the unwary hand outstretched to gather them. Days will pass by ere the pain of that burning sting subsides. As regards the general foliage, it is almost identical with that of Ceylon, though perhaps scarcely so rich.

SPECIMENS OF FIJIAN POTTERY.

CHAPTER II.

INDUSTRIES AND CUSTOMS.

VERY available corner of the ravines is laid out in tiny terraced fields, or rather miniature swamps, for the cultivation of the yams and taros, which form the staple of native food. Both these roots more or less resemble coarse potatoes, especially the former, which attain to a gigantic size, from one to ten feet in length, and are said sometimes to weigh one hundred pounds. The taro is of a bluish-grey colour, and both in appearance and consistency resembles mottled soap. As its name suggests (*Arum esculentum*), its leaves are like those of our own arum greatly magnified; while those of the yam are like a very rich convolvulus, as is also its habit of growth, each plant being trained along a tall reed. A great many varieties are cultivated, including one the root of which is throughout of a vivid

mauve. The sweet potato is also in common use, and breadfruit and bananas are abundant. The favourite method of preparing the two latter is to wrap them up in a large leaf and bury them till they ferment. The stench when the leaf is dug up is simply intolerable to the uneducated nose of the foreigner; but the Fijian inhales it with delight, therein scenting the *mandrai* (bread) and puddings in which his soul delights.

These puddings are sometimes made on a gigantic scale, on the occasion of any great gathering of the tribes. We were told of one that measured twenty feet in circumference, and on the same occasion there was a *dish* of green leaves prepared, ten feet long by five wide, whereon were piled turtles and pigs roasted whole; also a wall of cooked fish, five feet in height and twenty feet long. Certainly the masses of food accumulated on these great days beat everything we have heard of ancient Scottish funeral feasts. Mr. Calvert describes one festival at which he was present where there were fifteen tons of sweet pudding, seventy turtles, fifty tons of cooked yams and taro (besides two hundred tons which were judiciously reserved), and as much yangona-root as would have filled five carts.

The mode of laying the table on these occasions is peculiar. All food is arranged in heaps: a layer of cocoa-nut as foundation, then baked yams and taro; next the gigantic puddings on green banana-leaves, the whole surmounted by pigs and turtles. These

CLUBS, SPEARS, AND PILLOWS.

are roasted whole in huge ovens, or rather pits in the ground, perhaps ten feet deep and twenty in diameter, which are first lined with firewood, on which is laid a layer of stones; when these are heated the animals to be roasted are laid on them, with several hot stones inside to secure cooking throughout; then comes a covering of leaves and earth, and the baking process completes itself.

When all is ready certain men are told off, who carefully apportion this mass of food amongst the representatives of the various tribes present, these subdividing among themselves; and great is the need for punctilious observance of all ceremonies and points of etiquette, as the smallest breach thereof would inevitably be noted, and involve certain revenge—or rather would have done so before the people became Christians.

But prior to that great change a feast would have been held of small account which was not graced by abundant human flesh; and if by chance there was no war on hand to provide this delicacy, there was rarely much difficulty in finding victims. A defenceless troop of women from some neighbouring village, a canoe driven ashore by stress of weather, or failing these, a few insignificant serfs, or wives who had lost favour with their lords, supplied the place of home-farm produce. Several peculiarities were observed concerning the *bokala*, or human flesh. It was considered indigestible unless eaten with certain herbs, which were purposely grown in every village (*Sola-*

num anthropophagorum). Moreover, it was the only meat which was preferred rather high, and which must not be handled, from a belief that it would produce skin-disease. Therefore it was invariably eaten with a peculiar round wooden fork with four long prongs.

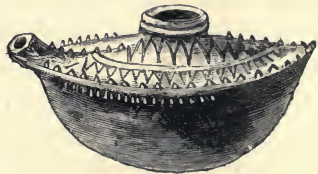
Some of the most noted cannibals, who gloried in the multitude of men whom they had eaten, actually kept a record of their number by erecting lines of stones. One of these registers numbers eight hundred and seventy-two! and the Christian son of this ogre declares that his father ate them all himself, allowing no one to share with him. Another member of the same family had registered forty-eight, when his becoming a Christian put a stop to the amusement, and compelled him to be satisfied with commonplace beef. In fact one of the excuses urged by Thakombau for so long adhering to cannibalism was that he and his people had no other substitute for English bull-amacow. It is, however, more than twenty-five years since he abjured the vile custom and accepted Christianity; but many of the islanders kept it up till quite recently.

Strange, indeed, is the change that has come over these isles since first Messrs. Cargill and Cross, Wesleyan missionaries, landed here in the year 1835, resolved, at the hazard of their lives, to bring the light of Christianity to these ferocious cannibals. Picture it in your own mind. Two white men, without any visible protection, landing in the midst of

these bloodthirsty hordes, whose unknown language they had in the first place to master. Slow and dis-

heartening was their labour for years; yet so well has that little leaven worked, that the eighty inhabited isles have all abjured cannibalism and other frightful customs, have *lotued—i.e.* become Christians—and are now, to all appearance, as gentle and kindly a race as any in the world.

The common objects of industry in these isles are certainly superior to those of most savage people. Their baskets and mats



are excellent, and of very varied pattern. So also is the carving of their war clubs, and the numerous variety of bowls of all sorts and forms—sacred bowls for the priests, and for the national beverage, *yangona;* also for oil. Most elaborate of all is the carving of the war spears, and greatly may we marvel when we recollect that

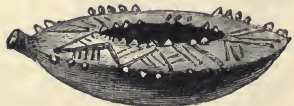
the only tools possessed by these artists were stone axes, precisely similar to those familiar to our antiquarians, and which were firmly bound with cord to a wooden handle shaped at one end like a letter V. The fine carving was all done with saws of rats' teeth set in hard wood, and the spines of the echini were also occasionally turned to account.

The sinnet or string work, and the manufacture of tapa, *i.e.* cloth, are both positively works of art, so elaborate are the patterns produced.

The manufacture of pottery is far in advance of that in any other isles of the Pacific, and although the potter's wheel is unknown some of the forms are most artistic. The clay used is unfortunately very friable, or perhaps its extreme brittleness is due to lack of proper baking. The pots are simply roughly modelled, glazed with pine resin, and lightly baked in a fire of grass and sticks.

We are greatly struck by the wonderful quickness

of these people in noting differences in white men, as well as the justice of their conclusions. One of the native princes gave us his opinion of the captain of a man-o'-war who had treated him very hospitably, and supposed that he had made a great impression. He said, "You know he is not exactly what *we* should call a gentleman." On the other hand, Thakombau

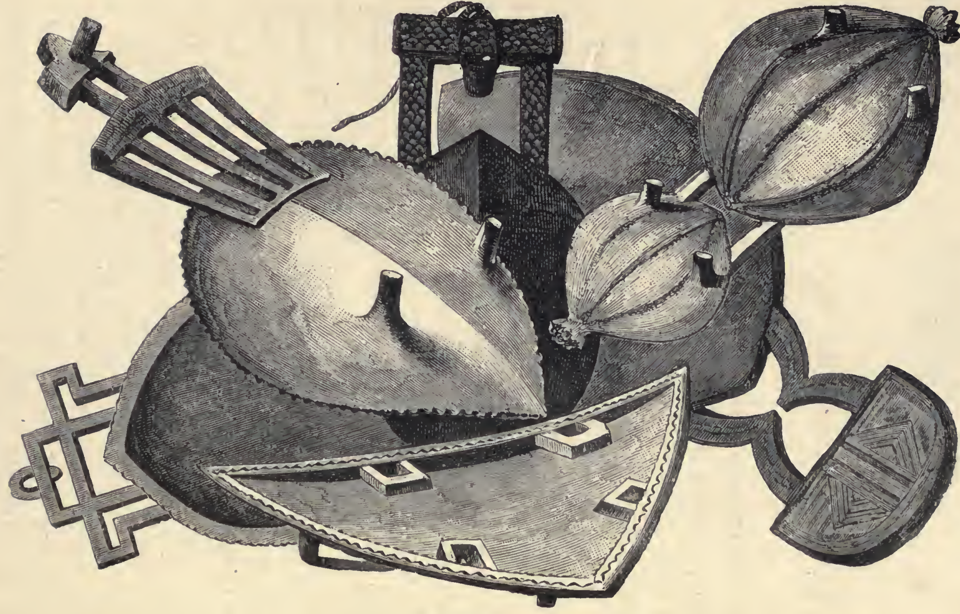


(or, as he is generally called, the Vunivalu, or root of war) summed up his opinion of the governor, Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, by saying, "He is quite our idea of a gentleman," that is, always courteous and con-

siderate, and punctiliously observant of the most minute details of native etiquette—a matter far too generally ignored by white men in their rough-shod intercourse with brown races.

No better example exists of the curious combination I have just noted than the Vunivalu himself. He commenced his career of bloodshed at the early age of six, when with his own little hands he clubbed a playfellow two years older. From this time forward he was noted for every species of atrocity, till the age of fifty, when he resolved to "lotu." Yet, throughout his whole life, he has been noted as a most courtly and dignified chief, especially when seen presiding at a council of minor chiefs. Now he does all in his power to help the progress of order and good, and says he would rather have things as they are and see his people enjoy the blessings of peace, than recover all his old power.

His ideas on all subjects were vastly enlarged by his visit to Sydney, and when you remember the amazement with which one horse was beheld here, that any form of wheeled vehicle is unknown, and that a two-storied house built by the missionaries at Viwa was considered a perfect miracle of construction, you can understand how wonderful so great a city as Sydney must have appeared in his eyes. He told us that the vastness of the crowds gave him some idea of what the gathering of people in heaven must be! We said we wished he could see Westminster Abbey. He replied



CARVED WOODEN BOWLS FOR OIL.

that he could well imagine that the city, of which Sydney was but an offshoot, must indeed be of surpassing grandeur. "Would he come to London?" "No; he feared to die at sea, and be thrown overboard." "But *we* had run that risk to see his isles, and here we were safe." "Oh, it was only his age that deterred him; his son might perhaps go." We were greatly amused at the reason he assigns for never opening his lips in English, which he doubtless knows pretty well. He says he has heard Englishmen speak Fijian, and that is quite sufficient. His favourite companion in Sydney was a tiny white child, grand-daughter of Sir Hercules Robinson, who delighted to ensconce herself on his knee, sometimes looking up in his face, with a sudden qualm of doubt, to whisper, "Please don't eat me! You won't eat me, will you?" It would be a pretty picture, would it not, the fine old chief lying on his mat, with his treasured Bible, which he cannot read, lying beside him "because it makes him feel so good," and the little fair English girl nestling beside him? Would that all triumphs of our Christian civilization were equally satisfactory!

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.

NATURE OF THE COUNTRY.

NEW ZEALAND is said to have been discovered by Tasman nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. Very little, however, was known of the country until it was more carefully explored by Captain Cook, little more than a hundred years ago.

New Zealand consists of two long islands and several small ones. The two larger islands are called the North and South Islands, and are divided by a passage of water less than twenty miles wide, known as Cook's Strait. Stewart Island, almost uninhabited, lies to the south. The two large islands cover an area a little larger than that of Great Britain.

The islands are mountainous. The broader part of the North Island has three long ranges of mountains,

with broad and fertile valleys between. The mountains rise from 3,000 to nearly 10,000 feet high, some of the peaks being capped with eternal snow.

In the centre of the North Island there is a volcanic region, with many extinct craters and a few still active. In this region a vast number of hot springs abound—some actually throwing up boiling water. Some are used as medical baths, and also by the natives to cook their meat and vegetables ; and alongside bubbling mud-holes and hot springs there are streams of icy coldness sent from the snow-capped mountains farther south.

The only important river of the North Island is the Waikato. This river rises in Mount Ruapehu, and flows northward through the large lake Taupo, and finally enters the ocean on the west coast. The Waikato, about twenty-five miles from its exit from the lake, passes through a remarkable group of hot springs, extending for more than a mile along its banks. The river here plunges through a deep valley, and its floods, whirling and foaming round rocky islets, dash with a loud uproar through the defile. Along its banks white clouds of steam ascend from hot cascades falling into the river, and from basins full of boiling water shut in by masses of white stone. Steaming fountains rise at short intervals, two or more playing simultaneously, and producing endless changes, as though experiments were being made with a grand system of waterworks.

Mountains are a more prominent feature in the South

AUCKLAND FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT EDEN.

than in North Island. Both ends of it are broad, and laced with hill ranges after the manner of the Grampians in Scotland, spreading in all directions. The central part has two long and almost straight chains running from the north-eastern to the south-western "bosses" or groups. The ridges almost resemble the handle of a "dumb-bell," while the "bosses" represent the end knobs. Between these long ranges, some of whose peaks, clad with snow, tower 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, there are great valleys and plains, many of them exceedingly fertile. Mount Cook, the giant of New Zealand mountains, attains an elevation of 13,200 feet.

The rivers never lack water, many of them being fed by the melting snows and glaciers ; and, running down steep valleys and glens, are broken by cascades, thus enhancing the beauty of the scenery. The lakes are all of fresh water, and are embosomed among wooded mountains.

The coast-line is more broken on the east than on the west. On the south-west, however, the coast is indented by long and deep arms of the sea, which, in their length and narrowness, and in the grandeur of their lofty cliffs and dark woods, resemble the fiords of Norway.

New Zealand has been suitably termed the Britain of the South. The seasons are very much like those of the British Isles, except that, being in the opposite hemisphere, they occur at opposite periods. There are no great extremes of heat and cold ; the climate is moist, regular, and mild.

The chief difference between New Zealand and England is that in the former the summer is a little warmer and longer, and the spring and winter also a little warmer. On the plains the frosts are so slight that farming suffers no interruption.

The amount of rainfall in the colony is large, and thunderstorms are at least as frequent as in Great Britain. The east coast is drier than the west, as in England and Ireland. The rain falls more abundantly than in Britain while it lasts, but there are more dry days, except in winter. From the dryness and evenness of the climate disease of the lungs is almost unknown there.

The great characteristics of New Zealand scenery are the forests, the ferns, and the grassy plains. The flowers are comparatively few but peculiar. The forest trees are mostly different species of pine not found elsewhere. Of these the Kauri pine furnishes splendid timber. The ferns attain the size of small trees.

Animal life in New Zealand is not so abundant as in most countries. There are no wild animals at all dangerous to man, and in fact few of any kind. Birds are more numerous, especially the large running birds, such as the emu and ostrich. The remains of a very gigantic bird are occasionally discovered buried in the soil, but no living specimen has been found. Fish are plentiful in the neighbouring seas, but insects are very scarce.

The natives are called Maoris. They are a fine

race of people, tall, active, brave, and strong, quick to learn, and intelligent. Their colour is that of the European gipsy, of various shades. Though formerly addicted to cannibalism, they have now, under the influence of missionaries, adopted the habits of civilised life. The race, however, is rapidly dying out. Tribal wars and insurrections against the colonists, and the famine and hardships attendant thereon, have greatly reduced their numbers. The diminished tribes—probably numbering in all between 40,000 and 50,000 people—live peaceably in the North Island, many of them as farmers and traders.

The soil varies very much, and with the fine climate produces corn and a great variety of fruits, &c. In North Island tobacco and cotton are cultivated, and fruits of a sub-tropical kind flourish. The South Island has the finest pasture-land and the most fertile plains and valleys; and it is here that farming is carried on to the greatest perfection, and with the most extensive use of agricultural machinery. Potatoes, first introduced by Captain Cook, are grown in great profusion, two crops a year being produced off the same piece of land. There are more than 13,000,000 sheep grazing in the colony, the larger portion in the South Island. Horses, cattle, pigs, and poultry are numerous. All these (as well as sheep) have been imported, none of them being native to the country.

Minerals are abundant, but the mining industry

as yet is almost in its infancy. There are some good coal-fields, but gold is the chief item of mineral wealth. The first discovery of the precious metal was made in the year 1840, but there was no systematic working until 1852, when a field was worked east of Auckland, in the North Island. In the year 1861 more fields were found in the province of Otago, in the South Island. Since that date gold has been found in almost every part of the South Island, and in various districts of the North. It has been found that on the west coast the alluvial drifts (water-washed soil) containing quantities of the valuable metal stretch a distance of 200 miles under the sea. As this soil is being constantly cast up by the ocean tides, there is a regular supply of gold, and gold-finding is a busy occupation for a large number of people. During the last quarter of a century the total value of the gold washed ashore and dug out of the fields has been more than £30,000,000.

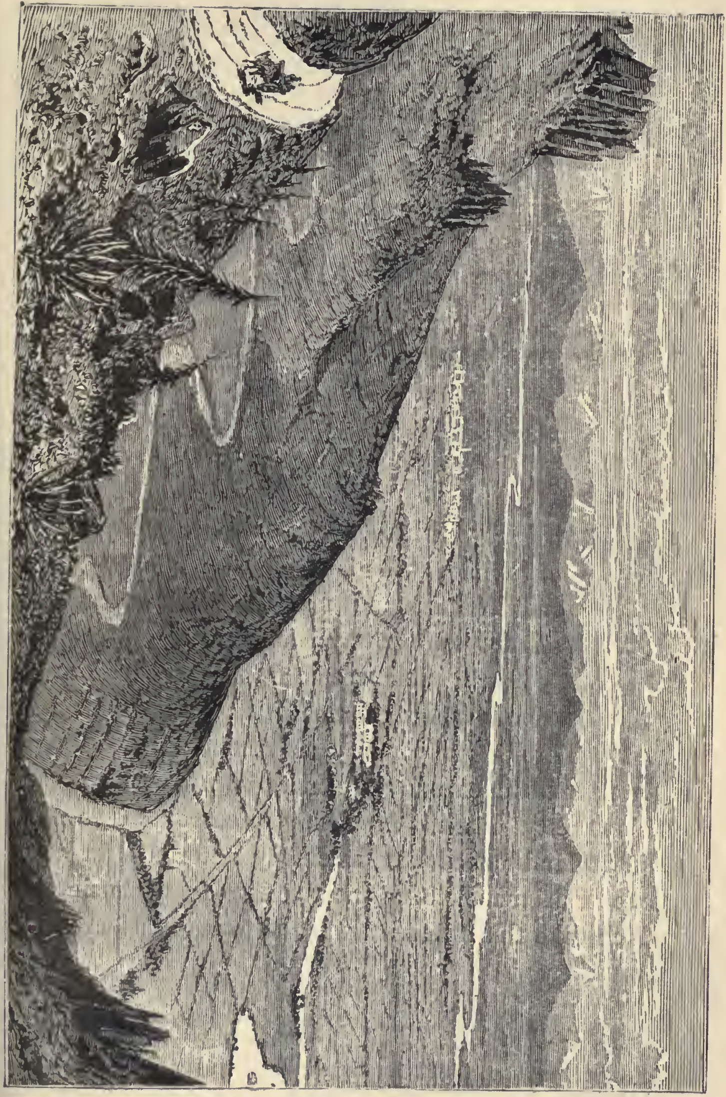
In New Zealand, as in Australia and elsewhere, it is not so much the value of the gold that has enriched the country, as the impulse it has given to immigration and enterprise by the hope of finding it. As a rule, the gold-diggers have made much less money than the butchers, bakers, and others who have followed them to supply their wants, and have been able to get very high prices. Iron, copper, silver, lead, sulphur, and lime are found in various quantities.

The Government of New Zealand consists of a Governor, appointed by the British Crown, and two "Houses of Parliament." The "Houses" meet at the small town of Wellington, on the south coast of North Island. The Governor is also Commander-in-Chief of the forces.

The country was formerly divided into nine provinces—four in the North Isle and five in the South; but in 1875 the provinces were sub-divided into counties, and the whole united as one colony. The provinces are now called provincial districts.

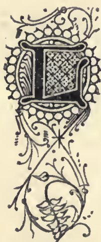
Auckland, in the district of the same name, is the largest town of the North Island; and Dunedin, on the harbour of Otago, is the most important city of the South Island. Christchurch is the most populous town of Canterbury, and Lyttleton is its port. None of the towns are very large; indeed, the total population of the colony is scarcely over half a million.

In succeeding chapters we shall give some interesting notes by observant travellers on two most remarkable natural features of the country, the hot lakes with once splendid terraces, now unhappily destroyed by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and the western sounds, which rival the fiords of Norway.



CHAPTER II.

THE HOT LAKES.*



LAST May, when purposing to return from Australia viâ America, all our friends advised H. and myself to visit the Hot Lakes on our way; and though very few of them could speak from personal experience, the recommendation was so strong that we broke our journey at Auckland, and took the first little coasting steamer down to Tauranga. This pretty little place, snugly ensconced in an almost land-locked bay, is chiefly notorious for the Gate Pah massacre, a most unfortunate business, which, like the American war, Britons do not care to remember.

* The following narrative, written some years ago, now possesses a melancholy interest from the fact that the scenes described were either wholly destroyed or frightfully disfigured by the dreadful earthquake of 1886.

By some cunning arrangement of the hotel-keeper, a buggy and horses were not forthcoming for our forty-mile drive to the lakes until the morrow, so we spent the day in visiting the scene of the fight, and the little cemetery which contains the victims of that day's mismanagement. The Pah has entirely disappeared, and it is difficult to trace the progress of the fight, but the truth will ever be patent to the visitors of that little graveyard: how the Maories in their flight from the Pah were met by the Marines, how they hurried back again in desperation to their only shelter, how the bullets of the Marines fell over their heads into the ranks of the 45th, how the soldiers began to run, and their officers one and all remained to be shot down almost to a man, is a story which receives there a terrible confirmation. In the small enclosure within the cemetery are the graves of eleven officers and fifteen private soldiers.* The disproportion tells the tale only too truly.

The next morning, at an early hour, the buggy and a pair of horses were at the door of our inn, and having been joined by a small squatter, who was also on his way to the lakes, we started off in the pouring rain for Ohmenintu. The first twelve miles were easily surmounted, although the rise was nearly three thousand feet from the bay; but we then entered the bush, where, though the scenery was magnificent, the road was a swamp. We had not gone two miles

* I think nearly sixty soldiers are buried here, but those I have mentioned fell in the actual fight.

before we stuck fast at the bottom of a perpendicular-looking hill of black mud, with the prospect of two fallen trees to surmount half-way up. The wheels were two feet in clay, and the horses most evidently broken-winded.

There was nothing for it but to get out and shove, and all but the squatter, by far the heaviest man of the party, plunged boldly into the slough. He had a regular colonial idea of driving. The horses were meant to drag him, not he the horses. If it killed them it didn't matter much. Horses were cheaper than corn, and as for spending the night in the bush, he rather liked it than otherwise. However, we had a different opinion ; for though very beautiful, the bush was very damp, and we were not colonial enough to make a pipe of tobacco serve for breakfast. So, after a good deal of persuasion, and threats of leaving him behind altogether, we not only got his sixteen stone out of the buggy, but prevailed on him to help in lifting the wheels out of the mud and over the trees.

At the top of the hill the horses appeared to revive, and another hour brought us to the half-way house. It was inhabited by a Yorkshireman and his wife, a pretty little Jersey woman, very nervous at living all alone in the bush, and continually alarmed by the Maories, who constantly visited the hut. A change of horses was happily awaiting us, and we hastened on to get out of the bush before dark. The horses were in much better condition than the last, and

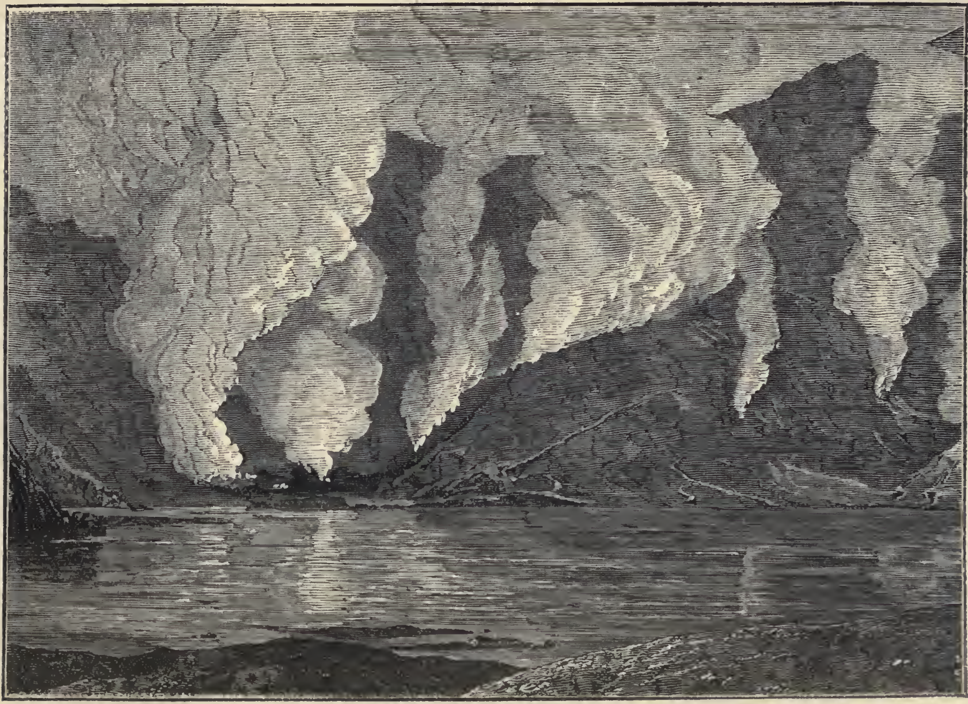
after another twenty miles, during most of which it was so dark that the white of the road in front of us was all we could see, we were warned by a strong smell of sulphur that we were driving along the shore of Lake Botonia. Half an hour brought us to the village of Ohmenintu, and we gladly descended at Morihanna's Hotel, had a hot bath in one of the pools, a hot supper, and went to bed. The next morning, after a swim in the Hot Lake, a body of water about the size of Windermere, and which becomes quite cold towards the centre, we made our way to Waranamantau, a collection of pools about three miles away. Its chief characteristic are the geysers, and we hoped to see them in full play.

The pools here have an awkward habit of changing their topography from time to time, and it was always on the cards that some portion of the path would give way under an unusual weight. The squatter at once decided that the place was of very minor interest, and sat down to wait for us, keeping himself, as he hoped, out of danger. An old and ugly Maori woman, with little clothing except a print skirt of Manchester make, acted as our guide, and, followed by a troop of copper-coloured urchins, we walked very circumspectly in her very footsteps among the boiling pools and heaving crusts of earth. It was certainly very marvellous. The country round appeared to be on fire, and the naked figures of the young Arawahs, as they glided through the

clouds of steam, reminded one strongly of Dante's demons on the banks of the Phlegethon.

The Great Geyser, which we were told has been known to play to the height of eighty feet, was apparently not in working order, for with the exception of a succession of vast heaves and gurgles there was nothing to be seen. That the Maories are not deficient in cunning we had often been told, and now experienced an instance of it. The old woman, who had hitherto walked silently in front of us, suddenly stopped in a narrow pass between two boiling mud marshes, and demanded black-mail. Of course she was entitled to something, but it was ludicrously undignified to be so entirely at the mercy of an old woman at whom we had been laughing the whole way. It was too dangerous to retrace our steps without a guide, and we could not pass her without stepping into the boiling mud. So we submitted and found she was contented with a shilling from each of us, skipping away like a school-girl after the bargain had been completed.

We now wished to try the virtues of the sulphur baths, and having luckily met a Scandinavian woman, who had lately brought her husband to the lakes to be cured of rheumatic fewer, we obtained clean towels, and followed her good man down to the strongest pool. It was very hot and very delicious, the strong smell of sulphur being by no means disagreeable. It was very amusing to see the Maories squatting solemnly down in the shallow places. There



ONE OF THE HOT LAKES.

were several there of both sexes, and there they spent a great part of the day, smoking if they are fortunate enough to possess any tobacco, but if not, quite contented to sit for hours doing absolutely nothing. Among the natives were four or five white faces. These were visitors come to try the baths for various complaints. They all professed themselves to be immensely benefited even after a few days' trial, but the way in which they are at present compelled to live must neutralise the good effects of the water to a great extent.

The Maories, from some hidden, probably superstitious, motive, refuse to allow any habitation to be erected there by Europeans, and as yet their own notions of architecture are of the most primitive kind. A few sticks of supple-jack and wattle tied and pegged to two or three upright posts, a roof of tea-tree and rushes, and a door laying bare one side of the house, constitute the native warri. The boiling pools supply all the needful cooking apparatus, and therefore neither a fireplace nor chimney is added; and though the one room is thus saved from that stifling atmosphere of smoke which pervades most savage dwellings, yet the floor is very damp, and the room so draughty that a man suffering from rheumatic fever would under ordinary circumstances have little chance of recovery. The Maories themselves suffer very greatly from consumption, no doubt brought on from their suicidal practice of sitting for hours in a pool almost at boiling-point,

and retiring to bed in one of these damp, unwholesome warris.

On coming out of our bath, we were met by a little Maori boy, who after pulling our coats, like a sagacious dog I once read of, induced us to follow him to where we had left our friend. Caution is, alas! not always the safest policy. Our squatter, rising to inspect a boiling pool, had stepped into a boiling mud hole. Two Maori women were already in attendance, and a man had been sent off to the lake to obtain some famous black mud. Till he returned the foot was kept in a hot pool, to the great relief of our friend, who appeared to feel little or no pain. The man returned in about half an hour, during which time the women were singing a monotonous chant to frighten away the evil spirits.

We had now an opportunity of seeing some native doctoring. While one of the women stood ready with a large lump of mud, the other withdrew the injured limb from the water, with a jerk which terribly discomposed the equilibrium of our fat friend. A moment after, his leg up to the knee was well plastered with the mud, and, after carrying him to the nearest warri, we were obliged to leave him in the hands of his new friends and make the best of our way back to our inn. It was not likely he would be able to walk for a fortnight, during which time the mud-washing process was to be repeated twice a day. The virtue of this treatment is most extraordinary, and whereas several Europeans, it is

said, have either died or lost their limbs under European treatment, very few fatal cases have been known among the Maoris, if they can completely exclude the air in time.

That evening, grieved at the loss of our companion, who had acted as our interpreter hitherto, we drove by way of two beautiful cold lakes, called "the blue" and "the green," to Wairoa, a village on Lake Terawera. It was getting late when we reached our inn, but our Maori host, Mr. Paroa, had collected a number of children to welcome us with a "laka," or native dance; and to this infliction we had to submit for an hour before we could get supper.

At length, however, even Paroa was satiated, and after serving out a large quantity of hard biscuit (at our expense) to the dancers, he sallied forth with a couple of friends and removed them forcibly from the doors.

But we yet had to satisfy the wants of the elder portion of the community. They, being personal friends of the landlord, were admitted into our apartment, and Paroa, with the utmost liberality, served out a liberal allowance of rum, which we found duly charged in the bill next morning. It was in vain that we remonstrated, urging that they had not even danced, but were silenced by the remark that they were quite prepared to do so, and as our crew was to be selected from them next morning, hospitality triumphed.

