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THE PRINCE OF WALES' TOUR:

A DIARY IN INDIA;

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WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE VISITS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

TO THE COURTS OF

GREECE, EGYPT, SPAIN, AND PORTUGAL.

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BY

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.A.,
ARTIST IN THE SUITE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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TO THE READER.



A FEW words to the reader to explain some matters connected with this book. It is a Journal or Diary kept from day to day, in which the Prince of Wales is the central figure round which all the things, persons and events mentioned in it revolve, so that if his name and title occur repeatedly in the same page, it is necessary, from the nature of the work, that they should do so. The impressions recorded by the writer are his own; and if, as is rarely the case, opinions are expressed on questions of policy or of government, they must not be ascribed to anyone but to him who states them. Wherever the word "we" occurs, the reader is prayed to take it as meaning "the Royal party," not as the pronoun in an editorial sense, or as indicative of any intent to involve the identity of the Prince with that of the gentlemen who accompanied him.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

Middle Temple, 1877.



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INTRODUCTION.



THE PRINCE OF WALES told a distinguished audience which had been invited by the Governor to meet him at a State Banquet soon after his arrival in Bombay, that "it had long been the dream of his life to visit India." The idea of a tour in the Eastern possessions of the Crown appears to have been first suggested by Lord Canning, whilst he was still in India, to the Prince Consort as part of the education of the Heir Apparent; and it was no doubt included in the great scheme of instruction devised for the Prince by one who thoroughly appreciated the value of the eye, when it is quick and observant, in aiding the other faculties in the acquisition of knowledge, and the power it has of impressing the mind—

*"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator."*

It is probable that the Prince Consort, with his acute intelligence, would have perceived the advantages of sending the Prince of Wales to learn something of the Empire over which he was one day to reign without any such suggestion, and that he would have recommended the Queen to include her Indian dominions in the programme of travel laid down for him. Lord Canning—the first Viceroy, as Lord Northbrook was the last—ruled India more



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absolutely, perhaps, than his successors, because he was charged with the conduct of affairs during the greatest strain to which the Imperial Power had been subjected ; but he was deeply convinced, even in the hour of triumph, of the necessity of creating some substitute for the prestige of the great authority which had been overthrown for ever. The East India "Company" to the princes and peoples of India was not an empty abstraction. In the recesses of the national brain, mixed up with images of mythological personages and of their heavenly attributes, there was a dim conception of it, as of a great physical force, of which there were manifestations in the paraphernalia of executive power, the dignity of the magistrature, and in armies terrible with banners. To the princes and peoples the Governor-General was, after all, only the servant of the "Company," for they saw that the haughtiest and most powerful of them all was so swayed by its decrees that, if the "Company" pleased, he could be swept clean off the scene of his apparent domination. When the Queen's Proclamation, which may be styled the Magna Charta of India, was read to the Chiefs assembled at Allahabad on the 1st November, 1858, there were few of them—and they were not many there—who could understand what was the power which had destroyed the East India Company, and what authority replaced it. The Oudh Talukdars, who remained in arms, would not give faith to promises made to them in the name of "the Queen." Even the soldiers of the British regiments of the East India Company's army refused to recognise the right of the Crown and of Parliament to transfer their allegiance and services without their consent ; and a very great danger arising from their discontent, which Lord Clyde and Sir W. Mansfield regarded with profound apprehension, was only averted by management and concession. The Governor-General saw



how desirable it was, at a time when the basis on which our authority rested had been shaken to the very foundation, that India should have an outward and visible sign of the personal existence of the Power which had control of her destinies; and he appreciated the great benefits which would accrue from personal intercourse with her princes and people to one who would occupy a position in which he must exercise immense influence over the direction of affairs—not the less because exercised indirectly and without responsibility. But the Prince of Wales was only seventeen years of age. Circumstances, such as the lamented deaths of Lord Elgin and General Bruce, caused the intended visit to be deferred, after it had been accepted as an incident in a general scheme of travel; and the activity of the Prince's disposition found opportunities for development, meantime, in tours in foreign countries, and in constant participation in functions of State importance, or of a national character, at home. The journey of the Duke of Edinburgh, which had been seized upon by the Princes of India as an occasion for lavish offers of splendid hospitality, and for profuse munificence, had given already some indication of the manner in which his elder brother, Heir to the Throne, would be fêted and welcomed whenever he could go amongst them.

But the deplorable assassination of the Earl of Mayo, coupled with the memory of other sinister events, suggested the necessity of caution, and increased the dread of responsibility of those who were charged with the action of government in such a matter. The Prince of Wales could not travel incognito in India. His movements would be known to all the world beforehand. There, no doubt, were men who would esteem themselves happy in venturing their lives on the chance of destroying one so dear to Feringhee rulers. Religious passion “and study



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of revenge, immortal hate," might arm many a desperate hand; and certain exhibitions of the fanaticism of the Wahabee, or of the strong prejudices of the Hindoo, showed that the apprehensions of those who considered that no precautions should be neglected were worthy of the gravest consideration.

In the winter of 1874, the project of a tour to India in the autumn of the following year became the subject of anxious deliberation, and communications passed between the authorities with a view to an understanding as to the manner of the visit. There were obstacles to be overcome, or at least there were objections to be removed in high places, for such an expedition had never been undertaken by any personage in the Prince of Wales's position in any period of our history. Royal visitors India has had and to spare. They came upon her—nameless Chiefs at the head of their invading hordes—long ere Alexander, well knowing that there were more worlds to conquer beyond its waters, was obliged to abandon the object of his heart's desire on the banks of the Beas. Timour and Baber, Mahmoud of Ghuznee, and Nadir Shah—these were terrible visitors indeed. Each represented the temporary overthrow of ancient dynasties, invasion, and widespread destruction, or conquest, occupation, and the permanent establishment of foreign rule. More recently there have been visitors of royal races of a more amiable type. Prince Adalbert of Prussia rode by the side of our victorious Generals in one of the most famous of Indian battle-fields, when the supremacy of Great Britain was challenged by the Khalsa. The King of the Belgians, ere he was called to the throne, included part of India in his course of travel. The Duke of Edinburgh, in the course of his interesting but rapid excursion, had some experience of the honours which would await the Heir



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to the Throne. But the position of the Prince of Wales not only in its relation to the State at home and to the Indian Government, but in its bearings on the political condition of Hindostan, was totally different from that of any previous visitor. Never, with the exception of the Prince Regent, had an Heir Apparent been so much before the public eye, and never had any Prince of the Blood in direct succession to the throne been entrusted in the lifetime of the reigning Sovereign with so large a part of the functions of Sovereignty. The Prince was, owing to circumstances which no one questioned the force, in such a position that it seemed scarcely possible that his absence from the country for half a year and more would not be attended with serious inconveniences. Those who followed the course of his life, as it was evolved from the exercise of one public act after another, best understood how incessant had been his labours in endeavouring to meet the demands of the country for Royal sanction and personal encouragement of the works of which they are considered the fitting complement. The Prince of Wales, however, felt that it was his "mission" to go to India, and he resolved to fulfil it. But for the strong insistence of the Prince, the dream of his life might not have been realised; and whatever advantages may be derived from the tour must be attributed to the power of volition before which obstacles vanished, and to the force of conviction which defeated objections and overcame dissuasion. In the beginning of January, 1875, it was known that the project was seriously entertained, and soon afterwards it was spread abroad that the visit would be made in the ensuing autumn. Long before the intention was communicated to the world at large, programmes were sketched out and plans were prepared, the Indian authorities were consulted, and the



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ents at great Native Courts had warning that the
e might appear among them.

On the 16th of March the Marquess of Salisbury made
official announcement to the Council of India of the
nded visit of the Prince of Wales, and the Council then
sed a resolution that the expenses of the journey should
charged on the revenue of India; but at a meeting of
Council on the 27th of April, they passed a further
lution that it was only the expenditure which was
ually incurred in India which should be charged on the
venues of that country. The 'Times' of Saturday,
arch 20th, contained a short paragraph to the effect that
e report of the Prince of Wales' intention to visit India
owards the close of the year was true. This statement
must have appeared to those in authority to have been a
little too absolute, for on Monday, 22nd, there appeared
another paragraph, inserted in the space usually allotted to
official announcements, as follows:—"We have authority
to state that the report of the intention of his Royal
Highness the Prince of Wales to visit India is well founded,
and that his Royal Highness will leave England for
that purpose—should no unforeseen obstacle arise—in the
month of November. Sir Bartle Frere will accompany
the Prince of Wales at the express wish of his Royal
Highness." A flood of articles was at once poured out
by the press. There was a general expression of opinion
that it was right for the Prince to visit Hindostan. India
had lately gained a new and rather painful interest for the
people of England. The country, they were told, had just
been rescued from the jaws of famine. About that time
the deposition of the Gaekwar of Baroda and the inquiry
into his complicity in the attempt to poison Colonel Phayre,
caused people who would have been puzzled a short time
before to decide whether the Gaekwar was a person or a



thing, a man or a State, to read about India. The general relations of the great feudatories—the Chiefs of States with Treaty rights—and of the Crown were critically examined, and many homilies were delivered on the duties of Sovereign States to their dependencies, and on the blessings of civilisation to uncivilised nations. A sensation of surprise was experienced by many people at the discovery that there were Native States in India which had some sort of autonomy—a despotism tempered by Residents—and something like alarm evinced when the papers reproduced from an Indian journal a most formidable-looking muster-roll of the “armies” of the Native Chiefs, with their many thousands of horse, foot, and cannon.

The common “Aryanism” of the races was, however, much urged on the notice of the world as a reason for mutual relations. It was pointed out that the Hindoo and his master were after all made of the same clay, that “Blacks were not so black—nor Whites so very white.” It may be quite true that at some period, which conjecture cannot aspire to reach, Central Asia, the *seva mater* of nations, poured forth the hordes which peopled Europe and Hindostan alike, though it is as difficult to persuade the Englishman of to-day that the Hindoo is his brother as it was to impress on the average Englishman of the early part and middle of the last century that the Negro was a brother, or that he was a man at all.

“An immense respect (wrote the ‘Times’ on 23rd March) is due from the conquerors of India to the venerable kingdoms, institutions, and traditions of which they have become the political heirs, and an adequate manifestation of this feeling has always been one of the great wants of our Indian administration. Changes of dynasty are the lot of all nations, but the English dominion must in some respects have represented this revolution in a peculiarly



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unpalatable form to a people with whom the hereditary principle is not a secondary but a primary nature. The rule of strangers, who to their eyes carry no hereditary dignity, could not fail to be especially distasteful." These are sentiments which many Indians feel; but the policy of the Prince's visit was eventually justified by the impression produced by his presence. There were not wanting some who predicted greater benefits than could reasonably have been expected from it; nor were others who asserted that the difficulties of the Government of India would be increased, by the paling of their splendours, left voiceless. Hitherto they would appear to have been false prophets.

The final step was taken. There were reasons which would always justify uneasiness at the protracted absence of the Heir to the Throne from the United Kingdom; but there were also reasons which rendered it highly desirable he should visit that portion of the Empire, in right of which the Crown is Imperial. If there was a feeling that there would be a void in society and in all the great functions over which Royalty usually presides while he was away, it was felt, too, that his Royal Highness had earned his right to such repose, and that he was entitled to a little respite from ceremonial observances. The effects of the protracted, and all but mortal, illness which brought the nation, as it were, to the doors of Sandringham, rendered it expedient that the Prince should not be exposed to another winter in England if it could be avoided. The anticipations of repose were scarcely justified, for there was but little cessation of work in India; but the strength and energy which the Prince displayed proved that his medical advisers had judged rightly of the beneficial effects of escape from an English winter.

It was now necessary to provide the Prince with a following suitable to one who would be regarded by princes



and people as an Imperial Ambassador of a rank and dignity towering far above the highest of their ancient dynasties. But those who imagined that the presence of the greatest statesman or noble would lend additional dignity or importance to the Heir Apparent's avatar, could not have understood how very ignorant and indifferent most of the Chiefs and the masses of the people are to what pass in Great Britain as matters of deepest gravity. The more intelligent natives are acquainted with the names and views of those who deal with Indian topics in Parliament ; but the Resident, the Collector, and the Magistrate represent to them the whole force—they certainly do not always represent the splendour—of the State. The Duke of Sutherland's name, known so widely in Great Britain, had reached the ears of comparatively few in India. On the other hand, the name of Sir Bartle Frere, which only became familiar to all people at home after his successful mission to Zanzibar, was a household word with millions of people in Bombay and in the north-west of India. In the early part of 1875 the latter was informed that the Prince of Wales wished to have the benefits of his experience during the Expedition ; and about the same time, or somewhat earlier, the Duke of Sutherland received an invitation to form one of the suite to which his rank gave such weight. Lord Suffield, the head of the Prince's Household, was naturally selected to accompany his Royal master ; Colonel Ellis, Equerry to the Prince, who had served in India, was also nominated, and was charged with most delicate and difficult functions in administering, in conjunction with Sir Bartle Frere, the affairs of finance and presents. Major-General Probyn, whose confidence in the success of the visit, which he strenuously advised, was strong from the beginning, was engaged in making arrangements for horses, transport, and sporting at an



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early period of the year. Mr. Francis Knollys, the Prince's Private Secretary, completed the list of selections from members of the Royal Household. A valued servant of the Queen, Lord Alfred Paget, Clerk Marshal, who had known the Prince from his earliest childhood, undeterred by any consideration respecting the possible influences of an Indian climate on a frame which, despite robust health, had lost the resisting forces of youth, was desirous to accompany one to whom he was so much attached, and his desires were gratified. The Rev. Canon Duckworth was selected as Chaplain to the Prince, and Dr. Fayrer was entrusted with the onerous and responsible duty of watching over the Prince's health. The Earl of Aylesford, Lord Carington, and Colonel Owen Williams, personal friends, were invited to join the party. Lieutenant Lord Charles Beresford, who had accompanied the Duke of Edinburgh in his Indian tour, lent his unflagging gaiety, his practical knowledge and professional experience, to the Royal suite, which received another agreeable accession in the person of Lieutenant FitzGeorge, of the Rifle Brigade. Mr. S. P. Hall, whose sympathetic and skilful pencil had gained him high reputation, received a commission to sketch the incidents of the tour. Mr. Albert Grey, Private Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere; and the writer of this record, temporarily attached as Hon. Private Secretary to the Prince, completed the list of those who formed the suite of his Royal Highness.

There was but one cloud resting on the horizon to which all eyes were turned. Those concerned in the government of the State, and responsible to the country for the trust on which so much depended, could not but perceive the objections to the absence of the Princess of Wales from her children; and it was equally obvious that it would be most unwise to expose them to the climate of



India at the time of life when it is most dangerous. It may well be conceived how painful it was to know that a separation, which would cause so much grief to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, was drawing near at hand.

When the map of India was laid on the table, immediately there came to the surface the difficulty of getting many places within the limits of the time which the Prince could devote to his visit. In a general way, the limits of his Royal Highness's tour in India were marked by the thermometer. Dr. Fayrer was very decided in putting the beginning of November as the earliest date at which the Prince should arrive, and in fixing on the early weeks of March as the latest period at which he ought to attempt to come home through the Red Sea. There were certain broad lines to be followed; but a line ends in points, and at the outset there was some hesitation in determining whether it would be better to begin at Calcutta or at Bombay. The claims of Cashmere and of Ceylon seemed to clash. The passes into Cashmere are not open till the hot weather has begun in the plains, and it was of the first necessity that the Prince should not be exposed to long journeys at unhealthy seasons, and to rapid transitions from cold to heat. Several attempts were made to divert the Prince from his purpose of visiting Ceylon, but he was inexorable as well as penetrating; and it is said that once, at one little "Indian Council" at Marlborough House, there was a map produced in which Ceylon did not appear, when the routes were being laid down and discussed, but that a Royal demand, "Where is Ceylon?" rendered the stratagem, if such it were, of no avail. The trip to Cashmere assumed an uncertain aspect; that to the Deccan was, for several reasons, doubtful; but to Ceylon the Prince adhered with invincible firmness, undeterred

by "sanitary considerations" and medical reports, which, sooth to say, were damaged in their authority by the very opposite opinions of the *cognoscenti*. As early as the third week in May, the routes of the Prince were laid down from the 17th of October, on which day he was to set out on his voyage, to the date of his arrival in Calcutta, before Christmas Day. Already the Residents at the Native Courts were enabled to convey most satisfactory intelligence respecting the manner in which the Princes had received the announcement that the Prince would visit India; and the demands made for his Royal Highness's presence a few days here and a week there, urged with the most perfect conviction, could not have been satisfied in a twelvemonth. Already requests were made from India that there should be no further delay in buying horses for the Prince and his suite; and it was suggested that an officer of the rank of Major-General, with a proper Staff, should be placed at the head of the carriage and transport department. At the period of which I speak, the Government had given no intimation of their intentions as to money; and if the Prince was to start in October, there was not much time to order carriages and gifts of honour; but until the money had been voted, it would have been impossible to have laid down any precise scheme of expenditure. The preliminary arrangements were, however, advanced as far as was practicable. It was decided that the presents should be placed in the charge of a special Staff from the India Office; that gold and silver medals should be struck for presentation to the Chiefs; and it was further understood that the Queen would issue a warrant to authorise the Prince of Wales to hold a special Chapter of the Order of the Star of India at Calcutta.

The interest which was taken in the visit increased as



the country had time to reflect upon the subject. Articles in the press, and communications between the authorities in India and at home, increased in number and importance. Whatever might be the wishes of the Government, it was plain that the Prince could not be other than paramount when in India; and it was therefore matter of consideration that his exalted position should not cause that of the Viceroy and Governor-General to be unduly depreciated. It may now be asserted that the apprehensions which were entertained on that ground had no solidity. Even if the brightness of the Viceregal luminary had been subjected to temporary eclipse, it is evident that there could have been no permanent diminution of it after the Prince's transit, and that as long as the transit was occurring, no official measures could have prevented some little dimming of the splendour of the official sun.

On the 15th of April Mr. Hankey put a question to the Government. He asked "whether it was intended, in the event of the Prince of Wales visiting India, to propose to Parliament to make such provision as would enable his Royal Highness to discharge such duties as might be considered befitting his position as the representative of Her Majesty with becoming dignity?" Mr. Disraeli's reply evinced a certain dislike to any early announcement of the intentions of the Government; he would not even admit that the Prince was going to India at all, and described the question as "hypothetical." He apprehended, he said, that, in the event of the Prince visiting India, he would not visit it as the representative of the Queen. The Viceroy would continue to fulfil the duties of that office. But he might say generally, that if the Government had to make any public communication on the subject the House of Commons would be the first body in the country to which that communication would be made.

Doubtless, on grounds which commended themselves to official prudence, Mr. Disraeli refused to acknowledge that there would be any demand made on the Exchequer, even as late as the 3rd of June. Replying on that day to Mr. Leith, who asked "whether the expenses of the Prince of Wales would be charged to the Imperial or to the Indian Exchequer?" the Prime Minister protested against honourable members "assuming that there was to be a grant of public money proposed, and on that assumption asking questions" which should be reserved till such a proposal was made. On the 5th of July, however, Mr. Disraeli gave notice that he would the week following make a statement on the House going into Committee of Supply respecting the visit of the Prince to India, and that he would submit an estimate of expenditure. On the 8th of July the Premier made the promised statement to a full House, and succeeded in attracting the sympathies of his audience in no ordinary degree to the objects of the Prince's intended journey; but in the phraseology of the Minister there might be detected a sense of the responsibility which rested on those who had any share in sanctioning the enterprise. He alluded to the previous travels of the Prince in various parts of the Queen's dominions, and drawing a distinction between what was best suited to those who were, and to those who were not, Royal personages, observed that though he could not say that travel was the best education, he would venture to assert that travel was the best education for Princes. But the visit of the Prince of Wales to India would be, he said, unlike his previous travels. The rules and regulations which sufficed for the Prince in Canada and in the Colonies would not be adapted for India. One remarkable feature of Oriental manners was the exchange of presents between visitors and their hosts. The Viceroy,



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thought that ceremonial presents need not be given or received, but it was necessary to place the Prince in a position in which he could exercise the spontaneous feelings of generosity and splendour which belonged to his character. It was also necessary to gratify the feelings of the Native Princes. The ordinary rule was that the presents made by Native Chiefs were sold, and the amount carried to the credit of Government, which made presents of corresponding value to the donors; but it was evident that, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, such a course would be undignified and distasteful. The Prince would be the guest of the Viceroy from the moment he landed on Indian soil. That was the strongly-expressed opinion and wish of the Viceroy, who highly approved of the visit, and believed it would be attended with great benefit to India and to this country. The expense of that part of the reception would not be considerable, for it would be confined to the rites of hospitality, and the sum of 30,000*l.* had been mentioned casually as the amount which might be charged against the Indian Budget on that head. The estimate of the Admiralty for the expenses of the voyage to and from India, and of the movements of the fleet in connection with it, came to 52,000*l.* With respect to other charges, Mr. Disraeli pointed out that the Prince did not go to India as "the representative of the Queen," but as "the Heir Apparent of the Crown." Without interfering in any way with the legal and constitutional character of the Viceroy, the Prince would nevertheless be placed in a position which would impress the mind of India with a sense of his real dignity and importance. To meet the personal expenses of his visit, it was proposed to move a vote for a sum of 60,000*l.* in the next Committee of Supply.

This announcement of the intentions of Government was almost disappointing to the country. Letters, in which the



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impolicy of a stinted allowance was demonstrated, and strong reasons were adduced for the assertion that the sum of 60,000*l.* would not suffice for the legitimate and becoming expenditure of the Prince, appeared in the public papers. The distinction between the appearance of the Prince in India as the representative of the Queen and as the Heir to the Throne might have been understood by the House of Commons, or by logical minds in Europe, but it was one which, as events proved, the natives of India could not appreciate. When the resolution was brought forward in Committee of Supply, on the 15th of July, Mr. Fawcett considered it necessary to raise a discussion which was much to be regretted. He moved, as an amendment, "that it was inexpedient that any part of the expenses of the general entertainment of the Prince of Wales should be charged on the revenues of India." Mr. Fawcett's objections to the vote were founded partly on sentimental, partly on abstract politico-economical reasonings. He pointed out instances in which India had been charged with expenses for entertainments of an Imperial character with which India had nothing to do—such as the Ball to the Sultan, the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, the carriage of Royal presents to England, the fee of 400*l.* paid to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster for the erection of the monument to Sir Herbert Edwardes—and introduced other matters which might have been appropriate in a general discussion on the distribution of taxation and expenditure, but which had no bearing on the Prince's tour. The honesty of purpose of Mr. Fawcett and the value to India of his laborious advocacy cannot be doubted, and there may be need of both, especially in a body which is dealing with the resources of a country in which the principle that taxation and representation go together has no existence. The



debate which ensued was interesting and animated, but the great weight of authority was against Mr. Fawcett, and he was not supported by the leaders of the various sections of the Opposition. The Liberal party, or the Whig section of it, certainly seemed rather disposed to attack the Government on the ground that their proposal was illiberal and parsimonious, and there was some talk of an amendment in quite a different sense from that of Mr. Fawcett. Lord Hartington was known to have expressed most generous views as to the Royal allowance, and there is no doubt that had a quarter of a million been asked it would have been granted—a much larger sum, indeed, was named out of doors for the probable expenditure, and there were people who went about deploring the fate of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who would certainly be called upon for 500,000*l.* or 750,000*l.* for the Indian expenditure. In a house of 446 members Mr. Fawcett found only 32 to agree with him in the view that India should not contribute to the expenses of the tour. It may be very fairly asserted, however, after the experience of the great interest which the Prince's presence created, that if the people of India had enjoyed the franchise they would have disapproved of the conduct of any representative who objected to a contribution to his Royal Highness's expenses from the Indian exchequer. It is not easy to comprehend the exact nature of the reasons which led Mr. Disraeli to insist on the necessity of the Prince of Wales being the "guest" of the "Viceroy" in the face of the fact that he was moving the House of Commons to make adequate provision for the extra expenditure which would be necessitated by the visit, and that he was expressly intimating that the cost of the Prince's entertainment in India would be borne by the Indian Budget. He, however, pressed the point with energy, and drew a vivid picture of the extraordinary pomp

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and circumstance which would necessarily surround the Prince if he were to go as the representative of the Queen. "He would have to exchange the presents of Europe for presents of Ormus and of Ind. He would have to hold Durbars, to travel with Princes in his train. He would not only be present at feasts—he would preside at festivals." Now all these things the Prince did in his non-representative capacity. The Prince exchanged the presents of Europe for the presents of Ind, and perhaps for some which might have come *via* "Ormus;" he held Durbars, he was attended by Princes, he presided at festivals, and yet he did it all for less than the sum which Parliament granted, under a sort of protest from Lord Hartington, strengthened by many expressions of opinion in and out of the House, on account of its inadequacy. The 'Times' next day wrote, what every one said and felt to be the truth—"The Prince must exercise extraordinary powers of management if Mr. Disraeli has not to ask for a supplementary estimate next year." Not only was the sum not exceeded, but there was a small surplus; not only was it not necessary to propose a supplementary grant, but it was the pleasing duty of the Minister, after a careful audit of the accounts had been made, to report that there still remained some money, which it was proposed to leave at the Prince's disposal with the unanimous consent of the House. It is only just to state that at all the Courts where the Royal visitor was welcomed there was no lack of souvenirs and no stint of princely largesse, and, avoiding any odious comparisons, that the presents made in India, if necessarily wanting in the infinite variety of form and diversity of nature which were exhibited in the gifts of the Native Chiefs, were of great substantial value and of beautiful workmanship.

As to the tour itself, those who read the following

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pages will see the force of the metaphor of Bacon, that "Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest." According to all testimony, there has been no evil but much good caused by the visit among the princes and people of Hindostan, and it would be unjust to attach to it any consequences which may result from acts supposed to be justified by the enthusiasm with which the Prince was received, or to be called for by State and policy convenience. The famine which is now ravaging so much of the land which the Royal traveller saw wreathed with smiles and decked in gala attire, would have occurred whether he had gone or not; but the suffering people have now the consolation of knowing that they have secured the active sympathy of a powerful friend; and the Native Chiefs, and those whom they rule, under the protection and supreme sway of the Paramount Power, have the assurance that the attention of their fellow-subjects at home has been directed to their condition with a keener interest, and with a determination that they shall be ruled in righteousness and justice.





FROM LONDON TO BRINDISI.

L'ENVOI.

THIS narrative of the Prince of Wales' tour, as far as my personal knowledge of it is concerned, must begin at Brindisi, as it was there that the two divisions of the Royal suite were united. The Queen was at Balmoral Castle at the time of the Prince's departure from London, which took place on Monday, October 11th, some days earlier than the date which had been determined upon in the early programmes. On Sunday, October 10, the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal. They received the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught at luncheon. In the evening there was a farewell dinner at Marlborough House, to which the members of the Royal Family then in London, and a few personal friends, were invited. In the forenoon, Dean Stanley preached an eloquent sermon in Westminster Abbey (the text taken from was Esther i., viii. 6), in which he expatiated on the journey "of the first Heir to the English Throne who has ever visited those distant regions, which the greatest of his ancestors, Alfred the Great, one thousand years ago, so ardently longed to explore." He concluded with an earnest prayer that the visit might leave behind it, on one side, "the remembrance, if so be, of graceful acts, kind words, English nobleness, Christian principle; and on the other, awaken in all concerned the sense of graver duties, wider sympathies, loftier purposes. Thus, and thus only, shall the journey on which the Church and nation now pronounce its parting benediction be worthy of a Christian Empire, and worthy of an English Prince." The



circumstances under which the Prince of Wales was about to visit India, and those under which Alfred the Great desired to open commercial relations with it (there is scarcely any ground for stating that he ever contemplated a visit or longed to go to India) differed very considerably ; but a study of the old travellers' stories leads one to think that, given the means of locomotion and time, it was not so very difficult to reach "Cathay and Ind" in remote times as it might be supposed to be from later narratives.

The chronicles of the day relate how deep an interest was taken by the public in the arrangements for this enterprising journey. On Monday all the morning and evening papers published leading articles, in which the warmest aspirations, not quite free from uneasiness, on account of "considerations which should quicken caution, though they need scarcely cause anxiety," were expressed for the Prince's happiness and safe return. "The life of the Prince of Wales," observed the leading journal, "is a very precious one ; how precious, indeed, in the judgment of the country, the national anxiety in the autumn of 1871 indisputably showed ; and his welfare is dear to us all." The great crowd which assembled on the evening of October 11th to bid him "God speed," at Charing Cross Station an hour before the departure of the special train, afforded ample testimony to the truth of these words.

There was, of course, a Royal Guard of Honour on the platform ; but there was also a gathering of friends, for whom the station was all too small. When the Prince and Princess made their appearance, and walked slowly down the platform towards the train, between the line of soldiery and the great concourse of people, there was a demonstration, in which it would be hard to say whether a feeling of sadness at the Prince's departure and at his wife's emotion, or the desire to assure the Royal couple of

enduring and affectionate loyalty, predominated. Cheers and waving of handkerchiefs—moistened eyes, quivering lips—and many an audible “God bless you!” At 8 o'clock P.M. the train glided out of the station. The memorable journey had fairly begun. At 9.20 P.M. the train stopped at Ashford, where the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught bade the Prince of Wales adieu. At 9.53 P.M. the train reached Dover, where 6000 or 7000 people had assembled along the approaches to the Admiralty Pier. All the naval, military, and civil authorities were in waiting to receive the Royal travellers. There was a Guard of Honour of the 104th Regiment, a detachment of the 78th Highlanders lined the pier platforms. The weather had been very rough for some days and nights previously, but wind and sea had obsequiously gone down, and there was every promise that no severe test would be applied to the qualities of the *Castalia*, which had been engaged for the passage. As the train stopped opposite the steamer, her bulwarks were lighted up by red and blue lights, which cast a strong glare on the anxious faces of the great crowd, and as the Prince and Princess stepped on board the steamer there was an outburst of cheering, renewed again and again with genuine enthusiasm. The Trinity House tender and other vessels in harbour lighted up sides and rigging. The Mayor and Corporation of Dover repaired on board to present an address, which was “taken as read,” and for which the Prince said he was “much obliged.” Then, at 10.10 P.M., three rockets gave the signal for departure. As the *Castalia* moved from the pier there was a clamour of valedictory voices, which followed her far out into the night. In two hours she arrived at Calais. Here was the saddest moment of the many which had been casting their solemn influence over the day. The Princess



of Wales was not going on shore, but had resolved to stay on board, and return to England in the early morning. The train was to start at 1.50 A.M., so that there was short space left. The grief of that hour can now be regarded as a sorrow that has past, through the light of the happy meeting this year. At 2 A.M., October 12th, the train left the Calais station, and arrived at the terminus of the Northern Railway in Paris at 7.20 A.M. It so happened that the President, Marshal MacMahon, and a few gentlemen were there at the time, waiting for a train to take them to a shooting party. The Prince was welcomed by the Marshal and his suite with great cordiality and respect. He was received by Lord Lyons, who was in attendance with the members of the British Embassy. Entering his lordship's carriage, the Prince drove to the Hôtel Bristol, where he received numerous visitors; but it was officially understood that his Royal Highness wished to be incognito in Paris. He dined at the British Embassy that evening. Next day, October 13th, the Prince visited Marshal MacMahon, and lunched with him at the Elysée. He subsequently received a return visit from the Marshal. At 8.40 P.M. his Royal Highness and suite left by the ordinary train for Turin, which they reached at 7 P.M. next evening, 14th October. Resting at Turin for the night, the Prince continued his journey at 9.40 A.M. next morning, reached Bologna at 5 P.M., October 15th, and after a halt of an hour and a quarter, went on in the ordinary train, which was provided with Royal saloon carriages, to Ancona, where he got out for a few minutes to receive the expression of the good-wishes of a small gathering of English people who had been waiting on the platform to bid him "God speed!" Although the Prince was incognito, he could not escape official recognition, and he had been the unwilling object of every kind of attention throughout his journey;

and so it was that as the special train flew along through the night to Brindisi, the travellers, whenever they woke up and looked out, were aware of the presentment of prefects and sub-prefects in black coats and white cravats, of officers, guards of honour, crowds of people, and blazing lights on the station platforms.

In order to facilitate the overland journey through France and Italy of so large a party with great quantities of baggage and many personal attendants, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Carington, Sir Bartle Frere, Colonel Owen Williams, Major-General Probyn, the Rev. Canon Duckworth, Mr. Albert Grey, the writer of this record, and a detachment of the Royal servants, preceded his Royal Highness, and left London, some on Saturday evening, October 9th, and others on the day following, for Paris, where they remained till Tuesday, October 13th, when they started for Brindisi, which they reached on the 16th of October. The 14th of October was passed in Bologna, but the day's repose, such as it was—for there was very much seeing of sights to be done—had its small grief to follow. It was necessary to arrive a clear twelve hours before the Prince; and at 1.30 A.M., October 15th, the whole of the first division, instead of being fast asleep, were under arms in the breakfast-room of the hotel, waiting till Groot, the excellent courier "in charge," had vanquished the difficulties connected with sleepy waiters, porters, bills, and the transport department, and gave the word that we had only to descend to the carriages which were waiting to take us to the train. There was an excellent saloon-carriage and a sufficient number of *coupés* ready, and at 3 A.M. we glided out of the Bologna station into a storm of rain and wind which lasted for several hours, and made some among us turn an uneasy eye on the grey, leaden-looking Adriatic with its fringe of surf,



which came in view in the course of the day. Ancona and Foggia furnished a few minutes' halt, food, and news of the Royal progress. We reached Brindisi after a run of twenty hours from Bologna, and at 11 P.M. the train drew up alongside the platform close to the jetty, where there was a body of blue-jackets and Marines from the *Scrapis*, to take charge of the baggage and to keep the Italian porters in order. There were also some friends waiting to greet the travellers. The rain had ceased and the wind had abated. The stars shone through the cloud-rifts, and, looking seawards, there was a great glory on the waters, for a few yards out from the pier lay the *Scrapis* with her long line of ports lighted up, her white sides and golden scroll-work gleaming brightly in the glare of the gas-lamps on shore, and of the lanterns displayed at the companions and over the sides to show the way. Her boats were alongside the pier; and leaving Groot and his auxiliaries to contend with the piles of luggage which were shot out on the platform, we embarked, and in a few seconds more were standing in the blaze of lamps in the saloon, where sheen of snowy damask, and glitter of silver and glass on the long table, gave note of welcome supper. Captain Glyn received the members of the suite, and the officers did their best, late as it was, to induct them in their cabins, and make them at home; and we found Mr. Hall already installed on board, as he had preferred taking a passage from Portsmouth to the overland journey.





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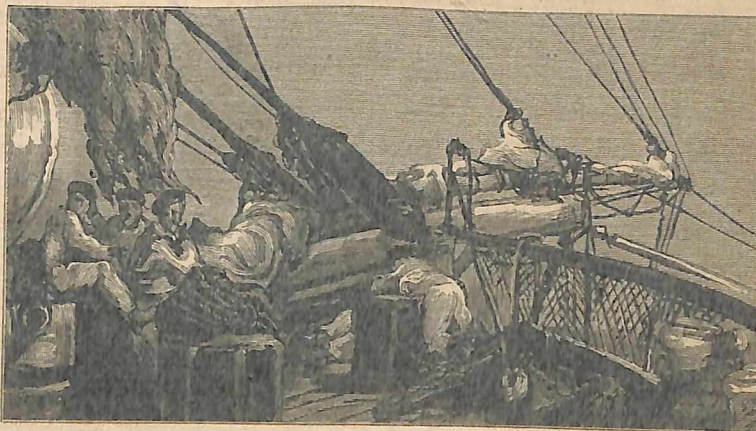


CSL

Sketch Map
to illustrate the Tour
of
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

English Miles
100 200 300 400
Route of the Prince





BOWS OF THE 'SERAPIS.'

THE PRINCE OF WALES' TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM BRINDISI.

Preparations on board the *Serapis*—Brindisi—Reception of the Prince—Departure—Life on board—"Cleaning-up"—Muscular Christians—First Sunday on board—Cape Malea—Reminiscences—The hermit—Last "look round"—The Piræus—Modern Greek—The Palace at Athens—Tattoo—Constitutional troubles—Departure from Athens—Farewell at sea.

OCTOBER 16TH.—It was very early indeed when the preparations for the reception of the Prince commenced on board the *Serapis* this morning. The Royal special train was expected to arrive at 8.30 A.M. Several hours before that time, strenuous efforts to clear away the mass of personal baggage outside the cabins on the main-deck disturbed the sleepers, who, after the fatigues of the journey of the previous day, would gladly have remained



at rest a little longer; but the inexorable first lieutenant and officers of the watch directing their forces of sailors, marines, and Chinamen to make a passage between the piles of portmanteaus from the gangway to the foot of the saloon-companion, speedily dissipated any dreams of indulgence in such bodily infirmity. As to the minor inconveniences of "clearing away" boxes and "lumber" outside cabins on these occasions, they best can paint them who have felt them most. There were stowaway corners and crypts under the staircase, and shelves fixed across the main-deck, concealed by green curtains, for portmanteaus; but this did not suffice for all, especially as the shelves were appropriated by a few who had many boxes. The mode of access to the saloon and to the State apartments was rather a weak part of the constitution of the ship, but it was perhaps unavoidable. The companion-ladder was on the port side of the main-deck, and visitors were obliged to pass by the sleeping-cabins to the staircase which led to the saloon on the upper-deck.

