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OF SCENES AND PERSONAGES

CONNECTED WITH

THE PROGRESS

OF

H.R.H. THE **P**RINCE OF **W**ALES

THROUGH

*Bengal, The North West Provinces,
The Punjab and Nepal.*

WITH SOME DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS.



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No. 1.—H.M.S. "SERAPIS."

THE *Serapis*, one of the gigantic Indian troopships, had the honour of being selected for the conveyance of His Royal Highness to India, and in most respects deserved the choice. Her weak points are her ugliness, and that she rolls in an unusually drunken manner under provocation. But her qualifications for the office far outweighed these imperfections. In the first place she was enormous, thus admitting of a degree of state and comfort for the Prince and his suite which might have been thought unattainable for so large a party on board ship. Besides, there seemed a fitness, in the eyes of natives of Bombay and Calcutta, in the greatest prince they had ever seen coming in the biggest ship. Lastly, the *Serapis* had the merit of being very swift. The officers and men were all picked for the occasion, and the vessel was commanded by a crack captain, the Hon. Carr Glyn, C.B. It has been confessed that the *Serapis* was ugly, but this is only true of her exterior, and is due to her colour. White is always ugly for the hull of a great vessel. It is garish, soon gets water- and weather-stained, and makes the rigging and top hamper look heavier and less elegant. On the other hand, white is probably supposed to be fitted for a troop-ship navigating seas exposed during long months to a blazing and burning sun, as absorbing and radiating less of the sun's heat. But whatever might be thought of the outside of the *Serapis*, she was beautiful within, handsomely decorated and luxuriously fitted, with admirable adaptation to the special requirements of sea life in the tropics. The whole after-part of the vessel was devoted to the Prince of Wales and his suite, the captain and officers being all, for the time, accommodated forward. Those whose experience of sea-going vessels is greatest will be the slowest to believe that it is possible to climb easily and without awkwardness and discomfort into any ship; but the *Serapis* had quite a lordly staircase instead of the usual giddy ladder. Having achieved the entrance of the *Serapis*, which in this case is not a feat, the visitor mounts by a few broad steps to the saloon on the main deck, of which a view is given in the next photograph. The *Serapis* was the scene of a pretty little solemnity on the afternoon of Christmas Day, when the Prince, who was then staying with Lord Northbrook at Government House, paid a visit to the gallant ship which had been his floating home. The decks had been dressed, with evergreens, imitation holly berries, and white wool (to represent snow), into the semblance of an English winter scene, and it was remarkable how artistic an effect was produced with these simple materials.

No. 2.—SALOON, H.M.S. "SERAPIS."

HE saloon may be said to have consisted really of three rooms, although, if requisite for state purposes, these could be thrown into one. At the stern of the vessel, and occupying the whole breadth of the ship, was the reception-room; then came the dining-room, of considerably less width, inasmuch as the Prince's private cabins (or, it would be more accurate to say, apartments) were prepared on each side of the dining-room, and consequently detracted so much from its width. Beyond the dining-room again, towards the centre of the vessel, was the magnificent drawing-room, of which the accompanying photograph represents very well the general aspect. The walls were panelled with mirrors, framed in oak and gold; there were lace curtains and green silk blinds to the windows, and the furniture was of mahogany and chocolate-coloured morocco. The end of a magnificent piano is seen just peeping out to the right of the picture.

No. 3.—DINING SALOON, "SERAPIS."

HE panels of the dining-room were (probably for the sake of light) of white and gold; the chairs of oak and chocolate-coloured leather, with the insignia of the Garter and Star of India emblazoned on them in gold. There were two dining-tables—one capable of accommodating sixty persons, the other intended for four-and-twenty. Long punkahs were used in the hot latitudes by day, which were replaced by smaller ones at night, so as to swing clear of the candelabra. The carpet here, as in the drawing and reception rooms, was of a small neat pattern, and quiet in its pervading hue.


No. 4.—H.R.H.'s BOUDOIR, "SERAPIS."

THE Prince's private apartments on board the *Serapis* were in duplicate, one set on each side of the vessel, running the whole length of the dining-saloon. Each set consisted of a bed-room, small sitting-room, and bath-room. The advantage of the double set was that His Royal Highness could thus always inhabit that side of the ship which happened to be most favoured by the wind or least molested by the sun. It will be seen from the photograph that the only or chief decoration of H.R.H.'s private sitting-room consisted of family groups or portraits.


No. 5.—THE PRINCE'S BED-ROOM.

THERE was nothing effeminate, nothing even particularly luxurious, about the Prince's sleeping cabin, but everything was handsome and comfortable, and the expedients for reducing the inconveniences of bad weather to a minimum were ingenious. For instance, the bedstead was not fixed to the floor, but suspended from strong brass uprights, so as to swing freely, and thus neutralize the rolling which is the *Serapis's* weak point.

No. 6.—H.R.H.'s YACHT "OSBORNE."

ARGE as the *Serapis* is, she was all too small for the comfortable conveyance of the whole of the Prince's suite. A part of it, therefore, made the voyage to Bombay, and thence to Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, in His Royal Highness's private yacht, the *Osborne*. In the Suez Canal, indeed, the *Osborne* had the honour of carrying her royal owner himself. It would have been nothing strange if the *Serapis*, considering her great draught, her extraordinary length and unusual height above the water, had grounded at certain critical passages of the Canal, and suffered consequent detention. As the day, and almost the hour, for the Prince's arrival at Bombay was a fixed quantity, his detention in Egypt beyond a limited time could not be risked. His Royal Highness therefore embarked on board the *Osborne* at Port Said, and proceeded in her, instead of the *Serapis*, as far as Ismailia. The *Osborne* is a very comfortable sea-boat, fast, and remarkably steady in rough water. Needless to say, she was most efficiently manned, and admirably handled by her commander.

No. 7.—GROUP: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE VICEROY,
HON. MISS BARING, AND OTHERS.

HE Prince will be at once recognised in this capital photograph. His Royal Highness, the only person in the group not uncovered, has Lord Northbrook on his right and Miss Baring on his left. Prince Louis of Battenburg is sitting next to Lord Northbrook, Lord Suffield just behind, and Sir Henry Norman behind him. The Prince's suite are chiefly to the left of the picture, the Indian officials to the right.

No. 9.—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



HE name of cathedral carries with it heavy architectural responsibility. Accustomed to the venerable, varied, and romantic structures which alone arrogate that name in Western Europe, the traveller may at first regard the modern and rather monotonous Cathedral of Calcutta somewhat superciliously. Yet the metropolitan church of India would be considered, even in England, much more than respectable as a modern work of Gothic architecture. When we consider, moreover, that it was designed and erected by military engineers, who might be considered almost as amateurs in ecclesiastical architecture, and that the funds with which it was built were raised by the influence, or contributed by the self-denial and munificence of a single—not wealthy—prelate, our respect for the vast structure grows into wonder. This cathedral was the child of Bishop Daniel Wilson's love, and the pride of his heart. During the whole of his episcopate all of his income which could be spared from his numerous charities and pious subscriptions (for his personal expenses were restricted within bounds almost too narrow for his position) was devoted to this cathedral. The Court of Directors was induced (and even this chiefly by his importunity) to contribute £15,000. All the remaining cost was supplied either by his own economies or by the donations collected at his instance throughout his diocese. The design for this fine church was furnished by Captain Goodwyn, of the Bengal Engineers, with some modifications, it is said, suggested by Colonels Garstin and Forbes, also of the same distinguished service.

No. 10.—OLD COURT HOUSE STREET.



HIS view, of no great beauty in itself, is nevertheless appropriate in this collection as being representative of a whole quarter of Calcutta, the quarter of European commerce. All the streets in this portion of the town, though filled almost exclusively by shops or places of business, are, like that presented in the photograph, spacious and airy. The most conspicuous building in the picture is a great hotel, one of the two largest in Calcutta, in which the ground floor (for in Calcutta the ground floor is seldom used for bed-rooms, and not often for sitting-rooms) is employed as an immense shop, or rather bazaar, while only the upper stories are devoted to the accommodation of guests. It may strike readers unacquainted with the East as strange that the rent of rooms in Calcutta rises with the staircase; the third storey, as being more airy, is higher-priced than the second, and the second than that which in London is generally the drawing-room and best floor.

Of all the cities in the world, except, perhaps, St. Petersburg, Calcutta, from its far-reaching vistas, and the character of its buildings in blocks of uniform façade, lends itself most advantageously to illumination; and that of December 24th, in honour of the Prince's visit, will hardly be forgotten by any who witnessed it.

No. 8.—GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.



N the afternoon of the 23rd December, 1875, His Royal and Imperial Highness the Prince of Wales made his entry into the capital of his august mother's Indian Empire. For Calcutta really is the capital of India. It is so, as a matter of fact, because it is the seat of supreme Government—because the Viceroy, with his Council, resides there during quite half the year, while his presence is divided for the rest of the year over various portions of the Empire. But not only is Calcutta in this sense the actual capital, but it is so by its possession, in larger combination than any other Indian city, of the properties which go to make a capital. The total population is probably larger, and from topographical reasons is more capable of increase, than its only rival in this respect, Bombay. In European population Calcutta is beyond the pretence of rivalry, as well as in the number of its *educated* native inhabitants. It is conceded at once that communication with England is easier and more rapid from Bombay, but on the other hand with the whole interior of India it is more difficult and inconvenient. Calcutta communicates with the Upper Provinces not merely, like Bombay, by railroad, but by navigable rivers and good roads also. Besides, if Bombay may be considered central with regard to the political and commercial dealings of India with Zanzibar, the Persian Gulf, &c., Calcutta possesses the same advantage with reference to Burmah and the Straits Settlements. But more than by most of these argumentative considerations the visitor to India will be governed by his eyesight. Calcutta *looks* like a capital. Bombay may have a few acres of more stately and substantial buildings than any similarly small area in Calcutta, but on the same ground Oxford might almost as well pretend to depose London from its rank as metropolis. The stately portion of Calcutta is measured by square miles. Not that Calcutta looked its best when the Prince saw it. All the public buildings and most private ones were untidy with bamboos and scaffolding, in preparation for the illuminations in honour of his arrival; and the *maidan*, which ordinarily gives, by its unencumbered vastness, such an air of regal serenity to Calcutta, was broken up and frittered away into patches by long lines of tents every here and there, obstructing the continuity of view. Still, Calcutta was sufficiently itself to explain the title which so many travellers have given it—the “city of palaces.” Not that Calcutta is universally thus characterised: some have called it the city of bad smells; but this property, which never attached to the European quarter, can hardly now, since the recent improvements in drainage and the water supply, be predicated of any part of it. The official *Guide to Westminster Abbey* describes Calcutta as “a place in the East Indies memorable for the imprisonment of the English garrison in a black hole,” so there is no saying in how many lights the capital of India may be viewed, or which may be its chief claims to notice.

The photograph annexed exhibits Government House, the official residence of the Viceroy and Governor-General. It was here that the Prince of Wales, during his fortnight's stay in Calcutta, was entertained by Lord Northbrook. Government House was built in 1804, during the Governor-Generalship of the Marquis Wellesley, at a cost of about £130,000, and it is impossible altogether to deny it the praise of grandeur. It is of the Ionic order of architecture, and consists of a central building, and four wings or branches. The main building is ascended by a stately flight of steps and surmounted by a dome. This central portion is chiefly occupied by two apartments—one the state reception hall, the other and upper one being used as ball-room or for great entertainments. The magnificent chandeliers in this room were formerly in General Martine's house at Lucknow, and were purchased, at the sale which followed his death, by the British Resident for a mere song, the King of Oudh not caring to run up the price against his formidable patron, the East India Company. From this central building of Government House extend four great arms or wings, containing the private apartments, &c. The Council Chamber is in the north-east wing.

No. 11.—THE MAHARAJA OF BENARES.


MAHARAJA ISARI of Benares obtained this title—having previously possessed only that of Raja—together with an augmentation of his salute, shortly after the Mutiny. These favours were bestowed partly because his fidelity during that critical period was, on careful investigation, thoroughly established, and partly perhaps in atonement of the unjust suspicions for which he had at one time been the mark. His Highness's position had, in fact, been unusually delicate. The memory of Balwant Singh and Cheit Singh is still popular in Benares. Bishop Heber quotes some lines of a native ballad which may seem to glorify the pomp and majesty of Warren Hastings, but the drift of the doggerel is in reality to exult over his humiliation when obliged to fly from Benares, and to express sympathy with Raja Cheit Singh in his temporary triumph. There may not be much local patriotism about Benares, but still the city had, in the days of the old Rajas, the dignity which attaches to the capital of an almost sovereign prince, and whatsoever Benares may have of national pride attaches to that period. At present the Maharaja is something more than a wealthy nobleman with vast dominions, but not much more. Even his civil authority in his own territory is not altogether uncontrolled, and his criminal jurisdiction is very narrowly limited indeed. Moreover, while the Maharaja could not confer on his state the dignity of independence, and so lost the prestige which might attach to a *de facto* ruler, he was not the legal representative of Raja Balwant Singh, and so, according to native principles of succession, did not hold his estates *de jure*. He is no doubt descended from Balwant Singh, but only by the female side, while there is said to be a lineal descendant by the male line, a certain Balam Bahadur*, in existence somewhere in India. Thus it comes about that Maharaja Isari, notwithstanding his princely munificence and his amiable character, has not been without ill-wishers. When the Mutiny broke out, some of these endeavoured to force him into its ranks, partly by promises but chiefly by threats, while others of them treacherously endeavoured to make him an object of suspicion to the British authorities. Under these difficult circumstances the Maharaja's conduct was surprisingly good. He overlooked slights with dignified calmness, and responded with readiness to very exacting requisitions. It is a consolation to know that the Maharaja's loyalty was at last fully recognised, and has been rewarded by a great enhancement of dignity.

No. 12.—THE MAHARAJA OF VIZIANAGRAM.

THIS popular and accomplished nobleman, though of more ancient lineage than many of the reigning princes of India, is not, strictly speaking, one of them—that is to say, he is only titular Maharaja. His great wealth comes to him in the form of rents, not revenue; and his wide estates are domains only, not dominions. By his personal merit, however, the Maharaja has attained greater consideration, as a noble of the British Empire, than belonged to any of his ancestors, though some of these made war on their own account, and exercised other perilous prerogatives of sovereignty. He has received, and will remit to his successors, the coveted title of Maharaja, with the right to a salute; he is a Knight Commander of the most exalted Order of the Star of India, and has been a member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council. And these honours have been thoroughly deserved. The Maharaja is an enlightened and beneficent landlord in his own estates, and a generous friend to charitable undertakings far beyond their limits. His hereditary domains lie in the north of the Madras Presidency, near Orissa, but the Maharaja resides chiefly at Benares. He speaks English perfectly, and enters freely into English society.


* Kaye's *Sepoy War*, vol. ii., Appendix, p. 682.

No. 13.—THE GANGES AND BRIDGE OF BOATS.

 HIS view is taken from the courtyard of Aurangzeb's Mosque, of which the base stands on a high bank 150 feet above the river, while the graceful minarets rise to a further height of 120 feet above the base. The bridge of boats seen in the distance serves to connect *tant bien que mal* during eight months of the year the Oudh and Rohilcund Railway, which has a terminus in Benares on the north side of the river, with the East Indian Railway, which runs parallel to the river a little to its south. During the rains the boats composing this bridge are removed, or the tremendous torrent would soon remove them, and then traffic across the great river must be carried on as best it may by ferry-boat. A little to the east of the northern end of the bridge, and commanding it as well as the whole city of Benares, is, or was for some time after the Mutiny, the strong fort of Rajghat. It has latterly, however, been abandoned on account of supposed unhealthiness—a singular ground, considering that for scores of years the site of the fort was frequented by the European gentry of the neighbouring cantonment and station of Secrole during the fever season, on account of its superior salubrity.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales reached Benares on the evening of the 4th January. During his stay of two days he was entertained in camp with great splendour by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, Sir John Strachey. This was the Prince's first experience of the tent-life of India, and he is understood to have been enchanted by it.

No. 14.—MOSQUE OF AURANGZEB, BENARES.

 T is superfluous to say that Hinduism, Brahmanism, is the prevalent religion of India, accepted by probably a hundred and fifty millions of its inhabitants, or that Benares is, so far as Hindus are concerned, the religious capital of India. In fact, Benares has sacred pretensions such as neither Rome nor Mecca ever put forth. A road about fifty miles in length describes (roughly speaking) a semicircle around the city, the diameter, or chord of the arc, being formed by the Ganges. "The entire area is called Benares, and the religious privileges of the city are extended to every portion of it. Whoever dies in any portion of this enclosure is, the natives think, sure of happiness after death; and so wide is the application of this privilege that it embraces, they say, even Europeans and Mohammedans, even Pariahs and other outcasts, even liars, murderers, and thieves. That no soul can perish in Benares is thus the charitable superstition of the Hindus."*

Nevertheless, Benares is not of very ancient fame as a Hindu city. All its early religious celebrity is derived from Buddhism, which supplanted or over-shadowed Brahmanism in the greater part of India for nearly a thousand years. No doubt Brahmanism obtained in the district of Benares, as elsewhere in India, when Sakya Muni (Buddha) began his preaching there; but there seems an entire absence of evidence (whether of written record or the sometimes more trustworthy one of stone and brick) that Benares enjoyed any religious pre-eminence in pre-Buddhist days. It was Buddhism, and the splendid colleges

* Sherring's *Sacred City of the Hindus*, p. 176.

or monasteries belonging to that faith, which gave the celebrity and sanctity to the district which Brahmanism inherited after the expulsion of the Buddhists. All, however, that remains of Buddhist Benares are the strange and interesting, but scanty and desolate, ruins at Sarnath and Bakariyakund, while it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Hindu temples in Benares are to be numbered by thousands. Prinsep put the number at a thousand forty years ago, and the Rev. Mr. Sherring, the most recent authority on Benares, declares their number to be increasing. This reviving prosperity of idolatry is no doubt to be attributed in main part to the greater general prosperity of the country under British rule. Dr. Mullens (quoted by Mr. Sherring) remarks on this subject: "All over North India the native merchants and bankers who have prospered by English protection, by contracts with English armies, by the security given by English law to their extensive trade, have filled Benares and other cities with new and costly shrines; and many a rajah and many a banker, when visiting in state the holy city, has poured into the lap of the attendant priests unheard-of sums, which must have satisfied even their covetous and grasping souls." *Omne majus includit minus*: it is a part of the same explanation of the renewed vitality of Hinduism in Benares, so far as the prosperity of a faith is proved by the number and splendour of its new fanes, that Hindu temples are not liable, under British rule, to be knocked down and defiled just in proportion to their size, the vantage of their site, or sanctity. But under the reign of some Mohammedan sovereigns these circumstances sufficed to mark out a Hindu temple for destruction. Thus Ala-ud-din used to boast that he had destroyed a thousand idolatrous temples in Benares alone. It is true that Mr. Fergusson rather questions this asserted proneness of the Mussulmans to destroy the sacred edifices of other creeds purely for insult and from intolerance. Nevertheless, the instances of Aurangzeb's mosques at Lahore and here at Benares are in existence to show that they sometimes did so. This mosque, of which the beautiful minarets are the first thing the traveller sees of Benares from a distance, and the most charming thing he dwells on at close view, was built, not for the spiritual needs of Mussulmans, but purely to outrage Hindus. It never has been, and is not now, frequented by the Mohammedans of Benares, and is in fact only opened once a week, on Fridays, to a meagre handful of worshippers; but it was built in the very densest part of the Hindu quarter, and on the ruins of no one knows how many Hindu temples, subverted to give it place. It was fortunate intolerance, however, of Aurangzeb, for in a picturesque sense it is the most precious single structure of the place.

No. 15.—THE BURNING GHAT.

BENARES is no doubt poor in individual objects of beauty. Perhaps Aurangzeb's Mosque, the Benares College (built by Major Kittoe about thirty years ago), and the palace of the Maharaja of Benares at Ramnagar, are the only buildings which, taken singly, call for much admiration. Yet few cities offer so grand a general view as that which Benares presents from the river. The Ganges, fully a third of a mile wide, flows in a fine curve close under a steep bank or cliff of perhaps an average height of a hundred feet. This bank is crowned for an extent of more than two miles by a continuous series of tall, irregular houses, often taking the form of battlements, with the conical spires of innumerable temples interspersed. Since bathing in the sacred river is a vital practice of religion, access to it is provided in a hundred places

by means of *ghats*, or descents, sometimes merely inclined planes down which carts can proceed to unload their contents in boats, more frequently in the form of staircases of masonry steps. These latter are in many cases works of great costliness and magnitude. It is a matter of pride as well as piety for the Hindu princes of distant parts of India to have their own private *ghats* upon the Ganges, where, on the occasions of their pilgrimage to the holy city, they may perform their devotions with a pomp and exclusiveness befitting their rank. Thus, the Scindias of Gwalior have their ancestral *ghat*, called after their name; so have the Nagpur and Jaipur rajas, and many others. Some of these bathing-stairs are really stately structures, and their number and continuity constitute them without doubt the feature which most strikes the visitor who approaches Benares on its southern or river side. Most, perhaps all, of these *ghats* have temples built upon one or more of their terraces, where devout bathers can make their offerings to the presiding brahman. Here and there, too, privileged mendicants crouch on the steps, or men sit under mat umbrellas to sell flowers, or little divinities of mud or brass. The particular *ghat*, or stair, shown in the photograph is not among the most splendid, but it is one of the holiest of all. It is called the "Burning Ghat" from having been specially appropriated to cremation.