After a substantial colonial breakfast, consisting of

mutton in various forms, we went down a winding path to the lake, and found that the chief to whom we had applied had provided us with a substantial English-built boat and a crew of six men, who did no injustice to the Maori fame for stature and strength. We at once embarked, but it was a good half-hour before we could prevail on our escort to do the same. Whenever Maori meets Maori, they must have a talk, and for the next twenty minutes these fellows kept up such a furious jabber that we expected to see knives and tomahawks out at every instant. At last they all took their seats at the oars, and away we started at a great pace, and in less than two hours we landed on the other side.

The warm stream that flowed from the hot lake above was too rapid to contend against in anything but light canoes ; and having laden two of the crew with our luncheon and rugs, we proceeded to walk the remaining mile to the White Terraces. The scenery already was pretty enough, but we were quite unprepared for the wonderfully beautiful sight which suddenly burst upon us as we turned the last corner. A vast marble staircase rose above us, streaming with water. At the summit a cloud of steam rolled slowly up from some gigantic boiling pool, and floated away among the hills. We were soon at the foot of the hill, and a nearer inspection only enhanced its beauty.

The broad flat steps were worn by the action of sulphuretted water in an exact imitation of white

coral, and on every platform rested a basin of the bluest, clearest water. As each of these was filled from the basin above, it overflowed into the basin below, and from being at boiling point at the top, the water became almost cold at the bottom. As we ascended, the steam became more and more dense, until we stood on the brink of the topmost boiling pool, wet to the skin and unable to see a yard in front of us until some friendly gust of wind carried the vapour away. And these occasional glimpses revealed the most curious sight of all. The pool was almost regularly circular, and hollowed by nature so exactly that its sides might compare favourably with the best paved bath in London. A mass of blue clear water writhed and tumbled within, now rising with a burst to the height of some twenty feet, now sinking into a furious whirlpool. The sight was beautiful and terrible, and one could no longer doubt that the Maories had here chosen a fitting habitation for their gods: indeed, who but gods could dwell in a spot so unnatural, so unearthly?

Though fast assuming the consistency of a wet sponge from the thick vapours, I could have stayed there for hours, had not our guides hurried us away to fresh scenes of wonder. But the enchantment was broken for all lesser wonders, and we threaded our way among smaller geysers and smaller pools as though we had been born in their midst. Lake Notomahana was soon reached, and leaving our bow-oar to cook our luncheon of mutton and potatoes in

a handy pool, we all embarked in a long canoe, and paddled over to the Pink Terraces. Though of a strangely beautiful pink colour, they were by no means so beautiful as the white, and we thought it no sacrilege to apply the pool to the base uses of a hot bath.

Of course, here again the higher we climbed the hotter became the water, and it was extraordinary what heat we found our bodies could stand with pleasure, if we crept gradually up from the bottom. H. and I did not stop until we had reached the third pool from the top, and I believe Maoris have been known to enter the one immediately above. By the time we had thoroughly enjoyed our wallow, and finished up with a swim in the lake itself, shouts from the other side proclaimed that our luncheon was ready, and we were soon paddling back across the lake. But now occurred a contretemps which might have had an awkward termination. H., excited by the numerous flights of teal and duck which passed directly over our heads, cautiously loaded his pistol and fired a shot into the midst of them. In a moment arose a terrible uproar from our crew. The paddlers ceased paddling, and everybody appeared to be speaking at once. I at first conceived that it was a mutiny, but the unfortunate pistol soon proved to be the cause of disturbance. From what I could understand from the coxswain, who knew a few words of English, the lake was *tapu* (or sacred), and consequently the ducks and teal belonged to the gods

or chiefs or somebody, who would not be satisfied with anything less than a fine of five pounds; and I expected a sensational story of a narrow escape from a cannibal feast, after the manner of Mr. Fenimore Cooper. But as we were dealing with civilised, or rather degenerate, savages, we escaped the dread penalty of being cooked.

We were now tired even of seeing hot pools, and refusing to visit the Green Terraces or the Steam Whistle, we re-embarked and set off for our long row home. But before we reached the other side, it was necessary to exert all our diplomacy to remove the bad impressions produced by the pistol. They had at first demanded its forfeiture, but H., like any other boy of sixteen, refused to surrender the treasure but with his life, and whispered in a murderous manner that he had a bullet ready for each of the crew. But he was already rather a favourite, and after singing them an English song in return for each of their Maori chants, we quieted their consciences and hurried off to our buggy directly the boat touched the shore.

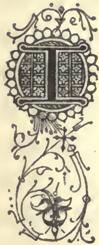
Our visit to the lakes was ended, and we drove away amid the cheers of the village.

Of all the beautiful sights we saw in our journey round the world, the White Terraces were the most beautiful; and I shall ever look back upon those four days at the Hot Lakes as, if not the happiest, at least the most interesting of my life.

GEORGE MERIVALE.

CHAPTER III.

THE WESTERN SOUNDS.



I AM going to ask my readers to accompany me for one brief half-hour round the Western Sounds of the island, which the advertisements truthfully call "the wonderland of the Pacific." The whole of the western coast of the middle island * of New Zealand, for a distance of five hundred miles, is ironbound, and offers no shelter for shipping, excepting in the singular fiords or sounds which penetrate its south-west shore between the parallels of 44° and 46° S. latitude. These are thirteen in all, and are all included within a space of little more than one hundred miles.

Captain Cook explored and described, as early as 1773, Dusky Bay. Since then it lay unheard of and

* Sometimes called the South Island, as in Chapter I. The real south island (or Stewart Island), is so small that it is often left out of account.

unknown until it was examined by H.M.S. *Acheron*, in 1851. There was no temptation for colonists to settle there, nor indeed can those inhospitable coasts ever serve a more useful purpose than to be the playground of tourists and the lovers of nature. But what a playground! Approaching the west coast coming from Australia, one is confronted by a huge line of precipitous cliffs, disclosing in many places a range of snow-capped hills behind, and clothed with luxuriant vegetation down to the water's edge.

"The New Zealand Pilot," to whom I must acknowledge my indebtedness for many facts, states that in approaching from seaward it is difficult to distinguish the entrance of one sound from another. It is, in fact, difficult to mark the entrance of any of the sounds, so narrow are they and difficult to distinguish from mere recesses in the rock line. The entrances are commonly at a distance of eight miles or so from each other, and all run in an easterly direction. They penetrate into the interior for a distance of from six to twenty miles, their breadth rarely exceeds a mile, and they are studded with islets, all of which are clothed with a dense and almost impenetrable vegetation.

"The Pilot," whose views are accurate, but professional, states that "their most remarkable feature is their great depth of water." I should have thought it was rather the marvellous combination of lofty mountains above with luxuriant vegetation below. But their great depth must be "remarkable" from a

seaman's point of view, for it is impossible to cast anchor in them, as soundings can rarely be obtained under eighty fathoms, and vessels anchoring there generally need to secure themselves to the trees growing on their side, to prevent being drifted off the deep bank by a "flaw" of wind. So high are the mountains which environ the Sounds that the sun cannot penetrate there for more than four hours of the day, though it is fair to say that in summer he makes his presence felt quite unmistakeably.

The rainfall is very great, and this, coupled with the sandflies, which are found in millions, are the great drawbacks to the visitor's comfort in the sounds generally. The latter pests seem to possess the tact of an inquisitor, or of the gout, in finding out one's weak points and applying tortures to them. I have seen a healthy man's hand, on being bitten by them, swell up to twice its usual size in a very short time. There is a remedy sold by the chemists in Dunedin as a prophylactic, but it has the effect of making those who use it smell so disgustingly that they frighten their friends more than the sandflies.

The fish in all the sounds are numerous and easily caught; the blue cod and the trumpeter are the most common, but my friend, Doctor Hector, told me that there are, I think, ninety-two species in Dusky Sound alone, and these are mostly good for food. So unsophisticated are they that you only have to let down your hook, baited with a piece of fish, and you catch something. In some places the bottom of the

fiord is actually moving with large crayfish, which are easily caught, and resemble in flavour our lobster.

No description of the wild animals is necessary, for the same reason that none is necessary of the owls in Iceland: none exist in the islands excepting those which have been turned loose by European settlers, or the descendants of such, of which the wild pigs whose ancestors were liberated by Captain Cook, and the rabbits, are the most numerous. The former of these have curiously changed their type from that of the domestic pig, and have come to resemble in shape rather the boar of India, though they are much larger than even he is, and are covered with long coarse hair.

The rabbits, as is well known, are so numerous that in some parts of Otago they threaten to extirpate the settlers, and indeed whole stations have been ruined by these pests. Some settlers offered a reward of twopence per tail, thinking thus to extirpate their enemies, but it was found that trappers caught them, cut off their tails, and liberated them to "do again." These swarm on the other side of the mountain wall which bounds the fiord country, but none have as yet made themselves visible in the forests which fringe the fiords.

Here, however, you may see the weka, or wood-hen, in numbers. It is an impudent, amusing bird, about the size of a French partridge; it shows no fear, and if you are camping out, it has no hesitation in making its way into your tent and making off with

a toothbrush, or any other trifle whose worth is enhanced in proportion to its distance from civilisation. The kiwi, or apteryx, is frequently heard, but unfrequently caught. It is getting rarer and rarer, and will apparently die out as certainly as the native race of the Maories. The kakapo also, or owl-parrot, is sometimes to be seen; a singular bird, which has developed the habit, since sheep were introduced into the island, of perching upon them and regaling itself on their kidneys. Professor Brown, of Christchurch, informs me that it has lately gone farther, and applied this cheerful habit to horses as well.

Besides these, ducks and pigeons of several varieties are to be seen; the latter are stupid enough to allow sportsmen to approach them quite closely, when they of course fall an easy prey. Dr. Hector amused us all by imitating the cries of several native birds with such precision that he attracted several flocks in succession from their haunts in the wood. The Maories entice them in this way and catch them in springes, or knock them down with sticks.

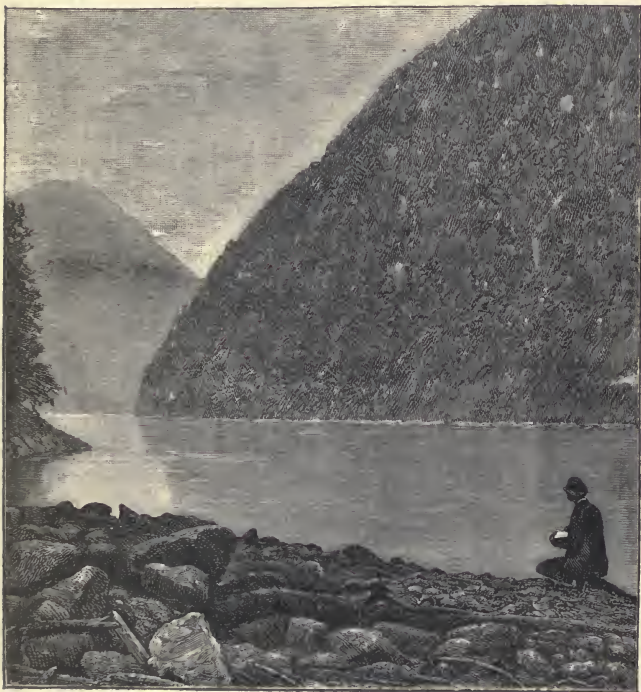
No inhabitants are known to live in these sounds, with the exception of one or two Europeans, who settle, now in one sound, now in another, to shoot birds for the sake of their skins, which fetch a good price in the market. Those whom I met dwelt alone, and it seemed to me that they must live a dreadfully solitary life in those pathless forests, absolutely cut off from civilisation. A Government ship is sent round at certain intervals to take them provisions

and mails, and they spoke quite contentedly of their healthy out-door life.

These sounds are very near to civilisation, and are yet wholly removed from it. They belong to the sea. The mountain barrier is rendered impassable, not merely by the precipitous nature of its sides, but also by the dense nature of the scrub which clothes it. Prominent among the plants in this scrub is that known to colonists by the *sobriquet* of "lawyer," from the fact that it is easier to get into its clutches than to get out again. It is a straggling creeper, which climbs from plant to plant, and renders any passage it has once barred perfectly hopeless. There is, indeed, a track made across from Martin's Bay, by which Dr. Hector crossed to the other side when the *Dido* was wrecked; but even by this the passage is exceedingly difficult.

The sound first visited by the excursion steamer, which generally makes the round annually, is Preservation Inlet, eighty miles distant from Port William, the nearest port of Stewart Island, and the same from Bluff Island. This sound put me much in mind of Loch Lomond. It is studded with small islands, behind which rises a low range of hills, covered with verdure, and broken by waterfalls. The anchoring-ground is called Cuttle Cove; and it is a strange and weird spectacle to see the moon breaking through the fleecy clouds, and shedding its fitful radiance on island and headland, and on the snow-capped ranges in the far distance. Proceeding north,

the vessel passes through Chalky or Dark Cloud Inlet, which lies immediately to the north-west of Preservation Inlet, being separated from it only by a high peninsula ending in Gulch's Head.



WET JACKET ARM AND DUSKY SOUND.

After a few hours we pass into Dusky Sound, as it was named by Captain Cook. The peculiarity of this sound is the vast height of the mountains, which seem to rise sheer out of the sea. The sides of many of these are covered with a deep green vegetation

here and there relieved by the fiery blossoms of the sata, or iron-wood; and their base is fringed with a tangled tapestry of ferns. The variety and beauty of these it is impossible to describe; you seem to have before you the productions of tropical heat and moisture under the sky of France. In some places the verdure is relieved by numerous waterfalls, which now disappear beneath a screen of foliage, and then far below flash forth again as they bound into the fiord beneath. I could not help thinking what a glorious time one might have here in a yacht or a steam-launch! How numerous are the anchorages, each opening up a new point of view! And in the far future, when picturesque Dunedin shall have become one of the chief marts of the southern hemisphere, what magnificent building-sites for her wealthy and over-wrought citizens will these sounds afford!

We have the great advantage of passing into Breaksea Sound in still water, through Acheron Passage, formed by the barrier of Resolution Island, and we come to anchor in Wet Jacket Sound, which runs from Acheron Passage for a distance of six miles into the eastern shore of the arm. On either side rise towering mountains to the height of about four thousand feet. Breaksea Sound, which is reached shortly after Wet Jacket Sound, was so called by Captain Cook himself, from an island at its entrance. The same combination meets us here again of picturesque islets and magnificent mountains; and about two-thirds of the way up from the junction of

Acheron Passage the sound divides into two arms—the towering cone of Chatham Point, three thousand feet high, forming the bluff at the bifurcation.

The steamer generally proceeds up Vancouver's Arm, which is *par excellence* the fiord of streams, and retracing its course passes into Doubtful Sound or Inlet. On the northern side the prominent objects are All Round Peak and Mount Groznoz, from four thousand to five thousand feet high; to the south are passed two remarkable peaked rocks, called the Hare's Ears. Almost the most striking spot amid so much beauty is Hall's Arm, a branch of Doubtful Sound. We steam along the bushy Rolla Island, and find ourselves in a nook with lofty mountains on three sides of us, and the dark blue fiord behind. Hundreds of small penguins dived before our ship, and we could clearly trace their course through the clear water of the fiord. Very curious, too, are the nests of these same penguins; they abound all along the bush-clad banks of Hall's Arm; they were full of soft feathers and of fishes' bones; but I could not find any young birds. Seals are tolerably numerous throughout all the sounds; the terror expressed by their great soft human eyes is very manifest at the approach of the steamer with its unknown noise and strange appearance.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WESTERN SOUNDS.—*Continued.*

N the case of the beauties of the Western Sounds, nature has acted the part of a good hostess, and kept her greatest treat till last. The coast-line between George and Milford Sounds is a magnificent spectacle. Six miles to the north-east of George Sound is passed Bligh Sound, the entrance of which is rendered conspicuous by two remarkable mountains, called respectively Mount Longsight and Table Mountain, both mountains attaining an elevation of over four thousand feet. I believe that this sound again has been very imperfectly surveyed, and needs great care in navigation. I have never entered it myself, but the captain told me that he did not at all like taking a vessel into it.

It may be noticed that the exploring party of the *Acheron* alleged that in this sound, in what is known

MILFORD SOUND FROM HARRISON'S COVE.

as the "Third Arm," or "Bounty Haven," into which flows a considerable river, they came upon the tracks of some natives whom they heard scuttling away among the brushwood. They added that these people belong to a small isolated and almost unknown tribe, rarely seen even by their own countrymen, by whom they are called "wild men of the mountains." Personally I am very sceptical as to the existence of any such tribe; if such did exist, it must surely have been seen by one or other of the isolated settlers who haunt some portions of the Western Sounds.

From Bligh Sound to Milford Sound is a distance of sixteen miles. The "Rugged Mountains" and "Llawrenny Peaks" rise there above the shore to a height of nearly seven thousand feet. It has been my lot to visit Milford Sound three times in all, and each time have its beauties struck me as more baffling to put into words. The first time we came over from parched and seething Australia in the midst of her summer heat. We had to lie off shore for an hour or two before dawn, in order to make the entrance without any difficulty. As the dawn broke, the dim wall of cliffs loomed upon us, weird and mysterious, rising above a range of hills immediately springing from the sea, and covered with wood; the mountains are so steep and precipitous that nothing can grow upon them; but snow lies on their sides wherever these are not too steep. Here and there a cataract is seen leaping from the bottom of an ice field down the craggy sides of the mountain to the sea.

The entrance is so narrow that one wonders where the ship is going to find room to pass into the land-locked bay within. When fairly abreast of the entrance we descry Pembroke Peak, about three miles inland, rising on the north side to a distance of nearly seven thousand feet, while the Llawrenny Peaks on the south side rise to nearly an equal height. Immediately abutting on the fiord, and overshadowing it on its south side, is the fantastic Mitre Rock, so called from its form; it attains a height of five thousand five hundred and sixty feet. As the eye wanders from the deck of the steamer up these stupendous heights, one appreciates the marvellous effects that nature can produce by simple abruptness.

As we pass into the centre of the sound a fine gorge opens on our view to the north, and a pretty glacier on Mount Pembroke catches the eye in the background. To the back of this lie mountain ridges covered with eternal snow. The cascades which fall into the sound on either side are far more striking than those in the Lauterbrunnen Valley. But their size and number depend upon the amount of the rainfall. On one of the three occasions of my visiting Milford Sound the cascades were all in flood, and as the wind was blowing in great gusty "flaws" down the sound, its sides seemed enveloped in a drapery of moving spray. On another occasion we had a bright Italian sky, and little rain seemed to have fallen for some time, so that the cascades, instead of rushing down in tumultuous torrents, presented the appearance

of thin blue or white threads, now losing themselves in the tangled drapery of the ferns, now breaking forth to plunge into the torrent below.

About half way up the sound the steamer stops and fires a gun to wake the echoes, which seem, indeed, not to need much rousing, and, after booming round each neighbouring rock, produce the effect of a salvo of artillery fired from crags apparently half-way between earth and heaven. One of the most conspicuous objects is the Stirling Falls, where a large body of water falls sheer into the fiord from a height of four hundred feet, scattering afar the foam and the spray. We pass close beneath Mount Kimberly, whose frowning brow looks menacingly down on our deck from a height of two thousand five hundred feet. Here and there, where a ledge is broad enough to admit of it, the native bush struggles to find a hold, and some of the trees seem to be throwing out their branches in despair before taking a leap for life into the waters below.

But the most striking object in all the sound is, to my mind, the Bowen Fall, which is the outlet of the waters running from the Benton and Barren Peaks respectively. It first runs down a steep rocky channel for some fifty or a hundred feet, and falling into the hollow of a rock, leaps up again and forms a huge bow; then its waters plunge, as Mr. Green says, with a deafening roar, some three or four hundred feet sheer down into the fiord. There are some objects in nature and in art which are so wonderful in their

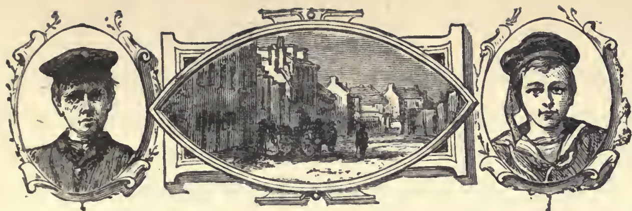
beauty or in their magnificence that the senses seem to need an apprenticeship before they can appreciate them. Such is the picture of the Sixtine Madonna, such is the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, and such is the Bowen Falls. The scenery around is on a scale so stupendous that the falls hardly stand out in due prominence. The eye needs careful training to take in the size of the surrounding hills, and to realise the vastness of the volume of water which leaps so vigorously into the sound. Mr. Green, in his "High Alps of New Zealand," has given a very good account of the whole sound, and so has Mr. Bracken in his excellent "New Zealand Tourist." But there is plenty of room for a description more exhaustive than either of these, which should give the names and heights of each peak one passes, and not omit some account of the wonderful geological formation of the sound.

At the head of the sound lies Freshwater Basin, the easternmost of two coves, between which a low tongue of scrub-covered land runs into the sound. Here the passengers are landed, and time is given to make a two or three hours' excursion into the scrub. On the land abutting on this cove stand two small shanties, lately erected, where one or two settlers are trying to make a living by shooting birds for their skins. They receive a packet of papers and some fresh provisions with intense delight. The solitude of the spot would oppress most men, but these did not seem to find it irksome; and, indeed, some compensation for the loss of society may be fairly claimed

in the purity of the air and the water, while nature has abundantly provided them with any quantity of fish for the trouble of catching them. When I see in the large and wealthy town of Liverpool, from which I write, the numbers of men and women, squalid, poor, and hopeless, that meet my eye each time I go out, I cannot but think that I would prefer a hundred times to be monarch of all I survey, beneath an Italian sky, and fronting an azure fiord, with store of food at my door, rather than remain an inmate of a city for the sake of exchanging notes on the prevailing state of poverty and hopelessness with my neighbours.

H. A. STRONG.

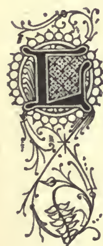
AUSTRALIA.



AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.



LEAVING New Zealand we turn our face homewards, and with a western course we arrive within a few days on the shores of one of our greatest dependencies.

Australia, although an island, is so vast in area, and has so many separate colonies —which are like so many countries—that it is often termed a "continent." There are within it five separate states, four of them having complete powers of self-government by means of elected Parliaments, while the Governors are appointed by the Crown. The system in Western Australia is somewhat different, the Governor being assisted by a Legislative Council of twenty-one members, fourteen of whom are elected by the people, while seven are named by the Crown.

The great island may be regarded as divided into three sections or broad strips, which stretch from north to south. The western strip is called Western Australia, and the central South Australia.* The eastern strip is divided into three colonies—Victoria in the south, New South Wales in the middle, and Queensland in the north. The island of Tasmania, which lies south of Australia, is also a separate colony, with complete self-government.

Australia was discovered by different navigators at different times; and various parts of the country bordering the coast are named after the discoverers or explorers.

A large portion of the island was first traced out by the Dutch, which accounts for the number of Dutch names in the country. These discoveries were made early in the seventeenth century. Later on, Englishmen were very industrious in navigating the waters around the South Sea Islands. First among them was Captain Cook, who sailed along the whole of the east coast of Australia. One part of this coast was named by him Botany Bay, from the large number of new plants which he found there. The mountainous country inland from Botany Bay he named New South Wales, from its fancied resemblance to the southern part of Wales. It was on the recommendation of Captain Cook that the English Government decided to found a penal settlement there for the employment of British convicts.

* Because the settled portion is in the south.

At various dates afterwards English colonies were formed in different parts of the island. The interior of the country, however, has never yet been thoroughly explored. Many attempts have been made, and one or two travellers have crossed from north to south, but few have succeeded in reaching to any great distance inland from the west or east for want of water.

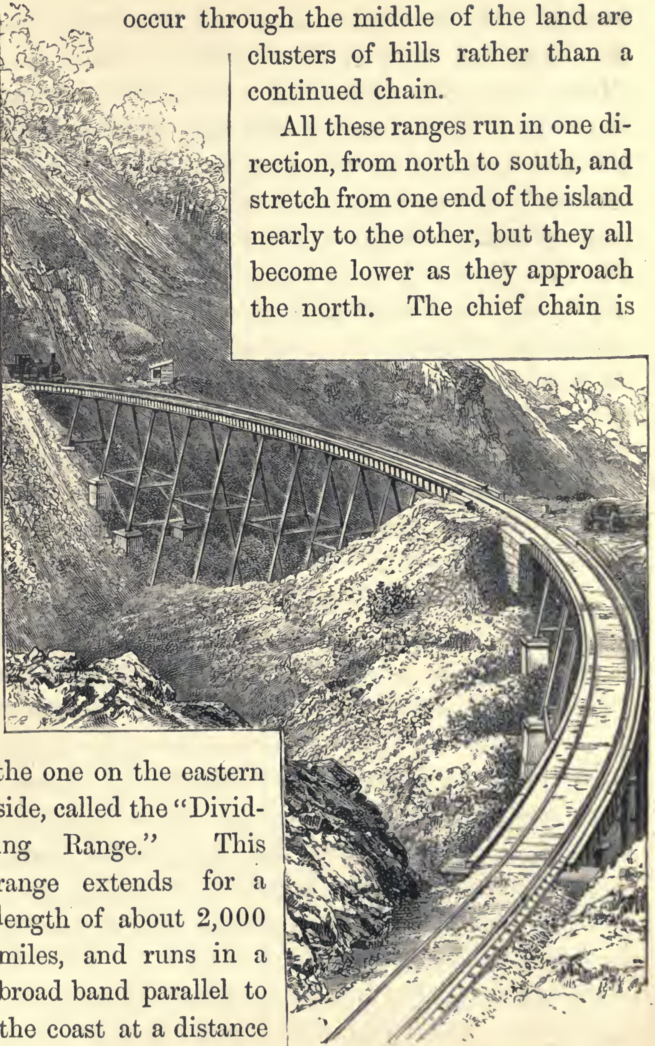
We now call the country Australia, as the name of the greatest island among a group called Australasia, or Southern Asia. It was, however, formerly known also by the name of New Holland—a name given by the Dutch in honour of their own country, Holland.

In shape Australia is not unlike a bishop's mitre, and in size it surpasses any other island on the globe, being about four-fifths the size of Europe. Its area is about 3,000,000 square miles, and its coast line measures about 8,000 miles. The regions along the coast (except at the north) are to a great extent rugged and mountainous, while the interior appears to be a vast plain of sand and stones, partly covered with "scrub"—a very wilderness which seems to have been, at no remote period, the bottom of a great inland sea. The coast line is very regular, when we take into account the great area of the island.

There are three distinct mountain ranges—one parallel to the east coast, one along the west coast, and one through the middle, running parallel to the other two. The ranges that run nearest to the coasts are strictly mountain chains, but the heights that

occur through the middle of the land are clusters of hills rather than a continued chain.

All these ranges run in one direction, from north to south, and stretch from one end of the island nearly to the other, but they all become lower as they approach the north. The chief chain is



THE HILLS RAILWAY.

the one on the eastern side, called the "Dividing Range." This range extends for a length of about 2,000 miles, and runs in a broad band parallel to the coast at a distance of from 30 to 90 miles

from it. The southern half of the range, known as the Australian Alps, is the highest, its chief peak (Mount Kosciusko) being 6,500 feet above the level of the sea. The northern heights, called the Blue Mountains, from their assuming a blue colour when seen at a distance, although of less elevation, are more rugged than the southern half of the range. The Blue Mountains are broken in rents and chasms, and have steep naked walls of rock, some of them standing 2,000 feet high. The eastern plains, between the mountains and the coast, are rich and fertile, and have numerous bays and harbours. For this reason these districts have been specially selected for colonisation by a large portion of the emigrants who have left their mother country to seek a living in this distant land.

The most romantic feature of the coast is the Great Barrier Reef, a double chain of rocky islets which stretch for 1,000 miles along the north-east. This rocky chain stands out at sea 25 to 30 miles from the shore, and in some parts from 50 to 70 miles. In one respect it plays the part, on a large scale, of the Goodwin Sands off the south-east coast of England—that is, by breaking the rolling waves and preventing their surging on to the mainland, it forms a channel in which vessels can lie at anchor or proceed with safety.

On the western side of the island there is one great inlet. The surface in this part consists mostly of granite cliffs, downs, and wavy hills, salt lakes and

swamps, with a soil by no means noted for fertility. These regions are so dreary that few people are tempted to settle there.

Although Western Australia is deemed a cheerless district, a party of explorers succeeded, in 1879, in discovering no less than 25,000,000 acres of land that had been supposed to be a sandy desert, but which proved to be a rich country for sheep-farming. Mr. Forrest and his party started from Perth, the western capital, and travelled a long distance northward along the coast. They then struck inland and eastward until they reached the Fitzroy River, and marched along its banks for 150 miles to the southeast, and then for 100 miles to the north-east. They found this to be a noble stream, teeming with fish, and navigable for 100 miles inland. The mud-flats along the banks have one drawback—they are apt to be flooded; but as there are highlands only a few miles from the river, it is thought that cattle and sheep might be driven to the heights, where they could remain during the rainy season.

But when the party left this rich region, and struck into the central area proper, they met the same fate as befell previous travellers. After passing through a land suited for sheep-farming, and leaving the Victoria River, they came to "an almost waterless country." Within a hundred miles of the telegraph line which they were trying to reach, their food supply failed them. Forrest and one of his companions started to find the telegraph station, and

to fetch food for their comrades. They had a terrible march under a blazing sun. Their store of water dried up, and, day and night, while toiling on for sheer life, they suffered all the agonies of desperate thirst. Their tongues swelled up until they were nearly choked, and they were utterly speechless during the last two days of their march. Their horses had to be led, and the only temporary relief the pioneers could get was from sucking the moisture from the body of a snake which they happened to have killed by the way. Fortunately, these gallant fellows reached the telegraph station at last, and their comrades were soon rescued. They have the satisfaction of knowing that their heroic endurance has not been in vain; for they have not only added to our stores of geographical knowledge, but have brought to light 25,000,000 acres of habitable land of which we were formerly ignorant.

On the north, where the shores are low, there are several estuaries of large rivers; but they are not much used, for of the people who have tried to settle there, nearly all have deserted it on account of the hot and unhealthy climate.

The southern shores, along a coast line of about 700 miles, are lofty. In some parts the cliffs along the Great Bight vary from 200 to 400 feet in height, and at other parts there are hills and mountains from 1,200 to 3,000 feet high; but the coast here is entirely without harbours or river mouths.

CHAPTER II.

WATER SYSTEM AND CLIMATE.