There was little time before the arrival of the Royal train to make ourselves familiar with the ship which was to be our home for so many days and nights, but her great length of deck, the beautiful order and exquisite cleanliness of everything visible aloft and below, produced a favourable impression at the first glance. The cabins varied in size and in fittings; some had two ports, others one, but all were well-appointed. They were beautifully fresh and neat, not overdone with ornament or gilding, but there was room for such decoration as the occupants might deem most appropriate. In each cabin there was a large and comfortable-looking sofa which was converted into a bedstead at night, but the fate of these was speedily sealed, as shall be related hereafter. A writing-table with

drawers, a chest of drawers and dressing-table, a washing-stand, a bath, shelves and nettings for books, clothes, boots, and looking-glasses—what more was needed? There was ample light when the outer ports were not closed. It must be confessed that the stories of her behaviour in the run from Portsmouth outward, and the reputation she had acquired as a “tremendous roller,” caused some misgivings among the weaker vessels; and many secret and confidential inquiries were addressed by them as soon as they got on board to the officers and passengers respecting the conduct of the *Scrapis* in the voyage from Malta to Brindisi, the results of which were very satisfactory and comforting. The suite received invitations from Captain Glyn and the officers to the ward-room as honorary members of the mess.

There is an Old-world look about Brindisi. When the line of mail steamers to the East galvanised the port into a fitful activity for a few hours once a week, there were great expectations raised of a glorious future, and it was predicted that the town would become the centre of a considerable commerce. Land was largely bought on speculation, the harbour was dredged out and improved, a new breakwater was completed, houses were built on a large scale, and all seemed going on well, when Venice was “discovered,” and the old Queen of the Adriatic enticed the roving affections of commerce from her disconsolate rival. One advantage was gained by the temporary importance of the place which the inhabitants perhaps did not appreciate. The incredible filth and nastiness of the streets were somewhat abated, and the manners of the inhabitants improved. Many travellers still prefer the long, tedious, and trying journey from Turin to Brindisi to the sea route from Venice, and there is nothing to be said against their fancy if they disregard



the dust in summer and the cold in winter, the evil baiting-places on the way, and the monotony of the rail with its borderings of olive plantations and tideless sea, where the excesses of the storm are denoted by lines of stagnating sea-weed. Now Brindisi was very gay. Landwards floated in the strong southerly breeze over the houses the flags of many Powers, for there are many Consular personages in the town. The Civic Band was playing near the railway station, the custom-house guards in full uniform were drawn up on the quay to which the *Serapis* was moored, and there was close to her a crowd of fully a hundred persons apparently listening to a lecture on marine architecture from an ancient mariner who had surely never beheld such a gallant craft before. Seaward, near the interesting old fort in the middle of the harbour lay the Italian ironclads, *Castel-Fidardo* and the *Reina Maria Pia*, which had come round from Spezzia in a gale of wind, H.M.S. *Hercules*, H.M.S. *Pallas*, the Royal yacht *Osborne*, and a few steamers and sailing-vessels—British, Greek, and Italian—all dressed in their best, to do honour to the Prince of Wales, with bunting streaming out flat as sheets of coloured glass in the stiff souther, which sent the surf flying over the breakwater, and brought up with it from time to time drenching showers. The members of the suite appeared in uniform for the first time; the ships' officers were what is nautically called "in full fig;" and as the drum summoned the crew to quarters, it was a pleasure to look down from the quarter-deck on the clean, smart men-of-war-men ranged below in their spick-and-span new white raiment ready to man yards at a word. It was nearly 9.30 A.M. when the Royal train was signalled, in less than half an hour afterwards the Prince of Wales descended from his carriage at the Railway Station. The Prefetto and sotto-Prefetto, and the authorities of the district, on the platform, received



EMBARKATION ON BOARD THE 'SERAPIS' AT BRINDISI.

his Royal Highness, who acknowledged their salutations, shook hands with Count Maffei and one or two of his personal acquaintances, and walked to the steps where his barge was awaiting him. With the Prince came the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Aylesford, Lord Suffield, Lord C. Beresford, Lieut.-Colonel Ellis, Mr. F. Knollys, Major Stanley Clarke, Sir A. Paget, and the members of the British Legation who could be spared from Rome, the Italian Minister of Marine, Vice-Admiral di San Bon, and his naval aide-de-camp, &c. The Civic Band played "God save the Queen" and the Italian National Air; the Royal Standard (of the Prince of Wales) was run up in the barge the moment he was on board; the British and Italian men-of-war manned yards, and running up the Royal Standard, fired a Royal salute. The fine effect of the sudden outburst was greatly increased by the drifting smoke, which was whirled away rapidly by the breeze to leeward, instead of hanging round the ships and obscuring hull and rigging. In a couple of minutes more the Prince of Wales was ascending the ladder to the port gangway of the *Serapis*, where he was received by Captain Glyn and the officers of the ship. On every occasion of his Royal Highness's arrival or departure in public the same ceremony was observed on board. The Royal Marines and the detachment of R.M.A. were drawn up on the main-deck to the right of the larboard gangway, the Band of the Royal Marines on their left, the officers standing in a line from the gangway to the entrance to the main-deck cabins. The instant the Prince put his foot on board or quitted the ship, his Standard was run up or hauled down, yards were manned; the Band played "God save the Queen," officers and guard of honour saluted with the usual honours. The guard of honour mounted on the main-deck to receive personages entitled to salutes could

not "present" arms, as the bayonets would have come in contact with the deck overhead, but Major Snow got over the difficulty by inventing a new exercise and *maniement des armes*, which answered quite as well as the old.

The arrangements on board were found to be very satisfactory. The Italian Minister of Marine was loud in his approbation of the great size and airiness of the ship, and of the perfect order on board. Breakfast was served soon after the Prince's arrival, and then, after a short promenade on deck and final message, came "the word that must be spoken." At 11.15 A.M. the British and Italian Ministers took leave, with many expressions of their respectful interest in the expedition, and good wishes for the safety and happy return of the Prince. The first thud of the screw caused the great frame of the ship to quiver from stem to stern, and the *Serapis* moved slowly seaward in the wake of the *Osborne*, which was followed by the *Hercules* and *Pallas*. The moment of her departure was telegraphed to Athens, where the Prince was expected on Monday. Again the iron throats of the cannon uttered a deal of sulphurous breath and the crews of the men-of-war shouted. The Prince went forward to the bridge, where there is a kind of room or wooden box with windows at three sides, a table for charts, chairs, telescopes, and glasses. The steering-wheels are underneath, and there is a good look-out fore and aft over the decks from the platform, which is nigh sixty feet above the sea. In ten minutes we saw the *Osborne* make a graceful curtsey to an incoming wave, the first of the numerous family outside the reef which, leaping on each other's backs in their anxiety to welcome it, were awaiting the little squadron; but when it came to her turn, the lofty *Serapis* scarcely deigned to notice their

salutations, and only gave a slight nod of her head as if to show she was not regardless of all the laws of maritime propriety. But notwithstanding that dignified nonchalance the company which sat down to dinner did not include all those who came on board the ship, and there was in several cabins hidden but audible suffering. This was the first time of wearing the *Serapis* dress—a blue jacket with silk facings and household buttons, black trousers and black necktie—which was pronounced to be a successful substitute for the mess dress and the civilian black coat of evening life. The Prince went round the decks before dinner and inspected “the Farm,”—the various animals he was bringing out as presents to the King of Greece, and his horses from the Sandringham stables, but he did not appear at table. However, he came out of his room after dinner, and in the evening sat in the charming little “fumoir” on the quarter-deck, to which access is gained from the saloon below by a winding staircase. It is windowed with plate glass, panelled in white and gold, and provided with sofas. There are doors at each angle, a small book-case, barometer, clock, &c.; on the panels are fine photographs of the two young princes in sailors’ costume, and a frame of exquisite photographs of the Princess of Wales and the Royal children. The Band stationed on the upper-deck played from dinner-time till past 9 o’clock, and proved to be very steady on its legs in the sea-way, and of excellent quality. The speed of the vessel was regulated methodically by Admiralty Orders, as if the winds and seas were factors of small consequence. An average rate of 264 knots in the 24 hours, or 11 knots an hour, was the basis on which the calculations of the programme depended, and about 48 revolutions per minute of the *Serapis* screw corresponded with the required mileage. There was a fair but strong wind, which eased



the screw and enabled the ship to set a good spread of canvas, but there was too much wind and sea towards nightfall, as she was off the coast of Cephalonia, and sail was reduced. The lights are extinguished in the cabins at 11 P.M., but those in the saloon are left burning till the Prince retires for the night. There are, however, great lanterns along the main-deck, which cast their rays upon the darkness where the marine on duty passes up and down outside the entrance to the cabins, and reveal "Bobèche," the Prince's French poodle, scampering about in search of "Flossy," another canine favourite, or of some other less substantial playmate. He seems under the impression that there must be a dog or two hidden on board, and has already made search all up and down the decks, investigating the secrets of his water prison-house with so much success that he was quite lost for about an hour, and baffled all attempts to discover him, so that it was feared he had gone overboard. However, Bobèche had not the least idea of doing anything so foolish.

October 17th.—The wind and sea abated during the night, and the *Serapis* slid very quietly through the placid waters; but soon after dawn a gentle breeze sprung up nearly right astern, and all square canvas was set—*Osborne* in her station, but no sign of *Hercules* or *Pallas*. The first sound which pierces the dull hubbub of the throbbing engines and of the cleaving of the waters outside is the bugle-call, which sets all the servants in motion—or ought to do so—on the main-deck. Then comes the tumult of "cleaning-up" outside the cabins and on the decks, but we are spared the horrible marine infliction of "holystoning." The planking is covered with oil-cloth, which is swabbed and washed. The cleaning-up is done by certain loose-limbed sinewy Chinamen—quiet, orderly fellows, with a full allowance of tail, who do not appear to recognise "Tom



Fat" as a man and a brother, though his tail is of irreproachable length. Perhaps his Christianity has cut him off from his brethren. Presently electric bells begin to tinkle, and various figures, draped after the antique, appear outside the cabins, and hold converse on the main-deck whilst they await their turns for the bath, exchanging ideas about the weather, past, present, and to come, and the sensations which the sea has caused or which it yet menaces. The athletically disposed take to various strengthening exercises. Dr. Fayrer, armed with two mugdahs or Indian clubs, whirls them round his head with an air of entire resignation and devotion, diligently improving his already very respectable biceps, and Canon Duckworth gives demonstration that he is no bad representative of the school of muscular Christians. Sir Bartle Frere is one of the very early risers, and begins his work before breakfast hour; but no matter how busy he may be, he never minds any interruption, and is always ready to give information, of which he has such ample stores in most matters, with the greatest cheerfulness.

A fair muster at breakfast, Lord Alfred Paget turning up at 8 A.M. with sailorly briskness, and most of the others being an hour later. At 11 A.M. the Church pendant was hoisted, and the Rev. Canon Duckworth read Divine service in the saloon before the Prince, suite, and domestics. Land was seen on the port bow at 1.45 P.M.; and soon after the little squadron passed Navarino Bay. An Italian brig saluted the Royal Standard, dipping her flag three times, and Captain Glyn gave orders that the *Serapis* should dip also, which was much better than taking no notice of the civility, although it was not strictly in accordance with the etiquette to do so under the circumstances. The steamer *Graphic* of Hull, actuated, no doubt, by excessive loyalty and curiosity, but troublesome for all that, as if



the sea were not wide enough for all, would get in our way. There have been recent painful incidents which render these demonstrations undesirable. As the time at which the Prince was expected at Athens was settled "to the minute," it was necessary to reduce the speed of the ship to eight knots, in order that we should not arrive too soon. At 4 P.M. Mount Taygetus was visible. The approach of the Prince was telegraphed to the telegraph station near Matapan by the code signals. It would not be at all a novel remark to offer that it would have been a great advantage to the democracy of Athens if they could have learnt exactly when the Spartan galleys might have been expected off Ægina. The sea belied its traditions this our first Sunday on board, for it became almost dead calm as soon as we were off Cerigo, and a bright moonlight rested on the crestless swell which still agitated the sea. There was a glorious sunset—beautiful exceedingly—a great fire on the western horizon, which cast a purple glow over the sea, and flung a broad hemisphere of saffron, gold, and green into the sky. All the company turned up on deck, and watched the radiance in silence.

All the late absentees appeared at dinner to-day, and in accordance with the custom which was established on the first day of the Prince's appearance on board, and which was never departed from during his voyage, a certain number of the ship's officers were invited to the Royal table, invitations being given to all the officers in turn. The dressing bugle sounded at 7 P.M., and at 7.30 P.M. the company assembled in the large saloon astern, in the fore part of which the table was laid. The Prince came out of his room a few moments earlier, and went round to say a few words and shake hands with the officers; the signal for dinner was given by the Band playing "The Roast Beef

of Old England," His Royal Highness led the way and took his place at the forward end of the table. Lord Suffield sat at the other end aft, and the suite and guests settled down pretty much as they pleased, till use established a settled order in the intermediate seats. Towards the close of dinner, the Prince rising said, "Her Majesty the Queen," and the company rose also and remained standing whilst the Band played the usual bars of the National Anthem. Then after dessert the Prince left the saloon and went up to the divan on the quarter-deck, where coffee was served, and sat for an hour or two listening to the Band or engaged in conversation.

After dinner the Band varied the musical entertainment in the programme by singing a chorus from *Stabat Mater* very finely. We were near Cape Malea at the moment, and I thought of the time twenty-one years ago when the Rifle Brigade—the advance guard of the British expedition to the Crimea—on board the *Golden Fleece*, woke up the echoes of the same headlands with the strains of their jubilant song—

"Soldiers! merrily march away!
Soldier's glory lives in story,
His laurels are green when his hair is grey,
And it's oh! for the life of a soldier!"

How many of the joyous Riflemen are alive now? There are Norcott, Elrington, Colville, Newdegate, Egerton, and some two or three more perhaps. Sir Bartle Frere told me that thirteen years before the time of which I speak he passed this very Cape Malea in a Greek brig, on his way to Alexandria to make essay of the newly-found "overland route," of the which—as far as water was concerned—he had, ere he arrived at Bombay, a very long and varied experience in the Red Sea and the Persian

Gulf. It is said that the hermit who lived in a cave in the face of the cliff in those days, and who was held in reverence by superstitious mariners, is still abiding there. It is probably a hereditary office—"l'Hermite est mort ! Vive l'Hermite !"

Before turning in, those with nautical tastes generally go forward to the bridge and have a little weather talk. The Prince rarely if ever retired for the night without taking this "look round," and having a few minutes' conversation with the officers on duty.

October 18th.—"We shall be in the Piræus in a couple of hours, they tell me!" First news this morning. The speed of the ship was reduced, as the Prince's arrival had been fixed for 9.30 A.M. Already Cape Colonna could be discerned, and the ruins of the Temple of Minerva, crowning "the marble steep," were shining in all the glory of their untarnished marble in the morning sun. On our port side lay the rugged shores of ancient Calaurea, where stood the Temple of Neptune, in which Demosthenes, almost within sight of the beloved city which his eloquence could not save from the proud foot of the conqueror, died by his own hand. The island now called Poros, from a small peninsula near it, is the site of a naval arsenal. Ahead, on the port bow, was Ægina, with the bulk of Mount St. Elias towering aloft, just flecked by a few snowy cloudlets. Presently the coast of the Gulf seemed to come out to meet us. Salamis lay on our port bow. Looking straight over the stem the spectators beheld, glistening in the sun, the mountain ranges which inclose the little plain of Attica. The pure, clear air renders the outlines of the landscape wonderfully distinct, but it is difficult, nevertheless, to believe that the figure of Minerva—which, with gilt helm, spear, and shield, surmounted the Parthenon—was visible at Sunium, a distance

of forty miles and more, unless, perhaps, when the sun was reflected from the polished surface. Beneath the high chain which sweeps round from the range of Parnes, fencing out rude Bœotia, there stretches the broken hill-land to the west, north, and east of the city. "There is the Acropolis!" "You can see the Parthenon quite plainly now!" To the left of the Temple we could discern Mount Anchermus, and beyond the sheer downfall of Pentelicus, clad in white marble, and, nearer, Lycabettus; and on the starboard bow towered Hymettus. The fair panorama unfolded itself rapidly. The white houses of the city cowering at the base of the Acropolis, the domes of Greek churches, and the piles of recent public edifices became more definite; and the confused, cloud-like appearance on the verge of the sea which the Piræus first presented to the sight, was resolvable into a mass of houses, in front of which was a pulk of ships' masts close together, with bright coruscations of colours playing over them as the innumerable flags fluttered in the breeze.

"Adsunt Athenæ, unde Humanitas, Doctrina, Religio, Fruges, Jura, Leges, ortæ atque in omnes terras distributæ putantur, de quorum possèssione, propter pulchritudinem, etiam inter Deos certamen fuisse proditum est."

How different is the present reputation of the "Ancient of Days"! Neither humanity, religion, learning, nor laws emanate from her bosom, and the old world only gives back with niggard hands some of the blessings which she owes to her benefactress, and distils out of the great reservoir of her wealth a few drops to refresh the arid plains in which were nursed all that can decorate life and bless mankind with knowledge. They who were charged with the care of the *Serapis* just now, however, had not much time to think of anything else except the difficulty of guiding such a vast

ship through the narrow entrance to the anchorage of the Piræus, which is far more suited to an ancient trireme than to a modern troop-ship. In the days of sailing-vessels it could not have been easy to have entered, unless with fair winds, and it is related that when Captain Clarke took in the *Braakel* in 1812, not without doing her a good deal of damage, the people flocked down in thousands to gaze on such an unwonted apparition.

Steam enables sailors to tackle such difficulties as are presented by the narrowness of the Piræus with confidence, though not without care, and now the water seemed blocked up with the mass of shipping; but, as we glided out of the Pass, we could see there was a kind of avenue between the British men-of-war and those of other nations, and the ships, yachts, and small craft which crowded the ancient port, left for the vessels to keep in. It was a very pretty sight; every ship dressed in colours, the crews of the men-of-war in white in the yards; marines drawn up with presented arms; officers in groups on the quarter-decks; boats with men and women waving hats and handkerchiefs flying in and out amid the lanes of vessels. The Prince, who was dressed in full uniform to receive the King, surveyed the scene which looked so bright in the bright sunshine. His *compagnons de voyage*, Murray in hand, were ogling the landscape through their glasses, or recalling ancient memories. The guns thundered, bells rung on shore, cheers rose from the waters and floated away from the throats of the sailors manning the yards and rigging of the craft which lay so close and packed in the little harbour, that there was not much room for the *Serapis* to scrape through to her anchorage. The Royal Greek yacht *Amphitrite*, with the Standards of Great Britain and of the Hellenic Kingdom flying from main and fore, and the Russian sloop lay close at hand

on the port bow, and the American corvette, *Juanita*, on the starboard quarter. The pilot thought the ship was in the right place off the pillars. "Let go the starboard anchor!" Over went S.B. The usual rumble and grating, like a charge of fifty steam rollers over a rough pavement, followed for an instant—and for an instant only—the chain cable had snapped at the fourth shackle, and the starboard anchor, having severed its connection with the ship, was lying at the bottom on its own account. "Let go the port anchor!" A quick, hot command this time. Over went B.B. Again the rattle of the chain through the hawsehole was heard for an instant—and for an instant only—the cable had parted—the port anchor was rejoicing in its liberty alongside its fellow. Except the sailors, no one knew what had occurred; but as the *Serapis* fetched leeway under the influence of the stiff breeze, Captain Glyn, who had been till this moment looking somewhat uneasy about the berthing of his ship, passed aft with a fine calm on his brow, to look out astern and murmured gently "We've lost both anchors!" on the quarter-deck. The steam had been blown off from our boilers, and there seemed imminent risk of a catastrophe. Either the *Serapis* would crush up the whole flotilla of wooden vessels like so many egg-shells, and run aground, or she would be impaled on the spur of one of our own ironclads. Every one ran to the side, looked over, and then glanced astern, where the shining iron stems of the *Hercules* and *Swiftsure*, as they rose and fell gently in the swell, flashed a kind of signal to beware of contact. Their bows would have gone through the thin iron of the *Serapis* "as a knife cuts butter." Gathering way rapidly, the *Serapis* came down on the astonished Greeks on board the yacht; but the King of the Hellenes, who is a thorough sailor, saw what was the matter at once, and sent the crew forward

to fend off the coming mountain. In a second more there was a loud crash and snap as the *Serapis* avenged the damage done by the yacht's bowsprit to one of her boats by the abrupt removal of that spar, and then continued her career astern. There was speedily a scene of much activity all round us. Off came the Russian's boat with the end of a warp, and landed it cleverly on board the *Osborne*, which had her steam up, and was manœuvring to help her erratic consort. There was not the smallest confusion, but there was a good deal of excitement on board. In a very short time the warp was made fast on board the *Serapis*, her way was checked just in time to avoid the danger of fouling, and, forging ahead again, she was brought up to her old ground, and then let go both sheet anchors, which held her fast at last. As soon as she was anchored (10.30 A.M.), King George came off under a Royal salute from all the shipping, yards manned, &c., and was received at the side by the Prince, who conducted him to the saloon, where the members of the suite were presented to His Majesty. Sir J. Drummond, Admiral Boutakoff, and many Russian, American, Austrian, and Turkish officers hastened on board to pay their respects to the Prince. These were followed by officers in uniform—naval, military, consular, and diplomatic—so that the decks of the *Serapis* presented a very animated appearance, in keeping with the scene outside, where the waters were crowded with boats and sailing craft, filled with people turned out in their best. At noon the members of the suite were told off to the boats alongside, to lead the way to the landing-place of the Piræus, about a quarter of a mile away. On the platform there was a deputation, and probably an address, but the first comers had to drive off to the terminus before the Royal party landed, and did not witness the reception. They passed to

the carriages from the steps through the guard of honour and troops lining the sides to keep off the crowds of curious who pressed upon them—a medley of races in great variety of costume, among whom there were not many women. These mostly looked out of the windows of the rather poor houses, much given to entertainment of sailors, and suggesting the idea of a Greek Wapping, which line the way here. There was abundance of green wreaths, bunches of flowers and banners along the streets to the Railway Station, which was prettily decorated—scarlet cloth laid down on the platform—banners, &c.—a gathering of well-dressed ladies, the various ministers and ex-ministers, the diplomatic body, the clergy of the Greek Church and others, the civil magistrates, the Town Council (*τὸ δημοτικὸν Συμβούλιον Ἀθηνῶν*), the Nomarchs of Attica and Bœotia, the Demarchs of the Piræus and of Athens, the *Ῥπουργοί*, &c.—to receive the Royal party, whose arrival was announced by another salute of cannon and by loud cheering.

The Royal train was in readiness, the engine puffing impatiently to get off, and after some delay, connected with baggage, the King and the Prince, greeted by the peculiar sort of cry which is the Greek substitute for a cheer, left the station. There was some curiosity manifested by the people in the suburb of the Piræus, for they mounted on the walls to look at the train; but the peasants, men and women, at work in the olive-groves and in the fields, only paused for a while, some doffing their hats, and then resumed their labours. There were Royal carriages, an escort of cavalry, guard of honour, band, &c., in attendance at the Observatory Station in the outskirts of Athens, where the King and the Prince alighted, and a greater gathering to welcome them than there was at Piræus.

There a state procession was formed ; all who took part in it were in full uniform. The carriages, escorted by the *Chevaux Légers*, set out at a slow pace, in order to give the people an opportunity of seeing the guest of their King. It was a hot and dusty drive from the station to the palace, but the great crowds which lined the streets (*ὁδὸς Αἰόλου, ὁδὸς Ἑρμοῦ, &c.*), and filled the windows and balconies along the route to bid the Prince welcome, had endured the fierce rays of the sun and dust of the roads some hours before he appeared. In the present day there are few distinctive marks about the dress of the better-off classes in European cities, and the ladies and gentlemen who looked with so much interest on the Royal visitor and his suite were pretty much like the inhabitants of any other large town. There was a good deal of an *esprit moqueur* about the crowd, and people in good coats and hats pointed at the novel uniforms with more freedom than is usual in Western cities. There were sprinklings of Greek costumes to be seen here and there among the poorer sort, and a large proportion of those "indescribables," with unwashed faces, and felt hats of strange shapes, furnished by all the nationalities of the world, who may be seen in Levantine towns. And as of the people so of the dwellings. The new streets are formed in right lines of very lofty buildings of the Haussmann type. There are no "old houses." The Acropolis looks down proudly on what is, take it all in all, the newest city out of the United States. In the rear of the principal streets, which are nearly as wide as those of Munich or of modern Paris, are lanes of humble cottages, of modern construction and of no particular type, "the huts where poor men lie." But with this newness of look there was one thing ever before our eyes during the long drive to the Palace which prevented our forgetting where we were—the characters and the

names on the walls and the shop-fronts which exercised—well, let us say—the ingenuity or memory of the suite, and afforded them a distraction. There were many flags flying in the streets. The majority were Greek, next Russian, next Italian, then English and French; but the Crescent on the Red field of the Turk was rare indeed. The Athenians did not cheer, but they talked loudly, and a buzzing sound preceded the cortege; the ladies waved handkerchiefs from the windows; the police, who are dressed like infantry soldiers, had not much difficulty in keeping line, save in front of the numerous cafés, which were thronged with people, and emitted clouds of tobacco-smoke. Certainly ten men out of eleven smoke cigarettes.

The aspect of the Basilikon is imposing. The Palace is well placed on an elevated site at the base of Mount Lycabettus, commanding a fine view towards Hymettus and the mountains on one side, and facing the modern Place, in which are the principal hotels. The portico, the colonnade, and much of the exterior are built of the pure white marble of Pentelicus, which towers behind it in the distance; and much of the interior is decorated with or constructed of the same beautiful material. The vast hall is adorned with columns of marble; the courts, by which the Palace is divided, contain two of the loftiest and finest State saloons in Europe, which are only used for great banquets or royal festivities. Great corridors run along the length and breadth of the Palace, which is a quadrangle of 300 feet by 280. On the first floor, which is at a great height from the basement, are suites of rooms of large dimensions—too large to be easily warmed in the severe cold of the Attic winter, of which one is reminded by the German stoves in the corners of each bed-room and sitting-room. The King's apartments are charmingly com-

fortable ; the Queen's suite bears the evidence of an exquisite taste, and of tendencies which in an English house would be called "ritualistic." There is a Greek Chapel in the Palace for her Majesty and for those of her attendants and others who belong to the Orthodox Church ; and there is a separate Chapel for the King. In the public apartments and on the terraces there are some pictures, treated in the heroic manner, of the great frescoes of Cornelius. These are painted, I believe, by Danes or Germans, for modern Greece has not yet found her Apelles. From the front windows there is a wide-spreading view towards the city and the country in the direction of the Piræus, and a glimpse of part of the Acropolis.

Before the entrance there was a guard of honour, with band and colours, a company of infantry, clad in uniform with some resemblance to that of the French line, except that the men did not indulge in *garance* pantaloons. On the steps the officers of the household of the King and Queen, and a crowd of functionaries, were assembled, many of them in the picturesque dress of the Court—which was adopted by King Otho to please the national taste—gold-embroidered jacket and vest, sash, stiff white fustanelle, a cap like a fez with an elongated bag, decorated with a long gold tassel, and embroidered gaiters. There was a small gathering of people in the open space between the shrubbery and railings which fence off the Place from the front of the Palace, for in Athens, as in most cities which boast of a Royal residence, there is no restriction on the use by the public of the walks about the palace. The King of the Hellenes led his guest into the great hall, and thence to the Royal apartments. Presently those who accompanied the Prince were summoned to the saloon where the Queen was standing with her children—the Duke of Sparta, Prince George, the Princess Alex-

andra, and Prince Nicholas—and the ladies-in-waiting, and were presented to her Majesty by his Royal Highness. Her Majesty's manner is exceedingly gracious, and for each she had a kind word, and for those whom she had known before a little speech, which proved she had a Royal memory. Nor did she forget to express her great regret that circumstances had prevented the Princess of Wales coming so far with the Prince on his way to India. Then came a general dispersion to the rooms, mostly of great size and well found, where the servants were already unpacking portmanteaus for a change from uniform to plain clothes. There was a little difficulty in establishing communications between the Greek gentlemen-in-waiting and our own people; even Canon Duckworth, whose Greek was of the freshest and best, was at fault when he came to "hot water" and the like. The Highlanders in the Royal train were especially disappointed in the expectations which had been raised in their breasts by the appearance of kilted Albanians, that Gaelic would serve as a medium of converse; but there was an excellent Corfiote who had picked up English in the old days of the British protectorate, and there were German-speaking men, remanets of the Othonic period in attendance, and so, after a time, all things went pleasantly and well.

The King and the Prince of Wales went out for a drive in mufti, and Mr. Malet, of the British Legation, came to the Palace to conduct those who wished to see the Acropolis, the Theatre of Bacchus, and as many of the sights as could be taken in before dinner. There is no city in the world, except Cairo—where spick-and-span new Italian and French villas smirk under the shadow of the Pyramids—which presents such contrasts between ancient and modern civilisation as Athens. From the



Acropolis you see the smoke of tall factory chimneys, rapidly increasing in number near the port, streaking the bright blue sky of Attica, and the railway from the Piræus traversing the plain where once flowed, and now trickle, the Cephissus and Ilissus. Separated from the base of the citadel by the space whereon lie the Areopagus, the Agora, the Theseum, the Pnyx, the Dionysiac Theatre, to the w. and s.w. rise the streets of the new city, its Greek churches, and lofty white houses glistening in the sun, and the imposing public buildings—the National Academy, the University, the Polytechnic School, and the Museum—which indicate that there is a “living Greece,” and that learning, science, and the arts are remembered in the land of their birth. These, however, appear very justly to shun the fanes of the older city, although the Temple of the Winds, and one or two monuments which stood outside the boundaries of Athens, on the north side of the Acropolis, are included within the limits of the fast growing quarter which has the brand of Munich and Paris upon it. Since the Prince was last here the Venetian Tower has been removed from the Acropolis, and its place knows it no more. However great the force of the æsthetical reasons for the demolition may have been, I am not sure that the general effect of the grand mass of ruins, as seen from the lower ground, has not been injured by the removal.

At dinner the young Princes came to their places at table, and when dessert was over took leave, going round to each guest, shaking hands, and bidding him good-night in the most charming, frank, and pleasant way. The boys resemble their mother—blue, serious eyes, serene brows, and wonderfully fair skins. The Queen expressed much interest in the expedition, and seemed to think that the Princess of Wales could have had

no difficulty in visiting India ; at all events, “ she thought the Princess might have come as far as Athens.” After dinner the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales drove out to see the lighting up of the rock and the temple of Jupiter Olympius, which was wound up by a very effective exhibition of fireworks, with clever combinations of colour, including an escutcheon of the Royal Arms. But surely in the strict application of τὸ πρέπον the Acropolis ought not to be desecrated by fireworks? Or if that be begging the question—is it not a “ desecration ” to make the Acropolis the scene of a pyrotechnic display? Whilst we were going over the Erechtheum and Parthenon we came on gangs of workmen fixing the stands for rockets, Roman candles, and similar *feux d'artifice* along the façades. It must be admitted that the display pleased thousands of spectators, and that it was very beautiful. The great crowd which assembled to see the Prince and the fireworks behaved with much consideration, although it could not be expected they would prove utterly indifferent to the desire to have a close view of the Royal personages.

The King was delighted with his presents from England, which were delivered from the *Serapis* in the afternoon. There was a steam-launch, an Alderney bull and cow, a ram and sheep, and a few fine specimens of the British pig, which came, I think, from Sandringham.

Tuesday, October 19th.—It was somewhat amusing to make out in the morning paper, the ‘Stoa,’ the account of the Prince’s landing yesterday, which appeared under the date of October 7th, and to try to identify the persons in attendance upon the Prince. Here they are :

1. Ὁ Δοὺς τῆς Σούθερλανδ, ἱππότης τῆς Περικνημίδος.
2. Ὁ Λόρδος Σούφιελδ, λόρδος ἐν ἐπηρεσίᾳ καὶ ἀρχηγὸς τῆς Αἰλῆς τοῦ Πρίγκηπος.

3. 'Ο Κόμης 'Αϊλεσφόρδ.

4. 'Ο λοχαγὸς τῆς ἐφίππου B. φρουρᾶς καὶ ὑπασπιστῆς τοῦ Πρίγκηπος Λόρδος Κάριγκταν.

5. 'Ο κύριος W. H. 'Ρούσσελ ἐπίτιμος ἰδιαίτερος γραμματεὺς τοῦ Πρίγκηπος.

'Η Α. Μ. ἡ Βασίλισσα ὑπεδέξατο τὸν Πρίγκηπα ἐν τῇ αἰθούσῃ τοῦ Θρόνου ἔχουσα παρ' αὐτῇ τὴν μεγάλην Κυρίαν καὶ τὰς τρεῖς δεσποινίδας ἐπίτιμους κυρίας.

Τὸ ἑσπέρας, τῇ 7 μ. μ. ἐδόθη γεύμα εἰς ὃ ἐκλήθθησαν ὁ πρέσβυς τῆς Ἀγγλίας καὶ ἡ κυρία του, καὶ οἱ δύο γραμματεῖς τῆς Πρεσβείας, οἱ ἀνωτέρω πέντε καὶ οἱ ἐξῆς 8 :

1. 'Ο ἐντιμότητος Sir Bartle Frere, ἀνώτερος ταξίαρχος τοῦ τάγματος τοῦ Ἀστέρος τῶν Ἰνδιῶν καὶ ταξίαρχος τοῦ τάγματος τοῦ Λουτροῦ.

2. 'Ο ὑποστράτηγος Probyn ἐταῖρος (companion) τοῦ Λουτροῦ, ἀνώτερος ἀξίωματικός ἐν τῇ ὑπηρεσίᾳ τοῦ Πρίγκηπος.

3. 'Ο ἀντισυνταγματάρχης Ἀρθούρος Ellis τῶν ἐπιλέκτων τῆς φρουρᾶς, ἀνώτερος ἀξίωματικός κ.τ.λ., ὡς ἀνωτέρω.

4. 'Ο κ. Francis Knollys ἰδιαίτερος γραμματεὺς τοῦ Πρίγκηπος.

5. 'Ο Γενικὸς χειρουργὸς Fayrer M.D. ἐταῖρος τοῦ παρασήμου τοῦ τάγματος τοῦ Ἀστέρος τῶν Ἰνδιῶν, ἱατρὸς τοῦ Πρίγκηπος.

6. 'Ο ὑποπλοίαρχος Λόρδος Κάρολος Beresford, ὑπασπιστῆς τοῦ Πρίγκηπος.

7. 'Ο αἰδεσιμώτατος Canon Duckworth, ἱερεὺς τῆς Α. Μ. τῆς Βασιλείσης τῆς Ἀγγλίας καὶ τοῦ Πρίγκηπος.

8. 'Ο ἀντιναύαρχος Drummond.

'Εκτὸς τῶν ἀνωτέρω σημειωθέντων δώδεκα, τὴν ἀκολουθίαν τοῦ πρίγκηπος ἀποτελοῦσι καὶ οἱ ἐξῆς ὀκτώ :

1. 'Ο ὑποστράτηγος Λόρδος Ἀλφρέδος Πάγερ, I^r Ecuier, Sous-Maréchal τῆς Α. Μ. τῆς Βασιλείσης.

2. 'Ο πλοίαρχος Hornath H. Carr Glynn, ἐταῖρος τοῦ τάγματος τοῦ Λουτροῦ, ὑπασπιστῆς τῆς Βασιλείσης, Κυβερνήτης τοῦ δικρότου Σέραπης.

3. 'Ο συνταγματάρχης Owen Williams, διοικητὴς τοῦ συντάγματος τῆς Ἐφίππου Φρουρᾶς,

4. 'Ο ὑπολοχαγὸς Augustus Fitz-George, ἑκτακτὸς ὑπασπιστῆς τοῦ Πρίγκηπος.

5. 'Ο Ταγματάρχης Στάνλεϋ de A. C. Clarke (Δ' σύνταγμα τῶν Οὐσσάρων.)

6. 'Ο κυβερνήτης τοῦ πυργωτοῦ Osborne κ. Durrand.

7. 'Ο κ. Ἀλβέρτος Γρεϋ ἰδιαίτερος γραμματεὺς τοῦ sir Bartle Frere.

8. 'Ο καλλιτέχνης Σύδνεϋ Hall.

We were warned last night to be up early, as the



day was to be devoted to an excursion to the Royal farm and country house at Tattōi, about two hours and three-quarters' quick drive from Athens. The house is situated on the slope of the mountain-side near the site of the ancient Dekelea, which closed the most eastern pass over Parnes into Bœotia. Not very long ago the robbers who rendered travel so precarious, and residence so disagreeably exciting in Greece, very much affected this vicinity. When I write of these gentry's habitat in the past tense I do so out of respect for recent information, but I am bound to say that the road from outside the village of Marousi up to the farm of Tattōi was patrolled by soldiers, and that there were cavalry pickets stationed at regular intervals all the way in addition to the permanent posts of infantry who were observed around the small block-houses which command the hill-tops. It was not very far from Tattōi that Lord Muncaster's party were seized, and the tragedy for which Greece paid so dearly commenced. Four years have elapsed since the occurrence of the dreadful affair called "the Greek massacre;" and the indignation excited in civilised Europe, and the serious consequences to the Greek Government which ensued, may be said to have been the death of brigandage. Mr. Erskine was quite right when he said in his despatch that if it was quite understood that the nation would have to make good any loss inflicted on foreigners, owing to the neglect and mismanagement of the Government, the latter "would soon discover the means of putting a stop to a state of things which is mainly due to the supposed exigencies of party warfare, and which is a disgrace to any community calling itself civilised." M. Zaïmés was then Prime Minister. General Soutzo was Minister of War. The former declared that the brigands were acting in concert with the Chiefs of the Opposition. There were

men who had declared, months before the tragedy, that something would happen which would bring about a crisis. They were quite right. The massacre caused a ministerial crisis. It did more—it delivered Greece from a national curse.

