# BRASSEY ANNIE

## THE LAST VOYAGE: TO INDIA AND AUSTRALIA, IN THE 'SUNBEAM'

Annie Brassey

# The Last Voyage: To India and Australia, in the 'Sunbeam'

**Brassey A.**

The Last Voyage: To India and Australia, in the 'Sunbeam' / A. Brassey — «Public Domain»,

# Содержание

# The Last Voyage: To India and Australia, in the 'Sunbeam'

## Preface

In giving to the reading world these pages of the last Journal of one of the most popular writers of our day, no apology can be needed, and but little explanation.

A word had better perhaps be said, and said here, as to my share in its composition. It is now twelve years ago since my friend – then Mrs. Brassey – asked my advice and assistance in arranging the Diary she had kept during the eleven months' cruise of the 'Sunbeam.' This assistance I gladly gave, and she and I worked together, chiefly at reducing the mass of information gathered during the voyage. I often felt it hard to have to do away with interesting and amusing matter in order to reduce the book even to the size in which it appeared. It was a very pleasant and easy task, and I think the only difference of opinion which ever arose between us was as to the intrinsic merit of the manuscript. No one could have been more diffident than the writer of those charming pages; and it needed all the encouragement which both I and her friend and publisher, Mr. T. Norton Longman, could offer, to induce her to use many of the simple little details of her life, literally 'on the ocean wave.'

The success of the 'Voyage of the "Sunbeam"' need not be dwelt on here; it fully justified our opinion, surprising its writer more than any one else by its sudden and yet lasting popularity. Other works, also well received and well known to the public, followed during the next few years, with which I had nothing to do. This last Journal now comes before Lady Brassey's world-wide public, invested with a pathos and sadness all its own.

I venture to think that no one can read these pages without admiration and regret; admiration for the courage which sustained the writer amid the weakness of failing health, and regret that the story of a life so unselfish and so devoted to the welfare of others should have ended so soon.

On his return home, in December 1887, from this last cruise, Lord Brassey placed in my hands his wife's journals and manuscript notes, knowing that they would be reverently and tenderly dealt with, and believing that, on account of my previous experience with the 'Voyage of the "Sunbeam,"' I should understand better than any one else the writer's wishes.

My task has been a sad and in some respects a difficult one. Not only do I keenly miss the bright intelligence which on a former occasion made every obscure point clear to me directly, but the notes themselves are necessarily very fragmentary in places. It astonishes me that any diary at all should have been kept amid the enthusiasm which greeted the arrival and departure of the 'Sunbeam' at every port, the hurry and confusion of constant travelling, and, saddest of all, the evidences of daily increasing weakness. Great also has been my admiration for the indomitable spirit which lifted the frail body above and beyond all considerations of self. I need not here call attention to Lady Brassey's devotion to the cause of suffering shown in her unceasing efforts to establish branches of the St. John Ambulance Association all over the world. It will be seen that the last words of the Journal refer to this subject, so near the writer's heart.

I have thought it best to allow the mere rough outline diary of the first part of the Indian journey to appear exactly as it stands, instead of attempting to enlarge it, which could have been done from Lord Brassey's notes. But, unhappily, the chief interest now of every word of this volume will consist, not in any information conveyed – for that could easily be supplied from other sources – but in the fact of its being Lady Brassey's own impression jotted hastily down at the moment. After reaching Hyderabad there was more leisure and an interval of better health; consequently each day's record is

fuller. After August 29th the brief jottings of the first Indian days are resumed, but I have not felt able to lay these notes before the public, for they are simple records of suffering and helpless weakness, too private and sacred for publication. They extend up to September 10th, only four days before the end.

No one but Lord Brassey could take up the story after that date, and it is therefore to his pen that we owe the succeeding pages. All through the Journal I found constant references to what are called in the family the 'Sunbeam Papers,' a journal kept by Lord Brassey and printed for private circulation. With his permission, I have availed myself of these notes wherever I could do so, and I believe that this is what Lady Brassey would have wished. There were also, with the MSS., many interesting newspaper extracts referring to public utterances of Lord Brassey, but of these want of space compels me only to give three, specially alluded to by his wife, which will be found in the Appendix.

Lady Brassey had created an extraordinarily intimate and friendly feeling between herself and her readers all over the world. It has been felt in accordance with this mutual and affectionate understanding to give little personal details, and even a memoir compiled by Lord Brassey for his children during the sad days following the 14th of September, to the friendly eyes which will read with regret the last Journal of one who has been their pleasant chronicler and chatty fellow-traveller for so long. It must always seem as if Lady Brassey wrote specially for those who did not enjoy her facilities for going about and seeing everything.

I must express my thanks to Lady Brassey's secretaries for the kind help they have afforded me, not only in deciphering MSS., but in verifying dates and names of places.

*M.A. BROOME.*

London: *March* 1888.

# FOR MY CHILDREN.
# A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THEIR DEAR MOTHER

*'The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another is to guard, and excite, and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform if you diligently preserve the memory of her life and of her death…*

*'There is something pleasing in the belief that our separation from those whom we love is only corporeal…*

*'Here is one expedient by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollections, when time shall remove her yet further from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration.'*
*Dr. Johnson.*

My dear Children, – In sorrow and grief I have prepared a sketch of the life and character of your dearly loved mother, whom it has pleased God to call to Himself. Slight and imperfect as it is, it may hereafter help to preserve some tender recollections, which you would not willingly let die.

I shall begin with her childhood. Her mother having died in her infancy, for some years your dear mother lived, a solitary child, at her grandfather's house at Clapham. Here she acquired that love of the country, the farm, and the garden which she retained so keenly to the last. Here she learned to ride; and here, with little guidance from teachers, she had access to a large library, and picked up in a desultory way an extensive knowledge of the best English, French, German, and Italian literature.

After a few years' residence at Clapham, your grandfather moved to Chapel Street, Grosvenor Place, and later to the house which you remember in Charles Street. At this period your mother's education was conducted by her attached and faithful governess, Miss Newton, whom you all know. She attended classes, but otherwise her life must have been even more solitary in London than at Clapham. Her evenings were much devoted to Botany, and by assiduous application she acquired that thorough knowledge of the science which she found so useful later, in describing the profuse and varied vegetation of the tropics.

And now I come to my engagement to your mother. How sweet it is to remember her as she was in those young days; in manners so frank and unaffected, and full of that buoyant spirit which to the end of her life never flagged. She enjoyed with a glad heart every pleasure. She was happy at a ball, happy on her horse, happy on the grouse-moor, devoted to her father, a favourite with all her relatives, and very, very sweet to me. Gladness of heart, thankfulness for every pleasure, a happy disposition to make the best of what Providence has ordered, were her characteristics.

We were married in October 1860. After our marriage we had everything to create – our home, our society, our occupations. We began life at Beauport; and wonderfully did your dear mother adapt herself to wholly unanticipated circumstances. Beauport became a country home for our nearest relations on both sides. As a girl, your mother had been a most loving daughter to her own father. After her marriage she was good and kind to my parents. To my brothers, until they were old enough to form happy homes of their own, she was an affectionate sister.

At the date of our marriage, no definite career had opened out for me. To follow my father's business was not considered expedient, and I had no commanding political influence. In the endeavour to help me to obtain a seat in Parliament, your dear mother displayed a true wife-like devotion. She worked with an energy and earnestness all her own, first at Birkenhead in 1861, and later at Devonport and Sandwich – constituencies which I fought unsuccessfully – and my return for Hastings in 1868 afforded her the more gratification. It had been the custom in the last-named constituency to invite

the active assistance of ladies, and especially the wives of the candidates, in canvassing the electors. Your mother readily responded to the call. She soon became popular among the supporters of the Liberal party, and throughout my connection with Hastings she retained the golden opinions which she had so early won. Her nerve, high spirit, and ability, under the fierce ordeal of the petition against my return, have been described in his memoirs by Serjeant Ballantine, who conducted my case. He called your mother as his first witness for the defence, put one or two questions, and then handed her wholly unprepared to the counsel for the petitioners – the present Lord Chancellor. With unflinching fortitude your mother endured a cross-examination lasting for upwards of an hour. Her admirable bearing made a great impression upon the eminent judge (Mr. Justice Blackburn) who tried the case, and won the sympathies of the dense crowd of spectators. I remember how gratefully your mother acknowledged the mercy of Heaven in that crisis of her life. 'I could not have done it unless I had been helped,' were her simple words to me.

Down to the latest election in which I was engaged, your dear mother, in the same spirit of personal devotion to her husband, wrought and laboured in the political cause. I have put her love for me as the prime motive for her efforts in politics; but she had too much intelligence not to form a judgment of her own on public issues. Her sympathies were instinctively on the side of the people, in opposition to the old-fashioned Toryism, so much more in vogue a quarter of a century ago than it is to-day.

In helping me to hold a seat in Parliament, your dear mother was inflicting upon herself a privation very hard to bear. Owning to the rapid changes in all the circumstances of our lives, it was difficult to preserve old associations. In the midst of new environments, to make her way alone was a great strain. It is some consolation to know what happiness I gave when, upon my release from the urgent demands of Parliamentary and official life, I was able to spend much of my time in her dear society. It is sad that this happy change should have come so late.

In addition to the share which she took in my Parliamentary labours, your mother undertook the exclusive management at home. This responsibility was gradually concentrated in her hands, owing to my long service in the House of Commons, combined with exceptionally heavy extra-Parliamentary work, finally culminating in my holding office at the Admiralty for more than five years.

How we shall miss her in everything! specially in the task of arranging in the museum, now near completion, the combined collections of our many journeys! She had so looked forward to being able to bring together these collections in London; one of her objects being to afford instruction and recreation to the members of the Working Men's Clubs, to whom she proposed to give constant facilities of access to the collection.

The same spirit, which made your dear mother my helpmeet in my public life, sustained her, at the sacrifice of every personal predilection, in constant companionship with her husband at sea. She bore the misery of sea-sickness without a murmur or complaint. Fear in storm and tempest she never knew. She made yachting, notwithstanding its drawbacks, a source of pleasure. At Cowes she was always on deck, card in hand, to see the starts in the various matches. At sea she enjoyed the fair breezes, and took a deep interest in estimating the daily run, in which she was generally wonderfully exact. She had a great faculty for seamanship, and knew as well as anybody on board what should be done and what was being done on deck.

The same eager sympathy with every interest and effort of mine led your dear mother to help me as President of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union. She attended the meetings, distributed the prizes, and on one occasion entertained the members and their friends at Normanhurst. Upwards of a thousand came down from London, and were addressed by Lord Houghton and by M. Waddington, the French Ambassador. She also did all she could to encourage the Naval Artillery Volunteers. For years she attended inspections and distributed prizes on board the 'President' and the 'Rainbow.' She was always present at the annual service in Westminster Abbey. She witnessed the first embarkation in a gunboat at Sheerness. She carried through all the commissariat arrangements for the

six hundred naval volunteers who were brought together from London, Liverpool, and Bristol for the great review at Windsor, sleeping under canvas for three nights in our encampment, and personally and most efficiently superintending every detail. The men were enthusiastic in their appreciation of her efforts.

The same interest was shown in my naval work. Your dear mother accompanied me frequently in my visits to the dockyard towns at home and abroad, attended naval reviews, and was present at the manœuvres on the coast of Ireland in 1885, and in Milford Haven in 1886. At home and abroad she always aided most cordially my desire to establish kindly relations with the naval profession, among whom she numbered, I am sure, not a few sincere friends. The same spirit of sympathy carried your mother with me on dreary and arduous journeys to Ireland, where she paid several visits to the Lough Swilly estates. She called personally on every tenant, asked them to visit the 'Sunbeam,' treated them most kindly, and won their hearts.

Her reception of the Colonial visitors to England last year, when suffering from severe illness, and the visits to the Colonies, which were the last acts of her life, are the most recent proofs which your dear mother was permitted to give of her genuine sympathy with everything that was intended for the public good. The reception which she met with in Australia afforded gratifying assurances of the wide appreciation of her high-minded exertions on the part of our Colonial friends.

The last day of comparative ease in your mother's life was spent at Darnley Island. You remember the scene: the English missionaries, the native teacher with his congregation assembled around him, the waving cocoa-nuts, the picturesque huts on the beach, the deep blue sea, the glorious sunshine, the beauty and the peace. It was a combination after your mother's heart, which she greatly enjoyed, resting tranquilly under the trees, fanned by the refreshing trade-wind. You will remember her marked kindness of manner in giving encouragement to the missionaries in their work. It was another instance of her broad sympathies.

In attempting to give a description of your dear mother's fine character, I cannot omit her splendid courage. I have referred to it as shown on the sea. You who have followed her with the hounds, as long as she had strength to sit in the saddle, will never forget her pluck and skill. Her courage never failed her. It upheld her undaunted through many illnesses.

And now I turn to that part of the work of her life by which your dear mother is best known to the outer world. Her books were widely read by English-speaking people, and have been translated into the language of nearly every civilised nation. The books grew out of a habit, early adopted when on her travels, of sitting up in bed as soon as she awoke in the morning, in her dressing-jacket, and writing with pencil and paper an unpretending narrative of the previous day's proceedings, to be sent home to her father. The written letter grew into the lithographed journal, and the latter into the printed book, at first prepared for private circulation, and finally, on completion of our voyage round the world, for publication. The favourable reception of the first book was wholly unexpected by the writer. She awoke and found herself famous.

Her popularity as a writer has been won by means the simplest, the purest, and most natural which can be conceived. Not a single unkind or ungenerous thought is to be found in any book of hers. The instruction and knowledge conveyed, if not profound, are useful and interesting to readers of all classes. The choice of topics is always judicious. A bright and happy spirit glows in her pages, and it is this which makes the books attractive to all classes. They were read with pleasure by Prince Bismarck, as he smoked his evening pipe, as well as by girls at school. Letters of acknowledgment used to reach your mother from the bedside of the aged and the sick, from the prairies of America, the backwoods of Canada, and the lonely sheep-stations of Australia. Those grateful letters were the most valued which were received from the cottages of the poor. As old George Herbert sings,

> Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
> Love is a present for a mighty King.

It was natural that your mother, with her eager nature, should be spurred on to renewed efforts by success. She set out on her last journey full of hope and enterprise. In India, in Borneo, in Australia, she was resolved to leave no place unvisited which could by any possibility be reached, and where she was led to believe that objects of interest could be found, to be described to readers who could not share her opportunities of travel. The enlargement of our programme of journeys within the tropics threw a heavy strain on her constitution. In Northern India her health was better than it had been for years, but she fell away after leaving Bombay. Rangoon and Borneo told upon her. She did not become really ill until the day after leaving Borneo, when she was attacked by the malarial fever which infests the river up which she had travelled to the famous bird's-nest caves. She suffered much until we reached the temperate climate of South Australia.

On leaving Brisbane we found ourselves once more in the tropics. Enfeebled by an attack of bronchitis caught at Brisbane, your mother was again seized with malarial fever. On the northern coast of Australia such fevers are prevalent, and our visits to Rockhampton, the Herbert River, Mourilyan, and Thursday Island, where we were detained ten days, were probably far from beneficial. No evil consequence was, however, anticipated; and without undue self-reproach we must bow with submission to the heavy blow which, in the ordering of Providence, has befallen us.

Your dear mother died on the morning of September 14, 1887, and her remains were committed to the deep at sunset on the same day (Lat. 15° 50′ S., Long. 110° 35′ E.) Every member of the ship's company was present to pay the last tribute of love and respect on that sad occasion. Your dear mother died in an effort to carry forward the work which, as she believed, it had pleased God to assign to her.

From your mother's books let us turn to her charities; and first her public charities. You know how she has laboured in the cause of the St. John Ambulance Association, how she has taken every opportunity of urging forward the work in every place which we visited, in the West Indies, in the Shetlands, in London, at Middlesbrough, in Sussex. At all the ports at which we touched on our last cruise she spared no pains to interest people in the work. You heard her deliver her last appeal in the cause at Rockhampton. She spoke under extreme physical difficulty, but with melting pathos. As it was her last speech, so, perhaps, it was her best.

Your mother took up ambulance work at a time when it was little in fashion, because she believed it to be a good cause. By years of hard work, in speech, in letter, by interview, by pamphlet, by personal example and devotion, she spread to multitudes the knowledge of the art of ministering first-aid to the injured. We may rest assured that her exertions have been, under Providence, the means of saving many precious lives. In her last cruise you have seen how, when painful injuries have been received, she has been the first to staunch the bleeding wound, facing trying scenes with a courage which never faltered while there was need for it, but which, as the reaction which followed too surely told, put a severe strain upon her feeble frame.

Many could tell, in terms of deepest gratitude, what a true angel from heaven your dear mother had been to them in their hours of sickness. You will readily recall some of the most striking occasions.

That your mother accomplished what she did is the more to be admired when account is taken of the feeble condition of her health and of her many serious illnesses. She inherited weakness of the chest from her mother, who died of decline in early life. When on the point of first going out into society, she was fearfully burned, and lay for six months wrapped in cotton-wool, unable to feed herself. In the early years of our married life we were frequently driven away in the winter to seek a cure for severe attacks of bronchitis. In 1869 your mother caught a malarial fever while passing through the Suez Canal. She rode through Syria in terrible suffering. There was a temporary rally, followed by a relapse, at Alexandria. From Alexandria we went to Malta, where she remained for weeks in imminent danger. She never fully recovered from this, the first of her severe illnesses, and

in 1880 she had a recurrence of fever at Algiers. It was followed by other similar attacks – at Cowes in 1882, in the West Indies in 1883, at Gibraltar in 1886, and on her last voyage, first at Borneo, and finally, and with the results we so bitterly lament, on the coast of Northern Queensland. Only indomitable courage could have carried your mother through so much illness and left her mental energies wholly unimpaired, long after her physical frame had become permanently enfeebled. Loss of health compelled her to withdraw in great measure from general society. She was unequal to the demands of London life, and from the same cause was unable to remain in England during the winter. Thus she gradually lost touch of relatives and friends of former years, for whom she had a genuine regard. In such society as she was able to see at the close of her too short life, she never failed to win regard and sympathy. There will be many sad hearts in Australia when the tidings of your mother's death reaches the latest friends whom she was privileged to win.