USTRALIA is deficient in fresh water, whether in the form of rivers or lakes. Shallow lakes, it is true, are numerous, but they are mostly of salt water, as are also many rivers, on account of their running through salt regions. Many rivers flow inland, and never reach the sea, but are lost in salt marshes. For their length, the rivers have the smallest volume of any in the world. In dry seasons many of them become mere chains of pools or mud-holes, and the land for miles on either side becomes baked and cracked by the heat of the sun.

On the north there are many streams, but they are of little use for the purposes of navigation, as the climate is too hot for permanent settlement by Europeans. The chief rivers are the Victoria, Albert, Gilbert, Roper, and Flinder, which flow constantly,

being fed by heavy periodical rains, as in other tropical countries.

On the west there is only one river of any note, called the Swan River, about 180 miles long, on which stands the town of Perth. The streams, as a rule, on this coast rise to a great height during the rains, and generally disappear during the dry season.

On the east there are many streams, but they are of necessity short, as they flow down the sides of the mountain range, which runs parallel to the coast, and leaves but a narrow margin of land between the heights and the sea. These streams afford plenty of ports all along the east coast, but they form only a minor feature in the river system of the country. The coast called the "Ninety Miles Beach," at the southern end of the country, is lined for a length of about 150 miles with a long series of lagoons, to which the sea gains admission by narrow straits between spits of sand or low islands, forming a network of water passages suitable for navigation.

In the whole of this vast island there is in reality only one great outlet to the sea. This is the River Murray, which opens to the ocean in Encounter Bay, on the south coast. The Murray, with its great tributaries, the Murrumbidgee, Lachlin, Macquarie, and Darling, drains all the western slopes of the Great Dividing Range and the Australian Alps. Its basin measures half a million square miles.

The river is generally shallow, but is navigable for boats for about 1,500 miles during floods, and

sometimes all the year round. At its mouth it expands into the shallow brackish Lake Victoria. This lake communicates with the sea at Encounter Bay by a very narrow passage, not very favourable to navigation.

It was formerly believed that there must be a great lake in the interior of Australia, as so many rivers flow inland from the mountain slopes. It has been found, however, as we have pointed out, that a great part of the interior is occupied by sandy plains, some having rich, wild vegetation, others consisting of sand dunes, and some of marshes covered with reeds. There may be many lakes in these regions which man has not explored, but the sand alone would absorb such large quantities of water as to account for the disappearance of many streams.

Still there are known to be many lakes in various parts of the island. Captain Sturt describes one which he found on his memorable journey, as a sheet of water measuring 80 miles in length from east to west, to which he gave the name of Cooper's Creek. There are others—notably Lake Torrens in South Australia—which are only lakes in the wet season, and at other times for the most part dry, with occasional mud holes and separate pools. In a country where rain was abundant, Lake Torrens would be a permanent lake; but here, where there are long dry seasons, it is merely a large depression during a great part of the year.

The word "creek" has become common, in the

language of the colonists, to represent the small streams in the interior of the island.

The seasons in Australia are the reverse of those in Great Britain. The country being on the opposite side of the globe and in the southern hemisphere, the sun is seen in the north at mid-day. For the same reason the months of June, July, and August are the coldest months, and December, January, and February the hottest. Farmers, therefore, reap their crops at that part of the year when we are sowing seeds, and Christmas Day and New Year's Day occur in the hottest part of the summer. Unlike England, the northern portion of the country is warmer than the south, for it is nearer to the equator; indeed, it is within the tropics.

The great peculiarity of the climate is the extreme dryness of the air. Being dry, it is not weakening to the human frame like the hot moist air of some countries; but, generally speaking, except in the north, it produces an elastic feeling, raises the spirits, and gives increased power of enduring fatigue. Another peculiarity is the evenness of temperature; for the heat of summer and that of winter differ very little in the south and south-east, where the great bulk of the population is settled. There are very few sudden changes, except about four times during every summer, when in the south-eastern regions the hot wind blows from the interior for perhaps as long as two or three days.

Almost the only discomfort of the climate is the

suffering experienced by the colonists from these hot winds. They produce soreness of throat and eyes, and a flow of blood to the head. The leaves of plants become sere and yellow, figs and vines are partially destroyed, and whole fields of wheat and potatoes are occasionally blasted in a few hours. These winds are often laden with fine hot dust gathered in the desert, which finds its way through the crevices of doors and windows, so that escape from their effects is scarcely possible. As they blow from the north-west, they strike most forcibly on the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales, but do not spread to South Australia, or to Queensland at the north-east, neither of these being in the course of the winds.

Rain, in the tropical parts of the north, falls at regular periods, as is common in tropical countries. At the south-eastern part of the island it is fairly regular, but in other parts the rainy season lasts for only three months in the year—from June to September, which is the winter season. During these three months the rain sometimes falls in such torrents that the rivers are suddenly swollen to a great height, and the valleys are covered far and wide with muddy waters.

CHAPTER III.

NATURAL HISTORY.—1.*

IN Australia, the vegetable, no less than the animal kingdom, presents features altogether different from those of other continents, and the naturalist finds himself in a strange and isolated world, having comparatively little in common with other divisions of the earth.

The extensive seaboard is everywhere characterized by a vegetation of a remarkably sombre and uniform colour, occasioned mainly by the peculiar foliage of the Eucalyptus and scrub, the leaves of which lack that striking contrast of shade on their outer and under surfaces which contributes so largely to the shifting tints of our European woodlands. Instead of spreading out horizontally, the foliage mostly

* The substance of the account here given is based on Wallace's "Australasia."

hangs vertically from the branches, hence producing little shade in the forests. Travelling is thereby rendered all the more fatiguing in the hot mid-day sun.

The uniformity of the vegetation is more wearisome because of the great area over which the same forms extend. The change of the seasons also, elsewhere causing the fresh and vivid green of the early spring to be succeeded by the softer summer hues and glorious golden tints of autumn, is marked by no such striking contrasts in the unvarying mantle of dull olive-green clothing the Australian woodlands.

Yet in the midst of this apparent monotony we light occasionally on spots covered by a gigantic and exuberant growth, here and there disposed in stately avenues free of scrub or underwood, elsewhere opening on sunny glades and sloping valleys, watered by purling streams, and clothed by the softest verdure. In other places the woodlands form a fringe round an open country, varied with hill and dale, and pleasantly relieved with isolated clusters of forest trees, covered with richest herbage, and decked with flowers of the most varied hues and forms. Or else the woodlands change to an interminable thicket, where countless flowering shrubs and lovely twining plants form an impenetrable mass of tangled foliage, such as can be matched by the virgin forests of Brazil alone.

A striking contrast to this luxuriant vegetation of

WATERFALL IN THE BLACK SPUR.

the woodlands is presented by that of the various kinds of "scrubs" and heath which cover so large a portion of the surface of Australia. Just as Tartary

is characterized by its steppes, America by its prairies, and Africa by its deserts, so Australia has one feature peculiar to itself, and that is its "scrubs." Not only do they recur constantly with the same soil and the same peculiarities, but even in widely distant districts their flora is very similar.

One of the most common of the scrubs is that termed "Mallee" by explorers, from its being composed of dwarf species of Eucalyptus called "Mallee" by the natives. The appearance of the "Mallee" is something like a bushy willow, or osier, the stems growing close together like reeds, so close that there are often ten or twelve on a square foot of ground. They grow fourteen feet high without a branch, and when a road is cut through a scrub of this kind, it appears like a deep trench, or as if enclosed by high walls. The aspect of such a country is very gloomy. From any eminence you can see nothing but a dark brown mass of bushes as far as the eye can reach. The soil is generally a yellow sand, and where a patch of it is visible, it gives an air of sterility in exchange for the monotony of the scrub. But the surface is generally unbroken, seeming like a heavy ocean of dark waves, out of which, here and here, a tree starts up above the brushwood, making a mournful and lonely landmark. On a dull day the view is most sad, and even sunlight makes it little more cheerful, for seldom bird or living thing gives variety to the scene, while light only extends the prospect and makes it more hopeless. In the south-eastern part

A VICTORIAN FOREST.

of South Australia there is a tract about 9,000 square miles in extent covered with an unbroken expanse of this scrub, and similar tracts of it occur over every part of the southern half of Australia.

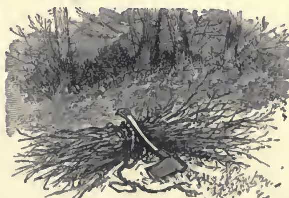
Still more dreaded by the explorer is the "Mulga" scrub, consisting chiefly of bushy acacias. These grow in spreading irregular bushes, armed with strong spines, and, where matted with other shrubs, form a mass of vegetation through which it is impossible to penetrate. Fortunately this is far less common than the "Mallee," or the labour of the explorer would be still more distressing than it is.

Other scrubs are formed chiefly by the "tea-tree" of the colonists. This beautiful flowering shrub is allied to the myrtle, and is very abundant in all parts of Australia. These do not grow in such dense masses; and, mingled with a variety of other shrubs, form one of the ordinary and least disagreeable of the scrubs which occupy so much of the interior.

Next in extent to the "Mallee" scrubs is the country occupied by dwarf shrubs, and generally known as "heath." This usually consists of vast level sandy tracts, dusty in summer and boggy in winter, supporting no grass, and but a few stunted trees, and everywhere covered with a tangled mass of woody vegetation about two feet high. In spring this country is excessively beautiful from its varied and bright-coloured flowers, among which are many species which we in England consider as ornaments to our greenhouses.

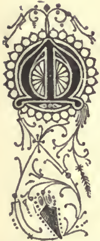
Mingled with these are larger bushes. One of them—the Banksia—is sometimes abundant, and is called the native honeysuckle, or bottle-brush tree. It is an irregularly branched bushy tree, with wedge-shaped leaves, and studded all over with yellow flowers, shaped like a bottle-brush; but as the old decaying leaves and seed-vessels remain for years on the tree, it always looks more or less unsightly.

The most terrible production of the Australian interior is, however, the "spinifex," or porcupine grass, a thorny herb which extends for hundreds of miles over sandy plains, and probably covers a greater amount of surface than any other Australian plant. Fortunately it does not appear south of about 28° S. latitude, so that the settled districts are wholly free from it.



CHAPTER IV.

NATURAL HISTORY.—2.



ANY remarkable kinds of vegetation give a special character to Australian scenery Foremost among these are the noble gum-trees of the genus *Eucalyptus*. These often attain a height of more than 250 feet, and a girth of from 12 to 20 feet. The banks of the rivers and the watercourses are generally bordered by these gigantic trees. They mark the course of the stream for a long distance as it wanders through the open plains or low desert scrub. Other species form dense forests on the mountain slopes, and among these have been discovered the tree giants of the vegetable kingdom, surpassing even the far-famed Wellingtonias of California. In the Dandenong Range, about 40 miles east of Melbourne, the ravines contain numerous trees over 420 feet high, and one fallen tree was

discovered of the enormous height of 480 feet—undoubtedly the grandest tree in the world. The numerous species of Eucalyptus, known as red-gum, blue-gum, stringy-bark, iron-bark, box, peppermint, and many others, produce valuable timber, each having special qualities adapting it for certain uses.

The Beefwood, or Shea-oak, of the colonists, forms a remarkable group of leafless trees, whose long drooping, rigid branchlets, resembling those of our "horse-tails," render them the most singular and picturesque objects of the Australian flora. The wood is as good as our oak, and of the colour of raw beef, whence its name. These trees are most common in the south and west, but are often found in the barren wastes of the interior.

The grass-trees form another peculiar feature in the Australian landscape. From a rugged stem, varying from two to ten or twelve feet in height, springs a tuft of drooping, wiry foliage, from the centre of which rises a spike, not unlike a huge bulrush. When it flowers in winter, this spike becomes covered with white stars, and a heath covered with grass-trees has an appearance at once singular and beautiful.

Nowhere in the world are Acacias so abundant as in Australia, which contains nearly 300 species of this genus. These trees, more commonly called "wattles," abound in all parts of the country, and their elegant yellow flowers, usually fragrant, add greatly to the beauty of the country in early spring. Aromatic foliage and odoriferous flowers are especially

abundant in Australia, so that the bush is more or less fragrant throughout the year.

In contrast to the usually arid and somewhat monotonous aspect of Australian vegetation, many of the deep ravines and sheltered valleys of the eastern

A KANGAROO HUNT.

slope of the mountains of New South Wales are clothed with forests of wild luxuriance. On descending into these valleys we leave a dry and barren country, with a stunted vegetation, and find ourselves in a damp and humid atmosphere, sheltered by rocky barriers, and presenting on every side a luxuriant wealth of foliage. Here are graceful palms

rising to 70 or even 100 feet; the Indian fig, with its tortuous branches clothed with a drapery of curious parasites; while graceful tree-ferns, 30 feet high, flourish in the damp atmosphere of the sheltered dells. The forest is often so rank with creepers, ferns, and vines, as to be quite impassable, and the gigantic stag-horn fern grows from the topmost limbs of the loftiest trees.

Among the most striking individual plants of Australia are the "flame-tree" and the "fire-tree." The former, when covered with its large spikes of red flowers, renders the Illawarra Mountains conspicuous for miles out at sea. The latter, when in flower, is so covered with its orange-coloured blossoms as to be compared to a tree on fire. Still more remarkable is the rock-lily, a giant among its allies, for it sends up a flower stalk 30 feet high, bearing at its summit a crown of lily-like flowers several feet in circumference.

Lovely bulbous plants and strange-flowered orchids also abound; so that, although much of the Australian landscape is barren-looking, and for many months of the year the grass and herbage are almost completely parched up, yet no country in the world affords a greater variety of lovely flowers, or more strange and interesting forms of vegetable life.

The animal kingdom, as developed in Australia, presents us with anomalies and peculiarities perhaps even more remarkable than are exhibited by the plants. Judged by its highest group—the mam-

malia—Australia is by far the poorest and most isolated of all the continents. There are no apes or monkeys; no oxen, antelopes, or deer; no lions, tigers, elephants, or pigs; no cats, wolves, or bears; no hedgehogs, hares, squirrels, porcupines, or dormice. The only representatives of all these familiar groups are a number of peculiar species of rats and

THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS.

mice, and the "dingo," a half-wild dog, probably introduced by the earliest inhabitants. Yet there is a considerable variety of indigenous mammals very peculiar in structure. These are the pouched animals —the kangaroos, wallabies, "opossums," the curious duck-billed platypus, and many others.

Among the temperate countries of the world, Australia stands unrivalled for the variety of form, the beauty of plumage, and the singularity of habits

characteristic of its birds. Its parrots and cockatoos are more numerous and beautiful than those of most tropical countries. Among the most remarkable of the birds of this continent are the lyre-bird, the emu, the brush turkeys, the bower-birds, and the gigantic kingfisher.

Reptiles are abundant in Australia, there being no less than 140 different kinds of lizards, and between 60 and 70 snakes. Many of the latter are venomous. Frogs and toads are numerous.

Almost as peculiar and as isolated as the flora and the fauna are the black aborigines of Australia, who are now fast disappearing before the European settler. The handful that still survive are split up into a number of tribes, but form collectively a special type, to be carefully distinguished from the dark, woolly-haired Papuans, and from the olive-yellow lank-haired Malays and Polynesians.

Physically the native Australians are much inferior to Europeans. The limbs are thin, and the body is corpulent. The skull is long and narrow, and the forehead receding. The nose is somewhat squat, the mouth is large and unshapely, while the teeth are, on the contrary, fine and white. The complexion is oftener coffee-brown than actually black, the hair is richly developed, and the men show a thick growth of beard and whiskers. The pitch-black hair itself is somewhat curly, without, however, being woolly, and, when cleaned from the mass of grease and dirt that usually clogs it, is fine and glossy.

The mental qualities of these savages are decidedly inferior to those of most other savage races. They are skilful in tracking and running down game, and in the use of the simple implements—the spear and the boomerang—used in securing game; but they have little foresight or self-restraint. No care is taken for the morrow, and life is passed in alternations of eating and sleeping, hunger and the chase. Each recurring winter brings famine and privation, but no attempt is ever made to store up food in time of plenty. Their clothing is of the scantiest, and their dwellings of the rudest type. A cave, or a shelter of boughs, covered with turf or bark to keep off the rain, usually satisfies this primitive people. Their food is very varied; of animal food they eat almost everything living. Not only mammals, birds, and fish, but lizards, snakes, frogs, and even insects are eaten, and in some of the tribes human flesh is preferred to any other. All efforts have hitherto failed to reconcile these native tribes to civilised life. It is our manifest duty to do all we can to protect them against violence and injustice. But it is too probable that, like the North American Indians, they will pass away, and all habitable parts of Australia will be occupied by European immigrants.

THE ADELAIDE LIGHTHOUSE.

INDIA.

INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

POSITION AND EXTENT.

F we start from the port of Adelaide in South Australia and sail westwards we find ourselves in a vast expanse of ocean, with no land except a few lonely islets within thousands of miles. Within a week or so we strike the 90th meridian of west longitude. Then if we turn due northwards along this line, within another week we cross the equator into the northern hemisphere. Still continuing due north we enter the Bay of Bengal, and at its upper end, when we can sail no farther, we find ourselves on a low coast through which several mouths of a mighty river pour their waters into the sea. That river is the Ganges; and entering one of its mouths called the Hoogly, we slowly make our way up a sluggish stream until we are abreast of a great city. This is Calcutta, the commercial capital of India.

India is a country of special interest to English people. It is a part—and a very important part—of the great empire that has grown up through British enterprise and energy. Its people are supposed to number not far from 250,000,000, of whom nearly 200,000,000, or about six times as many as the population of the British Isles, are our fellow-subjects. The country, too, is so large, that tribes who live among the forests and mountains know as little of the rest of the country as the savages of an island on the other side of the globe know of Europe.

Hindostan (for this is one of its names) is so named from the people called *Hindoos*, and *stan*, a "country;" thus it is the country of the Hindoos. There are many other races in India, but the most important people are the Hindoos. They invaded the country thousands of years ago, coming from the high lands of Central Asia. The people living in those high lands at that distant time were called *Aryans*, and from them nearly all the Western nations, including the English, have sprung, as well as the Hindoos. Thus this large part of the Indian population is much more nearly related to us than the Chinese, for instance, or the Negroes.

The other races in India, with some remarkable exceptions, to be explained later on, are remnants of the people whom the Aryans conquered. The term *India* means the country beyond the river "Indus"—a name given in olden times by the Persians, whose land used to stretch eastward to the banks of

that river. Hindostan has mountains—the highest in the world—which seem to reach the sky: heights covered with snow on whose summits no human foot ever trod, nor can tread. It has plains, too, stretching away flat as the sea.

The general name of India includes two sections of land—the one known as India Proper, and the other as Farther India. They are both peninsulas, but the former is compact and definite in shape. The latter includes a group of independent countries, and certain British territories, of which the most important is Burmah.

India Proper is shaped like a wedge, or tongue—the narrow end pointing southward towards the equator. The tapering part of the wedge, including more than one-third of the whole surface of the empire, lies within the tropics. To the south-east of the extreme point there is the large island of Ceylon, the only island of any consequence on the whole of the coast. The peninsula has the Arabian Sea on the west and the Bay of Bengal on the east, both being parts of the great Indian Ocean.

As a help in conceiving the extent of India, take the following figures. Its length from the mountain limits of Cashmere to Cape Comorin, the most southern point in the Indian Ocean, is 1,900 miles, and its breadth from the delta of the Indus on the west, to the extreme border of Assam on the east, 1,600 miles. The area, inclusive of Farther India (60,000 square miles) and the island of Ceylon

(24,000 square miles), is altogether 1,500,000 square miles, or about thirteen times the extent of the United Kingdom.

It must not be supposed that the whole of India Proper is entirely under British control: only about two-thirds of it are completely so. Of the remainder, a portion consists of tributary states—states ruled by native princes on condition of their paying tribute in the form of a sum of money annually to our Indian Government; and a smaller portion consists of nominally independent states.

The British possessions in India formerly consisted of three *presidencies*, each ruled by a governor or president. They were those of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. As a political description, the term presidency is now obsolete. It applied to the time when the three settlements of Fort William (at Calcutta), Fort St. George (at Madras), and Bombay were under separate presidents. India, for administrative purposes, is now divided into eight provinces or governments. Bombay and Madras retain their old names, and enjoy a greater share of self-government than the others. The latter are more immediately under the direct control of the Governor-General. Calcutta is the capital and the seat of the Central Government. Madras and Bombay are under their own Governors, and are not often visited by the Viceroy.

The coast-line of India is very extensive. Much of the shore is low and little indented, but there are some large openings with harbours where ships can

THE GHAUTS, NEAR KHANDALA.

be repaired and fitted; and the vast rivers, the Indus and the Ganges, but especially the latter, are great highways of inland commercial intercourse. The gulf of Cutch and the gulf of Cambay are the principal openings on the west. A smaller inlet, skirted by various islands, forms the harbour of Bombay. Southwards to Cape Comorin the coast bounds a maritime belt from twenty to thirty miles wide. Innumerable short rivers run from the Western Ghauts, or mountain ranges, before reaching the shore, and they spread out into long low-lying lagoons.

There are fewer openings on the east coast than on the west, and no good harbours except that of Coringa, on the bay of Bengal. The coast of the Carnatic, an old native state in the south-east, is washed by such shallow seas that vessels only of the smallest burthen can pass through the gulf of Manaar and Palk Straits, which separate Ceylon from the mainland, and even these require careful navigation through a single narrow channel about a mile wide. The shores, from Point Calimere to the mouth of the Kistna, are known as the Coromandel coast. Along this coast, and as far as the delta of the Ganges, the absence of harbours and the gradually shelving shores oblige vessels to anchor several miles out at sea. The important town of Madras, for instance, possesses no harbour, and communication between the shore and the ships which lie at anchor in the roadstead is made by means of native boats.

CHAPTER II.

PHYSICAL FEATURES.

HE physical features of India are as well defined as its natural borders. It is a country of mountains and valleys, table-lands, plains, and river-basins in their fullest grandeur. Most prominent of all is the northern rampart of the mighty Himalaya Mountains, with the snowy peaks of Everest, Dhawalagiri, and many others, each soaring from five to five and a half miles towards the sky.

The Himalayas form rather a mountainous region than a mountain chain. They extend in a direction from north-west to south-east for a distance of 1,800 miles, and have a breadth varying from 100 to 500 miles. Hundreds of the peaks of this region are far above the line of perpetual snow, and few of the passes across the main ridges are at a less altitude than 15,000 feet. The upper valleys are filled with glaciers, in comparison with which the glaciers of Switzerland are puny ice-streams.

The basins of these rivers are divided by the Aravulli ridge; and farther southward the Vindhya Hills and their branches traverse east and west, forming, with the systems of the Ghauts* running near the east and west coasts, a rough triangle pointing southwards to Cape Comorin. The Western Ghauts rise abruptly from their base, leaving a mere strip of land by the sea, and are more lofty and continuous than the Eastern Ghauts, which are farther in from the sea, and broken through by many rivers from the interior. The two ranges of Ghauts, following their respective coast lines, unite in Travancore, from which point northwards to the Vindhyas they border a series of terraces or table-lands of increasing altitude—those of Mysore and the Upper Carnatic, of the Nilgherries and the Deccan. Gaps of considerable breadth occur at intervals, forming the loveliest of valleys, whilst the mountains themselves are clothed with dense woods or jungle.

There is much difference in the character of the eastern and western lowlands between the Ghauts and the sea. That on the west is a mere narrow strip running along the Arabian Sea, with wall-like cliffs in the background. The low land on the east is of varying width, and in some places opens into wide plains. One of these plains, that of the Carnatic, is 550 miles long and 80 miles wide.

* *Ghaut* means properly a pass or passage. It is applied to mountain passes, and hence to the mountains themselves. The Western and Eastern Ghauts are names given to mountain ranges stretching along the eastern and western coasts of India.

Fenced in by the Eastern and Western Ghauts on the sides, and towards the pointed end of the peninsula by the Nilgherry Mountains (crossing from the one series of Ghauts to the other), there is a great territory of plain or table-land. This is called the Deccan (from "Dakshina," the south country); but latterly the northern part only has been so called, and the southern part, which extends to the Nilgherry Hills, is now termed the Plain of Mysore.

The *great plains* of India lie between the southern region of table-lands and the northern mountain district. They are chiefly occupied by the basins of the Indus and the Ganges, which slope very gently to the sea-shore on the western and eastern side of the peninsula. But one remarkable region, extending from the Runn of Cutch (the dried-up bottom of an inland sea on the west coast) northward to the river Sutlej, and eastward to the base of the Aravulli, is a sandy desert, covering a surface of 150,000 square miles, or a tenth of the area of India. This sterile tract is called the Great Desert. Except near the Indus, or where a few wells are found, vegetation exists here only during the rainy season, the surface drying again in the "heats" into fine drifting sand.

The Runn of Cutch is no less singular than the Great Desert. It is 6,500 square miles in area, a lake during the rainy season, and a dry, salt, sandy plain, with a few patches of vegetation, in the dry season. Its boundaries are as exact as the paths in

a garden. The traveller steps at once from a surface teeming with verdure to a treacherous soil full of dangerous quicksands, with no sign of fen or swamp to mark their locality. When the waters retire into the Gulf of Cutch, the ground is left covered with dead fish, prawns, and other marine forms; and the dreary solitude is given up to untamable wild asses, apes, porcupines, and flocks of large birds.

Connecting the plains of India with the mountain region is a strip of territory known as the *Terai*, varying from three to fifty miles in breadth, where the combined influences of heat, moisture, and fertile soil produce the utmost richness of vegetable life. It is overgrown with trees, twining plants, and brushwood, the haunt of the wild elephant, tiger, black bear, hare, fox, jackal, wild hog, antelope and monkey; but so marshy and pestilential is it, that the neighbouring natives dare not approach this "Belt of Death" during a part of the year.

An interesting fact about the Himalaya Mountains may usefully finish our description of the mountains and plains of India. Like most other mountain ranges, the Himalayas present their counter slope or steepest side to the nearest sea. The true slope facing the north is more gradual and easier of ascent. It is a singular fact that their snow line is from 2,000 to 3,000 feet lower on the southern side, facing a tropical sun, than on the northern side. Several causes account for this fact. The south-west monsoons which blow for half the year from the Arabian

Sea come laden with moisture, which is condensed by the cold mountain peaks, and falls as snow on the south, so that those winds are comparatively dry when they roll over the mountain range. The counter currents from the north-east blow over the vast Asiatic table-lands and plains when intensely heated by the sun, and reach the Himalayas as dry winds. The reflected heat from the land during this season is very great, and influences the atmosphere of the mountain side, so that less snow falls on the northern slopes. Other peculiarities of climate combine to reverse, as at first it seems, the order of nature's laws.

A GANGES BOAT.

CHAPTER III.

THE GANGES AND INDUS.

HE *Ganges* is the principal river of India, and has one of the grandest river basins in the world. It issues from a glacier cave, 13,800 feet above the sea, amid a mountain group 22,800 feet high, and flows through the great plain of Hindostan — which spreads out on both sides in rich alluvial flats—increasing its volume by all the affluents flowing down the southern slopes of the Himalayas. About 200 miles from the sea a great expansion of the stream takes place, and so reduces the force of its flow that the sand and mud which it holds in suspension, and brings down in large quantities, are deposited in bars and shoals. These spread out into a delta as large as Wales, and form a maze of streams and creeks, which enclose a multitude of islands. The many mouths of this river deposit, every year, as much mud in the Bay of Bengal as would load a fleet of 2,000 ships, each carrying 1,400 tons.

The Ganges enters the sea on the north-eastern side of India by many channels, the two extreme openings being 200 miles apart. The whole delta is 240 miles long. The Hoogly, one of the delta streams, which passes Calcutta, is nearly the only one fit for sea-going vessels, but thousands of boatmen ply their traffic on the other branches, and on the main stream above the delta. The banks of the Hoogly down to the sea are dreary and desolate, but the river is regarded by the Hindoos as the true Ganges, and therefore held sacred. Some parts of the Ganges are held to be especially sacred, as at Gangotri, near where the river takes its rise; at Allahabad, where the Jumna joins it; and at Benares; and to these places come devotees from all parts of India to pray, and wash in the holy water.

The practice has not yet died out of bringing the dying and dead to the river banks for the tide to carry them to Paradise; and even in the Hoogly the offensive sight of decomposed bodies floating up and down with the tide is of no rare occurrence. The great tidal wave from the Indian Ocean, increasing in height as it reaches the narrower, funnel-shaped head of the Bay of Bengal, rushes into the Hoogly with a crest 20 feet high, and with a roar as of thunder. The advancing billow is called the "bore," or "bore-head." Navigation is interrupted by the "bore," and likewise impeded by the shifting sands and mud of the river.

The pestilent marshes or islands of the delta are

named Sunderbunds. They are dotted with dense forests, with the rankest undergrowth of jungle, the lair of serpents and tigers, and are deadly to human beings, even natives. The low trees spread their arms so far across the lagoons and arms of the sea, as often to entangle the masts and sails of boats which ply in those narrow waters.

Only second in interest to that of the Ganges is the less extensive basin of the *Indus*. The river Indus rises on the northern side of the Himalayas, at a height of 17,000 feet above the sea. According to an ancient tradition of Tibet, the Indus flows from a lion's mouth, the first part of its course having a name with that meaning. The Indus proper runs at the base of the Sulieman Mountains, from Cashmere, through Scinde, to its delta in the Arabian Sea, receiving in the country of the Sikhs four tributaries, which, with the Indus, give the name of *Punjaub*, or the region of the "five rivers," to the plains which they fertilise; while the triangles of land between the forks of two streams are designated *Doabs*. The rivers which unite to form the Lower Indus are the Jhelum or Upper Indus, Chenab, Ravee, Beas, and the Sutlej. Navigation is not without difficulty in this system of rivers. Part of the course of the true Indus is through a narrow and deep gorge, where at the season of the melting of the snow the force of the current is perilous to ships. The flow of the tide rushes up from the Arabian Sea with a violent bore-head, and the district is subject to furious storm

blasts. Further, the channels of the delta, the two extreme openings of which are 125 miles apart, are constantly changing, new channels forming, and old ones filling up every year.

The *Brahmaputra* or *Burrumpooter*, rising on the north of the Himalayas, and flowing for a great part of its course through an almost unknown country, brings down a greater volume of water than the Ganges, and is probably of greater length. It has numerous tributaries in Assam (to the east of India), where it turns sharply round to the west, and flows into the sea through the same delta with the Ganges. In the rainy season it floods a large part of the country on its banks. Its length from the glen where it breaks the Himalayas to the sea is 650 miles, and its great breadth gives it the aspect of a maritime inlet rather than a river.