No. 16.—VISHNU PAD, AND OTHER TEMPLES, BENARES.



EXT to its ghats, the temples of Benares are its most striking features. These are almost incredibly numerous, probably nearer two thousand than one. The great majority of them are dedicated to Siva under one or other of his names, for Benares is emphatically the centre of Siva worship. There are comparatively few in honour of Vishnu, and hardly any appropriated to Brahma. The photograph exhibits one of the few which are under Vishnu's patronage, with some others, its neighbours, dedicated to other deities, including one built rather recently by the Raja of Ahmety, which some consider the most graceful temple in Benares. Altogether, the scene of the photograph is among the holiest of the Benares holies. To the left is the Manikarniku, the famous well of Hindu mythology. Of it Mr. Sherring says: "It is the first place sought after by the thousands of pilgrims flocking yearly to the holy city. Its fetid water is regarded as a healing balm which will infallibly wash away all the sins of the soul. There is no crime so heinous and abominable but, in popular estimation, it is here effaced. . . . Of all places of pilgrimage in Hindustan, this well is held by many to be the most, or among the most, efficacious for bestowing salvation." It had need be efficacious, for resort to it is nauseous enough. "The water of the well is very shallow, not more than two or three feet in depth. It is insufferably foul, and the effluvium from it impregnates the air for some distance around. The worshipper, descending into the water, laves his head and body with the vile liquid, and at the same time utters certain phrases appointed for the ceremony." On this, the most sacred of all the ghats in Benares, a little higher up to the right, is the *Charan-paduka*, commonly called the Vishnu-pad, the "impression of Vishnu's feet." At one time of the year multitudes flock to worship the figures of two feet cut in white marble, which are supposed to mark the spot where Vishnu alighted when about to perform ascetic rites.

No. 17.—THE MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.

THE piteous tale of the "Cawnpore Massacre" is far too well known in England and in India to need recapitulation, and is too painful to be recurred to without necessity. This unpretending and appropriate building surrounds the spot where gaped the dreadful well. Within the screen, and over what was the well, stands a white marble statue, an emblematic female figure, by Baron Marochetti. Around stretch the Memorial Gardens, kept freshly green, even in the driest and hottest weather, with water ingeniously led from the Ganges Canal hard by; and in the distance may be seen the tower of the beautiful Memorial Church. The memory of the unfortunates who perished in that sad time is piously and fitly cherished.

No. 18.—THE CHATTAR MANZIL, LUCKNOW.

THE interior of this building is far more beautiful than would be guessed from its outside. The large hall, with its lofty Saracenic arches and the unusual finish (for Lucknow) of its elaborate ornamentation, is one of the most graceful, and at the same time most stately apartments in the world. It has been said: "Architecture in Lucknow seems always struggling towards magnificence and beauty, but in this one case of the interior of the Chattar Manzil it has attained them."

The Chattar Manzil is now used partly as the club-house of the United Service Club, and partly as the Station Library. A splendid ball was given in it to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during his visit to the capital of Oudh.

No. 19.—THE MARTINIÈRE.

GENERAL CLAUDE MARTINE, a native of Lyons, enlisted as a private soldier in the East India Company's army, but found his way, through circumstances which are variously stated, into that of the Nawab of Oudh. Accounts are again conflicting as to the qualities by which he rose so rapidly to the rank of General. But whatever his military services, it was not exclusively to them, but more to his tact and suppleness as a courtier, that he owed the opportunities of accumulating the vast fortune he ultimately possessed. *Non olet*, however: the manner in which he bequeathed his wealth has stifled all ungrateful inquiries as to its acquisition. He left £100,000 to his native city, Lyons; the same to Calcutta; and the chief residue of his fortune, together with his residence—the vast but fantastic structure pictured in the photograph—to Lucknow, for the purpose of founding a school or college at each of the three places, to be called in his commemoration *La Martinière*.

The upper gallery of the Martinière, from its height and the position of the building, was a favourite, though by no means a safe, resort for spectators, during the progress of Lord Clyde's operations for ejecting the rebels from Lucknow.

No. 20.—GENERAL VIEW OF LUCKNOW.

THE great authorities on Indian architecture, Fergusson, Cunningham, Kipling, and others, will not allow us to express much admiration for the buildings of Lucknow, but few can avoid feeling it, nevertheless. The prevailing architecture may be of the confectionery order. You may not approve, but you must look with indulgent complacency upon the irregular, whimsical, romantic, and audacious structures. Bastard alhambras start up cheek by jowl with luxurious modern villas from every grove. "Imagine pavilions from the Champs Elysées interspersed through Cairo, or bits of Constantinople, with its mosques and minarets, jumbled up with scraps, say, of the Hague, and sprinkled about a well-timbered country: there you have the existing station of Lucknow." It is this intimate mixture of Oriental with European buildings which constitutes the peculiarity of Lucknow. It owes all its cleanliness and convenience to the English, who after the Mutiny drove broad roads through the former labyrinths of filthy hovels, and laid out stately pleasure-grounds for air and recreation; but it owes its picturesqueness to its former native princes, who studded it so thickly with all these spires, and cupolas, and minarets, and many-storied palaces, and tombs more palatial than the palaces themselves.

The annexed photograph is taken from the Kaisar Bagh looking towards the Chattar Manzil. It presents the widest view easily obtainable, but neither the most beautiful nor the most characteristic.

No. 21.—RUINS OF THE RESIDENCY AND BAILEY GUARD.

THE buildings and grounds of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's Park would not be held to constitute an advantageous fortress, in which a few hundred men might keep an army at bay; but the old Residency of Lucknow was not a whit better suited for defence. Nevertheless, it was maintained for more than eleven weeks against many thousands of regular troops, reinforced by unlimited numbers of irregular fighting-men of the warlike castes, with the resources of a large city at their back, and supplied not only with abundance of small-arm ammunition, but with powerful artillery. The garrison which held these exposed and fragile dwellings for so long against such an overwhelming leaguer, consisted of 418 men and officers of H.M.'s 32nd Foot, 437 faithful Sepoys, the greater number belonging to the 13th N.I., and perhaps 200 more—artillerymen, staff officers, covenanted and uncovenanted civilians, European tradesmen, and Eurasians. There were also more than 200 women and children.

The plain represented in the photograph was the scene during the Prince of Wales's visit to Lucknow of a most interesting ceremony. The late Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, had had the honourable inspiration of erecting a monument to the memory of the loyal natives who fell in the siege of the Residency; and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales gladly embraced the opportunity, by laying the first stone of the memorial, of paying tribute to the faithful men who, without the ties of kinship or any clear views of interest, from the sole bond of honour and fidelity to their salt, gave up their lives in the cause of England, and for the protection of English women and children in their dire extremity. All the native survivors of that terrible and sublime struggle had been invited to the ceremony without exception. Some had been

soldiers in the garrison, others not less faithful had been servants merely. There may have been nearly two hundred survivors altogether. Some had evidently prospered : they held commissioned appointments, and had official right to the respectful treatment which the Prince accorded them—of touching their sword-hilts with his hand, and so personally recognising and accepting their individual service as from trusted soldiers to grateful prince. Others by their attire seemed out of favour with fortune, and a great many were very old and infirm. But rich or poor, vigorous or decrepid, His Royal Highness insisted on giving separate audience to each. The pomp and state of the ceremony, the large muster of troops, the military music, and the eloquent speech in which the Chief-Commissioner, Sir George Couper, introduced the purpose of the meeting, had all tended to soften the heart ; and when the native relics of the siege, after the touching ceremony of their presentation to the Prince, marched or limped past in long defile, many a soft cheek was bedewed with tears. Thoughts had travelled easily twenty years back : cannon and musketry were still playing on the battered old Residency hard by, and our dark-skinned allies were again spending their blood in its defence. It was an ease to the conscience of every European present to reflect that, thanks to Lord Northbrook's happy initiative, a memorial would at last arise to show that England was not ungrateful for native loyalty, and that, thanks to the Prince's sympathetic words and manner, it had been worthily inaugurated.

No. 22.—THE HUSSEINABAD IMAMBARA.

EVEN Ferguson, amid his general contempt for the debased architecture of Lucknow, concedes some words of praise to the Tomb of Mohammed Ali Shah. He says : " The Great Imambara of Lucknow is nevertheless conceived on so grand a scale (its principal apartment measures 162 feet by 53) as to entitle it to rank with buildings of an earlier age." No one, however, has a word to say for the Husseinabad Imambara ; and yet it is a telling ingredient in the architectural *olla podrida* of Lucknow.

The grounds, too, surrounding the tomb are stately in their formal Indian fashion, while the view from its terrace is among the strangest and most captivating of this most strange and brilliant city.

No. 23.—VIEW FROM THE TERRACE OF THE IMAMBARA.

THAT too fastidious critic, but most elegant of writers on Indian architecture, Mr. Keene, speaks of the "stucco-nightmares of Lucknow," as if they were offences against humanity. Surely this picture may refute the libel. Such a congeries of palaces and temples may have no single constituent absolutely faultless, but it is reckless to deny the picturesque splendour of the whole. Nor is it just to refuse a tribute to the dynasty whose sumptuous tastes within a period of less than a century crowded its capital, possessing no great natural advantages, with such a constellation of great, varied, and fanciful edifices as to constitute it, in a general view, one of the most brilliant cities in the world.

No. 24.—THE PRINCE OF WALES AND STAFF, CAMP OF EXERCISE,
DELHI.



IS ROYAL HIGHNESS is here represented, accompanied by His Excellency Lord Napier of Magdala, Commander-in-chief of the Armies of India, and attended by some of the two staffs, at the saluting-point before the inspection and march-past at the Camp of Exercise.

No. 25.—VIEW OF THE CAMP, DELHI.



HE tents of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Camp of Exercise were pitched in a fine open plain, about a mile from the Kashmir Gate of the city and the same distance from those of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and composed a fit military palace for the occasion. They stretched the whole breadth, a hundred yards, of the grand avenue formed by the two rows of tents containing the royal suite, and included, besides noble apartments for sleeping, dining, sitting, and all other private or ordinary purposes, a vast durbar-room or reception-hall, which, though its walls and roof were of canvas, was really, by its proportions and decorations, superb enough for the palace of a king's capital.

No. 26.—INTERIOR OF DURBAR TENT.



OR a canvas house this room must be acknowledged pretty good. It measured 72 feet by 60, and was 20 feet high. It *might* almost have been used to drill a battalion in; it *was* used by His Royal Highness for levées and state receptions.

No. 27.—PRINCE'S ELEPHANT IN STATE TRAPPINGS.



Of course the handsomest elephant that could be searched out was retained for the Prince's use on occasions when it might please him to employ that mode of progress. The animal on which His Royal Highness mounted now and then at Delhi was certainly an extremely handsome one; and its trappings, which had been embroidered in great part expressly for the occasion, were both sumptuous and tasteful. Nevertheless, it was said that the beast specially selected for the use of royalty, though large, well shaped, and stately, was rather rough in pace, and that the howdah was more elegant in shape than comfortable.

No. 28.—H.R.H.'s CAMEL ORDERLIES.



It is found useful to spare the wear and tear of troop-horses by employing camels for certain routine orderly-work, such as the carrying round of order-books, &c. There is an air of state, too, in the employment of camel orderlies which made it suitable that some should be devoted to the Prince's service.

No. 29.—MOTI MASJID, DELHI.



WHEN people in India talk of *the* "Jamma Masjid" without mention of any particular town, it may be assumed they speak of Delhi; and when they speak of *the* "Moti Masjid," it must be held that they allude to that of Agra. Yet the Jamma Masjid of Agra and the Moti Masjid of Delhi are quite beautiful enough to deserve honourable mention in their respective classes, and are only unfortunate in having namesakes still more celebrated. As may be seen from a comparison of the photographs, the Moti Masjid of Delhi is more ornate, while hardly less elegant than that of Agra. It is, however, much smaller. But its chief inferiority is an almost inexplicable one: the Moti Masjid of Delhi misses the sacred calm which pervades the other—a character of purity and holiness which is produced one knows not how, but which gives the Agra temple somehow an incontestable right to the title of the Pearl of Mosques.

No. 30.—INTERIOR OF THE DEWAN-I-KHAS.



IT is round the roof of this Hall that the famous inscription runs which Moore has paraphrased in *Lalla Rookh* :—

"And, oh, if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this,"

while Mr. Fergusson, whose word on such matters may be trusted, would render it by the assertion in sober prose, that "no palace now existing in the world possesses an apartment of such singular elegance." Larger than the Alhambra, of more precious materials than Tirumala's Reception Hall at Madura, the beautiful Dewan-i-Khas of Delhi, with its embossed roof, vandyked arches, its precious mosaics, its golden arabesques and marble fretwork, is the most princely and poetical of all apartments. But this sumptuous chamber was not built to be empty. The interior of a fine cathedral is never so fine as when seen enclosing a crowd of worshippers. And thus it may be said to have been a part of the architect's design that the Dewan-i-Khas should be filled by brilliant groups of courtiers, warriors, and nobles. Without the flashing of jewels, the sheen of silks, and bright warlike trappings, the luxury of the rich walls, ceiling, and floor, is baulked of its intended harmony. Accordingly the Dewan-i-Khas can never have been seen to greater advantage than on the night of the 12th January, 1876, when Lord Napier of Magdala and the army of Delhi gave a magnificent ball to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. At this ball nearly four hundred ladies and a thousand men (the great majority in uniform) were present. There was no impious meddling with the divine framework of the marble pavilion; but all the temporary adjuncts, the broad draperies of rich silk, green or crimson, as well as the glittering and various costumes, were splendid as became the royal chamber and the royal guest.

No. 31.—LAHORE GATE OF THE PALACE, DELHI.



HE palace of Delhi, after the Taj of Agra the most beautiful, and, taken altogether, the most magnificent creation of that most magnificent of all emperors, Shah Jahan, stands in a fine position on high ground on the right bank of the river Jamna. It is in shape a quadrangle, of about a mile in circumference, and is crowded with buildings, none of which are unworthy of attention, while some, as the Dewani Khas, the Moti Masjid, and the Dewani Aam, are among the architectural gems of the world. The chief architect of this grand palace was the accomplished Frenchman Austin de Bordeaux. It has been generally attributed to Austin de Bordeaux (or de Bardeux, as Colonel Sleeman styles him); but Mr. Keene says "the distinguished amateur Ali Murdan Khan was the designer of the Delhi Palace," and that it was merely "decorated by Austin de Bordeaux, an accomplished French adventurer." A high castellated wall of red sandstone, rising above a broad and deep moat which could be flooded from the river, completely surrounds the palace, constituting it a fort as well. This wall is pierced on the land side in different portions of its circuit by three noble gateways. The annexed photograph represents what was called the Lahore Gate.

No. 32.—JAMMA MASJID, DELHI.



HE Jamma Masjid of Delhi is, on the whole, the finest mosque or place of Mussulman worship in India. It is not, strictly speaking, so *beautiful* as the Moti Masjid at Agra, but it is on the same general plan and on a very much vaster scale. This, its great size, together with the fact that it is raised very grandly on a deep basement, and that it is adorned with two minarets, almost as lofty and graceful as those of Benares, and three fine gateways—one of them almost as imposing as that at Fattehpur Sikri—constitute it on the whole the greater work. It has one defect; the discord of colour between the red sandstone of some portions and the white marble of others makes the eye slow to acknowledge the harmony of outline. Mr. Fergusson justly calls attention to a great charm of this building—its variety. It presents a different outline from every different point of view. Seen by moonlight especially, it is marvellously picturesque. There is another season, too, at which, as Mr. Grant Duff observed, the Jamma Masjid presents a profoundly impressive spectacle. This is at Friday prayer, when the quadrangle of the mosque is filled with worshippers. Mr. Grant Duff says: "Nothing could be more striking than the way in which the people, two thousand perhaps in all, knelt and rose, stood up and prostrated themselves, as one man. And on the last Friday in Ramazan, when from thirty to forty thousand people assemble, and the whole mighty enclosure is filled, it must be one of the great spectacles of the world."

No. 33.—GROUP: H.R.H. AND OFFICERS 10TH HUSSARS.



HIS photograph sufficiently explains itself. Besides its royal Colonel, those familiar with this illustrious regiment will recognise the portraits of Major Lord R. Kerr, Captains Bulkeley, Combe, Hartopp, &c. In fact, all the likenesses in this very successful group are unmistakeable.

No. 34.—10TH ROYAL HUSSARS ON PARADE.



HIS picture, representing the 10th Hussars drawn up in column of squadrons, is a *tour de force* of photography. It deserves to be examined through a good magnifying glass.

Nos. 35, 36, AND 37.—GROUPS, WITH BENGAL LANCERS.



THESE picturesque groups illustrate one of the most characteristic features of English rule in India. More than this, they bring to mind one of England's military resources for service (when required) far beyond Indian limits. Some of the troopers here portrayed were present at the capture of the Taku forts in China; most of them served in Abyssinia. A distinguished Prussian officer who was present at the Delhi Camp of Exercise pronounced the native cavalry assembled there far superior in promise of efficiency to any Cossacks; and our English officers know that their actual performance may be counted on not to fall short of what their appearance promises. This particular regiment was famous as Probyn's Horse; it has now been honoured with the title of the Prince of Wales's Bengal Lancers, and had the privilege of furnishing His Royal Highness's escort (under Major A. H. Prinsep) during his visit to Nepal.

No. 38.—DELHI EKKA.



THE ekka, as used throughout India, is a rude-looking vehicle, cheap and common in its materials, and without elegance of shape. It must be added that, to those not inured to its peculiar jolting, it is the most dislocating of carriages. Nevertheless, it is not altogether to be sneered at. Competent judges who have looked critically at the ekka, pronounce that, for reducing at the same time both draught and weight to a minimum, it is the most scientific carriage in existence, excelling even the *carriola* of Naples or the *corricola* of Palermo. An ekka, drawn by a skeleton of a pony hardly larger than a donkey, may often be seen containing three or four fat men besides the driver. In Delhi, however, the ekkas are more frequently drawn by bullocks of a rather fine breed, with some gain in appearance but not in speed. In the Deccan they have a breed of cattle capable of drawing light two-wheeled carts upon fair roads at the rate of from seven to eight miles an hour; but these Delhi bullocks cannot be counted on to trot at more than from five to six.

No. 39.—GOVERNMENT HOUSE, LAHORE.



LIKE the church and many other of the public buildings of Lahore, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab was originally a tomb, the tomb of Mohammad Kasim Khan, a cousin of the great Akbar. It has been converted to the purposes of European habitation with considerable skill, but it is still far from palatial, and its accommodation is too limited. There is, however, a stately central hall, and the grounds are well-timbered.

No. 40.—CAMEL CARRIAGE.



THE Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab is probably alone among past or present rulers of mankind to possess a coach and six of this pattern. It has, however, some special aptitudes beyond its possible employment in a circus. From the conformation of his foot, the camel steps with unusual comfort in sand or dusty ground, and can therefore use his weight with the greatest ease in draught just where horses labour most and can produce least effect. Now, in the Punjab, sandy roads, or roads heavy with deep dust, are the rule rather than the exception. Besides, the natives are said to regard this camel carriage of the Lieutenant-Governor with much complacency and respect, as being quite suitable to his exalted office.

No. 41.—TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE RAILWAY STATION, LAHORE.

THIS picture tells its story too clearly to require or admit of description.

No. 42.—THE MONTGOMERY HALL, LAHORE.



HE Montgomery Hall was built in 1866 by subscription among the native chiefs of the Punjab, as a memorial to Sir Robert Montgomery, the second Lieutenant-Governor of the province. The design was furnished by the late Mr. Gordon, C.E. The photograph represents the interior of the building as it was temporarily disfigured by the decorations—armorial shields, curtains, trophies, and so forth—for the grand ball given to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. With a little good-will, however, the noble proportions of the Hall may still be recognised.

No. 43.—THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR.