There must have been, judging from the few anecdotes we heard from our Greek friends, many reminiscences of adventures on the road, which patriotism probably stifled ; but it would seem as if the brigandage which disgraced the neighbourhood of the capital, and which was too often used as a political instrument, has been really extirpated, or at least very nearly suppressed.

The country near the city is tolerably fertile. There are large tracts of uncultivated land before we reach the Cephissus ; but in the olden days the wastes which are now covered with hibiscus, thyme, prickly shrubs and weeds, doubtless bore corn, olives, and fruit. These grow abundantly in the valleys, where the villages nestle in orange-groves and vineyards, because there is running water, though it is nowhere abundant.

The peasants along the road were fine hardy fellows, not differing in appearance or even in dress very much from the better sort of *contadini* in Southern Italy. As the carriages, escorted by the *Chevaux Légers*, who retain the uniform which King Otho adapted from Bavaria, whirled by in clouds of dust, the wayfarers touched their hats or stood with head uncovered, and then continued their course, not stopping to look back, or seeming to take much further interest in the cortege, but quite respectful whilst in the presence. There were relays of horses, guarded by the pickets on the road, but there were not, as there would be in most countries, groups of people near at hand to watch the arrival and departure. The women seemed to do more than divide the labour of the fields

with the men. There is a good bridge over the Cephissus, which ran—if the word can be applied to its feeble and shrunken thread, which almost merits the derisive epithet of “ποδονίφθη,” or foot-bath—in a deep ravine, with great boulders along its course ; but the bed had the characteristics of that of a torrent. From the bridge there was a steep ascent, and the road climbed a steep hill-side, covered with pine-trees and oak, the former of which gave out a



TATTOI.—COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF GREECE.

strong resinous odour. For about an hour's drive the road wound through this wood, through the glades of which were caught bright glimpses of the sea away toward Salamis on one side, and on the other the hill-fronts gradually rising towards Marathon. Then there came the marks of enclosure—fences and walls and cleared spaces, where the greensward had taken the place of oak and firs. Finally we entered a wild kind of park and passed along an avenue



to the King's Villa, which is like a large Swiss chalet, with extensive outhouses and offices. There are magnificent trees in front of it, and breakfast was spread on a table in the open air beneath their shade. There was a wine of very curious taste, named Resino, which the King commended for sanitary properties, but the faces made by those who tasted it for the first time indicated that, like the late Lord Derby, they would prefer enduring any normal maladies for which it might be a specific to taking the medicine. The Farm, in which the King takes great pleasure, was visited afterwards; nor was a vineyard close to the chalet, in which abounded grapes of wondrous size and great sweetness, left unnoticed. In the park—if that it may be called so where Nature has so much of her own sweet way—there is a Gazebo or Belvedere, recently erected, from which there is a beautiful view; and here, by the King's orders, are deposited the various antiquities which from time to time are dug up by the labourers in making drains and ponds. There is already a very respectable collection of cinerary urns, fragments of statuary, pottery, portions of marble columns and capitals, and it is intended to make further researches. Many of these were found near the site of Dekelea. After a saunter through the very charming grounds and a scamper on horseback, for which the horses of the King and of the Chevaux Légers were impressed, the party set out on the return to Athens, where there was to be a grand State Banquet at the Palace in the Prince's honour. My companion, Admiral Sachtouris, aide-de-camp to the King, who had been in the British navy and is an excellent specimen of a Greek naval officer, told some interesting stories of his native island of Hydra, which still furnishes the best sailors to the Greek navy, royal and mercantile. The island not very long ago nearly depopulated itself in

an immense migration. Not less than 4000 Hydriots went off to the United States, where many acquired competence and where some made fortunes, as a proof of which they sent home large sums for beneficent purposes; but with that extraordinary attachment to abstract "Greece," which many of the Greeks, however, show rather in their death than in their life, they came back in old age to their native island to die. One Hydriot returned a short time ago "an Admiral in the United States navy" (so said Admiral Sachtouris) "and sought in vain for a trace of his kindred;" and so went away once more to America. Notwithstanding that extraordinary drain, Hydra is flourishing, and still keeps up its supply of able and excellent sailors.

It was dark before Athens, over the site of which there was a bright halo from the illuminations in the streets, came in view. Anticipating the Prince's return, discharges of rockets were going on from the Acropolis and from the ships in the Piræus which lighted up plain and sea.

The streets were filled with masses of people, through which the carriages went at full speed. Balconies crowded, windows ablaze, Chinese and Italian lanterns and transparencies, testified to the desire of the Greeks to do honour to the guest of their King. The Banquet gave occasion for the King to assemble all that was eminent in public life, literature, and science in Athens. In the saloon before dinner there was a striking scene. Most of the older men of the company appeared in their palikar dresses, than which nothing could more become their fine faces and figures. Conspicuous among the crowd, which glittered with lace, orders, and decorations, moved M. Boulgaris, a most patriarchal-looking old man, dressed in a furred robe and soutane, with a skull-cap on his massive head, a bright,

keen, eager eye set under a broad brow, and a face like that of Titian's "Doge." There were men, too, whose names are familiar to students of Greek politics as those of leaders of Ministries which last, on an average, some half-dozen months—M. Tricoupi, now in power, a young man with a very intelligent, earnest, and expressive face, M. Zaïmés, M. Comoundouros, M. Deligéorgis, M. Delyannis, &c.—each representing the nucleus of possible combinations of party-men uniting to obtain power and oust the men in office, rather than distinctive political principles.

Covers for 120 were laid in the Great Hall, which would do credit to the palace of an Emperor, and is finer than many banqueting-halls where monarchs of the first rank give their feasts of honour. It was built, if I mistake not, in King Otho's time, and displays a prodigious wealth of the purest marble. The immense height and grand dimensions of the place render it possible to keep the air tolerably cool when many hundred of wax lights are burning. The cooking was French, the attendance Greek, and the military Band played often enough to take off the stress of conversation. There were no speeches, and only two toasts. When dessert was over, the Prince took the Queen's arm, and led her forth, followed by the King and the company, to the other great room, where ices, &c., were served; and a *conversazione* ensued, which lasted an hour or more. Many presentations were made to the Prince, who must by this time be tolerably well acquainted with nearly every one of the busy, keen, restless politicians who fret and fume their lives away in Athens. They put one in mind of a grand intelligence—a mind full of ardour for action—cased in a puny frame. The tenement of Greek clay is all too small for that fiery Attic soul. The men of Athens may be still "*δαιμονοειδής*," but they have exchanged

the direction of their thoughts nowadays. They prefer pictures to statues.

Proud of steam-engine, ironclads, recent empire, immense wealth, and prodigious luxury, the descendants of the rude islanders,—who were in a state of primeval savageness, fighting for their lives with wild beasts and each other, armed only with flint weapons, and living in caves, at the time when the dwellers in Athens were carrying philosophy and the arts to a pitch of excellence which has left its mark above our highest efforts—can only set themselves on a satisfactory elevation in comparison with modern Greeks by assuming that the latter are not descendants of the ancient races of Hellas. The Greeks of this latter period are indeed apt to swagger as if each of them could point to his descent from Alcibiades. They provoke an ill-bred, and perhaps unjustifiable, disposition to draw a line somewhere, and to cut them off from the grand inheritance they claim—not only the inheritance of the past, but the succession to a stupendous future.

The affairs of Turkey were naturally the subject of much conversation, but the statesmen who were presented to the Prince did not talk politics. The insurrection in the Herzegovina interests every one at Athens, and most of all the King, who, young as he is, possesses the political capacity to a high degree, and foresees the risks to the peace of Greece and of the world which will arise from the prolongation of the contest. At present there is no outward sign of dangerous excitement, but the "Great Idea" is not dead—it is only sleeping. There is a fixed idea that Turkey must break up, and that her bankruptcy just announced points to a speedy dissolution, which some say looks suicidal. Every Greek feels—most say—that of right, Crete, Epirus, Thessaly, and half of Macedonia should

be theirs, and that they have a clear reversionary right to Constantinople.

There was some trifle to relieve the solid pudding of discourse ; and one gentleman said that when he saw the *Serapis* adrift "he thought she was going to destroy the whole Greek navy at one blow." An American officer added that the Prince of Wales had been "most liberal ! His Royal Highness has made the King a present of a bull, cows, sheep, pigs, and—*two anchors*."

October 20th.—I desired the excellent piper Maclachlan, who is in attendance on the Duke of Sutherland, and was lent to me—not in his musical capacity—to call me early, as I expected a visitor—not to be later than seven. He not being as familiar with Greek as with Gaelic, could not set the living machinery connected with cold and hot water supply for bath and shaving in order. Any way, he was late by an hour ; and so it was that the visitor I expected came in and found me in bed. The visit, however, was not in vain ; and for an hour I listened to most interesting information on the present condition of Greece—the difficulties which beset her ; the admirable qualities of the people ; the causes which have operated to retard her progress, or rather to prevent its more rapid march ; and the outlook, full of hope—if a few "ifs" be happily gratified. To find the source of many mischiefs, it was only necessary to place one's hand on the rock which well-meant people intended as the basis of a splendid national edifice, but which they put over the mouth of a well—the Greek Constitution. My informant did not say so, nor would he admit anything of the kind ; but, following his conversation closely, it could be easily seen that all, or nearly all, the dangers with which good government in Greece was threatened arose from that ridiculous Constitution given at the time of the Independence.

It is unnecessary now to inquire whether the National Assembly of Greece was or was not responsible for the Revolution of 1862, which drove King Otho from the throne after a reign of twenty-nine years; but it is very necessary to inquire whether the present condition of the kingdom is such as satisfies the just expectations of the Three Powers, which formerly gave, and now guarantee, the independence of Greece. When the National Assembly, in March 1863, declared a young Prince of the Royal Family of Denmark King of the Hellenes, under the title of Giorgios I., it accepted towards the Monarch, then a lad of eighteen years of age, responsibilities which have hitherto been repudiated or ignored. Not only has he been exposed to misrepresentation and unjust suspicions on the part of some of his subjects, but he has been deprived by the selfish struggles of faction of the support in his office on which a Constitutional monarch has a right to rely. He has been thwarted and opposed in his efforts to establish good government by continuous intrigue, and by scarcely concealed disloyalty and ill-will. Full of generous sentiments, animated by the highest motives, and "consumed by the love of his people," he has been consistently, if not purposely, baffled in his endeavours to develop the resources of the country, and to divert the thoughts of the people from vain aspirations after Eastern Empire to solid industry and practical improvement of the resources of their country. There is in the Royal Palace at Athens a picture of Prometheus bound to the rock, with the vulture tearing at his side, whilst in the distance appears the form of the victim's deliverer. The young King may be pardoned if he sees in the work a subtle allusion to his own fate; though he may not be able to detect the means of his deliverance. He is bound in chains to a Constitution which he alone of all men is forced to recognise. The most bitter partisan

cannot say he has been unmindful of his oath, or neglectful of his duties. For twelve years he has only been absent from his kingdom ten months, and he has applied himself to the serious hard work of kingcraft with an assiduity and success which have won the admiration of his ever-changing Ministers. No one knows Greece better, or more thoroughly understands her position in relation to the rest of the world. Master of the language, he has made it his business to inquire into the working of every public department; and no lawyer in his kingdom—and there are many lawyers in Greece—is better acquainted with the Constitution with which she is afflicted. But all these high qualifications, attributes, and aims on the part of the Chief of the State are rendered almost impotent for good by the mischievous activity of political parties which that Constitution has, if not created, at least encouraged. The normal condition of the Government is “crisis,” and as there are no political internal questions to divide the members of the Assembly into great parties, the King has to deal with men who only represent their own interests and the cupidity of their followers. There remain, then, not measures but men—not policies but passions—not wholesome political strife, but personal intrigue and self-seeking. The doctrinaires, and the party which advocated “The Great Idea,” have received a severe blow by the fate of the Cretan Insurrection, and are at present quiescent, or have, at least, desisted from an open propaganda; but they still exist. “I do not say,” observed a foreign statesman, who knows Greece well, “that M. Comoundouros, M. Deligéorgis, M. Zaimés, M. Delyannis, or M. Boulgaris have no individual views: on the contrary, the latter, at all events, has very decided intentions, and would be a man of action if the means were at his disposal; but that any differences of opinion on public questions which may exist

between the leaders of parties are not considered for a moment if a movement or combination be needed to turn out the adversary of the hour, who is an adversary because he is in place, and that the facility with which such combinations are effected is, owing to the working of the Constitution, destructive of any hope of a stable Government, and of permanent improvement and progress." There are neither Tories nor Whigs, Conservatives, Liberals, nor Radicals in Greece; and, with one exception, the men who come in and the men who go out, work in the same lines in and out of power. The present Assembly consists of 188 members, and according to the Constitution there must be an absolute majority of all the members to enable a Minister to carry a measure. The Premier of the day cannot continue in office if he cannot command the votes of ninety-five followers; and when the Tricoupi Cabinet, which came into power to preside over the creation of the Assembly which has just finished the verification of the returns of its members, found that it could only muster thirty votes, and that M. Comoundouros, M. Zaïmés, and M. Deligéorgis would not support it, there was no choice left to M. Tricoupi but to resign. When a Minister is forced to take such a step in England, he advises the Queen to send for the leader of the party which has sat at the other side of the House during his term of office, and the King of Greece has hitherto generally acted on a similar principle, and has called in the statesman who commanded the largest number of adherents. That gentleman usually accepted office with alacrity, and informed the King he had such promises of support as enabled him to look forward with confidence to the formation of an enduring Ministry. So it was some years ago when M. Comoundouros came into power, and M. Zaïmés and M. Deligéorgis assured the King they would give him their aid; but in a few hours these



gentlemen united their forces once more, and turned M. Comoundouros out. At the present moment, the men whose names head the list of candidates for place can muster, as near as can be judged, the following number of votes :—

Comoundouros	60
Zaïmés	40
Deligéorgis	35
Tricoupi	20
Delyannis	15
Boulgaris	13

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If M. Comoundouros, elected President, seeks to form a Cabinet, he must come to the King, for the King will not send for him. When he appears his Majesty will have a right to demand some guarantees that he can command a majority, and that he will not expose him to another “crisis” in a few days; but as the other leaders have already broken their promises, it is not probable that the King will be satisfied with anything short of a written promise that those who induce M. Comoundouros to come forward will sign a declaration of their readiness to support him when he is placed in office. The directness of his honest Danish nature, fortified by his youthful education at sea, is evidenced in every act of his public life, and it disconcerts the subtlety of Greek politicians much more than any finesse. Not that the King is by any means deficient in tact or statecraft, but that he conceives it is safer to follow a straight course than a crooked one. Hitherto he has steered his course through a sea of troubles with extraordinary skill and judgment, but it is to be feared that there are great trials in store or him.

The *Chanson de départ* sounded early in the Palace. A general packing-up—one stage more in the journey eastward to be made; the short visit to Athens terminates to-day. The King, attended by his constant companion, a splendid Danish boar-hound, who has a little wee black doggie to wait on him in turn, came round the corridors, and paid visits to the suite.

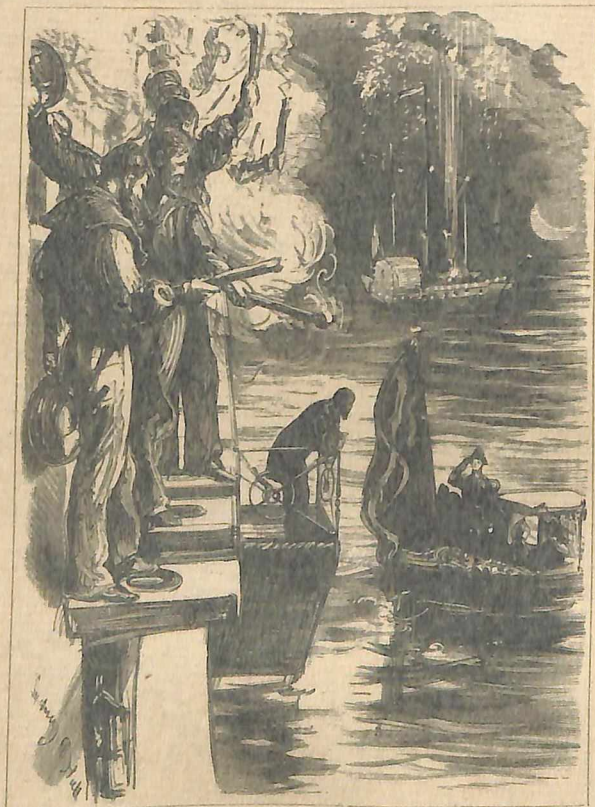
There was a reception by the King and Queen after breakfast, and subsequently those who had not received the honour on a former occasion, were decorated by the King with the Order of the Redeemer, and made Grand Crosses, &c. The departure of the Prince from the Palace was made, as he came, in state, and he was accompanied by the King and Queen, and by several members of their Court, to the Station, and thence to the Piræus, where arrangements had been made for their reception and for an excursion to sea. There was a Guard of Honour, an escort of the Chevaux Légers, and a considerable crowd outside the portico and in the square before the entrance. The officials and the servitors of the Palace, in very picturesque uniforms and costumes, rich with embroidery, but wearing that head-dress already described, which, for all its long tassel, puts one in mind of the Turkish fez, were drawn up in order in the corridor and hall. The Prince and suite were *en grande tenue*, and as they drove through the streets to the train, it seemed as if the crowd were more warm in their greeting, and a little more demonstrative in their marks of respect. There was certainly more waving of handkerchiefs and cheers. The Athenians were evidently acting on one part of the Homeric advice—to speed the parting guest.

There was a strong breeze blowing seawards, and the scene looked as bright and beautiful as it did on the

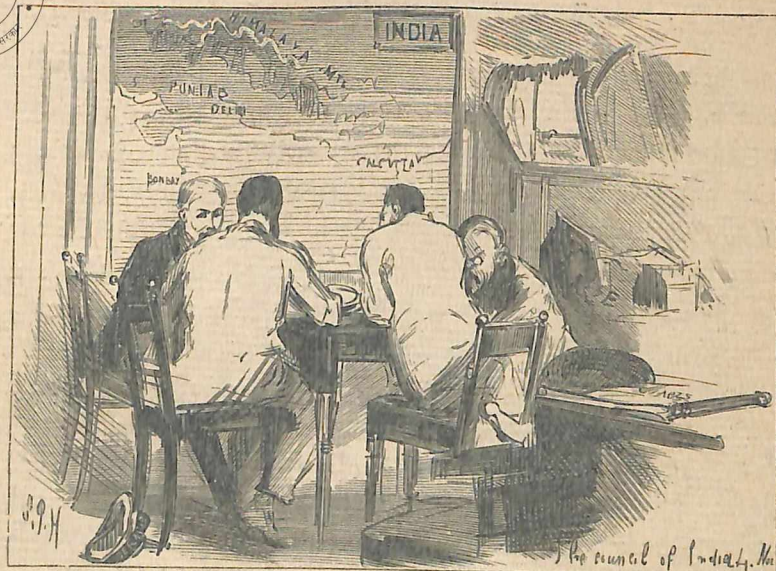
morning of our arrival. Under a thundering salute from the *Hercules* and *Swiftsure*, the Greek gunboats and the Russian *stationnaire*, *Psezouapé*, the King, the Queen, and the Prince, went off to the *Serapis*, which had her steam up ready to start. By the aid of divers, after much hard work, she had managed to recover both her anchors by noon to-day. Admiral Boutakoff, Admiral Drummond, &c., were invited to breakfast, to which so many were bidden that even the great length and breadth of the *Serapis* could scarcely furnish room for them. After luncheon, the King and the Prince went on board the *Hercules*, and soon after their return the *Serapis* stood out to sea; but not quite without another trouble, for, as they were weighing anchor, it was found that her cable had fouled the cable or the anchor of the *Hercules*—and she was obliged to leave it—No. 3 lost *pro tem.*—in the Piræus. Then, just when she had got under way, and her head was pointed to the narrow channel between the marks, the *Assyrien*, a French steamer, steamed right in her course, and threatened to make a collision or taking the ground inevitable. These are things of a sort which try the marine temper. As the two vessels scraped past each other, Captain Glyn probably was thoroughly glad to be out of the Piræus, where he seemed at one time likely to make a longer stay than would have been altogether agreeable, and felt that the Frenchman was, at all events, not polite. The *Amphitrite* and the *Osborne* followed astern. The weather was all that could be desired, and their Majesties were apparently delighted by the excursion to sea. There was an exchange of souvenirs, photographs, &c. The Band played nearly all day. Tea was served on deck, and then came a state dinner, in levee dress. Night fell—deep blue, not black—her mantle studded with stars. Then up rose the moon; not yellow, but

brightest silver. It is only further west that "the sun looks like the moon, and the moon looks like a cheese." The Greek fishers must have gazed in wonder on the *Serapis*, a phantom argosy of white and gold, all her ports gleaming high above the wave; her attendant yachts hung with lanterns, which scarcely vibrated, so placid was the sea. The island of Hydra was reported in sight, seven miles on the starboard beam, the island of St. George on our port-quarter. It was now 10 P.M. The *Serapis* and her consorts lay-to. The steam-launch was in readiness; the crew manned the sides; as 'the King and Queen appeared on the main-deck and took leave of the Prince, ere they stepped down the companion, the Marines presented arms, and the Band played the Greek national anthem. At the instant the bulwarks of the *Serapis*, in the ports of which lights were placed from stem to stern, were lined by the crew burning blue fires; and at the yard-arms, up to the royals, appeared, bright as if in the sunshine, sailors with blazing portfires. And then what a sight it must now have been for those out at sea, and to the dwellers in the islands, when the *Serapis* and *Osborne* burst into active eruption, with maroons, shells, and fountains of many-coloured flame, and, vieing with each other, sent flights of hundreds of rockets into the sky, where they seemed to wage a mimic war and to sow the heavens with new but evanescent constellations! The effect, even to those on board, was very beautiful; the *Serapis* admired the *Osborne*, as she no doubt was admired by the *Osborne* and the Greek yacht. There was but one inconvenience from the beautiful display, and that was caused by the dropping of the burning composition into the launch ere it could be shoved off, and some little damage, or fear of it, to the dresses of the occupants. The Prince went off to the *Amphitrite* and took leave of

their Majesties under their own flag ; and when he came on board again, the *Serapis* and *Osborne*, with parting cheers and bouquets of rockets, steered their course for Port Said, and the King and Queen returned to their famous but agitated little capital.



KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE LEAVING THE 'SERAPIS.'



STUDYING RELIEF MAP.

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE PIRÆUS TO GRAND CAIRO.

Theatre Royal, *Serapis*—Sports and Pastimes—The Saloon—Port Said—The Suez Canal—Ismailia—The Palace of Gezireh—The Khedive—Investiture of Prince Tewfik—The Pyramids—"Why go to India?"—Departure from Cairo—Farewell to Suez.

OCTOBER 21ST.—At dawn Crete was in sight on our starboard bow. Surely there never was more stately ship nor gentler fortune in these waters! Not a breath of wind. The crew beat to quarters, and were exercised at putting out an imaginary fire, and in closing the water-tight compartments, to which recent occurrences at sea had given unusual interest. The sectional drawing of the *Serapis* which is nailed up on the main-deck forward is awful to contemplate. It represents a mighty maze of pipes, valves, stop-cocks, and machinery, which sets one thinking; and Mr. Hulton, the first lieutenant, who is always working down below, said it was a week's hard



practical study to master the secrets of our floating prison-house. At noon the thermometer marked 70° . The awning fenced off the sun's rays, but they glanced fiercely from the bright blue sea, which spread out sailless, birdless, and apparently fishless, to desolate-looking Santorin. In the afternoon there was a gentle breeze right astern, the sea crisply lapping the sides of the ship, which was so steady that the Prince and his friends could play deck tennis, an adaptation of lawn tennis, which did very well indeed, only that the balls were apt to fly overboard. Whereupon it was enacted that he who knocked a ball overboard should pay one sovereign fine; howbeit at the end of the voyage there were less balls out of the many provided than sovereigns, but that was a matter of detail. Pistol practice at marks hung to the yard-arms varied the tennis-playing.

In the evening, the Prince and the company repaired to the after-part of the quarter-deck, on the starboard-side, where a very pretty little theatre had been set up. Chairs were placed on deck from the wheelhouse forward to the companion. Behind these were ranged the picturesque masses of the crew and the marines, some in the rigging and mizen-chains, others on the bulwarks—a very attentive and enthusiastic audience. There was a drop-scene, well executed by one of the men, representing the *Serapis* leaving Portsmouth. When the curtain was raised it revealed an elevated stage of moderate capacity, provided with a piano and the inevitable troop of Ethiopian Sereaders, furnished by the bandsmen, sailors, and marines. The stage manager was Mr. Smith Dorrien, one of the lieutenants, and the theatrical company was furnished by the ship's crew; the Magnus Apollo was an A.B. sailor named Spry,—a fine, manly-looking tar, with a big beard, and a burly voice, and with a turn for versification, for which the rules of rhyming needed to be stretched a little.



A CHRISTY MINSTREL PERFORMANCE ON BOARD THE 'SERAPIS.'

He was evidently a favourite with the crew, for before he had said a word he was cheered, and his song on "Optional Cocoa" was received with wild enthusiasm. Now "Optional Cocoa" seemed a recondite subject, but it was one well known to his audience. They roared at every satiric touch of Mr. Spry, as he recounted his experience of life as one of the seamen on board a ship of the Channel squadron, in which, by the Admiral's orders, it was "optional" for the crew to take a cup of cocoa in lieu of some more stimulating beverage. The entertainment was diversified by clog-dances, hornpipes, sentimental ditties, and "regular fore-bitters," by various legs and voices, and it was brought to a close at 11 o'clock by "God save the Queen," sung by the company with a chorus from the audience, and the ship's company, Prince and all, standing with heads uncovered. All the men enjoyed it very much, and the encouragement given by the Prince's presence was very grateful to those concerned in providing so much harmless pleasure for their fellows.

The following was the programme :

H.M.S. 'SERAPIS.'

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.

21ST OCTOBER, 1875.

OVERTURE	Encore	BAND.
OPENING CHORUS	"We niggers are free"	COMPANY.
SOLO	"Pretty little dark eyes"	SEIDON.
SOLO	Napolitaine	SNELL.
COMIC	"Hat and Feather"	BRANDON.
COMIC	"Kingdom's Coming"	HOLMES.

PART II.

SOLO	"Nellie's Answer"	COSTER.
COMIC SKETCH ..	"Statue Blanchia"	HOLMES & BRANDON.
DANCE	Break Down	DUFF & HILL.
COMIC	"King Coffee Dust"	SPRY.
PLANTATION	Walk Round	COMPANY.

October 22nd.—Dr. Fayrer, full of hygienic wisdom and sanitary precautions, gave counsel yesterday that the generous energy of the French chef should be restrained; that the number of hot dishes at breakfast should be reduced to two; that attendance at lunch should be, like cocoa in the Channel squadron, “optional;” and that three courses at least should be struck off the dinner *menu*; and next (this) morning the new rules came into effect. All day the *Serapis* screwed steadily along with her head pointed Egyptwards, the *Osborne* following at her prescribed distance. There were many means of passing the time pleasantly on board in such fine weather. There was a large relief chart of India against the side of the Prince’s sitting-room to study. There were many books—novels in French and English, voyages and travels, works relating to India, biographies, history, and literature, heavy and light—in the drawing-room bookcases; and there was another smaller collection in the quarter-deck saloon. There were chess and backgammon boards in the saloon—seldom used, however, as the attractions of tennis were greater, and there were pistol practice and the general amusements of the deck, such as quoits and ball. There were letters to be written at the many well-furnished writing-tables; a little music to listen to when Prince Louis of Battenberg or some other less gifted amateur could spare half-an-hour; inspections of the horses and animals; visits to the bridge, to the ward-room; and there was last, not least, the never-failing solace of a siesta in one’s cabin when the pen began to falter and the words on the paper danced before the wearied eyes.

October 23rd.—The speed of the vessel was once more reduced to eight knots, as it was when we were running for the Piræus, lest the vessels should arrive too soon at Port Said; but at dawn, this morning, the look-out man

reported that the harbour-light was in sight. The engines slowed, until the little squadron only just crept through the discoloured sea, for we were still too early. The land-fall of Port Said is not easy, for the strip of beach on which the town stands is not six feet above the water-level; but the Light House is very lofty, and there are also a few date-trees to mark the site, and close to them there were now visible a clump of masts and rigging, and a tall flagstaff which seemed to rise from the sea. At 7.30 A.M. those on the deck of the *Serapis* could distinguish the colour of the flags flying from the Consulates on shore, and from the shipping inside the breakwater, conspicuous among which were H.M.SS. *Invincible* and *Pallas*, which had arrived from Brindisi. The men-of-war and the Egyptian yacht *Mahsa* saluted as soon as they made out the Royal Standard. At 8.30 A.M. the *Serapis* and *Osborne* entered the Canal, and proceeded slowly ahead between the two breakwaters to their moorings off the Custom House; the *Invincible*, *Pallas*, and Egyptian frigates manning yards and cheering; the bands on deck playing "God save the Queen;" and a guard of honour of Egyptian infantry drawn up on shore, with band and colours, presenting arms and saluting with martial flourishes of trumpets.

Port Said has ample stores of bunting; and there was a great display of it; but the people were not very demonstrative, and although there was a considerable crowd of the dwellers in that accident—which cannot be called lucky for them, at all events—on shore, there was not any cheering. There was some curiosity shown by the population near the shore, but the coal-heavers and the dredgers went on with their work as usual, and people were to be seen up the long sandy streets, lined by wooden huts, who could not be tempted to the water's edge to look at the Royal personages and their suites in all the splendour

of full-dress uniform. The bulk of the people are French by birth or naturalisation. Certainly they are French by feeling, and they still cherish the recollection of the hostility England displayed to the enterprise, to the success of which she now so largely contributes. It is the most curious spot on the face of the globe. On the strip of land between Lake Menzaleh and the sea there is pitched, tent-like on the loose sand, which rises over the shoes where asphalté or planking has not been deposited, a city of wooden houses, laid in perfect parallelograms, and furnished with shops and magazines, where every article of European luxury can be had. Outside, on the same belt of sand, in a condition akin to savagery, there is a settlement of Arabs. The commerce of one quarter of the world passes by the city, but few traders land, and none remain there. The population, which probably exceeds 15,000, lives, however, on the crumbs of that commerce; and the most singular fact connected with this singular place is that the whole of the townspeople, and of the natives around it, depend for fresh water on the work of a steam-engine sixty miles away, which drives it from the Sweet-water Canal at Ismailia to feed the reservoirs at Port Said. Perhaps there is no place in the world which contains members of so many different nationalities. In addition to the Arabs and fellaheen, every European country has representatives—Tunisians, Algerines, Syrians, Moors, Hindostanees, Persians, Chinamen—who mingle with people from all the isles of the sea, and yet, I was told, that serious crimes are not frequent. The place has created itself and its police; but Port Said, as all the world knows, owes its existence to M. de Lesseps' determining that the end of the Canal—or the beginning, if you like it better—should be at this precise point. It was but a point on the sea-beach extending from Damietta to the coast of Palestine, and it

was selected to be the site of the Port, because the soundings off that point gave greater depth of water than at other points in the curve.

As soon as the *Serapis* was abreast of the quay of the Custom House, where the guard of honour was stationed, Major-General Stanton, Consul-General, came on board to pay his respects, and to take orders respecting the arrangements for the journey on to Cairo. There was a great "turning of keys and grating of locks" as baggage was sorted out to be transferred to the *Osborne*, and a mighty hurrying to and fro on the main-deck to get all things in readiness. A State pinnacle put off from the Egyptian yacht, with the Princes Tewfik, Hussein, and Hassan, in very rich uniforms. They were accompanied by Nubar Pasha, Mustapha Pasha, and other officers of the Khedive's Court.

The Prince had on his Indian helmet and plume, blue undress frock coat, with Field-Marshal's insignia, and white trousers—the suite according to order. The helmet is a very presentable headdress. The military men wear a veritable *pickel-haube*, with a spike on the top like the end of a classical spear; gilt for regulars, silver for yeomanry and militia, metal scale chin-straps to match. The civilians rejoice in a brass or gilt knob instead of a spike (less dangerous in thunderstorms); but after their arrival in India it was found that the metal chin scales were not legitimate, and that there was nothing like leather for them, and the scales were accordingly lightened. The Prince received the Egyptian Princes with much warmth, and engaged in conversation with them until they rose to return to their yacht, which was to follow the *Osborne*.

In future it will be scarcely necessary to say that "the Prince was accompanied by the members of his *suite*." It may be taken for granted that Æneas was always followed by his faithful friends—" *Fortis Gyas, fortisque*

Cloanthus"—and that, as far as outward adornment in the matter of uniform was concerned, their appearance was regulated by that of his Royal Highness.

After the departure of the Egyptians, the light baggage having been transferred to the *Osborne*, the Prince, attended by Major-General Stanton, shifted his flag from the *Serapis* to the *Osborne*, which went up the Canal, with the Royal flag flying at the main and the Egyptian at the fore, at ten knots an hour, under a salute from the *Invincible* which made the wooden habitations of Port Said shake to their not very stable foundations.

The last time a Royal Standard floating over these waters indicated the presence of the head of a great Power, was when the Empress Eugénie, leading one of the most glorious naval processions ever witnessed in the world, opened the Suez Canal, along which we were now speeding towards Ismailia. It was certainly a tribute to the genius and insistence of Baron de Lesseps that the Heir to the English Throne should be seeking India by a route the idea of which was so much in disfavour in England for so many years, and the execution of which was both secretly opposed and openly discountenanced by the most powerful of English Ministers as politically dangerous and as practically impossible. It was that opposition which created the Canal—in the first place, by stimulating French feeling on the subject of English jealousy, and tickling the mouths of French money-bags by appeals to national vanity; and in the second place, by forcing Baron de Lesseps to call in the aid of mechanical genius to provide the means which were denied to him by the Egyptian Government when they removed the labourers, in consequence of the representations of our Government that the *corvée* was, in fact, "slavery," and that the scenes of misery which accompanied the making of the Mahmoodieh

Canal must not be repeated so late in the nineteenth century.

The Prince took great interest in the scene which was presented on either side of the two narrow mud walls marking the course of the Canal through Lake Menzaleh—the broad expanse where the water and the sand of the Desert mingle, undistinguishable one from the other, save that boats, busily engaged in fishing, marked the outlines of flotation, and that vast flocks of flamingoes and pelicans, standing breast-deep, showed where the land was rising to the surface of the *lacus piscosus*. By special order the *Osborne* was allowed to proceed at a speed forbidden to ordinary vessels; and as the wave impelled by her bow broke on the banks, mullet and other fish, disturbed by the unusual rush of water, bounded repeatedly high in the air. When the *Osborne*, followed by the *Mahsa*, rushed past the *elevateurs* and dredging stations on the banks, and the small reed-huts and houses of the *employés*, the men of many nations paused for a while at their labour, and now and then raised a cheer, or raised their caps respectfully as the notion burst upon them that a great Prince was passing. No more difficult pilotage can well devolve upon a man than that of the Canal, narrow as it is, for every inch of water must be measured accurately, and the slightest turn of the wheel will send a ship pretty hard and fast for the time; but the French pilot knew his work thoroughly. Indeed, Captain Glyn, and other naval officers who had experience of the management of the Canal in all its details, gave unqualified praise to the excellent method and precision of the service. The nicest management, of course, was needed in the case of vessels encountered in the way, of which there were not a few—the *Scotland* of London, the *Montgomeryshire*, and others. The Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Pekin*, with the passengers of the broken-

down *Deccan*, was passed about half-way to *Ismailia*. From men up masts, rigging, and yards, and from her crowded deck, came repeated cheers for the Prince of Wales; but as he stood on deck, with a great crowd of persons in the same kind of dress, all of them with lorgnettes to their eyes trying to make out their friends on board the *Pekin*, it is probable there were doubts as to his identity, until he raised his cap in acknowledgment of the cheering. Amongst the passengers by the *Pekin* were the special correspondents of the London and other papers on their way to India. The Royal visit to Cairo just enabled them to reach Bombay a few days in advance of the Prince.

The great stretch of Lake Timsah, on which *Ismailia* is built, attracted special notice, when it was explained to the travellers that where navies can now ride triumphantly there was but a few years before a desert, and salt-pits, and barren rock; but the Prince was familiar with the scene, as he had visited it with M. de Lesseps before the Canal was opened. At *Ismailia*, which the *Osborne* reached at 5 P.M., every preparation had been made—infantry and cavalry guards, and a force of military-looking, well-dressed, and active Egyptian police—to show the Prince all fitting honour. Carriages, comprising all the resources of *Ismailia* in the way of vehicles, with auxiliaries from Cairo, conveyed the Royal party to the station; but the luggage was not quite so mobile, and there was a delay of some half-hour before everything was transported from the steamer to the baggage-vans. The American saloon and state carriages, so familiar to many recipients of the Khedival hospitality, were in readiness, provided with a train of valets and ample store of refreshments. The Egyptian Princes Tewfik, Hassan, and Hussein, Nubar Pasha, Mustapha Pasha, and the officials of the Court, busied themselves with the necessary preparations for departure, which chiefly consisted in

the carriage of the baggage from the shore to the station, but that was at last effected. And as the sun was setting on the horizon, which melted into the grey Desert in the distance, the train glided, amid loud cheers from a crowd of several hundreds of persons, among whom were many French ladies and gentlemen, out of the pretty station of Ismailia on its way to Cairo. The Moslem Pharaoh has not neglected the interests of his country like the Turk. In the memory of young men the Desert and the land between the Bitter Lakes and Cairo were roadless—no vehicle travelled where there is now regular railway traffic—the camel and the ass afforded the only means of conveyance.