Of the fertile valleys of the Ganges and Brahmaputra, a writer* on India says :—"They teem with every product of nature, from the fierce beasts and irrepressible vegetation of the tropics to the stunted barley which the hill-man rears and the tiny furred animal which he hunts within sight of the unmelting snows. Tea, indigo, turmeric, lac, waving white fields of the opium-poppy, wheat, and innumerable grains and pulses, pepper, ginger, betel-nut, quinine, and many costly spices and drugs, oil-seeds of all sorts, cotton, the silk-mulberry, inexhaustible crops of jute and other fibres ; timber, from the feathery bamboo

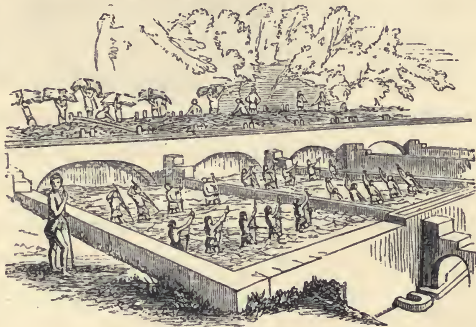
* Dr. Hunter.

and coroneted palm to the iron-hearted *sál*-tree ; in short, every vegetable product which clothes and feeds a people, and enables it to trade with foreign nations, abounds."

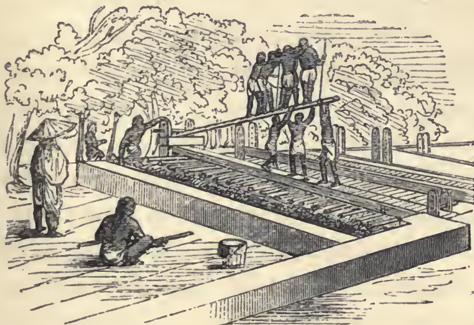
The animal world in India is of exceeding interest. Beasts of prey infest the jungle, and alligators the rivers and river-banks. Various species of deer abound everywhere. Buffaloes are native to the country. Elephants and rhinoceroses are numerous. Hundreds of elephants are caught and tamed every year in Assam and Ceylon. In the sandy parts of Cutch and the Great Desert the camel is the beast of burden, and wild asses roam at large. Indian horses are ill-formed and but little used; and the oxen are not eaten, but used as beasts of burden and regarded as sacred. Birds are more remarkable for their plumage than their song, but many have delicate flesh and are eaten. Our common varieties of poultry, except turkeys, which came from America, are natives of India. Bramah, Cochin China, and Bantam fowls still indicate their origin in their

CUTTING THE INDIGO.

names. Fish abound in the rivers and seas. Insects swarm in the air, many being of commercial value. Kermes produce a bright scarlet dye, and the climate favours the cochineal. Silkworms yield four crops of silk in the year, inferior to Chinese and Italian silk, but so abundant as to make the culture very profitable. Oysters are met with on some parts of the coast, small, but of good flavour; and the shores of Ceylon and Coromandel have been noted from antiquity for their pearl fisheries.



BEATING THE INDIGO.



PRESSING THE INDIGO.

CHAPTER IV.

CLIMATE AND PEOPLE.

HE peninsular part of India being almost wholly within the Torrid Zone, and the northern part nowhere far removed from the Tropic of Cancer, the country is open to the burning influence of the sun's vertical rays, tempered only by the mountains and the winds. Such, however, is the diversity of surface, that the climates of provinces, and even smaller areas, are more strongly marked than mere differences in latitude would lead us to expect. In the lowlands of the north and north-east the heat is scarcely less than in the Upper Carnatic, and the average temperature of Calcutta in the delta of the Ganges is higher than that of Madras. In Upper India the hot winds are described as blowing like hurricanes from a furnace. The hottest parts of India are the sandy levels of the Lower Carnatic. Here,

indeed, within a few miles, every gradation of climate is represented; so that while the plains are burnt up by unendurable heat, they are flanked by mountains capped with never-melting snow. Between these extremes the hills, to which Europeans repair for health and relaxation, rival in every delight of climate the most favoured regions of the Mediterranean Sea. Frosts do not occur in the Deccan or any part farther south except on the mountains; and in the tablelands the mean temperature is lessened by the altitude.

The most remarkable feature of the climate of India is the periodical winds, which blow over the country for half the year from the south-west, and the other half from the north-east. These winds are called the *monsoons*, that is, "season winds." They are the same as the ocean trade-winds, which blow all the year round in the one direction from east to west, but are modified over India by the heated surface of the land. The monsoons follow the course of the sun, and their effects are chiefly felt in the south. The south-west monsoon reaches the western coast about the middle of April and lasts till September. The north-east monsoon reaches the eastern coast in October, and continues to blow till the following April. It is easy to trace the course of these winds and their effect upon the seasons.

The south-west monsoon, during its path across the Indian Ocean, gets freighted to its full capacity with moisture from these heated waters, and, being arrested by the Western Ghauts, discharges a portion

of its burden down the mountain slopes in deluges of rain. The whole west coast to the basin of the Indus is exposed to the force of this monsoon, and the amount of rainfall in the rainy season has been known to exceed 250 inches, which is more than in any other part of the earth. The water is said to fall as cataracts rather than as rain-drops, and the devastation caused by these rain-storms is such that no vegetation or soil can exist on the mountain side, which presents an aspect of water-worn, bare, rugged, and lofty cliffs. The monsoon having crossed the Ghauts, refreshes the Deccan and the plain of the Ganges with a moderate rainfall, and then again deluges the colder slopes of the Himalaya Mountains.

The north-east monsoon very much resembles the south-west, but is less violent in character. Starting from the heated table-lands of Eastern Asia, it arrives at the bay of Bengal dry, and in its short passage across the bay it absorbs less moisture than in the Indian ocean. Thus, though it brings a rainy season to the eastern coast, in quantity of rain it bears no comparison with that of the opposite monsoon. Having traversed the whole of India, it brings a dry season to the western shores, and going forward over the Indian Ocean, thirstily sucking up its waters, it carries a rainy season to the east coast of the continent of Africa. Thus the monsoons are wet or dry according to the path they have traversed, and thus have they performed their endless and beneficent office, to and fro, through immeasurable time.

The native races of India are popularly known under the common name of Hindoos, yet there are at least thirty distinct nationalities. These races are unlike in feature and build, manners, customs, and occupations. In the north the people are tall, fair, manly, strong, and warlike; in the south, slight, dark, and timid. The Hindoo complexion varies from an olive-brown, through gradations of bright clear brown, to nearly black. It is difficult to explain the shades of complexion, for high-caste Brahmins are sometimes dark, while the outcast Pariah is as often fair.

Nine-tenths of the people profess their faith in the religion of Brahma—a system full of cruel and revolting rites and ceremonies. But it was not always so impure. In the oldest of its sacred books, written in the Sanscrit language, there are many true things said, and some fine hymns preserved. Very early, however, this religion became so debased, that the first thought a really good man had was to free himself from it.

About 700 B.C. a preacher arose in Northern India who taught a simpler religion, consisting mainly of pure maxims of morality. He was afterwards called Buddha, or "the one who knows." At first his followers had great success, but after awhile the Brahmins again asserted their superiority. In Ceylon, however, the religion of Buddha, very much corrupted, remains to this day the profession of the majority of the people. It also found so many converts in other parts of the world, that it is said

to control one-third of mankind. But it has sunk into a mere superstition. In India the Buddhists now number nearly 3,000,000, the worshippers of Brahma about 140,000,000, and the Christians less than 1,000,000. About 41,000,000* are supposed to be believers in the prophet Mohammed. They are chiefly the descendants of Arabs, who invaded India at different times, and brought that faith with them.

A BRAHMIN.

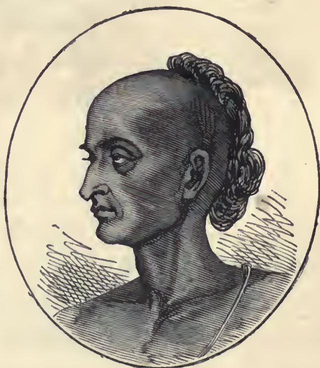
Another sect is called the Parsees, or fire-worshippers, who think of the divine being as the Father of Light, and worship fire as his emblem. These are chiefly descendants of Persian immigrants.

The social state is peculiar, as compared with that of England. The people are very simple in their habits, and their dwellings are mostly of the lightest materials. In Bengal the cottages have cane walls and thatched roofs; in the Deccan they are of mud and stone; in the north-west regions they are of unburnt brick, and tiled. The cottage furniture is

* These numbers are exclusive of the native states.

scanty; there are no tables; a mat serves the purposes of a chair. Many of the villages are walled, or have a fence; each has a temple and a bazaar, holds an annual fair, and celebrates an annual festival. The mud walls are of great strength, with stone gateways. The public roads pass near them, but not through them. The walls were needed at one time as a defence in time of war and against wild beasts; they remain to remind us of past days, before the English ruled the land and secured the people against robbery and violence. Those "good old days" are now nightmares of history: the days of war, plunder, and cruelty are gone.

A CALCUTTA BABOO.



A BRAHMIN PUNDIT.

Travelling by rail is fast increasing under British rule, but in districts where there are no railways there are various modes of carriage. Some

people ride on elephants, some are drawn in carts by bullocks, and those who can afford it ride in palanquins. Although the Hindoos will serve Europeans they will not eat with them, as the practice is forbidden by the law of caste. Even if it were not so, Europeans could scarcely mix with the natives at meals, as every Hindoo, however high his rank, eats as his forefathers did, squatted on a carpet, and uses his fingers in place of knife, fork, and spoon.

RICE POUNDING.

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTIANITY IN BENARES.

BENARES, on the river Ganges, is one of the most ancient cities in the world. The following account by the late Rev. Dr. Sherring of the progress made by Christian influence there, brings out very clearly some special points of interest characteristic of this city.

In these days of Christian enterprise, when thirty-five Protestant Missionary Societies are striving to evangelize the vast population of India, numbering two hundred and forty millions of people, it is difficult to realise the fact, that, at the beginning of the present century, it was impossible for any work of this nature to be undertaken in the British portion of the Indian Empire without meeting with violent opposition from the Government of the country. Dr. Carey had laid the foundations of his great mission

DANISH LUTHERAN (NOW ENGLISH) CHURCH, SERAMPORE.

in Serampore, under the protection of the Danish Government, having been unsuccessful in his efforts to establish a mission in British territory. The London Missionary Society sent its first missionary to India in the year 1798; but after remaining in Calcutta for a time, he evaded the obstacles which beset him by quitting that city, and settling at Chinsurah, twenty miles distant, then under Dutch rule.

Occasionally the British Government relented, and allowed missionaries, under certain severe conditions, to commence their Christian labours. For example,

the Rev. Messrs. Chamberlain and Peacock, of the Baptist Society, men of zeal and earnestness, were permitted to reside at Agra, in the North-Western Provinces. Yet so harsh and fickle was the Government that in less than eighteen months Mr. Chamberlain, having fallen under the censure of the commandant of the fort of that city, was sent under a guard of sepoys out of British India, to the Danish settlement at Serampore, a distance of eight hundred miles.

As late as 1812 the Government issued a general order that all missionaries who might arrive from abroad should be at once expelled from the country. Five American missionaries were thus expelled, one of whom was the Rev. Dr. Judson, who afterwards proceeded to Burmah, and founded a mission there which has gradually become one of the most important and prosperous of modern times, yet which, but for the banishment of its eminent founder, would not have been established till many years subsequently. The following order, which was served on the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the London Missionary Society, on his arrival in Madras, on his way to Bellary in that Presidency, is a specimen of the communications sent to missionaries on landing in India, and of the summary treatment which they received:—

"MADRAS POLICE OFFICE, *May* 22, 1812.

"REV. SIR,—I am directed to acquaint you, that the Honourable the Governor-in-Council is precluded, by the orders of the Supreme Government, from permitting you to reside in any place under this

Presidency. You will, therefore, return to the Isle of France, or to Europe, by the first opportunity.

"I am, Rev. Sir, Your obedient Servant,

"J. H. Symms,

"Superintendent of Police."

The conduct of the Government in determining to exert its authority to the utmost in preventing the entrance of the Gospel into India provoked the indignation and violent opposition of the religious public of England. When the old Charter of the East India Company, granted in 1793, which had enabled the local Government to withstand the missionaries, and to wage constant hostilities with them, with more or less virulence, for twenty years, was about to expire, the opportunity was seized by Christian people in this country to move the two Houses of Parliament to an entire reversal of the policy which had been pursued. And they were successful. But the struggle was hot and fierce. After a prolonged discussion in the House of Commons, sustained chiefly by Wilberforce, on the one side, and retired old Indian officials and merchants, on the other, the famous clause in the new Charter, introduced by Lord Castlereagh, under pressure from without, and overpowered by the immense multitude of petitions with which every night both Houses were inundated, was carried.

The new Charter came into effect on the 10th April, 1814, from which time, properly speaking, dates the commencement of those multiform Christian labours which are being carried on over the whole of

India, and which have for their object the deliverance of Hindoos, Mahomedans, and other races from the false religions, gross superstitions, and immoral usages under which they have been in slavish bondage for ages. All restrictions to Christianity being removed, immediately the various denominations of Christians throughout Great Britain began to stimulate one another in their zealous efforts to plant the Gospel in India.

While the restrictions lasted it would have been a hazardous undertaking, as the government was in favour of upholding the Hindoo religious rites and customs, to attempt to establish a mission in Benares, the holy city of the Hindoos; but as soon as possible after their removal, it was right that missionaries should establish themselves in this citadel of idolatry, with the hope of effecting its destruction, and of building up a Christian Church upon its ruins. Three societies in succession entered on the work there. The first in the field was the Baptist Missionary Society, which founded a mission in Benares in 1816. Next came the Church Missionary Society, whose mission dates from the following year. The third mission was in connection with the London Missionary Society, and was commenced in 1820. To snatch Benares from Hindooism, and to transform it into a Christian city, was a task equal in difficulty and in importance to the evangelization of ancient Rome by the apostles and their successors. This will be manifest by a brief consideration of its history and reputed sanctity.

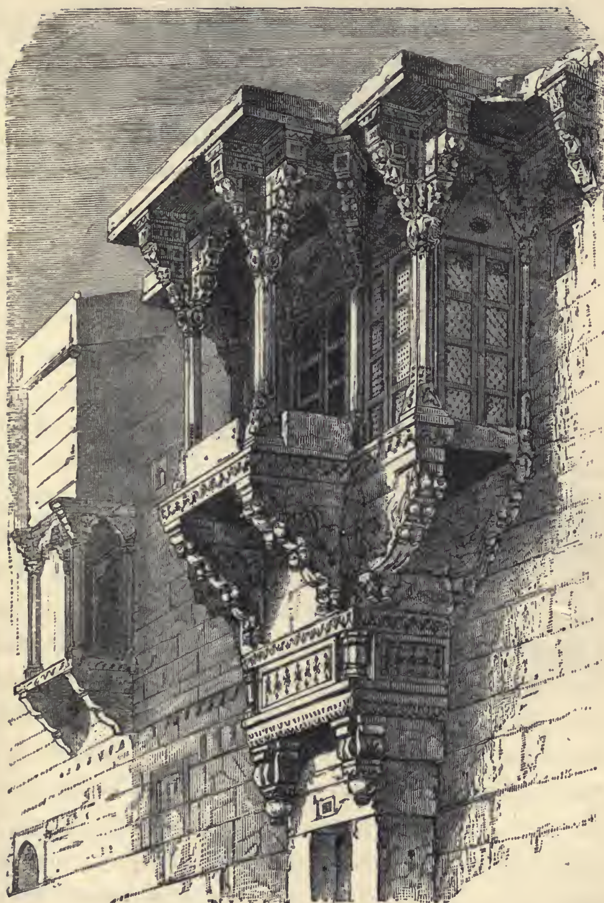
Twenty-five centuries ago, at the least, Benares was famous. It is a point on which all Buddhist historians are agreed, that Buddhism, which was once the paramount religion of India, and which has become the national religion of China, Japan, Burmah, Ceylon, and Nepaul, was founded at Benares by Sakya Muni, or Buddha. This event occurred in the sixth century before the Christian era, when Benares was already the sacred city of the land. Long before this period, however, it was regarded as a very holy spot; and allusions to its splendour and sanctity are exceedingly abundant in early Sanscrit literature. When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, when Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was growing in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyprus had added lustre to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, and the inhabitants of Judea had been carried into captivity, Benares had risen to greatness, if not to glory.

Not only is the city remarkable for its venerable age, but also for the vitality and vigour which, so far as is known, it has ever exhibited. While many cities and nations have fallen into decay and perished, its sun has never gone down. Its illustrious name has descended from generation to generation, and has always been a household word, venerated and beloved by the vast Hindoo family. And now, after the lapse of so many ages, this magnificent city still maintains most of the freshness, and all the beauty, of its early

THE GANGES AT BENARES.

youth. For picturesqueness and grandeur, no sight in all the world can well surpass that of Benares as seen from the river Ganges.

Macaulay's graphic description of its appearance towards the close of the last century, in his essay on Warren Hastings, is, for the most part, applicable to its present state. He speaks of it as "a city, which in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity was among the foremost in Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million human beings were crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines, and minarets, and balconies, and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants, and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing places along the Ganges were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshippers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindoos from every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees come here every month to die ; for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive that lured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate



WINDOW IN BENARES.

silks that adorned the balls of St. James's and of Versailles; and in the bazaars the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere."

CHAPTER VI

CHRISTIANITY IN BENARES.—*Continued.*

ENARES, like Athens in the days of St. Paul, is a city wholly given to idolatry. For the sanctity of its inhabitants, of its temples and tanks, of its wells and streams, of the very soil that is trodden, of the very air that is breathed, and of everything in it and around it, the city has been celebrated for thousands of years. The Hindoo ever beholds it in one peculiar aspect, as a place of spotless holiness and heavenly beauty, where the spiritual eye may be delighted and the heart may be purified; and his imagination has been kept fervid from generation to generation by the continued presentation of this glowing picture. Believing all he has read and heard concerning this seat of ideal blessedness, he has been possessed with the same longing to visit it as the Mahomedan to visit Mecca, or the Jewish exile to

visit Jerusalem; and having gratified his desire, he has left the memory of his pious enterprise to his children for their example, to incite them to undertake the same pilgrimage, faithfully transmitting to them the high ambition which he himself received from his fathers.

VISHNU.

It would be difficult to count the small shrines, the larger temples, and the sacred niches abounding in the city; and it would be an impossibility to enumerate the idols worshipped by the people; but they certainly exceed the number of the people themselves, though multiplied twice over. You may sometimes see twenty, fifty, and even a hundred or more idols gathered together in one shrine or niche, many of which will receive as much homage as the god who is exalted to the chief and most honourable seat.

It should always be remembered that the Hindoo is a religious man of very great earnestness, but his religion takes the form of idolatry. Idolatry enters into all the associations and concerns of his life. He can take no step without it. He carries his offerings publicly in the streets on his way to the temple in the morning, and receives upon his forehead, from the officiating priest, the peculiar mark of his god, which he wears all the day long, as the symbol of the worship he has paid him. As he walks about you may hear him muttering the names and sounding the praises of his gods. In greeting a friend he accosts him in the name of a deity. In a letter on business or on any other matter, the first word he invariably writes is the name of a god. Should he propose an engagement of importance, he first inquires the pleasure of the idol and asks a lucky day for undertaking it.

It was a day of much importance in the history of Christianity in India when missionary operations were commenced in the sacred city of Benares. Humanly speaking, were the city to abandon its idolatrous usages, and to embrace the gospel of Christ, the effect of such a step upon the Hindoo community over the whole of India would be as great as that produced on the Roman empire when Rome adopted the Christian faith. We shall presently see what signs there are of the coming of such a day.

The three missions which were established in Benares, upwards of sixty years ago, continue to the present time. Though encountering opposition of a

varied nature during parts of this period, all direct opposition has long since ceased. The people have gradually come to regard the missions as permanent institutions of the city, to respect the motives and aims of the missionaries, and to entertain for them sentiments of friendship and esteem. The Rev. William Smith, who was appointed to the Baptist mission in 1816, and continued at his post for forty years, furnished a remarkable illustration of the powerful influence which sanctity of life and unwearied kindness exert upon the minds of Hindoos in subduing their prejudice, and in exciting their confidence and good-will. It is a well-known fact, that on occasion of a great disturbance in the city, when the English magistrate durst not expose himself to the rage of the populace, on the approach of Mr. Smith the crowd parted, and allowed him to pass harmlessly through.

Many kinds of Christian work have been performed by the missions in Benares. Much has been done by them all in the way of preaching the gospel in the vernacular languages in the streets and bazaars of the city, and in the neighbouring villages. Much has been done also by the agency of schools, in teaching the youth of both sexes the great truths of Christianity. The Baptist mission has been mostly engaged in the former department of labour, namely, that of preaching, although for many years it possessed several useful schools, which were closed thirty years ago, at the request of one of the secretaries of the society, who thought that missionaries should devote

their time and energies more especially to the direct proclamation of the Gospel.

The other two missions, however, have always paid attention to both branches of Christian effort. The Church Society's Mission has taken a very distinguished part in promoting the religious and intellectual welfare of the natives of Benares. It has ever had a considerable staff of vernacular preachers, consisting of missionaries and their native catechists, who have day by day expounded the Truth to the people. It has a large college of six hundred and fifty students, Hindoos and Mahomedans, with a few Christians, all of whom receive a sound Christian and secular education. This was established in the year 1817, by the Rev. Mr. Corrie, then Chaplain of Benares, afterwards Bishop Corrie of Madras. The mission has, in addition, many schools for the education of natives of both sexes; a large orphanage in which more than a hundred children are supported, and are trained in the Christian faith; a normal institution, in which upwards of forty native Christian girls are educated, in order to become fitted to teach in the schools of this and other missions; an infant school; two native Christian villages, one for the residence of Christians in Benares, the other for those in the country who are farmers and agricultural labourers; a lace manufactory, for the support of widows and other females of the mission; and two Gothic churches, which are in the charge of two ordained native pastors.

The London Society's Mission, while extensive in

A GANGES BOAT.

its range and operations, has never been in a position to attempt the multiform labours which members of the Church Society have undertaken, and in prosecuting which they have been so successful. It should be added that ladies in connection with two other societies devote their time exclusively to giving in-

struction to native women and girls in the zenanas, or female apartments, in the large houses of the city.

Four native Christian communities, the fruit of missionary labour, are now scattered about Benares and its suburbs, which hold their Sunday and week day meetings for the worship of God through Jesus Christ His Son in as many churches and chapels. During the last twenty years the number of native Christians in the city has considerably more than doubled. The three missions had, in 1871, twenty-nine schools and colleges, with forty-eight native Christian teachers, and in these institutions two thousand two hundred and twenty Hindoo and Christian scholars, male and female, received a good education based upon the Word of God. They had likewise a staff of nineteen native preachers or catechists, of whom three were ordained.

These results, however, are no proper criterion of the great work which has been accomplished among the natives of Benares by the influence of Christian truth, of education, of just government, and of the general civilising elements which for many years have been in operation in their midst. It is no exaggeration to affirm that native society in that city, especially among the better classes, is hardly the same thing that it was a few years ago. An educated class has sprung into existence, which is little inclined to continue in the mental bondage of the past. The men composing it may be compared to the bud ready to burst into the blossom under the united influence of light and heat.

In the Government college and schools of the city the Bible is not permitted as a text-book; yet it is none the less true that the English education they impart, by reason of study of such books as "Paradise Lost," and the like, which are suffused with Christian sentiments, is, in no slight degree, of a Biblical character. Thus it has come to pass that the light which precedes and accompanies conviction has been shed upon many minds in this seat of Hindooism. A new era of intellectual freedom and religious life has already commenced. Of not a few it may be said that "old things have passed away;" and of the great mass of the inhabitants, that "all things are becoming new."

I believe very few indeed of the educated class in Benares—that is, educated on the English model—are thorough and hearty idolators. As I was conversing one day with an educated native gentleman of Benares, a near relative of the chief native prince of the city, he made a remark of great significance, as showing the feeling of men of his own class, attached by association to idol-worship, and yet prepared for something better, if only a movement were commenced, and if some one of courage, of force of character, and of genuine enthusiasm, would lead the way. "We need," he said, "a Luther among us;" as though he would say, that under the guidance of a Martin Luther he himself, with the rest, would break away from Hindooism, and that all who were longing and who were ready to be free, but not bold enough to

act for themselves, would rush eagerly to the standard of such a man, and under his leadership a new era of religious reformation would be inaugurated in the land.

It must not be imagined, however, that the outward manifestations of Hindooism have undergone much change. The superstitious observances connected with it are still kept up by the people generally, in the temples, at the sacred wells and tanks, on the spacious stone stairs leading down to the Ganges, and in the holy streams, with enthusiasm and punctiliousness. Nevertheless, it is undoubted that there are thousands of persons in this city alone who, while counted rigid Hindoos, and daily performing the customary rites, are altogether dissatisfied with them. In appearance, Christianity has been more successful in many places in India than in Benares; yet when the peculiar difficulties and antagonisms which exist in that city are taken into consideration, I believe it is not too much to say that it has, in the aggregate, accomplished as much there as in any city of the land. One thing is clear and certain, the Gospel there is sapping, rapidly and effectually, the foundations of the most powerful form of idolatry.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HILL FORTS OF THE DECCAN.

1.—A SAVAGE PATRIOT.

HE land of India is rich in memorials of the past. It is an ancient country which has experienced many invasions, revolutions, and changes of religion; and these movements of bygone days have left their record in many lonely shrines and ruined forts which tell of the aspirations and the struggles of departed generations. Amongst these the remarkable Hill Forts of the Deccan are worthy of some detailed description, because they tell us much about the state of India in the century when they were built. In this and the following chapters we shall give the observations made on these forts by a clergyman who visited them.

*   *   *

Oriental annals are most often either dull or painful. A monotony of murder is their most permanent material, seldom relieved by heroism in the murdered or the murderers. But, amid the crowd of slaves and tyrants who tried in vain, for so many centuries, to rule India, the strong individuality of the great Sivaji Maharaj—the great Mahratta leader—stands out in sharp relief. Englishmen know but little of him, except as perpetrator of two or three astounding treacheries. But there remain indications enough to prove that Sivaji was a really great man. Nearer than any man of his day or country, he approached the lofty character of a patriot. The history of his life is a romance which only waits a Walter Scott to make it vie in interest with those of Bruce or Douglas. Sivaji was a man of forts. Born in a fort, dying in a fort, he was, mentally and physically, formed to make the most of them. We can fancy the wiry little man, with his eagle eye and eagle beak, weighing only ten stone, but with disproportionately long arms; a climber by nature, and full of lofty love of high places. The forts were made by him what they became—the terror of all India; the cradle of his nation; the basis of his conquests; the steps to his ambition, his home and his joy. I do not hesitate to say, that apart from Sivaji no man can understand the history of Western India, more especially of its earlier and nobler passages. For the Mahrattas had little nationality before the genius and energies of this great spirit consolidated them for a

while; and no one can study that time, as well as it deserves to be studied by those to whom India belongs, without the aid of that vivid realisation of historic scenes which is afforded alone by some personal acquaintance with these great fortresses, and with the rugged districts amid which they stand.

It may be considered a somewhat remarkable fact that no description of the forts of the Deccan has ever been written. Some materials for describing their present condition once existed in the Quartermaster General's office, in dusty and ant-eaten corners, but whether still extant I have no means of knowing.

These official lists had but one word, sometimes, as descriptive of their military condition, which as regards most of them was, "Deserted." Such a list was made out in 1849. It has the names of one hundred and forty forts in the limits of the Poona division of the army; but it is roughly calculated that the country included in the term "Maharashtra," from the Taptee to the Toombudra, contains no less than one thousand; though of this large number many would, I think, be found unworthy of an elaborate description.

It will soon be noticed by one who begins to examine these "castles in the air," that most of them bear close resemblance to each other. There is, on near inspection, found to be great diversity, both of situation and plan of fortification. Generally speaking, however, they are formed by nature exactly in

the same way. On first approaching one of them, we observe the sloping hill-side, ribbed with great horizontal bands of rock, about the same thickness

APPROACH TO BALA KILA—LOWER PART.*

* Only from a balloon could a sketch be made of the ascent to the Bala Kila, or Upper Fort of Rajgurh; but some idea may be formed of it by piling up, one on the top of the other, the accompanying sketches, and supplying the intervals by steep-stepped rockwork, up which the climber toils, till at last the great gateway at the summit rises suddenly before him.

APPROACH TO BALA KILA—UPPER PART.

and general distance from each other; steeper and steeper it rises to a summit, capped by a mass of hard rock, which is scarped by nature, and varying in height from forty to four hundred feet. On the topmost edge of this scarp, walls are built, as frequently weakening as strengthening the natural fortification; and at certain accessible places, where perhaps a spur leads up from the plain, massive

gates are constructed. Within the area, on an undulating table-land, we find the store-houses and residences of the garrison, or their ruins; and often, rising several hundred feet higher still, is an elevation called the Bala Kila, or Upper Fort, generally fortified with additional strength, as the last resort of the beleaguered garrison.

The natural history of the sites of these forts, scattered over the Deccan, is everywhere the same. The whole Deccan is geologically of one formation. From Agra to Goa, and eastward nearly to Orissa, there is a monotonous similarity, the whole of the country being covered with the same kind of rocks. They are all volcanic, and contain the same ingredients in every variety of combination, chiefly augite, porphyry, basalt, laterite, tuff, and trap. It would appear, that a long series of overwhelming waves of lava, issuing slowly or rapidly from many eruptive centres, poured themselves at uncertain intervals over this whole country. In these successive layers of molten matter all trace of organic structure has been destroyed: some of them deposited above, perhaps others under the waters; some giving off their gases rapidly and cooling into the loose stratum of trap, others cooling more slowly, and hardening as they cooled into the compact basalt; some crystallizing into porphyry, as may be seen so curiously at Poorundhur; others built up into the rude sub-columnar structure which is characteristic of most of the scarps on which the forts are built; in others

again a large admixture of oxide of iron reddens the stratum into what is called "laterite" (from "*later*" a tile, not from "*latus-eris*" a side).* I have often mistaken, for tiles of pottery, bits of this stratum, baked in the mighty kilns of the pre-adamite world. This stratum it is which, when comminuted into fine red dust, makes Mahableshwur such an expensive place for the ladies.

These various strata being deposited, were thenceforward subjected to the gentle violence of the air and water, assisted by successive heat and cold. A process of denudation commenced, which is still slowly proceeding (for nature, like society, is gradually levelling); and streams cut through the softer strata, undermined the harder—cleaving their way, and letting down "by the run" great blocks of indurated basalt from above; which when ground to powder by degrees, and mixed with other materials, became the black cotton soil of the plains below. Whenever any cause had hardened a particular portion of the strata, that part resisted the disintegrating process; an isolated block of the upper stratum remained, which required little from the hand of man to become an almost inaccessible fortress. Thus when man began to crawl and quarrel on the surface of this fair earth, he found these strange islands in a sea of hills, which gave him security from his brother man, and from the wild beasts of early times. He

* The name is given because of the tendency of the stratum to break up into bits like flat tiles.

cut steps up the scarps, climbed to their summits, and was safe. And it is highly probable, that ever since the first dispersion of our race, these forts have been places of the greatest importance to the security of the inhabitants.