THE Golden Temple (so called because the domes and cupolas which surmount it are sheeted, if not exactly with gold, at any rate with copper-gilt as bright as gold), though in Sikh estimation the holiest building in the world, does not possess this sanctity in its own right : its title to the veneration of all Sikhs rests on the fact of its position in the centre of a much holier thing, the sacred tank, *amrita saras*, the "fount of immortality." This now sacred reservoir was first excavated by Ram Das, the fourth *Guru* in succession from Nanak, on a piece of ground given him, it is said, by the tolerant and speculative Akbar. The town or group of dwellings, temples, and shops which grew up around this tank was indeed originally called Ramdasapur, and under that name became at once the head-quarters of the Sikh sect. When, however, Govind Guru formally erected frequent bathing in the tank into a sacrament of the Sikh religion, the overpowering holiness of the water entirely supplanted all other associations. The old name was disused, and the town became Amritsar as well as the tank. The Golden Temple is not a very large building, nor does its design defy criticism. Nevertheless, seen by moonlight, or when illuminated (as it was in honour of the Prince of Wales), or even by day reflected in the surrounding water, and with its golden cupolas glittering in the sun, it makes a pretty picture, and vindicates to some extent, even to unbelievers, the veneration of which it is the object with all Sikhs. The temple itself is only 60 feet by 30. The sacred tank, from the centre of which it rises, an island of masonry crowned with burnished metal, is 600 feet square. The temple is approached from the shore by a marble causeway, through a gateway coated with plates of silver elaborately chased. Within, under a canopy and on a richly-embroidered cushion, lies a copy of the *Grant'h*, the holy volume of the Sikhs, which all day long priests relieve each other in reading to themselves or expounding to disciples.

It is said that some uneasiness prevailed as to what might be the reception of the Prince in the sacro-sanct city of the Sikhs. The old spirit of the Akalis, which even Ranjit Singh had so much trouble to keep within bounds, might linger in their old haunts, and blaze up at the presence of the prince who was lording it in the land of the sacred Khalsa. If there had been such apprehensions, they were proved utterly groundless. His Royal Highness was received here not merely with the usual curiosity, but with absolute fervour. Nowhere else in India, except in Bombay, and perhaps Benares, was there so good an imitation of enthusiasm as in the sacred city of the Sikhs. And it is only just to say that the Prince's popularity at Amritsar was to a great extent the creation of the Prince himself. Never was his manner happier. By obeying his own kind instinct, he achieved easily in one moment what would have been a triumph of policy. The heart of the people was suddenly reached by a single unpremeditated but felicitous act, and there ran through them one of those flashes of gratification and approval which, repeated from mouth to mouth, go to constitute loyalty and personal devotion. This was when the Prince, who had been paying kind and almost tender attention to an extremely old Sikh sirdar, Mangal Singh, in a sudden impulse stooped and attached a decoration to the old warrior's dress. That the old sirdar himself was deeply gratified might be easily understood, but the multitudes around felt the good feeling of the act as if addressed to each man among them. A murmur of surprise and pleasure ran through the crowd. Their hearts seemed to soften and warm at the same time. The popular emotion

grew. People pressed towards the Prince to throw their most precious shawls and their jewels at his feet, before him or *towards* him, if they could not get near. His Royal Highness was evidently taken by surprise at the enthusiasm which his simple but kindly act had aroused. He touched, without accepting, as many of the outstretched shawls as he could reach, and when at last he turned to go, one universal, irrepressible shout of "*Mobarik! mobarik!* (Welcome! welcome!)" arose among the immense multitude.

No. 44.—MAUSOLEUM OF RANJIT SINGH.



HE Mausoleum of Ranjit Singh, near the Hazuri Bagh, on the north side of the city of Lahore, although imposing enough when viewed from a distance, and though interesting to a certain extent as almost the latest specimen on a large scale of Sikh architecture, will not bear comparison for an instant with a hundred tombs erected over the remains of lesser men but by greater artists.* In design it has neither the grandeur of the early Mogul style, nor the elegance of the later, and the details are insignificant, not to say vulgar. Nevertheless, its faults of taste do not protect the visitor from a feeling of reverence. A raised stone platform in the centre of the building, from which rises a gigantic lotus flower carved in marble, catches the eye at once on entering. This lotus flower marks the spot where lie the ashes of the grim old chieftain with whom the greatness of the Sikh nation rose and fell; while a number of very little lotus flowers grouped around were considered sufficiently to indicate the resting-place of the four wives and seven slave girls who, *volentes volentes*, sacrificed themselves on his funeral pyre.

Maharaja Ranjit Singh began his career of conquest by the seizure of Lahore in 1799, and concluded it by the capture of Peshawur in 1823. From that time till his death, sixteen years later, he reigned undisputed master of the whole Panjab from Kashmir to the borders of Bahawalpur, and from the Satlej to Afghanistan. His sagacity was shown not more in the invariable success of his aggressions than in knowing when to bring them to a close once for all. He had early come to appreciate the character of the British Government—that it might be trusted not to pick a quarrel, but that to provoke it was to incur, at the least, loss of territory and vassalage. Accordingly, to the day of his death, while well maintaining his own dignity, he was scrupulous to give not the least ground of just umbrage to his powerful neighbour. If he was wise in determining on his policy abroad, he showed himself no less strong in his government at home, by compelling his formidable army, after a quarter of a century of victory and plunder, to keep the peace for a period almost as long. The violence of the recoil into turbulence and anarchy, which followed immediately on his death, is a measure of the compression which he had been able to exert. No descendants of the Maharaja Ranjit Singh survive. Maharaja Dhalip Singh, who has now taken his place among the landed aristocracy of England, is the son of Rani Chanda, one of Ranjit's wives, but was never supposed to be the son of the Maharaja Ranjit Singh himself.

* For instance, the Mausoleum at Goverdhan of another Ranjit Singh, the warrior who defended Bhurtপুর so gallantly against Lord Lake, almost equals that of the great Maharaja in bulk and costliness, and far excels it in elegance.

No. 45.—YARKANDIS WITH HUNTING HAWKS.



AWKING, it need not be said, is a favourite pastime, and falconry a recognised pursuit, over the most part of India, and certainly not less so on the other side of the Himalayas, from whence indeed its practice was first introduced into the peninsula. These hawks have been brought all the way from the Kushbegi's territory, possibly with a view to sale, more probably as presents likely to be acceptable to those whom it is judged politic to conciliate.

No. 46.—BELUCHIS.



HESE men are of the class of retainers, hangers-on, half aides-de-camp, half valets-de-chambre, of the better-to-do Beluchis, whether of the sword or the pen, depicted in No. 47. Beluchis, as a race, are turbulent and quarrelsome without being warlike. Perhaps their costume (which, speaking roughly, consists of all the cloths and gowns and scarves they can acquire and hold upon their persons), by unfitting them for feats of agility, keeps their savagery within bounds.

No. 47.—BELUCHI CHIEFS.



HATEVER these gentlemen's respective motives in visiting Lahore, whether to see the Shahzadeh, of whose approach they had heard, to pay their duty to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab, or to pursue various private objects with British officials, they have all at this moment one common pre-occupation—that of appearing to advantage in Messrs. Bourne & Shepherd's picture.

No. 48.—GADIS, NATIVES OF CHAMBA.



HAMBA is a town of some six thousand inhabitants in the dominions of the Maharaja of Kashmir. It is situated on the Ravi just where that river debouches from the hills about thirty miles east of Jamû, the Dogra capital. The natives of Chamba, as may be seen from the photograph, are not without coquetry on the score of head-dress.

No. 49.—DANCING GADIS.



HE performance of these artists is called dancing for want of a single word to describe it more accurately. The "dance," however, is nothing but an argumentative pantomime to the accompaniment of strange music. This eloquent oratory of a dumb people is very curious to witness. Their statements, by gesture, are most lucid, and their mute rhetoric mutually convincing.

No. 50.—PATHAN CHIEFS AND ATTENDANTS.



N this group, four gentlemen are of the rank which entitles them to chairs in the presence of an English officer. One of them, indeed, has been himself an officer of our Irregular horse, and his three medals show that as such he has seen stern service. He is probably now *en retraite* as principal land-holder of his native village beyond the Salt Range, respected all the more by his neighbours for the regimental uniform he still on ceremonial occasions loves to resume. An orderly of his own race, possibly a son or nephew, stands behind his chair.

No. 51.—DOGRAS IN CAMPAIGNING COSTUME.



HE Dogras, or Hill Rajputs of the Jamû territory, are the principal class of the Maharaja of Kashmir's subjects and the strength of his army. In many respects their position in Kashmir and Jamû resembles that of the Gorkhalis in Nepal. But, dominant as the Dogras are in their own hills, the Sikhs think slightly of their fighting qualities. The picture states the Dogras whom it exhibits to be in "campaigning costume;" but it is as hard to say what is the Dogra uniform as it would be to say what is the colour of flowers. When the Prince of Wales was at Jamû he saw fourteen or fifteen regiments: and *quot* regiments *tot* uniforms. There was not even a general similarity between them. The Maharaja's army constituted a very pretty *spectacle*, equal for variety and fancy of costume to the most sumptuous extravaganza ever seen on the London stage.

No. 52.—WOMEN OF KASHMIR.

KASHMIR is hardly more renowned for the beauty of its scenery than for that of its women. Its reputation in the first respect is most fully deserved ; as to the second some reservation is required. Perhaps young Hindu women of the upper ranks, never exposed to extremes of climate, and not forced to labour, may be as handsome as they are imagined ; but Hindu women are seldom seen in public in Kashmir. The sex is chiefly represented before the world at Kashmir by Mahomedan women not of the higher class, and these are not markedly prettier than the girls of Kumaon, Sirmur, and Gurhwal. The reader can judge for himself, remembering, however, that the three ladies depicted in the photograph are far above the average of Kashmir beauty.

No. 53.—THE MAHARAJA OF KASHMIR.

HIS Highness Renbir Singh had scarcely ascended the throne, in succession to his father, Golab Singh (who died in the early months of 1857), when the Great Mutiny broke out to test conclusively his qualification for retaining it. He chose the wise as well as loyal course, and did valuable service to the British in many ways, although the quality of the troops composing the contingent which he furnished for the siege of Delhi, proved unequal to the strain of that stern occasion. Since then the Maharaja has on all occasions shown readiness to meet the wishes of Government. He has reduced at its suggestion the transit duty on goods passing through his dominions to five per cent. *ad valorem*, and has in other ways proved himself accessible to liberal influences. Yet it would be vain to deny that European opinion in India has, on the whole, shown itself to be unfavourable towards him. Specific accusations, however, have never been established against him, and have in most cases been proved distinctly to be unfounded. A vague prejudice has nevertheless survived, though even this is much more easily explained than justified. It is not very different in kind from that which makes Russians echo eagerly every charge against the possessors of Constantinople. There is a general feeling that Renbir Singh's astute father obtained the extensive and beautiful principality of Kashmir on absurdly easy terms—in fact, that that wily chieftain had virtually duped the Government of Lord Hardinge ; and there has consequently always been an idea among the non-official public that the question should be re-opened and the bargain revised. The circumstances under which Golab Singh became possessed in full sovereignty of Kashmir are fully narrated in Cunningham's "History of the Sikhs," but may be briefly summed up thus,—that Golab Singh, who began life as a private trooper, and who never in the days of Sikh independence was anything more than a vassal of the Khalsa, even as regards his domain of Jamû, was not only recognised by Lord Hardinge as independent master of that province, but freely endowed with the sovereignty of the coveted valley of Kashmir and of the whole hill-country between the Beas and Indus, to which he had never previously advanced the shadow of a claim. He received all this in return for what ? Why, in consideration of his abstention from active opposition to the British in the first Satlej campaign, for some passive support in the second, and for the payment on behalf of the Panjab State of a million sterling, nearly three-quarters of which (£680,000) he had already

acknowledged himself to owe to the Panjab Government. It is thus commonly declared that Golab Singh purchased Kashmir, and his rank as independent Sovereign of both Kashmir and Jamû, for the ridiculous sum of £320,000. It is unnecessary, however, to argue that a contract, in order to be valid, need not ultimately prove to be equally advantageous to both parties; or that this particular bargain appeared (like the permanent settlement of Bengal) much more convenient to the British Government at the time when it was made than it does now; or that, though Kashmir be charming, and a healthful resort for ladies and gentlemen in the hot weather, this is no just ground for questioning the present Maharaja's title to the dominions he has peaceably inherited and done nothing to forfeit. It is equally needless to say that there is not the smallest disposition on the part of Government to disturb the Maharaja in his treaty rights, nor any greater likelihood of the Maharaja putting the splendid position, to which fortune and the favour of the British Government have raised his family, in jeopardy by an equivocal policy. The supremely magnificent reception given by the Maharaja at Jamû to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was the expression of his eager anxiety to testify his devoted loyalty to the British Crown.

The Maharaja Renbir Singh is about 40 years of age, pleasant in countenance, and of mild, unassuming manners. Popular report credits him with saying all the witty things in his dominions, while Kirpa Ram, his minister, does all the wise ones. In other words, the Maharaja is more reflective than energetic; he thinks shrewdly, and is clever at putting his thoughts into pointed words, but is not very assiduous in business. Mr. Grant Duff mentions one of the Maharaja's smart sayings. With reference to Mr. Grant Duff's visit to India to acquire information for himself, His Highness said, putting his fingers to his face : "The eye and the ear are very close together ; but what a distance between hearing and seeing !"


No. 54.—H.R.H.'S TENT, AGRA.



HE Prince had had his introduction to Indian tent-life at Benares, and a longer experience of it at Delhi ; but it was at Agra that he saw it in its most luxurious development. The camp pitched for His Royal Highness's entertainment, under the auspices of the Lieut.-Governor of the North-West, was probably the most stately and imposing one ever pitched in English times in India. The material of the tents was not indeed silk or fine cashmere, as in those of the great Omrahs which Bernier saw. But then, Bernier says nothing of the squalor of the camp-followers, nor of the oriental inequality and untidiness which, we are sure, must have impaired the splendour of the Imperial encampment. Now here, as at Delhi, as at Benares, there was no squalor, no untidiness, nothing to hide away. Of course the Camp, like everything else, had its better side, and the photograph no doubt exhibits this. The flag-staff, with its base drowned in beautiful shrubs and flowers, which we see quite at the right of the picture, was in reality in the exact middle of the broad turf street, 200 yards wide and twice that length, which led as to a terminus to the tents of the Prince of Wales and Lieut.-Governor. On each side of this street were ranged long rows of uniform double-poled tents, fourteen in a row. At night, this main street, and indeed the whole camp, was brightly lighted, but not illuminated. There was no show of flashy, temporary decoration. The lamps and lighting apparatus looked as substantial and permanent, only a great deal

handsomer, than those in Pall Mall. The characteristic of the camp in all its arrangements was finish, order, and solidity. It was hard to believe that the whole thing was the creation of a few days, and would vanish in a few more. And within the tents this characteristic, of completeness and solidity, was still more striking, and it is said the Prince was greatly struck by it. The Royal tents were magnificent, of course, but they were so wonderfully cosy, too. Not to speak of the great drawing-room and dining-room, each 80 feet long by 32 broad, the Prince had his private drawing-room, 30 feet square, his library, and writing-room, rooms for his lords-in-waiting and equerries, and dressing and bath-rooms. As one slight illustration of the thoroughness with which provision had been made for H.R.H.'s convenience, it may be noted that every one of his rooms was furnished with three spring-bells to summon the lord-in-waiting, the equerry, or, thirdly, the Prince's valet. Of course, every one of his rooms—indeed every tent of the noblemen and gentlemen of the suite—was furnished with a good, honest, open fireplace, with English fender; and all were carpeted, as also were the passages, with softer fabrics than those of Axminster. But all, or nearly all, that has been described might have been expected on such an occasion as the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West entertaining the Prince of Wales. But who could have expected—who ever heard of a billiard-room, or of a handsome and commodious theatre, in the camp of less than a fortnight's occupation? And yet both were here. Nor were they at all make-shift apologies. The floor of the first was as smooth, the table as level, the room as well lighted, as if prepared in London for an international match; and the theatre, though not of course Covent Garden, was as comfortable an arena for private theatricals as is to be found in a first-class English country-house. And some of the scenery, the work of Dr. De Fabeck, was such as few English private theatricals have ever boasted.

No. 55.—GATEWAY OF THE TAJ.

 N Oriental tales of fairy-land, the approaches to scenes of enchantment and supernatural beauty always lie through a desert, and then, when the traveller, weary in body and mind, is sufficiently dejected, there burst suddenly on his sight a great wall with a giant gateway, tree-tops just showing over the masonry to give assurance that on the other side of the jealous wall all is fresh and verdant, that the desert is passed, and that probably fountains are bubbling among the deep-shading fruit-trees. In the same humour for striking contrast, the authorities of Agra permit the road to the incomparable Taj to remain almost as incomparable for dreariness and squalor. Here you skirt a muddy pond in which buffaloes wallow, there a still fouler swamp in which unwholesome-looking pigs are grubbing. Now you pass a nest of dusty and dilapidated huts, and anon a rank and neglected cemetery. But on a sudden, at a turn of the road, a cramped arch is passed, and the visitor finds himself in a spacious oblong quadrangle of masonry, with before him on his left hand the stately gateway shown in the photograph. On the platform, in the shady recesses of the huge portal, or under the great *pipal* trees that face it, crouch some natives, the favoured few licensed to sell talc or ivory pictures of the Taj, or inlaid paper-weights in the style of its mosaic work. And, if the visitor will permit, some grey-beard will only too gladly act as cicerone, dilate with pride on the grandeur of the old Mogul Emperors, indicate not without justice and taste the special

beauties of the entrance porch,—how, for all its solidity and vastness, grace and elegance are its characteristic,—and then devoutly impress upon you that the cornice, which frames the outer face as artistically as could be done by any Grecian scroll, consists entirely of the holy characters of the Qurân. Gateways and entrances, however, generally suffer injustice, at least at first. Youth itself, which is a gateway, is never appreciated till it is past. The visitor to the Taj probably listens impatiently to the old man who would detain him at its vestibule. He keeps peering out upon the quaint garden with its formal rows of tall cypress, to where the Taj itself, seen for the first time, crowns and closes his view. Nevertheless, before hurrying thither he would do well to follow the old guide's advice, and climb the narrow steps leading to the summit of the gateway. There, standing under the minaretted colonnade, which, even in the picture, gives such an admirable air of lightness to the massive edifice, he may look down upon the most wonderful building in the world queening it in one of the stateliest of gardens. No subsequent view of the Taj he may obtain will eclipse that. Many a traveller from many an European country, besides the Prince of Wales, has confessed that then and there for the first time has the India of his imagination and romance been realised to the full.

No. 56.—THE TAJ FROM THE RIVER.



T must be confessed that no one, from looking at this photograph, excellent of its kind though it be, would feel that it represented an architectural miracle, one of the wonders of the world. No building in India is so ungrateful as the Taj to the art that would fain publish its beauties far and wide. It is not easy to understand why this should be ; some will say it is because the colouring of the Taj is so beautiful, and colour cannot be given in a photograph ; but this is a lame and impotent explanation. Other photographs can dispense with colour and commit no libel on their originals ; nor do we find it easy to believe that the largest photograph of the Taj, even if coloured, and coloured by a Turner, would ever give us the feeling of adequacy. Certainly the Taj, beyond the harmony of its own proportions, has a harmony with its surroundings, both near and distant—with the formal and stately garden, with the river and wide plain beyond, with the sky and the very climate of Agra ; but when all this is said, the Taj has a power of charming more than all this accounts for. We may sum up its beauties in exhaustive catalogue, but its total beauty will still exceed the sum. Its details are faultless and its whole is perfect, but it has a quality which even this enormous praise does not include : it inspires love. The Taj not only grows on you by intimacy, but seems to enlarge your own powers of appreciation, until mere admiration softens into tenderness and profound approval, and if an earthquake were to destroy it, those who have come to know the Taj well would weep.

To whom, then, was this peerless monument erected ? To a lady, the grand-daughter of Atmad-ud-Daulah, wife of the Emperor Shah Jahan, whose name, as inscribed on her tomb, was Muntaj-i-Mahul, Rânû Begum—that is to say, Rânû Begum, the Ornament of the Palace. This lady, so honoured in her place of burial, died in childbirth in the year 1631. It is a saying among the natives in Agra that it took seventeen years to collect the materials for the Taj, and other seventeen years to make use of them. This may be approximately true ; Shah Jahan himself died in 1666, and the Taj was finished very few years before his death.

And who was the architect to whose infallible taste, or genius, we owe a masterpiece equal to anything in Greek, Gothic, or Italian art? The Taj was built, there can be little doubt,* after the designs and under the superintendence-in-chief of a Frenchman, Austin de Bardeux (or perhaps Bordeaux) who, assimilating the general forms of Mogul architecture, carried them at once to the utmost perfection of which the style is capable. His favour at court may have been envied by the native artists, but his talents were fully recognised by them. Tavernier declares that he was commonly known by the title of the "Wonder of the Age"—*Nadir-ul-Asar*. According to the same authority the Taj cost a sum more than equivalent to three millions sterling.

No. 57.—TAJ.