The truest testimony to your mother's worth is to be found in the painful void created in the home circle by her death. For me the loss must be irreparable. It would, indeed, be more than we could bear, if we had no hope for the future. We cling to that hope; and whatever our hand findeth to do, we must, like her, try to do it with all our might.

Such then was your dear mother: a constant worker, working it may be beyond her strength, yet according to the light which God had given her, and in the noblest causes. Your mother was always doing good to those from whom she had no hope to receive. She did not do her alms before men: not those at least which cost her most in time and in thought. When she prayed, she entered into her closet and shut the door, and, without vain repetition, presented her heart's desire in language most simple before the Father in Heaven. Her life was passed in the spirit of the Apostle's exhortation: 'Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.'

In the last prayer which she was able to articulate with me, your mother besought the blessing of Heaven upon us both, praying that she might yet be spared to be a comfort to me and all around her. In that prayer was embodied the central aim of her existence. Her praise to God was sung in her work of practical good. Her psalm was the generous sacrifice of self to works which she believed would be for the advantage of others. This thoughtfulness was shown in the most beautiful way, when the last sad call had come. When, in reply to her touching inquiry, 'Is it quite hopeless?' the answer gave no encouragement to hope, you will not forget the tenderness, the unfaltering fortitude, with which she bestowed her blessing, and then proceeded, until articulation was denied, to distribute to each some token of her tender love. She died in perfect charity with all, sweetly submissive to the Divine Will, and consoling her afflicted husband and children to the very last.

Your mother's heart was as large as it was tender. She was devoted, as a wife, to her husband; as a mother, to her children. She was kind to dependents, ever thoughtful for the poor, and there was a large place in her heart for her dumb companions. Her presence will, I am sure, never fade from your recollection; and in all my remembrance of her I can recall no period of her life when her face was so dear to look upon as in the days after leaving Port Darwin. As she lay back on her pillows, a veil of white lace thrown round her head, her eyes so bright, her smiles so loving, not a murmur from her lips nor a shade of unrest on her serene countenance, the peculiar sweetness of her expression seemed a foretaste of the peace of heaven.

I do not recall these things solely as a tribute to the dear one who has passed away from among us, but for your profit and for mine. We have seen how your mother used her opportunities to make the world a little better than she found it. We may each do the same service in our own sphere, and so may best be followers of her good example. In tenderest love may we ever cherish and bless and revere her memory.

My dear children, I might write more. I could never tell you what your mother was to me.

*Your very affectionate father,*
*Brassey.*

'Sunbeam,' R.Y.S.: *September* 1887.

# INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

WHEN the arrangements for a contemplated cruise to the East were being considered, towards the end of 1886, it was thought best for Lady Brassey and her daughters to make the voyage to Bombay in a P. & O. steamer. The 'Sunbeam' herself was to sail from Portsmouth by the middle of November. Lord Brassey, in the first paragraph of his 'Sunbeam Papers,' thus acknowledges the help he derived at starting, in what may be called the domestic department of the yacht, from Lady Brassey's presence on board for even a few hours.

'We embarked at Portsmouth on Monday, November 16th. The "Sunbeam" was in hopeless confusion, and it required no ordinary effort of determination and organisation to clear out of harbour on the following day. A few hours at Southampton did wonders in evolving order out of chaos. On the afternoon of November 18th, my wife and eldest daughter, who had come down to help in preparing for sea, returned to the shore, and the "Sunbeam" proceeded immediately down Channel.'

At Plymouth Lord Brassey was joined by the late Lord Dalhousie and by Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P. The former landed at Gibraltar, and the latter at Algiers. Through the long voyage to Bombay the gallant little yacht held stoutly on her course, meeting first a mistral in the Mediterranean, then strong head-winds in the Red Sea, and having the N.E. monsoon in her teeth after leaving Aden.

In the meantime Lady Brassey, her three daughters, and some friends left England a few days after the yacht had sailed, travelling slowly, with many interesting stopping-places, and not finally reaching Brindisi until December 11th. Thence to Egypt was but a brief voyage, and the one day's rest (!) at Alexandria was devoted, as usual, by Lady Brassey to visits – so minute in their careful examination into existing conditions as to be more an inspection than the cursory call of a passing traveller – to the Soldiers and Sailors' Institute, and also to the Military Hospital at Ramleh. Arrangements had next to be made for the disposal of stores sent out by the Princess of Wales' branch of the National Aid Society; and all this constituted what may fairly be considered a hard day's work. Then came a well-occupied week in Cairo, where much hospital-visiting was again got through, and many interviews respecting the site for the new hospital at Port Said were held with the Egyptian authorities. This pleasant but by no means idle dawdling brought the party to Suez on December 23rd, where they embarked at once on board the P. & O. steamer 'Thames,' Captain Seaton, and started at midnight for Bombay.

Carefully and well had the plans for both voyages been laid, and successfully – by grace of wind and weather – had they been carried out. On January 3rd, 1887, Lord Brassey in the 'Sunbeam' and Lady Brassey in the 'Thames' exchanged cordial signals of greeting off the harbour of Bombay. The incident must be briefly described from the earlier 'Sunbeam Papers' (for of this first portion of the cruise Lady Brassey has unhappily left no notes). 'As we were becalmed off Bombay, waiting for the sea breeze which invariably freshens towards noon, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship "Thames," with my wife and children on board, passed ahead of us into the harbour. We had a delightful meeting in the afternoon at Government House, Malabar Point, where we were greeted with a most cordial welcome from our dear friends Lord and Lady Reay.'

We are so accustomed nowadays to the punctual keeping of appointments made months before, with half the width of the world between the meeting-places, that this happy and fortunate coincidence will scarcely excite remark, even when the home journal dwells on the added joy of the arrival, that very same evening, as planned beforehand, of Lord Brassey's son, who had started earliest, and had been spending some weeks of travel, sight-seeing, and sport, pleasantly combined, in Ceylon and Southern India.

The punctuality of the P. & O. steamers might be a proverb, if in these hurried days anyone ever paused to make a proverb; and therefore it is not the rapid run of the 'Thames' which excites our admiration. It is rather the capital sailing qualities, well tried and proven as they are, of the 'Sunbeam.'

Though essentially a *sailing* vessel and carrying very little coal, the yacht had made her way through the intricate navigation of the Red Sea and against the strong contrary winds of the N.E. monsoon, which blew with quite exceptional force off the southern shores of Arabia, and had finally dropped anchor at the appointed day, and almost hour, in Bombay Harbour.

On this, her first visit, the 'Sunbeam' remained only three days at Bombay. She sailed again for Kurrachee on January 6th, 1887, and reached her destination early on Tuesday, the 11th. The stay in Bombay was cut short by the desire of the travellers to join Lord and Lady Reay, and journey with them for the first few days of an official tour in Sindh, on which the Governor of Bombay was about to start. There are exceptional opportunities in such an excursion for seeing great concourses of natives, and gaining knowledge of the condition of the country from the officials engaged in its administration. The first point of interest noted is a native horse-fair held at Shikarpur, where 'in the immense concourse gathered together, all the races of these wild districts were represented. The most characteristic people were the Beloochees – men of sturdy build, who carry themselves with a bold and manly air. They formerly lived by raids and cattle-lifting, swooping down from the Suleiman Mountains upon the people of the plains, who were seldom able to offer any effectual resistance. We have established order in these once lawless regions by our military force, posted at Jacobabad.'

From the brief notes of this earlier part of the journey, which follow, it is evident that the travellers had semi-official receptions of their own at nearly every large station. Addresses of cordial welcome were presented; replies had to be made; and it is perhaps from these causes of added fatigue and excitement that Lady Brassey was unable to do more than jot down the events of each day.

Lord and Lady Brassey and their family travelled together through Sindh, along the north-west frontier of India to Lahore, Peshawur, and the Khyber Pass; and Lord Brassey gratefully notes in the first number of 'Sunbeam Papers' that his wife's health in Northern India was better than it had been for years.

A fresh start on the return journey to Bombay was made from Lahore on January 21st, *viâ* Patiala, whose Maharajah, young as he is, carries on the practice of sumptuous welcome and entertainment of English travellers which forms part of the historic traditions of the loyal rulers of the state. Agra was reached on January 30th, and at this point, after a brief delay, the party separated, Lord Brassey retracing his steps to Kurrachee to take the yacht back to Bombay. The rest came round by Cawnpore and Lucknow, Benares, Jubbulpore, and Poonah, and so on to Hyderabad, their farthest inland point, where Lady Brassey's more elaborated diary commences.

The whole of this long journey of 4,500 miles was made in thirty-six days, and with the exception of the two nights at the Maharajah's palace at Patiala, the railway train was the only sleeping-place of the travellers, who were eleven in number. Halts and stoppages were made in the day-time to admit of local sight-seeing and excursions. Lady Brassey, in a private letter, declared this plan of travel to be delightful and thoroughly comfortable; and it will be seen that Hyderabad was reached not only with comfort but with renovated health, and with the full enthusiasm of travel and ardour of enjoyment strong in the breast of the well-known diarist, whose last journals, faithfully kept when once commenced, are now before us.

# JOURNAL

## CHAPTER I.
## BOMBAY TO JUBBULPORE

*Thursday, January 6th.*– Left Bombay harbour at 2 a. m. and proceeded to sea under steam. Rather rolly. Very busy all day unpacking and arranging things. As nearly everybody was more or less overcome, I felt that I must make an effort. Small party at meals. State of things improved towards evening.

*Friday, January 7th.*– On deck at 5 a. m. Shifty breeze. Tacking all day. Busy unpacking and repacking, and trying to get things straight. Towards evening the invalids began to pick up a little and to appear on deck.

At noon we were off Verawal, having run 135 miles since yesterday. Distance from Kurrachee, 310 miles.

*Saturday, January 8th.*– On deck at 5 a. m. Pleasant breeze, but not favourable. Several dhows in sight near the land. At eight o'clock a dead calm and very hot. At noon a sea-breeze, fair; at five o'clock a land-breeze, foul. Steam up at 11 p. m.

*Sunday, January 9th.*– A flat calm at 4.30 a. m. The 'Southern Cross' and 'Great Bear' bright in the heavens. The moon set with curious 'horse's-tail' effects. At noon we were off Kori, or Lakhpat. At 10 p. m. heavy squall from N.E. came on, accompanied by a downpour of rain.

*Monday, January 10th.*– Made Kurrachee Light soon after midnight. Entered the harbour at daybreak, very cold on deck. Soon after we had anchored, Mr. Dashtar, one of the Parsee cricketers, came on board with bouquets of flowers for all of us. After much settling, and packing, and engaging new servants, we breakfasted; and then, having landed, proceeded to see something of Kurrachee City, the alligator-tank, and the cantonment. Engaged additional horses for a longer expedition, in the course of which our carriage stuck in the sand as we tried to cross one of the many shallow mouths of the Indus. Muriel and I refused to quit the carriage, and managed to get over. The rest of the party waded across. Returned on board yacht, and later on proceeded in the steam-launch with Captain Parker to the lighthouse. Landed again at the pier in the evening, and started on our long inland journey in the special train which had been provided for us. Excellent dinner in train. Comfortable night.

*Tuesday, January 11th.*– Blue glass in carriage windows made the landscape look as if covered with snow. Stopped for baths and refreshments at one of the stations *en route*. Breakfasted later in train. Passed through a dreary country, a saltpetre desert, relieved by occasional scrubby trees. Interesting people at wayside stations – Sindhis, Beloochees, Afghans, Persians, and others.

Reached Shikarpur at two o'clock. Met by Colonel Mayhew, Mr. Ralli, and Colonel Lyttelton. Drove to Commissioner's residence. Colonel Mayhew took us to the fair, and to see the wrestling; then to the bazaars. Wonderful concourse of people. Bought carpets and silks. Entertained friends at tea 'on board' train. Dined with Mr. Erskine.

*Wednesday, January 12th.*– Very wet night. Breakfasted early. Drove to the Residency, where the fires were most acceptable. Lady Reay's room partly washed away in night, being in what is appropriately called a melting-house. To the camp of the Amir, a courteous old man with five sons. A scene to be remembered. Saw fighting-rams, cocks, and partridges. Lunched at station, where we met Tom and children. Afterwards to the great Shikarpur horse-fair and prize-giving. Interesting sight, but bitterly cold air.

*Thursday, January 13th.*– Amir sent seven camels, beautifully caparisoned, to take us to his camp. Drove through bazaars. Most graciously received at camp, but luckily escaped refreshment. Thence to the Commissioner's house. Deputation of judges of show and principal Sindhi, Hindoo, Mahomedan, and other inhabitants, bringing fruit, flowers, and sweetmeats. Left at twelve o'clock in Governor's train for Sukhur Bridge. Proceeded in steamer up the Indus past Rohri. Town gaily decorated. Saw canal and irrigation works. Hard work going up stream, easy coming down again, as is often the case. It is said that a voyage of ten days in one direction often occupies three weeks in the other. Strolled through town of Sukhur. Picturesque illuminations in the evening. Returned to our yacht on wheels at ten o'clock, thoroughly tired.

*Friday, January 14th.*– Called at seven. Very cold. Breakfasted with the Brackenburys. Good-bye to our dear Bombay friends. Drove round the town, and then with Tom and Tab to Old Sukhur and the bazaars. The Governor and Lady Reay left at noon for Sindh. We proceeded by water to Rohri. Train crosses the river in boats; picturesque scene – camels, boats, train, volunteers, and natives. Much plagued by flies. Telegraphed for dinner at the station at Ritti. Very cold night indeed. Could not sleep after two o'clock. Water froze in bottles.

*Saturday, January 15th.*– Crossed Empress Bridge over Sutlej. Reached Mooltan at 6 a. m. Breakfasted at nine. Mohamed Hyat Khan, district judge, very kindly offered us his services as guide. He had been much with Lord Lawrence, carried Nicholson from field of battle when the latter was wounded, and killed the man who slew him. Called on Colonel Barnes. Old fort, dark blue and light green tiles. To the bazaars. Enamelled jewellery and brass foot-pans. Returned to the train, wrote letters, and settled plans. Visited the church with Mr. Bridge (cousin of our old friend Captain Cyprian Bridge, R.N.), the chaplain here. Tea at the club, which resembles other clubs all the world over. Back to station, where deputation of chiefs came to see Maude Laurence. Left Mooltan at 7.50 p. m.

*Sunday, January 16th.*– Shortly before eight o'clock we passed a large cantonment, and soon afterwards caught sight of the tombs and temples of Lahore. Train shunted into siding. Found letters innumerable awaiting us. Went to Mr. K.'s church, and afterwards in camel-carriage to Sultan Serai. Polo ponies, horses, and wild-looking people. Negro ponies with curly hair.

*Monday, January 17th.*– Called early. Breakfast at eight. In gharries and camel-carriage to Government House. Thence to the jail, where we saw the process of carpetmaking; and afterwards to the School of Art. 'Sir Roger' suddenly disappeared, to my consternation, but was discovered, after much search, wandering about near the jail. To the Zoological Gardens; nothing specially worthy of notice except a fierce tiger. Then to the Lawrence Hall, where balls and concerts take place.

In the afternoon we rode on elephants, guided by mahouts in red and yellow uniforms, and attended by servants in liveries of the same colour, to the bazaars. Contents most interesting, especially the carved woodwork, copper-work, and Persian armour. Went to Golden Mosque and Fort, the palace, elephant-pool, and Runjeet Singh's tomb. Wonderful sight. Great fun bargaining. Shops each more curious than the others. Returned to station and resumed journey for Peshawur.

*Tuesday, January 18th.*– Reached Rawul Pindi, where there is a large cantonment. The views of the Indus are fine in places, but the railway on the whole passes through a barren desolate country until Peshawur is approached, when the soil becomes more cultivated.

On arrival at Peshawur Station we procured gharries and drove rapidly to the house of the Commissioner, Colonel Waterfield, who was most kind. Then in a dog-cart and three gharries to the bazaar; very quaint and picturesque. Fine view of the Khyber Pass and the Himalayas from top of police office. Drove to the King's Garden, which is well laid out and contains many fine trees. The Christian church at Peshawur contains many memorial tablets to missionaries. Colonel Waterfield dined with us in the train, and told us much that was deeply interesting about this part of India.

*Wednesday, January 19th.*– Visited by traders of all kinds. Colonel Waterfield and Major Warburton called for us, and we proceeded in gharries and char-à-banc to the Jamrud Fort and entrance to Khyber Pass. Saw 1st Bengal Cavalry and Skinner's Horse exercising under Colonel

Chapman. Inspected portion of the force of 650 infantry and 50 cavalry maintained for the protection of travellers through the Khyber. Tuesday and Friday are the caravan days each week. Strong escort for caravans necessary, owing to intermittent fighting between tribes on either side of pass.