It was then past six o'clock, but the line was clear, the carriages in good order, and the train, carefully driven under the orders of Betts Bey, ran continuously through to Cairo at the rate of forty miles an hour, and at nine o'clock drew up at the platform of the Shoubra Road Station. The Khedive, in gala uniform of blue and gold, and with all his orders on, surrounded by his ministers and by the foreign Consular body, stood waiting for the Prince, beside him towered the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, in naval uniform, attended by his officers. There was a full battalion of infantry drawn up from end to end of the platform, the passages were lined with soldiery, and another regiment was on duty outside the station. The Prince was in full uniform. The station was as light as day, from gaslight and torches, and the *coup d'œil*, as the Khedive advanced to meet his guest—and the whole mass of men in uniform, lace and jewels moved along the platform—was striking. There was a most warm greeting. The carriages of the Khedive, turned out faultlessly, were waiting. There was a host of runners and masalchees to precede them, and the Prince and his host drove off amid cheers, music, and clattering of sabres through the well-watered streets of the new



quarter of Cairo, and turning to the west, passed the Nile by the Iron Bridge to the Gezireh Palace which had been assigned for the Royal residence.

The Khedive, having installed the Prince in his sumptuous quarters, took leave, and was driven to Abdeen, at the other side of the river, which seems to be his favourite abode. The Gezireh Palace was, I think, built for the reception of the Empress Eugénie; and it is certainly in some respects worthy of its purpose. The rooms are exceedingly handsome and well furnished—large armoires; mirrors against the walls, of course; and lustres, or many-dropped chandeliers, from the ceilings. The floors covered with French carpets; the bedsteads of brass, with musquito curtains. French ormolu clocks; Austrian furniture, which should be marked “fragile,” covered with damask; rich curtains, badly hung, and sometimes hooked back on common iron staples driven into the walls; marble-topped washhandstands and chests of drawers; tables with exquisite cut-glass service, *fleur d’orange* water, sugar for *eau sucré*, scent flasks, and last, not least, small bottles of ammonia to assuage the pangs of insect bites, if haply such there were. “There are some very fine objects from the Great Exhibition of 1867 in the rooms. Late as it was, the table was laid, and dinner was served with creditable alacrity. Then came coffee, pipes, and bed. I believe we lodge in the very rooms where but a short while ago Zuleika, Hanoum, Fatima, and others, lorded and ladyed it supreme. All the ladies of the household have gone off to some other viceregal retreat; but I am not quite sure of the point, and do not care to ask. Anyway, the palace would delight St. Kevin. It is perhaps a little too near the river for the safety of the walls, but the situation affords agreeable prospects. The suite, servants and all, were lodged without any diffi-

culty within the walls. Mosquitoes were "out of season," but some of the Royal party declared other things were "in," and one sufferer cried aloud and spared not.

October 24th.—Early in the morning the black-coated servitors, each with red-fez on his head, badge of public or State employ, began their scurrying work along the corridors—not noiselessly. They are the housemaids of the Palace. They are of all races, and are supposed to speak French or Italian.

The prospect from the Palace windows is exceedingly interesting. There is the money-making muddy river beneath you, and along yonder bank a selvage of Nile boats, with naked masts and long lateen yards triced to the top; a broad belt of houses, such as can only be seen in Cairo, above the roofs of which—seen through a golden haze, which is but the fine dust raised by the slippers and feet of the multitude, and lighted by the rays of the sun—rise the minarets of mosques in the incongruous company of factory chimneys. Further still, towards the east and south, the rock, on which stands the Citadel, and the slender minarets and dome of the Great Mosque come out high and clear, and the barren shelves of many-coloured rock of the Great Mokattan ridge trending towards the Nile. The Nile is now almost bank-full; it is rushing past my windows at such a rate that the country-boats, with their vast sails bellying out with the strong breath of the north wind, can but just stem its stream. The Palace of Gezireh abuts on the left bank of the river, which swirls and gurgles against the buttresses of the garden wall, and circles in deep, eddyng pools in the angles of the embankments, to the great joy of the catfish and other Siluroids, which rise heavily at pieces of bread and floating offal. At the other side of the river lies Boulak, which is called the Port of Cairo,

but which is part of the city all the same. The ruins of houses in the stream, the overhanging banks, the ends of walls, and the masses of masonry rising out of the current, show how destructive the river is in some of its moods. When the Nile is at its highest it does much harm, and it is mischievous even when it does most good. There is no solid basis for masonry to be found till the rock, some forty feet below the great alluvial bed, has been reached, and few can afford the expense of laying such deep foundations. The weakness of the Grand Barrage, a magnificent work which few visitors to Cairo ever visit, is mainly due to the want of an adequate *ποῦ στῶ*, and the difficulty of finding that essential has much increased the cost of bridging the river, and of building near it.

The air is delicious, as it generally is at this period of the year, and until the sun gained power after noon there could not be a more perfect day. Breakfast was laid out with a great pomp of plate, exquisite fruit and flowers on fine *épergnes*, the beautiful china service made expressly for the Khedive, in one of the saloons on the drawing-floor, looking out on the Nile. The servants in the Viceroy's fine livery, which is not sparing of gold lace, were Frenchmen, and they were directed by higher officials, also French, in black Stambouli coats and fez caps. From the breakfast-room, which contains two good pictures and a couple of busts, one of the Khedive, and a noble piece of marble work as a chimney-piece at one end, there is but a step to the saloon leading to the Great Hall of Audience, the windows of which open on the balcony overlooking the main entrance and the garden. This saloon is furnished with splendour; richly-gilt divans and easy chairs, marble-topped tables, &c., are placed round the sides. A group of chiboukjees, in the unvarying fez and black suit of frock, vest, and trousers, stood apart at

one of the doors ; and at a signal these, demure and noiseless, appeared with coffee in exquisite little wafer china cups, placed in golden holders, set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Then they brought in long pipes, ready lighted, and there were few who refused the luxury of a fragrant whiff of tobacco, which seems necessary to the full enjoyment of the East. The fresh air and the perfume of the flowers tempted some to the balcony. Beneath it were pacing the sentries of the Khedive's Foot Guards, tall, broad, if flat-backed, Egyptians, clad in white—gaiters, breeches, tunic, gloves, all white—save the red fez, the swarthy face, and the black belts. The French postillions, in jack-boots and buckskins, laced blue and scarlet jackets, red vests, shining oilskin hats, with Viceregal cockades and powdered "bobs," were lounging by the steps—the very reproduction of the men, if not the men themselves, whom one saw riding the pecherons of the Imperial Court when Fleury and St. Meurice ruled the equipages. There was not a sound except the grating of the sentries' shoes on the gravel, and the screams of the peacocks from the aviary. Just outside the carriage-sweep begins the sward of the garden, in which there are a menagerie, artificial lakes and ponds, rocks, cascades, and clumps of trees and flowers. The garden is bounded on the right by the river, and on the left by a wall, beyond which lies the level spread of irrigated and cultivated land up to the foot of the Desert, guarded by the Pyramids of Gizeh. At 11.30 A.M. the Prince and his suite and servants assembled in the Saloon of Audience for Divine service. The Rev. Canon Duckworth read the prayers and lessons for the day to the little congregation. As the words of Christian thanksgiving and prayer came from the clergyman's lips, "O ! Praise the Lord, all ye heathen ; Praise Him, all ye nations !" we heard the grating tramp



of the Mahometan sentinels and the Arabic commands of the officer relieving guard below. When service was over, the Prince went out in one of the Viceroy's open carriages to the other side of the Nile, to visit the Viceroy at the Palace of Abdeen, and to see the Princes of his family at Kasr-el-Nil. He was in uniform, for it was a ceremonial visit. In his absence there was full leisure for those who were not detained in the Palace to go to Cairo, and carriages were in readiness for any who wanted them. It was only necessary to send some of the Longjumeau postillions for one, and it was at the door in a few moments. There was a very ample lunch at two o'clock, which caused Dr. Fayrer some anxiety; but with the certainty of a State banquet at the Palace of Abdeen at seven o'clock, forbearance was a duty which forced itself on the understanding of the most reckless. A State banquet at the Viceroy's is a very serious matter; "no expense is spared," and we may be certain those who have to make the charges are not over ready to cry, "Hold! enough!"

When the Prince returned from his afternoon visits it was almost time to dress for dinner at the Viceroy's. There was an escort of cavalry for the cortege of the Prince from one palace to the other, and the road was illuminated all the way by lamps and pans of fire. The road from the Palace of Gezireh to the Iron Bridge runs parallel to the stream, from which it is only separated by a narrow belt of low land, which is partially inundated. On the other side are the Viceroy's Horticultural Gardens and Conservatories. The road is an elevated causeway—a dyke with a broad top, in fact—and is bordered by trees, which although they have not been very long planted, afford a pleasant shade. The great bridge is a very noble work indeed; and as one sees the dense streams of camels, donkeys, carts, and pedestrians which throng it, moving to

and from the city, the wonder suggests itself how they did, or managed to live without it. The suburb between the Iron Bridge and the Hezbekieh is undergoing a surprising change. It was once covered with miserable sheds, narrow lanes of tumbledown Egyptian houses and waste patches, filled with heaps of refuse, and here and there cultivated plots a few yards square. The houses have been pulled down, the lanes no longer exist. Fine streets, well lighted with handsome lamps, and bordered by trees, run in converging lines towards the Opera House. Charming villas and detached houses, in the French and Italian style, have been finished, or are in course of erection, along the course of the projected thoroughfares. Verily this Egypt is still a land of wonders! The new rooms of the Abdeen Palace are not merely viceregal but imperial in number, size, and decoration, and the Banqueting-room is worthy of any Court in Europe. To outward appearance the Khedive's Court is at least royal. On his service, carriages, &c., there is the likeness of a kingly crown; his State is regal; the Consular persons accredited to him are Ministers in all but name; and salaries, and the *charges de la Cour*, are on a scale worthy of a considerable Power. But all that is maintained for a purpose—not from any personal love of splendour and luxury, for no one is better pleased with a simple, quiet life than Ismael Pasha. He is very happy when he can get out of gold-laced coats, put his jewelled scimitar and sash away; slip on his black Stamboulee coat, easy shoes, and sit down with a friend in a quiet corner for a little conversation, which on his side is always original and fresh, and is sustained by the aid of cigarettes, of which his Highness keeps a store for himself and his friends in his breast coat-pocket. To Europeans he speaks French, to his secretaries and to those who wait on him he generally



addresses Turkish, and to the Egyptians he talks in Arabic. His powers of calculation are extraordinary, his conception rapid, his memory acute, and his love of work inexhaustible. He has a fair fund of anecdote, and appreciates a joke most thoroughly, for all his Turkish gravity. As an instance of his sagacity and foresight, it is related that when he returned to Cairo, after his visit to England and France, he expressed the strongest opinion that a "war with Prussia was intended, or at least was inevitable, and that the Emperor, who then seemed at the summit of his splendour and power, was on the verge of a precipice." To the Prince of Wales he seems to have a very strong regard and liking, and he does all he can to contribute to his Royal Highness's enjoyment. The Viceroy stood with his sons and officers of State, and received the Prince at the entrance of the Palace. He was in State uniform, with riband and orders, but the effect of the fine lace-embroidery in which Turkish uniforms excel is greatly diminished by the ugly simplicity of the fez. A guard of honour was drawn up in the court. The staircase was lined with Albanians and the various *valetaille* of an Oriental Court. When the Khedive, leading the Prince to the Hall of Audience, had taken his place, the new comers were presented to him. There can be no more agreeable manner than that of the Viceroy; he was particularly affable to the English as well as to those with whom he was acquainted—the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Carington and others. With very few exceptions, every one in Government employment speaks French, and the old French leaven which once turned all things Egyptian into French is still working and still powerful. That influence, indeed, is well justified when such a man as M. Mariette represents it. The Viceroy's physician, M. Bourgières, is one of the most agreeable and lively



of companions, and has the reputation of great skill in his profession. To their compatriots are due mainly the beautification of Cairo, the Opera House, the creation of scientific institutes, and the promotion of learned societies in the capital and in Alexandria, which have done so much for Egyptian history, and for the cultivation of literature and philosophy. There were some European ladies, the wives of Consular personages or of Europeans in Egyptian employ, present at the dinner; but the civilisation of the Khedive's Native Court does not go so far as yet as the threshold of the door of the Temple sacred to Woman's Rights. The "Shrieking Sisterhood" of the Moslem demand not to be driven out of, but to be let stay in the harem and in seclusion. Mahometan women think they exercise more influence over mankind by having their children and husbands all to themselves, when they see them in familiar intercourse, than they would possess if they were to enjoy the sad liberty of being flattered by every one.

Later in the evening the Viceroy and Nubar Pasha had a long conversation with Sir B. Frere and General Stanton. The repudiation by Turkey of the conditions upon which she contracted such heavy loans naturally causes a lively emotion at Cairo. It is evident that underlying all the reticence which a personage in his condition is obliged to maintain, the Viceroy thinks the funeral knell of the Sick Man is likely soon to sound if the Powers do not take heed to his case. And what next? *Fam proximus ardet*. Nubar Pasha gave the most emphatic assurances that the finances of Egypt were in a sound state, and that she was quite able to pay her way; but he foresees that the acts of the Sultan's Government will very much depreciate Egyptian credit, and favour combinations against it. The articles in the English press attacking Egyptian budgets, and the general distrust of Government statements

evinced in London, were spoken of; and the Khedive broached the idea of applying through General Stanton to the British Government for the services of an experienced officer of the Treasury to investigate the public accounts and examine the financial system, and he expressed the utmost confidence in the result. Sir B. Frere approved of the notion. Mr. C. Pennell and Mr. Acton, two gentlemen formerly in the Treasury, are now engaged by the Khedive as heads of financial departments. The tendency in Egypt is certainly to accept England as her guide in finance, at all events.* But there were still graver matters to discuss. The insurrection in the Herzegovina gives rise to the deepest anxiety. The expenses of the war are enormous, and if it be long protracted, Turkey will be crushed into the lowest depths of insolvency. The dread which is felt of European intervention, and of a joint partition of the Dead Man's effects, is not disguised. "And in that case will England take charge of Egypt?" The Khedive, indeed, did not ask the question or suggest it; but it was asked, and the subject was discussed; and when some one said, "England will probably await the march of events," a Minister exclaimed, "Without any policy? Without any attempt to direct it? Cela vous portera plus loin que vous ne croyez." It was very interesting to observe the small group talking in a corner so gravely, whilst the crowd of officers and courtiers, clouted with orders and blazing with gold lace, moved about the brilliant saloon chatting and laughing, amidst a great clatter of plate and glass, and the servants passed in perpetual procession with refreshments. The Prince returned to Gezireh in the same state as he came, and there was a line of lights, which made the road from Abdeen to the Palace as clear as day.

* It may be taken for granted that the origin of Mr. Cave's mission dated from this conversation.

October 25th.—At 11 A.M. the Prince inspected the arrangements which had been made for the investiture of Prince Tewfik, the Viceroy's eldest son, with the Order of the Star of India. In one of the very handsome apartments of the Palace chairs of state were arranged, and the insignia of the Order to be conferred were placed upon a marble table. The 3rd Battalion of the Egyptian Guards formed up outside the Palace, and lined the way from the gate to the steps of the Entrance Hall. The Viceroy's orderly officers remained outside. Shortly before half-past twelve, the trumpets announced the arrival of the Viceregal cortege, which came up in great state, with an escort of smart-looking cavalry, the Viceroy, his sons, and ministers, in full uniform, blazing with jewels and gold lace. Two of the Prince's aides-de-camp received his Highness at the steps, and led him to the Prince, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, with the Duke of Sutherland on his left, and Sir Bartle Frere on his right, the other members of the suite lining the hall at each side from the entrance to the staircase. The Prince wore a Field-Marshal's uniform, the Duke of Sutherland the Riband of the Garter, and Sir Bartle Frere the insignia of the Star of India; the suite were in full dress. The Prince, having shaken hands with the Viceroy, led him upstairs, and thence through the two state-rooms to the Saloon, where the investiture was to take place. Dr. Fayrer, who was assisted by General Probyn and Colonel Ellis, read the warrant, under the sign-manual of the Secretary of State, by order of the Queen, for the investiture. The Prince of Wales, standing, addressed Prince Tewfik, with great dignity, in the following words :—

"Sir,—I consider it a high privilege, a high duty, and it is a great gratification to myself personally, to be able, in the presence of your Highness, to carry out the commands of Her Majesty the Queen, who has

charged me with the duty of investing you with the ensigns of the Order of the Star of India. It is not the most ancient of our English Orders, but it is one highly valued by us for the distinction it confers on those to whom it is granted for their services in India. The Queen has determined to confer this especial mark of consideration, Sir, for your self and family, because of the goodwill Her Majesty bears towards His Highness, the Khedive, himself a member of the Order, who has always shown himself a true friend to the English nation, and has done so much to promote the safety and convenience of our communication between England and India, in facilitating the transit of our troops and commerce. I trust that in fulfilling this charge with which the Queen has intrusted me I may be adding another link to strengthen the bonds of friendship which already exist between England and Egypt."

The Viceroy, who seemed to feel the honour conferred upon his house, and spoke with emotion, turned towards the Prince, and said :—

"Monseigneur ! Je suis profondément touché du témoignage et de l'honneur que Sa Majesté la Reine a conféré à toute ma famille en daignant nommer mon fils Grand Commandeur de l'Ordre illustre de l'Etoile des Indes. Par une délicatesse qui rend sa faveur royale encore plus précieuse à mes yeux, Elle a daigné charger Votre Altesse Royale de conférer elle-même les insignes de l'Ordre à mon fils, afin de témoigner à tout mon pays que Votre Altesse Royale partage les sentiments que sa Gracieuse Majesté veut nous porter. Recevez, Monseigneur, mes plus vifs remerciements. Recevez-les encore pour vous être souvenu que, sur la route de votre Empire des Indes, il se trouve un pays qui s'est toujours vu encourager, par le Gouvernement de Sa Majesté et la nation anglaise, dans la voie du progrès et de la liberté commerciale. L'honneur conféré à mon fils, la présence de Votre Altesse Royale, seront, croyez-moi, Monseigneur, pour moi, ma famille et pour mon pays, le plus grand encouragement pour persévérer dans cette voie."

The Prince of Wales then taking the Riband of the Order from the cushion, on which it was held by General Probyn, passed it over Prince Tewfik's neck, and fastened the Collar over his shoulders. The Prince expressed his great sense of such a signal mark of Her Majesty's favour in a few graceful words, and the Viceroy took leave, and went off, as he had come, in state, with his sons and ministers. Then came a change of dress not at all dis-

His Royal Highness starts for the Bazaar. (Cairo)



CAIRO.—START FOR THE BAZAAR. (ROUT OF THE DONKEY-BOYS.)

agreeable, and mufti was the order of the day for lunch at Major-General Stanton's. There was a tremendous clamour of donkey-boys outside the house; for to enjoy Cairo a donkey-ride is, for the traveller, no matter how distinguished or illustrious he be—that is, if he likes it—a *sine quâ non*. The Viceroy relates even now, with a comic mixture of merriment and horror, how the Empress Eugénie compelled him once upon a time to mount one of these useful animals, and to exhibit himself to the utter amazement of his subjects, in the full light of day, tearing full speed down the main street of the bazaar.

It is now full Bairam time; but the Prince, nevertheless, managed to do a good deal in the way of shopping and purchases, and returned at half-past four o'clock to the Consular headquarters, where six of the Viceroy's *chars-à-bancs* and carriages were in waiting to take him and party to the Pyramids. The *chars-à-bancs* were drawn by six pecherons, ridden by postillions in the old Imperial fashion, jack-boots, gold-laced coats, leather breeches, glazed hats, and cockades. The road, in spite of all the previous watering, was very dusty, for the party was a little late; and ere the carriages emerged from the shady avenue of trees, which now extends more than half-way to the Pyramids, the sun was setting in a dull haze behind the desert outline beyond Gezireh. There was a crowd of at least a thousand people, men and women, in Frank clothing—Paris bonnets, gay coats and umbrellas, and all the accessories of civilised attire—clustered round the Chalet in which the Prince was to dine; and there was an immense gathering of the Arabs with their well-known Sheiks, whose mission it is to seize on the unwary traveller and carry him up to the topmost row of the masonry which is piled above old Cheops. These poor Pyramids! How commonplace they are becoming!

Dinner over, there was a dance by a party of Ghawázee, or Egyptian dancing girls (for whom see Lane's 'Modern Egyptians')—"girls" by courtesy—stumpy gipsy women, voluminously clothed from the waist downwards; bare arms loaded with bracelets; thick, coarse, black hair, heavy with gold coins; posturing, quivering, and sliding to and fro on their pretty feet, to the clatter of the metal castanets and bangles, and to the monotonous but not unmusical sound of the native orchestra which accompanied them. The heat in the Chalet was rather trying, and the company were probably not loth to leave the dance and go outside, where there was a strange weird exhibition, which, notwithstanding revulsion of æsthetical feeling, will probably be repeated on all similar occasions till the Pyramids become nothing more than stands for fixed pieces like those at the Crystal Palace or the Alexandra Park. But it must be admitted that Cheops prepared a very grand and extensive site for these displays. First, the Great Pyramid was illuminated by rows of blue lights along the layers of the masonry; next, flights of rockets were let off from the sides and summit, and from the base, many of which flew high above it, and let fall a rain of stars; then came red and blue lights, then pans of saltpetre at the angles of the Pyramid were ignited and threw up a peculiar bluish flame on the faces of the Arabs who superintended the *feux d'artifice*, causing the most extraordinary contrasts; but it soon died away, and was succeeded by red and yellow and green flames. The glare was blinding. When the lights flashed on the sea of upturned faces and of white-turbaned heads, the effect was sufficiently striking to justify such a use of the Pyramids—at least so it seemed to most people. The Prince stood amongst the crowd, who seemed very much interested in observing in what way he took the

fireworks, which, however, were no novelty to him. One little maiden, after a long consultation with the members of her family, stole timidly up to the Prince to request that he would allow her to shake him by the hand, to which he laughingly assented. She said she was "Kate Batchelor from the United States;" and she returned in the highest state of satisfaction to the bosom of her family. Darkness stole, or rather dropped all of a sudden, over the Pyramid, and the Royal party were whirled back again to Cairo, not without some risk of *contretemps* on the road, because it was difficult to avoid the vehicles—



ILLUMINATION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

ships of the desert and others—which thronged it; but the Prince got back in time to drive to the Palace, change his dress, and see part of the piece 'Les Trente Millions de Gladiator' admirably played at the Opera House by the French Company. The Khedive was waiting to receive him, and there was a very full house; but I believe most

people were rather glad when the curtain dropped, and it was time to retire and drive back to Gezireh to bed.

October 26th.—Much interest is taken in the Prince's voyage in Cairo. It seems to many people a strange and wonderful thing that he, who has so much at home to love and care for, should go out to a distant land in search of doubtful pleasures; but there are some who quite appreciate his motives, and the Viceroy especially is struck with the enterprise. Cherif Pasha, who is a devoted sportsman, would gladly resign office to have a chance of killing the tigers and other wild beasts, of which he has heard, and sadly resigns himself to quail and snipe. Nubar Pasha ponders over the *haute politique* of the situation; others deal with the considerations which render India interesting to Egyptians, for there is a great fear that, in case of the Sick Man's immediate dissolution, Egypt would be treated as a part of his estate, and that England would claim it as her share by reversionary interest. The Egyptians would not, perhaps, cry their eyes out if the Turk were to die; but they fear very much that in a faction fight over his grave their own little property might be appropriated. They would like nothing better than a kind of International Commission to regulate the finances of the Empire, and to act as physicians to cure the patient of the most fatal of the diseases by which he is menaced. Talking of the East, one of our Egyptian friends on the platform said, "I doubt, after all, whether you will do much better at Calcutta than at Cairo. They have no opera there; we have one of the best in the world. They have no ballet; except Vienna, we have got the best. The climate is abominable; ours, at least at this time of the year, delightful. The cooking is, I am told, but middling; ours is first-rate, at least I hope you found it so. Their wine is bad; we intercept the best champagne and claret on its way. They have no

tobacco worth smoking. Why go there?" When he was told there were other things to live for beside these, he said, "I daresay there are; but I don't know any people who like them better. As to seeing *ryots*, we can show you *fellahs*; and there is no form of Government which you have in India which you cannot study to better advantage up the Nile."

After breakfast there was much bustle in the corridors of the Gezireh Palace, for there was need to send on the baggage in advance to the station, which is half an hour's drive, away at the other side of the river. Then there was a gathering in the great ante-room of the officers and others, to whom the Prince desired to give souvenirs; these were introduced, one after the other, to his presence, and were sent away with a pleasant speech, a shake of the hand, and a cadeau.

"Great are the charges of him who keeps another's wealth." When the Prince of Wales leaves the Court of one in Royal or distinguished place who has lodged him and his following, those who have to distribute the souvenirs of his visit have much of which to think. Photographs and portraits for those in high position; snuff-boxes, rings, pins, watches and chains, arms—lorgnettes, and then haply the solid rouleaux, which represent the "gratifications" called baksheesh by the Oriental vulgar—these must be taken out of the Treasury, and marked off, and ticketed, and appropriated. The Prince gives his presents in *genre* with his own Royal hands—the specie is distributed by humbler agencies.

The outward world knows little, and probably does not care to know, how great are the troubles and cares which weigh on the inner life of those around the great. Everything appears to the public eye to go so smoothly and well that no anxiety is manifested to learn how it is all

done. There is the *Serapis*, splendid in white paint and gold, obedient as a well-trained steed to the rider's hand. What need to dive into the engine-room and see how the machinery is regulated? When the Prince of Wales comes or goes, everything for his coming or going seems as if it happened in the order of nature; but could one only see the anxious faces, and the calculations, and the consultations, and the pre-arrangements, he would be able to judge how far those who are hidden behind the folds of the Purple have to do with the arrangements for its complete effect.

The Khedive, the Princes his sons, and his ministers, visited the Prince at one o'clock, and took leave of him, although they were to meet him at the station to see him off with all honour. We were sitting enjoying the early chibook (spell it any way you please) after lunch, when the Khedive was announced, and every one hurried off. His Highness and his suite were in plain clothes. The Prince received him at the top of the staircase, and after a few moments' conversation they retired into the Prince's ante-chamber. Presently there came a summons for one of the suite, and he obeying it, returned with a broad green and red riband and Badge, and men knew that he had received from the hands of the Khedive the decoration of the Medjidié. To do the Prince honour, these decorations were conferred with no sparing hand. There were some who had already received the honour, and these were advanced in dignity; but those who had it not were decorated each in degree.

At 2.10 P.M. the Prince was at the Railway Station with the Viceroy and all his house, and there, with many kind speeches and friendly expressions, he took leave of his Highness. When the Prince was leaving, the sons of the Viceroy proposed to accompany him, but his

Royal Highness would not hear of it; "it was a long journey," he said, "and he felt quite sensible of their kindness." It would appear that there was a real friendship between the Viceroy and the Prince, and they parted with cordial manifestations of good-will. General Stanton, Nubar Pasha, Mustapha Pasha, and others accompanied the Prince, and once more the great American saloon carriages were under way rattling towards Suez. The journey was hot and dusty.

At Zagazig the special train halted for ten minutes, and the staff of vice-regal servants passed up and down the carriages with ices, fruits, champagne, soda-water, and such like luxuries, and informed us at the same time that there was a complete dinner, with a staff of servants, cooks, &c., ready in the train, and that it could be laid upon the table in half an hour. From Zagazig the train sped on through the land of Goshen, and an hour ere reaching Suez the sun set, round as a shield, falling abruptly as a red-hot shot beyond the verge of the desert, and leaving us in darkness. The train was due at 7 P.M., and it wanted but a few minutes of that time when it ran through the Suez station, where great crowds had collected from the ships in the harbour, and from the teeming bazaar, who cheered and yelled as the special dashed past towards the pier. Then, looking seawards, the welcome lights of the *Serapis* and the *Osborne* shone their welcome over the water. The Egyptian men-of-war, with masts, yards, and sides brightly illuminated, formed striking objects in the roadstead. Rows of soldiers with blazing torches lighted up the landing-place, where the Pacha of Suez, the officers of the port, and a guard of Egyptian infantry were waiting to conduct his Royal Highness on board the tender which was to take him off to the ship. It was some time before the baggage, which had filled six fourgons at Cairo, could be transferred on board the *Serapis*; and as the Prince

was going off, Mr. Gibbs, Superintendent of Telegraphs, handed in a telegram with the news in London up to 2 o'clock that day, and the name of the winner of the Cambridgeshire, which had been run a few hours before. On visiting the saloon it was felt that the Red Sea was not far off, and the punkahs over the dinner table were set in motion for the first time. It was found that the sweep of the punkah was rather too low, and when the Prince stood up to give the health of the Queen, in accordance with custom, he was obliged to stand on one side till the living machinery on deck could be induced to stop their monotonous labours. When everything was ready, Nubar Pasha, Mustapha Pasha, General Stanton, and the other officers and officials took leave, and were conveyed on shore; and presently, amidst a general illumination, discharges of rockets, and cheers, the screw of the *Serapis* sent her ahead, and the Prince of Wales was steaming down the Sea of Jubal for India.



“THE PUNKAH.”



ADEN.—SOMALI BOY CHASED BY A POLICEMAN.

CHAPTER III.

SUEZ TO ADEN, AND ADEN TO BOMBAY.

Sinai—The Red Sea—A visit Below—Bed and Board—Aden—Landing of the Prince—Arab Sultans—The Aden Address—Turks in Arabia—The first Levee—Sultan of Lahej's Petition—The "Hanging-tanks"—Exiles in Aden—Subsidized Chiefs—Something wrong Below—Programme for Southern India modified—Guy Fawkes at Sea—A Sunday's Routine—Approaching Bombay—Anticipations.

OCTOBER 27TH.—The dawn found the *Serapis* with the constant *Osborne* in company at regulation distance, running at the rate of twelve knots an hour, afterwards increased to thirteen, out of the narrow Straits of Jubal into the wider expanse of the Red Sea. We have shipped multitudes of Egyptian flies; the most daring, active, and aggressive of their pestilent race, and they make the early morning hideous. There was a fond but erroneous belief entertained by some of the suite that they had seen Sinai soon after sunrise, but the identity of the sacred mountain does not seem to be well established, and the peak which is generally thought to be Sinai is hidden from view by the

outer ridges of the chain. At 1 P.M. the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Peshawur*, bound for Suez, came close up, with yards manned handsomely, all her passengers on deck waving hats and handkerchiefs, and crew cheering lustily. The *Serapis* stopped; a boat was lowered and manned; the *Peshawur* lay to, and for a moment it was thought that a mail for England would be sent on board her; but the letters were not quite ready; and so, after a short exchange of courtesies, the ships—to the great relief of Captain Glyn, who was apprehensive of the effects of any avoidable delay—proceeded on their respective courses, the band of the *Serapis* playing "Home! Sweet Home!" the *Peshawur* saluting the Prince's standard with lowered ensign, and the passengers and crew again huzzaing lustily. The Prince stood on the bridge, and acknowledged the compliment and these marks of respect by touching his cap and by repeated bows till the steamers went ahead full speed. The quarter-deck substitute for lawn tennis was tried with great success in the afternoon, but, in spite of the awning, it was warm work, for the sun was tyrannous and strong—82° in the shade. The library was a great comfort for those who had leisure to read, and the charts, laid out on the table, and relief maps were diligently studied. By the time we reach India most of us will probably know something more of the Empire and of its history than we did before. The excellent band of the Royal Marines under Mr. Kreyer practises for an hour at 11 A.M., plays at lunch from 2 till 3 P.M., and at dinner (7.30 till 8.30 P.M.), and often for an hour or two later, so that there is no want of delightful music; but it must be confessed that, with all these means of enjoyment, the high temperature and the general monotony of life at sea tend to promote slumber at unusual times.

October 28th.—A profound calm during the night; but

a gentle breeze sprung up after daylight. At 4.10 A.M. we passed Dædalus Shoal and its disconsolate Light-house, rising on a kind of gridiron frame above the sad sea wave. There were signs of life in the upper story, and a flag was flung out from the staff. It was erected by the Egyptian Government, which has done the lighting of its coasts in an admirable manner. All ports open. It is not easy to sleep in the early morning—the sun rises on my side of the ship, which, as the world is ordered, is quite inevitable, for I am on the port side, and we are steering East; but it is unpleasant, like many other inevitable things. Out of the port I see far away the land of which we know so little—not much more than we do of Central Africa, although Arabia is inhabited by one of the most ancient, interesting and indomitable races in the world, and is the birth-place of the founder of a faith which alone of all creeds shows no sign of receding before Christianity. They are still fierce and proud—it may be said they are the only Eastern nation which does not *fear* the power of Europe, or hold Europeans in some sort of respect. Woe to any white man who lifts his hand to an Arab, or shoves him to make place in the streets of Jeddah! “See, extending from the Euphrates southwards, the vast country, washed by four seas, touching Europe (if we admit Syria to belong naturally to the Peninsula), Africa, and Asia—left altogether to barbarism because there is no gain to be had out of it! No one cares for the Arabs save the Turks, and their solicitude is to subdue the people. They are passed by and neglected by all the world. Where are the Christian missions in Arabia? Where are the schools? Look at the map, and see a space nearly as large as Europe, with the mark of our ignorance upon it, ‘Desert from Mecca to Oman.’ I don’t believe it!” At this stage I am interrupted by my

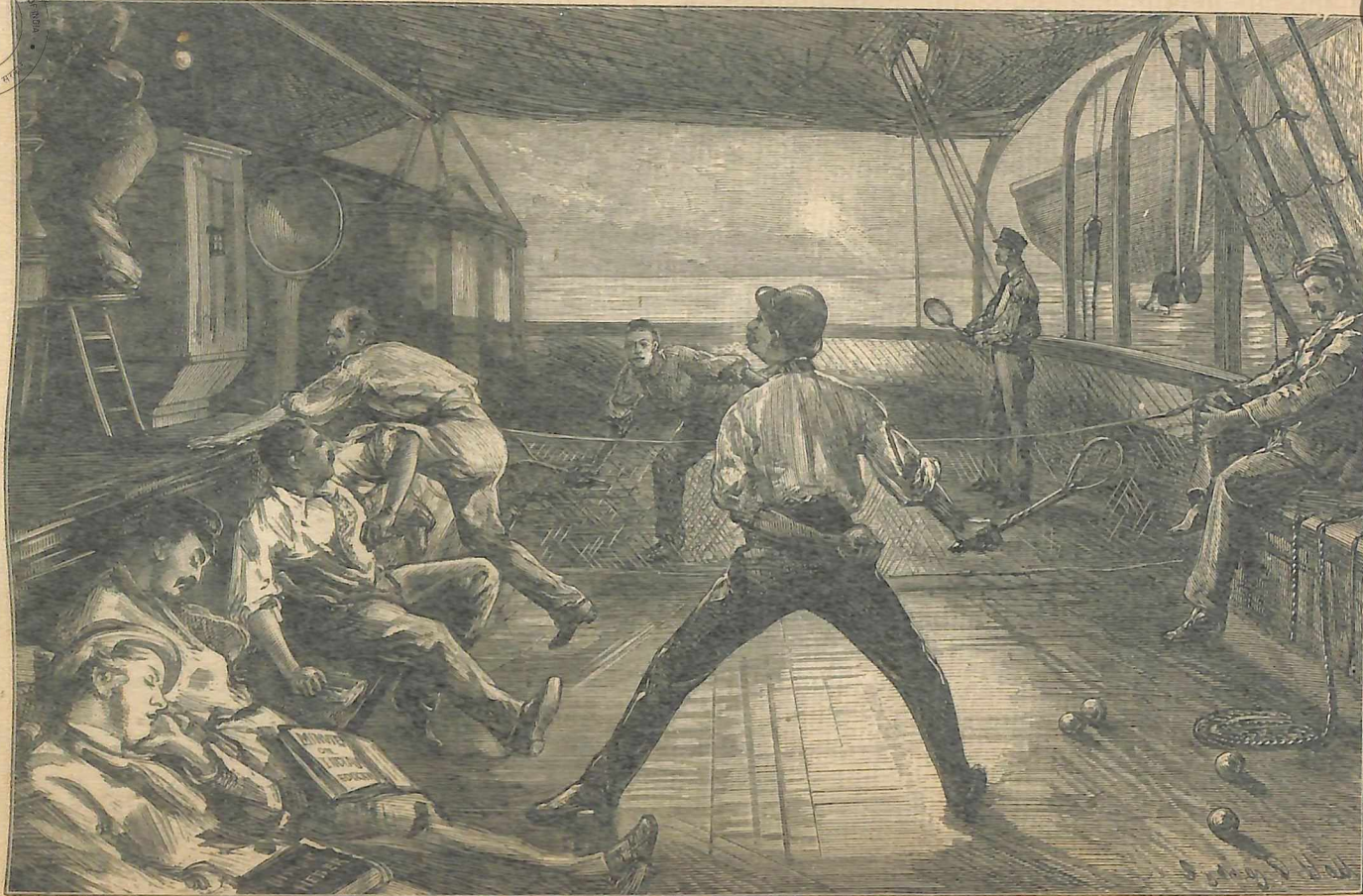
early marine with a cup of coffee, and soon the ship awakes, electric bells ring, "Tom Fat" is summoned by my neighbour, servants are roused out from the depths of what the subalterns call Pandemonium, baths are ordered, quaint figures flit about in light attire, paying a round of visits from hammock to berth. "Well! How did you sleep, old fellow?" "I never was so hot in all my life." There never were more pleasant or more agreeable companions. There is still, in spite of the heat, a gymnastic performance about tubbing time, in which Dr. Fayrer and Canon Duckworth lead the exercises—simple evolutions with mugsdaks, or Indian clubs, of which sets of different weights and sizes were sent on board by the dockyard people. Sometimes the Prince takes what is called "a cruise" between decks before breakfast, and visits the cabins to see how every one is going on. At noon we were inside the tropics (lat. $23^{\circ} 39' \text{ N.}$, long. $35^{\circ} 46' \text{ E.}$). The thermometer in the cabins marked 81° , but owing to a following wind from the north, the want of ventilation made the heat seem greater. There were sixteen Arabs shipped at Suez to aid the seventy European firemen as coal clippers, but they did not stand the heat below (146°) as well as the latter. Hearing that the stokehole was considered to be very hot, his Royal Highness paid it a visit. The Duke of Sutherland was of course one of the party. The black and grimy stokers, who were interrupted for a moment in their labour to make way for strangers, were evidently delighted and gratified when they saw the Prince, in the full glare of the fires, in their midst. Having inspected the shaft-gallery, and had a good look all round down below, the Prince ascended to the main-deck in a state of very considerable perspiration. Some honeybirds and a kestrel were shot, and the gig was lowered and sent off to pick up the latter, which went astern at a great pace—or rather, was left

behind very rapidly till the ship stopped. By the time the bird was found, the gig was some miles away from the *Serapis*. The *Osborne* gave the boat a tow; but it was an hour before we were going ahead again. In the evening there was an amateur concert and reading in the little theatre on the quarter-deck, and several of the blue-jackets acquitted themselves very well. Captain Glyn acts as Lord Chamberlain's reader of plays and dramatic censor, but the melodious captain of the fore-castle, on the spur of an encore, slipped in an impromptu which caused immense delight to the pit and gallery. It was not, however, at all objectionable. It was merely meant to be a little satirical, and chiefly dealt with the expedition of the gig's crew after the hawk, for which the sea name appears to be "nanny-wiper."