HIS view of the illustrious building is taken from a corner of the upper platform of one of the two mosques which stand on either side of the Taj and face toward it. These structures, themselves of great beauty, are of red sandstone from Fatehpur Sikri, domed and ornamented with white marble from Jodhpur. The one on the left as you face the Taj on entering is a real mosque—that is to say, a place of Mussalman prayer; but the other, from which the photograph is taken, is not in truth a mosque at all, but was built for the sake of symmetry, to balance in the *coup d'œil* the more sacred edifice on the other side. It is hence called the *zawāl* (the answer or pendant). Since painting and photography fail to do full justice (as it is confessed they *do* fail) to the almost inexplicable beauty of this supreme monument, words must necessarily be impotent for the task. Besides, all the superlatives of admiration have been long ago exhausted in the service. A simple description of it, to subserve the photograph, is all that will be attempted.

The Taj is essentially a square building, of white marble (though, as the corners are sliced off, it is literally octagonal), of 186 feet to a side, and it stands on a platform also of white marble, of about double the dimensions. At each corner of this platform is a minaret, 137 feet in height, crowned with a little kiosk. The whole—Taj proper and marble platform—is raised on a terrace of red sandstone, which is reached from the gardens spread out below by a great flight of steps. The central bulb-like dome, 50 feet in diameter and 80 in height, is capped with gilded copper, from the centre of which springs up a pinnacle tipped with a crescent. The total height from the garden level to the "Allah" which is inscribed on the crescent is 243 feet. This enormous pile is elaborated throughout with the finish of a Chinese casket.

Behind the Taj, on the right of the photograph, a glimpse has been happily caught of the Jamna flowing by, and beyond is the flat expanse across which the traveller to Agra by railway first beholds, a long way off, the marvellous tomb of the wife of Shah Jahan.

It may not be altogether out of place here to notice a curious discovery made in 1874, when the Taj was under repair. One of the engineers on the works, seeing an old native loitering on the platform, asked him what he was doing. The old man, who wanted for the moment nothing better than to talk, launched out into a narrative of his youth, telling how he had been employed formerly with a crowd of workmen in a job similar to that going on, and mentioning in the course of his prolix story, that he had helped to block up the passage which formerly led,

* There is however some. Mr. Keene says: "The Taj was designed by Eesa Effendi, a Constantinople Turk;" but the weight of opinion is against him.

on the river side of the Taj, beneath the marble platform to the centre of the tomb. The engineer had heard of no such passage, and doubted its having existed. The old man, however, on being taken to the spot drew attention to a portion of the platform which, it was then seen, did differ somewhat from its surroundings. As workmen were at hand the pavement was taken up, and there, sure enough, it was found that carefully-executed brickwork filled up a space which must formerly have been a passage. The excavation was continued down a flight of steps, in such perfect preservation that the marks of the workman's chisel showed quite fresh, to an octagonal chamber, vaulted and prettily decorated in colours. As the engineer, however, had no official sanction for work of this nature, the exploration ceased, for the time, with this discovery.

No. 58.—THE AMMAR SINGH GATE OF THE FORT, AGRA.



HIS picturesque fortress was commenced by Akbar and continued by Jahan Gir, while the most beautiful portions of the palace within were added by the tasteful Shah Jahan. Which of the three emperors built this particular gate is uncertain, and why it was named after Ammar Singh. All, indeed, we know of Ammar Singh is that, though a Rajput chieftain, he was for some time rather a favourite at the Mogul court, but a few years later was cut down in imperial durbar.

The Fort, as has been said, owes its origin to Akbar. Sleeman mentions a tradition that Sheikh Salim Chisti, the aged saint of Fatehpur Sikri, finding his devotions disturbed by the bustle which Akbar's residence there occasioned, went one day to the emperor and stated that either he or the emperor must quit the place. The devout emperor replied: "If one of us is to suffer inconvenience, it certainly must not be you, my lord;" and at once made preparations for transferring his court to Agra. The outer walls of the Fort, nearly seventy feet high throughout, are a mile and a half in circuit, and are of red sandstone. The apparent strength of the vast pile is in great part fictitious, for the walls are little more than shells of stone filled up with rubble. A deep moat encircles the Fort, which is entered by two gates, the Delhi Gate, and the Ammar Singh Gate shown in the photograph. Entering by the latter, a steep ascent leads to the Hall of Public Audience, but if curiosity tempts to the exploration, a turning to the right at once conducts the visitor to the private apartments of the palace, the Khas Mahal, the Hall of Mirrors, and the beautiful quadrangle sacred to the bath. It was by the Ammar Singh Gate that Lord Lake entered the Agra Fort after its capitulation, and the marks of British cannon-balls are still pointed out on the marble screen of Shah Jahan's palace.

But the Ammar Singh Gate of the Fort has recently added to its historical associations the distinction of having been the scene of the Prince of Wales's magnificent reception, and the starting-point of that elephant procession which can hardly ever have been surpassed in its barbaric splendour. On the waste ground occupying all the front of the photograph were arranged large pavilions for the accommodation of visitors, native and European. As the Prince passed the Ammar Singh Gate, the Princes of India took up in turn their respective positions in the splendid train. And so the stately procession passed on between banks of natives who lined all the miles of road to where the Prince's camp was pitched, beyond the civil station.

To the extreme right of the photograph, in the far distance, the Taj is dimly seen, with the river Jamna making a semicircular curve between.

No. 59.—AKBAR'S PALACE.



SINGLE photograph can show only a fraction of the labyrinth of buildings composing this Palace. In that here given, we have in the foreground the "grape garden," from which a vine avenue—now vineless—leads to a broad marble platform, in the centre of which is excavated, or rather built, a beautifully-adorned bath. Beyond the platform are the arcades of the "private palace." On the right are some of the apartments appropriated to the ladies of the court. Over the roofs of these, and across the sweep of the Jamna, shines the Taj. The substructures of the Palace are everywhere of red sandstone, but the superstructures—the chambers, halls, corridors—are of white marble, almost everywhere ornamented with elaborate and graceful carving, and in the pavilions towards the river, with rich mosaics of jasper, agate, and cornelian. The grape-garden was the scene of a tasteful and dazzling illumination on the occasion of Sir John Strachey's magnificent fête in honour of the Prince of Wales.

No. 60.—TOMB OF ITMAD-UD-DAULAH.



T was an impressive custom of the great Mogul lords to build them stately pleasure-houses, and belt them with great gardens, wherein to take their pleasure while they lived and to be buried when life was past. Having resounded for years with the mirth of his revelries, the marble walls at length receive in silence the princely dead, and for once there comes to them a guest who is not received with peals of laughing welcome. And then the great gates are shut, and the late lord of all is left alone in his silent palace surrounded by the solemn garden. Such a palace, which is also his tomb, had Itmad-ud-Daulah, that most prosperous of adventurers. He became the prime minister of an emperor; his daughter, Nur Jahan, long swayed the destinies of the empire; and it was to his grand-daughter, the wife of Shah Jahan, that the Taj was raised. His own tomb also, shown in the photograph, is one of the glories of Agra.

The lower platform, on which in the picture two figures are to be seen, is of red sandstone, about 150 feet square. At each corner springs a robust kiosk, divided half-way up by another platform, but this, like the rest of the actual mausoleum, of white marble. In the centre of the upper terrace, a great casket, domed and pinnaced, with screens of the most beautiful marble lace-work, contains two tombs, but without inscription; for the remains of the fortunate Wazir are not here: they lie below in the main hall, a marble room with bold inlaid work of arabesques and flowers. The effect of this fine monument is not a little enhanced by the stately gloom of the great gardens which surround it.

No. 61.—THE MOTI MASJID.



HE Pearl Mosque has been compared to the Evening of Wordsworth's sonnet:—

"Quiet as a nun breathless with adoration."

In the Mutiny of 1857, it was thought necessary to use the Mosque as a hospital; but nothing is more difficult to realize than this pure calm temple as having been the scene of agony and tumult. Now a sound, unless it be the cry of the parrot or the cooing of

wild doves, is seldom heard within it. The most boisterous of visitors feel as it were a hand laid upon their lips as they enter the serenely solemn building, and, as if afraid to awake an echo, talk in undertones or wander altogether in silence. And yet this beautiful Mosque has met with technical condemnation. Architectural critics assure us that its "lines" are "stiff," and the general design feeble and unaspiring. The Pearl Mosque stands on the very crown of the Fort plateau, and, rising as it does far above the parapets of the citadel, is a conspicuous object from a great distance.

No. 62.—INTERIOR OF THE MOTI MASJID.



WE have here the Pearl Mosque, seen from perhaps its most advantageous point of view, and showing a "mystery of perspective" which could not be expected in so simple a structure. From this standpoint, the intersection of the arches and groined vaults gives so enchanting a complication of marble outlines that for the moment the Taj itself is remembered as less beautiful. Bayard Taylor is not less enthusiastic than Heber in his admiration of the Moti Masjid. "It is," he writes, "in truth the pearl of all mosques, of comparatively small dimensions, but absolutely perfect in style and proportion. . . . Ascending a long flight of steps a heavy door was opened for me and I stood in a courtyard, with the pure white of the Pearl Mosque before me, and the pure blue of the sky overhead. Three domes of white marble crown a corridor open to the court, and divided into three aisles by as many rows of the most exquisitely-proportioned Saracenic arches. The Moti Masjid can be compared to no other edifice that I have seen. To my eye it is absolutely perfect. While its architecture is the purest Saracenic, which some suppose cannot exist without ornament, it has in fact nothing which can properly be called ornament about it. It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless, revealing so exalted a spirit of worship, that I felt humbled as a Christian to think that our noble religion has never inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and Mahammad."

No. 63.—THE TOMB OF AKBAR, SIKANDRA.




HERE is great fitness in the burial place of Akbar. Many wretched princes up and down the earth have had their graves celebrated by sumptuous constructions, and mighty kings, who "held the world in awe," are buried nobody knows where. But Akbar's glory and his tomb are well matched. History mentions few sovereigns who have reigned so nobly, and no sovereign was ever more royally entombed. It is true that Akbar is not quite alone in his magnificent mausoleum: he shares it with some meaner members of the imperial family, but one hardly cares to inquire their names. Sikandra is emphatically Akbar's mausoleum, and his alone. It was built for him, and is worthy of him, and his fame justifies and dignifies the splendid building.

This truly imperial monument stands in the centre of a great garden, entered on each of its four sides by a stately gateway of red sandstone. Four spacious roads, paved with slabs of the same sandstone, converge from the four gateways upon the great central platform; all


the space not occupied by the roads being filled by a luxuriant growth of flowering shrubs and the fruit-trees common to all old Indian gardens. The platform, of white sandstone, is about 400 feet square. From this springs a sort of pyramid of arched galleries and cupolas distributed among five terraces one above another, each terrace of smaller area than the one beneath; the fifth and highest, above 80 feet from the ground, is a hall of the purest white marble, enclosed on all four sides by screens of marble fretwork of the most delicate workmanship. The point of view from which the photograph has been taken is well chosen, since it not only gives a very explanatory picture of the mausoleum itself, but suggests also what is a striking feature of the scene, the solemn isolation of the edifice.

Mr. Keene tells us in his excellent "Guide to Agra" that the two minarets on each side of the main entrance to the Sikandra Bagh were once crowned by cupolas. The natives are fond of saying that these were knocked off by order of Lord Lake, when he took Agra in 1803, because some drunken European soldiers met their death by falling from them. Another and more probable story is, that the Jâts, when they sacked Agra, turned their cannon upon these elegant turrets out of mere wantonness.

No. 64.—AKBAR'S MAUSOLEUM.

 AYARD TAYLOR, after visiting Sikandra, writes: "I thought the Alcazar of Seville and the Alhambra of Granada had already presented me with the purest type of Saracenic, but I was mistaken. I find here in India conceptions of art far nobler, and embodiments far more successful. There is a Saracenic as distinctly as there is a Greek and a Gothic school of art, not the inferior, but the equal of these." Photography does not always give the spirit of a structure so vividly as is done in this very fortunate picture. The point of view is the right-hand corner of the first terrace, and here we recognise that, vast and lofty as the pile is, grace and lightness are its characteristic features. Passing the main entrance, opposite the figures, and turning to the right, a descending passage leads to the simple mortuary chamber in which repose the remains of the great Emperor. A plain stone sarcophagus occupies the centre of the floor, and it is beneath this that Akbar lies.

No. 65.—GENERAL VIEW OF FATEHPUR SIKRI.

 REAST of Agra and Delhi in architectural interest, though much less known, is Fatehpur Sikri—Akbar's Folly, as it might be called—the vast city which he founded, adorned with a whole constellation of sumptuous edifices, and then abandoned. This photograph gives a sadly just impression of what it now is; detailed examination raises our astonishment at what it must have been. Like old Rome, Fatehpur Sikri has been a quarry for its later inhabitants. Even the stones in the foreground of the picture have their nobility. Though now employed as a rude wall to demarcate two cornfields, they once had, all of them, their places in the great palace on the hill beyond; and, for miles around, the ruins of the wonderful pile give the people the materials for their walls and houses.

It is said that Akbar, returning from one of his campaigns, chanced to pitch his camp near the cave in which dwelt a holy man, the Sheikh Salim Chisti. At that time the Emperor had no son, a thing which poisoned all enjoyment of his greatness. The Sheikh, however, consulted by Akbar, bade him fix his permanent dwelling where his tent then was, and promised that an heir should there be born to him. It was so, for on that spot was born the future Emperor Jahangir. In gratitude to Heaven, to the Sheikh, and the auspicious neighbourhood, Akbar covered the former waste with a crowd of palaces and temples, engirdling the whole with a mighty wall seven miles in circumference. Portions of this wall remain erect, and it can be traced throughout; but within the circle there is for the most part a chaos of ruined stonework overrun with thorny shrubs, among which hares kindle, wild doves by hundreds build their nests, and pea-fowl—perhaps descendants of the birds that used to pace the marble terraces of Akbar's palace in its splendour—shrink and hide; goats clamber upon broken columns, and camels lounge about to crop the overgrowth. Nevertheless, even the remnants of Akbar's edifices may count among the architectural glories of the world. Entering by the great gate, far away to the right of the picture, we find ourselves in front of one of the grandest monuments in India. On the west side of a quadrangle 433 feet by 366 feet, rises a great vaulted mosque, paved with marble and painted in geometric patterns. Behind it is the cave which the holy Sheikh shared with the jackals before he had conquered the Imperial favour, while within the quadrangle itself is his tomb, an exquisite structure of white marble fretted into lace. Passing out of the quadrangle we traverse a dreary length of ruined masonry to the Queen's Palace, noticeable for its rich gateway and spacious court. Large trees have now grown up in it, luxurious wall-plants drop from all its niches, shrubs have struck root in every crevice, and only a fragment of the blue-enamelled roof remains; but we can still climb up the narrow stairs and stand where formerly the princesses stood to peep through the fretted parapet at the pageants of the Court below. Passing down again and turning to the left, we make our way across the flagged courtyard to Birbul's Palace (the Hindu minister of the eclectic Emperor), of which it has been said that, "if not the most diminutive of palaces, it is the most gigantic of jewel-cases;" while another observes of it that "nothing can exceed the massiveness of the materials except the minuteness of the finish." Turning back along the pavement we come to what is known as the Christian Lady's House, for the tradition is that Akbar, as unsectarian in his loves as in everything else, married a Portuguese lady named Miriam. But it would be too long even to enumerate the striking buildings in this wonderful place. There is the *Ladies' Oratory*, the *Five-storied Palace* (a most curious architectural whim), the *Pachisi Board*, a courtyard paved in chequers as if for chess, similar to that at Agra, in which the story goes that girls trotted from square to square as the Emperor and his adversary called out their moves. There are the Treasury, the Hide-and-Seek Gallery, and the Hall of Private Audience, in which Akbar, seated on the huge capital of a central pillar (of which a copy is to be seen at the South Kensington Museum), dictated orders to four ministers, seated one at each end of the four causeways which converge on the Emperor's throne, as for the four quarters of his empire. There is also the *Hall of Justice*, a small chamber or cabinet with a deep verandah looking out upon an enormous court, in which, as Mr. Keene remarks, "thousands of people could sit safe from the sun or rain, and witness the administration of justice in the manner so dear to an Oriental populace." A few only of these notable buildings may be identified in the photograph, the rest lie beyond its limits to the left. Among those included in the picture, the most salient is the *Hiran Minar*, or Antelope Tower, from the top of which (some 70 feet high) Akbar used to fire at the deer as they were driven past below. For more than half its height the tower is studded with elephant tusks imitated in

stone, a whimsical ornamentation which suggests that possibly this tower marks the grave of some favourite elephant. To the left of this tower a winding path leads over ruins and through jungle shrubs to the *Elephant Gate*, a massive portal once dignified by two colossal figures of elephants with trunks interlaced as if fighting. They are now headless and mutilated. Above the gates are apartments to which, in the heyday of Fatehpur Sikri, merchants from all the realms of Asia brought their most precious wares for the inspection of the beauties of the Great Mogul's harem. The covered causeway, along which the ladies were smuggled to their shopping over the heads of the crowd below, may be traced, even in the photograph, connecting the rear of the Elephant Gate with the mass of the palace buildings beyond. Far away to the right is the Great Gate, the space between it and the Antelope Tower being a wilderness of shattered sculpture, while in the left background are Birbul's Palace and some of the other edifices alluded to above. It is in that direction that the road, once marked out at short intervals by solid masonry towers by way of mile-stones, leads to Agra, the city which supplanted Fatehpur Sikri, twenty-three miles distant.

No. 66.—GREAT GATE, FATEHPUR SIKRI.



ERGUSSON declares this to be the noblest portal in the world. It is indeed so stately as almost to dwarf the grand mosque into which it leads. It towers 130 feet above the plateau on which Akbar's palaces stand. Please remark that the vegetation in the photograph consists not of shrubs, but of tall, full-grown trees, and the speck to the right of the entrance is a man. Below the spring of the arch is an inscription, beginning: "His Majesty, King of kings, Heaven of the court, Shadow of God, Yalâl-ud-Din, Mahammad Khan, the Emperor. He conquered the kingdom of the south. Having reached Fatehpur, he proceeded to Agra." Then follows the usual extravagant adulation, and then a sudden transition into the minor key in the shape of a passage from the sacred Arabic: "Said Jesus (on whom be peace), the world is a bridge; pass over, but build no house there; he who hopeth for an hour may hope for an eternity. The world is but an hour, spend it in devotion; the rest is unseen." On the opposite side another carved sentence tells us that "work is worship. He that standeth up to pray, and his heart is not in his duty, the same exalteth not himself, remaining far from God. Thy best possession is what thou hast given in alms; thy best traffic is selling this world for the next." And the inscription closes with the following conceit: "Know that the world is a glass where the favour has come, and is gone; take as thine own nothing more than what thou lookest upon."

Close beside this gateway is a deep well, into which, for the amusement of visitors (and a consideration), children leap from an astonishing height. Mounting the lofty building till they seem babies in the distance, they stand between the parapets of the upper wall; and when they see that the visitors' attention is attracted, they scream out a salutation to the *sahibs*, and leap feet foremost from the dizzy height. In the next instant they flash down through the air before you, and in the next, dexterously closing their feet at the very moment of contact, they pierce the weed-covered water far below you. It seems an awful way of making a livelihood; but they themselves declare that there is no tradition of a single accident.

No. 67.—TOMB OF SHEIKH SALÎM CHISTI.



FERGUSSON calls Fatehpur Sikri "a romance in stone;" if so, the tomb of Sheikh Salîm is undoubtedly its most interesting chapter. It is a white marble chamber, surmounted by a dome, with cap and pinnacle. Deep slabs, slanting downwards from below the cornice, and supported by curious brackets of a serpentine form, throw a religious shade around this apartment of the dead. It will repay the observer's trouble to examine the screens in the photograph through a strong magnifying-glass. They are of marble, pierced with the chisel; but no thread-lace was ever more delicate or so accurately uniform.

No. 68.—MARBLE SCREENS IN TOMB OF SHEIKH SALÎM CHISTI.



R. KEENE, in his "Note on Hindustani Architecture," writes: "All the marble-work of Upper India is surpassed by the monument which Akbar erected over the remains of his friend and spiritual counsellor—Sheikh Salîm Chisti, of Fatehpur Sikri." And elsewhere: "The outer screens are so minutely pierced that they actually look like lace at a little distance, and illuminate the mortuary chamber within with a solemn half-light, resembling nothing else that I have seen. The whole of this elaborate work, including the strange but most pleasing design of the brackets, appears to have been produced by the resident stone-cutters of the place, uneducated men, earning probably an average wage of about a penny a day. I believe that no instance of such pure, patient workmanship, so dignified yet so various, is to be found in the world." Mr. Fergusson accounts thus for the development of this art: "Every form of the Hindu temple was reproduced—with one exception. In the angles of every temple are niches containing images. These the Moslem could not tolerate, so he filled the niches with tracery. . . . After a century's experience they produced forms which, as architectural ornaments, will in their own class stand comparison with any employed in any age or in any part of the world; and in doing this they invented a class of window-tracery in which they were unrivalled." Very beautiful specimens of this tracery are to be found in Akbar's beautiful mausoleum at Sikandra, in the upper chamber of Itmad-ud-Daulah's garden-tomb, in Allah-ud-Din's gate, at Deeg, Chunar, and other places of North-Western India; but none, as Mr. Keene truly observes, altogether equal the screens in Salîm Chisti's tomb. The complication of the lines is in some cases so intricate that it is only by great attention that the formula of the pattern can be detected. For elegance, however, of design, the screens depicted in the photograph are, perhaps, the most admirable of all.