*Thursday, January 20th.*– Arrived before daylight at Rawul Pindi. Woke very early and wrote letters. General Dillon came to greet us. Drove out to the parade-ground. Passed troops on way to be reviewed. The strength on parade included 15th Bengal (Mooltan) Cavalry, 18th Bengal Lancers (Punjaub), Mountain Battery, and the 14th Bengal Infantry (Sikhs). The whole force marched past in splendid style, quite equal to any but the Guards, and then the cavalry went by at a gallop. Mounted gun, carried on five mules, unlimbered in sixty, limbered in sixty-five seconds. Thukkar quoit-throwing extraordinary, the quoits looking like flying-fish darting hither and thither. Also tent-pegging, with and without saddles – shaking rupee off without touching peg, digging peg out of the ground, changing horses at full gallop, and hanging on in every conceivable attitude. Lunched at the residence of the General. Inspected native and British hospitals, huts, tents, and recreation-rooms. Then back to station, where we entertained friends to tea. Resumed journey at 8.20 p. m. All very tired.

*Friday, January 21st.*– Saw minarets of the Shah Dura. Arrived at Lahore two hours and forty minutes late. Drove to Shah Dura in camel-carriage, over Ravee River by bridge of boats. Stream nearly dry. Inlaid marble tomb very beautiful, but surroundings disappointing and much damaged. Saw the elephants being washed in the river. It was most amusing to see how wonderfully they were managed by quite tiny boys. After lunch we went to the Museum, which has only recently been opened. Thence to the bazaar and the Lawrence and Montgomery Halls, and afterwards to Mr. Elsmie's native party, where we met many interesting people. Dined with the Elsmies, and met Colonel Wolseley, Lord Wolseley's brother.

*Saturday, January 22nd.*– Left Lahore at 5 a. m., and reached Amritsar at seven. Noticed encampment and caravan of camels just before arriving. Drove with Mr. Mitchell through the picturesque city to the Golden Temple, with its gilded domes, minarets, and lamps, its marble-terraces, and its fine garden. This temple is the headquarters of the Sikh religion. Beautiful view of the Himalayas from roof. In the public garden, called the Rambagh, people were playing lawn-tennis. Left Amritsar at 8 p. m.

*Sunday, January 23rd.*– At 5 a. m. reached Rajpura, and were received by a deputation of officials. Tea and fruit awaited us in the dâk bungalow, not a hundred yards from the station, to enable us to reach which five carriages had been provided. At 8 a. m. we reached Patiala, where carriages and four, twenty elephants with howdahs, and an escort of thirty horsemen were drawn up in readiness for us. At one o'clock we drove to the Bari Durri, or Palace of the Maharajah of Patiala, a dignified boy of fourteen, who received us most courteously. Drove through the city to another palace called Moti Bagh, which had been placed at our disposal, and where the Maharajah returned our visit.

*Monday, January 24th.*– The gentlemen went out shooting early. Started at 11.30 in carriages drawn by four horses, and drove through scrub-like jungle to meet the shooting party. Rode on elephants, in rather tumble-to-pieces howdahs. Saw many black and grey partridges, quail, deer, and jungle-fowl, but could not shoot any on account of the unsteadiness of the howdahs. Grand durbar at the Maharajah's palace in the evening. Four thousand candles in glass chandeliers.

*Tuesday, January 25th.*– We were honoured early this morning with a visit from the three members of the council of regency. Sir Deva Sing, the president, is a man of distinguished presence and graceful manners. In the course of conversation we endeavoured to elicit his views on several points. Tom questioned him as to the relations between the Government of India and the native states, and told me that he said, speaking for Patiala, and indeed for the native states generally, there were no grievances of which they could complain. Patiala sent a contingent to the last Afghan campaign. Sir Deva Sing, referring to our policy in Afghanistan, thought it would be wise to advance the frontier to the further limits of Afghanistan. He advocated this step solely on the grounds of prestige. Turning

to the condition of the native army, he thought it desirable to improve the position of native officers in the British service. They are not dissatisfied with the actual conditions; they are prepared to fight to the last in support of England; but they would appreciate any step which could be taken to put them on a level with British officers.

A visit to Patiala suggests some general reflections. Under native rule, roads, sanitation, education, everything which belongs to the higher civilisation, is neglected, while money is lavishly spent on elephants, equipages, menageries, jewellery, palaces, and barbaric splendours of every kind. It is a great abuse, much needing correction, that the native states, though they have received from the British complete guarantees against foreign invasion and internal rebellion, maintain armed men, for the vanity of military display, to the number of 315,000.

It would have lightened our burdens greatly if the internal government of India could have been left under native princes. Such an alternative, unfortunately, was not open to us. The native rulers would have proved for the most part incapable of the task. They would have been led on by internecine warfare to mutual destruction. The trade with England depends on the peace which we have been instrumental in preserving.

The gentlemen went out shooting, and we joined them at lunch as before. Paid some visits in the afternoon, and played lawn-tennis at the Bari Durri with the Maharajah. Left Patiala at 8 p. m.

*Wednesday, January 26th.*– Arrived at Meerut at 5 a. m., and thence continued our journey to Delhi. Drove to dâk bungalow, and thence to the palace, now being partially restored. Public audience-hall, Pearl Mosque, and the entire group of buildings, within the fort at Delhi, are noble examples of Indian architecture. Lunched at United Service Hotel, in the garden of which is the tomb of the Emperor Hamayun.

*Thursday, January 27th.*– Drove out early to the Ridge, the flagstaff battery, and the big durbar tent. Saw the troops march by, and at rifle practice. After breakfast went with Mr. Cannon to the Kutub Minar, the grandest column in the world; climbed to the top, whence there is a splendid view. Spent the rest of the day in seeing the sights of this wonderful city. Dined at dâk bungalow, and returned to train. Started at 10.48 for Ulwar.

*Friday, January 28th.*– Arrived at Ulwar at 7 a. m. Messenger from Maharajah to act as our guide. Most lovely palace, not generally shown. Exquisite lace-like marble tracery, especially in Zenana rooms. Both the Maharajah and the Maharanee are at present away. Schinnahal Tank at back, with cupolas, too beautiful for words. We also went to the summer palace and the gardens attached to it, in which, among other things, we saw some schoolboys playing cricket. Both at Ulwar and at Jeypore there are hospitals and medical schools for male and female students.

*Saturday, January 29th.*– Reached Jeypore at 6 a. m. The Maharajah's secretary and his assistant, both dressed in black, came to meet us at seven o'clock. Drove to Amber, the ancient city of the Rajpoots, now almost uninhabited, except by Fakirs. Lovely drive in the cool morning air. Elephants at foot of hill, and alligators in tank. At the temple a kid is sacrificed every morning, of which fact we saw traces. Visited the palace – an extensive and gorgeous building, with fine specimens of carved marble. Magnificent view from roof. Drove back to Jeypore to breakfast, and found men with specimens of arms, and curiosities of all kinds, awaiting us. Visited School of Art and Museum. Lunched at excellent Kaisar-i-Hind hotel. Then to the palace, which contains endless courts and halls-of-audience, including the celebrated Dewani Khas, of white marble. Ascended to seventh story, by special permission. Extensive view over city. Interview with Maharajah. Saw his stables, trained horses, and fighting animals, and the beautiful Ram Newas Gardens.

*Sunday, January 30th.*– Arrived at Agra. Went to church and heard a good sermon. Drove to the Taj, 'the glory of the world,' which was not in the least disappointing, high as were our expectations. Dined with Colonel Smith.

*Monday, January 31st.*– Drove out to Futtehpore Sikri, the favourite residence of the Emperor Akbar, about twenty-five miles from Agra, where there is a lovely tomb, finer than any we have yet

seen. German photographer taking views of it. Lunched near the Jain Temple, which contains most curious carvings. Tom says it is remarkable how well some British regiments stand the climate of India. At Agra we saw the Manchester Regiment. After three years at Mooltan, perhaps the hottest station in India, the men were in rude health. They marched the whole distance to Agra. At the time of our visit the men were playing football and cricket, as vigorously as if they were in England. They subscribe for newspapers; they amuse themselves with frequent theatricals. They are fit to go anywhere and do anything.

The prison at Agra is admirably administered. Under the direction of Dr. Tyler, the men are being instructed in trades, by which, when released from confinement, they will be able to earn an honest living. The manufacture of carpets in the prison has been brought to perfection. A similar progress has been made in wood-carving in the prison at Lahore. Throughout India the prisons have been converted, with a wise humanity, into busy workshops.

*Tuesday, February 1st.*– Left Agra by special train at 3 a. m. and reached Gwalior at seven. Colonel Bannerman, with carriages, kindly met us. After breakfast drove out to the fort, to reach which we had to ride on very shaky elephants up a steep road. Barracks deserted now that the English soldiers are gone. Saw the Jain Temple, restored by Captain Keith. Returned to Gwalior, and lunched at the Residency. Proceeded by 1.45 train to Dholepore. Maharajah received us at station and entertained us with coffee. Reached Agra again at six o'clock.

*Wednesday, February 2nd.*– Arrived at Cawnpore at 2 a. m. Drove at 6.45 through the streets to the Memorial Gardens, where a monument is erected over the well into which so many victims of the Mutiny were cast. Visited the site of the Assembly Rooms, where women and children were hacked to death. Then to General Wheeler's entrenchment, St. John's Church, and the present Memorial Church, which contains many interesting tablets with touching inscriptions. Proceeded by train to Lucknow. Went with General Palmer to the Residency. Lovely gardens, full of purple bougainvillea, orange bignonia, and scarlet poinsettias. It was difficult to realise that this spot had once been the scene of so much horror and bloodshed. It was in the gardens of the Secundra Bagh that two thousand mutineers were killed within two hours by the 93rd Regiment and the 4th Punjaub Rifles, under Sir Colin Campbell. Lunched at the Imperial Hotel, and afterwards went to the soldiers' coffee-tavern.

*Thursday, February 3rd.*– Reached Cawnpore at midnight, and Allahabad at 7.20 a. m. Met by Mr. Adam with the Maharajah's carriages, in which we drove to the principal places of interest, including the fort, the arsenal, and the Sultan's serai and gardens. Returned to station and went on by train to Benares. Drove through the narrow and dirty streets to the Golden Temple. Not much to be seen in the shops except London brasswork and Hindoo gods. The Temple was chiefly remarkable for the dirt which abounded. The Cow Temple was dirtier still, with cows and bulls tied up all round it. Monkey Temple very curious. Drove out to the cantonments, several miles from the city. Dined at Clarke's Hotel, and returned to the train very tired.

*Friday, February 4th.*– Called at 6 a. m. Started at half-past seven for the Ranagar Palace, where we found chairs in readiness to carry us up the ascent. Received by the old Maharajah, his son, and grandson. Embarked in a boat propelled by a treadmill, and proceeded down the river, past all the ghauts and palaces belonging to various kings and princes or to their descendants. The bathing-ghaut was a wonderful sight. Women in brilliant colours; red palanquins and pilgrims. Carriages met us at the bridge.

During the succeeding days the journey included visits to the Marble Rocks, near Jubbulpore, and to the Caves of Ellora, *viâ* Aurungabad.

# CHAPTER II.
## *HYDERABAD AND POONA*

WE arrived at Hyderabad at half-past eleven on February 9th, and found Major Gilchrist (military secretary to the Resident, Mr. Cordery) waiting with the Nizam's carriages to take us to the Residency. It is an imposing building with a flight of twenty-two granite steps, a colossal sphinx standing on either hand, leading to the portico through which you reach the spacious reception and dining rooms, whilst the comfortably furnished sleeping-apartments lie beyond. An entire wing had been appropriated to the ladies of our party; and, luxurious as our railway-cars had been, the increased space and size of our new quarters appeared thoroughly delightful.

In the afternoon we went for a drive through the populous Hindoo suburb of Chadar Ghát to the celebrated 'Tombs of the Kings' at Golkonda, which, however, must not be confounded with the celebrated diamond mines of the same name, for they are nearly one hundred miles apart. The road to the Tombs passes over a stony belt or plain, on which gigantic masses of dark granite lie on all sides in picturesque confusion. The natives have a legend that they are the fragments left over at the completion of the Creation. About seven miles from the city, a solitary gloomy-looking hill rises, crowned by a fort, at the foot of which stand the Tombs. They are magnificent buildings with grand kubbabs or domes rising above the terraces, arcades, and minarets of the main edifice. One of the finest of the Tombs, dedicated to the memory of a Kootub Shahi king, has unfortunately been whitewashed within and without. The Tombs are mainly built of grey granite. They are nearly all covered with beautiful mosaics and enamelled tiles, mutilated, however, in too many instances by the hands of modern relic-hunters. The buildings are surrounded by gardens fragrant with champa and orange-blossom, and gay with many other flowers. One can see that formerly the gardens must have been much more lovely and luxuriant than they now are. The decay and ruin were caused by the great siege in the days of Aurangzib. Extensive repairs have been carried out by Sir Salar Jung. He has restored the gardens, and saved the Tombs from the destruction which had gradually been creeping over them.

We drove back, as we had come, in one of the Nizam's carriages – a drag drawn by four horses, cleverly managed by the chief coachman (an Englishman, named Ulett), who twisted his steeds about in the most marvellous way, especially in the garden before starting, where they might have been said to have 'turned on a sixpence.' I occupied the box-seat coming home, and enjoyed the delicious freshness of the evening air, among the picturesque rocks which rose up on either side. One of these, called 'One Gun Rock,' looks exactly like a cannon without its carriage, resting on an elevation and pointed towards the city. There is another rock with a similar name near Secunderabad; but the resemblance in that case is not so striking.

In the evening we dined with a native gentleman, who spoke English fairly well, and gave us a sumptuous repast in European fashion. Besides a multitude of chandeliers in his house, he had a billiard-table with glass legs, and splendid red satin chairs also with glass arms and legs. The view from the roof, to which we ascended after dinner, over the city, bathed in the light of the full moon, was really beautiful and quite romantic. On leaving, our host handed each of us a little *flacon* of most delicious attar of roses.

The following morning we were called at five o'clock, and by seven were driving towards Secunderabad, five or six miles distant. On leaving the Residency, which stands in the suburb of Chadar Ghát, about a mile to the north-west of the city; we drove through the city of Hyderabad, where the population is mainly Mahomedan, and afterwards through the outlying suburbs and villages, chiefly inhabited by Hindoos. Two miles north of Secunderabad is Trimulgherry, the headquarters of the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force, and a very important military station for European troops, the city of Secunderabad itself being garrisoned by native troops. One-tree Hill is not very far from here,

called after the solitary palm-tree standing in the midst of a mass of rocks. Passing the city, we came to the barracks of the 7th Hussars, and then to Bolarum, where the Resident lives during the rainy season. His house is quite charming with its handsome ball-room, numerous lawn-tennis grounds, and well-kept gardens, in which we gathered violets and roses. The breeze was quite invigorating, the difference between the air here and at Hyderabad being very remarkable, considering that this is only 200 feet higher. The view from the top of the house, towards Byham's Monument and the quarters of the Hyderabad Contingent, was also interesting, the landscape resembling burnt-up, brown, breezy 'down' country, and reminding us all of Sussex.

We drove back to the Residency to breakfast and there sat quietly and read all the morning in our pleasant rooms. Late in the afternoon we drove to the tank of Mir Alam, where a brother of Sir Salar Jung was waiting for us in a steam-launch, in which we made little voyages up and down the so-called 'tank,' which was in fact an artificial lake twenty miles in circumference, and covering an area of 10,000 acres. Everybody went into raptures over the scenery, which was not unlike the tamer parts of Loch Duich or Loch Carron, in Scotland, with the addition of an occasional mosque or tomb perched on the rocky heights. It was extremely pleasant, steaming slowly about; and, as the sun went down, gorgeous effects were produced behind the rocks and hills. Prettier still when it became dark and the lights began to twinkle on the hillsides, and in the tents, pitched in readiness for a dinner party to be given by Sir Salar Jung this evening. The drive home through the densely crowded tortuous streets was most amusing; though one never ceased wondering how the drivers, even with the aid of the active syces, managed to avoid running over somebody, so thoroughly careless did the throng of people appear of their own safety.

The next day, February 11th, we were again awakened at a very early hour, and drove off to a spot in the Nizam's preserves, about six miles distant, where we were met by elephants, bullock and horse-tongas, and two cheetahs in carts, in readiness for the projected black-buck hunting expedition. Our guides strongly recommended us to select tongas instead of elephants as the mode of conveyance, saying that the black-buck have been so frequently hunted of late that they are alarmed at the sight of elephants. This advice proved good, for we soon afterwards found ourselves close to four fine animals. The cheetah which was to be first let loose, and which was carried on one of the tongas, became much excited, though he was blindfolded by a leathern mask and not allowed to see his prey until quite close to it. He stood up in the cart lashing his tail, and now and then curling it round the neck of the driver like a huge boa. When at last he was set free he darted forward and, after crouching behind a hillock waiting his opportunity, made a tremendous spring right on to the back of a buck, striking the poor animal such a blow on the side of the head that it must have been paralysed before the cruel teeth of the cheetah seized its throat. It was a splendid exhibition of brute strength and agility; but I carefully kept far enough away not to see any of the painful details which are inseparable from such sport, and which must, to me, always mar the pleasures of the chase.

Proceeding in another direction, we soon came across a large herd of black-buck; but the elephants had by this time caught us up, and the moment the deer perceived the huge creatures they bounded away. The elephants were therefore left behind with the horses, and we all seated ourselves on the tongas, creeping in this way quite near a herd of forty or fifty does, with six or eight fine bucks feeding with them. At one of these bucks the second and smaller cheetah was let go; but he could not make up his mind which buck to try for, whereby he lost both his opportunity and his temper, and went off sulkily into the jungle, from which his keeper had considerable difficulty in recapturing him.