Sometimes they rise amid the level plains, but more frequently they run in chains. The hills, called the Chandor range, dividing the valley of the Godavery from that of the Taptee, are from six hundred to eleven hundred feet above the plain; then rising again above is a series of abrupt precipices of from eighty to one hundred feet high, so wonderfully scarped that only the great number of them—more than is necessary for the defence of the country—prevents one, at first sight, from supposing them the work of the chisel. Almost all are supplied with good water on their summits, and possess little more of fortification than a flight of steps cut on or through the solid rock, and a number of intricate gateways. This strange line of inaccessible and, if well defended, impregnable forts, stand like giant sentinels athwart the northern invader's path, and tell him what he will have to meet with as he penetrates southwards to the Ghautmatha of the Deccan.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HILL FORTS OF THE DECCAN.

2.—TORNA.

SHALL never forget the *coup d'œil* this giant chain above described presented when I first saw it—it was at sunrise—and from the top of the very loftiest peak in all Western India—a point seven hundred feet higher than Shortrede's Cairn on the upper platform at Mahableshwur. The name of this peak is Kulsubaee. During the night before, I had mounted this king of the Deccan hills, the ascent of which was more than usually precipitous. At one place, the only possible advance, where the scarp had to be surmounted, was through the branches of a sturdy little tree, which conveniently grew out of a cleft, and formed a ticklish sort of staircase to walk up in the middle of the night.

When we reached the foot of the knot of rocks which form the highest bit of earth in the Deccan, a night-wind so chilly struck us that my guides declined the further ascent, and assured me there was nothing whatever on the top, which we, being so close under the rock, could not see. Scrambling up, I found a little temple dedicated to my Lady of Kulsu, on the bit of platform, only a few yards in circumference, at a height of 5,409·3 feet above the sea-level. I knew the sunrise would give me a fine prospect, and I was not disappointed.

Below, to the northward, lay a ruck of hills, sinking into the great plain of the Godavery—the great rocks of Trimbuck, Unjinere, and Hursch, at its source, distinctly observable. A shade of green in the far plain showed where lay the ancient and holy city of Nassick, over which ran the Dheir and Ramsej forts on a lower range of hills. Above and beyond that, the Chandor range extended like a vast curtain across the horizon, successively lifting their peaks against the morning sky; and beyond Chandor, which lay in a hollow, just hidden from my view by two forts projecting from the Kulsubaee range, were the well-known twin forts with the curious name of "Unkye-Tunkye," which command the road between Nuggur and Malligaum, and which were taken by our troops under Lieutenant-Colonel McDowall, on the 30th March, 1818.

On the Kulsubaee range itself was another series of strongholds. To the south, the eye ranged over

dense jungle; and rising from out of it, along the line of mountains, were several more forts, chiefest of which is the peerless Hurrichunderghur. Beyond, to the south and west, lay the Konkun, resting on which, like a great stranded ark, lay the fortress of Mowlee. Farther to the south the Matheran range was dimly visible, like islands floating on a sea of wavelike hills.

But it is not necessary to go far from Poona to see perhaps the most interesting fort of the Deccan. Its bastions and scarp may be observed on a clear day just rising over the north-west spur of our own Poona fort, "Singhur;" and perhaps many persons who look at it are unaware that it is a fort at all. When I first visited it there was no one but myself in Poona who had passed a night within its venerable walls; yet it is within an easy ride of Poona (only some twenty-five miles), and on its farther slope, out of which springs the source of the Neera River, is, I am told, one of the finest tiger-jungles in this country-side. It is the fort of Torna, or, as Sivaji tried to rename it, Prutchundghur. It does not belong to us, and the valley in which it rises like a grand monarch is not British territory. The Punt Sucheo of Bhore, the last relic of the Brahmin sovereignty, is still nominally its master.

Torna has been well called "the cradle of Maharashtra," and for this reason. In 1646, Sivaji, being only then a well-born lad of nineteen, formed the bold design of obtaining possession of this lofty

stronghold; and from thence casting off the yoke of the Great Mogul, and resisting all the power of Delhi. He did gain possession of the fort, and thence dated his independence. There, when repairing the fortifications, he declared he dug up vast treasures, said to have been buried at a remote period, and revealed to him in a vision, but more probably amassed by himself and his friends Yessaji Kunk and Tannaji Maloosee, in dacoitee expeditions into the Konkun. With this money he commenced a life-long struggle with the crumbling Mahomedan Raj (*i.e.* the supremacy of the Mahomedan dynasty at Delhi), a struggle with which, notwithstanding the bloody treacheries which stained it, it is impossible not to sympathize.

From long before his time this fort had doubtless been the seat of rule over the surrounding mawuls, or valleys. It is considerably higher than Singhur, possesses a good supply of water, and has sufficient area within its walls for a garrison of three thousand men.

The mountain on which this fort is built sweeps majestically up from the valley of the Kannind on its north to a towering summit, where, hanging far above, its towers and battlements may be descried from below. The path, by a long and tedious spur, becomes narrower as it rises, till at last it consists of steps merely, the size of the foot, cut in the shelving rock—perfectly safe to those whose nerves are not affected by a precipice above and a gorge below.

Passing up some steep steps the main gate is entered —a fine old piece of masonry in the Mahomedan style. Inside are several tanks, and many ruins. Besides the Delhi gate, at which we entered, there is a gate leading towards the Konkun, on the south-west angle; and, jutting out from the east face, at a low level, as may be seen from hence, a long fortified point of rock; and to the south another spur, also fortified. There is also the *machi*, or dependent village.

As the setting sun cast clearer shadows, the vast landscape visible from the summit became more and more interesting. Southward, across the jungles, lay the great deep wall of the Syhadri range, which here forms an inlet, as it were, into the Deccan. Beyond this, visible over the nine-mile level back of the Raireshwar mountain, was to be seen the yellow thatch of Mount Malcolm at Mahableshwur; and beyond, to the right, Mukramghur and Myputghur, so well known to Mahableshwur visitors. More to the westward, the great mass of Rajghur, the most regal of all the forts, lifted its head above the edge of the Deccan, from the scarp of which, and nearer, rose the black pillar of Linganaghur.

These forts I had not then visited, and saw with delight for the first time. Far away the sea gleamed in the last rays of the sun, while the surpassing interest of the panorama was completed by turning my glass to the northward, where a tiny upright line of grey could just be descried, which I well knew

to be the spire of our own St. Mary's church. I never remember a more peculiar sight than that I saw the next morning, when daylight opened upon a vast sheet of tossed and slowly moving mist, rolling up from Konkun like an angry sea, breaking into a thousand waves of cloud, then leaping slowly over the edge of the mountain on to the Deccan, and rolling down each valley at my feet like cold white lava, each flake soon gilded and then dissolved by the rising sun.

WATER-CARRIER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HILL FORTS OF THE DECCAN.

3.—RAJGHUR AND OTHERS.

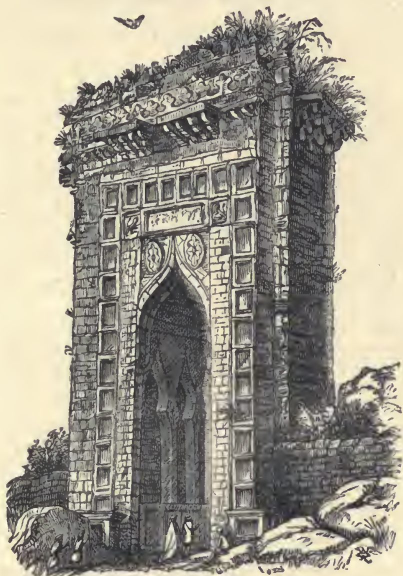
WHEN Sivaji had gained Torna and set out on his stormy and adventurous race for independence, his eye soon lit upon a black mass of the same height as Torna, three miles to the eastward of it—the Mountain of Morbudh. This, as his dangers thickened, he scaled, and commenced to fortify with unusual care, labour, and success. He called it, proudly enough, Rajghur. It is perhaps the most inaccessible fort in the Deccan, and its construction gained for its builder from Aurungzebe the bitter epithet of "that mountain rat." Few, indeed, nowadays of our countrymen visit it, and of these few, fewer still care to scale its citadel, long Sivaji's favourite hiding-place, and a curiosity in its way.

During the troubles of 1857 Mr. Rose went up, and threw over an old gun or two that remained, and

which might have tempted some one to fix on this wild crag, so full of historic associations, as a haunt, from whence dislodgment, while provisions lasted, was almost impossible. When the lower forts are gained (they are on three great spurs, at a level of about four thousand three hundred feet, reached only by goat-paths from the jungle), there rises above them a perpendicular rock, crowned with towers, several hundred feet higher, with no semblance of an accessible slope at any point. A path leads along the steep eastern side to a doorway, guarded by towers, and here commences the most extraordinary ascent one can imagine, and which I recommend to the notice of the curious in such matters.

First a few steps towards the crack or crevice in the black basalt, which runs up the junction of the half-crystallized block. In this niche—for it is scarcely more—is cut a rock ladder. There is at one place a little assistance from a slight wooden bridge and balustrade; but at last, for a short way, this, the only way by which the top was ever reached, becomes a climb of toes and fingers, clutching hold of little places not visible till the hand naturally finds them in ascending; the scarp so steep, that on looking down, one could see a map of the valleys far below stretched out between one's knees. Then come more steps, and at the top, at last, appears a fine carved gateway of handsome masonry, flanked by octagonal towers, and communicating by a wall with

other towers, round the top of this strange triangular block which constitutes the citadel of Sivaji. This craggy loft, for fifteen years of constant, and generally successful warfare, was the principal residence of the Maharaja—*i.e.* from 1647 to 1663. Part of this



GREAT GATE, RAJGHUR.

residence still stands, and I slept in the teak-pillared hall, now very indifferently thatched, where sharp justice was administered by the great robber chieftain, and under which were buried vast treasures, the sack of Surat and the plunder of convoys. Here had been concealed gold in bars, silver from China, and dollars of all coinages ; English money, too, from

the factories, Dutch, French, and Moorish; khiluts, valuables, arms, ivory, and gems; "gold and barbaric pearls."

Rajghur has been sometimes confounded with Raieghur, a very different place, and which merits some description, though strictly speaking it is not a Deccan but a Konkun fort. Its history is briefly this:—

When Sivaji began to rise into almost imperial power, Rajghur became too small for his enormous retinue, and in 1662—63 he selected a mountain called formerly Rairee, situated on the edge of the Ghauts, not far from Rajghur. This mountain is like a great wedge split from the Deccan, and standing off from it, leaving a deep gully a mile or two across. On its flat summit—a mile and a half in length, and half a mile broad, being well supplied with water—the great offices of state were erected; and on the death of his father, here Sivaji was crowned, hence he issued his coinage, and here he died in 1680. Raieghur was soon afterwards taken by the Moguls. Sivaji's son's wife and her son Shao were captured in it. The celebrated sword "Bhowanee," and that also which Sivaji had taken from Afzool Khan, were conveyed thence to Aurungzebe, who long after restored them again to the heir of his ancient foe. They are now in our possession at Sattara.

When I visited the neighbourhood of Raiegurh and examined the fort, besides many fine ruins, I

only observed the enclosure and temple of Mahadeo still standing, which rises near the tomb of the great Mahratta; and as a religious, if no longer a political standard, the bugwa-junda (a swallow-tailed pennant of a tawny colour), Sivaji's emblem as well as Mahadeo's, still waves above the seat of his rock-built royalty. The fort has only one entrance, and is everywhere else surrounded with a precipice a thousand feet in almost perpendicular descent, which renders any wall or fortification superfluous. The gates and offices were built by Abbaji Sonedeo, and all the pageantry of royal state was once enacted on that now desolate rock!

Near it on the ghaut-edge is a very curious fort. It is called the Lingana. It was built in 1649—50 by Sivaji, at the same time as Tola, Gossala, and another Rairee in the Konkun, to secure his hold upon the Konkun estates which he had then conquered. I had often seen from a distance this singular fort, which is a vast pillar of basalt on the very edge of the mountain. So starting from Poona one morning, I took luncheon on the top of Surghur, and descending early in the afternoon to meet my horse on the west side, pursued a narrow path through the valley and crossed the Pabek Khind, the peaks of which may be seen from Poona, over the near hills a little to the right of Torna. Descending on the other side into the bed of the Valwand, I passed up the valley to the westward, leaving Torna on my left, till I arrived by sundown at the little village of Geonda, prettily situ-

ated on the hillside. The path being no longer passable for a beast, I with some difficulty secured the services of two stout Mahars as guides, and set out for as wild and beautiful a midnight walk as I ever took.

The path lay along the side of the mountain, and rose gradually up its side till the tall ferns began to mark the altitude, and the air grew cooler as we emerged at last on the summit, when I found it was a narrow ridge more miles long than are shown by the chart; and we wound in and out, up and down, the crest of the hill rising and falling like a wave, till nearing the Konkun edge of the ghaut we struck off the hill and entered a deep and shady forest on its western declivity. At length, after five hours' hard walking, we reached a little village embosomed in the trees, from whence, across a wide and wooded chasm of unseen depth, the black column of basalt of the fort could be dimly seen not far off in the moonlight. It appeared, however, that near as it stood there was no way of approaching it except by a bad footpath down into the Konkun, and then passing round to the other side of the fort.

By dawn next morning we were descending the deep jungly chasm towards a rock-cut path, called by courtesy the Asanallee Ghaut. As daylight broke we were amid rushing streams and sheer precipices of stupendous depth and great beauty; while hanging above us, on the top of a black scarp, toppling smooth and perpendicular, was the inaccessible haunt of rob-

bers of which I was in search. As we descended into the Konkun, the great mountain of Raighur, close opposite, darkened our path through a Konkun forest to the little village of Banee, at the foot of the Lingana. The patel, or headman, had never been into the fort —no one ever had, since it had been dismantled! However, pushing up the hill, after a fatiguing tug we reach the base of the works, passing some ruins by the way. I then discovered that this fort had never had even a rock ladder, and that the only means of entrance within the walls had been by a bamboo ladder, long since destroyed, which was triced up and let down at the pleasure of the inmates.

If I understood aright, there had also been, in remote times, a bridge of some kind connecting the basalt column with the Deccan, across the deep chasm which lay between; but that, too, had been broken away by some unromantic invader, with no sympathy for even such interesting thieves as harboured in this rude fort, which I could see into but could not enter. Descending therefore again into the Konkun, I had to reascend the Deccan by another of Sivaji's wild paths, called the Nishnee Ghaut, part of which consists of notches cut in the trunk of an old tree placed nearly upright against the rocks, where the upper overhang the lower, like the mountains which closed in the happy valley of Rasselas; and the rest of the path consists of a rude sort of steps from stone to stone of a waterfall. I recommend this two days' expedition to any young officer desirous of obtaining

an insight into the character of the country; and if he will take a bamboo scaling-ladder with him he may do what I could not there do, and describe to us, with military precision, the details of the fortifications of Linganaghur.

It sometimes happens that nature has made these crags so difficult of approach, that nothing in the way of a gate is required to defend the path by which they are scaled. This is the case with Hurrichunderghur, eighteen miles north-west of Jooneer. This is described briefly in Murray's hand-book of Western India; and Eastwick says, I think truly, that it presents some of the sublimest scenery in the whole range of the western mountains. The top of the mountain is of considerable extent, and as it has a small but very comfortable set of caves for residence, and reputation for bears enough to allure the sportsman (though I confess I saw only buffaloes), I wonder this cool and lovely solitude is not oftener visited. Lord Elphinstone had the apertures measured for glazing, and intended to live there in the hot weather.

It is four thousand feet above the Konkun immediately below, and has a scarp of three thousand feet nearly perpendicular height. A stone pitched over takes eleven seconds before it strikes for the first time. Captain Eastwick speaks of the tremendous roaring blasts, which seem nearly to have swept him off the spot; but when I visited it I sat under an umbrella for some hours, on the very topmost peak,

which hangs over the abyss, without a single breath of wind, amid a deep mid-day silence which was almost painfully profound. There are on the lower levels ruined tanks and temples, and near the caves beautiful water in abundance. Altogether it is a delightful spot.

Not far from Hurrichunderghur at Seunere, near Jooneer, is a fine fort, interesting as having been the birth-place of the builder of so many others. It was granted in 1594 to Sivaji's grandfather, Malogi Bhonslay; and in 1627 the great Sivaji first saw the light within its walls. It was often taken and retaken; once, in 1670, the forces of Sivaji himself were beaten back by its Mogul garrison. Besides its five gates and solid fortifications, it is celebrated for its deep springs. They rise in pillared tanks of great depth, supposed by Dr. Gibson to be coëval with the series of Buddhist caves which pierce the lower portion of the scarp near the gate (there is only one into the fort, to which the others lead up). They point out the extensive ruins of a large and solid building, said to have been the Rajah's palace and Sivaji's birth-place; but at the northern end are the remains of a fine Mussulman structure in the best style of their architecture, called Bibichewara, or the ladies' houses, which may have been standing then, and in which I think Jijibai, his mother, most probably resided. From its projecting windows a fine view is obtained down the vale of the Kokuree, a tributary of the Goor and Bheema.

While wandering through this forsaken fortress one could not help picturing the eager youth who spent his childhood within its walls, and drank in together with its refreshing breezes the stories of the Bugwut, the Ramayan, and the Mahabarat,* and filled his young heart with hatred of the Mussulman Empire which oppressed his country. That great and gorgeous empire was even then falling to pieces from its unwieldy size, and his own indomitable spirit, more than any other external cause, assisted to hasten its dissolution. This fort, with Hursur, Chawund, and Joodhun, commands the road leading to Nanaghaut and Malsejghaut at a point formerly one of the great outlets of the upper country into the Konkun.

Poorundhur Fort, of which a sketch is given opposite, taken from Weizeergurh—a fort opposite to it, on the same range, at no great distance—is a favourite sanitarium for residents at Poonah, from which it is about twenty miles distant. It is 4,300 feet high, and on the ridge some romantically situated bungalows afford an asylum from the heat of the plain during the hot season. One of them which belonged to the writer is at least five hundred years old, having been originally a granary in the early days before currency, when the tribute was paid in grain. The trap-doors on the vaulted stone roof show where the grain was poured in from above. A small but solid and ancient temple on the south

* These are works belonging to the social literature of the Hindoos.

side of it made a convenient nursery, when the

POORUNDHUR.

presiding genius, a huge red-painted, shapeless block

of basalt, was removed to guard the gateway just below. The barracks, church, hospital, and commandant's residence, &c., near the tank may be observed on the shelf at a lower level.

Some forts possess, in addition to their political and military, considerable religious importance. Such an one is Trimbuk, a very strong and interesting place among the mountains twenty miles south-west of Nassick. This is perhaps the most sacred to Hindoos in Western India, because from the rocks of this fort rise the first bubbles of the holy Gunga or Godavery. The path which leads to the village suburb, at the foot of the fort, is always being travelled by strings of pilgrims from even the farthest confines of India, who come to worship in the great temple of Trimbuk, or the Three-Eyed (a name of Mahadeo), and, having washed away their sins in a pool called "Kooshaverut," to visit in deep reverence the birth-place of the holy Gunga. It is a place well calculated to strike awe into the mind of a beholder, and especially so if he be some wondering wanderer from the plains of the Ganges, or from the delta of the Godavery. Great detached pillars of rock two hundred feet high stand round the little valley, like giant sentinels, in the midst of which the Trimbukeshwar temple, of unusual size and beauty, lifts its lofty towers above the many temples of the village, and sends forth ever and anon the sounds of its clear-toned bell, as some poor pilgrim takes his longed-for "durshun," or "glimpse," of the god,

which is the only reward of his long and toilsome journey.

This place has always been a nest of Brahminism; and, since it was richly endowed by Baji Rao, a caldron of political intrigue. During the Mutiny the energetic Collector of that district penetrated to its inmost recesses and dragged out one of its chief Poojaris, a near relative of the Peishwa's and of Nana Sahib's, and there and then hung him, "to encourage the others." Lake's "Sieges" gives a plan of this sacred fortress, illustrative of its capture by our troops under MacDowall in 1818.

HORSE-KEEPERS.

CHAPTER X.

THE HILL FORTS OF THE DECCAN.

4.—HOW THEY HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

IT is now time to say a few words illustrative of the way in which these forts have been taken and retaken. Fortunately but little professional knowledge is required, as their fortifications are generally of the simplest construction. Art has done little, nature much, for these native strongholds—so much, that, according to Lake, it would seem as if a maximum of pluck and luck, with a minimum of science and skill, was generally displayed in our attacks upon them. But "Fortune favours the brave," and we have seldom been signally unsuccessful. Before the days of artillery, treachery and starvation could alone subdue them if the garrison were on their guard; a number of forts Sivaji, however, captured by surprise. This was done by his men disguised as thatchers, who, with bundles of chupper (thatch) on

their heads, beneath which arms were concealed, obtained admittance; and then, throwing down their bundles of grass and leaves, put the guard to the sword and possessed themselves of these places. The escalade by night of Singhur by Tanniji Maloosre and his son, with one thousand Mawullees from Torna, is a known instance of early Mahratta courage. It is given by Grant Duff, and has been copied out of his book by Eastwick. The place where it was done is, according to tradition, in the gorge at the back of Singhur; that is, on the south-west side, where a high wall of solid masonry now completely protects the fort from the highly improbable danger of a similar attempt.

The Moguls used chiefly bribery and bad artillery, and against one (Ransej, which long held out) a "cavalier" was erected. This was a high wooden platform, from which besiegers could fire over the walls. It did not do, however, and had to be burnt by the retreating army, to whom the garrison called out that they had better cover themselves with its ashes—a galling and significant taunt from a Hindoo to a Mussulman. Frequently, by a severe and continued fire, a fort has been made too hot to hold its garrison.

Escalading has been a favourite method from the earliest times. The Duke of Wellington, speaking of these fortresses, says he always attempted to blow open the gates, but never succeeded, and adds, "I have always taken them by escalade;" which, how-

ever, in another place he says, "is uncertain in its issue, unless the attack can be made on more points than one at the same time, and the advance well covered by musketry, and by enfilading the parts attacked."

MacDowall's party approached Trimbuk on the 15th of April, 1818, and occupying the village, found, on reconnoitring, that the fort was a stupendous place, having a scarp four hundred feet high, five miles round, and with only two gateways—one at the south, with no road leading up to it for guns, and one on the north, so precipitous that the ascent might have seemed impossible in the face of any one who could roll down a stone.

That the enemy expected the attack from the south was plain, from the fact that the wells on the south side were poisoned. Fifty Europeans, a hundred and fifty horse, and fifty spahis guarded the approaches, with two six-pounders, lest the garrison should escape. On the north side a battery was erected in the night, and a few six-pounders and howitzers got ready by the morning; and soon after opening fire they silenced the fort guns, seventeen of which were in very good order. A party of men were sent up, to make a rush for a ruined hamlet about one hundred yards from the towers of the gate. They, however, thought it was no use waiting till all was ready to support them; and therefore, instead of staying quietly under cover of the ruins, had the inconceivable hardihood to try, in broad daylight, to

force their way up a bluff two hundred feet in perpendicular height, and through a gate at the top of it in a curtain supported by two towers! This was too much even for a Hindoo garrison. Down came the big stones, accompanied with a sharp fire of small arms, and cleared away the assailants with some loss; but, strange to say, the desperate courage shown in making the attempt so cowed the killedar that he begged to be allowed to give in, and was graciously permitted to do so.

Thus Trimbuk fell, the strongest and most sacred fort in the country; and I confess that, when I stood upon the high wall surrounding the temple and looked up at that great flight of natural steps which leads towards that gate, so steep at the top that only one can move up at a time, and he must do so with both hands and feet, I could not help feeling that *there* was enough to account for, if not to justify, the English rule of India—that Englishmen could do that, and that natives of India could not prevent them. Seventeen other forts surrendered after Trimbuk, and the whole country became ours, almost without a struggle.

Lake says that thirty fortresses, each of which, with a man as its master, would have defied the Anglo-Indian army, fell in a few weeks after; and this vast Mahratta empire, which had overshadowed all the East, soon became another example of the instability of thrones the foundations of which are not laid in the affections of the people. Trimbukji

Danglia tried to take the fort two months after by the stale device of pretending religious zeal to worship the source of the Gungo; and though he managed to kill the sentry, the gate was shut, those who got in were kept in, and the rest of the party were hurried down the precipice more speedily than they had come up.

We naturally ask, why these forts now are of such small account compared with what they once were? Without pretending to go into all the military questions involved in the answers, I may call attention to the pregnant words of the Great Duke, who, in 1801, in his celebrated memorandum on Seringapatam, points out both the value and the valuelessness of these fortresses. "In fact," he says, "no fortress is an impediment to the operations of a hostile army in this country, excepting it lies immediately in the line on which the army must necessarily march; or excepting it is provided with a garrison of such strength and activity as to afford detachments to operate upon the line of communication of the hostile army with its own country."

For various, and perhaps sufficient, reasons, orders have gone out to dismantle many of these fortresses. It is difficult to help regretting it, however necessary and expedient it may be. Is it impossible that the time may come when India will be emptied of troops by the urgent needs of some great European struggle, with which we shall sympathize too much not gladly to make every sacrifice? Then we, a handful of

men, amid angry populations, may again wish for strongholds of security to fly to till the storm is over. Who can tell? Of late years, indeed, changes in the modes of war have shorn the forts of their honours. As living powers in the country, they are now comparatively unimportant. We are no longer afraid of them. The descendants of their former owners have almost ceased to put any trust in them. They are things of the past. It is not impossible, indeed, that they may some day be again manned with warriors, and play their stirring part in future struggles of their country; but now they lie neglected and forsaken, or put to uses quite other than those for which so many lakhs were expended on their construction. But I am not sure that the pleasure of living in the past, rather than in the present, together with the sympathy one feels with fallen greatness and dimmed glories, has not added a charm of which they could not otherwise have been possessed; and one loves the giant crags and rude and crumbling fortifications none the less because they have been distanced in the race, and are now decidedly behind the age, standing, amid their highland summits and fern-clad hills, with a melancholy grandeur, no longer what they were. The world has swept past them; "civilisation" declines to acknowledge them, and the busy nineteenth century knows them not.

Once they were everything—the active centres of political life, and the great nurseries of military

spirit; the keys, and keepers too, of the surrounding countries; the refuge in every storm of hostile invasion; the founts from whence, like lava from mighty craters, flowed forth the fiery hordes which desolated India. They were the receptacles of wealth and of wisdom; the much-desired prizes for which each conqueror strove; the seats of the government; the schools of youth; the resource of a dignified old age. Undoubtedly, too, they were the foster mothers of Mahratta nationality, and interwoven with every element of the national greatness. They reared the hardy tribes which have been called the Goths of India. If a time of prosperity came it was spent in strengthening their fortifications; if of adversity, in defending them to the death; disaster was only hopeless when they had to be given up.

On these summits treaties were framed, and terms were signed with the luxurious princes of the plains of India; to their subterranean chambers was carried the plunder of the great cities in all parts of Asia, and in their dungeons, still horrible to behold, were confined the captives, male and female, torn from the homes of the enemies of their country. Doubtless many a dark and thrilling deed of blood and cruelty has been perpetrated in their now silent recesses. Along their proud ramparts, troops of richly-dressed and well-armed men were ever moving. Bright silken ensigns threw broad folds over their towers, and the numerous cannon of their bristling battlements woke up ever and anon the echoes of the

surrounding mountains. It was a gay and gallant scene. Alas! they are nothing now. In a very few of them a havildar* and a few spahis still keep the gate, but hundreds of them—by far the greater number—are marked in the lists of the Quarter-master-General as "deserted" or "destroyed." They are all silent now, witnessing indeed to later times and to degenerate races of the great deeds of their forefathers, of self-sacrificing heroism, and desperate courage, and high hopes, which seem as if they have for ever mouldered cold and low.

But whatever yet survives of the ancient Mahratta spirit is to be found among the children of their defenders; the old men who in humbler positions still live in the villages which lie around their bases. And there, by the dim glimmer of their winter fires, or the brighter glare of their summer noon, stories of the olden time are still told by the descendants of their hereditary garrisons; and "folk lore" is retailed which keeps from total extinction, at least among the aboriginal tribes, the old spirit of independent patriotism. But their tales are "Tales of their Grandfathers" now—of times when men ruled who were of the same faith and the same blood with themselves, and when their arms went out to give laws to vast populations, and to gather tribute from all the wide plains of India which lie between the Coleroon and the Indus.

FRANCIS GELL.

* Captain.

CHAPTER XI.

A DAY AT CAPE COMORIN.

CAPE COMORIN is the "Land's End" of India, the extreme southern point looking across towards Ceylon. It belongs to the little kingdom of Travancore, which retains its independence under the protection of the imperial power of Great Britain. A lady, the wife of a distinguished Scotch Missionary, describes in the following words her experiences of an excursion to the Cape, which she made while on a visit to Nagercoil.

All had been prepared for our expedition the night before, and so at two o'clock one morning we stole out of Mr. Duthie's verandah as noiselessly as if we had been a pair of depredators, and took our seats in two light cane chairs slung on long thick bamboos. There were eight bearers to each chair, half the number doing duty at a time; and thus, each "borne

of four," we set out on our twelve miles' march. It was rather a dreary, sleepy start, for the young moon had set, and it was pitchy dark. We had no flaming torches either, which usually accompany night-travelling in India. However, the clouds soon gathered themselves away to the mountain-tops, and the beautiful stars shone out through the dark.

As soon as we had cleared the mission-compound,* the bearers set up a plaintive sort of chant in a high monotone, which was rather pleasing on the whole while they trudged cheerily along, changing shoulders continually. After a steady march of a good three hours, a few faint lines of delicate colour began to appear in the eastern sky; the silvery dawn, with its tender grey light, crept softly over the scene; we heard the murmur of the sea, and we found we were approaching our journey's end. The land had gradually narrowed. The cultivation now was more rude, the soil had become sand, and the trees looked knotted and gnarled, with bared roots and storm-driven branches, like veteran tars who had met many a tempest in the shrouds. Then came the palmyra-fringed coast, and then the wide sea looking shivery and slate-coloured, with strange fishing craft, and boats and canoes in great number close to the shore. Our friend Mr. Lee, one of the missionaries of the London Missionary Society in Nagercoil, had come out the day before to one of his village stations, and

* This term is applied to a set of houses and offices within an enclosure.

now rode up to us on his stout little cob. He took us to a large bungalow standing high over the water, belonging to the British Resident at the Maharajah's court in Trevandrum, where we had some coffee, a welcome refreshment after our long night march; and then, leaving our chairs behind, we proceeded to explore.