No. 69.—H.R.H.'S CHARGER "COOMASSIE."

No. 70.—H.R.H.'S YARKUND SHOOTING PONY.

No. 71.—H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF OORCHA ON HORSEBACK.

No 72.—MAHARAJA OF OORCHA ON STATE ELEPHANT.



IS Highness Hamir Singh, Raja (or by courtesy Maharaja) of Oorcha (or Tehri) in Bandelkand, is now about 26 years of age. He was, therefore, only a boy at the time of the Mutiny. The Bandela chiefs, however, were, as a rule, faithful in that period of trial.

The elephant in the picture has a distinction of his own: natives declare him to be the tallest in Upper India.

No. 73.—THE MAHARAJA OF ALWAR.



R. GRANT DUFF, in his "Notes of an Indian Journey," remarks during his visit to the picturesque town of Alwar : "The Alwar chief who reigned while I was at the India Office has, happily for his subjects, been gathered to his fathers. A boy of fourteen has succeeded, and the State is being managed during his minority by the Paramount Power." And again : "The honours of the palace were gracefully done by the young chief, who had been suddenly taken from a more than private station to fill his great place, and is still almost a child." The Nawab of Alwar is now (1876) just fifteen, and in the opinion of the British Resident, gives good promise of filling his high position worthily.

No. 74.—CAMEL GUNS OF H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF ALWAR.

No. 75.—CAMEL ARTILLERY OF H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF ALWAR.

No. 76.—STATE CARRIAGE OF H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF ALWAR.

No. 77.—ELEPHANTS AND ATTENDANTS OF THE MAHARAO
OF ALWAR.



HE most strange and splendid pageant of all those presented to the Prince of Wales's view within the Bengal Presidency was certainly the "march past" of native princes and their followings at Agra. On the great plain to the north of the Royal encampment there defiled before the Prince, for more than an hour and a half, an army of native chieftains and their retainers so diversified and sumptuously barbaric, affording such a matchless mixture of magnificence and savagery, that old Anglo-Indians were almost as much astonished and amazed at the unusual display as the freshest spectator from England. Each chief came on at the head of his own small army of followers; and as they passed the Prince one by one and made their obeisance, His Royal Highness beckoned to them to join him, and take their place in his own group, leaving their retainers to move on alone. An eye-witness writes: "Many of the chiefs looked proud and fierce enough to make a bold snatch at a crown; and many of their followers looked, for all their sumptuous apparel, like men not safe to be trusted near a silver spoon. The followers of one Prince looked in their chain mail like Crusaders, and those of another still more like the Saracens whom the Crusaders went to fight. One band might have consisted of the Circassians with whom Schamil so long baffled all the power of Russia, and another reminded one of French pictures of the Mamelukes. I think the Bikanir and Alwar troops were the most picturesque and dangerous-looking; they had an expression in their eyes as if for the life of them they could not understand why they were not allowed to plunder." The photograph gives a picture of the State elephants and personal attendants of the Maharao of Alwar; but does not show us any specimens of his romantic soldiery. Some of these, however, are seen in the photographs succeeding.

No. 78.—A WARRIOR OF OORCHA.

No. 79.—STATE PALKI OF THE MAHARAJA OF ALWAR.

No. 80.—MEN OF BIKANIR.



IN the marvellous procession which defiled before the Prince of Wales at Agra, the troops of Bikanir contested with those of Jhind, Alwar, and Urcha the palm of singularity. Both Alwar and Bikanir furnished to the display contingents of warriors mounted on camels, for which animals both countries (but especially Bikanir, of which the soil is almost everywhere sandy) are peculiarly suited. The camel is, however, used somewhat differently in the military practice of the two states: while in Alwar camels are employed for dragging cannon, or carrying one-pounder guns (*gumbaraks*), in Bikanir they are used only for mounting, what must be called in this case, not cavalry but camelry. By the application of a magnifying glass to the photograph it will be seen that these soldiers of Bikanir are equipped in curious chain-armour.

No. 81.—GROUP OF THAKURS, BIKANIR.



FOR all the simplicity in costume and habits of these personages, whom we see here seated so modestly on the ground smoking a pipe in common before resuming their seats in the bullock-carriage, they are in reality long-descended gentry—Rajputs of the Rajputs—not at all slow to take to the sword, and very capable of giving their princes, as a perusal of Tod's "Rajasthan" abundantly shows, a vast deal of trouble.

No. 82.—THE MAHARAJA OF GWALIOR.



T must be acknowledged that the Mahrattas have strong stuff in them. Princes of this race seem as a rule to have more idiosyncrasy, more personality, than the average Indian potentate. Neither Scindia nor Holkar can be considered a puppet—a tool in the hands of servants, the slave of his own zenana. If the English rule were suddenly withdrawn from India, it is probable that these two Mahratta princes would, in the first instance at least, have most to say regarding the redistribution of territory within the peninsula. Preferably Scindia: he is the more powerful, the more popular with his own subjects, and not the less able and ambitious of the two.

His Highness Alijah Jayaji Rao Scindia was born in 1833, and was just twenty-one when he assumed the government of his states. He was fortunate in having to his hand one of the very ablest statesmen in all Hindostan, the present Sir Dinkar Rao. It speaks much for the Maharaja's sagacity that he confirmed him in office, and cordially supported him for several stormy and critical years, and it says still more for his strength of character that he determined, and was able, to dispense with his services later on. This may have looked a little like ingratitude, but the Maharaja has no idea of allowing his minister to be his master. Sir Dinkar Rao, with the prestige of his successful policy and the declared favour of the British Government, was becoming too powerful, and Scindia did not choose to be overshadowed in his own dominions. The subsequent history of Gwalior has shown that this was not the petulant jealousy of a weak mind towards a strong one. The reports of successive Residents present the Maharaja to us as a prince of strongly-marked traits, observant and thoughtful, ambitious, but with great self-control, a close critic of the English character and Government, and on that very account one whose loyalty, though not affectionate or impulsive, may in ordinary circumstances be securely relied on. The circumstances of the Mutiny, indeed, were anything but ordinary ones, and his conduct was magnificently faithful even in those. Nor have the results of his then policy been such as to disgust him with fidelity. The Maharaja of Gwalior is a far richer and more honoured sovereign now, than before he threw in his lot so unreservedly with the British. He rules over wider territories, and holds them by a securer grasp.

No. 83.—GENERAL VIEW OF GWALIOR.

THE city of Gwalior, capital of the most powerful of the Mahratta States, has its sufficient explanation—its *raison d'être*—in the near neighbourhood of the remarkable hill on which stands the Fort of Gwalior. In natural strength, neither Gibraltar nor Ehrenbreitstein can vie with this famous citadel. The hill may not be quite so steeply scarped as Assurgurh, which frowns on the traveller by the road from Jubbulpore to Bombay, but then it is not commanded, or even bearded, as Assurgurh is, by rival eminences. It was inevitable that in all ages such a position should be occupied by the masters of the surrounding country, and it was in the course of nature that a town should grow up below, in the convenient plain, but under the protection of the fortress. Nor even now has the city many claims of its own to attention. It is true there is the Maharaja's great palace at Phul Bagh where he entertained the Prince of Wales so royally in February, 1876. But beyond a palace for pleasure and a fort for security, the Mahratta princes were never prone to spending money on architecture; and what the pride of the princes could neglect, the tastes of the Mahratta people did not supply. The city of Gwalior is thus unusually poor, for an Indian capital, in monuments and public buildings. In every respect, politically and artistically, the Fort of Gwalior is Gwalior, and nothing in Gwalior demands much notice except its fort.

Within an easy drive from Gwalior is the British Cantonment of Morar, held by a compact brigade of about 2,500 men.

No. 84.—PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE OF THE FORT, GWALIOR.

THE Fort of Gwalior has long been a topic of high interest (and indeed of dispute) among archæologists and antiquarians. It is rich in objects of beauty and curiosity—excavations, edifices, and sculptures—many of Jain creation, but some of doubtful date and parentage. If Kittoe, Cunningham, and Fergusson differ, who has authority to give the casting vote? But it is certain that the Jains, whom the singular conformation of the hill was precisely made to tempt, took possession of it from an early age, and have burrowed it with the most curious caves and niches. The sculpture in these is often as elaborate and grand in scale as in any of the rock-carved temples of Western or Central India. Fergusson puts the height of a single figure in one of the niches as upwards of fifty feet. The fortifications of Gwalior are in their way as interesting as its temples and palaces. Notwithstanding its apparent impregnability Gwalior is by no means a virgin fortress. Far from it: it has shown quite a faculty for falling, from the time, so early as 1232, when the Emperor Altumsh took it by storm, to 1799, when Captain Bruce (the brother of the celebrated African traveller) surprised it in a night attack.

No. 85.—GENERAL VIEW OF BHURTPORE.

THIS charming photograph presents the Jât capital in its most pleasing aspect. A thorough exploration might not fulfil the anticipation of beauty which this picture is calculated to excite. The Jâts, like the Mahrattas, but unlike the Moguls or the Rajputs, were comparatively indifferent to architecture. On the other hand, they were keenly alive to the advantages of position in a military sense. Bhurtpore is vastly stronger, or might be made so, than could be guessed from this soft and smiling landscape.

Until half a century ago the fortress was considered throughout India to be absolutely impregnable, and after the repulse of Lord Lake, who besieged it in 1804 with desperate energy but in vain, the natives had some reason for their fond superstition. It is certain that several years after it had really fallen to Lord Combermere in 1826, the people in many parts of India remained scornfully incredulous as to its capture. A thoughtful examination, however, even of the photograph will let us into the secret of Bhurtpore's strength. The size of the timber and the luxuriant vegetation, together with the broad full moat, help us to judge that the town lies low, and that water in abundance is close at hand. This was, in fact, together with the courage of its defenders, the chief cause of its long immunity from capture. There is a lake about a mile to the west of the town, the water of which even in the dry season is higher than the ground on which the fortress stands. When Lord Lake sat down before the place the drains communicating with the lake were opened, and the water not only filled the moats, but flooded all the plain to the south and east. Colonel Sleeman says that the water might have been diverted to the Jamna, had the English engineers discovered the system of sluices by which the Jâts were accustomed to drain the country after the rainy season. This was in fact done by Lord Combermere's engineers when the Jâts tried the same method of defence in 1826.

No. 86.—MAHARAJA RAM SINGH OF JAIPUR.



HIS intelligent and useful ruler was trained from childhood for his great duties under the supervision of the British Residents. His father had died—in all probability murdered—in quite early youth; and some of the reputed murderers expiated their complicity in the suspicious events of that period by imprisonment for life in the British fortress of Chunar. The present Maharaja was twenty-one years old at the time of the Mutiny; and his good wishes and, so far as his power went, his aid were with us throughout that time of trial. Major Eden wrote on the 17th May: "I feel assured the Maharaja and Sirdars will do all in their power to aid us." Unfortunately the Jaipur contingent was not amenable to its only-nominal sovereign, and practically it was English power which reduced his subjects to their due obedience, not the Maharaja who helped to restore the English power. Nevertheless, the good faith and loyalty of the Prince himself were indisputable, and the favour and friendship he thus acquired with the paramount power has been continuously increased by the enlightenment and humanity with which he has ever since administered his territory. His Highness has not merely acquiesced in every practicable scheme for the advancement of his people, he has been the first to design and carry them out, and has been constant in their support even when their novelty was past. In this way superior schools, botanic gardens, railways, have been acclimatised in Jaipur, while the administration of justice, the revenue system, and all the functions of government have been more or less improved under his auspices. In fact, Jaipur contests with Travancore the honour of being the model native state of India. It is a trifle but is worth noting, as showing the Maharaja's superiority to prejudice, and his inclination to like Europeans and their ways, that *he has learnt to dance*, and was wont to acquit himself unexceptionably as Lady Mayo's partner in the vice-regal balls at Simla. By the bye, the proper name of the state over which Maharaja Ram Singh reigns so beneficently is *Dhundhar*; Jaipur is the name of its capital, and it has been this only since 1728, when Raja Siwai Jai Singh removed thither from Ambêr.

No. 87.—THE PRINCE'S FIRST TIGER, JAIPUR.

TIGERS are common enough in the neighbourhood of Jaipur. It might be said that they are common enough in the city itself. In one of its streets the visitor, on an innocent ramble after the picturesque, suddenly finds himself nose to nose with seven tigers. No doors have to be opened to admit him to the sight. Everybody who passes the street passes the tigers, separated from him only by some iron bars. One of these animals is known to have killed twenty-seven human beings before his capture, and another is complimented with a double row of bars, a single set, such as suffice to confine his companions, having on one occasion proved insufficient for his restraint.

It was at Jhallana, within a short distance of the city, that the Prince of Wales was for the first time introduced to a tiger *in situ*, on his native ground. Tiger-hunting in this district is not usually practised with elephants, as in more level and grassy regions, but by means of beaters. The whereabouts of the tiger having been established by the discovery of the fresh carcase of his victim (often a young buffalo specially sacrificed to him as a bait), a semicircle of many hundred natives is silently drawn round his lair on the opposite side to that towards which the tiger is to be driven. A certain proportion of the beaters are furnished with drums, horns, fireworks, or matchlocks; most have sticks or hatchets, by striking which against trees or stones in their onward march they may efficiently swell the uproar, while all have their voices, and all use them madly. The total result is an uproar before which no animal can help retreating. On the occasion in question, a fine tigress was duly driven towards the spot where the Prince, the Maharaja, Rajah Kishore Singh, Lord Aylesford, and one or two others were in ambush. His Royal Highness got two shots and wounded her, but not mortally, and she escaped for the moment. She was, however, tracked, pursued on elephants, and finally by a few more shots slain.

No. 88.—THE PAVILION OCCUPIED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
AT THE RESIDENCY, JAIPUR.


THE picture represents the pavilion (known as the Maiji-ka-bagh) occupied by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during his visit to Jaipur, together with the adjoining Residency.

No. 89.—HALL OF AUDIENCE, JAIPUR.




JAIPUR is probably, nay certainly, the brightest and airiest city in the East. There may be other cities more picturesque from a distance; there is not one so gay, so fantastic, so amusing in its architecture within. In Jaipur you look in vain for the poor and mean quarter. There must, of course, be poverty and squalor somewhere in it, but if so they are hidden away out of sight. Jaipur is, so to say, all West End. Every street is as broad as Portland Place, and bordered by houses often splendid, and without an exception clean and pleasant-looking. Some are six or seven storeys high, all are more or less ornate, all have balconies of one queer construction or another, all have arched doors and windows. Many have kiosks and cupolas. Most have arabesques, tracery, or perforated trellises, and none are exactly like any others. But if the houses are irregular in height and decoration, and only alike in colour, the plan of the city is regularity itself. A magnificent street nearly two miles long and forty yards wide is intersected at right angles, at intervals of half a mile, by three other streets of nearly equal breadth but only one mile in length. The city is thus divided into eight rectangular blocks, one of which consists entirely of the Palace. And as the Maharaja's palace is one of the very largest in the world, so it contains one of the largest, best proportioned, and most sumptuous apartments which any palace in the world can boast. This is the Durbar Hall, exhibited in this and the following photograph. The first of these two pictures gives a good general idea of this grand hall, but its extent will be best realised from considering the second, and remembering that the photograph embraces after all considerably less than half its area. On the occasion of the durbar which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales held in it, there were probably more than a thousand persons present, most of them seated, and yet the apartment would apparently have held as many more, for the whole central space was vacant.

No. 90.—THE HATHI NISHAN, OR FLAG ELEPHANT OF JAIPUR.

 HIS elephant, selected for the purpose on account of his great height and well-matched tusks, has the honour of carrying, on State occasions, the officer who has the honour of carrying the standard of Jaipur. The noble animal is here represented in his court dress of scarlet cloth, profusely embroidered with silk of various colours. The triangular frontlet is of gold bullion wire, while the medallions down the centre are in pure sheet gold. In fact, the creature's full-dress uniform is said to be worth more than two thousand pounds, his own value being probably from seven to eight hundred. Remark the bells which, dangling by a silk rope, and jingling as the elephant moves, give warning of his august approach, that the way may be cleared before him. The Hathi Nishan is here waiting, incidentally to have his portrait taken, but chiefly for the summons to join the procession, which will meet His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the Jaipur railway station, and escort him through the city to the Residency. The scene is an inner court of the Maharaja's palace. This bright and pretty, but not very substantial, structure covers a large space of ground, little less than a sixth of the whole city. Its walls are painted externally throughout of cream-colour, picked out in lemon, making strong contrast with the inexorable dove-colour which clothes the remainder of the town. The palace is not only of vast extent, but in parts very lofty, six or more stories high. Nevertheless, it may be easily ascended to the summit of one of its loftiest portions by a barouche and pair, up a series of gently-inclined planes.

No. 91.—GROUP OF JAIPUR SIRDARS.

 N the occasion of the Prince's visit to Jaipur it was quite unnecessary for the Maharaja Ram Singh to summon, or even invite, his vassal chiefs to the capital: they were so eager to come. In fact, the Thakurs assembled from districts of Rajputana far beyond Jaipur, to pay their homage to the heir of the whole Empire. Thus, the Maharajas Pertab Singh and Kishore Singh, brothers of the reigning sovereign of the great rival Rajput State of Jodhpur, were present at Jaipur. There were some Mussulmans, too, of distinction, as the Nawab Sir Faiz Ali Khan. The photograph represents a group of a few such chiefs, members of the *bara-kotri*,* as are entitled to chairs on occasions of ceremony, with their favourite attendants standing at their back.

* *Bara-kotri*, the brotherhood or peerage of Dhundar, consisting of the possessors of the twelve great fiefs of Jaipur.

No. 92.—VIEW OF NAINI TAL.



ON the principle of *Omnia dat qui justa negat*, or that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, it is perhaps well to show the extreme beauty of Naini Tal by exhibiting its least beautiful view. The photograph does this. No search can find another point from which the admired lake looks so little attractive. Yet as, after all, even this scene is very far indeed from being hideous, or even unpleasing, those may perhaps obtain credence who pronounce Naini Tal one of the most beautiful spots in the whole world inhabited by Englishmen; for Naini Tal may be called an English town with more truth than any other in India. No doubt the natives are even here in large majority; but the European minority is larger here than anywhere else. Besides, the town owes its first rise to the English. There were no native settlers on the shores of the lake when a few English officers of the nearest stations in the plain below, fascinated by its beauty, first built rude cottages there for shelter on their occasional visits. These rude cottages were gradually replaced by comfortable villas, and these year by year increased in number, until at last, something less than half a century ago, Naini Tal became what it still is, the hot-weather capital of the North-West Provinces. Whether it be for the advantage of India, on the whole, that all its Governors, who possess a mountain refuge within their governments, should fly there punctually, with all the apparatus of government, as soon as the weather becomes painfully hot in the plains, is a question on which the opinions of those who have, and those who have not, the option of escaping, from the heat and ugliness below, to the fresh air and beautiful scenery above, will be, as a rule, diametrically opposed. The high officials who can go argue that when a man is physically ill at ease, as he must be in the plains in the hot weather, his work must suffer. Such minor officials as are compelled to remain below object that, when the climate and scenery tempt so strongly, as they do in the hills, to open-air enjoyment, the *quantity* of work suffers far more than its quality does in the other case. Besides, they urge the point of expense; and certainly on this point most people uninterested personally in the question feel constrained to join them. Rousselet writes in his "L'Inde des Rajahs": "Cette émigration annuelle du Gouvernement est une des choses les plus étranges, et c'est par millions que se comptent les frais qu'elle occasionne."

The photograph explains at a glance the origin of the lake. What would have been a ravine, like a thousand others among these mountains, actually is a lake, purely from the accident that the only issue from the ravine (in the background of the photograph) has been blocked up by rocks and earth. The gradually accumulating drainage from the surrounding hills has done the rest. The *town* of Naini Tal (*i.e.* the one or two streets and lanes where the shops, European and native, are) is built on comparatively level ground, straight in front of, but below, the point from which this view is taken. The four or five hundred cottages and villas occupied by the English gentry are studded about the mountain sides, some more than a thousand feet higher than others; but all, or nearly all, look down upon the lake.