We had in the meantime gone on with the first cheetah till we came to a herd of about eighty black-buck, and they allowed us to approach pretty close to them before starting off at a good round trot. The largest buck took alarm, and was out of sight in a moment; but by making a *détour* we managed to get near the others, and the cheetah was once more set free. After a moment's hesitation he fixed his attention upon the finest of the bucks in sight, and after a short gallop in pursuit made a tremendous spring upon his prey. This time, however, the cheetah missed his mark, and, falling short,

rolled over ignominiously in the dust. Recovering himself in an instant, he made another and more successful spring, and despatched the poor buck with the usual quick, lightning-like stroke of the paw. The force with which the cheetah strikes his victim is marvellous. I have heard that a tiger can in the same way crush the head of a water-buffalo like an egg-shell; and the power of the cheetah's paw must be little less in proportion. It is, of course, well known that the tiger's retractile claws are like those of a cat, whereas the cheetah has toe-nails similar to those of a dog.

The drive back to the Residency seemed long and hot, and I was glad to rest awhile after our early excursion. Later in the forenoon we drove through the city, this time behind a team of Austrian greys, on our way to breakfast with Sir Salar Jung at the Barah Dari Palace. Sir Salar is Prime Minister to the present Nizam, and is the son of the eminent Indian statesman whose spare figure, clever face, well-cut clothes, and snowy turban were seen often during his visit to London twelve years ago. He received us very pleasantly, and showed us over his palace, built around a fine courtyard, with elaborately carved marble seats at intervals. The palace itself contains quantities of European chandeliers, musical boxes, portraits in oil of past Nizams, Maharajahs, and Governors-General. Sir Salar has also a fine collection of Indian arms, and we were shown the skin of an enormous tiger killed by himself only last week.

Breakfast was served in a most delightful verandah overlooking a courtyard with flashing fountains and green and shady trees, the table being prettily decorated, and the meal arranged in the most approved European fashion.

Afterwards we returned to the Residency, and the hottest hours of the day were spent in reading and writing. At four o'clock I again drove out with Mr. Furdonji Jamsetjee, the Minister's private secretary, passing through the picturesque and interesting native bazaars. The narrow whitewashed streets lined with little shops, gaily decorated with gold and bright colours, form a fitting background to the smartly dressed groups moving about among them. We did not pause to make any purchases, but stopped the carriage at many points to admire the motley crowd and the curious and beautiful mosques and temples.

We were fortunate enough to meet two processions, one literally a 'wedding march,' and the other a numerous company of Hindoo worshippers. First came a noisy, turbulent crowd of native soldiery, escorting a young man mounted on a very fat horse, dressed in gorgeous kincob, with eight people holding an enormous umbrella over him. This proved to be the bridegroom, and he was followed by many elephants and camels. As for the unfortunate bride, she was immured in a closely covered palanquin decorated with red velvet and gold. How she could live and breathe and have her being in such an airless box will always be a mystery to me, for we were gasping for breath in our open carriage. The second procession consisted of many more elephants and camels, with the addition of bands of brass and other noisy instruments. The central figure of this cavalcade seemed to be an old priest carrying on his head a bulky package wrapped in green cloth, which, I heard, was an offering to be made in an adjacent temple.

Hyderabad is unlike any other city I have yet seen in India, and, indeed, is said to resemble no other Eastern town. Nowhere, not even in the seaports, is there so mixed a population. As Mr. Edwin Arnold says, 'You see the Arab, short and square, with his silver-bound matchlock and daggers; the black-faced Sidi; the Robilla, with blue caftan and blunderbuss; the Pathan; the Afghan, dirty and long-haired; the Rajput, with his shield of oiled and polished hide; Persians, Bokhara men, Turks, Mahrattas, Madrasses, Parsees, and others.' The people are all allowed to carry arms – a privilege of which they fully avail themselves, evidently regarding daggers, knives, matchlocks, and a sword or two, as fit finery for festivities and merry-makings of every kind.

Notwithstanding their ferocious appearance, the people of Hyderabad are not more quarrelsome or turbulent than those of other cities, and recourse is very seldom had to these swords, daggers, or guns. The inlaying of arms and the sale of so-called ancient weapons to curiosity-collectors is, naturally, one of the specialities of Hyderabad. An immense quantity were brought

to the Residency this morning for our inspection, and they made a glittering display in the marble portico. Among them were swords with watered blades, called johurdas, and worth several hundreds of pounds; besides innumerable scimitars of every shape, rapiers, blunderbusses, and exquisitely ornamented but treacherous-looking daggers and other stabbing instruments.

It has amused us much during our stay here to watch the elephants taking their baths. The Nizam owns three hundred of these big beasts, and all the nobles possess elephants in proportion to their rank and wealth. The huge creatures are driven down to the river night and morning, and it was most curious to see the unwieldy animals lay themselves flat down on their sides in the shallow water, so that nothing but a small island of body, so to speak, was visible, while an occasional lazy switch of tail or wave of trunk indicated the languid feeling of pleasure and contentment enjoyed by the bathers. Their keepers, helped by a small boy who clambered up their steep sides, assisted the cleansing process by scrubbing them vigorously with a sort of stable-broom. As soon as one side was thoroughly cleaned the boy jumped off, and at the word of command, with a tremendous upheaval, and amid a great displacement of water, the huge beast flopped down again on its cleansed side, uttering a prodigious grunt of satisfaction, and quite ready for the same process to be repeated. Such a splashing was never seen; especially when, as chanced to be the case whilst we were driving past, fifteen elephants were taking their baths at the same time. I felt quite afraid that one little baby elephant, who had timidly followed its mother, would be overwhelmed and drowned by the wallowing and flounderings of the older animals.

*Saturday, February 12th.*– Our early expeditions of the last two mornings have been so tiring, that I determined to remain quietly at home to-day until it was time to go to breakfast with the Nizam at eleven o'clock. At half-past ten his Highness's beautiful coaches came for us; and – Mr. Cordery and I leading the way – we drove through the Chowk, one of the broadest streets of the city, to the palace. This is reached through the stables; and the horses, evidently waiting inspection, were standing with their heads out of the doors of their boxes; their grooms, in yellow tunics, blue trousers, and red waist-bands much trimmed with silver, being stationed at the animals' heads. At one corner of the quadrangle in which the stables are built is a passage leading to a second and larger square, crowded by numbers of the Nizam's retainers. We passed through this to a third courtyard (said to cover as much ground as Lincoln's Inn Fields), and there alighted, at the bottom of a fine flight of marble steps, overlooking a charming garden with the usual tank in the centre. The effect was, however, rather spoilt to European eyes by a very ill-cast bronze figure, holding in its hand a large coloured air-ball, such as are sold in the streets of London for a penny each. The Nizam (now about twenty-one years of age) is so delighted with these balls that he has ordered two hundred of them, so that when one explodes it may be replaced immediately.

From the entrance-hall, marble corridors, from which hung handsome glass chandeliers, led into the centre room of a fine suite of apartments, where the Nizam shortly afterwards joined us. At breakfast I sat between his Highness and his chief aide-de-camp, neither of whom touched anything, except a glass of iced water and a cup of tea, during the whole of a very long meal. Subsequently the Nizam kindly caused all his best horses and ponies to be brought to the foot of the marble steps for us to see. There were Arabs of high degree, thoroughbred English horses, and very good-looking Walers among them, besides some tiny ponies, four of which, when harnessed together, drew a real Cinderella coach of solid silver. Although I delighted in looking at these beautiful animals, I became so tired that I had to make my escape. Some of the party stayed and went through the stables, harness-rooms, and coach-houses, which must, from their account, have been well worth seeing. They were especially struck by the perfect training of the horses, who seemed as docile as kittens, and would jump in and out of their stalls, take a straw out of their groom's mouth, and when told to 'go' would dash off wildly round the garden (to the great detriment of the flowers and plants), returning instantly to their stables at the word of command.

From the Nizam's palace I drove to see the wife of the Finance Minister, Mehdi Ali – an intelligent lady, who speaks English wonderfully well; in fact, she expressed herself so perfectly that it was difficult to believe she had scarcely spoken a word of our language for more than a year and a half. It seemed sad to hear that she never went out, because she did not care to go 'covered up,' and that such had been the seclusion of her existence, that she scarcely knew any animals by sight, except from pictures, and had no pets, except, as she said, 'pet books.' She showed me the books gained as prizes at college by her two nephews, with evident appreciation of their contents, one being Prescott's 'History of America,' and the other a translation of Homer's 'Iliad.' I parted with her after receiving the usual garland of honour on leaving, feeling grateful that Providence had not placed *me* behind a purdah, but had allowed me to go about and see the world for myself instead of having to look at it through other people's eyes.

The midday heat was so great that we gladly rested at the Residency until it became time to go to tea with Khurseed Jah, whose house is only a little distance off. We were received at the entrance to the garden by our host and his son, who led us to a marble platform by the side of a tank on which three boats were floating. One of these had the name of 'Sunbeam' painted upon it; but the compliment must have been paid some time ago, for both boat and paint looked decidedly shabby. On a marble platform in the centre of the tank a band was playing. My little girls embarked for a row in the boat, discarding the services of the four boatmen who, apparently disliking, like Othello, to find 'their occupation gone,' jumped into the water and swam after them. Their black heads and copper-coloured shoulders looked so funny following the erratic movements of the boat!

We were offered ices, tea, coffee, and other good things, whilst the band played its liveliest airs. Presently old-fashioned bath-chairs arrived to take us up by an avenue of palms to the house, where the Nawab showed us photographs and portraits of various distinguished people, and – with natural pride – the preparations he is making for a Jubilee dinner on the 16th, when he will entertain 300 guests in a spacious marquee. The whole place is now encumbered with bullock-carts, bringing up stores, provisions, and wines for this great occasion.

The Nawab earnestly pressed us to fix a day on which he might be allowed to entertain us; but want of time made this hospitable plan impossible. On parting he presented us each with a bouquet, as well as with the usual bottles of scent, the number of which varies, I observe, according to the position of the recipient. On these occasions I find my number is generally eight, but occasionally only six; while some of the party get four, and others the still more modest allotment of two bottles apiece. The drive home, through the cool air beneath the bright stars, amid the twinkling lights, and the cries and 'chatterification' of birds going to bed, as well as the flutter of flying-foxes skimming overhead as they hurried forth on their nocturnal predatory expeditions, was really the pleasantest part of the day.

In the evening there was a dinner party at the Residency, which included Sir Salar Jung, his brother Mooner-ul-Mulk, and several European guests. Sir Salar is of gigantic physical proportions, and well merits his sobriquet of 'mountain-man.' He has been a great deal in England, and is well acquainted with European manners and customs. Colonel Marshall, another of the guests, who since the retirement of the Nizam's former tutor has acted as his Highness's private political adviser, will be a great addition to the English element in Hyderabad. He has already occupied a similar position with the Rajah of Chumba, and has thus gained much experience to fit him for his delicate task here. There are many private cabals and intrigues among the nobles, as well as among the relatives of the Nizam, and little interest is taken in the administration of public affairs. Many amusing stories are related of the inevitable rivalry between the nobles, and I was told that, one of them having assumed the title of 'Glory of the Sun,' his nearest relative and rival immediately capped it by taking upon himself the transcendent appellation of 'Glory of the Heavens.'

On the morning of February 13th we had to get up very early in order to start for Bombay *viâ* Poonah, all our luggage having been sent to the station overnight. Unfortunately our little party now comprises two invalids, for Mr. McLean has been ill for some days past, while Mr. des Graz is

suffering from a touch of sunstroke. Before starting, Mr. Cordery took us round the beautiful garden of the Residency to see the preparations to celebrate the Jubilee. The outline of the house is to be illuminated with *butties*, little earthenware or glass pots filled with wicks floating in cocoa-nut oil, like those used at South Kensington. The grounds are also to be lighted up with pretty arcades formed of palms, and hung with lanterns; while beyond the garden is a large open space, where quantities of fireworks are to be let off.

By Colonel Marshall's desire, Ulett brought the Nizam's state coach – a huge canary-coloured, boat-shaped vehicle, hung on the most elastic of Cee springs, with solid silver railings, trimmings, and canopy supports – to convey us to the station. The coachman wore a canary-coloured livery (the royal colour of Hyderabad) stiff with silver brocade; and the eight attendants were dressed in yellow, blue, and red costumes. There were several other state carriages, so that we formed quite a little procession; and just as we reached the station Afsur Jung, the Nizam's aide-de-camp, drove up to bid us farewell, in a pretty little dog-cart drawn by four Pegu ponies. At 8.45 precisely the train steamed off, after much hand-shaking and many good wishes from a large group of kind friends, who had each and all brought nosegays, so that the saloon was turned for that day into a perfect garden.

We breakfasted comfortably in the train; but later the sun began to blaze down so fiercely upon us, that I fear our two invalids must have found the heat and the shaking of the carriages rather trying. We reached Wadi at three o'clock, and Hingoli about seven in the evening – very tired. This is the junction for Bijapur, one of the most ancient cities of India, and once the capital of the Deccan. Its walls are of immense extent, and it is guarded by a fort six miles in circumference. In fact, what is now called the city is only the ruins of that portion of it which used to be enclosed within the fort. The mosques and tombs are of great interest, and I am sorry there was not time to visit them. The mosque and tomb of Ibrahim Rozah are said to be unsurpassed by anything of the kind in India. They are, however, carefully described by Mr. Fergusson in his 'History of Architecture;' and he also gives full details about the many fine ruins of Bijapur, including the Gol Gumbaz, or Round Dome – a mausoleum built in honour of Sultan Muhammad VII. – the Cathedral Mosque, and the Ark, or Citadel.

On Monday, February 14th, at 5 a. m., we reached Poonah, the capital of the Mahratta country, 120 miles distant from Bombay. Here we were shunted into a siding, where Dr. Hoffmeister soon joined us, bringing good news of all on board the 'Sunbeam,' which had had a splendid passage of fifty-two hours down from Kurrachee to Bombay, making the shortest run on record entirely under sail. He also eased our minds by his favourable opinion of our invalids, though his examination could be but superficial.

Mr. Crawford, the Commissioner, appeared about eight o'clock, with several carriages, and kindly insisted upon our spending the day at his house, which, I need scarcely say, was a very pleasant plan. He first took us for a drive round the city to the Government House, called Ganesh Khind, where the Governor of Bombay lives for several months in the year. It was delicious to stroll about the charming grounds, but it was equally pleasant to return to breakfast at the Commissioner's bungalow, which stands on the banks of the Mula River. Mr. Crawford is a great horticulturist, and has surrounded his dwelling with a beautiful garden, filled with a profusion of all sorts of acclimatised plants, flowers, trees, and fruits. The crotons, dracænas, and ferns seemed particularly fine, and two arcades of bamboo trellis leading from the house to the river-bank made very pretty features in the sylvan scene.

A poultry-yard stands next to the garden, filled at this moment by a great many fowls, all ready for the Poultry Show next week. I had heard of this Show a few weeks ago, and was much pleased to see some of my own birds, which I had sent for from the yacht, holding their own against fine specimens from all parts of the world. They had, of course, originally been brought from England for the prosaic purpose of forming an addition to our larder, a fate from which they have happily escaped, as they will not now return to the 'Sunbeam.' There was also a miniature zoological-garden,

containing a numerous collection of deer and smaller animals, including a sweet little monkey, with which the children, of course, immediately fell in love.

At breakfast we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting our old friends Major and Mrs. Hannay. He is now aide-de-camp to the Duke of Connaught, and, directly our meal was over, he had to hurry off to look after the preparations for the ball which is to be given by H.R.H. to-night in honour of the Jubilee. The date of this ball was only fixed twenty-four hours ago, and there is naturally a great deal to be done, though people in India seem to take these sudden arrangements quite as a matter of course. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught had graciously telegraphed to Hyderabad to ask us to stay at Poonah for the ball; so, though difficult to manage, we have decided to remain for the earlier part at any rate, and to leave by the 11 p. m. train, which will bring us to Bombay early to-morrow morning.

After the usual siesta and five o'clock tea, I went with the Commissioner to attend a meeting of the ladies' committee of the Poultry Show, held in a tent on the spot where the Show is to take place. All the arrangements seemed excellent, and there was nothing for me to do but to express warm approval. We then went for a short drive through the principal streets of Poonah, which includes a picturesque native town, besides charming suburbs where the bungalows are half buried in gardens. The well-known Bund Road, surrounded by hills, has been so often and so well described that it would be absurd for me to attempt to say anything about it after the hasty glimpse caught during the pleasant drives of this morning and afternoon.

Directly after dinner we went in an open carriage to the ball at the Gymkhana. The bright lights and lamps of a long row of carriages waiting outside made a pretty and animated scene as we drove up. The guests were received at the entrance to the ball-room by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. H.R.H. danced the first quadrille with me, and the next two with Mabelle and Maude Laurence. We were pressed to prolong our stay until to-morrow; this was, unfortunately, impossible, for we are already overdue in Bombay. At a quarter to eleven I left the ball-room, and the young ladies followed shortly afterwards. We went straight to the station, and, re-entering the train, were again shunted on to the main line, starting at last on the final stage of our journey to Bombay.

# CHAPTER III.
## *BOMBAY*

I LOOKED out of the carriage window for some time upon the distant ghauts, and the nearer and fantastically shaped rocks with their tropical vegetation, now bathed in moonlight, until at last I happily dropped off to sleep, and remember nothing more until we reached Bombay at 7 a. m.