October 29th.—At 10 A.M., the thermometer marked 83° , wet bulb, 79° ; temperature of sea, 86° ; specific gravity, 1.0030; wind s.w. Dr. Fayrer was summoned to attend several cases of "heat exhaustion." Ice and brandy-and-water are specifics for most of these. The domestics on the lower deck, where the bull's-eyes cannot be kept open, were considerably affected. As the day wore on the heat increased, and gradually stole over one like sleep. Star-board at least 1° hotter than port side. The paint in the cabins has become clammy. This state of things developed a display of energy and latent power in the suite after noon which was quite astonishing. The beds and bedsteads in the cabins were unanimously voted to be a mistake. They were "stuffy," and, moreover, having been filled in a hurry with feathers which had not been properly dried, they were not sweet smelling; and they were cleared out *vi et armis* by their occupants. The leader in the work of destruction was "the author of their being," so to speak, for he it was who ordered them, or approved of them, when the vessel was

being fitted up. In fact, they were not fit for the Red Sea ; and although they resisted strenuously, and held on with brass claws and iron nails to the frames, the cushions and mattresses were torn out, and pitched out on the deck by sheer strength. The frames were made comfortable by means of wooden stretchers, but the cabins were so hot at night that a demand was made for hammocks. Several of Seydel's excellent light nettings were on board, and were slung outside the cabins on the main-deck. Lord Suffield, Lord Carington, Lord C. Beresford, Colonel Ellis, Mr. FitzGeorge, and I, found "these pendent nests" very comfortable. Lat. $19^{\circ} 42' N.$, long. $39^{\circ} 3' E.$, distance run 270 miles. The Prince, notwithstanding the temperature, played at "lawn" tennis in the afternoon. Great numbers of sand-martins kept up in the wake of the ship ; and many of the little fellows came on board and rested on the rigging. The kestrels follow them undauntedly to-day, and one more of them fell a victim to the Prince's gun. Fishing-lines were put over the sides, but not even a flying-fish could take a bait going fourteen knots an hour through the water. In the evening there was a solitary rubber of whist—the only game which has been played since the departure from Brindisi—and it did not last very long. The heat was too great, although the players were in the very lightest clothing.

The correspondence between the Resident at Hyderabad and Sir Salar Jung, a copy of which had been sent on from England, was read and discussed among the old Indians, and I think there was only one opinion expressed respecting the taste and tone of despatches, which intimated that the Resident believed the reasons assigned for the Nizam's inability to go to Bombay were fictitious, and that the Dewan had some secret purpose to serve in asserting that the journey would, according to the phy-



LAWN TENNIS ON THE 'SERAPIS.'

sicians, be dangerous to the life of the boy, who is delicate and nervous, and who has never yet been separated from his mother. It is well sometimes that we have no foreign critics, no external public (in Europe or Asia) to bear upon our conduct in India. I say sometimes, because I believe that generally our rule will bear criticism.

The propriety of sending on the *Osborne* ahead to Aden to announce the Prince's arrival was considered, but the idea was abandoned, as "something" might happen, and it would be awkward if the *Serapis*, which is "forced" a good deal, were to strike work in mid Red Sea.

October 30th.—The wind rose, and as it was right ahead, our speed was knocked down a knot an hour. Through the port caught glimpses of *Osborne*, pitching so as to bury her bows, whilst we in *Serapis* scarcely moved to the sea. At 9 A.M. the thermometer stood at 84° in my cabin. Some of the suite feel the effect of the great heat. A Turkish bath is an excellent institution, but if a man plays tennis till he is at boiling-point, and then dashes into cold water, he may suffer for it. Lord C. Beresford had a touch of fever, which by no means interfered with his animal spirits when he was awake, though it caused "Tom Fat" considerable anxiety. Lord Carington, also, is not as well as we would wish. The servants complain of the short supplies of "ice" in their den. What a luxurious age it is! Think of the Portuguese caravels, laden to the water's edge with armoured men; or of the Greeks returning from India up the Persian Gulf! "But who can hold a fire in his hand for thinking of the frosty Caucasus?" Wind sails were fitted to the ports, and a variety of light costumes was exhibited. At noon, observations gave lat. $16^{\circ} 7' N.$, long. $41^{\circ} 15' E.$, 250 miles since 12 o'clock yesterday. The island Gib-el-Teir, an extinct volcano, was seen right ahead, like a cloud on the water,

about an hour afterwards. Deck tennis was still in vogue after lunch, and was eagerly worked at till it became too dark to play. At 2.30 P.M. the centrifugal pump got out of order—slowed for an hour during repairs. Passed Gib-el-Teir at sunset. The rude fantastic outlines of what was called by some one on board “an awful monument of the angry passions of the youthful world” riveted many a glass; every one anxious to detect some sign of life on those awful crags where life has never been—not a blade of grass, nor shrub—nothing but cinders—scoriæ—still coloured by the tremendous furnace hues. The sea, which had been rising gradually with the increasing force of wind, now attracted the attention of some of the weaker vessels, who retired within their cabins, and did not appear at dinner. The *Serapis*, head to wind, was still wonderfully steady; but the lights of the *Osborne*, as seen from the stern windows, indicated that those on her deck were obliged to submit to considerable deviations from the perpendicular. Towards midnight a cry of distress came up from the deeps, for, unwisely courting ventilation, some of the suite left their starboard ports open, and suddenly along the side of the ship there came a long, curling, crisping wave, which just overlapped the sills, soused bedding and clothes, deposited an inch or two of water in the cabins and ran aft, rejoicing at the mischief it caused. Sir Bartle Frere, Canon Duckworth, Mr. Knollys, Mr. Grey, and myself were among the victims of the “water baby,” and some of us had to look out for dry quarters on tables or sofas above. The deck saloon was turned into a sleeping-room for the nonce. After such a warning there could be no doubt as to the necessity of “putting up the shutters,” and ports on both sides were lowered and secured for the night. Towards 11 o’clock P.M. the force of the wind—a strong

south-easter—became so great that it might fairly be called half a gale. The Prince, who goes on the bridge every night before he turns in, went up as usual, in light waterproof, and remained till past midnight enjoying the freshness of the wind, and watching the sea-horses tossing their white manes as they rolled past the ship in headlong charges into the darkness of the night.

October 31st, Sunday.—The gale abated towards morning, but left a high confused sea behind it. I do not believe Captain Glyn turned in all night. All ports shut. Wind S.S.E. ; thermometer 82° ; water 86° . Mocha on port beam at 10 A.M. At 11.15 A.M. the Rev. Canon Duckworth performed Divine service in the saloon. Prince and suite in blue frock-coats and white trousers. Service private—that is, the ship's officers and crew were not present, but had service on the main-deck. Perim—a gigantic blistered clinker, the vitrified dross of the submarine furnaces once so busy in this part of the earth—with the British Standard flying on an elevated peak, and a group of very unpretentious dwellings on its arid ridge, came in sight. There was a guard of honour—the little garrison of the island—drawn up on a ledge above the sea, and his Royal Highness had his first view of her Majesty's native troops ; for the detachment belonged to the 2nd Bombay Native Infantry (Grenadiers). He had fully acquainted himself with the reason of their being there, and certainly was not indifferent to their singular residence. As the *Serapis* came nearly opposite the flagstaff, down came the ensign, the twittering of a *feu de joie*, repeated three times, ran along the little line of infantry, and the feeble rattle and cheers, or what sounded like them, were borne down to our ears on the breeze. It is to be hoped that the general dwellers of Perim, who sat perched on the rocks like cormorants, could make out the Prince, who touched his cap repeatedly

in acknowledgment of their tokens of respect. The *Serapis* ran out of Bab-el-Mandeb (the "Gate of Wailing or Affliction"?) at 3.50 P.M., and signalled to the *Osborne* to proceed at all speed to Aden, which was 95 miles distant, to announce the Prince's coming.

November 1st.—"Rouse up! Aden is in sight!" But so it had been since 1.30 A.M. As the morning sun pierced the light covering of fleecy clouds which benevolently sheltered us from the full fierceness of his welcome to the East, the barren savagery of the awful forms into which the volcanic eruptions hardened when their fires went out was concealed in the play of light and shade and shifting colour, for the lava and scorixæ, of which Aden is made, have infinite variety of all hues save green, and present every sort of outline except the round. The ships in the harbour, dressed out with flags could be made out through the glass at 6 A.M., and many hundred feet high above them could be seen a solitary ensign fluttering from a staff erected on a towering lava shaft of Ras Morbat. At 6.30 A.M. the batteries saluted the distant flag of the Prince. Then, as the *Serapis* screwed gently landwards, the white bungalows and houses, like patches of snow, giving a delusive impression of coolness, against the Vandyke browns and red and sennas of the volcanic background of craters and lava walls, varying from 700 to 1700 feet in height, by degrees began to define themselves. Presently we could make out that the sides of the rugged cliffs were covered with human beings, that there were many flags in front of the low white-roofed houses, and that there was a red line behind the platform which was indicated as the landing-place. For once Aden looked gay and bright indeed, and had decked herself in holiday attire. The Prince went up on the bridge to gaze upon the first fortified possession of the Queen and

"Empress of Hindostan,"* and looked on the scene with evident interest. Just at that moment, as if to call to mind what are the foundations on which that Empire to which he is heir mainly rests, the mail steamer from Bombay (the Peninsular and Oriental ship *Lombardy*) appeared from behind the projecting Ras (headland), to the north-east. A large Arab dhow, laden with people who had no great interest in the event of the day, if one might judge from their keeping on their outward course, was obstinately bowling along to the west; another dhow stood in towards the harbour under all sail close hauled; but there were no other moving objects except a few gulls on the water. At anchor in the roads lay H.M.S. *Osborne*, H.M.S. *Vulture*, an Egyptian sloop of war, a French mail steamer, three British steamers, and two or three sailing ships, flying every flag they could find. At 6.45 A.M. the *Serapis* ran down towards her moorings in West Bay. Then from a lava peak 800 feet high there spurted forth a bolt of snowy smoke; the thunder rolled over the tremendous crags, and the report of the cannon woke all the grim steeps into life, and seemed to invite the rivalry of their ancient fires. Gun succeeded gun, battery followed battery, opening suddenly again and again from unexpected bluffs and mounds far away. The *Vulture* and Egyptian frigate joined in chorus as the *Serapis* with the Prince's standard flying, let go her anchors and brought up off the landing-place, about one mile from shore. The effect of the salute was very fine. Before the anchors were well down, the Somali

* This was written on November 18. The passage was published in the 'Times' the same month in accidental anticipation of the formal assumption of the title by the Queen under the provision of an Act of Parliament. It was believed by the writer at the time that by the Proclamation of Allahabad the title was legally assumed by her Majesty.



boys, familiar to all visitors to Aden, came alongside, paddling their frail canoes, which resemble the longitudinal section of a large cigar, and hold at most two of these naked, curly-headed young vagabonds, who are more at home in the water than on land. They at once began to call for money to be thrown overboard that they might show their skill in diving—very different from their congeners at Greenwich in the whitebait season—and their appeals were answered by a shower of pence. They expected more precious coins from such a noble ship, no doubt, and the first Somali who came up from a deep dive after a penny made a horrible grimace as soon as he rose to the surface and saw the piece of money, the colour of his own skin, which he had rescued from the depths. The Prince watched their gambols for some time, and shot a couple of gulls, which they dashed at like water-dogs, and fastened to a string, that they might be hauled up the side. Certainly, next to otters or seals, there are no such swift, keen-sighted divers, and the way in which they get into their miserable leaky canoes, which must be baled out incessantly, is very adroit. Civilisation is making way among them, for, though they still dye their hair red, and twist it into corkscrew curls defying imitation, they have adopted simpler styles of ornamentation in head-dresses, and wear drawers or loin-cloths. Soon after 8 A.M. the Prince came on deck, wearing Indian helmet, plumes, blue frock undress, Field-Marshal's insignia, and white trousers, the suite being ordered to appear in parade dress, or civil uniform, helmets, and white trousers. Presently, the Resident, Brigadier-General Schneider and Staff, Colonel Penn, R.A., &c., came off in full uniform, to pay their respects, and to take the Prince's pleasure as to the time of landing, and the arrangements for his reception. There was a brief space of time to prepare



despatches and letters for home, and to send on telegrams to India.

The Resident then returned to shore. A little after 9 A.M. the Prince embarked in the State barge, to which his flag was transferred from the main; the shore batteries and the ships saluted again; the *Serapis* manned yards; the Marines, under Major Snow, were drawn up on the main-deck, the band playing "God save the Queen." The *Lombardy* manned foreyards in very creditable style, and her crew and passengers cheered bravely. About 9.30 A.M. the Prince landed at the triumphal arch or covered way prepared for his reception. The platform was laid with scarlet carpeting, and was covered with an awning, or shamianah. At the water-step stood in front the Resident and the officers of the Staff and of the garrison of Aden. On the left stood the Foreign Consuls, the officials and Residents—European, Asiatic, and African—of every kind of dress, complexion, and aspect.

On the right side were drawn up the Arab Chiefs, the Sultan of Lahej, his brothers, and some six or seven other Chiefs or "Sultans" from the mainland, in most picturesque costumes, who first attracted the Prince's attention. They received his Royal Highness with a kind of proud deference. One Sultan could not come on account of fever, but most of those whom we subsidise to give and protect the carriage of supplies to the garrison attended. It is a pity some opera costumier could not have seen them. He might enlist a legion of supernumeraries before he could find such a picturesque creature as one of the Sultan's brothers. Figure and face might have belonged to some clothed statue but for the eye, which burnt and flashed like glass reflecting the rays of the desert sun. Impossible to convey an idea



of his splendid repose, or to describe his dress, which terminated (alas!) in a pair of socks and French bottines.

The Prince, acknowledging the loud cheers which greeted his landing, walked down the platform to the esplanade at the end, where a guard of honour of one hundred men of the 2nd Battalion, 25th King's Own Borderers Regiment, with their colours, was drawn up in front of a handsomely-decorated Stand, which contained all the ladies of the garrison and Station, some in European and some in Asiatic costumes. On the front of the Stand waved the Prince of Wales's plumes, composed of one hundred ostrich feathers, and, emblazoned in gold and blue, an inscription bade the Royal traveller "Welcome." As he emerged from the shelter of the awning into the bright sunshine, and his eye rested on the extraordinary gathering of natives on the crags and rocks, where they were nestling like sea-fowl of curious plumage and colour, he might well have been struck with admiration at the unpremeditated picturesqueness of the scene. There were weird and wonderful types of humanity from the opposite coast of Africa, wearing hair, resembling small snakes, stiffened like quills, or falling down like red fungi on each side of their faces, the men often far over six feet in height, with dazzling white teeth, scanty clothing, and legs which might be taken for mop-handles; fierce-eyed Arabs, demure Hindoos, sleek Parsees from Bombay, and varied specimens of the teeming populations which come from the Persian Gulf and the Coast of Africa to Zanzibar, and from the shores of the country marked as Arabia Deserta in our maps. Such dresses, as well as such absence of apparel, although he has now travelled in many lands, and has seen many strange sights, had never yet met the gaze of the Prince.

When the Prince returned to the shamianah, Mr.

Cowasjee Durshaw was presented by the Resident. This gentleman has, by honourable industry, raised himself to a high position in Aden. He is a Parsee, and he wore the distinctive head-dress of his people, which was adopted from the Hindoos, flowing robes of pure white muslin, trousers of the same, and shoes turned up at the toes. He proceeded to read an address from a handsomely illuminated volume.* At first his voice was somewhat

* As this was the first address which the Prince received to the east of Europe, it is worth while to print the text, which was very handsomely emblazoned and bound in an illuminated cover. The Parsees telegraphed both address and answer the same night to Bombay for the information of their community.

"To his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Cornwall, &c.

"May it please your Royal Highness,—

"We, the undersigned inhabitants of Aden, representing the mercantile community, humbly beg leave to approach and welcome your Royal Highness on arrival at the first British possession belonging to her Majesty's vast dominions in India.

"We feel gratified for the opportunity thus afforded us of expressing through your Royal Highness our loyalty and devotion for Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Empress of India.

"We fully appreciate the motive which induces your Royal Highness to visit India, and confidently believe that it will tend still further to cement the cordial understanding that now happily subsists between her Majesty's British and Indian subjects. We desire to acknowledge with gratitude the blessings we enjoy under the mild and just sway of her Majesty's Government, as exemplified in the yearly increasing prosperity of this important military settlement. When Aden was captured in 1839, being the first of the territorial conquests that have been made during the glorious reign of Queen Victoria, it was only a small fishing village; but under the fostering care of British rule it has expanded, as your Royal Highness will this day see, and it has become a large and prosperous town, containing a population of nearly 30,000 souls, composed of many creeds and races, and with an import and export trade showing transactions valued at upwards of two millions sterling. We recognise in your Royal Highness's visit to India a desire to become acquainted with the manners, customs, and institutions of its people, which cannot fail to be productive to the teeming populations over which your Royal Highness is destined hereafter to reign. To commemorate your Royal Highness's visit to Aden, we have set aside the sum of Rs. 20,000, to found a charitable dispensary, which, with your Royal Highness's permission, we propose to style the Prince of Wales's Charitable Dispensary. We beg, in conclusion, to express to your Royal Highness our earnest hope that your Royal mother, our most gracious Sovereign, may long be spared to reign over us, and also that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and the Royal children may

tremulous, but as he read on he acquired confidence, making a low bow whenever he had occasion to allude to the Queen, the Prince, or Princess, and pronouncing his English very plainly, he came at last to the end. His co-religionists, a knot of eminently respectable, intelligent-looking men, dressed for the most part with greater richness than their spokesman, listened to the address and to the Prince's reply with the profoundest attention.

The Arabs were somewhat bored, it struck me, with both the Parsees and with their address, and looked disappointed when the Prince walked towards the carriages prepared for him and his suite. The Peninsula is not rich in such vehicles, but the Resident and the chief merchants had collected enough of Victorias and four-wheelers for all the suite, not without calling in the resources of Bombay. The guard presented arms, the people cheered loudly, and the cortege, escorted by Major Stevens' Aden Troop—very picturesque cavaliers from India, in red turbans, dark tunics, and jack-boots, mounted on fiery little horses, and armed with tremendous sabres—preceded by a body of Shootee Sowars—Native troopers riding fast dromedaries—set out along an excellent road, to visit "the lines," which extend some six miles from end to end. The sides of the road were lined by H.M.'s 25th Regiment, the 2nd Bombay N.I. Grenadiers, the Royal Artillery, and by detachments of Native Sappers, Gun Lascars. The European troops wore Indian helmets, the Native troops turbans with distinctive

enjoy, with your Royal Highness, long lives of peace and happiness, surrounded by all the blessings this world can give.

"We beg to subscribe ourselves your Royal Highness's most obedient, humble servants,

"COWASJEE DURSHAW, and others."

badges. Along the greater part of the route crowds of "Natives," kept in order by vigilant, yellow-turbaned policemen, assembled at the best places. Of the 30,000 souls in Aden, there were few who did not come to look at the Prince, though there were some who stood afar, as if fearful of coming too close. A crowd of bheesties watered the dusty road in vain. When the clouds opened for a moment, the sun let fall rays like red-hot iron bars, and umbrellas and dust-coats were in requisition.

The Prince passed under many triumphal arches (six or seven at least), each with appropriate inscriptions and devices, visited the new works, saw the tanks, and halted for half an hour at the Mess-house of the 25th (K.O.B.), where there was a collation, which was very welcome. Thence he continued his inspection of the "lines," passing through the tunnels, and getting out of his carriage at the Victoria Bastion to take a look from the top of the rampart over the low spit which connects Aden with the mainland. In the distance there could be made out a few trees and a small white walled hamlet—the outpost of the Aden Horse. The Turkish outposts were at Thiais. They extend thence across Fow, at the distance of 120 miles from our outposts. A new Pasha had come to command at Sana, and he had just given the Hashad Arabs a complete defeat. The proximity of the Turks and the movements of the Egyptians along the opposite coast cause uneasiness at Aden. If it were the object of our Government to precipitate the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, they would be pleased to hear that the Sultan is keeping up an army of 30,000 or 40,000 troops against the Arab tribes, at an incalculable cost. There surely seems to be no solid reason for the smallest jealousy of Egyptian influence over the tribes which the Khedive is taking in hand on the African side, for it must be our interest to see a

settled administration along the coast, and to deal with civilised; instead of savage government.

The climate seems favourable to the production of a somewhat light and acid humour. The inscriptions over some of the designs of the cantonments indicated the existence of a certain caustic fun, which may be the result of a residence on this somewhat over-sunny peninsula. Over the portal of one building was inscribed "*Morituri te salutant!*" On inquiry it turned out that the place was the garrison slaughter-house. On another building was depicted a blazing yellow sun of a sinister aspect, winking one eye at an arid waste of stones, dotted with scanty herbage and half-starved camels, with the legend "Welcome to Araby the Blest!" Some classical artist had limned a dark young lady, in native garb, advancing to meet an unmistakable Britannia, with the words, "*Mater pulchrâ filiâ pulchrior!*" A materialist had designed a pile of champagne bottles, with the motto, "Thirsty Aden drinks to thee!" In front of the modest library was the inscription, "Hail! Author of our joy!" There were endless "Welcomes," and "Hails," and "Good wishes," and a "Cead mille failthe." "Freedom for all under the British Flag!" "Great Britain and India united for ever!" "Hail, electrifier of loyal hearts!" "Hail, Royal scion of a noble Queen!" "Happy and glorious is the reign of Victoria!" "Aden owes her prosperity to Britain;" "Our Arab tents are rude for thee." There were few if any Arabic or Ordoos inscriptions, and only one or two in French or other European language.

Above the portal of the Main Guard, which is situated in the throat of a narrow ravine at the Pass—a rift in the rugged crater wall, so wild and dark that one might pardon those who thought the Inferno lay inside—were written the words "Halt! who goes there?" As we

passed the grinning mouths of the guns which seemed to ask the question, there was no reply; but the inscription, "Pass, friend! And all's well," greeted the Royal visitor at the exit. On another archway there was emblazoned a "Hearty Welcome," which, when the Prince returned through the gate on his way back, was replaced by "Farewell, Albert Edward! our hearts go with thee!"

At 12.30 P.M. the Prince reached the Residency, a large bungalow, situated on an elevated peak of one of the higher ridges of Aden, and looking down on a quiet bay hundreds of feet below. It is a plain, unpretentious, and not very extensive quadrangle, of which, though it was decked out with much taste inside, any great Indian civilian would not think much as an official residence. The gardens were laid out by Colonel Playfair when he was Resident, with the assistance of Dr. George Birdwood, who sent the frankincense trees, which form such interesting objects, from Bombay.* The sight of shrubs and flowers so green and bright, in a setting of rugged scoriæ is very refreshing. There is a very interesting flora at Aden, for all its barrenness, and Mr. Mudd, the Prince's botanist, made valuable additions to his collection here.

Mrs. and Miss Schneider were presented to the Prince. After lunch his Royal Highness held his first levee in the Indian dominions of the Queen—for Aden may be considered as an outlying dependency of the Presidency of Bombay—in the outer room in the Residency, which was in some degree cooled by the current of air through mat hangings outside the porch, and by verandahs jealously excluding the sun. Captain Hunter, Lieutenant Kennedy,

* The descriptions and figures of three new species of the genus *Boswellia*, which were discovered by Dr. Birdwood, appeared in the 'Transactions of the Linnean Society' in 1869.

Lieutenant Sealy, and the officers of the Aden staff—Military, Marine, Judicial, Medical, &c.—were duly presented by the Resident. Mr. Jones, the Garrison Chaplain, Father Francis, the Roman Catholic Chaplain, in cowl and cord and sandal shoon, were not forgotten. The Foreign Consular officers presented the Prince with an address; Herr Ganslandt, Consul for Germany, offered a few words of congratulation, apparently on his own account. There was also an Egyptian officer, who said he came in the Khedive's name to offer a welcome to the Prince. The principal merchants of Aden were introduced. Next came the reception of the Arab Chiefs—very real men to look at—with a sort of proud suspicion and disdain in their glances at all save the Prince—and all picturesque and sufficiently graceful; the most interesting, spite of the attractions of his wild-eyed brother, was the Sultan of Lahej, who was introduced by the Resident to the Prince of Wales “as a faithful ally of the Queen.” This Chief, Fadhil bin Ali al Abdala, Sultan, who succeeded Fadhil bin Mohun last year, is of olive complexion, mild aspect, with soft lustrous eyes, black moustache and small curling beard. He was richly dressed, and fully armed with scimeter and pistols; but to the horror of the old Indians of the party, he was in stockings and boots instead of bare feet. General Schneider held the left hand of the Sultan in his right, and between the Sultan and the Prince stood the native interpreter. In a few graceful words, the Prince expressed his acknowledgments, on behalf of the Queen, of the services rendered by the Sultan to the garrison of Aden; and as a souvenir of his visit he pinned one of the medals struck for the Indian visit, and to which there was attached a blue riband, on the Sultan's left breast, and then put a massive gold ring, with the initials A.E., on the Sultan's finger. The ceremonial was



DECORATING AN ADEN CHIEF.

explained by General Schneider, through the interpreter, to him of Lahej, who never looked at either medal or ring while in the Prince's presence.

For all his pride and pleasure the poor Chief was nursing a small wound. He had been refused "the completion of his joy." Here is the translation of a letter which will explain his grief:—

From SULTAN FUDHL BIN ALI, of Lahej, to GENERAL SCHNEIDER, C.B.
A. C.

I inform you that your letter dated the 10th October has reached me, and its contents are understood. It has delighted me exceedingly, as it contained the news of the approach of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the future King. I also became very glad for your invitation to come to Aden on that day. I hope that you will complete my joy by allowing me to enter Aden with at least one hundred men, and after the meeting I will leave the town at once, because I am only coming to see one who is a most powerful and majestic friend. Although the meeting will take place only for a moment, it will be enough. If you will not permit me to come with one hundred followers, I will still come to pay my homage to the great Prince, but it will be with grief, and it is not proper to wear sorrow while all my friends are rejoicing; so please keep sorrow away from me, by giving permission. May you remain for ever.

18 *Ramzan*, 1292.

The Resident, however, did not think it expedient to grant this humble petition. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that the Sultan went back with a light heart. General Schneider appears to understand the Chiefs and to be liked by them, and he would not have rejected the demand without good reasons for it.

Aden may be regarded as our Indian Gibraltar. There is an evidence of the cost of Empire in the cemetery where rest so many of our people—very numerous indeed for the size of the place. They do not fall in battle, but they fail on the homeward voyage—too often deferred till all hope is over—from India. Whilst the Prince was at the Residency, Captain Glyn visited the grave of his brother

Richard, who was buried at Aden on his way to England at the close of the Mutiny, and old comrades of the Rifle Brigade and friends will be glad to learn that the place where he rests is carefully kept, and that all about it is in order. There is no ancient record of travel in which this cinder-heap is not mentioned as a place of importance. It has now been 37 years in the possession of Great Britain, and yet it is only within the last 17 years that the restoration of the fifty and odd reservoirs, some of which were probably constructed more than 1260 years ago, was undertaken; so that for nearly a quarter of a century we allowed a rapid ruin to fall upon these wonderful works which uncivilised and barbarous nations, as we call them, perfected. When Captain Haines visited Aden, four years before we attacked and took it, several of the reservoirs—"the hanging-tanks up the hill-sides"—were in perfect order. The "fine remains of ancient splendour" which Salt saw in 1809, have now all vanished. If we were to leave Aden to-morrow, the works which would record our presence would be few indeed—a mess-house or two, a small quay, a light-house, some batteries and stone walls, and imperfect restorations of the doings of others. And yet the very names of the makers of the great tanks which we are clearing out are unknown, and the impression left on the minds of the general Briton quartered in the place by the operation is, very probably, that *we* are executing great conceptions never thought of in the dark ages. Playfair's 'History of Yemen' gives a most interesting account of the efforts made 500 years ago to convey water into Aden. When the first system of reservoirs was restored and constructed in 1857, a single fall of rain, we are told, gave a larger store of water than all the wells would have yielded in a year. Proud of steam-power, however, we preferred condensers to any attempt to take the goods

the gods provide us, and for a long time were glad to pay 6s. or 7s. for 100 gallons of very vapid oxide of hydrogen.

The population of Aden is housed, for the most part, in wigwams. The place is a penal settlement for India, and people whom it would be inconvenient to keep in Bombay and its dependencies are deported to this garrison, over the entrance to which the inscription above the Gates of the Hell which Dante saw might well be placed, although it could not add to their misery. Jaswunt Rao Jasood, one of those alleged to have been engaged in the attempt to poison Colonel Phayre, was deported here by order of the Government of India, and was in Aden at the time of the Prince's visit—probably not at large—and there were possibly others connected with the same business; but the writ of Habeas Corpus does not run in these parts of the Queen's dominions. As far as I know, there was no judicial sentence of any kind against Jaswunt Rao Jasood. The two Maharajas and Sir Madhava Rao, indeed, dissented so completely from their European colleagues as to say that they did not believe the Gaekwar had instigated any attempt against Colonel Phayre's life, and, *pro tanto*, they acquitted those who were on trial, or whose guilt was being inquired into; but all the same, the Indian Government deposed the Gaekwar, and sent Jaswunt Rao and others into exile. When the Prince was at Baroda, a petition was delivered at the Residency from the family of Jaswunt, praying that they might be allowed to communicate with him at Aden, but the Prince could not interfere in the matter.

There is a regulation which is founded on the assumption that Aden commands the Red Sea, and that Great Britain is the mistress of that sea, which, if enforced, ought to enable the British authorities to exercise enormous in-

fluence. Every vessel carrying more than thirty passengers, natives of Asia or Africa, from any port east of the Cape of Good Hope to any port in the Red Sea, or from any port in the Red Sea to any port on the East Coast of Africa, must touch at Aden, and not depart without a clean bill of health. But why thirty? Or how can the number be ascertained? These questions are not easily to be answered. The sea-imports of Aden in 1874-5 were no less than 2,050,837*l.*; the exports were 1,278,365*l.*; total of exports and imports, 3,329,202*l.* Where the difference, amounting to 772,472*l.*, between the incomings and outgoings went, it is difficult to conjecture. But it is a very unpleasant fact for Manchester, that American piece-goods are sold here at a higher price than English manufactures, and are sent from Aden to Mocha and Hodeida in very large quantities. There are eyes from Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Holland, Sweden, &c., upon us at Aden, for there are Consular officers to represent these Powers; but Turkey and the United States seem to leave us to our own devices. The garrison of Aden consists of a Battalion of Queen's troops, a Battalion of Native troops, two Batteries of Royal Artillery, one Company of Indian Artillery, one Company of Indian Sappers and Miners, and the Aden Troop belonging to a regiment of Bombay Cavalry. The political and military functions are in the hands of the Resident, who is also charged with the administration of justice, in which he is assisted by subordinate officers and the Cantonment magistrate. He is the Sovereign's representative, to whom the Arab tribes look, if not for protection, at any rate for the payment of annual subventions; and it is a curious, if inevitable, feature in the dealings of the British Government with their very odd allies here, as well as on the North-west frontier of India, that it pays them tribute instead of receiving tribute



from them. We may put any gloss we please on the fact, but the naked truth which the payees perceive under it is, that they receive our money to be quiet. The Abdalees and the Fadthalees were our bitter enemies for several years after the British occupation; but they were beaten into treaty-obligations; and to the Chief of the first tribe (Lahej) we pay 6942 German crowns a year; to the Chief of the second—Sultan of the Fadthalees, 2160; and to the Chiefs of seven other tribes, little gratuities varying from 80*l.* to the modest sum of 8*l.* per annum. We are supposed to be the protectors of these tribes against the encroachments of the Turks, and the eye of the Resident is supposed to look across the narrow sea, also keep a keen glance on the opposite coast, and watch the uncanny doings of the Egyptians.

There are now ninety-four guns in position, and heavy guns are much needed on two of the points. Ten 9-in. guns are to be mounted immediately; but they have been lying exposed to the weather for the last five years. There ought to be at least three more batteries between the Camp and Steamer Point, which are six miles apart. In consequence of a recommendation of Lord Sandhurst in 1864, the Native Artillery are to be removed, and replaced by fifty Lascars, who are of no use as garrison gunners, and do not know enough drill to enable them to fire a salute. There is one point from which an enemy's steamer could reach the coal depôts. This should be secured.

Having taken leave of Mrs. Schneider and her daughter, the Prince walked down the steep path from the Residency to the beach, where the steam-launch and boats of the *Serapis* were waiting in a secluded little bay. There was no crowd to witness his departure; no one except a few Arab fishermen, who did not heed what was going on. The many who were loitering about the platform and

triumphal arch were no doubt taken by surprise when the guns fired a salute, and the manned yards of the *Serapis* and *Vulture*, and the cheers of the crews, announced that the Prince was going on board without returning from the Residency to the landing-stage. The Resident and the principal officers of the Staff, the commanding officers of her Majesty's 25th (2nd Battalion), K.O.B. (Colonel Wallace), and 2nd Bombay Grenadiers (Lieut.-Colonel Stanley Edwardes), Colonel Penn, R.A., Major Stevens, Aden Troop, Commander Brooke, R.N., &c., were invited to the Prince's table on board the *Serapis*; and a dinner was also given by the ward-room officers to the officers of the garrison. The town, the lines, and the batteries were lighted up and illuminated at nightfall. At 9 P.M. Brigadier-General Schneider and officers took leave of the Prince, and returned to Aden. At 10.30 P.M. the *Serapis*, with the *Osborne* in company, quietly got under way, and steamed out into the placid ocean for Bombay.

November 2nd.—Our log-book is a record of dry accomplished facts, for "incidents" are distasteful to our excellent and practically-minded Captain; all non-essential matter is carefully eschewed; even the capture of a "booby" or a "noddy" would not have been entered. The wind was generally light and favourable—that is ahead, so as to make the boilers draw. The distance allowed per 24 hours was 246 knots, and at 48 revolutions the *Serapis* did that run very readily "when nothing went wrong." At noon our position was determined to be lat. $12^{\circ} 59' N.$, long. $47^{\circ} 22' E.$, there being only 1' difference between the ship's place according to dead reckoning and that given by observation. Distance from Aden, 134 miles; from Colaba Light House, 1510 miles. The thermometer rose to 81° , the temperature of sea-water was 78° . Nor birds, nor ship, nor fish proper, were visible, but the sea

abounded in incredible quantities of jelly-fish of all sizes, from the bigness of a florin to that of the top of one's hat, which, exhibiting many pretty colours, were floating at various depths—some nearly on the surface of the water, and some far down as the eye could reach. At 2.10 P.M. there was a sensation. The ship suddenly stopped. Every one was instant in inquiry, "What is it? Why are we stopping?" The cause was soon explained. A condensing pipe was out of order. It was set to rights in a quarter of an hour, and the vessel proceeded on her way; but in little more than an hour the screw again ceased to work. Then great Mr. Oliver, Inspector of Machinery afloat—a hard-headed Oliver Cromwell sort of Scot, master of his work—took off his coat, and dived down the ladder into the interior of the murky turmoil of boilers, pistons, and furnaces, to direct the operations for the repair of the machinery. The Prince and the Duke of Sutherland also descended into the engine-room, to see for themselves what was wrong. This time it was the soft metal stuffing of one of the pipes which had melted, and the water was going into the stoke-holes. In an hour and a half the needful repairs were effected, and the *Serapis* resumed her course. Some censure was bestowed on the jelly-fish, which were said to have got into places where they had no right to be. At 6.21 P.M. there was a sunset of such miraculous beauty that every one came up on deck to see it. The sea was of an intense purple, almost black; the sky on the horizon, for ten or twelve degrees, was of a flaming saffron, softening and spreading upwards in a fan-shaped radiance of amber and yellow which melted into the tenderest and most delicious green. Long after the sun had set the glory of that wonder of harmonious colour haunted the western sea.