No. 93.—SECOND VIEW OF NAINI TAL.



THE preceding picture has confessed the worst regarding Naini Tal; henceforth there is nothing more to be concealed or regretted. Further investigation, however jealously conducted, can discover nothing but beauties. Flakes upon flakes of velvety foliage drape the mountains from their summits to where their feet are bathed in the water of the lake, or else great ramparts of rock frown on the passer-by, and are

reflected in the liquid mirror. You might at one end of the lake imagine yourself in some unexplored creek of one of the inland Canadian seas, only that now and then a luxurious country-house peeps out from among the rich timber. The paths, which zig-zag up the hills, are only traceable in glimpses as they wind and mount among slopes of pine, oak, and rhododendron, or huge boulders festooned with moss and ferns, the landscape of brown and green brightened, here by a mass of yellow mullen, there by the crimson leaves of creepers winding up some tall pine.

Butler, in "Hudibras," tells us that, in mapping out Ireland—

"The sly surveyors stole a shire."

The first English official who became acquainted with Naini Tal did likewise : he stole it ; at any rate he suppressed his knowledge of it, keeping the lovely spot secret for his own delectation on his occasional visits. This at least is the tradition. It is said that a former Commissioner of the Rohilkund division, having heard rumours of the existence of a sacred lake, not very far distant among the mountains of Kumaon, made an expedition thither, and was so ravished with the beauties of the place that he became jealous of them, and as long as he lived did his utmost to keep his discovery secret, as well from Government as from all his most intimate English friends and colleagues. It is certain that the hill-men of the neighbourhood both shunned the lake themselves, under the belief that it was sacred to supernatural beings whom it would be perilous to intrude on, and were shy to speak of it to Europeans, and still more reluctant to guide them to it. Even now the road to Naini Tal is not without its difficulty, as will be understood when it is stated that the path ascends upwards of 4,000 feet in seven miles ; but the road, "before it was made," must have been really an adventure to traverse, considerably worse probably than the worst Highland roads "before General Wade." The Prince of Wales expressed his astonishment at the steepness as well as the beauty of the way, when he rode up with General Ramsay from Kaladungi to Naini Tal last February.

No. 94.—THIRD VIEW OF NAINI TAL.



Here obtain a glimpse of Naini proper, the station and town of Naini. The villas of the visitors are scattered all round the Tal, wherever level ground enough could be found, or made, to admit a house, and wherever the special beauty of the outlook demanded residents to enjoy it. But the shops, the police-station, post-office, most of the native dwellings, as well as the library, assembly-rooms, and bath and boat-house, not to mention the cricket or polo grounds, are all concentrated on the fifty or sixty acres of almost level ground extending to the left of the photograph. Polo and cricket are pursued zealously, and no doubt with enjoyment, but still under disadvantage, at Naini Tal, owing to the narrow space available. Boating is its forte, the respect in which Naini Tal excels all the other hill-stations of India. The great want of Himalayan scenery is water. It is this deficiency alone which incapacitates the mountain districts of India from disputing the palm of beauty with Switzerland ; and it is the possession of this precious gift of water which makes Naini Tal the loveliest, if not the grandest, of all the Himalayan sanatoria. Moreover, the lake is precious for more than its loveliness. Every evening, quite a navy of canoes, racing-fours, and sailing boats is launched upon its waters ; and it appears almost unnatural to those familiar with Naini Tal that, of the three views of the lake here presented, not one should show a sail gleaming on the water. But though rowing and sailing are the "specialties" of

Naini Tal, it must not be supposed there are no means of amusement and exercise on land. Besides the ground set apart for polo and cricket, no hill-station can boast a broader or more level road of equal length than that of which a portion constitutes the foreground of the picture, and which makes the entire circuit of the lake, a distance of about three miles.

No. 95.—MAHARAJA SIR JUNG BAHADUR.

THIS remarkable man raised himself to more than royal power among a fierce and cruel people by exerting, together with equal disregard of life, a prompter resolution. A dozen times in his upward career it was a mere question of time whether he or his rivals should get the start in killing ; and it must be said that when it related to putting an enemy out of the way, Jung Bahadur never used procrastination. It may be said also that he never devolved on others the danger of his homicides. He was always ready to pay with his person, and perhaps no man living has slain at his proper risks and perils so many foes with his own hand. Some think that there is no more call for abhorrence towards the Maharaja, on account of the means by which he supplanted his rivals, than there is towards the bears and tigers of the jungles, whom nobody considers cruel for destroying life ever so freely, according to their wants and after their kind. Certainly his acts excited no moral disapprobation in Nepal, but, on the contrary, a very profound respect and an even affectionate admiration.

At any rate, whatever may be thought in humane English circles of the measures by which Jung Bahadur attained the supreme power, it cannot be denied that he has used it beneficially for his country, and usefully for us. In the first place, by the acquisition of the lowlands on the Oudh frontier, he has aggrandized the Nepalese State. As to internal reforms, he has abolished mutilation as a punishment for crime, and restricted the sacrifice of *suttee*. The cultivation of waste land has been extended ; dacoity has been almost suppressed ; and, not least, the infiltration of European ideas has been encouraged. Some of the more stupid obstacles to international trade have been removed ; the mutual extradition of criminals has been conceded ; the principle has been admitted that civil suits affecting whether British or Nepalese subjects should be decided wherever the cause of action may have arisen, and that British subjects have the same rights of access to Nepalese courts of law as natives of the country. Moreover, the whole course and spirit of law and justice has been to some extent liberalized and strengthened ; and (perhaps most effectual of all) Nepalese of the higher ranks have been encouraged to visit the English territory and associate with English officials.

Jung Bahadur, though of the ruling tribe and of good family in Nepal, did not show in the front rank of Nepalese chiefs until 1845, when, by the favour of the Maharani Lakshmi, he became one of a Council of six nobles for administering the affairs of state. Less than two years afterwards his patroness, the Maharani, was an exile at Benares ; the Maharaja, Rajendra Bikram, had abdicated in favour of his son, Surendra Bikram, then, as now, entirely in the hands of Jung Bahadur ; and all Jung's former superiors, colleagues, and rivals were dead, or had frankly accepted the position of his adherents and dependents. Jung Bahadur was at that time hardly 30 years of age, and from that time to the present his authority has been paramount in Nepal. It would give quite an inadequate idea of his dignity in the State to say that he is " Prime Minister " of Nepal, for besides being a Maharaja himself, with independent rights of sovereignty in his own large domains, he is grandfather of the future lawful king—

his son being married to Surendra Bikram's daughter, and his daughter to that sovereign's son. A further solidity is given to his position by the persuasion, general in Nepal, that the British Government desires the continuance of his power, over and above its ordinary friendly relations to the minister of an allied State; and it is certain that the personal services which the Maharaja has rendered us quite deserve all the prestige he derives from our close friendship. So early as 1848 Jung Bahadur proved the value he attached to the British alliance by offering Lord Hardinge the aid of eight Nepalese regiments in the Sikh war, and, although the assistance was declined, the loyalty and good-will which dictated it were appreciated. Two years later he took the unexampled step of visiting England, at once braving the caste prejudices of his people, and leaving the field open for conspiracies in his absence. On the result of this visit, a British Resident at Katmandu writes: "His reception by Her Majesty was intensely gratifying to him and to the nation which he represented. So great was the enthusiasm excited by his letters from London that a royal salute was fired in Katmandu on Her Majesty's birthday, and this compliment has been similarly paid in each succeeding year. The letter from the Queen, of which he was the bearer on his return in 1851, was received and read in Durbar with marked respect." This gratification on the Maharaja Jung Bahadur's part was not the consequence merely of flattered vanity, it was the result of a conviction that, in obtaining a cordial alliance with the British Government, he was securing the most solid guarantee for the independence of his country, and strengthening his own position as its administrator. That this was his conviction, he proved in the Mutiny. The most popular course with his people would have been to join in the attack upon the English. It was a great temptation to them. For ages the tendency of the Nepalese policy has been to eke out the comparative barrenness of their own hill-country by encroachments on the fertile plains below. But to all those who urged him to seize the opportunity and take sides with the mutineers, Jung Bahadur replied: "I have been to England, and seen with my own eyes. If the British were driven out of India, they would come again within six months with men and guns enough to sweep every native power into the sea. By joining the Sepoys we might get a good deal of plunder, and some temporary increase of territory, but in the long run we should lose our independence altogether." Nor did he merely abstain from aggravating our difficulties: he came at once to our succour with almost the entire force of Nepal, and was, as a matter of fact, of very considerable service. On the other hand, the army and people of Nepal very soon recognized the wisdom of the Maharaja's policy, for their reward was great and immediate. "In addition to the cost of their equipment," says Mr. Girdlestone, "and their expenses while employed in the British provinces, the Nepalese troops carried off a liberal share of plunder from Lucknow, and received large gratuities, which were extended also to the families of those who fell in action. All fighting men who, by the rules of our service, would have been entitled to it, were presented with the Mutiny medal, which is worn with pride by general officers as well as private soldiers. The nation at large was the gainer by the restoration of the lowlands in the Oudh frontier, which it had been forced to cede to the British in 1816. On the Maharaja Sir Jung Bahadur was conferred the Grand Cross of the Bath, an honour unique in the annals of Indian history." The Maharaja has since received also the Grand Cross of the Star of India, of which exalted Order he wears the mantle and decorations in the annexed photograph.

No. 96.—SCENE IN CAMP, TERAÍ.



HE photograph aims at giving an honest, average view of a portion of a large camp. Other points might have been chosen, from which the encampment would have appeared the perfection of stately symmetry; here we take it in reverse, and behold its "seamy side." These tents nearest the eye, with the long horizontal ridge-poles, are for the native servants; their masters occupy the pyramidal ones behind; while far in the background may be seen the awning (*shamiana*) and spacious marquees (in shape something like the servants' tents, only vastly larger and loftier), used by the Prince himself. The photograph, however, represents only a momentary state of things. In a few minutes the camels, which have only just surrendered their loads—some, indeed, are even now kneeling to do so—will be led away to a distance (for camels are pungent-smelling beasts), and either tethered by the nose in the spot for them made and provided, or let loose to browse the leaves of the neighbouring forest. Even this, the undress side of the camp, will then appear, if less picturesque, a great deal more orderly.

No. 97.—SCENE IN CAMP, TERAÍ.



O. 97 shows the outskirts of the camp on another side, and just before departure. To the left, behind the tree, a number of camels are already laden with their *kajawars*—square baskets of rope stretched on a strong wooden frame—in which saucepans and cooking-pots of all kinds, provided they be of metal, are carried. Just beneath the tree a cart is being packed. In mid-picture more camels are being loaded, or will be, so soon as the servants by the well shall have finished their last lingering pipe. To the right an elephant, with howdah, is waiting for some gentleman of the party, who apparently, from the absence of a battery, does not intend to shoot to-day.

No. 98.—SCENE IN CAMP, TERAÍ: ARRIVAL AT NANAK MATTA.



NLY a few carts and camels have as yet arrived, and consequently only a few tents are pitched; but the road—for, since the march is still through British territory, there *is* a road—for miles back is thickly studded with carts, elephants, strings of camels, horses, and ponies—some mounted, some used as beasts of burden—with Goorkha Sepoys, police guards, lancers of the 11th Bengal Cavalry, and a miscellaneous tribe of attendants and camp-followers. The carts, drawn by two, three, or four oxen, contain tents, tent-furniture, boxes of stores, portmanteaus—anything that is not too fragile. The camels are laden with similar articles, only it is still more needful to see that their burdens comprise nothing that will not bear moderately rough usage. Whatever is brittle—wine, beer, glass, china, &c.—must be carried on coolies' heads, or, safer still, by *banghy*-

burdars, of whom one is seen in the photograph with a bamboo over his shoulder, from each end of which a basket hangs. The elephants (not many of whom are to be seen on the line of march, for the great majority are out tiger-driving with the Prince and Sir Henry Ramsay) carry chiefly the English servants of the Prince and of some of his guests, or the European *employés* of Mr. Kellner, the Prince's purveyor for the expedition. One elephant, however, must have arrived—that, namely, which is allotted to Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd's photographic artists—or we should not have had this beautiful picture. Nanak Matta is indeed one of the prettiest spots in the whole of the Terai. It takes its name from having been for twenty months a resting-place for the founder of the Sikh religion. It was Nanak's way to wander about the country, halting for uncertain times according as the people seemed to welcome his preaching. If his other "resting-places" were as well chosen as this, Nanak, for all his asceticism, must have had an eye for the picturesque. A fine, clean plain of soft turf, by the side of a shallow but broad and limpid stream, shaded in one part by a clump of magnificent bamboos, and in another by a fine grove of tamarind, reeca and mango trees, the whole close under the lower hills, just where a fortunate depression in them allows a glimpse of the Snowy Range in the far distance, must be allowed to constitute an eligible resting-place for any prophet. There are some shrines in the near neighbourhood of the encamping-ground which are visited at certain seasons by Sikhs in considerable numbers, who come all the way from the Panjab for the purpose. But the shrines, though subsidized by the Maharajas of Pattiala and Nabha, are in dismal disrepair, so that possibly the liberality of the Maharajas is chiefly applied to the sustenance of the local priesthood. The chief of these, the *mohant*, is quite a young man, with nothing of the ascetic, but a good deal of the gentleman about him. He presented some of the Prince's party with an offering of reeca-nuts, regarding which there is the following legend: While Nanak was resting here, some of his disciples, like those of a diviner person on a similar occasion, were an-hungered. He had pity on them, and pointing to the reeca-tree before him, said, "There are nuts, eat." They objected: "But, master, reeca-nuts are sour." He repeated, "I say unto you, eat!" and tearing some from the nearest branch, he gave them to eat. And lo! the nuts were sweet. And to this day the nuts on that bough (but on that bough only) of that reeca-tree are sweet. Sir Henry Ramsay and others with the Prince will vouch for the miracle *thus far*, that the nuts which the *mohant* gave them, though unquestionably reeca-nuts, were sweet, and that reeca-nuts are generally a proverb for sourness.

No. 99.—SCENES ON THE MARCH: TERAI.



ANOTHER scene in camp. Perfectly true, of course; indeed, so generic that it might refer to any camp at any hour in any part of India. The simple tent exhibited might shelter the servants of an English officer on his march; or a Mogul merchant, travelling with a few camel-loads of dates, grapes, and apples, would have just such an one. It is only by the glimpse of bustle in the left-hand corner of the picture that we know the modest group in front to be part of such a multitudinous whole.

No. 100.—NATIVE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 3RD GOORKHAS.

THE object of His Royal Highness's visit to the Terai being chiefly tiger-shooting, it was of course desirable to compress the party into the smallest number possible. The neighbourhood of a large camp can hardly be kept a secret from the wild beasts, even of the most secluded and retiring habits, in the jungles around. Elephants and camels, numerous in proportion to the number of human beings, roam over the country for miles in search of fodder; and the cries and shouts of their attendants reach the tiger afar off and warn him that migration will be prudent, or by frightening away the game on which he feeds convince him that a longer halt will be unprofitable. For this reason the Prince's escort was reduced to the very lowest limit compatible with dignity. It consisted of only seventy men and the band of the 3rd Goorkhas, under Captain Gregory, and twenty-five horsemen of the 11th Bengal Lancers, under Major Prinsep; and of these only the cavalry accompanied His Royal Highness beyond the frontier into Nepal. The truth is, that the sight of our Goorkha Sepoys, since they are recruited in Nepal, can never be a pleasant one to a Nepalese patriot. They may not be exactly traitors or deserters; but "why, if they have a turn for military service" (the Maharaja Jung Bahadur would not unnaturally think), "are they not serving in my army?" It was thought, therefore, only delicate towards a generous but susceptible host not to tax him with the presence of superfluous guests, whose sight, moreover, must be more or less disagreeable. The gallant little Goorkhas and their capital band were consequently left behind at the river Sardah, which forms the boundary in this quarter between British and Nepalese territory. Before their departure several groups of them were successfully photographed; and it was very droll to see the complacency of such of the little men as were selected for the distinction, and the vexation (obvious, notwithstanding the men's efforts to conceal it) of those who were discarded as not having noses flat or eyes pig-like enough. It may be as well to note that the so-called "Goorkhas" in our service are seldom true Goorkhas—*i.e.* Gorkhalis—who correspond to the Rajpoots of the plains, but Muggurs and Gurungs—Hindus, but Hindus of lower caste.

No. 101.—GROUP OF THIBETANS.

IT was at first supposed that this party consisted of Lepchas from the Sikkim frontier of Nepal, but it subsequently appeared that they were really natives of Thibet. It was remarked that their countenances, not otherwise unpleasing, bore an expression of melancholy; and it was stated by an English gentleman, who had himself on two occasions visited Thibet, that this is the general character of the Thibetan physiognomy. There was nothing morose, however, about these people. It was the easiest thing in the world to make them laugh; but, the laugh over, their faces subsided at once into a look of sadness.

No. 102.—GROUP OF BESCHIRS, WITH PRESENTS.



THE tidings that the son and heir of the great Queen was about to pass through the Terai, had spread throughout the valleys of Kumaon and Gurhwal, and far up the Himalaya towards the watershed of Thibet. Parties of strange, good-natured, Tartar-looking people were every now and then dropping in upon the Prince's progress, generally bringing rude offerings, but their best—yak's tails, goat's-wool caps, knives, pân-boxes, or musk—sometimes, however, with the converse purpose of extracting something from his princely bounty. The Beschirs, men and women, of the photograph were of those who came to *bring* presents and homage, not to beg. One of the women was pronounced rather handsome.

No. 103.—THIBETAN MENDICANTS.



ANOTHER party of Thibetans also visited the camp, and were of course marked down for portraiture. These were of much lower social rank. In fact they might be called without libel beggars, for though not importunate they were ready and anxious to accept anything; and indeed, so far as appeared, they had no means of living from day to day apart from the alms in food or money which they might obtain. In one respect, however, they had a superiority to the mendicants of most other countries—their clothing was abundant and warm. In fact they might perhaps be more justly classed as peripatetic paupers than beggars proper.

No. 104.—GROUP: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH SIR H. RAMSAY
AND PARTY.

THE Prince cannot be mistaken in this photograph. Lord Suffield, also sitting on his left, is a familiar personage in London. To the right of His Royal Highness is Major-General the Hon. Sir Henry Ramsay, the "King of Kumaon," as he is popularly called in North-west India. General Ramsay has, in fact, exercised an almost despotic, and a quite beneficent authority in that province, as Deputy-Commissioner and Commissioner, for no less than five-and-thirty years. It is scarcely a wonder that the natives there have come to look to him as to their earthly providence. It is doubtful whether there be in all India a British official so absolutely beloved and revered by his "subjects" as the "King of Kumaon."

It fell to Sir Henry Ramsay, as Commissioner of the district, to do the honours of the Kumaon Terai to His Royal Highness, and the office fitted him on other grounds besides his official rank, for Sir Henry is widely known as one of the foremost sportsmen in India.

Recurring to the photograph, Lord Alfred Paget is sitting to the right of Sir Henry Ramsay, and Lord Carington is standing behind Lord Alfred. Next to him comes Major-General Sir Sam. Browne, then General Probyn, Lord Aylesford, Colonel Ellis, Mr. Sidney Hall and Major Bradford, in order from right to left. Lord Charles Beresford will be recognised sitting on the ground just in front of the Prince, with Captain Fitz George, Captain Grant, Mr. Rose, and Mr. Knollys on either side.


No. 105.—ROYAL PARTY LEAVING CAMP ON ELEPHANTS.

MOST of the distinguished occupants of howdahs in this group are indicated in the notice of No. 104; but in this there appear some not included in that, as Mr. Elliot Colvin, C.S., Colonel Dickens, and other guests of Sir Henry Ramsay, together with one or two native gentlemen of rank whose acquaintance with the localities of the Terai would, it was supposed, be useful to the purposes of sport.


It is said that an elephant is never absolutely motionless—that either his tail or his trunk is always swinging. It is extraordinary that so clear a photograph should have been secured of so many at the same time. The foliage in this picture has been reproduced with remarkable success.

The Prince will, of course, be at once recognised in the centre of the line, having Sir H. Ramsay on his right.

No. 106.—MR. BARTLETT AND DEAD TIGER.

T was a wise provision which attached a naturalist to the suite of His Royal Highness for the Indian expedition. The collection of living animals, and the skins and other preparations of dead ones, which have been brought home are not the least among the many valuable results of the Prince's visit. That so many of the former have survived the dangers of captivity and transport, and that the latter are so well preserved as to characteristics as well as beauty, is in large part due to the care and capacity of the naturalist selected, Mr. Bartlett, junior, of the London Zoological Gardens. The photograph represents him in one of those manual operations from which, in the cause of science, the most eminent naturalist does not recoil,—he is skinning the first tiger, a very fine one, killed by His Royal Highness in Nepal.