There we found Mr. Kindred and the men from the yacht waiting to meet us. Leaving them to look after the luggage, the Doctor and I got our two invalids into gharries, and drove at once to Malabar Point to stay with the Governor and Lady Reay. Tom shortly afterwards appeared and surprised us by his description of the unprecedentedly quick run of the 'Sunbeam' from Kurrachee. Then Lady Reay and Captain Hamilton came to welcome us, having just returned from their morning ride. Breakfast over, the rest of the morning was busily spent in writing and in getting things into order.

In the afternoon we drove with Captain Hamilton along the Breach Candy road to the famous Towers of Silence, or Parsee cemetery, where we were met by Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy's secretary, who conducted us over this most interesting place and explained fully the Parsee method of disposing of their dead and the religious motives which led to its adoption. Much as the explanation interested me, I will not repeat it here; but I must notice the beauty of the view from the Prayer-rooms, and the solemn stillness of the garden below, where the relatives of the departed come to talk peacefully over their memories. However admirable the arrangement may be from a sanitary point of view, I never could get reconciled to the presence of the vultures, though they were not at all unpicturesque, for their unwieldy copper-coloured bodies contrasted well with the massive and brilliant foliage.

From the Towers of Silence we drove in a kind of quadruple dog-cart, with four seats facing alternately outwards, forwards, and backwards, and drawn by a fiery pair of horses, through the native town to the yacht. The view from the road, cut, as it is, in the side of the Malabar hill, was both beautiful and striking. It looks down upon a perfect sea of palm-leaves, gently waving in the breeze, which conceal, save where the tower of some tall building peeps forth, a city of more than 800,000 inhabitants.

Four o'clock of the morning of February 16th found me in the verandah outside our bungalow, listening to the roaring of the cannon, which ushered in the day on which was to be celebrated in India the Jubilee of Victoria, its Queen and Empress. The hours are early here, and at a quarter to eight Lady Reay, Captain Gordon, Tom, and I started to 'assist' at the grand ceremony at the Town Hall, followed later by the Governor and his aides-de-camp. As we neared the city the crowd became greater, everyone being dressed in holiday attire, and all apparently in a great state of enthusiasm and excitement. It looked like a many-tinted bed of flowers; for the Parsee ladies, unlike their Mahomedan and Hindoo sisters, have no dislike to display their toilettes in public, and are always clad in the gayest colours, arranged with perfect taste. The only specially distinctive mark in their costume is a rather unbecoming white band drawn tightly over the brow. In many cases, however, this had been judiciously pushed back so far as nearly to disappear under the bright-coloured silk sari which only partly concealed their jet-black and glossy tresses. Every Parsee has to wear the sacred shirt of cotton gauze, and the Kusti, or cord of seventy-two woollen threads, representing, like the divisions of the Towers of Silence, the numbers of the chapters of one of the sacred books.

Near the Town Hall the scene became still more animated, and the applause of the multitude, though much more subdued in tone than the roar of an English crowd, was quite as enthusiastic. The men from H.M.S. 'Bacchante' lined the approaches to the building, and the Bombay Volunteers acted as a guard-of-honour. We were ushered into the gallery, where chairs were placed for Lady Reay and myself close to the Governor's throne. The sight from this 'coign of vantage' was indeed imposing. Immediately in front stretched a fine flight of steps, covered with red cloth, and crowded with European and native officials in every variety of costume. The approach to the steps was through

a pretty garden, where the wealth of tropical vegetation was set off by flags and gaily coloured banners. A dense crowd of natives ringed this enclosure round, whilst lofty houses, their gaily draped balconies and windows filled with bright and happy faces, made a brilliant background. Presently the Governor was seen approaching, escorted by his own bodyguard and a company of mounted volunteers (now called the Bombay Light Horse), who looked very picturesque and soldierlike as they dashed through the crowd. All dismounted at the west entrance to the garden, where a procession was formed, at the head of which the Governor advanced and, amid a flourish of trumpets, took his stand in front of the throne to receive the addresses and telegrams presented by, or on behalf of, various classes of the community in the Bombay Presidency. No less than fifty-eight congratulatory telegrams from public bodies in the Mofussil had been received, and, after leave asked and granted, a number of deputations were introduced, who presented their documents enclosed in handsome caskets or in kincob bags. Almost the first telegram came from his Highness Aga Sultan Mahomed Shah, a potentate who is regarded by his followers with great awe and reverence. Then followed a message from the Rao of Cutch, enclosed in a beautifully embroidered bag, succeeded by many others. Fortunately all save two were 'taken as read,' the exceptions being the address presented by the inhabitants of Bombay and by the Senate of the University. The presentation of the caskets, some of which were quite works of art, occupied a long, long time. One casket seemed to be covered with a sort of lacework of ivory and ebony, and was still further ornamented by wreaths studded with gold and exquisitely modelled figures of elephants and wild beasts. Others, again, were of ebony profusely inlaid with silver.

The Governor's replies to the addresses were most happy, and evidently touched the feelings of his hearers. As he uttered his final words two young middies, perched on a dangerous-looking corner of the parapet, scrambled on to the roof, and, at a given signal, smartly unfurled an immense Royal Standard, amid the thunder of an imperial salute of 101 guns. The effect of the whole scene was deeply impressive, as well as suggestive. I have seen many ceremonies both at home and abroad, but never one more picturesque or of more thrilling interest.

From the town hall we went, still in procession, to the cathedral, which stands close to the Elphinstone Garden, where a musical service was held. 'God save the Queen' was magnificently rendered, and the two specially written verses which were added to the National Anthem were most effective.

After service the Governor and Lady Reay, with their aides-de-camp, in one carriage, and we in another, returned to Malabar Point, where we were only too glad to put off our finery and rest quietly indoors until half-past four, precisely at which hour we had to resume our war-paint and go, again in procession, to Parel, to meet their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The road lay through the poorer part of the city, but was made gay and interesting by the crowd of people through which we passed, and by the preparations which all were busily making to take part in the Jubilee.

Parel is the official residence of the Governor of Bombay; much larger than, but not nearly so agreeable as, the house at Malabar Point; however, each successive Governor appears to entertain a different opinion on this subject, and Lord Reay's predecessor preferred Parel. The garden, with its fine trees and luxuriant vegetation, is pretty, but not very private; for a Hindoo house, much used for marriages, stands on one side of the tank which borders it, while the tramway almost touches it on the other. The house itself, originally a Portuguese chapel and monastery, is three-storeyed, and contains some fine spacious rooms. The present Governor intends to give up Parel for the use of the Victoria Technical Institute till a more suitable building can be found.

In the adjoining bungalow a substantial tea, with all sorts of cooling drinks, was temptingly arranged among masses of flowers and greenery. The servants from Malabar Point seemed to have arrived by magic, and their picturesque liveries added much to the brilliancy of the scene. The refreshments proved not to be by any means useless, for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught had commenced the day at Poonah by inspecting the troops on horseback at 7 a. m.; and this was closely

followed by the opening of the Poultry Show and several other functions, to say nothing of a railway journey of six hours in the heat of the day from Poonah to Bombay.

In a pleasant, informal way, we were then told off to carriages from which to see the illuminations, an escort of cavalry and of the bodyguard being provided to prevent, as far as possible, our small procession being broken up by the crowd. In the suburbs the illuminations were general but simple in design. There was a more pretentious display in front of the Veterinary Hospital, consisting of transparent pictures of horses and cows. This hospital was established by Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, one of the largest mill-owners of Bombay, who has received the honour of knighthood as a Jubilee gift.

Presently the crowd became more numerous, and began to run alongside the carriages, shouting, and carrying blue lights, a compliment with which we could well have dispensed; for the smoke, the clouds of powder which they occasionally threw into the air, the dust raised as they rushed along, and the general heat and want of air in the narrow streets, had a stifling effect. The illuminations were not only artistically beautiful, but afforded a proof that members of every religion and class had united to do honour to their Sovereign. Among the most striking buildings were a Mahomedan Mosque, the lines of which were clearly defined against the starlit sky by rows of pure white lanterns; a Hindoo temple, where court within court was lighted in a simple and effective manner by *butties* filled with cocoa-nut oil; and several Jain temples brightly illuminated with coloured lights. In the native quarter the houses were lighted up in the peculiar Indian fashion by chandeliers suspended from the windows or across the streets – perhaps the most wonderful part of the scene.

After driving through the crowded streets we proceeded to the Apollo Bunder – now officially called the Wellington Pier – to witness the illumination of the harbour and the grand display of fireworks. The harbour, with its thousands and thousands of twinkling lights, was a sight to be remembered. Even the little 'Sunbeam,' though somewhat overshadowed by the huge 'Bacchante,' displayed with good effect a row of coloured lights from stem to stern.

As we drove home we much admired the illumination of the public gardens on the Malabar Hill. The name 'Victoria' was written in lines of fire on its steep slopes, and was reflected with beautiful effect in the still waters of the bay.

Just before reaching home the horses in our carriage took to jibbing, and after nearly being precipitated over a wall and down an embankment we thought it better to get out and walk, which made us rather late for dinner. We were not alone in misfortune, however, for another of the carriages had collided with a tramcar; and a horse in yet another vehicle, in which the A.D.C.'s were driving, severely injured itself.

The next morning (Thursday, February 17th) we were all rather late – that is to say, for this part of the world. Personally, I began to work between seven and eight o'clock, and consequently got through a good deal before breakfast. Afterwards a succession of visitors arrived, friendly, complimentary, and on business, among the latter being many tradesmen, anxious to press their wares upon us. The verandah was soon crowded by box-wallahs, who squatted in the midst of their piles of brilliantly coloured silks, gauze, and muslins, or arrived laden with specimens of heavy lacquered-work, carved ivory, sandal-wood, Poonah inlaid work, arms, and jewels. A verandah at the back of the chief bungalow, containing the reception-rooms, had meanwhile been completely filled by a long table, on which was displayed a magnificent collection of jewels belonging to a well-known jeweller and diamond merchant. Brilliants of the size of walnuts were there by the dozen, side by side with huge emeralds; bracelets composed of hundreds of shining gems; a tiara of diamonds formerly belonging to the Empress of the French; rings with precious stones of such dimensions that none but a large finger could wear them; and altogether such a mixture of Oriental and European splendour, and ancient and modern fashions, as one would scarcely have imagined it possible to collect together. We made no purchases, but the wealthy jeweller was quite pleased to have the opportunity of displaying his splendid wares. A compliment from the Governor seemed to satisfy him completely; and before

we had been five minutes at lunch the whole of his valuable stock was stowed away in two or three common-looking little boxes, tied up in cloth, and so transported back to his strong box. I do not profess to be a judge of jewels, but those who knew more of such things than I did estimated the value of the collection at over a million sterling.

Early in the afternoon I had to hurry off to the yacht to receive a large party on board. In the evening a ball was given by the Governor at Malabar Hill. It was a brilliant entertainment in celebration of the Jubilee.

Everything had been well arranged: the drawing-room with its perfect floor formed a beautiful ball-room, whilst in both verandahs stood plenty of sofas and lounges. On each side of the house the garden paths leading to the water's edge were illuminated, fireworks being discharged from boats at intervals. The ships in the harbour were also dressed with fire instead of bunting. Above all, the air felt deliciously cool. On one side of the house bountiful supper-tables, decorated with large baskets of flowers, had been laid out under awnings spread beneath the trees. The band was perfect, and though the ball was by no means over at that hour, it must have been quite three o'clock before we all retired.

On Friday, February 18th, we had another busy morning, making various arrangements for sea. Mr. McLean had been pronounced well enough to go home by to-day's P. & O. steamer, which he was anxious to do, for he is to row in the Oxford Eight. Pratt, the steward, who has been with us during our journey through India, has been unwell for some time past, and is therefore recommended by the Doctor to return at the same time. We had always intended to send home my dear and clever poodle 'Sir Roger' from Bombay; his place on the steamer had been secured, and all his little belongings sent on board. Mabelle and I went off to the yacht in the morning. About three o'clock Tom arrived, and at once went off with Mr. McLean and Pratt. They found 'Sir Roger' already established on board the steamer, but looking so utterly miserable that, knowing well how sorry we were to part with him, Tom insisted on bringing him back again. The poor dog has seemed quite crestfallen for some days past, and yesterday, instead of remaining quietly in my room at Government House, as he always does when I go out without him, he escaped and hid himself under the Governor's chair, only giving occasional notice of his presence by a short, nervous bark.

After the departure of the steamer Mabelle and I had only just sufficient time to reach Government House to be present at Lady Reay's *purdah* party, to which only ladies are admitted. The entertainment derives its name from the *purdah*, or curtain, behind which Mahomedan and Hindoo ladies are supposed to live, veiled from the sight of men. Lady Reay's visitors were all dressed in their best, and seemed full of delight at this pleasant incident in their monotonous life; but their ways of showing enjoyment were various and amusing. Some wanted only to look on; others were glad to talk to any English lady who could converse with them, while others again were much taken up with the sweetmeats and ices. The behaviour of two ladies amused me immensely. Their servant having awkwardly upset and broken a glass, spilling the contents on the floor, they immediately flew at her and slapped her so hard that the sound of the blows could be plainly heard all over the room. The woman did not seem to resent this treatment in the least, for she only laughed and proceeded to pick up the pieces.

Several of these ladies asked me to allow them to go on board the yacht; and when the others found that I had promised to try to make arrangements to preserve the *purdah* properly, they all wanted to come. I found, therefore, there was nothing for it but to give a large party on the only vacant day left to us before our departure from Bombay. Mrs. H. Ali was specially interested in the matter when she found that we intended to call, if possible, at Jinjeera on our way to Ceylon, and to see the Nawab, who has married her youngest daughter as his second wife.

Some of the dresses were quite gorgeous, and would take long to describe. The Parsees looked slim and graceful as Greek girls, their *saris* of bright satin or silk hanging in light folds and showing the strips of delicate narrow embroidery with which they were ornamented. The Hindoo ladies draped their *saris* around them; while the Mahomedans, with their bright-coloured trousers, skirts, and

yashmaks, made a vivid contrast to the other guests. The skirts of some of the ladies were so full that they stuck out further than any crinoline ever seen, and must, I am sure, have had more than a hundred yards of satin in them. When it was time to leave, it was curious to see how closely all the ladies veiled. Some of the attendants were provided with bundles which proved to be immense veils. These they threw over their mistresses, shrouding completely both face and figure.

When this reception was over I had to dress and hurry down to the yacht to receive a party of my own friends, after which we all returned to Malabar Point to dinner.

The Byculla Club Ball, at which their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present, took place in the evening; a splendid affair, held in spacious well-arranged rooms.

Next morning early the children went for a ride with their father and Captain Hamilton, and after breakfast there arrived a continuous stream of box-wallahs and visitors until midday. The Guicowar of Baroda called to see the Governor, while Lady Reay and I sat in the verandah chatting with Captain Elliot, who has been till recently the Prince's tutor. The Guicowar speaks English well, not only correctly and fluently, but idiomatically. He is loyal to British rule, and the object of the present visit was to obtain a further supply of arms for his soldiers; it having been considered desirable policy to encourage him to form a large force of cavalry, which might be found valuable as auxiliaries. His adopted mother, too, is a remarkable woman. During the last Russian scare she offered to equip a band of Amazons for service in the field.

After this visit many preparations had to be made for resuming our voyage; but they were finished in time to allow Tom and me, accompanied by Mrs. Keating, Captain Hamilton, and the children, to drive down early in the afternoon to see the annual race-meeting at Byculla. The races are almost entirely in the hands of Arabs, and are as a rule well worth seeing.

One of the most interesting sights to me was a group of horse-dealers from Arabia and the Persian Gulf. They have handsome faces and clear olive complexions, soft silky hair and moustache, and beautifully trimmed beards. These picturesquely attired men import large quantities of horses into India, and easily sell them, either singly or in batches, to other dealers.

From the racecourse we drove to the Oval, where 15,000 schoolchildren were to be feasted in celebration of the Jubilee. Being rather late, we met many of them coming away singing hymns and songs.

After this short glimpse of the children's festival we hurried on board to receive the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at dinner, and the Governor and Lady Reay. Captain Moore kindly sent the band of the 'Bacchante' to play to us, and after dinner several middies from the flagship joined our little party. It was truly delightful to sit on deck in the cool evening breeze and listen to the sweet strains of the music. At half-past ten we embarked in the steam-launch to look at the fireworks and the illumination of the shipping.

*February 20th.*– Attended the beautiful evening service in the cathedral. The crew of the 'Sunbeam' accompanied us. The cool drive back to charming Malabar Point was most refreshing, and we enjoyed our quiet dinner and pleasant chat afterwards in the verandah, notwithstanding the sad reflection that it was our last evening with our dear and kind friends.

*February 21st.*– This morning the children went out early with a large riding party. After breakfast I had to hurry on board to make the final arrangements for the visit of the *purdah* ladies, and for our start this evening. It was rather a difficult matter to get our visitors on board the big steam-launch and other boats without visible masculine assistance; but all was accomplished safely and satisfactorily, and they mustered in great force. I think they all enjoyed this little expedition, with its novel experiences, greatly.

As soon as the last lady had departed we hurried off to attend the St. John's Ambulance Meeting at the Secretariate, at which the Governor kindly presided. I earnestly hope it may be the means of reviving in Bombay some interest in the rather languishing local branch of a very useful institution. Many influential people were present, including doctors, large mill-owners, railway and

police officials, and employers of labour generally, all of whom appeared warmly disposed to support the movement.

Directly after this meeting, Tom, who had intended to go on board the yacht with Lord Reay, was carried off by the bishop to see the Sailors' Institute. I therefore returned to the 'Sunbeam' alone, to see to various matters, and, later on, went back to Government House, where, as is nearly always the case, we had to dress for dinner in a desperate hurry. There was a large party assembled, among others being Sir Lepel Griffin.