Although Travancore as a whole is full of natural loveliness, yet just at the Cape there is nothing very striking in the scenery. There are no bold headlands, nor precipitous crags lighthouse-crowned, only a few island-rocks with the white surf dashing over them, and always the beautiful glittering sea stretching away to the far horizon. But there are other things interesting and new. It was curious to watch the long-shaped narrow canoes—the catamarans of the coast—each with its most picturesque occupant, a stalwart, broad-shouldered bronze fisherman, entirely undraped but for a bit of rag round his loins, standing erect in his boat with an oar or fishing-net in his hands, suspending operations while he stared at the intruders.

Then another feature was the endless forests of the palmyra-palm. Along the shore on every hand there stretches a broad margin of deep sandy waste, which is filled with thousands of these stately remarkable trees — the only thing in vegetation which could find sustenance in this unkindly soil, because it strikes its roots down deep enough until it finds what it needs. I don't know that it is

IN TRAVANCORE.

so beautiful a tree with its tufty top as the cocoa-palm is with its grand coronal of graceful fronds; but it is a real staff of life to the poor population of the coast.

From the palm forests we scrambled down among the rocks until the green waves rippled at our feet, and there we found new "treasures of the deep," which seemed to me more strange and beautiful than any I had seen before. I need not say that these were the marvellously-coloured sands which embellish this curious shore. There was a great bed of fine soft sea-sand entirely black; then, close to it, but quite distinct, another of brilliant ruby-red, sparkling and shimmering in the sunlight like crushed diamonds and rubies. Then another bed, much the same size, of yellowish white, rough and large-grained, called "rice-sand," and exactly like unboiled rice. Then came another bed of the brilliant red, and another, and another, of black, garnet, and white, alternating like beds in a flower parterre, and quite as distinct, the colours always keeping apart; only by digging a little way down we found the colour often underlying the yellow, white, and *vice versâ*. We halted, long surveying these ocean-wonders; then I filled some bottles with specimens of each colour, and brought them carefully away.

By-and-by we strolled up toward a village which crowned a little eminence over the sea. Some men had come down to look at us, and altogether our appearance seemed to create much wonderment; but

the people were always pleased when Mr. Lee spoke to them in their own tongue. They are certainly the strangest-looking savages we have yet seen. The women look specially wild, with their hair standing on end in a brush on the top of their heads, and no clothing beyond the bit of dirty rag called "a cloth" hung round from the waist. We passed unmolested through the Brahmin street—a great concession, for there is a large temple here, dedicated to the god Shiva, and it is esteemed a specially holy spot. There were many dark-visaged naked men, much besmeared with white ashes and paint, loafing idly about, who did not seem to relish our presence, and who point-blank refused to let the gentlemen enter even the outer enclosure of the temple.

It was now pretty hot, as the sun was rapidly mounting in the heavens; and, being tired, I sat down in the shade, while the gentlemen went in search of some of the villages where the Roman Catholic fishermen were to be found. There are many Roman Catholics on this coast, where Xavier commenced a mission in 1542, and most are fishermen. The gentlemen entered one or two villages which were unspeakably filthy, with swarms of children and dogs, and hideous with smells. They found in one of them two cars like those of the god Juggernath, which are drawn about during festival times; one is dedicated to St. Joseph, and the other to the Virgin Mary. Meanwhile I was soon surrounded by a crowd of women and children with a ring of men outside, all

staring at the white-faced stranger most unmercifully and keeping up a chorus of begging.

It was a strange place. Within a stone's-throw of where I sat was a large Hindoo temple, also a *mandapam*, or temple-court, with innumerable grotesque little carved deities stuck over every place; then a little way off several white pyramidal stones used by the Shānars for their devil-worship; and in the midst of all a tiny Roman Catholic church surmounted by a cross. Behind me a noisy school of both boys and girls occupied the verandah of the mandapam, shouting their lessons at the top of their voice, or scratching their "copies" in an irritating way, with a dagger-like stylus, on slips of palm-leaf. These slips were very neatly cut, and the little urchins were proud to show me their accomplishment in writing on these novel copy-books. I was not sorry when the gentlemen reappeared.

We got into our chairs, and, preceded by Mr. Lee on his good little steed as a guide, set out for the village where we were to spend the day. Mr. Lee once interrupted a devil-dance in this place. A crowd surrounded a man who was gesticulating frantically and spinning round in a kind of dance, pretending to be "possessed." He tried to frighten the pony, and so get rid of the rider, but Mr. Lee made the frisky little creature caper about a little, when the man bolted, terror-stricken; the fickle crowd shouted in derision, and finally heard the missionary with quiet attention for an hour while he preached to them

from his saddle. Afterwards some of them came regularly to seek him and hear him at his nearest preaching station.

Our route lay over the sand, through the thick palmyra forest. Here this "prince of trees," as it is rightly called, exists in all its majesty and usefulness. A proverb says of it, "If you plant it, it will grow for a thousand years; if you cut it, it will last a thousand years." They also say that it can supply every real need of a man's life. With its wood he can build his house or his canoe; the branches provide the thatch and the enclosures; also his punka, umbrella, rope, stationery, and a thousand things; while the sap is so nutritious he can almost live upon it.

We stopped for a little while to watch the climbers go up a tree, and to let our men have some of the juice to drink. It was most amusing to see them clamber up the straight, bare, branchless stems like monkeys, making skilful use of hands and toes alike, sometimes to the height of eighty or ninety feet. This they do to remove the sap or juice, which has been drawn off in a little earthen pot at the top. They have the little pot hooked on to the waist-cloth behind; they ascend with great rapidity, remove the full pot, make a fresh incision in the bark, fasten on the empty one, and descend as rapidly as they went up. There are frequent accidents, however, we were sorry to hear, and our medical missionaries often have cases in their wards of men who have fallen from their lofty perches in these tree-tops, who are

often thus led to the Physician of souls. The juice is excellent when fresh, a luscious sort of drink; after it ferments it becomes intoxicating, and I am afraid it is most popular in this condition, and is much used by the Shānars, especially in their orgies at their festival times; but its chief use is to manufacture sugar —a coarse dark sort of soft stuff, called jagry, much used by the people. These climbers ascend as many as forty or fifty trees in a day, often indeed twice a day; and this is only one of the hundred ways in which this wonderful palm ministers to the wants of the inhabitants, who but for it would be badly off indeed in these sandy wastes.

We saw a good many specimens of the "umbrella-tree," as it is called, a sort of acacia, with a short bare stem, and a mass of thick thorny bush spread out flat at the top like a Japanese umbrella. It is very curious, and gives a dense and perfect shade. By-and-by we came to a clearing where we found a considerable native village. Groups of neat, tidy cottages, with deep overhanging eaves, thatched and enclosed with branches of palm-leaf, stood under some large trees, and in the midst of them a little Christian church. This was a native Christian village, one of Mr. Lee's stations, and here we were to spend the day. It may be imagined with what interest we entered it, once the dwelling-place of demon-worshippers, where the horrible rites of this degrading superstition were practised, and now filled with the inhabitants of those who had been rescued from it.

The kind people gathered out of their homes to welcome us, headed by their pastor and "the Dresser," a young medical student trained by Dr. Thompson, medical missionary of Neyoor; for besides the church there is a small dispensary and also a school. They took us at once to the church, and we found, in a little room behind—a prophet's chamber, used by the missionary on his visits—a comfortable breakfast prepared for us. The village is called Agustees-puram, after the Tamil sage Agustee, who once lived here. It is one of the oldest stations of the Nagercoil Mission, and has a congregation of six hundred, who support their own pastor and pay their schoolmaster. One interesting point to us was, that the church was built by Ringeltaube, the first Protestant missionary who ever came to Travancore. It is a plain, substantial, barn-like structure, with whitewashed walls, bare floor, and a simple rail across the upper end, where a small reading desk stands. The windows give the whole place a quaint old-fashioned look, there being no blinds or glass, but the frames filled with waved bars of wood, very ingenious and pretty, and the work of Ringeltaube, admitting light and keeping out intruders, while the glare is completely softened by the shady trees without.

After breakfast the church-bell rang out, and presently the whole place was filled to overflowing, while groups stood at every window. The people sat on the floor closely packed, the men on one side and the women on the other, while within the rails the pastors,

catechists, and elders of the Church sat on chairs on each side of the pulpit. The great majority of all present were converted Shānars. There were six pastors, who had come to meet us from distant stations, one of whom, a venerable gentle-faced man, was the grandson of the first convert in this region. He was a sort of religious mendicant, who in his wanderings had heard Christ preached by one of the Khollhoffs at Tanjore. He accepted the truth, and was the means eventually of bringing Ringeltaube to Travancore. This was in 1806.

After the men had been introduced to us and we had had some talk, the service began. The patriarchal pastor prayed in the most fervent way. Shutting my eyes I could have fancied it was the earnest, reverential tones of one of our own "men" of the Highlands, pouring out his soul at a Gaelic communion-time, a feeling which only grew stronger when, at the singing which followed, the "precentor" *read out the line* before it was sung. I confess, however, that afterwards the delusion was broken when a fiddle was used as an accompaniment! My husband next preached a good long sermon; then afterwards gave an address, and the people never moved or seemed to tire. Several of the pastors knew English well, and interpreted for him. Mr. Lee spoke, and some of the pastors did the same, many earnest prayers were offered, and there was a deep impression. So it went on all day.

I had a most interesting hour too, with the

women, who during a pause in the services gathered round me, bringing their lace-pillows with them, and working neatly and deftly while we talked. I also visited some of the homes, which were clean and neat; and afterwards we had a great deal of talk with the men, who gave us many interesting facts regarding the condition of the people formerly, contrasting it with the improvement of the present. They spoke especially of the rise there is among the Christians in social position and standing, also in their own characters morally and spiritually, and we were glad to be assured that caste-feeling is decidedly declining among them. They spoke also hopefully of the change there is for the better in the heathen community generally, and gave many striking proofs that enlightenment and progress are entering even dark, Brahminical, caste-ridden Travancore.

Altogether this was one of the most interesting "mission-days" we had had, but too soon it came to a close. At five o'clock Mr. Lee announced that it was time to go; so, after many leave-takings and kind words from the people, we got into our chairs and started. The evening was so lovely that all the fatigues of the long exciting day were forgotten. The scenery of this "garden of South India," as Travancore is called, is famed for its beauty, and most justly, for nature has bestowed on it of her treasures with a lavish hand. As we left the forest behind, and turned our faces towards the mountain ranges which tower over Nagercoil, the views became grander at every

turn. The sun was going down in a glorious surrounding of massive clouds in every shade of brilliant colour, lighting up the ridges and dyeing the slopes, *glintin'* down among the green valleys, and gleaming with rosy light on the still faces of the little sheets of water which abounded all along our route, and looked like tiny lakelets. The roads were skirted by fine spreading trees, which threw long deep shadows on the grass. The scene grew more and more peaceful as darkness closed in, until the bearers hushed their intoning of their own accord. Altogether the evening was a fitting close to the memorable day.

M. MURRAY MITCHELL.

BUTTER-MAKING.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ISLE OF SPICY BREEZES.

BEFORE leaving our Indian possessions we shall pay a visit to Ceylon in the company of a brilliant writer whose narrative of his own experiences there will be found interesting. Ceylon is the only island of importance off the coast of India. It lies near the southern extremity of the peninsula. The interior of the island is mountainous, but generally low near the coast. The summits of some of the mountains exceed 8,000 feet in height. The most remarkable one, 7,420 feet high, is known as Adam's Peak, from which Buddha (the founder of Buddhism) is said to have ascended to heaven, and the people point out a depression which they believe to be the imprint of his foot. From Ceylon, stretching nearly to the mainland of India, there is a ridge of islets and sand-banks, known as Adam's Bridge.

The island is richer in precious stones than in the more useful metals, but iron and plumbago are found

in abundance. The forests abound with ebony, rose, satin, and other woods, and palm-trees. The animals are numerous, and include elephants, bears, hyenas, jackals, monkeys; also alligators, and other reptiles; but, curiously enough, there are no tigers, although there are leopards.

For administrative purposes the island is separate from India, and is ruled by a governor, aided by a legislative council of fifteen members. The exports, consisting mainly of cocoa-nut oil, cocoa-nut fibre, and coffee, amount to the value of £4,500,000 a year. Of a population of two and a half millions, only about 19,000 are British, or of European descent. The chief town is Colombo. We shall now introduce our traveller who shall tell his tale in his own words.

1.—COLOMBO.

We sighted Ceylon early in the morning, and throughout a summer day, with the sea like grass and the sky sapphire, we skirted the island, making for Colombo, which within the past two years has inherited the advantage and distinction of being the port of call for the P. and O. steamers. Passengers familiar with Bishop Heber's hymn went sniffing about in search of the "spicy breezes" that "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," and were evidently disappointed at not realising the dream of early infancy. But the Bishop knew what he was writing about, and the spicy breezes are due to no effort of the imagina-

tion or exigency of rhyme. Captain Atkinson, of the *Verona,* tells me he has sniffed the spicy breezes when steaming fifty miles off the island. It all depends upon the state of the weather in Ceylon and the direction of the wind. We landed in the early morning, Adam's Peak, forty miles off, shining in clear outline against the golden sky, through which the sun was rising.

We crossed the harbour in a catamaran, a kind of gondola of which the Cingalese have obtained the monopoly, and are likely to keep it. The craft consists, to begin with, of the log of a tree roughly hollowed out. On this is built a structure of pole and canvas, which is in no part broader than two feet, and tapers to the ends, which are on the average 20 feet apart. It is clear that a boat on this plan would not float, a difficulty triumphantly overcome by attaching to it, by two arched poles 10 or 12 feet long, a heavy spar, which floats on the water. This balances the catamaran and makes it seaworthy in moderately fine weather. Should the catamaran be caught in a stiff breeze, the proceedings of the captain and crew are simple and efficacious. If it is what they call a "two-piecey-man breeze," * two men climb over the arched poles and, descending on to the spar, sit there, regardless of the raging sea. If it

* [This, a specimen of "pidgin English," that is, the dialect spoken by Chinese and other Orientals in their dealings with English traders. The plural is expressed not by a change of the word, like *horse, horses,* but by the addition of the word "piece," altered to "piecey." Thus "two-piecey-man" means "two men."—Ed.]

is a "three-piecey-man breeze," the requirements of the occasion are uncomplainingly met. In a big catamaran, with large sail hoisted, scudding before the monsoon, as many as nine men have been counted holding on to the spar, apparently half the time under water.

Our boatmen, favoured by quiet weather, sat one in the bow and the other in the stern, and rapidly paddled us ashore. They were fine-looking fellows, with a full measure of the national love of jewellery and gay clothes. Both had massive ear-rings, apparently of gold, and one wore a silver bracelet on his wrist.

All the people in Ceylon, from babes just "feeling their feet" to old men and women, their steps tottering on the brink of the grave, wear gold and silver ornaments. They even invent new places for carrying them, and it is no uncommon thing to see a Cingalese belle with the top of her ears covered with gold plate or wire, a large pair of rings pendent from the lobes of the ear, a gold or silver circlet round her hair, her nose adorned with rings, bracelets on her wrists, rings on her fingers, and silver plates on her toes. This is the perfection of adornment; but in one or other of the fashions, or in several of them, the Cingalese woman, of whatever station in life, is set forth. I saw running out of a house a sturdy little boy two years of age who had nothing on but a silver key fastened round his waist by a girdle of silver wire. The men take their pleasure less

COLOMBO.

expensively. They delight in gold ear-rings and rings, but beyond this are content to entrust the recommendation of their personal appearance to a fine tortoise-shell comb of circular shape, set on the crown of their heads, with the ends towards the forehead. The men evidently pride themselves on their hair, which is generally drawn back from their forehead and tied in a neat knot at the back. As they wear ear-rings, and not always whiskers or moustache, it is not easy at first sight to distinguish man from woman.

The funereal gharry does not make its appearance at Colombo, the public being served by a conveyance something like a dogcart on four wheels, with an awning, indispensable protection against the tropical sun. They are very cheap. I had one for three

hours, for which I was charged two rupees, a little over three shillings, and was overwhelmed with thanks for a trifling and evidently unexpected *pourboire.* The horses are poor creatures, the real draught animal of Ceylon being a plump and well-shaped little bullock. These are yoked singly or in pairs to light waggons roofed with dry palm leaves, and can upon occasion get up quite a respectable trot. They are artistically branded, characters being stamped all over their sides. It is pretty to see a crawler—a light, palm-thatched waggon, drawn by a pictorial bullock, driven by a man in a red turban and white robes—hailed by a native, who gets in behind, sits on the floor, with his feet dangling down, and is trotted off.

Bishop Heber's well-known description of Ceylon as a place—

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile,"

is open to criticism on both assertions. There is much in Colombo which does not please, the town for the most part being squalid, dirty, and ill kept, the streets flanked by hovels, comparison with which is to be found only in the south-west of Ireland. On the other hand, both men and women, particularly the latter, are strikingly handsome. It is not only their flashing black eyes, their well-shaped faces, or their graceful drapery that please the eye. They have the rarer gift of graceful carriage. A Ceylon girl walks like a young empress, if empresses are

particularly good walkers. I use the simile in despair, since I do not know anything in common Western life that equals or approaches the manner of the commonest Ceylon woman in moving about the streets. It is the custom in the island to engage women as street-sweepers, and in the matter of what Mr. Turveydrop called deportment, it is a liberal education to watch one of them swaying the long flexible brush of bamboo twigs.

Both men and women chew the betel-nut, which incidentally serves the purpose attained by other means by young girls in Japan, giving a red tint to their lips, an effect in some cases by no means unbecoming. In the country districts the men wear nothing but a pair of earrings and a narrow loin cloth. Taken in conjunction with the tall palms, leafless for 20 or 30 feet, and then breaking out into a tuft of green leaves, they realise, with gratifying fidelity, the picture on the cover of the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*. In towns, and near them, men dress generally in a single robe, thrown about them with infinite grace. One colour frequently recurring in the gay procession was a dead gold, which, set against the tawny flesh and the straight, lithe figure, was a constant refreshment to the eye.

The first thing people do on arriving at Colombo is to take the train for Kandy; for which slight Colombo may find consolation in the reflection that if Kandy were the point of arrival, visitors would rush off to the railway-station to catch the earliest

train for Colombo. There is nothing particular to see at Kandy, certainly nothing more than at Colombo, unless it be the Botanical Gardens. But the journey through the country is well worth taking, and affords a convenient opportunity of seeing the island. This is not marred by any undue rapidity on the part of the train, which takes four hours and a quarter to do the seventy-two miles. It should be added that the gradient is for half the way very steep, clambering the hills, and presenting a splendid view of the country. I suppose Ceylon is green all the year road. Certainly nothing could surpass its verdure in mid December. At Kandy rain falls on about two hundred days in the year, the annual rainfall being 85 inches. This is a bountiful supply; but the peculiar good fortune of Ceylon is that it is pretty equally divided throughout the year. Unlike India, the island knows no alternations of wet or dry seasons, with the earth green for so many months and bare brown for so many more. In October and November the north-east monsoon is blowing, and in June, when the south-west monsoon is taking its turn, the rains are heaviest. The dry season, such as it is, happens in February and March. But even then the earth is at no distant intervals refreshed with genial showers.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ISLE OF SPICY BREEZES.

2.—KANDY.

AS the train slowly mounts the steep ascent, on the level height of which stands the capital of the old Kandian kings, the view grows in beauty, sometimes closely verging on grandeur. Below is the green valley, a great dip in the circle of hills, with the water on the rice fields glistening in the sun. Beyond is a range of hills, ever varying in shape as the train creeps higher; and all the way, sometimes within reach of hand, is a tropical wood, rich with cocoa-nut and banana-trees, glowing with the blood-red hibiscus, fair with countless wild flowers, and cool with fern-clad rocks, down which musically trickles the bountiful water.

Kandy is a pretty town, with its white roads, its green foliage, its flowers, its lake, and its sentinel guard of mountains. In the native quarter, though the streets are broader, the houses and shops are not much better than in Colombo. Anything in the

shape of four walls and a roof will do for the Cingalese to live in. The look of the streets is further damaged by the widely-spread appearance of shut-up tenements. When the Cingalese family go forth to their daily work they put up a shutter in the place where the door ought to be, and all that is needful is done. There being no windows to the houses, a row, when thus shut up, looks like an agglomeration of deserted sheds.

The artisans of Kandy turn out some simple brass-work and a curious kind of pottery. These are soon examined, and Kandy, from a tourist's point of view, lives chiefly on the beauty of its Botanic Gardens. These are situated in the suburb called Peradeniya, and are reached by a drive of nearly four miles along the high-road to Colombo. We drove out early in the morning, long before the sun was in full blaze. We met a long stream of men and women hurrying into town carrying baskets of vegetables and fruit and blundles of packets. The principal industry on the long stretch of road appears to be the barbers'. There was a barber's shop at every few hundred yards, a low shed, in which a man was squatted on the floor beside the implements of his art awaiting custom—sometimes, with better luck, actually engaged on a job. The process is a little peculiar. Artist and subject squat on the ground face to face and knee to knee, the artist pulling the subject's head about as his convenience may require. As frequently as not the Cingalese does not squat on the ground,

but, stooping down, hangs his weight on his knees with only his feet on the ground. I saw two acquaintances meet on the high-road. After an interchange of salutation they both sank down in this position, and, putting up their umbrellas, prepared for a morning's gossip.

BARBER.

Kandy, being the principal object of attraction for the British and American tourist, has suffered the consequent demoralisation of the floating inhabitants. Boys and men hang about the door of the hotel in search of any odd job that shall look like work and bring in annas. Another art, brought to curiously high perfection, is that of mutually helping each other to prey upon the foreigner. Being told that a small boy hanging about the hotel was a useful guide, well up in botany and arboriculture, I engaged him for the day, and at once discovered that he was utterly useless.

"What's that?" I asked him, pointing to a curious white flower.

"A kind of flower," he replied with perfect confidence, and brimming over with self-satisfaction at coming out successfully from an early test.

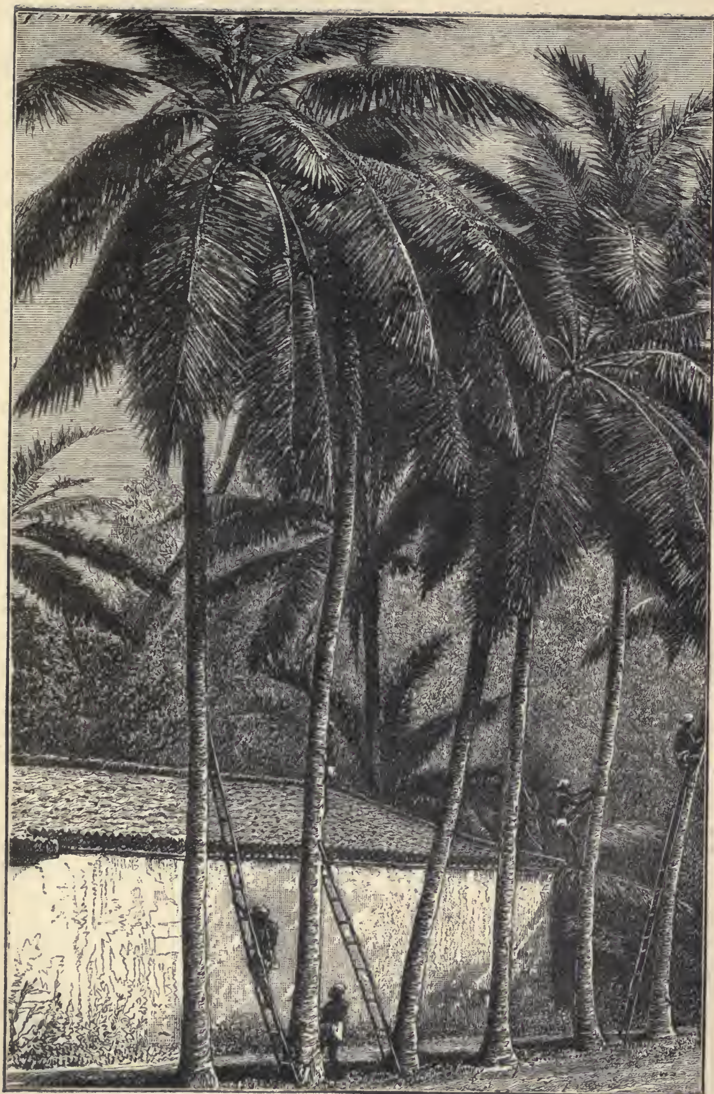
"What's that?" I asked a little later, indicating an unfamiliar member of the palm family.

"A kind of tree," he promptly answered.

One of his minor triumphs was to point out what he called "a bunyan-tree," meaning a banyan; and once, when we heard a familiar whistle and roar, he, with a wave of his hand towards the passing object, said, "A train." All of which made us glad we had taken a guide.

He accompanied us to Lady Horton's Walk, and had not gone many paces when we were joined by another youth, whom our guide genially introduced, and who accompanied us on the walk, confirming the younger one as to this being "a kind of flower" and that "a kind of tree." When we got back to the hotel our budding courier said, with a patronising wave of the hand, "You give him something?" I said I would do so with great pleasure, and consulted him as to the precise amount, explaining that I had meant to present him with a rupee for himself, and expressing my appreciation of his generosity in desiring to share it with his companion. Hereupon the youth's advocacy of his friend's claim abruptly cooled, and I heard nothing more on the subject. Something better still happened on driving to the station. The coachman drove off without waiting for his fare. Presently, when we were seated in the railway carriage he sent a friend for his fare, and the friend *asked for something for himself for conveying the money!*

The Botanic Gardens cover nearly a hundred and fifty acres of land, and stand fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The climate is admirably suited for



PALM-TREES IN CEYLON.

garden cultivation, being hot, moist, and very equable. I learn from Dr. Trimen, the director, that the mean annual temperature is about 77°, April and May being the hottest months and December the coldest. The gardens were established sixty years ago, being partly formed out of a royal park attached to the palace of the kings of Kandy. They are beautifully situated, lying within a loop of the river musically named Mahaweli, which surrounds them on all sides except the south, where they are bounded by the high-road. We took our guide with us, but the little impostor was stopped at the gates, as he knew he would be. This is done on the principle of division of plunder. The attendants within the gardens have the perquisite of showing strangers round, and brook no rival near the throne. It is a nuisance, greatly marring the pleasure of strolling through the gardens, for one cannot take a turn without being accosted by one of these men wanting to sell a handbook, to "show the fernery," or presenting a flower or specimen of fruit, with a too obvious eye for annas.*

The gardens are, however, quite good enough to compensate for petty annoyances of this kind. Whilst rare specimens of tree and plant are lovingly cultivated, the original beauty of the ground, its undulating sweep, and in some spots its virgin jungle, are left undisturbed. Always there is the flowing river, with the view caught here and there of

* A small Indian coin.

the satinwood bridge that crosses it like a network of gossamer. Following the various walks there are found nearly all the choice trees of the tropics.

On the left of the pathway are three mighty trunks, dead to themselves, but living outside with what looks, at a short distance, like masses of ivy, but is a flowering creeper, gemmed with a pale violet blossom. Here is the indiarubber-tree, and importations from Perak which yield gutta-percha. Here, their branches almost intermingling, are the Himalayan cypress, the pencil-cedar of Bermuda, the Norfolk Island pine, and the champak of India, sacred in the eyes of the faithful. Here is the coco-de-mer, the Columbus of tree-fruit, which, found floating on the Indian Ocean or washed up on the shores of Ceylon, was for two centuries a mystery to man, till its home was found among the least-known islands of the Seychelles group. The growth of the tree is as slow as its offspring is adventurous, putting forth a single leaf a year, and so taking something like an eternity to reach its normal height of a hundred feet. Here is the candle-tree of Central America, with its fruit hanging down like tallow dips ten to the pound. Here is a banyan-tree, whose branches cast a shadow two hundred feet in diameter. Here is the Ceylon iron-wood tree, beautiful in life with its scented flowers, its leaves, born blood-red and growing into green above and white below, and in its death useful for household purposes. Here is a tree local to Ceylon, whose leaves serve with cabinet-makers the purpose

of sandpaper ; and here—the glory of the gardens—is a long avenue of palms, whose stems run up, round and smooth as if turned by a lathe, and are suddenly crowned at the top with a coronet of fan-like leaves. Many of these plants and trees are to be seen carefully nourished under glass at Kew; but they look infinitely better at home in the clear atmosphere and under the sunny skies of the tropics.

HENRY W. LUCY.

TURBAN-TIER.

MAURITIUS.

MAURITIUS.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

HIS radiant Easter Sunday morning finds us almost becalmed on the eastern side of Mauritius, with what air is stirring dead ahead, but only coming in a cat's-paw now and then. Except for one's natural impatience to drop anchor, it would have been no penance to loiter on such a day, and so make it a memory which would stand out for ever in bold relief amid the monotony of life. "A study of colour" indeed, a study in wonderful harmonies of vivid blues and opalesque pinks, amethysts, and greens, indigos and lakes, all the gem-like tints breaking up into sparkling fragments every moment, to re-set themselves the next instant in a new and exquisite combination.

The tiny island at once impresses me with a

respectful admiration. What nonsense is this the geography books state, and I have repeated, about Mauritius being the same size as the Isle of Wight? Absurd! Here is a bold range of volcanic-looking mountains rising up grand and clear against the beautiful background of a summer sky, on whose slopes and in whose valleys, green down to the water's edge, lie fertile stretches of cultivation. We are not near enough to see whether the pale shimmer of the young vegetation is due to grass or waving cane-tops. Bold ravines are cut sharply down the mountain sides, and lighted up by the silvery glint of rushing water; and the breakers, for all the mirror-like calm of the sea out here, a couple of miles from shore, are beating the barrier-rocks and dashing their snow aloft with a dull thud which strikes on the ear in mesmeric rhythm.

Yes, it is quite the fairest scene one need wish to rest wave-worn and eager eyes upon, and it is still more beautiful if you look over the vessel's side. The sea is of a Mediterranean blue, and is literally alive with fish beneath and lovely sea-creatures floating upon the sunlit water. It appears as if one could see down to unknown depths through that clear sapphire medium, breaking up here and there into pale blue reflections which are even more enchanting than its intense tints. Fishes, apparently of gold and rose-colour, or of a radiant blue, barred and banded with silver, dart, plunge, and chase each other after the fragments of biscuit we throw overboard. Films of

crystal and ruby oar themselves gently along the upper surface, or float like folded sea-flowers on the motionless water. A flock of tiny sea-mews are screaming shrilly and darting down on the shoal; but as for their catching them, the idea is preposterous, for the fish are twice as big as the birds.