No. 107.—HUNTING CHEETAH.

LL visitors to the Zoological Gardens have seen the species of leopard (*felis jubita*) used in India for hunting purposes. The chief peculiarity of this animal to the unscientific eye is the diminutive proportion of its head (to the length and height of the animal), compared to that of most others of its tribe. The hunting cheetah, left to his own resources, would often be hungry: the cart seen in the picture is almost indispensable to him, at least for hunting antelopes in open plain. Antelopes see so many carts used for agricultural purposes by unarmed cultivators, and without having occasion to connect the notion of danger with the sight, that they will generally allow carts and the men with them to approach within perhaps a hundred yards before moving off, which even then they will do leisurely and without feeling alarm. The custodians of the hunting cheetah take advantage of this too rash induction. They put the leopard into a cart and drive him as close as possible to a herd of deer. Hitherto he has been hooded, but now his keeper unblinds him and allows him to see the antelopes. The cheetah creeps out, crouching so low that a tuft of grass will almost hide him, and crawls to within about forty yards of his victim. Then suddenly, in a succession of bounds, he clears the interval, and aided by the partial paralysis of fear which for a moment delays the deer's flight, in about two cases out of three seizes his prey. Should this first onset fail, the cheetah knows it would be vain to continue the pursuit, and returns discouraged to his carriage.

Nos. 108, 109.—JUNG PERSHAD.

THESE are portraits of Maharaja Sir Jung Bahadur's largest fighting elephant. His great size may be understood by remembering that the mahout on his back is not a boy, but a well-grown man. It is said that Jung Pershad has principally contributed in his day to the capture of more than a hundred wild elephants; but he is now somewhat less serviceable in this way than he was. In height, weight, and courage he has even now no superior among the eight hundred tame elephants belonging to the Nepal State; but Jung Pershad, like an English prize-fighter *en retraite*, has contracted obesity, and is slow. For wild-elephant hunting he is probably now, on the whole, less valuable than a younger comrade named, from his great speed, Bijli Pershad, *bijli* meaning lightning. The relative efficiency of the rivals may be understood from the narrative of their respective shares in the capture of a large wild elephant, at which the Prince himself was present. After a long gallop over abominable ground under and between trees, over stones, through swamps and across streams—in the course of which it was wonderful that only one of the party, Sir Joseph Fayrer, met with a serious accident—the steeple-chase was rewarded; for now the wild elephant was sighted, and a magnificent fellow he seemed. One of his tusks was broken, but the other was perfect—thick, long, and tapering to a sharp point. Such horsemen as had come up now occupied his attention by riding round him, and tempting him to short futile charges. He seemed himself to recognise their futility, and moved off into a patch of *narkal* (reedy grass, perhaps ten feet high, growing out of watery ground) where he could be dimly descried spouting, and tossing clods and tufts of grass into the air. By this time the Maharaja's female elephants and some of his small fighting ones had come up, and formed a ring round the patch of *narkal*, but at a respectful distance; and when sometimes the wild elephant showed himself at the verge of the grass, the females instantly turned, and betrayed a firm resolution of, if necessary, running away. It was evident the wild tusker would never be captured with the forces at hand, and a cry was raised by the mahouts for "Jung Pershad." But Jung Pershad's forte was not speed, and he was not in sight. It was an anxious matter whether it would be possible to detain the tusker till his arrival. At last the welcome sound of the bell which Jung Pershad carries round his neck—probably as a sort of champion's belt—was heard at no great distance; and soon after the huge bruiser himself hove into sight. He marched straight towards the tusker, himself a very large beast, without hurry (which, indeed, was incompatible with his *embonpoint*), but without hesitation. At the near sound of Jung Pershad's bell the wild elephant swung round as if on a pivot, and the two champions paused within a few feet, estimating each other's thewes and sinews with their eyes. The sum was easy to add up, and the tusker saw at once that the balance was against him: he knew himself over-matched. A moment later, and the tusker was seen issuing from the grass with Jung Pershad prodding him, with his single tusk, behind. Once, however, out of the grass the wild elephant had the heels of his fat adversary, who toiled after him in vain. In vain, too, the host of twenty or thirty females made feints of obstructing his flight: they dispersed at the first semblance of a charge on his part, like Cossacks before regular cavalry. It really seemed as if the wild elephant would long continue so; and, indeed, so he might but for *Bijli* Pershad, who at last came up to take a decisive part in the contest. At the first sight of him the tusker recognised the gravity of his peril. He stopped short, and the two antagonists looked at each other, motionless and in perfect silence, for perhaps as much as two

minutes. Then with one accord, with their trunks upraised and their great ears spread, and with a crash like two rocks falling together, the giants rushed upon each other. There was no reservation about that charge: they came together with all their weight, and all their speed, and all their heart. For half a minute it was hard to discover which had the advantage, but only for that time. Then it was seen that the tame, or rather the educated fighting elephant, had managed to plant his blow a little to the side of his antagonist's head. A moment more, and Bijli Pershad had improved his advantage: he was now thrusting with the point of his under jaw—his trunk raised high in the air—full at the side of the tusker's neck, and victory was no longer doubtful. In fact, after a few seconds of this horrible thrusting of Bijli's sharp jaw on his neck, the wild elephant turned, and fled at full speed. But Bijli now justified his name. Quicker than the tusker, he soon overtook him, and led him a terrible time of it, sometimes ramming him against a tree, sometimes poking him in the side so as almost to knock him over, sometimes raising his trunk above his head, and bringing it down—mercy, what a thump!—on the poor tusker's neck; and at every such blow the tusker groaned again. At last the wild elephant fairly gave up, surrendered, and made no further pretence either of fighting or flying. Bijli's conquest was complete.

No. 110.—VIEW UP THE SARDAH.

THE Sardah, or Kali, river has been since 1858 the boundary between Nepal and the British province of Kumaon. In that year the lowlands between the Sardah and the Rapti, which had been ceded to the British by the Treaty of Sigauli in 1816, were restored to Nepal in recognition of the loyal service rendered by the Maharaja Sir Jung Bahadur in the Mutiny. The Sardah, however, here divides itself into no fewer than five branches; and as it is from the furthest and most eastern shore of the river that the Nepalese territory is held to commence, the islands opposite, which might be mistaken in the photograph for the other and true bank of the Sardah, are still British ground. But the Maharaja, in his eagerness to show respect for his royal guest, did not stay to await in comfort the arrival of the Prince on his own frontier before bidding him welcome. Accompanied by the English Resident in Nepal, Mr. Girdlestone, and attended by a brilliant staff and large escort, he crossed, by extempore bridges which he was at the trouble of constructing, all the several streams of the Sardah to Banbassa, the first British station; and leaving his troops there, rode himself with only a handful of followers to meet the Prince on his march while yet some miles off, and conduct him to his tents. The two camps, of the Prince and Maharaja, were pitched in close neighbourhood in an open, park-like plain studded with fine trees, and commanding from some points the view exhibited in the photograph. It was here, at Banbassa, that the visits of ceremony and presents were exchanged; and it was here that Major-General the Hon. Sir Henry Ramsay, Commissioner of Kumaon, who had done the honours of the British jungles to His Royal Highness, laid down the functions which he had discharged to such perfection. The Sardah once passed, the Prince and his suite became the guests of the Maharaja of Nepal; and henceforth the arrangements for H.R.H.'s sport were made by Sir Jung Bahadur in his own person, and for his comfort and entertainment also by Sir Jung, but through the judicious intermediation of the Resident.

No. 111.—CAPTURED ELEPHANT AND HIS WARDERS.



THIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has probably never in the course of his life gone through a harder day's work than in pursuit of the elephant who looks so tame and woe-begone in this picture : this, at any rate, was the feeling of those who accompanied him : yet the distance traversed in going and returning was not altogether much more than fifty miles, and ten hours—from half-past eight in the morning till half-past six at night—were spent in performing it. This, after deducting the halt for breakfast at half-past one and other shorter detentions, gives an average pace of not more than six miles an hour. What was there to complain of? Why, this chase, unlike that in which Jung Pershad and Bijli Pershad distinguished themselves, was conducted not on horse-back, but strictly in the Nepalese method, on elephants. Now, the natural pace of a good elephant is four and a half to five miles an hour. Any greater speed than this for any distance, even on smooth level ground, would be unnatural, contrary to the nature of the beast ; and nature would exact her penalty in the form of dislocation of the European rider's bones. But the ground over which this elephant hunt took place was anything you like, except smooth and level. Yet at one time, when the chase grew hot (*i.e.* when the herd of wild elephants had been gained on, and were pronounced to be not very far ahead), between seven and eight miles were performed within an hour. This was probably the longest hour any of the party had ever passed. Those who have only travelled on an elephant at its normal pace, sitting in a well-stuffed howdah, or on a thick and reasonably soft pad, are as ignorant as if they had never seen an elephant at all of what the forced and distorted shuffle of that creature, which is inaccurately called his gallop, really is. But in a hunt of this sort the pursuing elephants must not be weighted with howdah, or anything respectable in the way of pad. Nothing intervenes between the rider and the elephant's vertebræ except a patch of leather, of which the principal use is to connect and sustain the nets which hang, one on each side of the elephant, to catch the rider if he should be swept off by a bough. This Nepalese mockery of a pad does nothing to palliate the hideous friction of the elephant's spinal bones, which at every step work backwards and forwards, up and down, with the regularity but none of the smoothness of machinery. After five hours of this, during which twenty-six miles of broken ground had been traversed, neither the Prince nor any of his party could have regretted that a halt was called at half-past one for breakfast ; and when during breakfast tidings were brought that one full-grown male and eleven young and little elephants had been captured, there was probably no such keen sportsman but rejoiced that there was no further to go. It was serious enough to have to return—in fact, on getting back to camp some of the party waived the ceremony of dinner altogether, preferring to go to bed at once. The Prince, however, and others of his party, dined as usual, as if the act of sitting did not hurt them much.

It appeared that the Nepalese, who continued the pursuit after the Prince and his companions had halted from mingled famine and fatigue, came upon the rear of the wild herd in something less than an hour. The young ones, eleven in number, were cut off and captured without much difficulty ; but only one adult was secured, and he gave a good deal of trouble. However, two of the Maharaja's fighting elephants got one on each side of him, and, what with hustling, and what with absolute pummeling, ultimately reduced him to such a state of weary impotence that he allowed a rope to be thrown around him. The ends of this rope were then attached to the waist-belts of two large tame elephants, who thus led him along, while two other fighting

elephants followed close behind to add their chastisement if it should be required. In this way the prisoner was conducted into camp, a distance of more than thirty miles from where he was caught. There he was tied up by chains and cables to a thick tree, with a fighting elephant close on each side of him. Boys fed him all day with sugar-cane, stick by stick, but he was not allowed to lie down for a week; nor for some days, until he appeared peaceable, was he allowed even to drink.

No. 112.—LADIES OF SIR JUNG BAHADUR'S HOUSEHOLD.



ILLUSION to the female portion of a native gentleman's family is always a delicate matter, and is not less so when the gentleman is a prince. On the other hand, it is not common for a native prince to submit the ladies of his household to photographic processes. Weighing these opposing considerations, we will simply take these ladies as we find them. Their attire and ornaments, and the presence of an attendant, prove their importance in the Maharaja's establishment, and in the case of one at least of the two, this importance may be explained by her personal advantages.

No. 113.—THE FIRST DAY'S BAG IN NEPAL.



GREAT French whist-player, who was also a diplomatist, said it was not worth while to be a despotic monarch, since the greatest autocrat could not make hearts, or spades, turn up trumps. But in sporting matters it *is* of some use to be a despot, since you can then make sure of seeing game, and almost sure of bagging it. Ten days in British territory had yielded, after much squeezing, two tigers; one day in Nepal gave seven of those animals with ease and certainty, and of these seven, six fell to the rifle of the Prince of Wales himself. Such is the difference between constitutional and despotic government!

The photograph on the opposite page represents Mr. Bartlett, the Prince's naturalist, resting from his labours. The skins of the seven tigers around him show what those labours were. It is fortunate that the photograph cannot give the *smell* which accompanies the operation of skinning tigers. It will be observed that there are also seven natives standing or squatting about. Some of these, perhaps all, might be trusted alone near a bag of uncounted rupees; but they are longing, to a man, to pick and steal from these dead tigers. What they covet are the teeth, claws, and whiskers of the animals; and all Mr. Bartlett's vigilance has not been too much to preserve his servants' and the skins' integrity. The flesh of the tiger is also greatly valued for food, but not for its flavour. Native parents of certain castes—not, of course, the highest—make their children eat morsels of it, from the belief in some parts of India that it will cause them to grow up brave, in others that it will simply make them strong. But all castes and classes alike prize the tiger's claws, teeth, and whiskers. The teeth and claws are worn as amulets to preserve the possessor, some say, from danger of wild beasts—others think vaguely, from evil in general; while no one doubts that the tiger's whisker, chopped up fine and administered in an enemy's food, makes a superlative poison.

Although the seven tigers, whose spoils are depicted on the page opposite, were slain on the same day, it was not in the same beat. One tiger only fell in the morning drive; the half-dozen were the rich prize of the afternoon. As the Nepalese method of driving tigers is peculiar to that country, and as there are probably not fifty Europeans living who have witnessed it, an account of one such drive—the first in which the Prince took part—may meet with indulgence.

The Nepalese method of tiger-driving is peculiar to that country, simply because there the beaters are exclusively elephants, and because tame and trained elephants in sufficient numbers are not to be found anywhere else. Sir Jung Bahadur had collected the *ban* and *arrière-ban* of his elephantry to do honour to His Royal Highness. It was said the Maharaja had no fewer than 800 of these animals in camp—a number certainly that no other prince on earth could have mustered. Hardly more than half of these, however, were available for sporting purposes at the same time; the rest must needs go to the forest to bring in the daily fodder for themselves and for the other half employed in the day's sport. Of these latter perhaps three hundred had been distributed for six-and-thirty hours previously, like sentinels, in a close semicircle round a portion of the forest where a tiger had been marked down. When the Prince and his party arrived, their elephants, belonging to the British Commissariat establishment, together with the hundred or so which the Maharaja had kept in reserve, were spread in line so as to connect the two extremities of the arc, and the chain was complete. Four elephants only were exempted from forming links in this chain—those mounted by the Prince, the Maharaja, General Probyn, and Mr. Girdlestone, the British Resident in Nepal. These were within the ring, a little in advance of one part of it. All others were to keep their places in the circle so far as intervening trees would permit, and simply press convergently to the centre. This being a *fête* given by the Maharaja specially to his royal guest, it was well understood that under no circumstances was anyone to fire except the Prince. The ring of elephants now began to close in. At first there may have been on the average four yards between every two elephants. Allow six feet for the breadth of the elephant itself, and the circumference of the circle may be roughly estimated at a mile and a half. Soon, however, the interval between the elephants dwindled to three yards, to two, to one yard. At last, except where the trunk of a tree interposed, the elephants were almost, or quite, in contact; and then there was no longer room for all the elephants to keep their place in the diminished circle, and a great number of pad elephants were jostled out of the front rank, and had to form, as it were, a second ring. All this time the din was deafening. The trees were crashing before the close onward march of four hundred elephants as if a forest was being felled; the four hundred mahouts shouted like an army of stentors, and the elephants themselves trumpeted and ran through their entire gamut of unearthly noises. Then suddenly came a shot—of course, it was the Prince who had fired—and then another; and the shouting of the mahouts and crashing and trumpeting redoubled. Indeed, the noise was so stupefying to the birds within the now narrow circle, that a black partridge actually flew and stunned itself against an elephant's head. Then came one, two, three shots, with a second or two between each, and then cheers from all sides proclaimed that the tiger was dead. He was a very handsome and rather large one, nine feet nine inches in length.

The same tactics were pursued in the second beat of the day, with only such modification as was necessitated by the difference of ground; for this beat took place not in dense forest like that of the morning, but in a region made up partly of tree and partly of grass jungle, studded about small watercourses connected with the Sardah river. What was no less remarkable than the extraordinary number of tigers, driven together by the convergence of the elephants in this

beat, was their extraordinary meekness. There were no less than six killed, and no sheep could have gone, or waited, more sheepishly for the slaughter. There were two tigresses, with two full-grown cubs each. They must have been utterly bewildered by the uproar, and by the hopeless array of elephants which hemmed them in. One cub lay down hardly three yards from an elephant's trunk, quite paralysed with fear. Men pelted him with oranges, with cakes of chocolate, with cartridges, but he refused to stir : in fact, all these tigers were as tame as rabbits. They swarmed harmlessly about ; they seemed not six, but sixteen. Still, the matter on hand was to kill tigers, and killed they were. It is not certain that the Prince got them all. Some say that one of the tigresses seemed likely at one time to get away, and that Lord Carington accordingly rolled her over. There was not room for much display of sportsmanship ; but the Prince made one very fine shot, killing a tiger, who was going a good canter, with a single ball at the distance of seventy or eighty yards.

No. 114.—WOMEN OF THIBET.



THESE are the same ladies that appear in a previous picture, and need no further notice. It might be thought from this duplication of their portraits that they were not free from personal vanity. They were not. One of the artists in camp took the portrait of one of them in pencil, and her gratification on beholding it was excessive.

No. 115.—NEPALESE SOLDIERS ON OUTPOST DUTY.



THE Nepalese army consists of about 14,000 infantry, and 2,282 artillery, but has no cavalry except a few score men to furnish orderlies, or ride as a state escort with the Maharaja. The guns, all of Nepalese construction, are of such light calibre that when taken to pieces men can carry them with ease. The gun itself, slung on a bamboo, is borne by four men ; two men have a wheel each ; the rest of the carriage and the ammunition are transported in the same way. One can understand that artillery admitting of such simple means of carriage is well adapted for a mountainous country, but it seems from its very lightness inadequate to confront ordinary artillery in the plains. Such as it is, however, the Nepalese artillerymen take it to pieces and put it together with great neatness and rapidity.

The Nepalese infantry are armed with muzzle-loading rifles (made in the country, on the Enfield pattern), bayonets, swords, and *kookries*. The men pictured in the photograph belong to a crack regiment, somewhat corresponding to our Foot-guards, on service with Maharaja Sir Jung Bahadur as his escort. They are evidently, from their comparatively tall and slender figures, true Gorkhalis, belonging to the proudest among the many races that compose the population, and furnish the army, of Nepal. A few regiments are recruited exclusively from these high-caste people, but as a rule Gorkhalis are mixed throughout the army with men of the other races—Muggurs and Garungs, Limbus and Kerantis, Bhutias and Newars—only that everywhere the Gorkhalis have more than their fair share of promotion. English words of command are used throughout the Nepalese army, except, indeed, when all words of command are dispensed with, and orders are conveyed by music. A regiment was exercised in this way

before the Prince of Wales, not a word being uttered throughout. It was curious and pretty, but seems an unprofitable practice. The Nepalese army is recruited much on the German system—short service (not indeed absolutely compulsory, except from the fact that the army is known to be the only road to consideration and prosperity), but with the liability to be always recalled to the standard in case of need. “The original period of service extends to three years; and afterwards at the yearly renewal of service, which affects everyone, officers and men alike, each has the option of taking his discharge or serving for another year, and so on from year to year.” On this system the numbers of the standing army can at any time be trebled, or even quadrupled, by the recall to the ranks of retired men who have taken their discharge after serving three years. As to warlike qualifications, there can be no better material than the Nepalese: their cousins in our service, the so-called Goorkhas, have no superiors on the earth in gallantry, fidelity, and docility.

No. 116.—NEPALESE SOLDIERS.

THESE are Gorkhalis belonging to a regular regiment, of the same class as the men exhibited in No. 115, but in “fatigue” dress, or, it might almost be said, in civil costume. It is true, the *kookrie* is a weapon, but it is also an axe, a table-knife, and an almost indispensable article of Nepalese attire. At the same time, the *kookrie* is, perhaps, the most formidable arm even of the regular troops. The superior bravery of Roman soldiers has been attributed to their use of very short swords, which could only be effective at close quarters. In the same way the Nepalese sepoy is most at home in hand to hand encounters, when his *kookrie* has sometimes proved more than a match even for the English bayonet.

No. 117.—NEPALESE HUNTERS.

ALTHOUGH efficient fire-arms of native manufacture are cheap in Nepal, and have entirely supplanted bows and arrows for purposes of warfare, yet these are still extensively used in the pursuit of game. They have, indeed, one considerable advantage—that of being noiseless: and as Nepalese *shikarries* are more distinguished by their skill in approaching an animal unperceived than by accuracy as marksmen, this merit of the primitive weapon may, with them, intelligibly outweigh its imperfections.

No. 118.—GROUP OF NEPALESE : FISHERMEN, ETC.