November 3rd.—It was a dead calm all day. The sea was more animated. Flying fish skimmed away over the smooth roll of the ocean, the repose of which was broken now and then by the plunge of a large fish in pursuit of the much-persecuted creatures which, between the bonitos and the gulls, have no peace either in sea or air. The waters are reported to be much favoured of sharks here; and towards noon certainly we were gratified by the sight of a school of whales, which kept, however, a good way from the ship. It was well they did, for rifles were immediately got in readiness to cause them inconvenience if they came within shot. The wondrous drift of jelly-fish continued. Scarce a square yard of water without its indolent citizen. There below him were others in layers far as the eye could reach—hour after hour for hundreds of miles. We lowered buckets over the side, but the ship went through the water at too great a speed to permit us to catch any. What a wealth of life! What a subject for research! At noon we were in lat. $14^{\circ} 2' N.$, long. $51^{\circ} 37' E.$, 1250 miles from Colaba Light House, Bombay; the ship running 12 knots. There was a solitary ridge, like a cloud, resting on the water, visible on the port beam, which was pronounced to be Ras Fartak, a wall-like steep some 6 miles long and 1900 feet high, which is quite inaccessible from the sea. It was said to be some 80 miles distant as we steered, and to be in a savage part of vast unknown Arabia, where the people of the Coast are given, it is believed, to sore ill-treat traveller or luckless mariner. There is some trade, especially in dead sharks'-skins and fins, nevertheless, in the small maritime towns along this coast farther north. This day there was a council of deliberation held in the saloon to consider the bearings of the news received at Aden as to the existence of

cholera in Southern India, and to decide upon the route to be taken in consequence; and after full discussion it was resolved that the visit to Trincomalee should be given up.

As an illustration of the influence on events which trivial matters may exercise, I may mention how it came to pass that the Prince's tour in Southern India was so modified and altered. Before leaving England, one of the suite received a letter, intended for publication in a newspaper, from Mr. J. B. Norton, enclosing a communication from an officer of Engineers, which pointed out the grave dangers which would attend a visit to the districts at the time of year indicated in one of the programmes to it. As it was considered inexpedient to create alarm in the public mind, the letter was put aside. One day it met the eye of the gentleman for whom it was intended, who communicated the contents to Dr. Fayrer; and he considered it of sufficient consequence to be made known to Sir Bartle Frere. A telegram was despatched from Egypt to the authorities at Bombay, to make inquiry into the truth of the statements as to the danger of visiting the districts in question. When the Prince arrived at Aden, the answer to these inquiries came back by telegraph, to the effect that although the risk of fever appeared to be exaggerated, there could be no doubt that the neighbourhood was at that moment unhealthy, as cholera appeared to be spreading among the villages surrounding the hills where the Prince's sporting camp would have been pitched. It became necessary to modify the programme, and to suspend any decision respecting that part of it until further information could be procured after our arrival at Bombay.

At 3.40 P.M. there was a stoppage of the engine once more. This time it was the cover of the bilge-pump of the main engine which had become disorganised. The bilges.

had been pumped out, and a good deal of work had been done in the engine-room to-day, so that when the accident occurred it was not considered of any consequence, as it was known that everything was in good order. In half an hour or so the vessel went on at increased speed to make up for lost time. At 6.20 P.M. the *Osborne* signalled that she could not keep up at the rate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ knots, and our speed was reduced 1 knot an hour accordingly.

November 4th.—The ship's company exercised at small arms, and were inspected by the Prince. At noon we were in lat. $15^{\circ} 14' N.$, long. $56^{\circ} 23' E.$; 964 miles from Colaba Point; sea like glass. There was a concert in the theatre on deck after dinner; but the comfort of the audience was interfered with, and their enjoyment of the entertainment diminished, by showers of smuts and clinkers from the funnel, which were driven aft by the head-wind. Some amateurs who appeared for the first time were stricken dumb from stage fright; their voices died in their throats. The bandsmen sang some part songs and glees very excellently well. Alistair, the Duke of Sutherland's piper, in all his bravery, made a promenade round and round, with his pipes playing gaily; but he rather fretted on the narrow stage, for your piper is nothing if he cannot strut up and down with martial swagger, swelling like a pouter pigeon. The leading comedian tried a little tragic part—a reformed pickpocket *à la* "It's Never Too Late To Mend"—and the gods roared with laughter at his pathos, to his great discomfiture.

November 5th.—The continuous steaming for five weeks is rather too much for the engines, and repairs and a thorough overhaul are much needed, and will be executed at Bombay. At noon we were 654 miles w. of Colaba

Light House (lat. $16^{\circ} 18' N.$, long. $60^{\circ} 55'$). There was a disturbance among the Arabs shipped at Suez as stokers respecting the choice of sleeping-places, the top of the sheep-pens being much coveted for that purpose. After dinner the Prince went on deck, where the crew had prepared a very elaborate Guy Fawkes, with a long wig and bands, villainous countenance, lantern, &c., complete, which was brought aft to the sound of fog-horns, tin-kettles, and all kinds of abominable noise. To this the Arabs, who perceived there was a tomasha going on, thought they would add an entertainment of their own. They accordingly crowded up on the upper-deck, with false beards, coloured faces, &c., and were quite enjoying themselves in their own fashion, when it was perceived that they were very rudely interrupting the legitimate drama, whereupon they were sent back whence they came, and even further, and had good reasons afterwards to repent their intrusion. When the Arabs had been removed, one of the crew read an indictment against Guy Fawkes, and pronounced sentence upon him, which ended with the committal of his body to the deep. A floating stage was ready at the side, Guy Fawkes was placed upon it, and when the port fire was lighted the stage was let go and dropped into the sea. To the great disappointment of the contrivers and the spectators, the stage capsized, and Guy Fawkes was whirled astern on his side; but it was fondly believed that the fire would not be extinguished, and that the rockets, maroons, and other explosives with which he was charged would go off after a time. Eyes were strained to catch the first fizz in the distance; but, to the grief of every one but the captain, who "didn't see the fun" of having these fireworks blazing under his counter, Guy Fawkes never righted himself, and was lost in the darkness. It would be curious to learn what

became of him. The thing would float about for weeks, and might cause many a false alarm and strange surprise at sea.

November 6th.—A wind from north-east fresh enough to mark "3" in the log, and to make one look out through the open port now and then to see if a wave was likely to come inboard, heralded by a crest of foam; but, though it often threatened, the breeze was not strong enough to summon the dreaded men who come round the cabins to secure the dead-eyes. The sea was still full of jelly-fish, apparently drifting about in a helpless way, but bent doubtless on important business. For all their flabby purposelessness, these creatures can vex steam-engines and men, for they are sucked into the pipes, and are solid enough to clog them. It was resolved to send the *Osborne* in advance to Bombay with letters, and at noon she ran up very close, and in reply to the Prince's hail, Commander Durrant said he hoped to get in by 10 o'clock on Sunday night. A boat was sent off to her with despatches at noon, and in a few minutes the *Osborne* was steaming away fourteen knots an hour, and showing the road to Colaba Light House, leaving her consort to do as well as she could without her. The observations at noon gave lat. $17^{\circ} 23'$ N., long. $65^{\circ} 35'$ E.; distance run, 264 miles; and distance to Colaba Light House, 420 miles. The thermometer stuck to its point, 80° — 81° , with tenacity, night and day, but we are becoming used to it. The Prince's horses stand the temperature very well, and seem none the worse for it when they are taken out for their morning's walk up and down the deck. Commander Bedford has been introducing some sanitary improvements among the Arab stokers, the importance of which have been forcibly impressed on them, and it is to be hoped that their manners will also partake of the benefits of these discip-

linary reforms. The excellent author of the 'Sailors' Pocket-Book' would be an admirable ædile on shore.

November 7th.—An easterly breeze, blowing just strong enough to give a good draught to the furnaces. Divine service on deck to-day. The Rev. Canon Duckworth read the lessons and preached a short sermon. He was assisted by the Rev. Mr. York, chaplain to the *Serapis*, who composed a simple hymn for the voyage, which was sung with fine effect by the trained men, officers, and crew. As many of the crew as could be accommodated on the main-deck, the Royal Marines, and the officers, &c., were present, and joined in the hymns and responses. All wore snowy caps, jackets, and trousers, and the bronzed and bearded faces afforded the only relief to the mass of white which filled the quarter-deck under the awning. Rarely has a more clean-looking, picturesque, or attentive congregation been anywhere assembled. The Prince, attended by the military members of the suite (blue frock-coats and white trousers, swords and spurs), inspected the Marines and Artillery detachment (R.M.A.) on the main-deck, and was much pleased with their appearance. His Royal Highness also went round main-deck cabins, some of which have been by this time worked up to a high degree of beauty, especially that of my neighbour, Lord Charles Beresford, for the adornment of which Tom Fat has indented on the resources of the ship in the way of brass-headed nails to an unconscionable extent. The thermometer hovered about 80°, and now and then ran up to 82°. At noon the result of the observations, which were laid as usual by Staff-Commander Goldsmith on the saloon table as soon as they were worked out, gave our position as 165 miles from Colaba Light House, which means that we shall see "India" early to-morrow morning, and make the landfall somewhere about Bombay—our inheritance

from Catherine of Braganza, in virtue of her Portuguese dowry. It is wonderful, when the comparative ignorance and helplessness of those ancient mariners are taken into account, to think how boldly they sailed those seas, and ventured on "the great void," so full (void as it was) of the terrors which must have beset them of the unknown. The knowledge of what had been done before them was lost. They were not encouraged by an acquaintance with the records of Egyptian exploration, or of later Greek enterprise. M. Mariette asserts that it is beyond gainsaying that the Egyptians not only traded from the Red Sea with India, but that they sailed down the coast of Africa, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and, turning northwards, reached the Straits of Gibraltar, and so arrived at last at Alexandria, or the port which was at the spot where that ancient city now stands. As Archbishop Whately said when he was shown the slate on which St. Kevin crossed from Wales to Ireland, and was asked "if he doubted the fact?" "I cannot say that I do, but I think if he did it St. Kevin was a *very lucky fellow*." With all our modern science and measured mileage of the sea, there was some little anxiety among our officers in the small hours about sighting Colaba Light House. "You see, Sir," said an astute navigator, on whom the exploits of the ancients were being thrust, "they did not know their dangers, and they were bold accordingly; they made no allowances for deviation of compass or set of tides and currents, for they were ignorant of them; and so they were as jolly as sand-boys. They had no Lloyds and no Boards of Inquiry; no courts-martial; and if they went down, there were no newspapers to make a howl over them." Practical commentaries these on the advantages of the dark ages! But regarding the arrival at Bombay in the light of a certainty, it must be said that there was one



perpetual prophecy as to the Prince's progress which was never falsified. Programmes, indeed, were subjected to change, but when the telegraph announced that the Royal fleet, or train, or cavalcade, would arrive at such a place on such a day, the fulfilment of it was pretty certain. Thus there were many advantages gained, and much ease and contentment given to those who were to receive and to see the illustrious visitor. So it was, too, that words which were not to be spoken or heard for many days were read and answers prepared beforehand, so that when the Prince arrived at any point where he was to be greeted with a thoughtful and elaborate address of welcome, he was not obliged to deliver a hasty and inconsiderate acknowledgment. Before the *Serapis* left Aden it was known what the Corporation of Bombay would say to the Prince, and similar foreknowledge was obtained, where an impromptu reply would, in many instances, have been hazardous.

The work of getting ready for landing has been going on since Friday, and the holds of the *Serapis* are yielding up mountains of cases. The Prince's presents alone form portentous piles between decks; and as to gun cases, boxes of ammunition, portmanteaux, boxes of wood and of metal, and all the farrago of a grand shikar party, the eye that did not see the stratified masses round which valets and mariners and Chinamen hovered, and on which they climbed for hours, can never hope to behold the like unless the Prince goes to India again.

It may readily be imagined that the near approach to India causes reflection, and fills men's minds with various emotion. Sir Bartle Frere is about to revisit the scene of the labours and services of his life, and to see in the city, which is yearning to receive him, the substantial proofs of his beneficent administration. Major-General Probyn is

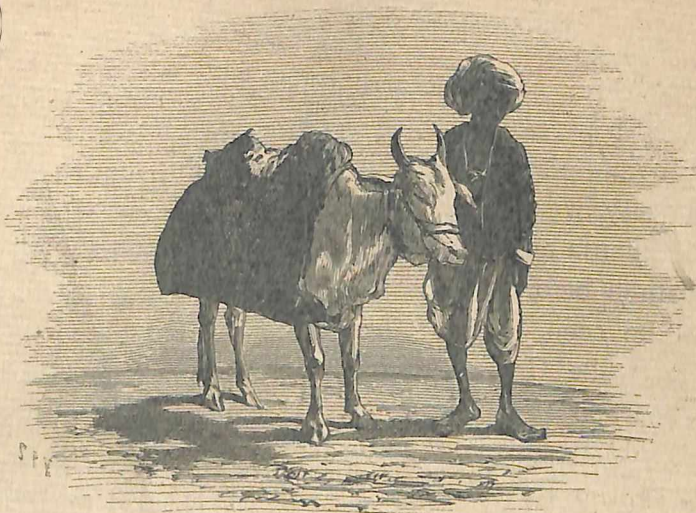
returning to the country in which he won his spurs ; but he is charged with a load of care which he would gladly change for the conduct of a charge at the head of his troopers ; because trustful as he is in the divinity that will hedge the Prince, he knows what dangers there are ever lurking in that cruel thing called "a crowd," and he has had much to do with this expedition. Dr. Fayrer is also about to place his foot on the shore of a land where he has worked hard for many years of his useful career, and wielded sword and lancet with equal assiduity and honour, but on his strong shoulders there rests a moral burthen and responsibility which he of all men least depreciates. Lord Charles Beresford is familiar with the wild sports of the East, and is joyous at the thought of fresh encounters with pugnacious "pig" and ferocious tigers, but still more elate at the thought of the pleasure it will afford the Prince to "get his first spear," and to have a warm corner in the jungle. Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Ellis has served in India, and he looks just now as though he were oppressed by awful visions of masses of Maharajas and Nawabs, and rows of Rajas waiting on shore, holding out their hands filled with diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, &c., of fabulous value, surrounded by piles of Kinkob, shawls, brocade, and all the wealth of Ind, ready to precipitate themselves on the Prince, to each of whom must be given some adequate return. When the list of these Potentates was received the other day, and the account of the presents they intended to make was read, there was a moment's deep despondency, and a declaration of bankruptcy by anticipation was imminent. The other members of the suite, with the exception of Lieutenant Fitz-George, had all the pleasures of novelty to which to look forward—new scenes, new life, new sport, new pursuits. For the Duke of Sutherland, who had been diligently "reading up India" during the voyage, there was

a store of investigation of natural resources, studies of agricultural improvements, irrigation, mining, the state of princes and people; for Lord Alfred Paget there was the acquaintance to be made with manners and customs of Native Courts, and the gratifying exercise of an active intelligence in observing the habits of Anglo-Indian life, and in seizing the distinctive points which make the Anglo-Indian something not quite the same as an Englishman or Englishwoman in India. For Lord Suffield there was the pleasant combination of the duties of a high officer of state about the person of the Prince, and of the pleasures of a keen sportsman—good with rifle and gun, and firm in the saddle—in a new field; and to similar obligations, and to the anticipation of similar enjoyment in the chase Lord Aylesford and Lord Carington had superadded a task imposed by their personal attachment, which happily had no need for its exercise. Mr. Knollys had the certain solace of having plenty of work to do, and so in degree each of the voyagers had something to think of—some a great deal. But the centre of all—the Prince—what of him? The country he had left was still straining its gaze in the track of the ship that bore him, still listening with all its ears for the reports of his progress, there was no empire or kingdom in Europe which did not take note of his journey. There were hundreds of millions of human beings waiting to feast their eyes upon him—the whole state of Hindostan from the Viceroy to the humblest Sepoy were in expectancy of his coming. Well. There was the Prince of Wales writing at one of the tables in the saloon, with a pleasant smile on his face—now and then stopping to caress “Flossy,” or to address a word to those near him—perfectly calm and composed, the traces of the once natural sadness caused by his parting nearly all effaced—for at every port telegrams come and go—“all is well” at Sand-

ringham and at home—and he is looking forward with resolute dignity to the ordeal which he is told he must undergo, and to the opening of the drama in which he is not merely the principal but the only figure.



THE PRINCE SHOOTING BIRDS ON BOARD.



THE BHEESTIE, BOMBAY.

CHAPTER IV.

BOMBAY.

First Sight of India—Bombay Harbour—The Viceroy and the Governor of Bombay—The Landing—The Prince and the Chiefs—The Bombay Address and Reply of the Prince—The Procession—Bombay Streets—The burra khana—First Morning in India—First Reception—"Private Visits"—Maharajas, of Kolhapoor and Mysore—Máharána of Oodeypoor—Rao of Cutch—The Gaekwar of Baroda—Sir Madhava Rao—Sir Salar Jung—Rajpoots and others—Rewa Kanta Chiefs—The Hubshee—Birthday Rejoicings—Unpleasant News—The Thakoors—The Levee—Return Visits—Byculla Club Ball—Bombay Jugglers—Box-wallahs—Caves of Elephanta—The Banquet.

NOVEMBER 8TH.—The Colaba Light House was not sighted as early as was anticipated, but the reflection of the light on the water could be made out about 1.30 A.M. The ship, being then only some 25 miles distant from land, was eased, and at 4 A.M. the engines were almost stopped, just going fast enough to keep the *Serapis* in her place till it was time to make the run into the harbour of Bombay. The morning was very bright and beautiful. A glorious sunrise promised one of those fine days which are somewhat too common in this part of the world, and the thermometer marked 80° with a persistency which led

the observer to think that the instrument must have received a permanent injury. Soon after 6 A.M. the highlands over Salsette, and the Ghauts to the south and east of the city, were plainly visible from the ports; the peaks of Elephanta and the Mahratta Queen could be made out some time before the masts of the men-of-war in the bay could be seen. The Prince came up and stood on the bridge, while Captain Searle, the Master-Attendant, who had boarded the *Serapis* outside, explained the principal points of interest in the fair landscape. At 8 A.M. the ships of the East India Squadron, under his Excellency Rear-Admiral R. J. Macdonald (Commander-in-Chief), viz., *Undaunted* (flag), *Briton*, *Daphne*, *Philomel*, and *Nimble*, as well as the harbour ironclad turret-ships *Abyssinia* and *Magdala*, and the ships of the Flying or Detached Squadron, under Rear-Admiral Rowley Lambert, *Narcissus* (flag), *Raleigh*, *Topaze*, *Doris*, and *Newcastle*, dressed, and fired a salute with magnificent effect, though the *Serapis* was rather too far at the time. They lay in echelon in two lines, the Indian Squadron on the port, and the Detached Squadron on the starboard, side of the grand sea-alley through which the *Serapis* was to pass. Behind the Light House, which rises out of the sea like one of the huge painted candles to be seen in foreign churches, there lay spread out, when the smoke rolled away, the fair panorama of the Bay, fenced in by the blue Ghauts, with the fleet in front, and enclosing in its arms the great expanse of buildings, steeples, and houses, which gives some impression of the importance of the city of Bombay; but the scene was once more shut out by the rolling cloud of smoke from the broadsides and forts, which drifted slowly away before the land breeze northward. It was just 9 o'clock when the *Serapis*, the Prince's stately yacht, entered between the lines of the men-of-war, the marines drawn up and presenting arms, officers

in full uniform with uncovered heads, and the crews on the yards cheering, ship after ship. The fleet then fired another salute, the bands on board each ship playing “God save the Queen” and “God bless the Prince of Wales.” The spectacle is not one to be described. There might be naval displays with more lively backgrounds, greater life and animation in flying yachts and countless boats and steamers, crowded with people and gay with flags, elsewhere, but where out of India could be seen such a stretch of coast fringed with tropical vegetation and lighted by such a sun?

All the arrangements for the reception of the Prince had been so thoroughly worked out before the arrival and landing that there was scarcely anything that could happen which had not been provided for. The order of the procession, the visits of the Viceroy and of the Governor, the forms to be observed, had been arranged. When the *Serapis* came to her moorings, many boats came off with the members of the Staff of the Viceroy and of the Governor, which are, I believe, called in India, Deputations, to pay their respects to the illustrious guest.

There had been some little trouble between the authorities by sea and land. A Commander-in-Chief on the East Indian Station and an Excellency afloat in harbour was something new at Bombay, and the Governor and Council had assigned Rear-Admiral Macdonald a place in the order of dignitaries on the opening day, which he would not accept, feeling that he represented in his person and office the honour of the service. To show how far below the Prince of Wales the greatest was, the Commander-in-Chief declared he could not salute Viceroy or Governor once the Royal Standard was flying in harbour; but all these clouds were happily dispersed in the end, and the Admiral's rights and office were recognised, and Viceroy and Governor had their salutes in due course.



Six hours elapsed between the arrival of the *Serapis* in harbour and the reception of the Viceroy on board, but there was plenty to be done and to be seen meantime—constant arrivals of persons of greater or less importance, visitors, persons on business, Sir Bartle Frere being especially in request. The officers to whom the Prince and the Royal party were so deeply indebted for their comfort and well-being came on board and were introduced to his Royal Highness. They were Major-General Sam Browne, V.C., Major Ben. Williams, Major Bradford, and Major Sartorius, V.C. The first-named officer was charged with all the transport arrangements, trains, carriages, baggage, and the like. The second was entrusted with the care of the stud-horses, syces, &c. The third had, perhaps, the most difficult and arduous post, for he had to look after the safety of the Prince's person, and to act as the head of the police. The fourth had the control of the tents and *vale-taille* and service of the Royal camps. Among these four officers there were two Victoria Crosses and only six arms, for "Sam" Browne had lost one of his in an action near the Rohilcund Terai near the end of the Mutiny, and Major Bradford had to suffer the loss of one by amputation, in consequence of injuries received from a wounded tiger. There are few men whose four hands could do as much work as these gallant soldiers managed with only two. Major Henderson, who has been specially attached to the Prince because of his great attainments as a linguist and of his acquaintance with Oriental etiquette and knowledge of Native Courts, was also admitted to an audience. There was need to land and despatch the baggage in advance, excellently managed by the experienced servants entrusted with it. The ship between decks presented quite as bustling and lively an appearance as the harbour outside, where native boats of novel shape and rig, laden to

the water's edge, and steam-launches and men-of-wars'-men furrowed the water between the lines of shipping. The *Serapis*, gazed at eagerly by tens of thousands, whom we could see on shore, and by the multitudes on board the vessels moored in the stately bay, was the centre of all eyes. The two Rear-Admirals, Macdonald and R. Lambert, and senior officers of the fleet were received at 10 A.M., soon after the vessel anchored. There was lunch to which several of the visitors were invited at the usual hour. It was now nearly 3 o'clock, and those in attendance on the Prince were told off to their places, for Lord Northbrook, Viceroy and Governor-General, was about to make his appearance on board. Shortly before that hour a salute from a battery on shore, immediately taken up by the ships of both the squadrons and by the floating batteries, announced that his Excellency had embarked at the Dock-yard; and presently a barge with the Viceroy's standard was seen approaching, and, punctual to the moment, the Governor-General stepped on board, and was received with all the honours due to his official rank. Lord Northbrook was attended by Mr. Aitchison, Secretary of the Foreign Department, by several members of his personal staff, the Military Secretary, Colonel Earle, his private secretary, Captain Baring, &c. He was conducted by Lord Suffield between lines of the Prince's aides-de-camp and suite along the corridor of the main-deck, which was covered with scarlet cloth, to the companion leading to the saloon, at the top of which stood his Royal Highness.

There had been some sort of notion abroad that the meeting of the Prince and the Viceroy would be attended with difficulties affecting their relative position and precedence—not in rank, because of that there could be no question—but in state ceremonial before the world; but it

was at once evident that such anticipations were unfounded, and that the Prince of Wales and Lord Northbrook perfectly understood what was due to themselves and to each other ; nor was there, I believe, as far as they were concerned, the smallest interruption to the perfect *entente* established at the very commencement of their intercourse, although an inadvertent interference of one of the Viceregal Staff at one time caused temporary annoyance.

The Prince, having presented the members of his suite to the Viceroy, who in turn presented his Staff to his Royal Highness, retired to a sofa with him, and engaged in conversation for some time. Presently it was perceived from the commotion at the landing-place in the Dockyard that the Governor was about to embark. At 3.25 P.M. the saluting battery commenced again, and Sir Philip Wodehouse was seen coming off to the ship. He was attended by the Commander-in-Chief of the Presidency, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Staveley, the members of Council, among whom were two Parsee gentlemen, Mr. Wodehouse, his private secretary, and his aide-de-camp. He was received by the Prince with much kindness. The usual presentations were made. In half an hour his Excellency took leave, and returned to the Dockyard to join those who were waiting for the landing of the Prince.

When it was time for his Royal Highness to set his foot on the shores of India, on which we had been gazing all day, there was some curiosity to observe in what order the Prince and Viceroy would take their seats, but according to marine views, whether by accident or not, Lord Northbrook unquestionably gave precedence to his guest, for he stepped on board the launch first, and remained standing until the Prince had descended the

companion and had taken his place beside him in the stern of the boat. Once more the cannon spoke, the crews aloft cheered, bands played, marines and guards of honour on deck presented arms, officers saluted as the Royal Standard passed each man-of-war, and from all the shipping uprose a mighty shout. The Prince's barge was preceded by boats bearing the members of the suite, who had to land before him. Looking back from one of these, a noble pageant, lighted up by a declining sun, met the eye—the hulls of the fleet, bright streamers and banners, long rows of flags from yard to yard and mast to mast, white boats, a flotilla of steam-launches, gigs, pinnaces, and a crowd of onlookers hastening fast as oar could send them in wake of the Royal barge to the Dockyard.

The flotilla sped on shorewards. A vast triumphal arch, spanning the water-way between two piers, but gay with banners, branches and leaves, and with decorations of palm and cocoa-nut, appeared in front of us. It could not be imagined that this dockyard stair in its normal state was one of the most commonplace and ugly of landings. But it had now not only been decked out with all the resources of art, which in this land are various and fantastic, but there was assembled beneath its great span perhaps the most strange and picturesque assemblage ever seen of late days in any part of the world. On each side of the way, under the vaulted roof, were long lines of benches rising in tiers, draped with scarlet cloth. This material was also laid down on the avenue to the gate, a hundred yards away, where the carriages were waiting. In the front rows sat or stood, in eager expectance, Chiefs, Sirdars, and native gentlemen of the Presidency, multitudes of Parsees, rows of Hindoos, Mahrattas, and Mahomedans dressed in their best—which was oftenest their simplest—a crowd glittering with gems and presenting, as they swayed to and

fro to catch sight of the Prince, the appearance of bright enamel, or of a bed of gay flowers agitated by a gentle breeze—the officers of the Government, the Corporation with its address, the Municipal body of Bombay, and the naval and military officers who could be spared, representatives of the faculties, corporate bodies, dignitaries, and all the ladies who could be found within the radius of some hundreds of miles, and who had hastened to greet the Prince with their best smiles and bonnets. An abundance of sweet-smelling flowers, many of rarity, was displayed in pots along the avenue, and others commingled with shrubs of new forms were arranged in masses near the entrance—banners hung from the roof,—words of “Welcome,” in various characters were inscribed in gold over the entrance. I shall say nothing of the appearance of the Chiefs just now, inasmuch as there will be plenty to write of them hereafter.

The mode in which the Prince was to make his first appearance before the Queen's subjects in India had been the subject of some consideration and discussion. Oriental ideas of dignity and grandeur, which insensibly acquire influence over the minds of Europeans after a residence in the country, suggested that splendidly caparisoned elephants would form the most fitting mode of carriage for the Prince, the Viceroy, the high officials and their suites in his Royal Highness' procession through the city to the Government House at Parell. The animals were all ready, but it was resolved not to adopt the Indian custom. As alternatives, there were carriages, or a cavalcade. The latter would have been the most effective manner of entry. It would, as we now know, have given the people more satisfaction, and would have enabled them to identify the Prince with greater ease; but such an ordeal as a ride of six or seven miles or more through rivers of illuminations

would have been more than human nature could have undergone, even if equine patience would have endured it. So it was decided that the entry should be made in carriages. A reference to the Appendix will show what were the official regulations, and it must be said, considering the difficulties which are found in enforcing arrangements of the kind, that they were well observed.

When the Prince came on shore, the anxiety of the Chiefs to see him was almost painful. For once they were much agitated, and the proudest departed from the cover of their habitual reserve, and from the maintenance of that staid deportment which the Oriental Turveydrop considers the best proof of high State and regal dignity. The Prince was at first shut out from their view, or was only revealed at times in the centre of a waving mass of cocked hats, plumed helmets, uniforms, European dresses, in which he was scarcely distinguishable; but when they could identify him, the frankness of his smile, and the candid look with which he surveyed them, produced on the instant a favourable impression; and when he paused to return their salutations, with hand uplifted to his helmet, a closer inspection more than confirmed the idea which their quick perception of character enabled them to form of his courtliness.

Some who saw the Prince as he landed thought they observed that he had a graver cast of countenance than was habitual with him a few years ago, and said they did not know whether to attribute it to the sun, which was unusually hot for the time of year, or to the emotion caused by the novelty and grandeur of the scene, accustomed as he was to such sights. Others wrote that he "seemed serious and even sad of aspect" as he walked up the landing-stage from the Royal barge, and that he "returned the salutations which greeted him with a preoccupied air that

betrayed emotions working within." But at all events his answer to the address of the Corporation was delivered with the utmost clearness of elocution, and in a manner which gained the hearts of those who saw him, if, indeed, they at all required any gaining.

When the strains of "God save the Queen" died away in the hum of many voices, the Corporation, the members of which had been eagerly awaiting for the moment, advanced, headed by Dosabhoj Framjee, the Parsee chairman, in the pure white robes in which his race rejoice, and in the headdress worn by his people which the Prince had already noticed at Aden. He said:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—

"We, the Chairman and Members of the Municipal Corporation of Bombay, esteem it a high privilege to be allowed in the name of the Corporation and of all the inhabitants of this City to greet your Royal Highness at your landing on the shore of India, with an address of loyal welcome. We rejoice that your Royal Highness should have selected Bombay as the starting-point of your Indian travels; for this city is in itself perhaps the most striking example India can present of the beneficial results that may be produced by the impact of Western civilization on Oriental character and institutions, and of the success that may attend earnest and judicious efforts to reconcile all the various races of this country to British rule.

"Bombay may lay claim to the distinction of being a Royal city, for this island first became an appanage of the Crown of England through forming part of the dowry of Charles II.'s Portuguese bride, and during the two centuries that have since elapsed, Bombay has had every reason to be grateful for this fortunate change in her destiny. From a barren rock, whose only wealth consisted in cocoa-nuts and dried fish, whose scanty population of 10,000 souls paid a total revenue to the State of not more than 6000*l.* a year, whose trade was of less value than that of Tanna and Bassein, and whose climate was so deadly to Europeans that two monsoons were said to be the life of a man, she has blossomed into a fair and wholesome city, with a population that makes her rank next to London among the cities of the British Empire, with a municipal revenue amounting to 300,000*l.* a year, and with a foreign commerce worth fully forty-five millions, and yielding in customs' duties to the Imperial Treasury three millions a year. All this material prosperity she owes to the strong and wise Government which has secured her in the enjoyment of peace and



order, of equality before the law, of religious liberty, and of freedom of trade, and has thus given confidence to men of all races and creeds—Europeans, Indo-Portuguese, Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsees, and Jews—to pursue their various callings under the shadow of the British flag.

“ We gladly, therefore, seize the occasion of your Royal Highness’s presence amongst us to record our sense of the blessings of British rule, and to assure your Royal Highness of our devotion to the throne which has become the enduring symbol of concord, liberty, prosperity, and progress to all the multitude of nations that own the benign sway of Queen Victoria. We beg that your Royal Highness will convey to her most Gracious Majesty the expression of our loyal sentiments and of our gratification that her Majesty has sent the heir to the Crown amongst us to become personally acquainted with the people of India. We regret that your Royal Highness’s Consort, the Princess of Wales, so much and so deservedly beloved by the English people, has not been able to accompany your Royal Highness on this journey, to learn for herself in what honour her name is held in India. We pray that the God of all nations may watch over your Royal Highness, and bring your happy design of visiting India, of which we to-day witness the auspicious commencement, to as happy a conclusion, so that it may be blest with good fruit hereafter in the strengthening of the ties of mutual interest, esteem and good-will which already bind the Imperial State of Great Britain to its greatest dependency.

Given under the Common Seal of the Municipal

Corporation of Bombay.

Chairman.

Secretary and Clerk.

The Prince’s reply was happily conceived. He said :—

“ It is a great pleasure to me to begin my travels in India at a place so long associated with the Royal Family of England, and to find that during so many generations of British rule this great port has steadily prospered. Your natural advantages would have insured a large amount of commerce under any strong Government, but in your various and industrious population I gladly recognise the traces of a rule which gives shelter to all who obey the laws, which recognises no invidious distinctions of race, which affords to all perfect liberty in matters of religious opinion and belief, and freedom in the permit of trade and of all lawful callings. I note with satisfaction the assurance I derive from your address, that under British rule men of varied creeds and nations live in harmony among themselves, and develop to the utmost those energies which they inherit from widely separate families of mankind, whilst all join in loyal attachment to the British Crown, and take their share, as in my native country, in the management of their own local affairs. I shall gladly communicate to Her

Majesty what you so loyally and kindly say regarding the pleasure which the people of India derive from her Majesty's gracious permission to me to visit this part of her Majesty's Empire. I assure you that the Princess of Wales has never ceased to share my regret that she was unable to accompany me. She has from her very earliest years taken the most lively interest in this great country, and the cordiality of your greeting this day will make her yet more regret the impossibility of her sharing in person the pleasure your welcome afforded me."

Then the Prince, with Lord Northbrook by his side, advanced slowly along the carpeted avenue, at the end of which a band of Parsee girls in white were awaiting him with garlands and baskets of flowers. He stopped from time to time to speak to the Princes who were presented to him by the Viceroy, the first being Sir Salar Jung, who is only a Prime Minister, but who represented the State of Hyderabad. He shook hands with most of them, and was especially gracious to the younger Chiefs, sympathising perhaps with the cares which must fall on such young shoulders in time to come. Each Chief had his Mentor, his "Political," by his side, and had a setting of Sirdars around and behind him. A bystander wrote :—"Even the Mahratta Sirdars, who have not much besides their dignity to stand upon, were charmed, apparently, with the gracious presence and winning smile of the future Emperor of India ; and when he spoke to each of them in turn and seemed to take a real interest in them, even Oodeypoor smoothed his troubled brow, and forgot his grievance against the Government which had set the Gaekwar above him. We doubt if a native noble left the pavilion without feeling gratified at the notice taken of him ; and it only shows what a mighty power lies hid in that little word 'tact,' when a kind smile and a courteous phrase can efface in a moment the remembrance of innumerable imagined slights inflicted by a generation of stiff-necked and narrow-minded officials."

Those of his suite who had to enter the carriages in advance had actually left the shed before the Prince landed. There is one inconvenience attendant on the position of those who are taking part in a procession. It is that they see very little of it—they are seen (and they are unable to ascertain whether that produces a gratifying effect on the beholders or not); but on such an occasion they may be sure that they are regarded with the utmost indifference, if, indeed, they are not looked upon with absolute contempt and dislike as mere obstructions and impediments to the full enjoyment of the one great object which all have come to behold. I am enabled to write nothing of what happened in the Dockyard on the landing except from hearsay. But of what I saw from the landing-place to Government House I am able to record my own impressions. Any spectator along the line of way could give a much more interesting narrative and describe more fully the effect of the procession itself. By one of these it was compared to a Doge's wedding as represented in the old pictures, save that it was on land instead of water, and that the *Bucentaur* passed between masses of human beings instead of gliding down canals lined by gondolas. That may be far-fetched. Of one matter, however, connected with this procession I cannot speak in terms of praise. There was no music: there was, indeed, the band of the 3rd Hussars, but it was silent. The band of the 7th Fusiliers was at the landing. On such an occasion as this nothing would have been more inspiring than the performance of martial music by mounted bands placed at intervals in the line of the procession, nor would it have been amiss had there been a greater display of cavalry and even of foot regiments, for the pace was not so fast as to have taxed the powers of marching, and the effect of the spectacle



would have been enormously enhanced by such an addition.

The Prince emerged from the Dockyard—a salute was fired by the artillery, and the procession, the head (in the sense of the beginning) of which had already awakened the curiosity of dense multitudes a mile in advance, moved forward, and those who were by nine carriage-lengths ahead of the vehicle of State, in which the Prince and Viceroy were seated, heard a roar piercing through the wild tumult of voices for a moment, as a gun at sea breaks through the noise of wind and wave. At every station in India had been heard a Royal salute where guns were to be found to fire it, and it may be safely said “that never was there so wide-spread and noisy announcement of any event made known to so many people at the same time as the arrival of the Prince of Wales in India.”