At last an apology for a wind gets up and takes us to anchorage. In the daytime, as I now see it for the first time, Port Louis is indeed a crowded and busy place; and its low-pitched warehouses and unpretending-looking buildings hold many and many thousand tons of miscellaneous merchandise coming in or going out. But at sunset an exodus of all the white and most of the creole inhabitants sets in, leaving the dusty streets and dingy buildings to watchmen and coolies and dogs. It is quite curious to notice, as I do directly, what a horror the English residents have of sleeping even one single night in Port Louis; and this dread certainly appears to be well founded, if even half the stories one hears be true. Some half-dozen officials, whose duties oblige them to be always close to the harbour, contrive, however, to live in the town; but they nearly all give a melancholy report of the constant attacks of fever they or their families suffer from.

Certainly, at the first glance, Port Louis is not a prepossessing place to live, or try to live, in. I will say nothing of the shabby shops, the dilapidated-looking dwellings one passes in a rapid drive through the streets, because I know how deceitful outside

appearances are as to the internal resources or comforts of a tropical town. Those dingy shops may hold excellent, though miscellaneous goods, in their dark recesses, and would be absolutely unbearable to either owner or customer if they were lighted with staring plate-glass windows. Nor would it be possible to array tempting articles in gallant order behind so hot and glaring a screen, for no shade or canvas would prevent everything from bleaching white in a few hours.

As for the peeled walls of house and garden, no stucco or paint can stand many weeks of tropical sun and showers. Everything gets to look blistered or washed out directly after it has been renovated, and great allowances must be made for these shortcomings so patent to the eye of a fresh visitor. What I most regretted in Port Louis was its low-lying, fever-haunted situation. It looks marked out as a hot-bed of disease, and the wonder to me is, not that it should now and for twenty years past have the character of being a nest for breeding fevers, but that there ever should have been a time when illness was not rife in such a locality. Sheltered from anything like a free circulation of air by hills rising abruptly from the seashore, swampy by nature, crowded to excess by thousands of emigrants from all parts of the coast added to its own swarming population, it seems little short of marvellous that even by day Europeans can contrive to exist there long enough to carry on the enormous trade which comes and goes to and from its harbour.

Yet they do so, and on the whole manage very well by avoiding exposure to the sun and taking care to sleep out of the town.

This is rendered possible to all by an admirable system of railways, which are under Government control, and will gradually form a perfect network over the island. The engineering difficulties of these lines must have been great, and it is an appalling sight to witness a train in motion. So hilly is the little island, that if the engine is approaching, the chances are it looks as if it were about to plunge wildly down on its head and turn a somersault into the station, or else it seems to be climbing painfully up a steep gradient, after the fashion of a fly on the wall. But everything appears well managed, and the dulness of the daily press is never enlivened by accounts of a railway accident.

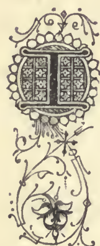
For two or three miles out of Port Louis the country is still flat and marshy, and ugly to the last degree; not the ugliness of bareness and trim neatness, but overgrown, dank, and mournful for all its teeming life. By the roadside stand, here and there, what once were handsome and hospitable portals, but are now abodes of desolation and decay. The same sad story may be told of each: how their owners, well-born descendants of old French families, flourished there, amid their beautiful flowers, in health and happiness for many a long day, until the fatal "fever year" of 1867.

One effect of the epidemic which then desolated

Port Louis has been the creation of the prettiest imaginable suburbs or settlements within eight or ten miles of the town. These districts have the quaintest French names—Beau Bassin, Curépipe, Pamplemousse, Flacq, Moka, and so forth, with the English name of "Rosehill" standing out among them in cockney simplicity. My particular suburb is the nearest and most convenient from which F—— can compass his daily official duties, but I am not entitled to boast of an elevation of more than eight hundred feet. Still there is an extraordinary difference in the temperature before we have climbed to even half that height, and we turn out of a green lane bordered by thick hedges of something exactly like English hawthorn, into a wind-swept clearing on the borders of a deep ravine, where stands a bungalow-looking dwelling rejoicing in the name of "The Oaks." Yes, it is home at last, and very homelike and comfortable it all looks after the tossing, changing voyaging of the past two months; for I have come a long way round.

CHAPTER II.

CLIMATE.



I FEEL as if I had lived here all my life, although it is really more unlike the ordinary English colony than it is possible to imagine; and yet (as Lewis Carrol has it) this is "scarcely odd," because it is not an English colony at all! It is thoroughly and entirely French, and the very small part of the habits of the people which is not French is Indian. The result of more than a century of civilisation, and of the teachings of many colonists, not counting the Portuguese discoverers, early in the sixteenth century, is a mixed but very comfortable code of manners and customs. One has not, here, to struggle against the ignorance and incapacity of native servants. The clever, quick Indian has learned the polish and elegance of his fresh masters, and the first thing which struck me was the pretty manners of the

native—or, as they are called, creole—inhabitants. Everybody has a "bon soir" or a "salaam" for us as we pass them in our twilight walks, and the manners of the domestic servants are full of attention and courtesy.

Mauritius first belonged to the Dutch (for the Portuguese did not attempt to colonise it), who seem to have been bullied out of it by pirates and hurricanes, and who finally gave it up as a thankless task about the year 1700. A few years later the French, having a thriving colony next door at Bourbon, sent over a man-of-war and "annexed," unopposed, the pretty little island. But there were all sorts of difficulties to overcome in those early days, and it was not even found possible, from mismanagement of course, to make the place pay its own working expenses.

Then came the war with England at the beginning of this century, and that made things worse, for of course we tried to get hold of it, and there were many sharp sea-fights off its lovely shores, until, after a gallant defence, a landing was effected by the English, who took possession of it somewhere about 1811. Still it does not seem to have been of much use to them, for the French inhabitants naturally made difficulties, and declined to take the oath of allegiance; so that it was not until the great settling day, or rather year, of 1814, when Louis XVIII. "came to his own again" and definitely ceded Mauritius to the British, that we began to set to work,

LA CASCADE, BEAU BASSIN.

aided by the inhabitants with right good-will, to develop and make the most of its enormous natural resources.

I really believe Mauritius stands alone in the whole world for variety of scenery, of climate, and of productions, within the smallest imaginable space. It might be a continent looked at through reversed opera-glasses, for the ambitious scale of its mountains, its ravines, and its waterfalls. When once you leave the plains behind—it is all on such a toy scale that you do this in half an hour—you breathe mountain air, and look down deep gorges, and cross wide rushing rivers. Of course the sea is part of every view. If it is lost sight of for five minutes, there is nothing to do but go on a few yards and turn a corner to see it again, stretching wide and blue and beautiful out to the horizon. The chances are—nay, the certainty is—that three miles in any direction will show you a greater variety of beautiful scenery than the same distance over any other part of the habitable globe.

This is the beginning of the cool season, which lasts till November, and really the climate just now is very delightful. A little too windy, perhaps, for my individual taste, but that is owing to the rather exposed situation of my house. The trade-winds sweep in from the S.E., and very nearly blow me and my possessions out of the drawing-room. Still it would be the height of ingratitude to quarrel with such a healthy, refreshing gale, and I try to avoid

the remorse which I am assured will overtake me in the hot season if I grumble now. Of course it is hot in the sun, but ladies need seldom or ever expose themselves to it. The gentlemen are armed when they go out with white umbrellas, and keep as much as possible out of the fierce heat. At night it is quite cold, and one or even two blankets are indispensable ; yet this is by no means one of the coolest situations in the island, though it bears an excellent character for healthiness.

In our daily evening walk we cut off a corner through the bazaar, and it is most amusing to see and hear the representatives of all the countries of the East laughing, jangling, and chatting in their own tongues, and apparently all at once. Besides Indians from each presidency, there are crowds of Chinese, Cingalese, Malabars, Malagasys, superadded to the creole population. They seem orderly enough, though perhaps the police reports could tell a different tale. If only the daylight would last longer in these latitudes, where exercise is only possible after sundown ! However early we set forth, the end of the walk is sure to be accomplished stumblingly, in profound darkness.

Happily there are no snakes or poisonous reptiles of any sort, nor have I yet seen anything more personally objectionable than a mosquito. I rather owe a grudge, though, to a little insect called the mason-fly, which has a perfect passion for running up mud huts (compared to its larger edifices on the

walls and ceiling) on my blotting-books, and between the leaves of my pet volumes. The white ants are the worst insect foe we have, and the stories I hear of their performances would do credit to the Arabian Nights. I have already learned to consider as pets the little soft brown lizards which emerge from behind the picture-frames at night as soon as ever the lamps are lit. They come out to catch the flies on the ceiling, and stalk their prey in the cleverest and stealthiest fashion. Occasionally, however, they quarrel with each other, and have terrific combats overhead, with the invariable result of a wriggling inch of tail dropping down on one's book or paper.

Whenever I say to a resident how delicious I find it all, he or she is sure to answer dolefully, "Wait till the hot weather!" That there is some very different weather to be battled with is apparent by the extraordinary shutters one sees to all the houses. Imagine doors built as if to stand a siege, strengthened by heavy cross pieces of wood close together, and, instead of bolt or lock, kept in their places by solid iron bars as thick as my wrist. Every door and window in the length and breadth of the island is furnished with these *contre-vents*, or hurricane shutters, and they tell their own tale. So do the huge stones, or rather rocks, with which the roofs of the humbler houses and verandahs are weighted.

CHAPTER III.

LOCAL CHARACTERISTICS.

HERE is not much animal life astir around me in the Belle Island. It is too cold still for the butterflies, and I do not observe much variety among the birds. There are flocks of minas always twittering about my lawn—glossy birds very much like starlings in their shape and impudent ways, only with more white in the plumage, and with brilliant-orange coloured circles round their eyes. There are plenty of paroquets, I am told, and cardinal birds, but I have not yet seen them. A sort of hybrid canary whistles and chirps in the early mornings, and I hear the shrill wild note of a merle every now and then. Of winged game there are but few varieties—partridges, quails, guinea-fowl, and pigeons making up the list; but, on the other hand, poultry seem to swarm everywhere. I never saw such long-necked and long-legged cocks and hens in my life as I see here; but

these feathered giraffes appear to thrive remarkably well, and scratch and cackle round every Malabar hut. I have not seen a sheep or a goat since I arrived, nor a cow or bullock grazing. The milch cows are all stall-fed. The bullocks go straight from shipboard to the butcher; and the horses are never turned out.

This is partly because there is no pasturage, the land being used entirely for sugar-cane, or else left in small patches of jungle. As might be expected from such a volcanic-looking island, the surface of the ground is extremely stony; but the sugar-cane loves the light soil, and I am told that it thrives best where the stones are just turned aside, and a furrow left for the cane-plant. After a year or so the furrow is changed by the rocks being rolled back again into their original places, and the space they occupied is then available for young plants. The wild hares are terrible enemies to the first shoots of the cane, and we pass picturesque *gardiens* armed with amazing *fusils,* and clad in every variety of picturesque rag, keeping a sort of boundary guard at the edges of the sprouting cane-fields.

The horses are better than I expected. When one hears that every four-footed beast has to be imported, one naturally expects dear and indifferent horses; but I am agreeably surprised in this respect. We have horses from the Cape, from Natal, and even from Australia, and they do not appear to cost more here than they would in their respective countries. I

scarcely, however, ever see any one on horseback; people never seem to ride, to my great regret. I am assured that it will be much too hot to do so in the summer evenings, and that the hardness of the roads prevents riding from being an agreeable mode of exercise. Every village can furnish sundry *carrioles* for hire—queer-looking little conveyances like a minute section of a tilt-cart mounted on two crazy wheels, and drawn by a rat of a pony.

As we drive swiftly along the level sea-shore, it is beautiful to see the clear outlines of the distant hills against the tender tints of the morning sky, for our *tournée* must be ended and over long before eight o'clock. I wonder how the ponies manage to keep their feet, for although the ground is level enough, the sand is firmly bound together by a liane which creeps closely on the ground, and is precisely like a net-work of ropes. I tried to walk over it, and stumbled at every step; but we met with no misadventure.

The whole island is merely the top of a volcano, or series of volcanoes, which project above the water not more than one thousand eight hundred feet at the highest point. You can see the distinct circle of jagged tooth-like hills, with here and there a tremendous rent in their sides where the lava has torn its burning way through and flowed down to form the foundation of these fertile plains. The steep sides of the hills are as straight as a wall towards the top and utterly inaccessible, not affording foothold to a goat nor earth enough to grow a blade of grass.

When you see the whole panorama the effect is exactly that of a magnificent and ambitious range of mountains, of which only the points are sticking up above the surface. The rest, you feel, is down below, and has yet to grow, like a child's tooth.

One of my greatest pleasures here is my afternoon walk, and I still keep up my English habits of exercise. A few evenings ago we hurried to some rising ground about a mile off to "see Bourbon." Perhaps you do not understand what an atmospheric achievement *that* is. Bourbon is an island a hundred miles off and can only be seen two or three times in a year. But it would have been worth going any distance, or waiting any length of time, to stand, as I stood that balmy evening, and look over the green sloping foreground which fell gradually away at my feet for a stretch of five miles or so down to the seashore, where the white girdle of reef foam only divided one brilliant water-blue from the other. My eyes could not linger, however, on the fair fields close at hand, for they could be seen every day and every hour. Apparently only ten miles off, the great Cildas range of Bourbon, with the lofty *Piton de Neige*, ten thousand feet high, cuts the wonderful sky as sharp and clear as our own hills close by. The outline is beautiful; but anything must needs be beautiful against such a background of western sky, glorious with crimson and amber, purple and green, with palest blue between. It is a sight to gaze at in reverent silence, for speech would jar.—*Lady Barker in "Good Words."*

SOUTH AFRICA.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

FROM the Mauritius we set sail in a south-westerly direction, and soon come in sight of the Isle of Bourbon, or Réunion, which is a French possession. Leaving this on our right, we look out towards the north-west, if by chance we may catch a glimpse of Madagascar. On the third day from Mauritius we note some shadowy outlines on the far horizon, and we learn that these are the central heights of that most interesting country. We should dearly like to visit it. But that cannot be; and we must content ourselves with a glimpse of the low southern coast, as we pass within a few miles on our south-western course. Then several days elapse in which we are far out of sight of any land. And now all eyes are strained to catch the first glimpse of the great "dark

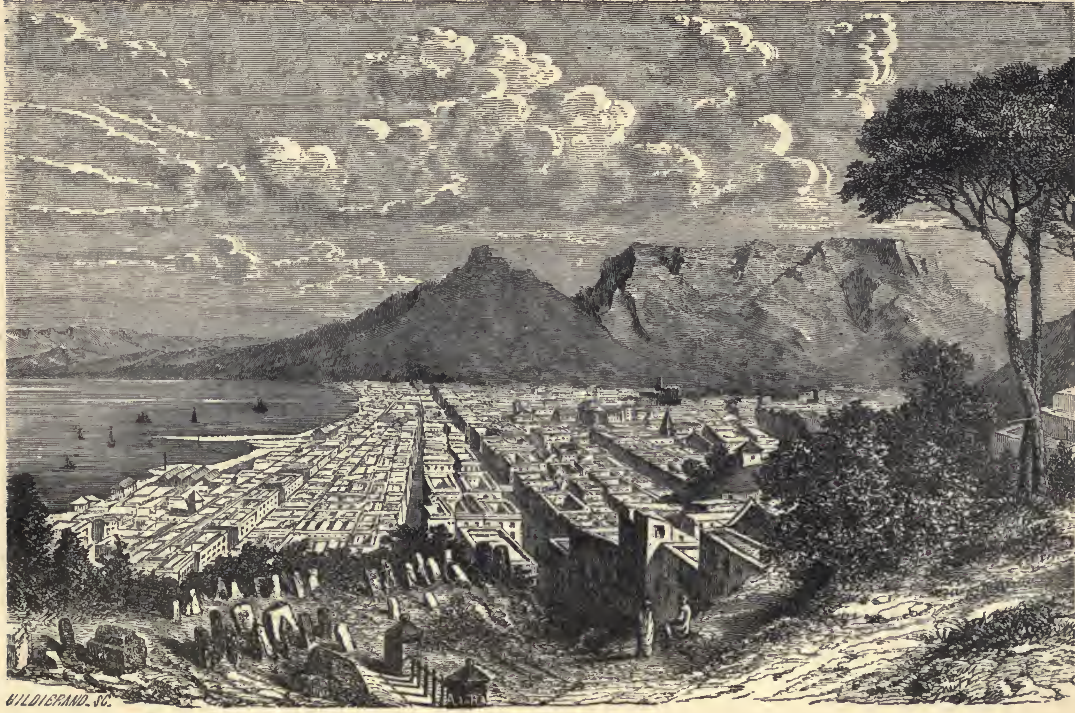
continent," which has kept its central wonders secret from all the rest of the world until the life-time of the present generation.

Several fragments of the British Empire are scattered round the African coast. But the only important colonies are those which occupy the narrow end of the continent jutting out into the southern ocean. The chief of these is Cape Colony. And after sailing some days with occasional glimpses of distant mountains on our right, we change our course sharply to the north, and then run due east into the safe harbour of Table Bay. The handsome town lying before us is the capital of a great territory, so large that no detailed description is possible. All we can do is to gather up the chief facts and illustrate them by some quotations from great travellers.

The *Cape of Good Hope,* the southern end of Africa, was formerly called the "Cape of Storms," on account of the rough and stormy weather which prevailed when the promontory was approached by Diaz, a Portuguese navigator. King John of Portugal at a later period named it the Cape of Good Hope, as it gave new hope of a clear passage by sea to India. This was nearly 400 years ago, up to which time, so far as is known, Europeans had not voyaged to any great distance along the western coast of Africa.*

Not far inland from this cape is Cape Town, the chief town of the large district known as Cape Colony.

* The Carthaginians, however, in the time of their prosperity had made long voyages in that direction, and had even rounded the Cape.



CAPE TOWN.

The headland or Cape thus gives three names—the Cape of Good Hope, Cape Town, and Cape Colony. The town itself is finely situated, overlooking the sea, and sheltered by three bold mountain summits, called Table Mountain, the Lion's Head, and the Devil's Peak.

The original inhabitants of South Africa seem to have belonged to two different races—the Hottentots dwelling in the centre and along the west coast, and the Kaffirs dwelling to the east and the north-east. The Hottentots include various tribes, and are mostly of a deep brown or a yellow-brown colour, which contrasts very strikingly with the white of their eyes; their heads are small, their eyes sunken, the nose flat, and the lips thick. Their hair is black, either crisp or woolly, and they have little or no beard. The Hottentot is lively and humorous, and is said to be a capital shepherd and herdsman.

The Kaffir tribes are distinguished by a dark skin and woolly hair, which varies much in length and quantity, but is never sleek or straight. Many of the tribes are robust and brave.

When the new passage to India by the Cape was found, the trade passed almost entirely in that direction, and in 1650 a Dutch surgeon planted a colony at the Cape, believing it to be a good situation from which to supply ships passing between Europe and India. The result showed that he was right, for a good trade was soon established, and the colony spread and grew rapidly.

The Hottentots receded with their flocks and herds, to escape being seized as slaves. In 1774 the whole of the race of natives who remained on the frontier of the colony were ordered by the Dutch Government to be seized or killed; and military parties went in pursuit of them, and executed the order with great barbarity. The Dutch held the colony till the year 1795, when a British squadron took it from them without resistance. It was restored to the Dutch at a later period; but Holland being drawn into the war which ensued between France and Britain, British forces were sent again to take possession of this important settlement.

On the 4th of January, 1806, the British soldiers arrived in Table Bay; a landing was effected on the 6th, and after a sharp action on the 8th, in which the Dutch were defeated, the British advanced to Cape Town, which at once gave up the struggle. The surrender of the whole of Cape Colony followed, and at the close of the war between our own country and France and Holland it was agreed that this valuable possession should remain to Great Britain.

Various wars have ensued between the colonists and the Kaffirs and Zulus,* arising sometimes from the inroads made by the Europeans upon the lands of the natives, and at others from the attacks upon the colonists by the native cattle-stealers. The *Boers* (*i.e.* the farmers who are descended from the old

* The Zulus came from the north to their present country within comparatively recent times.

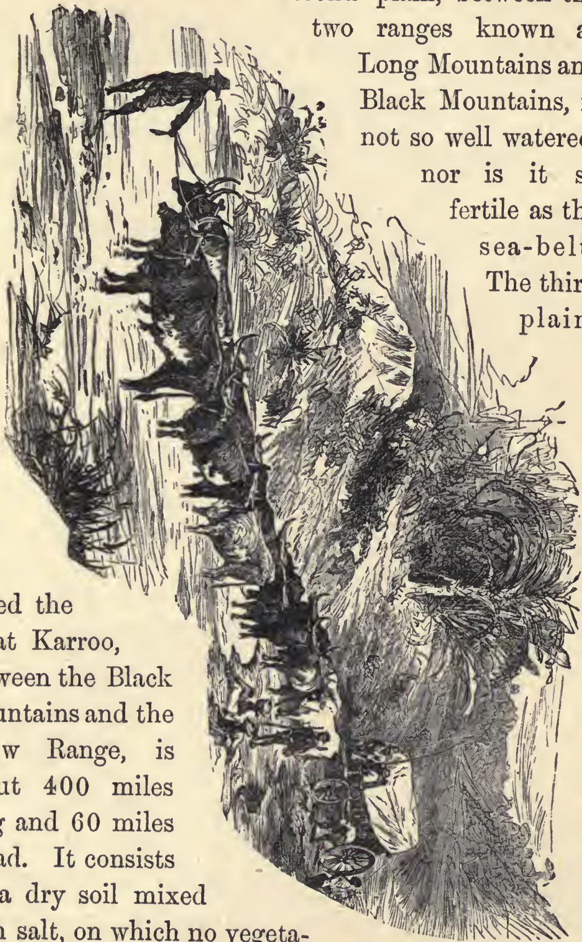
Dutch colonists) often complained that the British Government did not protect them from the assaults of the native tribes, and in their fits of grumbling "trekked" (the Dutch word for "tracked") farther to the north-east into the lands of the natives, and founded the country called the Transvaal, that is, the country beyond the Vaal. The Orange River States form an independent Boer republic.

In British South Africa there are a number of states, but there are only two governments—Cape Colony and Natal. Cape Colony takes charge of the dependencies of Griqualand West and the southern Kaffir States; and Natal has annexed part of Zululand, the rest being constituted a separate dependency under British rule.

The main physical features of Cape Colony are the ranges of mountains which run more or less parallel with the southern coast. The one nearest the coast-line, at a distance of from 20 to 60 miles, is called Lange Bergen, which means a long range, and parts of it are called Lange Kloof, meaning the Long Pass. The second range, about 100 miles farther north, is a much higher chain, known as Zwarte Bergen, or Black Mountains. The third range, still higher (almost 10,000 feet above the sea), is called the Nieuwveld (New Heights), or Sneeuw Bergen, meaning Snow Mountains, as they are topped with snow.

On the margin of the sea, between the shore and the Lange Bergen, the plain has a deep and fertile soil. It is watered by numerous streams, well clothed

with grass, and is rich in shrubs and trees. The second plain, between the two ranges known as Long Mountains and Black Mountains, is not so well watered, nor is it so fertile as the sea-belt. The third plain,


TREKKING.

called the great Karroo, between the Black Mountains and the Snow Range, is about 400 miles long and 60 miles broad. It consists of a dry soil mixed with salt, on which no vegetation is seen except after heavy floods of rain. Then for about two months a little

verdure springs up, on which the farmers send their sheep and cattle to graze. These three plains are like three terraces, the second being a shelf higher as compared with the first, and the third a still higher shelf than the second one.

At each end of the cross ranges of mountains already described, a chain extends in a slanting direction in a line with the coast, although at some distance from it. The one on the eastern side is known as the Storm Bergen, or the Drakensberg, meaning Dragon Mountains; and a portion of the chain on the west is called the Roggeveld Bergen. All these names and those of numerous towns and villages are of Dutch origin. They show how the Dutch settlers have moved from the coast farther northward and eastward before the advancing tide of British immigration, until they reached the region which they have named Transvaal.

The river system of South Africa is limited and curious. Through a dearth of regular rain many of the streams are dry during several months of the year; and then after heavy floods they become swollen torrents. The chief stream is the Orange River. The river is formed by two streams that take their rise in the Drakensberg Mountains on the east.

In the above description of the country the survey is taken from south to north, that is, in belts of latitude. But if we proceed from east to west, dividing the territory into certain belts of longitude, some no less interesting facts are observable. On this point

we may quote the illustrious Dr. Livingstone, who in

GROUP OF ZULUS.

the account of his earliest travels writes as follows:—

"Our route to the north lay near the centre of the cone-shaped mass of land which constitutes the promontory of the Cape. If we suppose this cone to be divided into three zones, or longitudinal bands, we find each presenting distinct peculiarities of climate, physical appearance and population. These are more marked beyond than within the colony. At some points one district seems to be continued in and to merge into the other, but the general dissimilarity warrants the division, as an aid to memory. The eastern zone is often furnished with mountains, well wooded with evergreen succulent trees, on which neither fire nor droughts, can have the smallest effect; and its seaboard is clad with gigantic timber. It is also comparatively well watered with streams and flowing rivers. The annual supply of rain is considerable, and the inhabitants (Caffres or Zulus) are tall, muscular, and well made; they are shrewd, energetic, and brave; altogether they merit the character given them by military authorities, of being 'magnificent savages.' Their splendid physical development and form of skull show that, but for the black skin and woolly hair, they would take rank among the foremost Europeans.

"The next division, that which embraces the centre of the continent, can scarcely be called hilly; for what hills there are are very low. It consists for the most part of extensive slightly undulating plains. There are no lofty mountains, but few springs, and still fewer flowing streams. Rain is far from abun-

dant, and droughts may be expected every few years. Without artificial irrigation no European grain can be raised, and the inhabitants (Bechuanas), though evidently of the same stock originally with those already mentioned, and closely representing them in being an agricultural as well as a pastoral people, are a comparatively timid race, and inferior to the Caffres in physical development.

"The western division is still more level than the middle one, being rugged only near the coast. It includes the great plain of the Kalahari Desert which is remarkable for little water and very considerable vegetation."*

* Livingstone's Missionary Travels, 1857, p. 94.

ZULU DWELLINGS.

CHAPTER II.

CLIMATE AND CUSTOMS.

HE *climate* of the whole of South Africa is deemed healthy for Europeans. The great defect is the want of regular and steady rains. In some districts bordering on the Great Karroo, on the west, there has been an absence of rain for two or three years together; at other times the rain falls in floods. On the south and east coast the rainfall is about the same as in England. Over the south-west maritime region the rain is brought by winds from the west or north-west, which prevail in winter, from April to October. The eastern district, on the contrary, has its rainy season in the summer months—September to April—when the wind blows from the east or south-east.

The suffering often caused by want of rain has had its effect on the superstitions of the natives. There

is a class of men who pretend that they have power to bring rain by means of magical arts. They say they have "medicines," or charms, which relieve the most hopeless drought. They require handsome payment, and therefore the natives endure a good deal of dry weather before going to the expense of consulting them. Thus it occasionally happens that their help is not asked until the drought is nearly at an end, and a change of weather is impending. Then, when the showers fall, they get the credit, and thus sustain their reputation as "rain-makers." Dr. Livingstone gives a conversation with one of these men, which is well worth quoting. A medical missionary falls in with a native "rain-maker," and elicits from him an amusing defence of the superstitious practices which the latter finds so profitable.

"*Medical Doctor.*—Hail, friend! How very many medicines you have about you this morning? Why, you have every medicine in the country here!

"*Rain Doctor.*—Very true, my friend, and I ought; for the whole country needs the rain, which I am making.

"*M.D.*—So you really believe that you can command the clouds? I think that can be done by God alone.

"*R.D.*—We both believe the very same thing. It is God that makes the rain, but I pray to him by means of these medicines, and, the rain coming, of course it is then mine. It was I who made it for the Bakwains* for many years when they were at Shok-

* Or Bechuanas.

nane; through my wisdom, too, their women became fat and shining. Ask them; they will tell you the same as I do.

"*M.D.*—But we are distinctly told, in the parting words of our Saviour, that we can pray to God acceptably in His name alone, and not by means of medicines.

"*R.D.*—Truly! but God told *us* differently. He made black men first, and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and waggons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But toward us he had no heart. He gave us nothing, except the assegai,* and cattle, and rain-making; and he did not give us hearts like yours. We never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed by hunger, and go to them, and augment their power. We must dissolve their charms by our medicines. God has given us one little thing, which you know nothing of. He has given us the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. We do not despise those things which you possess, though we are ignorant of them. We don't understand your book, yet we don't despise it. *You* ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it.

"*M.D.*—I don't despise what I am ignorant of;

* The native spear.

I only think you are mistaken in saying that you have medicines which can influence the rain at all.

"*R.D.*—That's just the way people speak when they talk on a subject of which they have no knowledge. When we first opened our eyes, we found our forefathers making rain, and we follow in their footsteps. You, who send to Kuruman for corn, and irrigate your garden, may do without rain; *we* cannot manage in that way. If we had no rain, the cattle would have no pasture, the cows give no milk, our children become lean and die, our wives would run away to other tribes who do make rain and have corn, and the whole tribe would become dispersed and lost, our fire would go out.

"*M.D.*—I quite agree with you as to the value of the rain; but you cannot charm the clouds by medicines. You wait till you see the clouds come, then you use your medicines and take the credit which belongs to God only.

"*R.D.*—I use my medicines, and you employ yours; we are both doctors, and doctors are not deceivers. You give a patient medicine. Sometimes God is pleased to heal him by means of your medicine, sometimes not—he dies. When he is cured, you take the credit of what God does. I do the same. Sometimes God grants us rain, sometimes not. When he does, we take the credit of the charm. When a patient dies, you don't give up trust in your medicine, neither do I when rain fails. If you wish me to leave off my medicines, why continue your own?

"*M.D.*—I give medicine to living creatures within my reach, and can see the effects though no cure follows; you pretend to charm the clouds, which are so far above us that your medicines never reach them. The clouds usually lie in one direction, and your smoke goes in another. God alone can command the clouds. Only try and wait patiently; God will give us rain without your medicines.

"*R.D.*—Mahala-ma-kapa-a-a!! Well, I always thought white men were wise till this morning. Who ever thought of making trial of starvation! Is death pleasant then?

"*M.D.*—Could you make it rain on one spot and not on another?

"*R.D.*—I wouldn't think of trying. I like to see the whole country green and all the people glad; the women clapping their hands and giving me their ornaments for thankfulness, and bulls lowing for joy.

"*M.D.*—I think you deceive both them and yourself.

"*R.D.*—Well, then, there is a pair of us (meaning both are rogues)." *

The apparent success of the "rain-makers" is sometimes even greater than their dupes desire, and the storms of rain that fall are dangerous and even destructive.