At least two religions, three races, and the same number of callings, are represented in this not very numerous group. The taller men, with features of the Aryan type, are Gorkhalis, exercising the functions of gamekeepers, or rather, purveyors of game to the Maharaja : they are Hindus. The two squatting on the ground, with dogs lying at their knees, are, to judge partly by their physiognomy, Kerantis, or perhaps Limbus, and Buddhists in religion. The fishermen are Tharos, natives of the Terai, who have the peculiarity of being proof to its malaria (which in certain seasons is deadly to anyone else), but liable to contract dangerous fever at the shortest notice in any more salubrious spot.

No. 119.—JUNG BAHADUR'S FAKIR.



HIS "Edie Ochiltree" of Nepal, the "patriarch" of holy beggardom, is a special protégé of Sir Jung Bahadur. Policy may have as much as piety to do with the Maharaja's ostentatious consideration for the old rascal. In some respects the Nepalese are among the most superstitious and bigoted of the peoples of India ; and the veneration for cows and for religious mendicants are two of these respects. At any rate, this shrewd-looking old fellow has, what with the protection of the Maharaja, and the general immunities of his class, by no means a dismal time of it.


No. 120.—NEPALESE COOLIES.

THESE coolies happen to be Niwars by race, but generally the porters' work of Nepal is done by Bhutias, or Bhotias, a more strongly-built people, with a Tatar physiognomy. An ordinary hill-coolie, however, with no pretension to great muscular development, will do work in the way of carrying which a powerful English navvy would break down under. The weakest of the men here represented would think little of carrying a load of fifty or sixty pounds twenty or thirty miles over a bad road, or no road, and all up hill, and for days together. These loads, however, they must carry in their own way. Whatever the nature of the load, it must go *in* the basket if it will, *on* the basket if it will not. The stick which they all carry is of vital use to them. It is not only that it eases them in extra steep passages, and steadies them in dangerous ones, but (employed as by the figure to the right of the photograph) it is a relief and respite from their load. The strain on that coolie's head, produced by his load of perhaps forty pounds, is reduced by the employment of his stick to one of four or five pounds.


No. 121.—THE HOME OF THE FAKIR.

THIS dwelling of the holy person mentioned in No. 119 is certainly not palatial—not what we might in expectation attribute to the favoured ecclesiastic of a prince. Yet in that climate, and in comparison with the average hut of the Nepal jungles, it calls for no contempt or pity. The unusual collection of cooking utensils, too, all in metal, show that his holiness does not fare badly in another department of creature comforts.

No. 122.—GROUP: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE MAHARAJA
SIR JUNG BAHADUR, AND SUITES.

N this group His Royal Highness and the Maharaja alone are seated. Mr. C. Girdlestone, C.S., the British Resident in Nepal, is standing behind the Maharaja, to whom he is accredited; while in rear of the Prince of Wales are Prince Louis of Battenberg, General Sir D. Probyn, and Lord Suffield. Others of the party are Lord Alfred Paget, Sir S. Browne, Lord Carington, and Lord Charles Beresford. Colonel Ellis may be just descried in profile behind the Nepalese officers in attendance on the Maharaja. Sir Jung Bahadur presents here a very different appearance from the chivalrous show he makes in page 51, yet this is equally like; in fact, the Maharaja, being a man of the most desperate personal courage, to whom fear is absolutely unknown, and before whom everyone in Nepal trembles, often affects the effeminate, not to say the anile, in voice, manner and costume. On a state occasion it will be quite a chance whether he makes his appearance armed to the teeth, with jewelled casque and nodding plume, looking every inch a soldier, or like an old native lady in satin petticoats and silk Bloomer trousers. In the latter case his slight moustache and scanty beard would not quite suffice to remove uncertainty as to his sex, but the glance of his eye would. No self-restraint can hide its daring: it is cold, hard, and keen as a rapier. His voice is under control, and issues generally thin and soft as a woman's, but his glance always flashes sharp as a stab.

No. 123.—INDIAN STAFF ATTACHED TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

N the centre of this group is Major-General Sir Samuel J. Browne, K.C.S.I., C.B., and V.C. Standing on either side of him are Colonel Williams and Major Sartorius (of Ashanti fame), V.C., and C.M.G. Beyond them again, but seated, are Majors Bradford and Henderson, both Companions of the Star of India. Major Henderson is in the Foreign Office Secretariat, though for the moment British Resident at Kashmir. Major Bradford's substantive appointment is that of Superintendent of operations against Thuggee and Dacoity.



No. 124.—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND ELEPHANT.

No. 125.—LORD ALFRED PAGET AND ELEPHANT.

No. 126.—LORD CARINGTON AND ELEPHANT.

No. 127.—DR. RUSSELL AND ELEPHANT.



No. 128.—CAPT. FITZ-GEORGE AND ELEPHANT.

No. 129.—LORD SUFFIELD AND ELEPHANT.

No. 130.—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND ELEPHANT.

No. 131.—MAJOR-GENERAL SIR D. PROBYN, AND ELEPHANT.

No. 132.—SIR SALAR JUNG.

THIS distinguished statesman will probably be remembered in history as one of perhaps half a dozen natives of India who have been at the same time powerful, enlightened, and patriotic. His power is manifest : his will is as dominant throughout the Nizam's territories as Sir Jung Bahadur's is over the kingdom of Nepal. That he is enlightened is proved by a bright constellation of reforms which he has enforced upon the state of Hyderabad, against difficulties and dangers which make it accurate to say that he has compelled his people to be prosperous in their own despite. He has disbanded the armed banditti, Arabs, and others, who, while nominally soldiers of the Nizam, were virtually the masters of his government as well as the extortioners and bullies of his people. He has abolished the system of farming the revenue, thus more than doubling its nett receipts, while relieving the population from that constant dread of extortion which formerly discouraged accumulation and enervated industry. He has considerably improved the administration of justice, done much to extend primary education, and established a system of police, under which a habit of order is growing up. Irrigation, mining, road-making have all had his support ; and under his auspices a railway has brought Hyderabad into easy connection with all the chief cities of India. But chief of all proofs of Sir Salar Jung's sagacity (because it is thus he obtained the authority and support which has aided him in his ameliorations) is his recognition of the real solidity of the British power in India, even when the mutiny of the native army had subverted the foundation on which, to less acute observers, that power seemed to rest. Appreciating the infinite superiority which Government derived from its organization, the patriotic unity among its European servants, and the resources of England in the background, Sir Salar Jung knew that the difficulties of Government were only momentary, and that the true policy of the Hyderabad state was to throw in its lot with the British. His loyalty in 1857 was of immense service to us, and it was splendidly rewarded by large augmentation of territory and the remission of heavy pecuniary liabilities. But, faithful as this great minister has been to the paramount power, he has still remembered that his first duty is to the sovereign whose minister he is, and to the state which he directly administers. Wherever it seemed to him that the dignity of the Nizam or the interest of his country required opposition to the wishes of the British Government, he did not hesitate to compromise his favour with it (although that favour constitutes the better part of his domestic influence and individual strength) by a resistance resolute to the verge of danger. Thus, with regard to the Nizam's projected visit to the Prince of Wales at Bombay, or the efforts for the redemption of the Berars, there can be no doubt that Sir Salar Jung's conduct in the one case was in accordance with the strong feeling of the Hyderabad people, and that his demand in the other was fairly plausible, and, whether essentially just or not, would have been, if conceded, greatly to the advantage of Hyderabad. Consequently, as the minister of Hyderabad, he cannot well be denied the praise of patriotism. His first duty is, he feels, to his country ; and if his duty to the great paramount power, under whose shelter his country is able to make such wonderful material progress, comes only second, this should be no discredit to him with Englishmen. If we have no enemies among native princes save those whom the true interest of their states make such, we shall experience little serious hostility. It is the best security we can desire for the essential fidelity of Sir Salar Jung in all external and imperial crises, that we are sure from all his past conduct that his paramount and engrossing object is the well-being of the Nizam and the Nizamat.

Sir Salar Jung was born in 1833, and is therefore 43 years old. He comes of a noble Mohammadan family of the Deccan, having an hereditary and almost vested right to high office, if not the highest, in the Hyderabad state. His face, person, and demeanour are as distinguished as his descent, intellect, and character. Comparatively simple in attire, there has never been a meeting of the princes of India in which the high-bred air and calm, stately carriage of the omnipotent minister of the Nizam have not made him the noblest of the noble. The highest homage that can be paid him is that, with the Raja of Vizianagram and one or two others, Sir Salar Jung, by his appearance, manners, and conduct, deserves the title of a perfect gentleman. If, in these last days, especially during his self-imposed embassy to England, his proceedings have attracted some blame, this is in most part due to the suspicious ill-taste with which he was flattered by certain members of the London press.

No. 133.—THE MAHARANA OF UDAIPUR.

THERE are many more powerful princes even in India than the Maharana of Udaipur, but there is not one in all the world who can boast so ancient a royal descent of such unimpeached purity. The Rana of Udaipur was the acknowledged head of all the Rajput races at the time of the Norman conquest, and the present Maharana governs almost exactly the same territory which his ancestors held when Mahmūd of Ghazni first showed Mussalman conquerors the road to India. The present chief of Udaipur is a very young man, whose character has not declared itself in any marked manner, but its indications are all favourable. He is stalwart in person, with an open and pleasing countenance, and frank, courteous manners. It may be remarked that his country is, both as to natural scenery and the beauty of its edifices, one of the most interesting in all India.

No. 134.—THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL.



ONE of the most interesting circumstances in the splendid Chapter of the Star of India held by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in Calcutta, was the presence, in her place as one of the Grand Commanders of the Most Exalted Order, of a lady, the subject of this photograph, Her Highness Shah Jahan, Begum of Bhopal. A female knight grand commander might have seemed a little incongruous, especially in a land where women seldom hold their due place in estimation, if it had not been remembered that Shah Jahan's mother, Sikandar Begum, had borne the same honour before her, and if all had not acknowledged that no braver or more loyal spirit ever dignified an order of chivalry than that illustrious lady. No history of the great Mutiny can ever be written in which the conduct of this wise and generous princess will not be one of the brightest pages. As a matter of fact, Sikandar Begum never doubted, even in the darkest hour, that the British power would ultimately emerge stronger than ever from the conflict. But it was loyalty far more than prudence which dictated her policy. Had she despaired of our success she would have adhered to us all the same. Indeed, with the firmest conviction of our final victory, she could have no assurance as to her own safety in the meantime. There were long months before the tide began to turn, during which she and her dynasty might easily have been swept away in the flood of rebellion. But her tact was equal to her loyalty. Quite prepared to share our fall if it must be, she showed the skill of a statesman and the courage of a soldier in helping our rise. And if her services were great it is a comfort to think that her reward was not niggardly. Besides large increase of territory the Begum obtained the recognition of her own sovereign title, with the full right of succession to her daughter and grand-daughter. It was not only the British Government which had cause of gratitude to this able princess, but her people also. She was to the full as enlightened, careful, and laborious in her domestic administration as she was staunch and cordial in her attachment to the paramount power. The reforms she initiated and carried closely out were numerous, and of the most vital character. In fact, she was both a strong and a kind ruler. Of her daughter, the reigning Begum, it may be said that she does not derogate from her parentage. Possibly her mother's inferior in energy of character, she is her equal in blamelessness of life and regard for the welfare of her subjects. She, like her mother, has only one child, a daughter, married to an Afghan nobleman, Mir Ahmad Ali Khan Bahadur.

No. 135.—MAHARAJA OF JODHPUR.



MAHARAJA TAKHT SINGH, the present ruler of Jodhpur, or rather Marwar—Marwar being the country and Jodhpur its capital—was, after a sort, *elected* to the throne in 1843. He belongs to a family which descends from a former sovereign of Marwar, but was neither adopted by nor nearly related to Raja Maun Singh, his immediate predecessor. Under these circumstances the British Government, at Raja Maun Singh's death, left the succession to be determined by the widows of the deceased prince and the chief nobles of the state. Their choice fell upon the Thakur of Ahmednagar, now his Highness Takht Singh, G.C.S.I., Maharaja of Jodhpur.

The military force of Marwar is estimated at about 10,000 men, the greater part cavalry, and the Rahtore cavalry used to be considered the best in India. Tod says in his *Rajasthan* that a popular prince could at any time have caused "fifty thousand Rahtore swords" to flash from their scabbards. The maintenance, however, by the Jodhpur princes of a standing army has had, beyond its intended effect, of overawing the vassal chiefs, that of permanently depressing the warlike spirit of the people.

No. 136.—THE MAHARAJA OF REWAH.



MONG the native princes who attended the Chapter of the Star of India in Calcutta there was one who, by his commanding stature, his strange complexion, and stern, warlike air, not to mention the unrivalled splendour of his pages and attendants, attracted particular attention. Those who did not recognise him—and few did, for he has rarely quitted his own territories, which are not often visited by Europeans—asked eagerly who he was. This was Ragraj Singh, Maharaja of Rewah. In some respects this little-known prince is a remarkable man. In the first place, as has been said, his appearance is in the highest degree princely. Upwards of six feet high, he is powerfully built, with a fixed, firm glance and determined air. Moreover, the Maharaja is (for India) of unusually ancient descent. Very few of the actually reigning Indian dynasties are two hundred years old. In fact the English, far from being a *parvenu* and mushroom power, possesses much of the superiority of long duration. The dynasty of Rewah, however, is an exception. The Baghela state has never been a power of the first rank in India, but it is among the oldest. The Maharaja's predecessors—that is, his ancestors according to Hindu modes of succession—date from an earlier time than the English acquisition of territory in India. Colonel Malleon mentions the local belief of Rewah that the present Maharaja is the 32nd of his line. The Maharaja Ragraj Singh is also remarkable intellectually. He has never shown much partiality for the society of Englishmen, but few native princes are so well informed on English matters. It would seem, too, that His Highness can sometimes throw off his usual reserve in intercourse with European visitors of other nationalities. Thus M. Rousselet gives, in his *L'Inde des Rajahs*, a curious account of a conversation in which the Maharaja was communicative, not to say didactic. M. Rousselet had complimented him on the purity with which he spoke English, whereupon the Maharaja replied in English, which M. Rousselet thus renders into French : “ Sans la connaissance de l'Anglais un prince Indien ne peut que rester ignorant des progrès de la civilisation. Il est obligé de suivre l'ornière tracée par ses ancêtres avec tout son accompagnement d'oppression et de barbarie, et à moins de talents peu communs, il ne peut que s'attirer la mésestime du gouvernement impérial et finalement la perte de sa couronne. Si au contraire il peut lui-même suivre le mouvement de l'opinion Européenne il est sûr d'être encouragé, soutenu et d'arriver ainsi à améliorer la condition de ses sujets et à augmenter ses revenus.” Notwithstanding the enlightenment of these views it is not supposed that the Maharaja has succeeded in getting his revenue system out of the “ornière tracée par ses ancêtres.” The imposts are still for the most part farmed out, and little activity or intelligence is shown in developing the naturally considerable resources of the country. Still the Maharaja is not insensible or indifferent to the faults of his manner of government. A few years ago he went so far in an effort at financial reform as almost to engage the able Mahratta statesman, Sir Dinker Rao, ex-minister of Scindia, as his *dewan*, but the arrangement was frustrated, owing, it was said, to the jealousy of the Baghela nobles. The fact probably is, that the Maharaja's high qualities are neutralised by fits of discouragement, or rather by an habitual discouragement broken only by short-lived exertions of energy, which must be attributed to the disease from which His Highness has been a lifelong sufferer. This is leprosy, not of the most virulent sort, but still unmistakeable leprosy, such as to make him in some respects of caste, notwith-

standing his sovereign rank, unclean. To dissemble the effects of this malady the Maharaja stains his face with a yellow dye, which gave him the strange complexion that added so much to the singularity of his appearance at the investiture.

In the earliest years of his reign, about the time of the Sutlej campaigns, the Maharaja's conduct was sometimes regarded with suspicion by the authorities. He was supposed to regard the Mirzapore district, which marches with his own territory, and especially the great commercial city of that name, with eager cupidity. It was remarked that at everything in the nature of a political crisis, threatening a period of confusion in British India, the Maharaja was sure to want to bathe in the Ganges at Mirzapore, or to visit some particular shrine there, and that to do this satisfactorily he must needs bring a perfect army of followers, not forgetting a battery of guns also for the purpose of saluting himself! These little alarms, however, always passed off, and when the great alarm, the Mutiny, came, the Maharaja, far from indulging in any of his old velleities of disaffection, showed himself heartily and energetically loyal. He was rewarded by an augmentation of territory, and by the concession of the right of adoption. Later on, His Highness was created a Grand Commander of the Star of India.

No. 137.—THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA.



It is not many months since this young prince, blazing with jewels, outshone by the splendour of his appearance all the great vassals assembled in Calcutta to do homage to the heir of their suzerain, and he has already been some months dead. Inasmuch as he died at the early age of 28, he had not the time to leave much history. All of his character, however, that bore upon the welfare of his states was such as to make his premature decease a matter of regret. He was always accessible to advice tending to develop the resources of his territory or improve the condition of his subjects. The Maharaja was a Jât by race, a Sikh by creed, the head of the great Phalkian tribe or *misl*, to which the Maharajas of Jheend and Nahha also belong. The father of the deceased prince, Maharaja Narendar Singh, rendered incalculable services during the Mutiny. Troops, influence, supplies, money—everything he had, was given heartily and unreservedly. So thoroughly did the great Sikh chieftain link his fate to that of the British power, that if the temporary eclipse of the latter had proved total extinction he must have utterly perished too. It was only just, therefore, that when English ascendancy was once more irresistibly established the Maharaja's splendid fidelity should be splendidly rewarded. From perhaps the third, Patiala has stepped into the first class of Indian sovereigns.

No. 138.—THE MAHARAJA OF INDORE.



IS Highness Tukaji Rao Holkar was born in 1833, and was therefore only 24 years old at the outbreak of the Mutiny. Of no sovereign prince reigning at that time in India has the conduct in that crisis been so strictly canvassed or so differently judged. The Anglo-Indian public has now, however, pretty generally settled itself into the conviction that the Maharaja Holkar was personally bent on loyally discharging all his duties to the British Government, and that his shortcomings were those of power, not of will, and this has certainly always been the view of the supreme Government. The ruler of Indore was not the only prince in India who, with the best intentions, was totally unable to control his own troops. The other great Mahratta military power was in exactly the same case : Scindia could only with the utmost difficulty cajole his army into temporary inaction. If the neighbouring Begum of Bhopal was able to take higher ground, it was because her subjects had had many years' experience of her strong will and her firm hand. But the Maharaja Holkar had not had the time, before 1857, to impress his people with a sense of his capacity. Nobody indeed, could have anticipated then that he would become the vigorous, self-sufficing ruler he has since shown himself. Oriental princes seldom combine magnificence with economy, but the Maharaja Holkar knows both when to save and when to spend. No sovereign understands better the strength that comes from a brimming treasury, but if the question is a railroad, a college, or anything calculated materially to benefit his state and people, he can forget his ordinary parsimony for the most liberal outlay.

No. 139.—THE GUICOWAR.



FTER having been for long years the very worst governed state in all India, Baroda has at last every prospect of much brighter days. Under Khunderao and Mulharao the city of Baroda was the resort of all that was most infamous in the whole country, and the Guicowar's palace was the scene of the worst infamies of the city. But the enormity of the evil brought the cure. So reluctant was the paramount power to alarm princely susceptibilities by extreme measures, that had the late Guicowar only had the one vice more of decent hypocrisy he might have practised all the rest much longer with impunity. Luckily, however, he would not exercise even temporary self-restraint, and after a repetition of warnings and an almost blameable long-suffering on the part of the British Government, he was at last deposed. The circumstances attending Mulharao's trial, his deportation to Madras, and the installation of the present youthful Guicowar on the throne of Baroda, are too recent, and attracted too wide and keen attention, to need mention here. It would be extravagant to prophesy a golden age to Baroda from the pleasant, frank manners of its boy prince; nevertheless they are of good augury so far as they go. At any rate it is certain that under the able and upright tutelage of Sir Madhava Rao, both the little Guicowar and his rich territories will have all justice done to their natural advantages.

No. 140.—THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SUITE IN HELMETS.



HE helmets which surmount all the personages in this picture (except Lords Suffield, Carington, and Charles Beresford) were not assumed for the purpose of disguise, but in deference to the Indian sun ; nevertheless they do make identification in some cases difficult. The Prince, however, in the centre of the group, cannot be mistaken. The Duke of Sutherland and Sir Bartle Frere are seated on either side of His Royal Highness ; General Probyn and Lord Alfred Paget are standing just behind, while Lord Carington and Lord Charles Beresford are safely established on the ground in front. To the left of the Duke (in the picture) is Lord Suffield, and behind are Lord Aylesford, Colonel Ellis, and Mr. Knollys. To the right of Sir Bartle Frere we have Sir Sam. Browne and Major Henderson seated, and standing behind them Sir Joseph Fayrer, Dr. Russell, Canon Duckworth, and Major Bradford.

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