The impression produced by the aspect of the streets can scarcely be conveyed in any form of words ; certainly if one were to try to set the sights down on paper, he might well be puzzled. He would have to give an account of every yard of the many miles through which the Prince passed, each presenting extraordinary types of dress and effects of colour. There was something almost supernatural in those long vistas winding down banks of variegated light, crowded with gigantic creatures tossing their arms aloft, and indulging in extravagant gesture, which the eye—baffled by rivers of fire, blinded with the glare of lamps, blazing magnesium wire, and pots of burning matter—sought in vain to penetrate. For the most part the streets indulge in gentle curves, and as the carriages proceeded slowly, new effects continually opened up, and fresh surprises came upon one, from point to point, till it was a relief to close the eyes out of sheer satiety, and to refuse to be surprised any more. After several miles of these melodramatic effects, no wonder

there was an inclination to look for one welcome little patch of darkness to receive us in its grateful recesses ere the night was over. Certainly it was a spectacle worth going far to see—the like of it will never probably be seen again. This is generally said of any spectacle of any unusual magnificence, or of extraordinary grandeur; but taking it all in all, I believe that very few who witnessed the sight would care to miss it, or to go through it all once more. To the spectators, no doubt, the passage of the cortege of the Prince, who was the central point on which all eyes turned, presented an absorbing attraction. But it was a pleasure which lasted but for a moment, for the carriage was soon out of sight; and then silence gave way to the noisy interchange of ideas as to what had been seen, for there was no certainty among the mass of natives respecting the Prince's place in the procession. To those who were passing between these animated banks of human beings, there came at last an ennui, and a sense of sameness, although, as I have said, every single yard of the way was marked by many distinctive types. Who could take them all in? Windows filled with Parsee women—matrons, girls, and children—the bright hues of whose dresses, and the brilliancy of whose jewels, emulated the coloured fires burning along the pavement—scarcely attracted one's notice before it was challenged by the next house filled with a crowd of devout Mahommedans, or by a Hindoo temple opposite, with its Brahmins and its votaries on steps and roof; flanked appropriately by a Jew Bazaar, or by an Armenian store, or by the incongruity of a European warehouse; or was solicited by the grotesque monitors on a Jain Temple. For if the changes in the chess-board are so numerous as to furnish matter for profoundest calculations, the extraordinary varieties of race and population in Bombay present endless subjects for study, to

which only one thing was now wanting—adequate time. Night had long fallen ; at last the whisper came from the front and ran down the line—"We are nearly at home," and Parell received the Prince with all due honour, the most illustrious of the many guests who have been sheltered under the roof of the old Jesuit convent.

Up to the gates of the Park, illuminations and crowded thoroughfares, guards of honour, and salutes once more, and an official instalment in the mansion which was ablaze with lights and prepared for the occasion with the utmost regard to effect—clusters of turbaned scarlet-coated servants in the hall and on the steps, the Governor's Body Guard lining the corridor and staircases, and now the day was to be wound up by a banquet in the Great Hall.

The accommodation afforded by Parell is not very extensive, although the dining-room is exceedingly fine and large, and the State apartments sufficiently imposing ; but any way, it was necessary that the greater number of those in attendance on the Prince should be accommodated in tents ; and on each side of a broad avenue, formed by noble trees, there was a fair camp prepared for their reception, with crowds of servants waiting to be engaged "on approbation"—Portuguese boys, in blue jackets and white trousers, and Bombay natives, contending for choice. Outside the main street of the camp were tents for the servants ; for a Battery of Artillery, and for a detachment of the 2nd Queen's Royals, and the quarters of the vast miscellaneous gathering of people which is inevitable at any centre of power and authority in India. The tents were ready—beds, tables, chairs, washing apparatus, lamps, tubs, but alas ! there was one drawback. The soil was not very dry, and the tents were pitched on wooden platforms, which did not afford very equable support, and as one walked, the planks went up and down, giving a

general impression of an earthquake about the premises. Then, too, there were horrible suspicions of snakes, for Parell is built close to a swamp, and the lower part of the lawn may be said to melt into it.

The description of a dinner-party, even of the grandest, cannot be made interesting. The impression produced by the change of colour and of costume of the domestics at a burra khana does not last very long, or, if it does not subside rapidly, it is overcome by irritation at an appearance of alacrity and prompt obedience which is falsified by results; but the novelty of the scene at Sir Philip Wodehouse's table, where the glare of Indian liveries and the picturesque effects of Oriental attire were seen for the first time, must have been felt by the strangers. Besides the Governor's servants in their fine turbans and robes, there was in attendance a small battalion of those engaged for the Prince in new liveries of the native fashion—a flat white headdress, with a broad band of gold lace running diagonally from the scarlet top to the side, scarlet surcoats buttoned to the throat, richly embroidered with gold lace and the Prince's plumes in silver on the breast, laced on the sleeves, edged with gold lace, and confined by rich cummerbunds, but—"desinet in piscem"—the glittering personages so fine above wore thin white trousers, and went barefooted. Those specially attached to the Prince's service were fine-looking fellows, and so completely devoted to their work, that they would have seen all the company die of hunger sooner than give them a morsel. One there was whose place and duty it was to stand behind the Royal chair with a long fan to chase away the flies. Two others were engaged on State occasions to cool the air by the slow lateral movements of the great hand-punkahs. So far as I remember, there was only one Indian noble of high rank at the feast, and that was Sir Salar Jung.

The health of the Queen was drunk with extraordinary enthusiasm, but the few words which prefaced the health of the Prince of Wales were followed by what in such company might be described as a storm of applause. There was a State reception in the grand drawing-room upstairs after the banquet, and the Prince remained till near midnight, conversing with the various guests with unflagging energy, but the departure of the Viceroy for Malabar Point was the signal for the breaking-up of the company. Not one of the least of the strange sights to-night was that afforded outside by the carriages, and the lights of the running footmen in attendance on them, which reminded one of what might have been seen in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, or of the Grand Opera in Paris on the night of a fancy ball. The heat did not abate, and it contributed not a little to the exhaustion of the labours of the day, and to the effects of the passage through the fiery furnace of the streets. There were very few even of the youngest who did not rejoice when it was time to walk down the steps of the Government House, and make their way along the avenue of trees to their tents where the watchful "boys" were sitting ghostlike in their white robes, waiting to see their masters to bed. There was an appearance in the sky over the city as of a great fire. Camp fires blazed around. "Is it not all like the description in the 'Inferno,'" observed a friend to me, "where the poet says—

*'Sovra tutto 'l sabbion d'un cader lento,
Piovèn di fuoco dilatate falde,
Come di neve in alpe senza vento.
Quali Alessandro in quelle parti calde
D' India vede sopra lo suo stuolo
Fiamme cadere infino a terra salde' ?*

There was the stir of an army not yet reposing. Challenges of sentries, neighing and clatter of horses,



and from afar came the dull beat of drums and the monotonous chants of the camp-followers outside Parell, for these are very night birds. "Boy! Close the tent! Bund-Kharo! Good-night!"

November 9th.—Very early risers must men be who want to work in India, if not elsewhere. Once more in a tent, with black faces all around one! People and trees and surroundings all different—mango-trees and mango-birds, the gold mohur-tree, cocoa-nut and toddy-trees (*Borassus flabelliformis*), the wheeling kites overhead—higher still, the soaring vultures—the cry of the great woodpecker, and the chattering of the familiar minar—a new land, but a glance revealed that you were in India, and you felt it too. There is the Head-quarters' barber, in a great red Mah-ratta turban, waiting outside—a handsome smooth-faced fellow who makes his English go a long way, and who is a master in his art, though his fingers are deadly cold, and he is for his trade overfond of garlic. Him, be sure, you will never lose sight of as long as you are in India. There is the bheestie with his water-skin ready to fill your tub. There is the syce with your horse outside, if you are minded for a morning ride. There is the sweeper hovering in the distance, the khelassies or tent-pitchers awaiting orders, the khitmutgar with a cup of coffee, and the Bombay "boy"—in my case one Jivan—a slight, quiet, demure-looking man of forty or so—who has already taken possession of my property—boxes, bags, clothes, money and all—to the intense astonishment of Maclachlan, who would have resisted his assumptions by force, but that I told him it was the custom of the country. These and others. Each tent is a centre of existence to seven or eight of the people called "Natives," to whom you are for the time being lord and master. The impudent and irresistible crows, which are already marking you for their own,

are taking accurate note of your proceedings, and studying your character from the branches of the mango-tree overhead, and have been trying your patience by making a prodigious cawing and croaking on the top of your tent. Looking up the grand avenue toward Parell, you see the sentries pacing before the portico, the Royal Standard floating overhead, and the Sowars mounted and ready for duty outside. There are busy groups of people before every tent on each side of the main street, and word comes round that in a couple of hours breakfast will be served, and that, two hours later, every one is to be in uniform, in readiness, to assist at the reception of the Princes and Chiefs in Government House.

There was but little time to look around one, although the shade of the noble trees in the garden at the back of Government House, and the display of new plants and flowers, and the lake with its terraced margin were very tempting, and made one envy General Probyn his quarters in the detached bungalow inside. The Prince of Wales's birthday is to be duly honoured all over Hindostan India at noon; and the first object which greeted his eyes this morning was a portrait of the Princess, which had been entrusted to Sir Bartle Frere for this happy occasion. Probably he never had a more trying day, for accustomed as he has been to the performance of nearly all the duties of Royalty and to administer its functions, his Royal Highness had now to make himself acquainted, at very short notice, with formalities of a novel character, to which the greatest importance was attached, and, before the eyes of a most sensitive and watchful Court of Princes and Chiefs who had been accustomed to such routine all their lives, he had to go through ceremonies which, if not ridiculous, struck a stranger as frivolous or unmeaning. The heat even at 8 A.M. was

quite sufficient to warn us that we were in India, and yet the Prince was obliged to wear a uniform of European cloth, laden with lace and buttoned up to the throat, and to stand and sit for hours, going through the same kind of labour with each of the Rajas whom he received, who after a time must have appeared very much like the same people who had just left the room and were coming back again—figures lighted up with jewels, followed by crowds in white robes and gay headdresses. A little before 10 A.M. the members of the suite who were not on out-door duty were directed to repair to the inner audience chamber on the drawing-room floor of Government House. At the entrance stood two gorgeous people in scarlet and gold surcoats and turbans, with massive gilt implements in their hands. Servants, similarly dressed, with gilt batons of curious form held like swords, were ranged along the sides of the room. Twenty-four chairs were placed on the left of the silver Throne which had been prepared for the Prince at the end of the room on a cloth of scarlet and gold. Behind this seat stood four servitors—two with peacocks' feathers and horse-tails, and two with the broad fans, familiar to every one who has seen a picture of an Oriental reception, which were moved by the bearers to and fro on the long stems on which they were resting. On the right of the Prince's Throne twenty-four chairs were ranged, with a second rank behind. On the wall behind the Throne was a portrait of the Queen. In front, and extending about three-fourths of the length of the room or hall, was "the Carpet," which plays such a large part in Durbars. The programmes do not use that word on the present occasion, and style the ceremonies of to-day "private visits." It was mentioned in the early correspondence on the subject, that the Prince could not hold "Durbars;" but it would have been very difficult to have detected much distinction

between these and the private visits, except in the fact that the Chiefs were introduced separately and had separate audiences. Thus certain grave questions connected with precedence were evaded. But *the* "carpet" was there—the kudometer, if the word may be coined, by which Viceroys and others measure the degree of consideration and honour which is assigned to the durbarees, or those entitled to be received in Durbars. In the centre of the purple or crimson cloth, which was provided with gold-lace borders, there was an emblazonment of the Royal Arms and motto in full. It is with reference to the outer edge of this carpet, and to the exact number of steps taken by Prince or Viceroy from the Throne along it that the rank of the visitor is determined.

As yet the Prince of Wales has only been seen by the multitude, and has only exchanged a few words with the Chiefs. He has been surrounded by Europeans and has been at a "burra khana." Now he is to receive those Chiefs who have come from all parts of the vast Presidency, larger and more populous than many kingdoms. They have already had a kind of rehearsal, for the Viceroy has held a Durbar at which, *mutatis mutandis*, every form has been observed which will be followed to-day.

Be good enough to read this official document, and you will see what is laid down. It is "No. I., Programme for the reception of His Highness the Raja of Kolhapoor by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, No. I., Foreign Department," dated Bombay, 6th Nov. 1875, and addressed to "Political Officers concerned," and others. It runs thus :

"At 10 A.M. on Tuesday, the 9th November, 1875, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will receive a private visit from his Highness the Raja of Kolhapoor.

"The Raja will be accompanied by nine of his principal Sirdars and by the officer on duty with the Raja, and will be escorted from his residence by a party of cavalry.



"Major R. W. Sartorius and one of the Prince's aides-de-camp will proceed on horseback 500 yards from Government House, Parell, to receive and conduct the Raja to the Prince's residence."

"Major P. D. Henderson and an aide-de-camp will receive the Raja as he alights from his carriage, and will conduct him to his Royal Highness's presence."

"The Prince will receive his Highness at the edge of the carpet, shake hands with him, and conduct him to a seat on his right hand."

"On the right of the Raja will sit the officer on duty with the Raja, and the Sirdars in attendance on his Highness according to their rank."

"The other British officers present will sit on the Prince's left, in the order of their rank."

"After a few minutes' conversation the attendant Sirdars will be introduced by Major Sartorius, and will present the usual nuzzurs, which will be touched and remitted."

"Uttur and pân will then be given to the Raja by the Prince. Major Henderson will present uttur and pân to the principal attendant Sirdars, and Major Sartorius to the others."

"On the departure of the Raja, the Prince will conduct his Highness to the edge of the carpet; Major Henderson and an aide-de-camp will accompany his Highness to his carriage; Major Sartorius and an aide-de-camp to a distance of 500 yards from Government House; and a party of cavalry as far as his Highness's residence."

"A salute of 19 guns will be fired on the arrival and departure of the Raja."

"A guard of honour will be drawn up in front of Government House, and will present arms as the Raja passes."

"Full Uniform to be worn,

"P. D. HENDERSON.

"*Political Officer on the Staff of*

"*His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*"

The Prince came into the Throne-room shortly before the time fixed for the first reception. He looked at the gorgeous Chair of State with its golden arms, one representing a lion the other a bull, as if he thought it was somewhat too fine. The Duke of Sutherland in blue and silver, wearing the Riband of the Garter; Major-General Lord Alfred Paget in uniform of Major-General; Sir Bartle Frere in official uniform, with the Riband of the Star of India; Lord Suffield in State uniform as Head of the Prince's Household; Major-General Probyn (uniform,



Equerry); Colonel O. Williams (uniform, Royal Horse Guards), Lieut.-Colonel Ellis (uniform, Equerry), Lord Carington (uniform, Royal Horse Guards), the Earl Aylesford (Yeomanry), Lord C. Beresford (uniform, Lieut. R.N.), Dr. Fayrer (uniform, Surgeon-Major), Mr. Knollys (Household), and others; some on the Prince's left hand in order; others on duty outside; and others, again, engaged in the trying task of galloping up and down in the hot sun in attendance on Rajas, were all in their places.

A little before 10 A.M. the guns of the R.A. battery in the Park outside began to fire a salute, and before we could count the nineteen coups to which his Highness is entitled, the Raja of Kolhapoor drove up to the front of Parell House with a great flourish in a grand carriage drawn by four horses, with servants in beautiful liveries of blue and silver, and a magnificent fan-bearer behind, wielding a blazing machine to keep the sun away. He was received as per programme, led up the steps into the Hall, so up the grand staircase lined with the Governor's servitors—then into the corridors, and so conducted to the entrance of the Throne-room. There he stood for a moment. But inexorable fate in the shape of Major Henderson led him forward towards the Prince, who had risen and advanced with great dignity down the carpet to meet him. At the edge he stretched forth his hand and took that of the Raja, whom he drew towards him kindly. After the Raja trooped the Sirdars, each holding his sword by the sheath, which has neither straps, buckle nor slings, and is thrust into the cummerband when it is borne in action. A few phrases of courtesy were exchanged between the Shahzadah and the descendant of Sivajee (who can tell how many degrees removed?), adopted by the amiable Prince of Kolhapoor who died six years ago. Chatrapati Maharaj Raja Sivajee IV. is a

Mahratta, twelve years of age, and belongs to the Bhonsla family. He was attired in purple velvet and white muslin, and was encrusted with gems. His turban was a wealth of pearls and rubies; his neck like an array of the show-cases of some great jeweller. The Raja is as yet a mere child, despite his years, and seems as if he would be the better for a little course of cricketing or of some other bodily exercise. The State, which is ruled in his name, contains upwards of 3000 square miles, and more than 800,000 people, and has a gross revenue of 3,047,243 rupees.

It was interesting to watch the face of the Raja as he raised his eyes to meet those of the Prince. It wore an expression of pleased surprise as his Royal Highness, coming to the regulation spot on the edge of the carpet, with a pleasant smile took the hand of the little Chief and led him opposite the silver chair, where he left him with a bow, and sat down. The Political Agent then conducted the Chief to the chair on the right of the Prince, leaving another for the officer who acted as interpreter. The Raja's quick, soft eye rolled down the line of the suite opposite, and then remained fixed on the Prince; and his Sirdars—who sat in a row, contrasting very much indeed, in their Oriental bravery of shawls, jewels, and tissue of gold, with the plain uniforms of the Prince's suite opposite—watched every gesture of both. A few compliments were exchanged, but the remarks at such a reception are of an official character. Then it came to the turn of the Sirdars. Each rose in turn and advanced to the foot of the Throne or chair of State, salaaming low, and presented to the Prince a kerchief containing gold mohurs. This the Prince touched with his right hand and remitted, and the Sirdar walked backwards as instructed, not always with ease, to his seat. When these presen-

tations were ended, the Prince and all present rose, and his Royal Highness taking from those in attendance a gold and jewelled scent bottle, shook a few drops of perfume (uttur) on the Rajah's pocket-handkerchief, and then from another rich casket took the betel-nut (pân), wrapped in fresh green leaf covered with gold foil, which he placed in the Raja's hand; Major Henderson, as per programme, doing the same for the Sirdars. The interview was at an end, and the Prince led his Highness to the sacred verge, and thence he was conducted to the entrance, where he vanished with his face still turned to the Throne. The Maharaja went off as he came, in great state.

Scarcely had the echo of the salute for him of Kolhapoor died away when the guns once more opened, this time firing twenty-one rounds, to announce the coming of the Maharaja of Mysore. He is the adopted son of the Maharaja who died in 1867, and the restoration of his House is one of the most remarkable political acts of any recent Indian Government. His Highness, an intelligent-looking lad of thirteen years of age, is the subject of a great experiment, and represents the results of the subversion, by English hands, of the Mahomedan power founded by Hyder Ali, and the restitution of a Native State to the rule of a Hindoo House, which, strictly speaking, had no direct right in virtue of descent to enjoy it. It was for some time doubtful whether the adoption of Chamrajendra Wadia by the Maharajah in 1865 would be recognised; but six months after his death, the lad, then not quite seven years old, was installed on the throne, and was placed in the charge of most careful and laborious officers, whilst the affairs of the ill-governed State were retained in the hands of the British Government, but will be handed over to him when he is eighteen years old, if he "shall then be found qualified for the discharge of the duties of his exalted

position, and subject to such conditions as may be determined at the time." The State contains 27,000 square miles, and a population of more than 5,000,000 souls. The revenue is put down at 10,820,000 rupees, and it pays an annual subsidy to the British Government of 2,450,000 rupees. The jewels which literally hung on him must be of enormous value. One stone of the many of his necklace is said to be worth nine lacs of rupees. Some of the suite smiled as the Band outside played the duet of the brave Gendarmes, "We'll run him in," by way of prelude to his entrance to the audience chamber. He wore a coat of black velvet. His neck, wrists, arms, and ankles, were encircled with strings of pearls, diamonds, and rubies. His turban was graced with an aigrette of brilliants of large size, and a large tuft of strings of big pearls and emeralds hung down on his shoulder from the top. His Sirdars were equal in splendour to such a Chief. The same forms were observed as before, but the visit lasted a little longer. The Prince expressed his pleasure at hearing the little Maharaja speak fluent English, and on being informed that he loved the chase, was a good shot, and could play cricket, and sent him away in evident contentment.

He who came after Mysore was regarded with some curiosity. Who could be indifferent to the presence of one who claims celestial descent, and has his claim allowed—whose blood is of such heavenly blue that marriage with a daughter of the house is only to be obtained at the cost of a province, and who is, according to Tod, the living representative of the only dynasty which, with the exception of Jaisalmir, "outlived eight centuries of foreign domination in the same land where conquest placed them, and who now holds the territory which his ancestors held when the Conqueror from Ghizneh first crossed the 'blue waters' of the Indus to invade India"? Sir Thomas Roe, indeed,

asserts that the House of Oodeypoor is descended from Porus ! The Máhárána is a young man of the highest race in India, and, if all tales be true, of considerable force of character. He boasts of the oldest pedigree in the world, and "looks a gentleman all over." He speaks English, is tall, good-looking, and very fair—of a fairer hue than the average Europeans of the South—and is of very dignified manners and carriage, with an air as if he were conscious of his origin, and meant to keep up the traditions of the House. But what can he do at the best ? What career is open to him ? He rules, but does not govern ; and unless some change be introduced in the system, the instruction given to the Native Princes in English and other learning, and the cultivation of their minds, with all the concomitant knowledge of history, and the birth of new ideas—patriotism, ambition, and the like—will prove not only mischievous but disastrous. He was dressed all in white—turban, robe, and pantaloons ; but on his headdress there was an aigrette of magnificent diamonds, and he exhibited on his neck and on his arms some great pearls and rubies, and his gold sash was ornamented with a buckle set with the finest brilliants. His sword-hilt and sheath were richly studded with precious stones. The Sirdars in his train were attired in green satin and brocade and white turbans, and were more resplendent than their Chief.

The Máhárána has but nineteen guns ; his State contains 11,614 square miles, and a population of 1,168,000 people. The revenue is about 4,000,000 rupees, of which 20,000*l.* goes as tribute to the British Government. The Prince, who is not yet of age, was adopted by the late Máhárána, and is the son of the elder of his two uncles, both of whom were excluded from the succession. The Prince and the Máhárána seemed, to use a common phrase, to get on

very well together, and there was evidently a good deal of sympathy in the interview.

The Rao (Pragmul) of Cutch, who rose from his sick bed to pay homage to the Prince, came next—a tall, dignified, portly man, walking with great difficulty; so ill, indeed, that he only returned to his State to die, to the great grief of his subjects and of all who knew him. There are only seventeen guns allotted to him. The Prince did not go further than the middle of the carpet to meet the Chief; but the Rao and his Sirdars made a very impressive appearance for all that. Next to the Prince himself, the Rao seemed desirous of seeing Sir Bartle Frere, and the same remark applies to all the Bombay Chiefs, amongst whom the ex-Governor had left most pleasant memories. The “good” that men do oft lives with them. It was touching to think of the painful journey this infirm old man had made to pay homage to the Prince and see him for a few moments. He retired with evident satisfaction. The State is small—6500 square miles, exclusive of the Ran, which contains 9000 square miles. The population is under half a million, and the revenue is but 1,500,000 rupees. It was harshly dealt with by our rulers in times past; but they did some good too, and now they are doing justice. It was now ten minutes past eleven o'clock, and more than an hour had gone by in the performance of these ceremonies, when twenty-one guns announced that some one of Royal dignity was near at hand.

All eyes were dazzled when Maharaja Syajee Rao, the little boy whom the Government of India installed as the Gaekwar of Baroda, stood at the threshold of the door—a crystallised rainbow. He is a small, delicately-framed lad for his twelve years and more, with a bright pleasant face. He was weighted, head, neck, chest, arms, fingers, ankles, with such a sight and wonder of vast diamonds, emeralds,

rubies, and pearls, as would be worth the loot of many a rich town. It is useless to give the estimate I heard of their value, and the little gentleman has more at home. We all know his history, and how he owes his position and his future inheritance, whatever it may be, to the attempt made to poison Colonel Phayre, and to the selection by Jumnabaae, widow of the predecessor of the ex-Gaekwar, now somewhere in custody, of a little scion of the House of Pilajee, who founded the family, and whose descendant (Pertab Rao) little dreamt of the revival of the branch in the person of his son. He was met at the edge of the carpet, and strode with much solemnity to his seat side by side with the Prince. Sir Madhava Rao, Sir R. Meade, and a noble train of Chiefs came with him. The first is one of the most noteworthy men in India; the second is distinguished as a soldier and as a diplomatist, and is deemed by the Government worthy of the highest trust and of the most responsible posts.

The State of Baroda contains 4399 square miles, and a population of more than 2,000,000. The Gaekwar coins his own money; has an army of 5 batteries (20 guns and 400 gunners) and 3126 infantry, 2 squadrons of horse, and an irregular force of 5000 cavalry and 7400 footmen, costing the State 40 lakhs of rupees, or 400,000*l.* annually—a *quoi bon?* But Baroda has treaties; it is bound to have a “contingent,” and we control the manufacture of salt, and the right of opening ports. What the revenues are seems rather indefinite, but every one believes Sir Madhava Rao will place them on a sound footing. Baroda is now the subject of an interesting experiment. The ability of a Native administrator to construct a fabric out of the ruins of systems which covered every kind of disorder and corruption will be fairly tested. Baroda rules itself. Only in certain matters which do not inter-

fere with the full development of its resources or with its good government does the Paramount Power pretend to exercise control, or does the Resident become justified in making representations to the Durbar. The term "Paramount Power" is objected to by certain Indian newspapers. It is, however, perfectly applicable and absolutely correct. In no place has the term been more fully justified than in Baroda. The present Regent is one of the men who rise to the surface in Hindostan by sheer strength of talent, industry, and intelligence superior to all the forces arrayed against them. A Mah-ratta Brahmin, forty-seven years of age, he may be said to have been born in the purple of Premiership, for he is a son of one Prime Minister of Travancore and nephew of Vincat Rao, who filled a similar office. He was educated in the High School of the Madras University, where he was at one time Acting-Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; he subsequently filled several posts in the Civil Service, and was then appointed tutor and companion to the Prince of Travancore. He finally was made Dewan or Prime Minister of that State in 1858, in which capacity he acted for fourteen years with such eminent ability, and with such benefit to the British Native rule, that he was made Knight of the Star of India, and was offered a seat in the Legislative Council, which he declined. In 1873 he was invited by Holkar to become his Dewan, and administered the affairs of Indore with success. When the Viceroy deposed Mulhar Rao, and it became essential to place Baroda in the hands of a Native statesman, the British authorities applied to Sir Madhava Rao, who accepted the grave responsibility. What, with the advice and assistance of Sir R. Meade, he has done already promises well for the future. He has reconstructed the Revenue system, the Police, the Courts of Justice, and

has reformed the whole administration of the State. He has acted on the principle of paying all Government officers very high salaries, so as to secure able men, and to diminish the temptations to peculation and corruption which operate so powerfully in countries beyond the bounds of Hindostan ; and it is stated, on very good authority, that justice is administered, and order and law established and maintained, with firmness and certainty. The village watchman still exercises his calling, but he is well paid and is made directly responsible for his village ; so, onwards and upwards, in all branches of the Administration, Sir Madhava Rao has so organised the offices that there is no ground of complaint of inadequate or irregular payment, while the Revenue shows a large and rapid increase. He has not begun by sweeping away all old institutions and customs, tearing up tradition by the roots, and leaving a bleeding and irritating surface to receive the application of new ideas, but he has worked on the old basis and repaired the ancient structure. Here we have a man of the intellectual type of that Purnia of Mysore described by an illustrious Englishman, who said, when speaking of Talleyrand, " He is like Purnia, only not so clever ;" but Sir Madhava Rao is, in point of character and directness, greatly the superior of Wellesley's typical Brahmin Minister. The visit of the Gaekwar lasted a minute or two longer than usual, for the Prince asked several questions, and conversed with Sir Madhava Rao and Sir R. Meade. The forms prescribed in the programme were duly observed, and the Gaekwar, whose cortege and escort were very splendid, departed.

Next we had one of the most interesting events of the day. It was the reception of his Excellency Sir Salar Jung, G.C.S.I., Vikar-ul-Umra, Nawab Khurshid Jah, Nawab Ikbāl-ud-daula, and the other members of the deputation representing His Highness the Nizam of Hy-

derabad. The Nizam's Minister was dressed with studied simplicity in a long robe of dark green cloth, over which he wore the riband, G.C.S.I., a plain gold waist-belt, and a very small white turban, which set off his well-developed brow and fine but melancholy face to great advantage. The Prince received Sir Salar Jung, who led the deputation, in the middle of the carpet. He shook hands with him, and the members of the deputation. Few words passed, but the Minister seemed diffident. His reserve may be accounted for by the apprehension that he would be regarded as a *persona non grata* on account of the inability of the young Nizam to appear, but there was nothing in his reception by the Prince after dinner last night, or in the manner of his Royal Highness to-day, which gave any outward sign of displeasure. Sir Salar Jung did not speak until he was spoken to. After a brief conversation, he presented on his own behalf a nuzzur of 101 gold mohurs, which was touched and remitted. The eight Ameers who had been previously presented were introduced by Major Sartorius, and offered the usual nuzzurs, which were touched and remitted. A salute of twenty-one guns was given to the deputation as representative of the Nizam, who is entitled to that number, and not to Sir Salar Jung, who is personally only an Excellency. The Minister retired with his Sirdars, who were much more splendid than their leader, and who did not wear a very contented aspect for reasons unknown to us.

After him came Keshree Singjee, the Maharaja of Edur, a fifteen-gun Prince, a handsome, soft-faced, voluptuous-looking youth, who was more at his ease than any of his fellows. His father was a K.C.S.I., and Member of the Legislative Council of Bombay, and the Prince is a minor, and is receiving his education from a tutor appointed by the Director of Public Instruction. His State, which has

a population of only 220,000, is scarcely defined as to its boundaries, but is accurately measured as to revenues, of which the net amount is 25,000*l.* a year. The Prince advanced only three paces to meet him, and led him for so many when he was leaving, but the Chief went away in excellent humour and full of smiles, followed by his six chief Sirdars in very fine dresses. He congratulated the Prince on his birthday, and hoped for the honour of a visit from him at Edur.

Next came Sir Charles Napier's old friend, Meer Ali Morad, of Khyrpoor, in quaint Sindian headdress, with a dyed beard, who talked to the Prince of his shooting days with the most perfect frankness, and expressed his regret that he could not show him some sport in the way a M.F.H. would lament a hard frost to a winter visitor; but he was not entitled to even one step in advance, and was received by the Prince standing fast before the throne. However, he received his *uttur* and *pân* from the Royal hands. Though he is only sixty-one, he seems very old, and he retains his cheerfulness under rather trying circumstances. It is of not much benefit to revert to the very doubtful circumstances under which he was made Rais after Sind was annexed, but for him it is enough that he was deprived of the title and of most of his land in 1850, because he claimed more than he was entitled to, and that he was left only what his father bequeathed him. He is very poor and very proud, and has very little power or influence, but he is considered by sporting men "not a bad sort of fellow," and he made a very favourable impression. His Beloochee Sirdars were of the fiercest and finest-looking we have yet seen. When he left it was a little after noon, and if the Prince was not tired of the standing up and sitting down in that heated room, some of his suite certainly were. However, there

was no respite save for a minute or two, when the Prince walked into the outer hall and looked out from the verandah on the Park outside, which was filled with the people in attendance on the visitors. There was still much to be done.

After these great personages had been received and dismissed, their Highnesses the Nawab of Joonagurh, the Jam of Nowanuggur, the Thakoor Sahib of Bhownuggur, the Raj-Sahib of Dhrangdra, the Raja of Rajpeepla, the Dewan of Palanpoor, and the Nawab of Radhanpoor, were received in private audience, a very interesting group of picturesque personages, mostly in bare feet and fine turbans—of whom there are probably few persons in or out of India who have heard anything, even the names, unless the officials immediately charged with the administration of the India House and Foreign Office.

The Nawab of Joonagurh comes of a race of soldiers, the first of which known to Indian history seized on the district of Torith, from the capital of which the Chief takes his title seven generations back. He pays out of his revenue of 600,000 rupees a sum of 28,394 rupees to the British and a sum of 36,413 rupees to the Baroda Government. The Jam of Nowanuggur enjoys revenues of 600,000 rupees, of which 50,312 rs. go to the British Government, 64,183 rs. to the Baroda Government, and 4893 rs. to the Nawab of Joonagurh. He is the head of the Jahrejah Rajpoots, and his ancestors, coming from Kutch, established their rule in 1542 by force of arms; and one of them made an attempt to shake off the authority of the British Government in 1811, but was quite unsuccessful. The Thakoor Sahib boasts a pedigree of nearly nine centuries, and now rules a prosperous little State with a revenue of 800,000 rupees, of which he pays 130,000 rs. annually as tribute to the British

Government. Dhrangdra is a small State, but its Chief, a Raj Sahib, is head of the Jhulla Rajpoots. He has 160,000 rupees a year, of which he gives 40,000 rs. as tribute. The Rajpeepla Chief seemed to be under the influence of considerable excitement, as though he were angered by something, and exhibited some temper when one of the officials placed his hand on his shoulder to direct him to his place—a most vivacious, bright-eyed, sprightly man who was evidently anxious that his little son should be noticed, and was immensely pleased when Sir Bartle Frere spoke to him, and said a few words to the boy on leaving. He comes of a Rajpoot race, which maintained its independence till the time of Akbar, and he still rules over an area of 4500 square miles, and enjoys a revenue of 375,000 rupees, of which he pays 20,000 rupees annually towards the maintenance of the Guzerat Bheel Corps. He possesses the power of trying any but British subjects for criminal offences. The Dewan of Palanpoor belongs to an Afghan family, which came to Bahár in the time of Humayoon, and became masters of large territory, but they were deprived of much of their possessions, and all that remains to them now is an area of 4384 square miles, peopled by 178,000 people, and a revenue of 300,000 rupees, of which he pays 45,512 to the Gaekwar. Radhanpoor is a little district of 833 miles square, with a population of 46,000 souls, and a revenue of 250,000 rupees. It pays no tribute, but it has in lack of protection to submit to black mail from its neighbours. The Chief is descended from a Persian adventurer of Ispahan, who carried his way with his sword, and left sons to develop his fortunes. One of these became possessor of large part of Guzerat, but his descendants suffered the loss of much of it at the hands of the house of Baroda. He has power to try for criminal offences.

At 12.50 P.M. their Highnesses the Raja of Baria, the Raja of Loonawara, the Nawab of Balasinoor, the Raja of Chota Oodeypoor, the Raja of Soonth, the Sir Desai of Sawant-Wari, the Raja of Dharampoor, and the Nawab of Jinjera successively paid private visits to the Prince. The ceremonies were the same as at the preceding visits, except that on the arrival and the departure of the Raja of Baria and of the Raja of Dharampoor a salute of nine guns was fired, whereas the others had eleven guns each. These Chiefs generally belonged to the Rewa Kanta States. The first of them is a young man, who is owner rather than ruler of a small territory of 1600 square miles, with a revenue of 75,000 rupees, of which 12,000 rupees are paid to our Government. The second has a still smaller estate and revenue; and he must be poor indeed, for out of less than 4200*l.* per annum he pays 1600*l.* to the British and 230*l.* to the Raja of Balasinoor, who rules over 400 square miles, and enjoys its revenue of 40,000 rupees, from which 11,079 rupees go to the British Government. These small Chiefs and the Ruler of Chota Oodeypoor (who has an estate 3000 miles square, and a revenue of 100,000 rupees, of which 8770 rupees go to the Gaekwar) belong to races and families closely connected. But the Raja of Soonth, who has only a little estate of 900 square miles, and a revenue of 22,000 rupees, claims descent from the ancient Rajas of Malwa. He is reduced to an income of 2200*l.* a year, of which he pays 600*l.* to the British Government. The Sir Desai of Sawant-Wari is in a protected condition. In 1730 his ancestor was an ally of the British, who were glad to make a treaty with him for the plunder of the famous Angria, and to give him all the conquered territory except Gheria and Kenneree. His successors were piratically



inclined; and our dealings with the race were not conducted with clean hands. The present man is an opium-eater, and his State (900 square miles and 153,000 people, with a revenue of 200,000 rupees) is managed for him. Of the Dharampoor Raja little is known, even to Captain Malleeson, except that he administers the affairs of 15,000 people, whom he can try for capital offences, and that he has a revenue of 90,000 rupees, of which 6500 are paid in tribute. The Hubshee Chief, Nawab of Junjeera, or Jinjeera, Ibrahim Mahomed Khan, did not attract as much attention as the singular history of the State he rules, the race he represents, and the character of the man merited. The Nawabship is of very curious origin. Nearly 400 years ago certain Abyssinians, who in those days had relations with the Indian States on the coast, obtained permission to land 300 boxes (the number is suspicious) of reputed merchandise on the island. Each box contained a soldier, and the living imports seized on Rajpoori and Jinjeera. The Abyssinian admirals, who administered the affairs of these parts subsequently, under the Ahmednuggur Kings, were elected, and were styled Wazeers, and an African Colony grew up and waxed so strong, that the Seedee Futteh Khan, their Chief, not only defeated the Peishwa's army, in 1659, with great slaughter, but maintained his independence. Sivajee in person took Rajpoori in 1661; but was effectively held in check by the Fort of Jinjeera. Though he conquered every other part of Konkan, Sivajee never could obtain possession of the island. Finally, the Seedee Chiefs acknowledged the sovereignty of the Peishwa; but the extraordinary vitality of these Abyssinian admirals, and the long-sustained independence of their State, are among the curiosities of history. Jinjeera now contains only

324 square miles, 83,000 people, and it yields a revenue of 330,000 rupees a year. The first time he ever left his island was when Sir Bartle Frere was Governor. He started with the intention of visiting Bombay; but his heart failed him when he came in sight of the harbour, and saw the great mass of shipping. In fact, the Hubshee Nawab was profoundly suspicious of his neighbour, and obstinately—shall I say wisely?—refused to have anything to say to us. He would not make any treaty, enter into any arrangement, nor acknowledge any obligation; he would pay no tribute, and permit no foreigner to live in his State. Naturally, therefore, when there was a leisure moment, the British Government interfered on the general ground of "misconduct and oppression;" and although they were indifferent to their existence for more than half a century, the Bombay authorities, in 1867, deprived the Nawab of his criminal jurisdiction. He came to Bombay to pay his respects to the Duke of Edinburgh in 1870, and sought the recovery of his powers, but in vain. He had, perforce, to agree to do as he was bid, and now all goes well.