All too soon came the last parting; and, in a long procession of barouches, phaetons, tandems, and dog-carts, we drove down to the Bunder, descending the steps for the last time with Maude Laurence (who is shortly returning to England), Captain Hamilton, Mr. Herbert, Major Gilchrist, and several other friends who had come to see us off. It was a sad business.

# CHAPTER IV.
# BOMBAY TO GOA

*February 22nd.*– We had been told that Jinjeera was seventy miles distant from Bombay. Our rate of progress being rather slow, we did not consult the chart until late in the afternoon, when we found great difficulty in making out the place at all. At last we discovered it, marked in the smallest of letters, close to the mouth of the Rajpoori River; Khassia, now in ruins, being on the opposite or north side. Instead of seventy, it proved to be only thirty-five miles from Bombay; so that we had actually overrun it. Knowing that we were expected, there was nothing to be done except to beat our way back against the wind during the night. It would have been a pleasant sail had it not been for the annoying loss of time which it involved.

Just before daybreak we saw the Rajpoori light, and the one at Kennery, twelve miles south of Bombay. About 9.30 a. m. the Nawab's brother came on board, and soon afterwards we proceeded to land. After rowing more than half round a curious island-fort, we arrived at the gateway, a small opening in the thick walls, where we were met by the Nawab himself, dressed in European costume, but wearing a red and gold turban, and surrounded by his native bodyguard.

The landing was rather difficult, for, owing to want of space, the boat had to be pushed in stern foremost. When this feat had been accomplished, some of the Nawab's followers brought chairs, and hoisted us with great dexterity to the top of the steps, where it was no easy matter to alight with the dignity proper to the occasion. Having received the salaams of the Nawab and returned his hearty welcome, we took a long walk all round the curious old fort of Jinjeera, built five hundred years ago. It contains many narrow passages designed for security, for they are entirely independent of the bastions, each of which is provided with its own little water-gate for the admission of supplies or the escape of the garrison in case of necessity. I found the walk very fatiguing owing to the heat, and so did many of the others.

The temperature would indeed have been unbearable but for an occasional puff of cooler air which reached us through the embrasures. Some of the guns were of Spanish manufacture, dated 1665, but most of them were lying useless on the ground. In no case would they avail much against modern ordnance; but the fort, owing to its natural advantages, would be difficult to attack. The present Nawab is of ancient descent, and one of his ancestors was an Admiral in the service of the Grand Mogul. At the time of the disruption of the Kingdom of Delhi the Nawab's State became independent, and has remained so ever since. He has about 70,000 subjects, in whose welfare he appears to take great interest. He has a shrewd face, is very English in appearance, and seems quite capable of looking after his own interests.[1]

It was delightfully refreshing to be able to rest in a spacious bungalow after our tour of the fort was over; and still more delicious was a curious sort of punkah, peculiar to the district, which fanned us pleasantly. The Nawab accompanied us on our return to the yacht, and afterwards sent us a most acceptable *Nazir*, or present, of two huge bunches of bananas, as well as other fruits and vegetables, besides milk and ghee.

The Nawab's second wife, whose mother we had met at Bombay, is a pretty little girl of about thirteen. She came on board to see us, but many precautions to preserve the *purdah* had to be taken. It was necessary to observe this custom in deference to the prejudices of her people rather than to those of her husband. She had never been on board a yacht before, and was naturally much interested in all she saw.

---

[1] The Nawab of Jinjeera is of Abyssinian descent, and is popularly called the Seedee or Hubshee, generic terms applied by natives of India to Africans. One of the Nawab's ancestors laid siege to Bombay Castle in 1688-9, and the English, being unable to dislodge him, were compelled to seek the intervention of the Emperor Aurungzebe to secure the withdrawal of his forces.

Soon after twelve we resumed our voyage to the southward before a deliciously cool breeze, which lasted for a considerable time. Further on, the coast seems to consist of a series of plateaux, varying in height from 200 to 600 feet, occasionally interrupted by a peak or a narrow strip of white beach, with here and there a small straggling town. At sunset we were off Ratnagiri, an ancient Mahratta fort connected with the mainland only by a narrow sandy neck. Its southern extremity is nearly 300 feet above the sea level, thus forming a headland, surmounted by a line of fortifications and bastions of great strength. The complete isolation of its position has doubtless caused it to be chosen as the place of detention of King Theebaw, who can have but little chance of escape. The entrance to the river lies to the eastward of the fort, and the intermediate space is covered with a luxuriant growth of cocoa-nut palms. The European station is to the northward, for the southern shore is rugged, and ends abruptly in cliffs and huge boulders. Small coasting steamers maintain as well as they can communication with the fort; but the approach is always difficult, and is almost impracticable during the south-west monsoon.

Mr. Crawford, who was formerly Commissioner here, had kindly given notice of our probable visit; for we had been anxious to land if possible to see something of King Theebaw, and to inspect the excellent industrial school established here. The district used formerly to be the great recruiting-ground for the Bombay army; but the young men now prefer entering the school, which, from one point of view, seems a pity. It was with much regret that, after having made preparations for landing, we were obliged to abandon the idea of doing so; for it became both late and dark, thus adding too much to the difficulties, and even dangers, of the proposed expedition. We therefore sailed slowly past, throwing up rockets at long intervals, to indicate that we were proceeding on our course.

As the evening wore on the breeze dropped, and during the night we made but little progress.

*February 25th.*– A calm and somewhat sultry night. Daylight brought a delicious and welcome sea-breeze, before which we sailed rapidly on our southward course. The morning was devoted to a general tidying up, preparatory to settling down for our long voyage.

Over the memory of the latter portion of this day I wish that I could draw a veil; but, sad as is the story, and little as I desire to dwell upon it, it must be told.

Travelling, visiting, and sight-seeing had so completely occupied our time in India, that I had found upon my return to Bombay a vast accumulation of letters from England and elsewhere requiring attention; and as it was far beyond my strength to deal with them without assistance, I considered myself fortunate in securing the services, as temporary secretary, of a gentleman whom we had met at Bombay, and who had been strongly recommended to us. Mr. Frank White was at that time engaged on the staff of the 'Bombay Gazette,' and, as Special Correspondent, had accompanied the present as well as the former Governor of Bombay upon their official tours. Now, however, he was about to leave India in order to take up an appointment on the staff of the 'Melbourne Argus,' and we, as a matter of mutual convenience, offered him a passage to Australia in the 'Sunbeam,' which he accepted, apparently, with delight. These brief facts will account for his presence on board the 'Sunbeam.'

At luncheon to-day Mr. White was cheerful and full of conversation, giving us an interesting description of the annual migration of the members of the Bombay Government to Poona during the season of rains and monsoons. We had, as usual, coffee, cigarettes, and a little gossip on deck before recommencing our quiet occupations of reading or writing. Mr. White strolled aft, and I soon became immersed in my book. Suddenly I perceived a change in the vessel's movement, as if the helmsman were neglecting his duties, and directly afterwards heard the thrilling cry of 'Man overboard!' Of course a great commotion ensued, the men rushing up from below, all eager to render assistance. I ran aft, whence the cry had proceeded, seizing a life-buoy as I passed, but found that one had already been thrown over by the man at the helm, who exclaimed, 'That gentleman,' meaning poor Mr. White, 'has jumped overboard.' A boat was lowered, a man was sent up to the cross-trees, another on to the deck-house to keep a look-out, and the ship was put about in an incredibly short space of time. In the meanwhile hasty preparation of hot bottles, blankets, and other remedies was made on board, in

case the boat should happily be successful in her search. But although she rowed over the exact spot many times, and picked up Mr. White's helmet and the life-buoy, nothing more could be discovered.

The agonised interest with which that little boat was watched by all on board will always live in my memory. Two men had jumped into her just as they had rushed on deck, without shirts or hats to protect them from the burning sun. Another was preparing to spring overboard when he was forcibly restrained by Tom, who saw that it would by this time be utterly useless. All on board worked with a will to get the vessel round and to lower every stitch of sail; no easy matter with every kite set, and the yacht running from ten to twelve knots before the wind.

From letters left behind it was painfully clear that a determination of many days past had just been accomplished. It appeared that Mr. White had questioned the doctor – who little suspected his object – as to how long it would take to stop the vessel when running with studdingsails set before a strong breeze. The unhappy man had constantly complained of inability to sleep, and he had been seen on deck the previous night long after everyone else had gone to bed. Of the motive for the rash act it is impossible to form an opinion. Borne down by physical and mental suffering, he must have been overcome by a temporary aberration of intellect, which rendered him for the moment irresponsible for his actions. I need not dwell on the terrible shock which the dreadful catastrophe caused to our hitherto happy little party. The evening was a sad one, and not even the excitement of making the lights off Goa, bringing the ship up, and anchoring for the night, or the prospect of an interesting excursion to-morrow, could raise our spirits or dissipate the depression caused by the sad event of the afternoon.

*February 26th.*– Orders had been given for steam to be ready in the launch by six o'clock, so that we might get ashore soon after daybreak, and thus avoid the heat of the midday sun, which is now becoming quite a serious matter. But the painful duty of collecting and packing up all poor Mr. White's things to be sent back to Bombay had first to be performed, and it was nearly half-past seven before we were ready to land.

Just as we were starting, Mr. Norman Oliver, the Assistant Delegate at Goa, arrived alongside in his pretty little schooner yacht, of native design and build, but of English rig. He brought with him a very kind letter from Mr. H.D. Donaldson, the assistant engineer of the new Portuguese Railway, now in course of construction, to connect Goa with the English lines northward to Bombay and eastward to Madras. If only the inhabitants of Goa will make use of the new railway, it ought to be of the greatest value to them. Such, however, is their conservative disposition and so great is their pleasure in obstinately creating and maintaining, in the form of customs-duties, obstacles to commerce and free circulation, that it is considered probable that the railway will have to be continued some fifty miles to the southward, as far as the British port of Carwar, before any perceptible increase in the export of produce can be looked for. The line to Goa is now nearly completed, and will, it is hoped, be opened after the rains. Mr. Donaldson kindly proposed a tempting trip over it to the summit of the Sahyádri Mountains, or Ghâts, which form the eastern boundary of the Portuguese territory. Unfortunately we are already so much behind our time that we shall have to press forward as quickly as wind and waves will allow, if we mean to adhere to the original plan of our voyage with anything like punctuality.

So many difficulties are thrown in the way of would-be visitors to the churches of Goa, that although Mr. Oliver had kindly sent his sepoy on to announce our arrival, and had written to the Administrador to ask leave, we were recommended to wait for an hour or two on board, to allow time for the necessary forms to be complied with. A refreshing sea-breeze was blowing, and at ten o'clock we decided to brave the sun and to proceed under the double awnings of the gig (towed by the steam-launch) across the bar and up the river towards Old Goa.

From the sea, the Portuguese settlement looks like a series of promontories, each crowned by a fort, with the river Mandovi in the centre, running up into the interior between richly wooded banks. Its coast-line is some sixty or seventy miles long from north to south, and its greatest breadth about thirty miles. The entire territory is hilly, and intersected by numerous rivers, of which the Mandovi

is the most important. Both the ancient and modern cities of Goa have been built on its banks. The promontories of Bardez and Salsette protect a fine harbour, capable of accommodating vessels of the largest tonnage during the greater part of the year. The climate of Goa is generally healthy, though smallpox and cholera have from time to time broken out there with great virulence.

Never was any place so totally unlike what I had expected – in fact, it did not in the least correspond to the idea which any of us had formed about it. The palace of the Governor (who was for over three centuries called the Viceroy) stands in the city of Pangim, or New Goa, which, as I have already said, has been built on the river Mandovi, about five miles from its mouth. Curiously enough, the present Governor of Goa is our old friend Captain da Carvalho, who commanded the corvette 'Affonso Albuquerque' when she brought the King of Portugal to Plymouth last year, and lay alongside us for a fortnight in lovely Barn Pool, under the shadow of the Mount Edgcumbe trees. As we steamed over the bar and, aided by a strong flood-tide, quickly ascended the river, we next came to the pretty village of Raibandar, passing between low reedy banks fringed with cocoa-nut palms and other vegetation. The distant Ghâts formed a fine background to the picture, which included several white-spired English-looking churches, perched here and there on convenient knolls. The inhabitants of the district, however, composed as they are of descendants of the original natives found here by the Portuguese conquerors at the beginning of the sixteenth century, with a subsequent slight admixture of European blood, bore no resemblance to the British type. Those whom we saw on the river wore scarcely any clothing, and paddled about in little canoes somewhat similar to those used in the South Sea Islands and Ceylon. These boats are extremely narrow, and are provided with an outrigger in the shape of an enormous rough block of wood, connected with the canoes by bent spars some four feet long.

After a pleasant voyage of about eleven miles in tow of the steam-launch, we were suddenly cast off at some steps leading to a small pier, in the midst of a large grove of palm-trees, and were told that we had reached our destination. But where was Goa? We were all expecting to see ruined palaces, churches, and houses; whereas all that was visible was one massive arch and gateway about a hundred yards distant, standing, like the Irishman's 'main gate,' in the centre of a field, with no wall on either side of it. Meaningless as it now looked, this was the celebrated *Arco dos Viceroys*, or Arch of the Viceroys, originally built in 1599, and composed of blocks of black granite, now partially whitewashed. Through this gateway each successive ruler of Goa passed on his way to the ancient capital; on which occasions it was always splendidly decorated. A statue of St. Catherine, patroness of the city of Goa, occupies an upper niche, while beneath her is a figure of Vasco de Gama, with features somewhat defaced by time. The façade used to be adorned with paintings representing incidents of the Portuguese war in the Indies; but they are now effaced by whitewash. The portico bears an inscription dedicating it to the Immaculate Conception, and commemorating the emancipation of Portugal from Spain in 1656.

By this time the heat had become so great that, finding no carriage was forthcoming, I had almost resolved to give up the idea of visiting the wonderful old palaces and churches which we had taken so much trouble to come and see; but Tom and the Doctor encouraged me to make an effort, and improvised a sort of carrying-chair for me. We accordingly proceeded up a steep hot road, through the aforesaid arch, to the Rua Direita, so called because it once led direct from the Palace of the Viceroys to the Church of Misericordia. The name has lost its meaning, for all that now remains of the splendid palace is a portion of the chief gateway, so small in extent that when we tried to take a photograph of it, the helmet of one of the gentlemen who chanced to stand some distance in front of the camera completely concealed it. Only 250 years ago the palace must have been the most conspicuous building in the city. At that time a large square stood in front of it to the south, surrounded by fine houses. A noble staircase led from this square to the principal hall of the palace, in which were hung pictures of most of the Portuguese ships which had come to India since the time of Vasco de Gama. In an inner hall the Viceroy, who then lived in a style of regal splendour,

received ambassadors from the Indian princes, and transacted important business. Da Fonseca, in his historical and archæological description of the City of Goa, states that the Viceroy rarely stirred out of his palace, except to make a royal progress through the city. 'A day previous to his appearance in public, drums were beaten and trumpets sounded, as a signal to the noblesse and gentry to accompany him on the following day. Accordingly, early in the morning about three or four hundred hidalgos and courtiers appeared in the *Terriero do Paço*, clad in rich attire, mounted on noble steeds with gold and silver trappings glittering with pearls and precious stones, and followed by European pages in rich livery.' The palace began to fall into decay when the city was abandoned; and although from time to time there was an idea of repairing it, the work was never seriously undertaken. In 1820 a considerable portion of the splendid building was ordered to be knocked down; and though the remainder stood for some time, even so lately as up to fifty or sixty years ago, it has gradually fallen to pieces, and its ruins are now covered with vegetation.

The small Church of S. Cajetan was the first place we visited after passing the entrance to the palace. It was built by some Italian friars in 1640, and so closely adjoins the palace that some travellers have referred to it as the Viceregal Chapel. The façade, with its Corinthian columns, and the fine cupola rising behind them, reminds one of St. Peter's at Rome in miniature. Outside the church, exposed to the full heat of the burning sun, a party of half-clad natives were scrubbing *with soap and water* some fine full-length oil portraits of past viceroys, governors, and archbishops, which had been removed from the sacristy for this purpose. Among them were those of Vasco de Gama, and of Affonso Albuquerque, the first European conqueror of Goa. The church had not yet been opened, so we waited in a long room in the adjacent convent, through which the sea-breeze blew with delicious coolness. After a short rest we went out into a balcony and looked with delight over a forest of tropical vegetation, to the blue river running swiftly through the trees, with the paler grey of the distant ghâts beyond. When at last we gained admittance to the church, we much admired its graceful dome and the fine altar-piece in the principal chapel. Close to and in striking contrast with this grand painting stood a little group of scantily clothed natives, who had evidently taken advantage of the opportunity of inspecting the sacred edifice which our visit afforded. The windows of the church are made of small panes of the thin, semi-transparent inner scale of the pearl oyster, used in place of glass – a fashion still followed in many of the private houses of Goa. These shell windows, the materials for which must formerly have been very plentiful in the neighbourhood, admit a peculiarly soft and tender light.