The summer thunderstorms in the inland districts are sometimes fearfully grand. "The air is at one

* Missionary Travels, 1857, p. 23.

moment perfectly calm, the next wild with terrific storms. The sky, so sweetly serene at noon, will, before half an hour passes, be darkened by clouds which shroud the land as with a pall. For months the long droughts parch the earth, the rivers may be forded on foot, the flocks and herds pant for refreshing waters and green herbage. Suddenly, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand appears on the horizon, and lo! the elements rage and swell, thunder booms upon the air, darkness covers the land, and the arrows of the Almighty dart from the angry heavens, striking death and terror wheresoever they fall. From the far desert a torrent of sand comes sweeping on, obscuring the air, and making its way into your very house in such profusion that you may trace characters in its dry depths on the window-sill. The skies open, the floods descend, the rivers burst their bounds, trees are uprooted from the soaked earth, and through the roof of your dwelling the rain beats heavily; the walls crack, the plaster falls, the beams that support the thatch groan and creak with melancholy moan; the voices of angry spirits seem to howl and shout around you; the poor birds on frightened wing wheel past your windows; the cattle disturb you with their lowing, the dogs howl, and the unearthly tones of the Kaffir or Fingo herdman's song are no pleasant addition to the wild scene stirring before you. The tempest subsides as suddenly as it arose, the voices of the storm spirits die away in the distance over the mountain tops, the dark pall of clouds is rent by a

mighty hand, the swollen rivers rush on, bearing evidence of devastation, but subsiding at last into a more measured course. The sun lights up the valleys and the hillsides, the air is clearer, the sky brighter than ever ; and but for its history of devastation, and oftentimes of death, and the knowledge that for weeks the country will be subject to these violent convulsions of nature, the terrors of the tempest would soon be forgotten."

ZULU AND CLUB.

CHAPTER III.

NATURAL PRODUCTS.

AGRICULTURE is the chief industry of both the Dutch and the English settlers. Cattle and sheep are among the staple products of the country, and amongst the great exports are the wool of the merino sheep and the hair of the Angora goat. A source of great profit during the past twenty years has been the trade in ostrich feathers. The ostriches are kept in enclosures as cattle are, and are quite as tame as ordinary poultry. But they are very strong, and to take their feathers without danger requires a little management. For this purpose they are crowded as tightly as possible in pens; and men, creeping in amongst their long legs, with sharp shears cut off the feathers close to the skin without causing them any pain. Sheep-walks, which have been worn out by the constant feeding of sheep, are restored to freshness when ostriches are reared on them. Goats also are profitable stock.

Wheat, Indian corn, millet, grapes, vegetables, and all kinds of European fruits are grown to perfection, although not so extensively as in England; but dairy farming is much neglected. The vine grows freely, the grapes of Constantia being justly celebrated; and there is a large exportation of wine, chiefly to England.

Cape Colony is naturally deficient in timber. Towards the east there is a wild wooded territory called the Bush, but the west is almost barren. Natal and Caffraria, to the east of Cape Colony, consist largely of grassy plains with rivers fringed with trees, and mountains clothed with woods.

The *wild animals* of South Africa include wolves, hyænas, elephants, hippopotami, lions, and antelopes, but they have been to a great extent either killed or driven to great distances inland by the colonists. In place of these, cattle and sheep have multiplied, and the breeds have been much improved. Wild ostriches are met with on the great plains, and eagles among the mountains; and snakes abound everywhere. Vultures, pelicans, flamingoes, cranes, and turtle-doves are common in many districts.

Amongst the animals native to South Africa the most interesting undoubtedly are the elephant and the lion. They are neither of them now found south of the Orange River, and, indeed, the elephant is almost entirely confined to Central Africa. The famous Jumbo, perhaps the most popular animal that

ZULU DANCE.

ever lived, was an African Elephant. The difference between the African and Asiatic species lies chiefly in the enormous ears possessed by the former, but also in its greater size. Jumbo was a very tractable creature, though it must be confessed he owed his tragical death at an American depôt to his own obstinacy in refusing to yield right of way to a locomotive engine. In general, however, he was very obedient; and it seems strange that African elephants have not in modern time been used as beasts of burden in their own land. In ancient times it was different. Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, made great use of African elephants in his wars against the Romans.

As to the lion, it is still heard roaring over the greater part of Africa; and it was not far from the northerly boundary of Cape Colony that Dr. Livingstone had his encounter with a lion which so nearly proved fatal. The writer of these words well remembers the amused indifference with which the great missionary answered eager enquiries about this adventure, when on one of his visits to England. The broken bone of the upper arm could never be properly set, and when asked whether he suffered any inconvenience from this cause, he said "he did not know; it had given him an additional joint, that was all; it made him weaker at the anvil; but otherwise it might have its advantages." The following is his own account of the adventure:—

"The Bakátla of the village Mabotsa were much

troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night, and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed that they were bewitched—'given,' as they said, 'into the power of the lions by a neighbouring tribe.' They went once to attack the animals, but, being rather a cowardly people, compared to Bechuanas, in general on such occasions, they returned without killing any.

"It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed the others take the hint and leave that part of the country. So the next time the herds were attacked I went with the people, in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him, then leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft.

"When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakátla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village; in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot, he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little till I load again.'

"When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that

was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.

"Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebálwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me and attacking Mebálwe bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was lifting Mebálwe. He left Mebálwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakátla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm.

"A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a

gun-shot wound; it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh in the same month in the following year. This curious point deserves the attention of enquirers."

The true resources of Southern Africa consist, not in its interesting animals, nor in its opportunities for adventure, but in its soil and in the inducements it offers to labour.

Among *minerals*, copper and coal are found in large quantities, also lead, gold, and marble. But of late years diamonds have been the most remarkable production of South Africa. In the year 1867 a few of these precious stones were discovered in the district west of the Orange Free State, and there was soon a rush of people to dig for them, and a new state was formed called the Diamond State, or Griqualand West. There are now very extensive mines, employing a large number of people. The gold is found in greatest abundance in the basin of the Orange River, and the diamonds most abound about the Vaal River.

GIBRALTAR.

HOMEWARD BY GIBRALTAR.

SETTING our faces homeward again, we sail far out into the South Atlantic Ocean, and after a few days we catch a distant glimpse of St. Helena, the lonely isle where the great Napoleon passed the latest years of his life as a captive. But we have no time to call; and still pressing onwards with favouring winds, we cross the equator, and approach the coast of Africa again at the northern limit of the Gulf of Guinea. It comes into sight at Cape Verd, the westernmost point of the continent. Then we pass successively three interesting groups of isles, the Cape Verd Islands, the Canaries, and Madeira. The Atlas Mountains appear on the horizon, and as we continue our course the heights of Spain come into view. Between these points is the narrow entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. Here we will make our last pause on our journey

home. For here is the stronghold of Gibraltar, which though it is one of the smallest, is also one of the most remarkable of British foreign possessions. Let us listen to a lady who made some stay there, and has a good deal that is interesting to tell us.

GIBRALTAR.

What can be said of Gibraltar that has not been said already? Holding the position it does on the maritime highway of the world, it is almost necessarily visited by every one who leaves his own country; and to the majority of travelling Englishmen it is probably as familiar as Charing Cross Station. Yet it is not for travellers that we write home when we travel; but rather for those who are kept by circumstances within that forty mile range which Carlyle used to declare sufficient for reasonable men.

The Campo of Gibraltar spreads into the mainland and belongs to Spain, forming a province of which the General, resident at Algeciras, still bears the title of Governor. The spot which interests us—our British Gibraltar—is a mountain, only three miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad, which faces and is, in fact, joined to Spain by a flat and narrow strip of sand, but belongs evidently by natural formation to the African range across the Straits. Its northern front is a sheer wall of grey marble, which rises perpendicularly for something like one thousand four hundred feet; and from the north the marble range runs with a sharp, pinnacled and broken crest

to drop at the southern end in rocky flats and ledges to the sea.

Above the Mediterranean, the eastern face shows, as it were, the backbone of the mountain. Bare precipices stand upon each other ; here and there on the lower levels a ledge has afforded room for the construction of a bastion ; here and there on higher ranges, a goat tract winds under a cliff ; there is even one little cove where, down by the water's edge, a village of Genoese fishermen nestles on the sand ; but for the most part it presents an unscalable wall rising from the sea to the full height of the mountain crest. It is on the western side facing the Atlantic that there is alone any foothold for the town. Here, too, precipices redden in the setting sun, but some of the slopes allow of being mounted to the top, and along the shore there lies a strip of rich soil where wild olive and palmetto change to orange, and fig, and pepper-trees ; and a town of about twenty-four thousand inhabitants has squeezed itself upon terraced streets between the rock and the water.

It was at the northern end of this strip, on a shoulder which commands a good view of the mainland, that the Moorish commander, Tarik, who led the Arabs in their first conquest of Spain, built the castle of which the remains still form the most prominent architectural feature of the older town. It is perhaps the earliest Moorish construction in Europe, for though it was finished later by other hands, Tarik began it within two years of his con-

quest in 711. Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, and Christians had held the mountain in turn before that time, but except in tradition they have left no mark behind them, and the history of the place begins with the discovery of its importance as a military fortress by the Moors. They became its godfathers to modern Europe—changing the classic Calpe to Gebr-al-Tarik, or the mountain of Tarik, from which the name Gibraltar is contracted—they fortified it, they constructed aqueducts, they planted its little strip of fertile soil with gardens, they made it, in fact, very much what it is. They gave it during an occupation of seven hundred and fifty years the political traditions of an alien fortress upon the mainland, and so strong is the impression of their individuality that to this day we seem to hold it in direct succession to the Moors.

The town, as it lies now round the western base of the rock, runs from the Moorish castle at the north end to the lighthouse at Europa, straggling only somewhat thinly into barracks and officers' quarters as it stretches to the point. It is divided into north and south by an Alameda or public garden—the tradition of which is another legacy of the Moors—where over a considerable space of ground pepper-trees, bella sombra, and table pines spread a most welcome shade, and paths edged with aloe and cactus lead through mazes of flowering shrubs. I think of snow at home, and look out to see the scarlet aloe, blooming freely, edge every walk with flame colour; violets

GIBRALTAR.

are fragrant, and roses and heliotrope blossoms as in summer at home. Orange flower also begins to scent the air, and lilies are opening.

Behind the Alameda, cliffs of red sandstone vary the prevailing marble of the rock, and the luxuriant growths that cover their base and spread on every ledge that gives roothold combine with the public and private gardens to frame the town in verdure. Orange and lemon trees, yellow with fruit, give the southern sense of productiveness so charming to English eyes, and here and there a date-palm or a banana introduces a touch of cosmopolitanism into the vegetation which recalls the eastern origin of the first planters. A garden the size of a dinner table will supply its owner with a profusion of flowers for the whole year, and every hot wall has its tufts of geraniums and aloe; but there is no room for extensive cultivation.

The idea of terracing the western face of the rock in Italian fashion for cultivation does not seem to have been entertained, and the space along the shore is needed for houses. They press each other in rectangular blocks which bear a mark of the south in their green outer shutters, and of the sea in the plaster of pebbles and shells with which the greater number are covered. The barracks only differ from other houses in being larger. All alike are devoid of architectural beauty. Yet they gain a certain picturesqueness from the irregularities of the ground on which they are built. Most of the streets are con-

nected by steep flights of steps, and in the upper part of the town every opening to these narrow ramps, every street end, and every garden gate left ajar, frames views of the bay and the Spanish hills which

BAY OF GIBRALTAR.

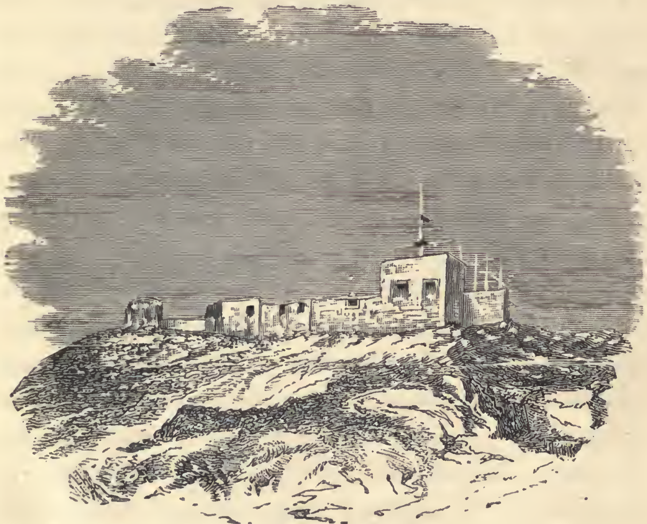
leave no room for criticism of the immediate foreground.

The beauty of the situation is so great that it neutralizes all we can do to destroy it. On the Spanish coast the Sierra Carbonera and Sierra de la Luna

circle the water, making with Gibraltar a bay of some five miles in width and eight miles long. Seen from a height above the north end it has the appearance of a vast inland lake, of which the African mountains form the southern boundary. The sweep of the Spanish hills partially hides the outlets of the Straits, and in the glow of a clear sunset Tangier appears, like Algeciras and San Roque, to be one of the towns on its shore. The effect of the southern sunshine is to give a purity as of snow to distant buildings, and though experience modifies any delusions about the condition of Spanish and Moorish towns, their appearance upon the sea-shore is as of spotless habitations of marble.

San Roque stands back upon a height at the north end of the bay, Algeciras lies close to the waves very nearly opposite to Gibraltar. Between them two rivers run into the sea, determining by their course some of the nearer sweeps of the hills. The Spanish ranges swell gently round the coast, and during the greater part of the day they hold in their wooded hollows air as blue as the bay beneath or the sky above. Summit behind summit leads the eye north to the Rondas, where just now snow glistens upon the higher crests. Gibraltar and the African mountains, on the contrary, rise in bold lines and grey and barren crags sheer up, as it seems at times, from the water to the clouds. If Atlas veils its head, it is usually in a sunny glow which speaks of equatorial regions beyond.

There is life in the harbour. Little steamers from the African coast, laden with supplies for our poultry-market, come in side by side with five-masted *Agincourts* and *Minotaurs* of the Channel fleet. Men-of-war of all nations, merchant ships from every quarter of the world, the mail lines steaming east and west;



THE SIGNAL STATION.

gun-boats, fishing-boats, torpedo-boats pass one another; and, mixed with these, are all sorts of queer and tiny craft, which present the appearance of nothing more dignified than troops of water beetles by day, while at night they contribute to the picturesque effect of the scene by dotting the water with the double lights of reflected lamps.

First Moorish, then Spanish, then English, the fortress, as well as the town, of Gibraltar bears the mark of each occupation. Current military criticism of the condition of our defences is not altogether respectful, but to the ordinary non-military observer the town appears to be ringed with cannon. Guns in a bastion on Europa Point command the approach from the Atlantic and from the Mediterranean. A sea-wall, with a system of curtains, flanks, and bastions, runs along the western base of the rock, cutting off the houses from the sea; retired batteries hold commanding positions on every ledge of rock above us, and the north front gapes with holes, behind which we know, though we cannot see, that our guns stand threatening Spain.

There is a piece of flat ground immediately under the north face of the rock, which, though it is not within the defences, has come to be included in our possession. We use it as a race-course and drilling-ground. The entrance by the Land Port is over a drawbridge—still taken up every night—and under a covered way which leads into a barrack square. It happened to me the other day to ride in behind a regiment within a few minutes of evening-gun fire. The sun had nearly gone, and against the red glow of the sky the face of the rock rose grey. There was not a break in its lines from base to summit, except the grim holes blackened by powder, which mark the course of the galleries; the drawbridge echoed to the tramp of men; under the covered way lights had been

already lit, which flashed on the drawn swords of the officers acknowledging the salute of the guard as they entered; a band was playing in the square within. It needed but a small effort of imagination to reset the scene in the heart of the Middle Ages, or to conceive of another reason besides the shape of the rock for a name by which the fortress is known to the Spaniards. They call it "The Crouching Lion."

The thews and sinews of the said lion may be allegorically supposed to consist of the six thousand soldiers who form the military part of the population. The civil population divides itself into English, Spaniards, Moors, Jews, Maltese, Genoese, and, by no means least numerous, the native race, born on the rock, and known to the contemptuous Briton as "scorpions." Add to these main divisions a sprinkling of Turks, Greeks, and Egyptians, and all the travellers and sailors whom passing ships land temporarily upon the shore, and it will be seen that the cosmopolitanism already noticed in the vegetation and in the flags of the bay is fully borne out. Cosmopolitanism is the distinguishing feature of the place. Our daily dealings are with Jews, Turks, Saracens, and other infidels.

The narrow streets behind the sea-wall are perpetually thronged. There the soldier's wife, in her unmistakable English bonnet, bargains for fish or oranges side by side with Spanish women, whose black mantillas strike the observer always anew as the most graceful head-dress in the world. There water-sellers drive

little donkeys with picturesque loads of three barrels apiece, and charcoal-sellers dispose of the fuel, brought from a distance in big baskets covered with bay. There old women, wrinkled and brown as their old dried fruits, sit under bella sombra trees with a little stock outspread of dates and nuts and the sweet roots of the palmetto, which are eaten by monkeys and the poorer part of the population. Every costume may be seen, and every language heard. It is hardly a figure of speech to say that the stones are worn by the feet of the world. Its Moorish masters had a more comprehensive thought than the Spaniards when they called it—as in some of their histories—"The Mountain of Entrance."

It is a strangely fascinating place. Each new figure met in the street suggests new forms of civilisation; but of all the races over which our flag flies here, there is naturally none which interests the Western mind more than the Moor. What has become of him who was once the master and civiliser? To find him we must go down to the market, and there we shall see him, not at all pathetically interesting, broken down, or depressed, but in appearance well-to-do and satisfied with daily life. Even now he seems to bring in his white rolled turban and the folds of his haïk, something of the sun and the dust of the desert. His figure is usually fine, his carriage majestic, his face, burnt brown, shines with fleeting expressions in which a vivacious good humour prevails. He appeals to the eye as no unfit representative of a people once

dominant here, and will sell eggs with the gestures of a Haroun Alraschid.

But it must be confessed that he seems to have kept only the form of his ancestors. His occupation in Gibraltar is wholly commercial. It is said that in Morocco a Moor who is rich dare not let his riches be seen, lest he be "squeezed" for the benefit of the Sultan or other superiors. Here the Moors who keep the poultry market are—with deferential exception of staff officers—the best-dressed members of the population. Their caftans are often beautiful both in material and colour; the kumja or shirt which they wear fastened in front with numberless little buttons, is sometimes a miracle of fine work; their white draperies are spotless. They vary of course very much in appearance, the common porters wearing only a rough woollen jelabeer, or sack-like overcoat with a hood, and no turban; but the majority of the better-class Moors, even when plainly dressed, have an air of material prosperity which is unmistakable. The residents number between two and three hundred. They have a consul here, and a part of his house is used as a mosque.

But it is difficult to learn much about them. Their women and children do not appear, nor do the Moors take any leading part in the life of the town. The dead, no matter how poor, are always taken back to Morocco for burial. It seems that they will have no dealings with us except those of trade. As traders they serve us and we serve them, perhaps even better,

without much thought on either side of the historic irony involved in the situation.

That this should be a practical possibility is among the facts which count on the better side of English military domination. Personally, I have no special sympathy with our war note upon the Mediterranean; but it is beyond question that we have made Gibraltar characteristically different from its neighbouring towns. It is clean, free from smells, well drained, and well supplied with water,—this last no easy matter when the position of the rock is considered. Roads have been constructed upon every available level. There are good schools for the people, and trade flourishes. Some part of its material value as a market to the Spanish neighbourhood, may be estimated by the fact that several thousand people come in with daily permits from the mainland, transacting business here and going away again before the gates are closed at gun fire. Notwithstanding this foreign element, added every day to the already mixed population, the average of crime is very low. Health generally is good. If any one wishes to compare Gibraltar to Spanish neighbouring towns, he has but to ride across the lines. The first thing that will happen to him will probably be to find his horse splashing across the barrack square of Linia, through green puddles in which every kind of rubbish lies festering; and as he goes on his way through the rough and roadless country, where lovely nature seems to have done all

that she can do without help, he will have occasion for many reflections on the benefits of freedom, individual enterprise, and energy.

"Only speak English loud enough and it will be understood all over the world!" I feel that I am speaking English a little too loud. The charm of Gibraltar is perhaps to a certain extent made current by the civilisation which we have brought with us; but it lies deeper than anything England can do. I do not remember to have read in descriptions of the place any allusions to the lovely and quite unique walks which are to be taken within—or shall I rather say upon—its limits. I have not space to describe them in any detail. But no one knows Gibraltar who has not walked above the town. To mount from the narrow and crowded streets through the town gardens, out and up over shoulders of rock where the only growths are the wild herbs of the mountain, and the prospect, widening with each level gained, includes the meeting-point of two continents and two seas, is an experience which is to be had nowhere else.

The mixed peoples left behind upon the shore and the rough wild way, with its strewing of asphodel and olive, combine to bring Dantesque readings to the memory and recall the climbing of another rock which, "ever at the bottom down below is tiresome, but aye the more you mount the less it hurts." Here too the feet are lifted as they mount; and when the summit is reached and, standing among crags where eagles

have their nests and the wind blows unimpeded from Asia Minor to America, we see Europe upon the left hand and Africa upon the right, while the Atlantic rolls from the sunset, and the sea of history itself spreads eastward, there is no imagination so sluggish that it will not be stirred, no mind which can altogether resist the influences moving it to sympathy with the successive developments of civilisation. Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece and Rome, Arab and Italian, Celt and Teuton, all start to life upon the magic shores, all pass in one procession, and the Mountain of Entrance is no longer British, but belongs to the races of the world.

FLORA L. SHAW.

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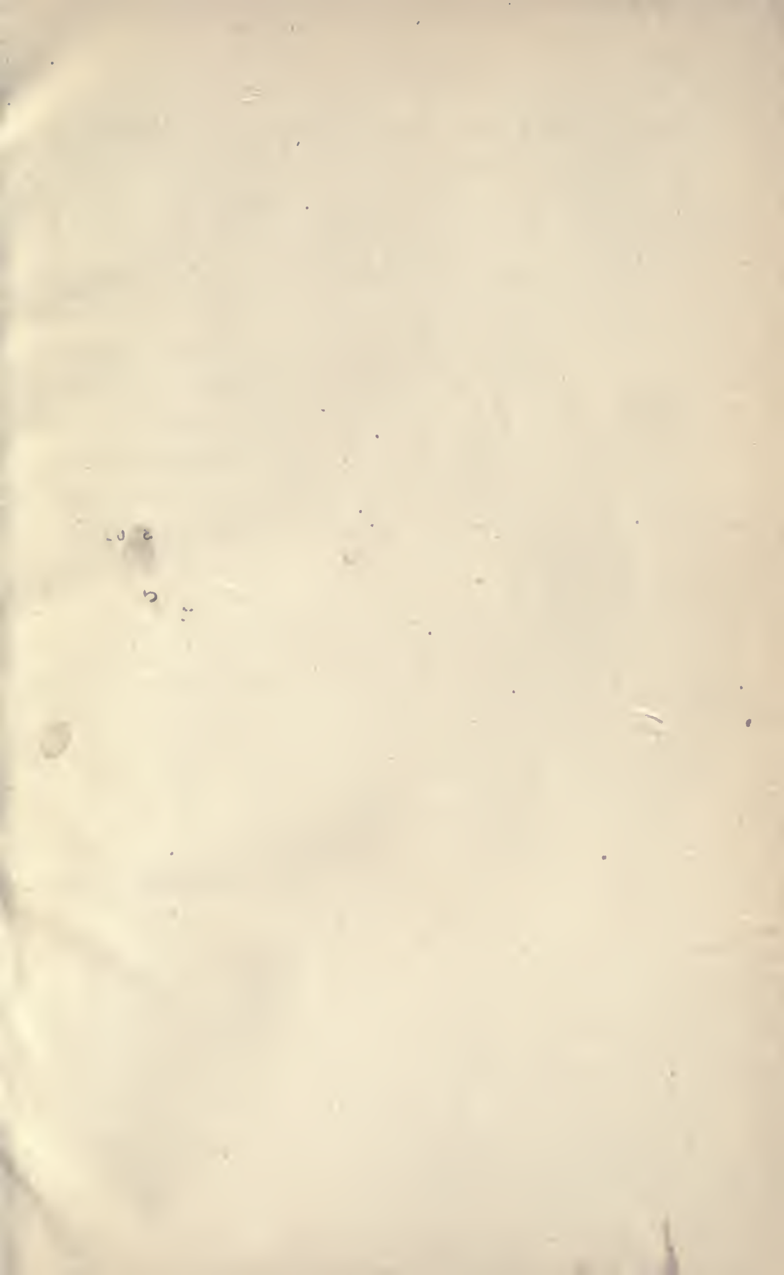

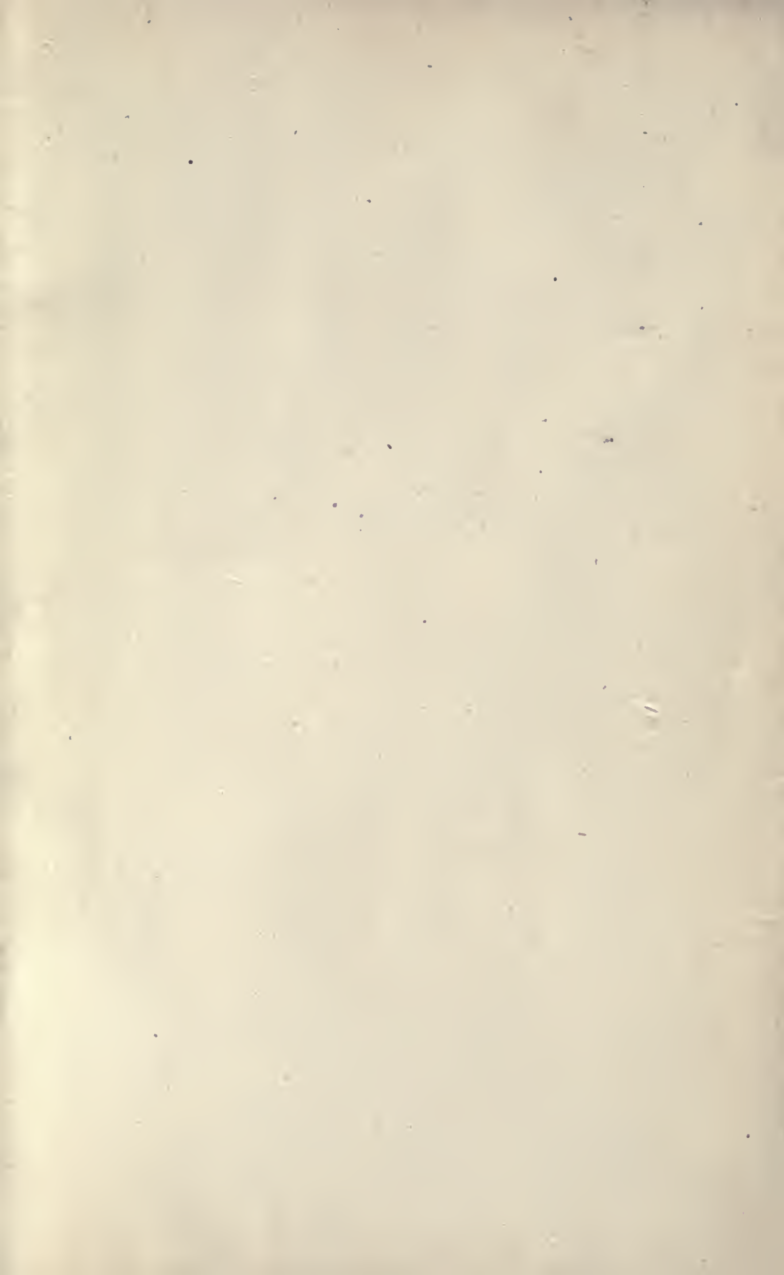

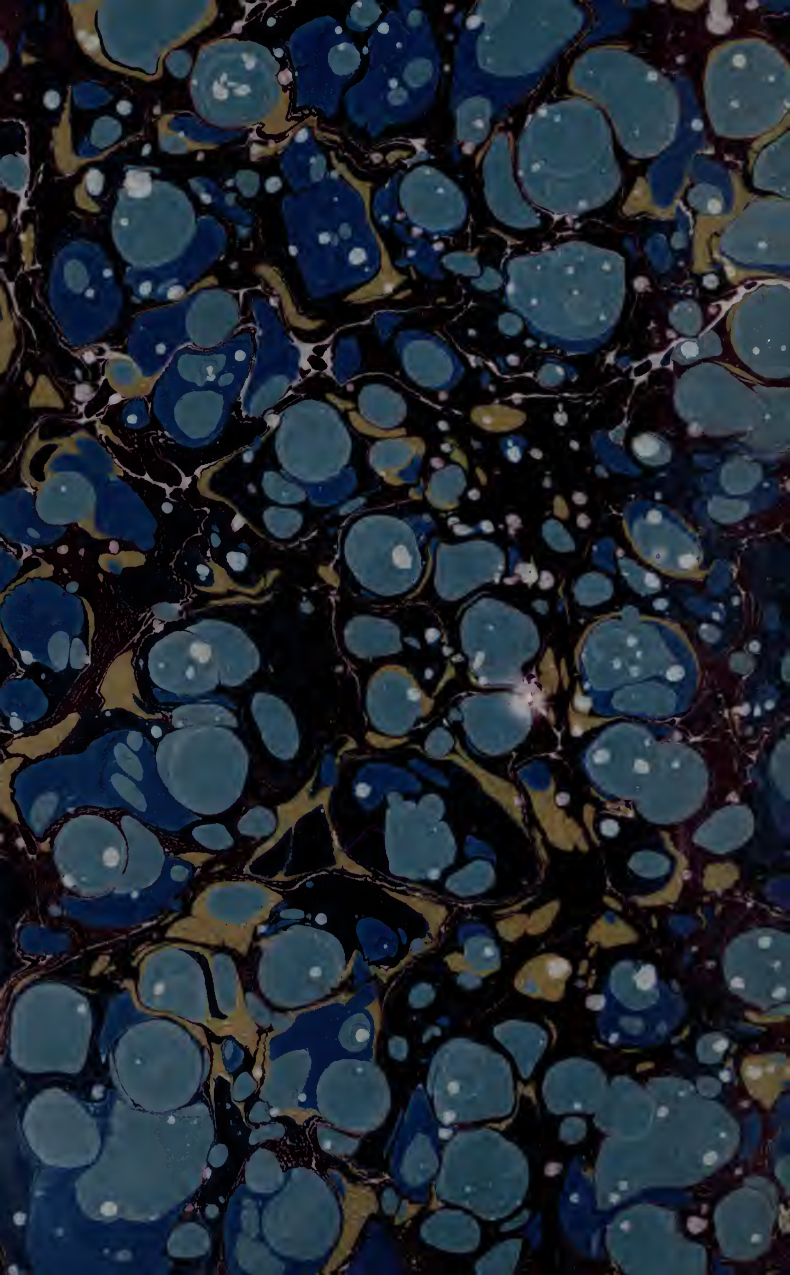

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