From S. Cajetan we proceeded to the Cathedral of S. Caterina, one of the oldest buildings of Goa, and the only church in which daily religious service on a grand scale is now held. Albuquerque was the founder of this sacred edifice, which took seventy-five years to build, and has been well described as 'worthy of one of the principal cities of Europe.' Dr. Russell, visiting it with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, speaks of its 'vast and noble proportions.' We were amazed by the richness of the materials, and the artistic beauty of the elaborate carving which met the eye in every direction. The vaulted ceiling, the mosaic covered side-chapels, and the high altar, near which stands the Archbishop's chair, are the features most worthy of attention. The cathedral is, indeed, a stately pile, the nave being over 70 feet high and 140 feet long, and the total length of the building more than 270 feet. The vestries and sacristies are full of rich vestments and valuable plate, now seldom seen except by a few priests, or an occasional foreign visitor like ourselves, or, at still rarer intervals, by the general public when a grand exhibition is held, to which the faithful flock in crowds. Even the exhibitions have been discontinued of late years, for it was found that the gathering together of a large concourse of people in so unhealthy a locality led to the spread of infectious disorders. The site of Old Goa is, indeed, terribly malarious. The Government having abandoned the city, it was deserted by everybody else, the finest houses, after standing empty for years, gradually falling to pieces, so that literally not one stone remains above another. Old Goa was one of the headquarters of the terrible Inquisition, and until comparatively recent days its most cruel decrees were there executed with stern and heartless rigour. The tower of the Cathedral of S. Caterina contains five bells, the largest of which, still in daily

use, is the same which was formerly tolled on the occasion of the *auto-da-fé*. It was quite thrilling to listen to its deep knell, and to think that those same tones must have fallen upon the agonised ears of the poor victims of an odious tyranny.

Close to the cathedral once stood the Palace of the Inquisition, a vast and magnificent building, the space occupied by which is now filled with dense jungle. It is the home of venomous snakes, not to be met with in any other part of the island. Probably some special shrub or herb which they like grows there and nowhere else. From the cathedral we passed across an open space to visit the Church of Bom Jesus, containing the chapel and tomb of St. Francis Xavier, and a fine altar, in the centre of which stands a colossal image of St. Ignatius of Loyola. St. Francis (who died at Sanchan, in Malacca) rests in a crystal and silver coffin within a magnificent sarcophagus. The body, clad in the richest vestments, is said to be still, after the lapse of three centuries, in a wonderful state of preservation – a fact testified to by the chief surgeon of Goa in an official report made in 1859.

Never was there a city so unlike a city, or even the remains of one, as Old Goa, unless it were Palmyra. Goa is now, in fact, only a forest of palm-trees with patches of jungle here and there, made gay by tropical flowers, such as the scarlet coral-tree, the pimelia with its bright golden convolvulus-like flowers, and scarlet and apricot-yellow euphorbias. From this mass of vegetation the spire of a church rises or the tower of some ancient building occasionally peeps forth. No other traces of its bygone splendour could be seen, whether one looked upward from the level of the earth or downward from the roof of one of the few buildings which still remain.

On our return to the landing-place we found that the railway officials had kindly lent us their large steam-launch, in the cosy little cabin of which, sheltered by venetian blinds, we enjoyed our well-earned lunch, for it was now past three o'clock, and we had breakfasted soon after six. The sea-breeze blew refreshingly as we steamed down the river, and once clear of the land the heat was not at all oppressive.

Pangaum, or Nova Goa, is a nice clean-looking little town, of some 15,000 inhabitants, at the foot of a hill covered with palm-trees. It is of comparatively recent growth; for although the viceregal residence was transferred here from Old Goa in 1759, when a terrible epidemic broke out in that place, it was not until 1827 that any vigorous steps were taken to reclaim the land on which it now stands. In 1843 it was formally declared to be the capital of Portuguese India, and the Governor, the Archbishop, and other authorities and dignitaries now live there. The Causeway of Ribandar, which connects Pangaum with the city of that name, is a wonderful construction, nearly two miles in length, built in 1633 by order of the then Viceroy.

Only the gentlemen landed during our brief stay; and they soon returned from their stroll, having seen most of the objects of interest in the place. I had in the meantime occupied myself in taking some photographs – under somewhat difficult conditions, for the breeze was stiff and strong, and the steam-launch was by no means steady. As soon as we returned on board the 'Sunbeam' we were met by an extortionate demand on the part of the Portuguese officials – which, I am glad to say, was successfully resisted – for the payment of eighty rupees, in return for the privilege of anchoring in the roads without the aid of a pilot. Then we had to bid adieu to kind Mr. Norman Oliver, regretting much that time would not admit of our seeing more of him and making the acquaintance of his wife. The anchor was soon weighed, and the 'Sunbeam' once more spread her wings to the favouring breeze, before which we sailed so quickly, and at such an angle, that the more sensitive members of the party began to fancy it was rough, and would not come down to dinner. Later in the evening it was delightful to sit on deck and watch, by the light of the young crescent moon and the brilliant stars, the vessel racing along through the cool evening air.

In the course of the next day we passed Carwar, about fifty miles south of Goa, and one of the most interesting ports in India. Adjoining it is a backwater, such as are often met with on the south-west coast of India, along which it is possible to sail for many miles in a native boat with great comfort and ease. Further south is Honahwar, whence the famous Falls of Gairsoppa, in Mysore, can easily

be reached. Just now the waters of the river Kauri are rather low; else, I think, we should have made an effort to visit the falls (which have a drop of 1,000 feet in one place) notwithstanding the shortness of the time and the difficulties of the journey, which can only be performed in rough country carts.

The wind was light all day; but the old 'Sunbeam' glided gracefully along, and made good progress through the hot air.

*February 28th.*– The sun becomes perceptibly more powerful each day. At noon we were off Mangalore, formerly a place of considerable importance, where the British forces have stood more than one siege. Like the rest of the ports on this coast, it has been deserted by trade, and has now fallen more or less into a state of decay and ruin.

We have now resumed our usual life-at-sea habits. In the morning we go on deck at a very early hour, to enjoy the exquisite freshness of the dawn of the tropical day. Tom and the Doctor help to man the pumps, sometimes assisted by the children, who appear to like the work of scrubbing decks as much as they did in the old days of our first long voyage round the world. Then we are most of us *hosed*. An open-air salt-water bath is a luxury not to be appreciated anywhere so thoroughly as in these tropical climates. After an early breakfast we settle down to our several occupations – the children to lessons, till it is time for sights to be taken and calculations made; Mr. Pritchett elaborates the sketches which he has made on shore during our recent wanderings; the Doctor makes himself generally useful, and has plenty of time to devote to this benevolent work, for at present he has hardly any patients. Later on he kindly gives the children a lesson in arithmetic, while Mr. des Graz, assisted by Prior, spends a considerable time in developing, printing, and toning the photographs which we have taken. I have always plenty to do in the way of writing, reading and general supervision. Often do I look wistfully at the many books which I long to read, and think regretfully of the letters and journal that ought to be written; but a good deal of time has to be spent in less interesting, and certainly more prosaic, work. In the afternoon there is more reading, writing, and lessons; and after tea there is a general taking off of coats by the gentlemen, a putting on of suitable costumes by the children, and a grand game of hide-and-seek and romps during the short twilights until the dressing-bell gives warning to prepare for dinner.

Landsmen can never know how delightful it is to be able to sit quietly on deck late in the evening, in the open air, without any tiresome wraps, and to enjoy the soft silvery light of the stars, scarcely dimmed by the brighter rays of the young moon. It is indeed a period of tranquil happiness. One is only agreeably fatigued by the exertions of the day; and one feels so soothed by the beauty and peacefulness of the scene as to be quite content to do absolutely nothing, and to rest satisfied with the mere pleasure of existence. Indeed it is only the recollection of the charms of early rising which induces any of us to leave the deck at last.

*February 29th.*– By noon to-day we had only run seventy-five miles. The air is still occasionally hot and oppressive. About 3 p. m. a large steamer was seen coming up astern, and with a glass we made her out, by the white band round her funnel, to be one of the British India Line. For some time we seemed to hold our own with her, even after the breeze fell light, almost to a calm; and it was 9 p. m. before she actually passed us, steaming ahead full speed. The 'Sunbeam' sails like a witch in her new suit of light canvas, and we pass the little native craft as if they were standing still, even in the lightest of breezes, for which they are specially built.

*March 1st.*– However it may mean to go out, March has come in like the quietest of lambs, and we could well do with a little more wind to help us on our course.

At noon we were off Calicut, a curious old town of nearly 50,000 inhabitants, to which belong many ancient stories and traditions. As we all know, it gives its name to that useful and familiar material – calico. This was the first point of India touched at by Vasco de Gama nearly 400 years ago, after his long voyage from Portugal. Not far from Calicut, near Mahé, a high rock rises – one of the few places in India where sea-swallows build their edible nests. Further south is Tellicherry, whence the highly appreciated cardamoms of Waima are exported. The plant (*Amomum repens*) which produces

them is not unlike the ginger shrub in appearance, bearing small lilac-coloured flowers. Cardamoms are so indispensable in all Indian cookery that great pains are taken in their cultivation.

On the other side of the river lies Beypoor, one of the terminal stations of the Southern Indian Railway, whence it is possible to proceed by rail in almost any direction. Mysore, Bangalore, and Seringapatam can be easily reached from here; and last, though not by any means least, one can travel *viâ* Pothanore and Metapalliam to Ootacamund, that loveliest and healthiest of Southern hill stations in the Neilgherry Mountains, familiarly called 'Ooty.' This delightful place of refuge restores the enfeebled health of the European, and makes it possible for husband and wife, parents and children, to be spared the terrible separations incidental to a career in India; for the climate of Ootacamund is as cool and invigorating as that of England.

*March 2nd.*– The distance run at noon was 106 knots, the wind during the previous twenty-four hours having been stronger and more favourable.

We passed Cochin in the course of the day, but not near enough to see much of it. It must be an interesting old place, dating, like Calicut, from the ninth century, or even earlier, with inland waterways to Quilon and other ports on the Malabar coast, by delightfully smooth and sheltered backwaters, always navigable for the native boats, even in the full strength of the monsoon. Trivandaram, the capital of Travancore, is near this. The Rajah of Travancore on the occasion of the Great Exhibition of 1851 sent our Queen a most beautifully carved ivory chair, made in his own dominions, which her Majesty now uses whenever she holds a Chapter of the Order of the Garter at Windsor.

One of the bedroom stewards got a touch of sunstroke this morning, and suffered a good deal. I was, of course, very sorry for him, but could not help feeling rather annoyed, for it was entirely his own fault. The men are just like children, and will not or cannot understand the power of the sun and the danger of exposure to it. They will run up on deck bare-headed to look at some passing object, and then are surprised that they at once get a bad headache. They are all well provided with pith hats, and awnings are spread everywhere, so that one cannot feel quite as much sympathy for them as if they were sufferers in the cause of duty.

*March 3rd.*– An absolutely calm and uneventful day.

We are now getting towards Tuticorin, whence it is a short journey by rail to the splendid temples of Madura, or to Tinnevelly, the great missionary station of Southern India. Tanjore with its famous rock and its wonderful history, and Trichinopoly, with its temples and caves, are also easy of access.

We had hoped to have been able to pay a visit to the great temples on Rameshuwaran and Manaar, two of the islands forming what is known as Adam's Bridge, which partially connect Ceylon with the mainland; but, to our disappointment, we find that they are unapproachable from the westward, and we cannot get through the Pamban Passage, as its depth is but ten feet of water, whereas we draw thirteen. In order to reach the temples it would consequently be necessary for us to make the circuit of Ceylon, which would take far too much time. We shaped, therefore, as direct a course for Colombo as the light and variable breezes would admit of.

*March 4th.*– To-day was calmer and hotter than ever. At noon we had run eighty-eight knots, from which time until 8 p. m. we were in the midst of a flat oily calm, beneath a burning sun. We were, consequently, all much relieved when, in the course of the evening, fires were lighted, awnings spread, wind-sails set, and we began to make a little air for ourselves.

Sailors are amazingly like sheep in one respect; for if one does anything at all out of the ordinary course, it is ten to one that his shipmates feel bound to follow his example. Yesterday morning, for instance, after the cases of sunstroke of the day before, several of the crew reported themselves to the Doctor as sick, though, upon examination, he found that they were only suffering from the effects of a too-vivid imagination. Some medicine of a nauseous but otherwise innocent character

was accordingly prescribed, with the satisfactory result that all the *malades imaginaires* are 'Quite well, thank you, sir,' this morning.

# CHAPTER V.
## *COLOMBO*

*March 5th.*– At 9.30 a. m. we dropped anchor in the harbour of Colombo, having come twelve miles under sail between noon and 11 p. m. yesterday, and ninety-eight since we began steaming.

Colombo seems to have grown and improved since we were here ten years ago. We were soon comfortably established in the new and splendid Oriental Hotel, and busy with letters and newspapers.

In the afternoon we did some necessary shopping beneath the welcome shade of the hotel arcades. Later, as soon as the air had become a little cooler, we drove along the sea-front, called Galle Face, and enjoyed the delicious sea-breeze. Everybody seemed to be out, driving, riding, or walking. In one spot officers and soldiers were playing cricket and football as energetically as if they had been on Woolwich Common.

We passed a horse-dealer's establishment, containing, beneath a long row of red shanties, a very decent-looking lot of ponies of various kinds, some of which were being trotted out for the inspection of a circle of possible purchasers. Every bungalow seemed to be provided with one or two tennis-grounds, and all had players on them. When at last, by a charming drive, we reached the formerly forsaken-looking Cinnamon Gardens, we found some lawn-tennis grounds established in their midst, as well as a fine museum surrounded by a well-kept garden. In fact, the appearance of the whole place has been completely changed since we last saw it.

On our way back we were overtaken by a funeral procession. First came two of the quaint little bullock-carts peculiar to Ceylon, drawn by the small oxen of the country, both carts being literally crammed full of people, apparently in the highest spirits. Then followed a long, low, open vehicle, rather like a greengrocer's van painted black. In the rear of the procession was another bullock-cart, fuller than ever of joyous mourners, and drawn by such a tiny animal that he seemed to be quite unable to keep up with his larger rivals, though urged to his utmost speed by the cries and shouts of the occupants of the cart. Altogether, anything more cheerful and less like one's ordinary conception of a funeral procession I never saw.

Our homeward road lay partly through jungle, the track crossing various small streams fringed with vegetation so tropical in character that each little river might have been a miniature Amazon. Presently we came to the Lotus Tank, full of handsome white double water-lilies on erect stems, with lotus-like centres, though they are not the real lotus flower. A hundred people sat down to dinner at the hotel, among whom were one or two old friends. When dinner was over we all adjourned on board the 'Sunbeam,' and later Tom took them back to their steamer, the 'Sirocco,' the largest vessel of the Messageries Maritimes fleet.

*March 6th.*– We were called at 4.30 a. m., to enable us to start by the seven o'clock train for Kandy. After a great bustle, we found ourselves at the station, only to be told that the time of the departure of the train had been changed to 7.35. The beauty of the journey by rail up to Kandy in the cool air of the early morning quite compensated us for the inconvenience of so early a start. A comfortable saloon carriage, with luxurious armchairs, had been attached to the train for our use, besides a well-arranged refreshment car, in which civil waiters served an excellently prepared meal.

After leaving Colombo we passed through vast fields of paddy, some covered with the stubble of the recently cut rice, while others were being prepared for a new crop by such profuse irrigation that the buffaloes seemed to be ploughing knee-deep through the thick, oozy soil. It was easy to understand how unhealthy must be the task of cultivating a rice-field, and what swampy and pestiferous odours must arise from the brilliant vegetation. 'Green as grass' is a feeble expression to those familiar with the dazzling verdure of a paddy-field. Grain cultivation in Ceylon does not, however, appear to be a very profitable occupation, and seems to be pursued by the natives for sentimental rather than for practical reasons. Sir C.P. Layard, who was for many years Governor of the Western Province, has

stated that 'the cultivation of paddy is the least profitable pursuit to which a native can apply himself. It is persevered in from habit, and because the value of time and labour never enters into his calculation. Besides this, agriculture is, in the opinion of a Cingalese, the most honourable of callings.' All the grain grown in Ceylon is consumed in the island, and the supply has to be largely supplemented by imports from India and elsewhere.

After our train had ascended, almost imperceptibly, to a considerable height, we came to the Valley of Death, so called because of the enormous mortality among the workmen employed upon this portion of the railway. Thence we passed through scenes of wondrous beauty to Rambukkana, where the train really begins to climb, and has to be drawn and pushed by two engines – one in front and one behind. It would be wearisome even to name the various types of tropical vegetation which we passed; but we thought ourselves fortunate in seeing a talipot palm in full bloom, with its magnificent spike of yellowish flowers rising some twenty feet above a noble crown of dark green fan-shaped leaves. This sight is uncommon, for the trees never bloom till they are seventy or eighty years old, and then die directly.

Just before arriving at Peradeniya, the new line branches off to Nanu-oya, 128 miles from Colombo, and 5,300 feet above the sea-level. Nuwarra-Ellia is reached in about four hours from this, the line passing through some of the richest and best of the tea- and quinine-growing estates – formerly covered with coffee plantations. The horrid coffee-leaf fungus, *Hemileia vastatrix*– the local equivalent of the phylloxera, or of the Colorado beetle – has ruined half the planters in Ceylon, although there seems to be a fair prospect of a good crop this year, not only of coffee but of everything else.

There are over six hundred thousand acres of ground under rice cultivation in Ceylon, as compared with 130,000 acres of coffee, 175,000 acres of tea, 650,000 acres of palms, and 35,000 acres of cinchona. Cinnamon and other spices, besides tobacco, cacao, and other trees and plants, are also more or less extensively grown. Sugar-cultivation has proved a failure, probably owing to the too great dampness of the climate.

The Satinwood Bridge at Peradeniya, across the Mahaweliganga, seemed quite a familiar friend; though the old Englishman who for so many years washed the sand of the river in search of gems is dead and gone.

In the afternoon I went to keep my appointment with Dr. Trimen, the present curator of the gardens, and successor to our friend Dr. Thwaites. The group of india-rubber trees outside the gate, and the palms just within the enclosure, were old acquaintances, and looked as graceful as ever. Close by stood a magnificent *Amherstia nobilis* in full bloom, its great tresses of vermilion flowers spotted with yellow, hanging in gorgeous profusion among its bright glossy leaves. In Burmah these flowers are laid upon the altars in front of the images of Buddha as a sacred offering. Dr. Trimen appears to feel the greatest pride in the management of the garden, and he took much trouble to show us all there was time to see. The principal trees, shrubs, and plants have been labelled, so that he who runs may read. A good deal of vegetation has also been cut down and cleared away, and the more valuable specimens of trees stand boldly out on the grassy lawns. The present curator has erected a charming little summer-house, in the form of a Kandyan temple, in memory of Dr. Thwaites and his thirty successful years of office. It stands on a small knoll, surrounded by the fragrant bushes of the jessamine-like *Plumieria*, which is also known as the temple-flower, and is regarded as sacred.

We scarcely got back in time to dress for dinner at the Pavilion, as they call the Governor's residence here. The children were tired, and went to bed. Tom, Mabelle, Mr. des Graz, and I therefore started without them, and arrived punctually at eight o'clock. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were of the party, which included a good many interesting people. The table was decorated with lovely ferns, and no less than seventy-two vases of sunflowers! The effect of the servants' liveries was quaint and decidedly picturesque, and I believe the fashion in which they are made is very old. The smartly cut, long swallow-tail black coat, profusely braided with red and yellow, is worn over a snowy white cloth

wrapped round the waist and reaching to the feet, and the smooth hair is kept in its place by a large circular comb at the top of the head. Out of doors, a gracefully carried umbrella is the sole protection from the sun.

*March 7th.*– The morning broke misty, foggy, and decidedly cold for our early start back to Colombo. We found this change rather trying after the heat through which we have been voyaging. We left at eight, relying upon breakfast in the train; but in this hope we were disappointed, and had to content ourselves with biscuits and some rather unripe fruit; for the breakfast-car is only attached to upward trains, to suit travellers from Colombo who want to make the trip to Nuwarra-Ellia or to Kandy and back in one day. The scenery was so lovely, however, that there was plenty to occupy and distract our minds, and we were able to do all the more justice to our good lunch when we reached the comfortable Galle Face Hotel.

There was a great deal of business still to be done at Colombo, including the engagement of a new under-cook, the purchase of additional cool clothing for the crew, and the laying in of fresh stores and provisions. It was therefore not until the evening that we were able to start upon a little expedition, I in a jinrikisha, Tom on foot, followed by another jinrikisha, into which, to the great amusement of the group of lookers-on, he insisted on putting our interpreter, or 'English-speak-man,' as he calls himself.

There is always, to my mind, something supremely ludicrous in the sight of a half-naked individual trudging gaily along under an umbrella in pouring rain. His clothes cannot be spoiled, for he wears none; and one would think that his body must long ago have been acclimatised to every degree of moisture. The natives of Ceylon get over the difficulty very well by gathering one of the many beautifully spotted large caladium leaves which abound in the roadside ditches. For a time it serves its purpose, combining utility with elegance, and when the shower is over it is thrown away. I have also seen these leaves used as sunshades, but they do not answer so well in this capacity, for they wither directly and become limp and drooping. We had a pleasant stroll through the town and outskirts, exploring some lovely little nooks and corners full of tropical foliage. Colombo seems to be progressing, and to have benefited greatly by the railway.

We went to the station to meet the train from Nuwarra-Ellia, by which the children were expected to arrive, but, as the time-tables have just been altered, we found ourselves too early. The interval was pleasantly filled, however, by an instructive and interesting little chat with the traffic-manager. At last the train appeared, and with it the children, who expressed great delight at the procession of six real Japanese jinrikishas which we had organised to convey them and the rest of the party from the station to the hotel.

During the day we had heard that several old friends happened to be at Colombo, so we convened them all to dinner. Their number included Mr. Macbean and Captain Middleton, of the old 93rd, both of whom had been married since we last met them, and Colonel Carey, a Rugby friend of Tom's, now commanding the Engineers here.

We have had great difficulty to-day in obtaining possession of a box sent on to us from Bombay. I left orders yesterday that it was to be obtained from the shipping-agents this morning, but it was only after an infinity of trouble to ourselves and to the people on shore, who had locked up their offices and gone home, that we were able to get hold of it this evening. At last everything and everybody were collected on board; our usual parting gifts of books and newspapers to barracks, hospitals, and schools were sent ashore, and we steamed slowly out of the harbour and round the breakwater. Then 'Full speed ahead' was the order given, and once more we left the lights and luxuries of land behind us and sailed forth into the soft tropic twilight.

*Tuesday, March 8th.*– It was 1.10 a. m. as we passed the lighthouse. I stayed on deck until the land seemed to be swallowed up in the darkness; but when I came up again at 6 a. m. we were still running along the coast, near enough to see some of its beauties, though not so close as to make it possible to appreciate the exquisite loveliness of the Bay of Galle. Once the principal port of call

for all the most important lines of steamers, the town of Galle is now comparatively deserted, and the charms of the neighbouring country are unknown to the modern traveller. The difficulties of landing there were always great during the monsoon period, and more facilities having been afforded at Colombo by the construction of Sir John Coode's great breakwater, all the steamers now make use of that port to take in water, coal, and provisions.

At noon we had run 95 miles, and Trincomalee was 244 miles distant. At 10 p. m. we passed inside the Great Bass Rock, and afterwards the smaller Bass Rock.

*Wednesday, March 9th.*– At noon to-day 184 miles had been made, and Trincomalee is only now twenty miles ahead. We had passed Batticaloa, the capital of one of the divisions of the island, and early in the morning saw the celebrated rock called 'Westminster Abbey,' which is curiously like that grand old pile, especially when the two pinnacles are seen from a distance. As you pass it to the northward the resemblance gradually becomes lost.

The sun was sinking fast when we shaped our course for the entrance to the harbour of Trincomalee. I was on the topgallant forecastle with Tom, and most delightful it was in that airy position. A fisherman in a curious little catamaran boat offered his services as pilot; and though they were not required we stopped, intending to ask him to come on board and have a chat; but he was lazy with the oars, and before he had come alongside our patience was exhausted. The moon now began to show her light, while the stars twinkled overhead; and the two lighthouses – one on either hand – sent forth rays which glistened on the calm surface of the water. I half regretted the departure of the daylight, for I should have liked to have seen more plainly the entrance to this wonderful harbour, pronounced by Nelson to be one of the finest in the world; but, on the other hand, the exquisite beauty of the scene made up for its want of distinctness. The glorious full moon, gaining power, shone into every creek and cranny, and beamed brilliantly over the water as we steamed ahead, until at last we dropped anchor off the dockyard of Trincomalee. Just previously, from the little fort above, had come loud shouts of 'Sunbeam, ahoy!' and then many hearty cheers burst from the throats of the artillerymen and engineers who are quartered there.

After dinner Tom and I went for a row in the 'Flash,' and explored the harbour by moonlight. There was a good deal of singing at a row of cottages ashore, where, I suppose, the dockyard labourers live. Even the workshops looked quite romantic, covered as their rough walls were by palms, creepers, and other tropical vegetation. We went on towards the Admiral's house, passing through the submarine mining flotilla, which looked singularly out of place among these picturesque surroundings. The night was absolutely perfect; the moonlight on the water, the distant mountains, the near forts, and the white sandy beach, all making up an ideal picture of tropical beauty and repose.

Shortly after we had come to an anchor, Mr. Black, the assistant naval storekeeper, arrived on board, bringing with him kind letters from Sir Frederick Richards, the commander-in-chief of the East India station, offering us his house and garden whilst we remain here. The 'Jumna,' which brought these letters, left four days ago; and the 'Bacchante,' Sir Frederick's flagship, is not expected for a week; so that we have just missed both, greatly to our disappointment. Mr. Black kindly promises to meet us again to-morrow, and to pilot us to the famous hot springs at Kanniya and to the alligator tank.

*March 10th.*– At 6 a. m. we all went on shore, and were met by Mr. Black with sundry little gharries and tum-tums, into which we soon packed – all except Tom, who remained behind to inspect the dockyard. The harbour looked finer in some ways, though perhaps not so poetic as by moonlight. We could see more of the landscape; and as we drove along a good road skirting the bay the peeps through the foliage were lovely. After passing the Admiral's house we drove, through a straggling village embosomed in trees, to the post-office, where we deposited a mail which, to judge from the astonished looks of the officials, must have been much larger than they usually receive. It certainly was somewhat voluminous, consisting as it did of letters, books, manuscripts, legal documents, and newspapers. It would have to be carried some eighty miles by runners to reach the mail-coach, and then travel another hundred miles before being deposited in the train; so that I fear it will give some

trouble. The poor letter-carriers are bound to take any parcel weighing eleven pounds. I suppose an extra man will have to be employed for our mail, but this cannot be a serious matter where wages are so cheap.

From the post-office our way lay through a dense jungle, but still along a good road, where many birds of brilliant plumage and sweet song flew gaily before us or perched on the telegraph wires alongside. Jungle-cock ran in and out across the road. They are rather good-looking birds, something like a very 'gamey' domestic fowl, with a fine upstanding tail.

Our progress was greatly delayed by the eccentricities of Mr. Black's pony. He always stood still when we met anything, stopping so abruptly as almost to shoot us out of the gharry. Then, having once halted, he refused to move on again without much urging and coaxing. Before going down hill he planted his feet obstinately on the ground, declining to proceed; and at the bottom of an ascent he turned short round. If a bird flew suddenly out of the jungle he jumped over into the opposite ditch, and many times *nearly*, though never *quite*, upset us. After these performances, I was not surprised to hear that this pony had never been in harness before.

At last we reached the hot springs, seven in number, where we found a temple and other little buildings close by. The water bubbles up through square and round holes, and was so hot (115°) that it was almost impossible to bear one's hand in it; but we caught two little turtles swimming gaily about. The curious 'sea-horses,' which carry their young in their mouths, are said to live in the streams running from the springs.

While waiting for the rest of the party to arrive I took several photographs. We sent a native up a tree for fresh cocoa-nuts, and, having climbed in the orthodox manner, with feet tied together, he threw us down nuts, green and smooth, full of deliciously cool clear milk, with a thick creamy coating inside, most grateful to the palate.

After taking more photographs, some of the party set out for the alligator tank, where the probability of seeing any alligators seemed so doubtful, that, as a long and fatiguing walk was much more certain, I thought it better to undertake, instead of accompanying them, to drive a pair of jibbing ponies back to Trincomalee.

On the way back we saw an opening made in the dense jungle by the passage of an elephant, which had evidently crushed through into the road since we had passed. Wild elephants are very numerous hereabouts, and a hundred were killed not long since by one sportsman in a comparatively short time. Another hunter made great preparations for sport, and spent a considerable time in the neighbourhood waiting his opportunity, but, after failing to get a single shot, determined to return by bullock-cart and coach to Kandy. At one of the rest-houses he was cleaning and putting away his rifle, when some excited coolies rushed in and begged him to kill a rogue-elephant which they had caught sight of quietly walking down the road. The sportsman accordingly took up his position behind a tree, and killed the huge beast quite easily. The carcase remained in the road for several weeks, poisoning the atmosphere and rendering the rest-house almost uninhabitable, until at last an official of rank, passing that way, gave orders for it to be burnt, which was promptly done by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who had nearly arrived at the conclusion that the possible attacks of a live elephant were a less serious matter than the certain ill-effects of the proximity of a dead animal. To me, independently of the sanitary aspect of the case, it appears a sad pity and an altogether wasteful proceeding to massacre so powerful a beast, with such capabilities of usefulness, as an elephant, simply for the sake of amusement; for neither hide, feet, tail, nor bones are of much, if of any, value, and it would surely be better to catch and tame the poor creatures if possible.

Arrived on board the yacht, I found Tom just returned from a long examination of the dockyard and naval establishment. The remainder of the party appeared later on, all rather exhausted, and disappointed at not having seen any alligators. They were, however, laden with lovely lotus-like water-lilies, collected during a pleasant little paddle on the tank in a very leaky canoe.

During the morning we had many visitors on board, all profuse in kind offers of hospitality, and desirous of doing everything to make our brief stay agreeable. The children went back with the ladies to spend the afternoon at the fort, while Tom and Mabelle landed to play lawn-tennis.

About five o'clock Major Nash called and took us for a drive on the heights, from which there was a fine view across the bay and harbour beneath us. This island originally belonged to the Dutch, by whom it was ceded to us; and it has since been used as a club and recreation-ground for the officers. Several pleasant bungalows have been established, and a good breakfast, lunch, or even dinner, can be obtained at a moment's notice. The old account-books kept by those in charge of the mess bungalow are still preserved, and many a now celebrated name may be seen entered therein.

We went to Mr. Millett's house to see what he called a tame cheetah, but which was really a wild panther – a handsome little beast, who became greatly excited when the dogs appeared on the scene. We also saw a tiny crocodile, only a month old, in an earthenware pan, which snapped and hissed and flapped his tail, and was altogether as angry as any creature of his diminutive size could well be, making it quite clear that only the power – not the will – to eat us all up was wanting. There are many crocodiles in these lakes and streams, and they occasionally carry incautious people off, especially the women who go to the tanks to fill their water-jars.

Mr. Millett had also quite a large collection of elephants' heads, tails, and feet – the spoils of a recent shooting expedition. These trophies seemed to give one a better idea of the immense size of the elephant than the sight of the animal itself. It was most interesting to be able to handle and to examine closely their great bones, though I felt sad to see the remains of so many huge beasts sacrificed just for the love of killing something. They had not even been tuskers, so that, unless their heads and feet were used for mere decorations, I do not see that their slaughter could have answered any useful end.

We next drove to the Admiral's house – a charmingly-placed dwelling, with one end for each monsoon (south-west from April to September, north-east from November to February). A well-cared-for garden encircles it, full of valuable plants and flowers; and the view over the bay is wide and lovely. We went through the barracks, and then walked, or rather climbed, up to the signal station, below which a new fort is being made which will carry heavy guns. Close by is a curious old Dutch graveyard, with a few quaint English monuments in it, dating from the beginning of the century. The way was long and the road rough; but still we climbed on and on to reach the famous Sami Rock, which rises sheer from the sea, and is a sacred spot for Hindoos, who have come here by thousands to worship for many centuries. Behind the rock stands a small monument, erected in memory of a young Portuguese lady, who, having seen her lover's ship leave the harbour and disappear below the horizon, threw herself in despair from the cliff.

The sun had now set, and the night was calm and brilliant; but so powerful had been the sun's rays that the rocks burnt our feet as we walked, and made it impossible to sit down. We returned to lower levels much more quickly than we had ascended; but I felt very tired before we got back to the gharries, and was only too glad to 'rest and be thankful' until the others arrived and were ready to start. They had had a delightful afternoon, and had caught several walking-fish (a kind of perch), after seeing them both walk and swim; besides gathering more lotus-flowers, and enjoying several good games at lawn-tennis.

The drive to the boats, behind Major Nash's fast-trotting pony, was all too short, and the time for the inevitable farewells came but too quickly. Steam was up when we got on board, and in a few minutes we were leaving this beautiful harbour behind us, exactly twenty-four hours after we had entered it, and under almost precisely the same conditions of wind and weather. Trincomalee is certainly a noble harbour, but Tom is strongly of opinion that it would be more valuable in the hands of the Indian Government than under the Admiralty.

*Friday, March 11th.*– We had intended to go south of the Andaman Islands, so as to be able to call at Port Blair, the convict station where poor Lord Mayo was assassinated by the convict Shere Ali during his official visit in 1872. The sailing-directions, however, gave such a terrible account of

the malarious climate of the whole group of islands, the savage character of the inhabitants, and the size and number of the many venomous reptiles, that we reluctantly decided to continue our voyage straight to Burmah without stopping. We accordingly passed to the northward of the Andaman group, making what is called 'The Cocos' our first landfall.

At noon we had steamed 140 miles, and were in lat. 9° 44′ N. and long. 83° 3′ E., Great Coco being 607 miles distant.

*Saturday, March 12th.*– Another calm day, busily occupied in reading and writing. At noon we had steamed 184 miles, and were 471 miles distant from Great Coco, in lat. 10° 49′ N. and long. 87° 1′ E.

*Sunday, March 13th.*– We had the Litany at 11.30, and evening service later, with most successful Chants, the result of much practising yesterday and on Friday. At noon we had steamed 195 miles, and were in lat. 12° 16′ N. and long. 88° 55′ E. Great Coco distant 278 miles.

*Monday, March 14th.*– There was a nice breeze in the early morning, and sails were accordingly set. At 9 a. m. we ceased steaming, and proceeded under sail alone. At noon we had run 181 miles, and were distant 97 miles from Great Coco.

*Tuesday, March 15th.*– Little Coco was sighted at daylight. Later on we saw all the other islands of the Preparis group in succession, and were able to congratulate ourselves on having made a good landfall. At noon we had sailed 120 miles, and were in lat. 14° 5′ N. and long. 93° 29′ E., the Krisha Shoal being distant 150 miles.

In the evening we had our first nautical entertainment since we have all been on board together. It proved a real success, and appeared to afford great enjoyment to all, the credit being mostly due to Mabelle and the Doctor, who took an immense deal of trouble to make everything go off properly, and were well rewarded by the universal appreciation of their exertions. I am sure that these amusements do good in relieving the unavoidable tedium and monotony of a long voyage.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.