The first sensation experienced when the last of the durbarees had departed was naturally enough one of thankfulness. Who does not feel a sense of relief when a levee is at an end? And this was a levee held under difficult circumstances. There was yet much for the Prince to do ere his birthday could become yesterday. The Viceroy was received, and had a long conversation with the Prince before the latter left Parell House on a very interesting occasion. He went to pay a visit to the *Serapis*, where the crew were enjoying a dinner provided by the Prince, the men of the *Osborne*, I believe, being similarly treated. There was a fine work of the confectioners' art ready in the saloon, which the Prince cut, and his health was drunk with much feeling. Telegrams were exchanged

between Sandringham and Bombay. The passage of the Prince between the shore and the ships was, of course, made with pomp, salutes, and yards manned, flags, music, cheering; and when he landed, the city, which had been in great excitement since yesterday, was beginning to light up, for this was the happy occasion for which the native world had been longing—the general illumination of the fleet and of the town—a spectacle that never can be forgotten. It was a surprise even to those who had passed through the streets the night before.

The ships were so brightly illuminated that the great bay seemed as if it were filled with rows of fiery pyramids. The sea that lapped the sweep of the bay and all its curvings from Malabar Point to Elephanta was fringed with flame, and broke on shores of fire. The Prince, attended by the Viceroy, the Governor, the officers of State, of the Army and Navy, and the Chiefs, drove through the principal streets from Mazagone to Parell, passing by every public building and object of interest on the way. None who have not seen an Indian illumination can imagine the beautiful effect of the soft light of the buttee, or the oil-lamp, a small saucer of baked clay, with a piece of cotton-wick. The lamps were fed incessantly by men and women with cans of oil. The inscriptions were monotonous, and rarely deviated from the stereotyped "Welcomes;" though now and then one came upon an exceptional expression, such as "Tell Mamma we're happy,"—"Welcome thee, our future Emperor,"—"Welcome our future father and King," and the like.

A State banquet was given by the Governor in honour of the Prince's birthday.

"It has long been my earnest wish," said the Prince in returning thanks for his health, which was proposed by the Governor—"the dream of my life—to visit India; and,

now that my desire has been gratified, I can only say, Sir Philip Wodehouse, how much pleased I am to have spent my thirty-fourth birthday under your roof in Bombay. I shall remember with satisfaction the hospitable reception I have had from the Governor and all here as long as I



THE BUTTEE-WALLAH.

live, and I believe that I may regard what I have experienced in Bombay as a guarantee of the future of my progress through this great Empire, which forms so important a part of the dominions of the Queen." These few words were prophetic and true to a degree which few dared to anticipate. A reception, attended by many of the Native Chiefs, in addition to the elite of the European

community, followed, and the festivity was not brought to a close till late at night.

November 10th.—The Governor-General sets out to-day on a tour, and when he takes leave of the Prince will see him no more till he receives his Royal Highness as his guest in Government House, Calcutta. The "act of respect" has been performed, and having welcomed the Prince to India, Lord Northbrook departs with his Staff and Body Guard, and exhibits his state to the Chiefs of Rajpootana, and to places seldom if ever visited by his predecessors. Whilst the Prince is engaged in a sedulous execution of the programme prepared for Bombay, official intelligence of the spread of cholera renders it very doubtful if the shooting excursion in Southern India will be practicable. Colonel Michael, who was charged with the arrangements, and who is quartered in camp, hopes that the reports will turn out to be exaggerated. After breakfast the last series of visits began. When the Prince had taken his place before the Chair of State once more, and all things had been rightly ordered, the minor Chiefs, who had been fast assembling, were marshalled in the outer rooms to be presented. First came Chiefs of Kattywar, of the second class, whose distinctive title is "Thakoor Sahib," and who exercise legal jurisdiction in the Kattywar Courts for capital offences, unless the accused are British subjects. There were a certain number of retainers allowed to each, but these were not presented to the Prince; and the Chiefs are not entitled to return visits from him. Each Thakoor was led by one of the Staff to the threshold of the Audience Chamber, where he was received by Major Henderson or Major Sartorius, who, taking him by one hand, walked slowly up, and announced the Thakoor's name. The "conducting" of the Chiefs was a curious ceremony. The Political Officer took the hand of the conductee in

his own, and thus led him to the presence as if he were in some sort of custody; and the appearance was intensified by the attitude at times of another officer at the other side of the honoured person. The Thakoor made obeisance, the Prince bowed, and then the Chief was pointed out his chair on the right of the Prince; his followers took their seats in the chairs behind him. The Chiefs retired in due order, followed by their retainers and salaaming to the Prince.

This formula was followed closely, and it was repeated, *mutatis mutandis*, in the case of Chiefs of equal rank. It will be seen that to Rajas and Nawabs of lower degree there was not accorded the favour of a personal reception outside the Government House by a member of the Royal suite. The higher honour—which means that when one officer of the suite had had quite enough of trotting as hard as he could 500 yards up and down in the sun, he was relieved by another, and that when one equerry or aide-de-camp had done his share of the receptions of Chiefs, another took his place—is greatly prized.

The first who came, the Thakoor Sahib of Morvee, is owner of 125 villages, with a population of 91,000 souls, and a revenue of 65,000*l.* a year, and pays a tribute of 4000*l.* Next, though his revenue is only 12,500*l.*, out of which he pays 1200*l.* to Government, came the Thakoor Sahib of Wankaneer. The Thakoor of Palitana, a Rajpoot, aged thirty-one, whose State contains a population of 52,000, and whose city is in high repute among Rajpoot pilgrims, was next. Another Rajpoot—the Thakoor Sahib of Derole—a poor man, with a State of sixty-one villages, a population of 18,500, and a gross revenue of 15,000*l.* a year—followed. After him came thei Thakoor of Limree, a minor, pupil of the Rajcoomar College, whose revenue is estimated at 21,000*l.* a year.



Then came the Thakoor Sahib of Wadhwan, Raja of Rajeer, also a minor, and pupil at the Rajcoomar College, who draws 35,000*l.* a year from his villages, pays 3250*l.* to the British Government, and 6230*l.* to the Nawab of Junagarh, who seems to be the greatest of these Chiefs. Next, at 12.20 P.M., six Sirdars of Sattara, the Deccan, and Konkan, who do not possess the power of life and death, but who belong to families of the most extraordinary antiquity, were received. The first was the Swamee of Chafool, but he was by no means the first in point of birth; for the Punt Prithinidee of Aond, who was presented after him, boasts of a title higher than the Peishwa's own, and still holds part of the lands his fathers held from Sivajee. Punt Suchoo of Bhore, who has a jagheer of 500 square miles, came next; then the Chief of Phultun (400 square miles), the Chief of Vinchoor, C.S.I., and the Raja of Jowah. When these were dismissed, which was done in ten minutes, there was still a third body of Chiefs to be presented to the Prince. These were the Raja of Moodhole; the senior and junior Chiefs of Sanglee, and of Meeruj; the Chiefs of Koorundwar and of Ramdroog. The Raja of Jowah and the junior Chief of Sanglee would have made a sensation anywhere. In raiment and face and figure these men were various—some were laden with jewels, some were plainly clad, but as each sat sword in hand he looked a gentleman—better sitting, awkward as it is, than walking in the horrid restraint of patent leather shoes or *bottines*. Their behaviour was admirable—no staring or pushing, no curious gestures or expressions of surprise, but perfect self-possession and repose.

Hitherto opportunities of appreciating the force of the sun not in the shade have not been many, but the drive this afternoon amply atoned for want of experience of that sort. The Prince, accompanied by Sir Philip Wode-

house, left Parell, with all the usual honours of guard, band, colours, and salute, at a quarter past 3 P.M., escorted by a body of the 3rd Hussars. Although this is the cold season, the sun was intensely hot, and the smallest protection—such as a shady piece of road—was eagerly welcomed. There were many thousands along the route, but the many tens of thousands of people had disappeared. Some time after 4 P.M., the Prince alighted at the Secretariat, an enormous pile of buildings, not unsightly or incommodious, where the chief clerks of the Government, who rejoice in the title of “Secretary,” carry on their business. Here he was received by the Chief Justice and Commander-in-Chief, the Members of the Council, the Roman Catholic Bishop, the Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty’s naval forces in India (I take the order from the official programme), and was attended to the Presence Room. Having taken his place on an elevated dais in a large room, honoured by that style and dignity, the door was thrown open, and the levee commenced. It may be an excellent institution in Europe, but in Bombay, in a temperature approaching that of the dog-days, it is certainly one of the least agreeable ceremonies that can be, whether for Europeans or natives. The former were naturally desirous of paying their respects to the Prince, although the utmost notice he could bestow upon them was a bow as their names were announced. As to the native gentlemen, some of them appeared so utterly astonished and unhinged as to lose all power of locomotion ; so that it was necessary to seduce them gently away from the Royal presence, or occasionally, indeed, to direct their uncertain steps with more vigour than politeness. It may be imagined what the effort of standing in a smothering atmosphere for more than one mortal hour, and making at least two thousand bows in the time, must have been. However, at last, the levee was brought to

an end. The doors were peremptorily closed at 5 o'clock, and many were left outside, too late to have the honour for which they so much longed. A much more pleasing ceremonial followed, although it was not without its share of toil—the Children's Fête, held upon an open space near the harbour,—which afforded a very pretty spectacle. Boys and girls of all castes, classes, and creeds, dressed in the most brilliant colours, were collected under their various teachers, to the number of 7000, with banners flying, and insignia denoting the schools to which they belonged, driving one again for comparison to the oft-used image of wide-spread banks of flowers in full bloom; and these were in full bloom, if not with ruddy cheeks, at least with that peculiar light and glow which indicate youth and health in this part of the world, and with an intensity of eye which, except in Spain and Italy, is not seen out of India; and as the Prince, almost with difficulty, made his way up to the elevated stand where he was to hear the song in his honour, and to present himself to the little multitude, the cries, the cheers, and hurrahs, which arose, indicated their possession of excellent lungs. Finally, he was almost smothered in garlands and wreaths of flowers. The Parsees were remarkable for the richness of their dresses, and for the startling effects of colour which they exhibited. The evening was fixed for the return visits, which began after the inspection of the children.

When the Prince returned the visits of the Chiefs at their own residences the restraint and silence, which had been so remarkable, vanished. There were, to be sure, formalities duly prescribed in printed circulars, but the Prince spoke unreservedly to the Chiefs, and the effect of his ease and kindness was magical.

The first visit was to the Maharaja of Kolhapoor, four of whose principal officers escorted the Prince at

6 o'clock from the Esplanade, near the Secretariat. The Chief's residence, hired for the occasion, was some distance from the Fort. The crowds of natives in the streets, augmenting in density as the procession reached the place where guards of honour, artillery, triumphal arches, illuminated gardens, and a bungalow of great size, as light as day, indicated that the Prince was expected, were interested to the utmost, especially the Hindoos, who took it as a compliment to themselves that the Shahzadah was about to honour one whose lineage they so much respect. In the court before the door the Native forces of the State were represented by some very picturesque cavalry and footmen. The Sirdars of Kolhapoor, surrounding their Raja, were arranged outside the house. The hall was full of retainers, and the staircases were lined by warriors and servitors armed to the teeth. As to the tumult of music and cannon, the drumming and flourishing of trumpets and instruments of auricular torture, which arose when the Prince, descending from his carriage, was received by the Raja, it must have been heard to have been appreciated. The State apartment was very richly decorated, and was not wanting in chandeliers, coloured prints, and mirrors. The Prince and the Raja, hand in hand, advanced between the lines of seats arranged at each side of the room, and sat down in chairs at the end. The Sirdars sat on the left, the English on the right. The Prince expressed the pleasure he had in meeting with a Chief with whom it was possible to converse. He was aware that the late Raja had died at Florence, on his way to England. He much regretted the occurrence; but he trusted that it would not prevent the Raja from visiting him some day, and he would be always glad to hear of the progress made in his education. Then came a presentation of all the Native officers to the Prince by the Political Officer on duty,

each of whom presented his nuzzur, which was "touched and remitted." While this interview was proceeding, the presents were being laid out in an adjoining room. Then the Maharaja gave the Prince *uttur* and *pân*, and conducted him to his carriage, which was met outside by a deputation of the Sirdars of Oodeypoor. Then another drive through crowded suburbs and under illuminated arches to the residence of the young Chief, who had an enormous establishment of armed retainers and troops, horse and foot, drawn up in his court-yard, in addition to the British guard of honour, band, and colours, and to the artillery. "God save the Queen;" Royal salute; the same exchange of ceremonial speeches and presents. The Prince pleased and flattered the *Máharána* greatly, it would seem, by the simple remark that he had heard of the great antiquity of his house, and had read in history of the gallant deeds of his ancestors. He regretted that his limited stay in India would prevent his visiting the capital of such a distinguished and ancient race, which he had heard was one of the most interesting and beautiful in India. As the *Máharána* was going back to his capital in order to meet the Viceroy, who was setting out on a tour to Rajpootana and the Central Provinces, the Prince expressed a hope that he would not remain unnecessarily in Bombay on his account. The next visit was to the Gaekwar. Four of the chief Sirdars of Baroda came to the gate of the residence of the *Máharána* of Oodeypoor to escort the Prince to the residence hired for his Highness near Malabar Hill. The Gaekwar met the Prince at the step, and conducted him upstairs to a seat in a long room lighted most brilliantly, and when the Durbar was set, the sight was very fine, for the Court of Baroda is still magnificent. It is hard to find small-talk for a little boy like the Gaekwar, but the Prince

charmed him by speaking of illuminations and horsemanship. The Gaekwar is very fond of riding, and his Royal Highness encouraged him to persist in it. As he was in the carriage which came immediately behind the Prince's, he could see the illuminations to perfection, and he expressed his pleasure with childish freedom; but he did not seem quite so cheerful when the Prince alluded to his studies, said he would watch over his career with interest, and hoped he would pay especial attention to English, which he would find so useful. He enjoined him not to neglect his writing. The Prince, before leaving, had an interview with Jumnabaae, who may be called the "Queen-Mother," and then drove off, followed by the Baroda Sirdars, back to Parell.

And then it was just as much as one could do to get to his tent, and rub off the smut and black of illumination and flaring torches in a welcome bath—once a shower of unctuous rain was let fall from a triumphal arch on the State carriage and its occupants, owing to a jar given to the frail edifice by the wheel—dress, and run to the House to get to one's place before the Prince and the Governor led the way to the Banqueting Hall. When dinner was over, there was a movement for the grand Ball given by the Byculla Club, of which all European Bombay had been talking, thinking, and dreaming for weeks; but it was not given to every one to have strength for these festivities, which, after all, were like those exotics which are chiefly valuable because they flourish under adverse circumstances. There were always absentees, or some who treated such occasions as men do the cold water plunge of the Russian bath—popped in and hopped out again. Perhaps the Duke of Sutherland and Sir Bartle Frere were among the latter, and certainly Canon Duckworth was of the former, but the Prince was never known to disappoint expectations, or

to throw a chill over such gatherings by retiring early—"Royauté oblige" with him; and the Byculla Ball was, by all accounts, worthy of his presence, and was a great credit to those who had the management, and who were seen to grow old prematurely under the weight of care, till all wrinkles were smoothed by its brilliant success. The jackals and minars, which had been welcoming dawn round my tent, were banished by the cheerful voices of my neighbours as they returned, one of whom was good enough to come in and give me his first and freshest impressions of the ball, and to assure me I had "missed one of the jolliest things a fellow could see—good rooms, good supper, good wines, good music, good partners, and capital floor."

November 11th.—After breakfast hour a train of ragged fellows, some leading apes and others carrying bags, was seen coming up the main street of the camp. These were followed by seven or eight ugly, shapeless, elderly women, in bright drapery, with what are here considered to be musical instruments in their hands. They squatted apart—conjurers, ape-leaders, singing women—under the shade of the trees in front of the tents. Presently the Prince sauntered down from Government House and took a seat in front of the tent of Lord Charles Beresford, and the charmers and conjurers prepared for their exhibition; but the natives had no idea of the rank of the person before them. The camp-followers and soldiers from the tents near at hand gathered round, till one of the suite, remembering what had occurred on a similar occasion in India, cleared them away. The juggler and the snake-charmer first showed off all the orthodox tricks of their confraternity. They were two only—a withered vivacious juggler and a ragged snake-charming confederate—chatty old fellows, whose skin hung on their bones as if it were

cracked brown paper. They did clever "passes," swallowed and spat out fire, exhibited an inexhaustible water-vessel, and walked on wooden pattens, held on by the feet making a vacuum with the sole. The juggler suddenly produced two cobras out of one of the baskets, which had been turned over, inside out, in our presence. A thrill went through the spectators as the reptiles, hissing fiercely, raised their flaming eyes and hooded crests and reared on end as if to strike the garrulous charmer. It was not the drumming or the playing of his friend on the dry gourd which drew the reptiles out of cover. The snakes danced to the music of a gourd drum, but it was with rage and fear, not with pleasure. Dr. Fayrer opened the jaws of the larger with a stick while the man held it, and showed the Prince where the fangs were *not*. Meantime a mango-seed, which we had seen placed in the earth, was growing rapidly, and the old fellow in an interval of snake-charming exposed a bright green tree, some 18 inches high in the ground, where he had apparently only put in a seed, covered with a dirty cloth. Then another of the famous legendary feats of the Indian juggler was executed. A shallow basket, about 18 inches high and 3 feet long, with a cover, was placed before the Prince. It was plain "there was no deceit." It was a basket, and nothing more or less, and it was put on the bare earth before our eyes. A lad of twelve or so, slight of figure and pleasant of face, with not an article of dress on him save his loin-cloth and turban, came out from the group of natives near at hand. Him the jugglers, chattering the while, bound up hand and foot, *à la* "Brothers Anyone," with strong twine. Then the old fellow slipped a sack of strong netting over the lad, and squeezed him down on his haunches so that he could tie the cords securely over the captive's head; he then lifted him from the ground to show how securely the sack was

fastened. He put the boy into the basket with great force, as it seemed, and appeared to have difficulty in fitting the lid on the top. When that was done, the older juggler began to talk to the basket. Presently the lid was agitated, the cord and net were jerked out on the ground. The juggler ran at the basket, jumped on the top, stamped on it in a fury, crushed in the lid, took a stick and drove it through the wicker-work. He lifted up the lid. The basket was empty! Then came a voice as of the lad who had been inside it, and lo! up in the branches of one of the trees near us was just such a youth! It was certainly a very clever trick, and done with the most simple adjuncts. The mango-tree, when it was next uncovered, appeared hung with tiny fruit. The ape-men showed off their favourites, which had been trained apparently to turn the British soldier into derision, and went through the manual and platoon exercise in a shockingly reckless manner, winding up with a general quarrel. Finally the singing-women began a ditty; but a few staves were quite sufficient to prove that the taste for native music must be acquired.

The accounts from the hunting-grounds left no doubt that cholera has broken out epidemically in the district which lies between the coast and "Michael's Valley." Reports from the *shikarries*, enough to make one feel exceedingly bitter against the cholera and its untimely visit, represent that bison and ibex are swarming all around the site of the intended camp. But Dr. Fayrer was quite resolute; nothing would induce him to consent to the Prince's passing through the cholera-infected region, where there was also fear of catching fever. With heavy hearts it was decided that the landing at Beypore must be, if not abandoned, at least excluded for the present from the programme. It was no comfort to learn that we were to have the opportunity of seeing the Baroda Highlanders. This eccentric-looking

corps was the creation of a former Gaekwar, who succeeded in procuring all the materials for Highlanders except the men. He could not help Indians having brown skins; and no matter how a real Highlander's legs may be burnt by the sun, they cannot assume the Oriental bronze. The "Highlanders," about 300 strong, came marching up gaily to the strains of their own bagpipes, which were just as musical as though they were tuned by Alister MacAlister himself, and drew up in line outside the entrance to Parell. They wore what seemed to me the clothing of a Highland regiment. Probably their coats might have been new when purchased, but certainly they were not made for them. In coats, kilts, bonnets, and feathers, stockings and shoes, they were as like Highlanders as could be—quite as tall, or taller, if not so broad as the average of Scotch battalions; but there was one startling innovation in the costume. Whether to imitate the colour of Briton's flesh or from motives of decency I cannot say, but anyhow, the Baroda Highlanders wore pink calico breeches, which came down below the knees, over which their stockings were drawn above the calf of the leg.

The return visits of the Prince to the Maharaja of Edur, and to Chiefs of equal and minor degree whom he had received, but whom he could not see at their own residences, were made at 3 P.M. at the Secretariat, in a room set apart for that purpose, each Chief being assigned an apartment which was provided with chairs of State and double rows of seats. On the Prince leaving the first Chief, he was met at the door of the reception-room by the next, to whom he then paid a short visit.

It did not strike me that it was either a satisfactory or becoming arrangement, and I was not surprised to hear that it had caused annoyance to the Chiefs when the Viceroy called on them in the same way, but the honour

of receiving the Prince was some compensation. To the eye all went well, and there was a pleasant if "warm" interchange of civilities; in fact, the heat in the rooms was just on the verge of being unbearable. The good people of Bombay had been for some time preparing a dinner in honour of the Prince's visit, to the sailors of the fleet, to which his Royal Highness proceeded when these return visits were over, and it was a good idea well carried out and thoroughly appreciated. And to hear these two thousand sailors cheer when they saw the Prince of Wales enter and advance to the centre of the canvas hall, all draped with flags, was great comfort in itself—a sort of marine assurance that there was, without Chauvinism, no want of the old stuff which some think thinned and worn-out by chafing innovation! No wonder the Prince wanted to see them as they saw him, and so he called for a chair to stand upon, and mounting the plank with a glass in his hand exclaimed, "My lads!"—such a combination of roar and laugh as broke out at this!—"My lads! I am glad to meet you all! I drink your good health and a happy voyage home!" Well, it would be very difficult to say what these two thousand men would not have tried to do at the Prince's bidding when he spoke these words. I am glad their only task was to keep quiet and get on board, and that they did in most orderly fashion—albeit they put the wreaths of flowers on their necks, and ornamented their caps with the little flags which graced the table. There never were better behaved fellows, not only at the vast feast spread in immense tents wherein tables had no time to groan under beef, pudding and beer, and had to bear a good deal of dancing all during the festivities, but in the streets. Moreover, on this day there was a fête of great grandeur, if of excessive ritual; the Prince laid the foundation stone of Elphinstone Docks with Masonic honours—not honours

merely, but ceremonies of the most orthodox complication and elaborateness. The only mistake lay, perhaps, in inviting the Chiefs to come and see, and placing them where they could not see anything. It was a surprise to the ignorant to see Parsee, Mahomedan and Hindoo members of the craft, but they were there in considerable numbers. There was an address and reply—there was a procession of Masons in all their glory, and then the stone was laid amid great rejoicing. When that was done, the Prince had to take off his Masonic robes and go through yet another duty ere dinner time. I shall not attempt any description of what occurred on these occasions, although each had distinctive features—exchanges of courtesies, presentations, and presents, garlands and uttur and pân, pleasant speeches, magnificent dresses, and immense and costly preparations.

The return visit to the deputation under Sir Salar Jung and other high officers from the Nizam of Hyderabad was paid at 6.15 P.M. The Nizam's deputation attended the Prince to the entrance of the villa which had been engaged at large cost for the use of the representatives of the minor—at present almost an invalid under his mother's care. The reception was one of great state and formality; but the conversation was of a friendly and gracious character. The Prince's demeanour, under the circumstances, was a matter of great moment to these Sirdars; but there was not the least appearance of reserve on his part. The Maharaja of Mysore was visited afterwards, and the programme fixed the Royal arrival at 6.30 P.M. The Sirdars of the Rao of Kutch awaited the Prince, who paid a visit to their Chief on leaving the Maharaja. Another dinner and a reception at Parell brought the day to a close.

November 12th.—There is news of something more than

the average sickness in the fleet, and the death of a boy on board the *Serapis* from cholera is reported. Before breakfast the *box-wallahs* came down in force upon the camp, generally selecting, by a sort of natural or trade intuition, tents the proprietors of which were likely to be good customers. Ganesh, Lord Charles Beresford's kit-magar and factotum, however, afforded him efficient protection, and gave some very useful information respecting the value of the articles for sale, which, without that assistance, if taken at anything like what they were offered for, would certainly have been dear. Some of the customers entered into the traffic in a novel spirit, offering to toss "double or quits;" and after a time the astute Bombay box-wallahs entered into the idea, and eagerly accepted it. Lord Carington, who had at first very fair success in tossing, "won" a ring. The man had asked fifty rupees for it; Lord Carington offered to toss whether he would give twenty or forty, or something of the sort. He won, and was very much pleased, not so much at the value of the ring as at "doing the box-wallah;" but, on inquiry, he ascertained that the ring might have been purchased, at the very outside, for two rupees in the bazaar. Presents offered by the Chiefs, and accepted by the Prince, are already pouring in to Parell in great quantities. Groups of Native Police are constantly on duty, watching porters carrying cases and boxes, who are followed by the jealous officers of the Chiefs, into the rooms where they are consigned to Mr. Isaacson, of the India Office, who has charge of them. The Political Agents had informed the Government of Bombay what presents would be made and what would be the value of them; in some instances apparently directing, or at least advising, what the presents should be. Thus, one Political Agent writes that he will advise his Chiefs when they go to Bombay to buy 5000

rupees' worth of Surat manufactures. Another Agent is told by the Government that his Chief is not expected to make any present at all. In other instances the Agent states that the Chief does not intend to offer presents. In others, the Agent expresses "little doubt that the Chief would present a specimen of work costing" so much. The Duke of Sutherland went off at an early hour, to inspect the various institutions of Bombay, under the guidance of Surgeon-Major Hewlett, and no better could be.

The Prince was entertained in the evening at a banquet in the caves of Elephanta, to which invitations were necessarily limited. This was not the first time that these caves, of which Heber, Dr. Wilson, Forbes, and many others of a long list of travellers, British and foreign, have given descriptions, have been made the scene of a Christian festivity; but the natives, it is said, do not regard such apparent desecrations of their holy places with anything like the feeling with which we should see a number of Brahmins indulging in the excesses of the Holey festival, or Mahometans celebrating the Mohurram inside Westminster Abbey. The Brahmins are, according to one local paper, men of resource, for they told the Hindoos in Bombay that the Prince of Wales and the Europeans went to Elephanta to worship the Deity there, and to do *juttra* to Shiva. Two steamers conveyed the Prince and the favoured guests of the Governor from the Bay across to the island, where they were landed at the pier, not without difficulty, for the water is shallow. The sun had set, and the disembarkation was effected by torchlight carried by men wading up to their middle, sufficiently picturesque in themselves, and there were fires on the beach, and an illumination—how often must that word be written?—to guide the vessels. There is a steep winding ascent to Garipuri—"the City of Caves"—for three quarters of a

mile, which was lighted up by lamps suspended from a continuous framework of bamboos. One thousand and one steps, men said, to the top. It seemed more like ten thousand, and as we mounted "the boldest held his breath for a time," now and then, and the coolest was very hot, nor did any despise the halting-places on the way, or disdain to look out on the Bay where the men-of-war lay, tricked out with dotted lines of light like strings of stars, preparing for the great effect which was to glorify the return of the Prince. When the visitor enters the excavations, passing through the double row of pillars, which look as though they were supporting the mountain, or the squared mass of it, here chiselled into a grand portico, he sees the work of men who must have been, as Mr. Maclean remarks, imbued with a religion in which there was an element of sublime mystery and awful grandeur now completely lost in practices which are grotesque and contemptible. But these creations, solid as the rock, are perishing—these idols of stone are crumbling away, although they are not, it is believed, a thousand years old. Their stony eyes seemed to be glaring on the great array of tables covered with cloths and plates and dishes. The faces of extraordinary power and beauty, the gigantic forms cut with decision and boldness which challenge admiration and wonder, may seem to us to violate the rules of proportion and to indicate vicious taste, but it should be remembered that they are but the efforts of the sculptors to convey their impressions of beings of divine not of human type—Mahadeva, the three-faced god—the goddess with a single breast, Paravati, the wife of Shiva—the sculptures around the shrine of Linga—all indicate struggles to express in stone the attributes of extraordinary beauty, power, strength, fecundity.

I confess that Elephanta did not appear to me a happy choice for a dining place *per se*, although sufficiently

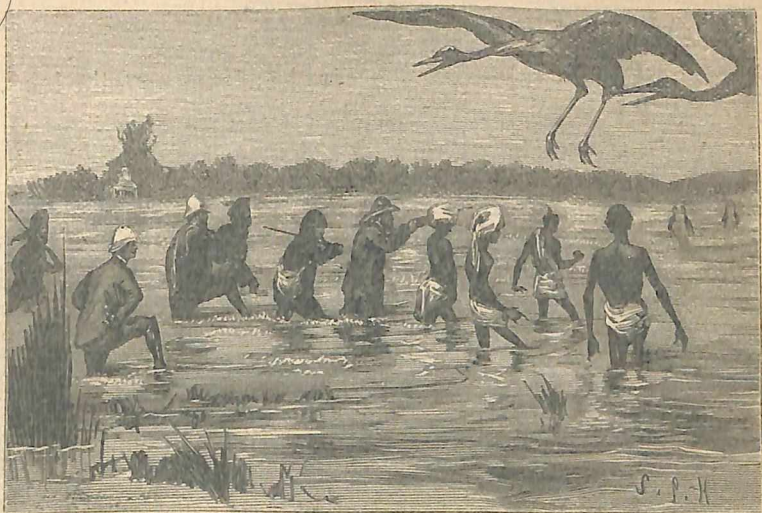
curious and novel. In broad daylight, when the view over the Bay could be enjoyed from the shelter of the cool caves, I can fancy that the island would not be a bad resort for a picnic party, provided always they cleared away the debris of their feast ; but when the excavations are lighted up and the feast spread, the glare and heat of torches and the smell of oil, combined with the close reeking air, produce an odorous temperature by no means enjoyable by any but an Eskimo, who would find the combination very agreeable. The cooking or warming of the dishes must be effected inside, in chambers dedicated by the laborious contrivers to religious or superstitious use ; and the vast halls were filled with the inappropriate incense of chandeliers, lamps, and candles, suspended from the roof ranged round the pillars, and placed on pyramidal stands on the floor. The Prince and the Governor and the *dii majores* sat at an elevated table, at right angles to which were ranged the tables of the general company, and when the feast was over, and the toasts of the Queen and of the Prince had been given by Sir P. Wodehouse and received with acclamation, the party made an inspection of the chambers of the Temple, admiring especially the massive columns with their beautiful carved capitals—works quite apart—and then escaped to the outer air, and descended the steps under the trellis archway of lamps, now hotter than ever, towards the pier. But before they reached the beach the island suddenly became volcanic ; the double mountain begun to glow with fires ; on the summit above the caves spirted up tongues of coloured flames, and then followed eruptions of rockets—we were in for more fireworks ! It was rather a *sauve qui peut* from the sticks in some places ; and when the Prince's launch pushed off from the shore it seemed as though Elephanta were resolving itself into red, blue, and green

fires. And yet this was but a preparation—a kind of pyrotechnic prelude to what followed, when the procession of boats, escorted by the steamers, approached the two squadrons of the fleet, and passed down an alley of ships discharging volleys, in which the *Osborne* and *Serapis* were conspicuous as ever in their rivalry of fireworks.

“Fire answers fire!—and thro’ their paly flames,
Each battle sees the other’s umbered face.”

I can say no more except that it was, all in all, perhaps, the most impressive of all the many displays of the kind made for the Prince’s honour, and for the delectation of those who came to pay it to him. The moon, sailing in state in the bright starlight above, instead of diminishing the beauty and brightness of the scene, cast over the bay a sheen which increased greatly the pleasure which the eye conveyed to the beholder, the illuminated hulls and rigging of the ships, the coloured fires, the rocket flights were reflected in the silver mirror, and it was difficult to say where the sky ended and the sea began—the boats seemed to float on some new innocuous Phlegethon. But all that’s bright must fade, and people must sleep! and so the Prince landed and drove off to Parell, and that day was ended.





SWAMP SHOOTING.

CHAPTER V.

Visit to Baroda—Battle of Kirkee—Poonah Address—Gunnesh Khind—Rumours of War—Sivajee—The First Review—Going Somewhere—Ball at Parell—Departure for Baroda—The Reception—State Elephants—Residency at Baroda—Baroda Highlanders—The Gaekwar's Court—Scenes in the Arêna—Sensible Rhinoceros—Zoological Collection—Shikar Party—Cheetahs—Deer—Stalking—Native Officers—Palace of the Gaekwar—The Queen and the Gaekwar—Quail Shooting—Visit to the City—Return to Bombay—Uncertain where to go—Visitors to Hyderabad—A Hindoo Wedding—Departure from Bombay.

NOVEMBER 13TH.—At 5.30 A.M. all the servants in camp were turned out to send off luggage to the train, which started for Kirkee at 7 A.M.—that is, it was to have started, but it really did not go off for an hour and a half later. The news from the hunting-grounds in the south is still worse; Colonel Michael is in despair. He says that cholera is always to be found in India; that if its presence is to deter the Prince from going to his Valley it ought to prevent his going anywhere. But anyhow, the roads which had been made up the hill-sides for the Prince's accommodation to that happy Valley have been destroyed

in a tremendous rainstorm. There has been no rain here, so everything seems to be against the expedition.

A special train to convey the Prince and suite to Poonah, 119 miles, was at the station close to Parell at 11 A.M. There was a guard of honour of Volunteers—Europeans, of course—whom the Prince inspected, and to whom he expressed his satisfaction at their appearance, and his approbation of the movement which has now extended over India; every Station of considerable size has its own corps. This was the first occasion on which the Prince travelled by rail in India, and he had now the first opportunity of becoming acquainted with the wonders of "*bundabust*," which are supposed to be so remarkable there in all Government departments. To each carriage was affixed a label with the names of those of the suite who were to occupy it; and in the same way the vehicles in which they were to be seated on their arrival were told off, generally with great exactness, all through the tour.

Sir Bartle Frere has recorded that an officer, who was quartered at one of the first stations we stopped at outside Bombay, Tannah, when it was an outpost, in 1808, was Brigadier in command of Peshawur, more than 1000 miles north of it, in 1858; but it may be doubted whether that vast stride was made quite over *terra firma*. There are some who think it would have been better to have dug down in what we had, for solid foundations for our power, than to have been so eager for new territory. But anyway, the Russian can point to no longer leap in the last fifty years than that wonderful skip from Tannah to Peshawur.

The ascent of the Bhore Ghaut and the scenery of the line have been so often described, that it would be as superfluous to say a word about it, as it would be to give an account of the road from Aberdeen to Ballater; but at

all events, it may be said that it was a very interesting journey, and the Prince and his followers enjoyed it all the more because, as the train mounted the gradients to the summit level, the heat sensibly diminished.

Kirkee, the scene of the battle which determined the fate of the Mahratta Empire, was reached in due time. It is just fifty-eight years and one week ago since by this roadside there was fought that action of momentous consequences to British rule; for the results were the fall of the power of the Peishwa and the establishment of that of the Company in the Deccan. But very few cared now to know about Bajee Rao, the last of the Peishwas, for we were all eager to get to Poonah and to rest. It is, however, not to be left unnoted that the success of the British in that battle, which was a crowning victory, was due, in great part, to the extraordinary attachment of a native regiment—not to the ruler of their own country—but to Ford, their European leader. The regiment belonged to the Peishwa's infantry, but fought against him at the command of an European Commandant. There is a good deal to be thought of in that fact, and it would be well if our Government could always get men of the same stamp as Major Ford to lead native regiments. There was not much to be seen from the train at Kirkee—a plain sufficiently dry-looking; rows of bungalows, and lines of trees by the roadside; a British battery firing a salute; a crowd of soldiers' wives, and children, European and Eurasian, outside the railings, and officials and the guard on the platform, which was decorated with flowers and flags. In a few minutes more the thud of another salute was heard ahead, and the train stopped. Many officers, civil and military, and a great gathering of the "Station," greeted the Prince as he stepped out on the platform, with much enthusiasm. Sir Charles Staveley

and his staff, and Lord Mark Kerr and his staff, and every one who could get there, were waiting to receive the Royal visitor, who drove in State through the Cantonments and the outlying suburbs, which are so creditable to the powers that be.

The procession suddenly pulled up in the sun, between the lines of soldiers, which formed a bright border to the variegated flower-bed-looking crowd of natives behind. It is always difficult for those who are in some sort engaged in the smaller business of ceremonials to become cognisant of more than their own part in it. They are like the actors behind the scenes, waiting till their turns come, save and except that they take more interest in that which is going on in front. "An address, of course!" And so it was, for the elders of Poonah, headed by a venerable-looking man with a noble beard, were on a platform, beyond which was a fair arch of triumph; by the roadside, and behind and on each side of them, were many European ladies and natives, who gave the Prince most loyal welcome. These we saw when our turn came to pass the stand. It was the Honourable Khan Bahadoor Poodumjee Pestonjee who read the address, which was enshrined in a fine casket of silver, whereupon was an image of Gunputty, God of Wisdom, with a lotus in one of his four hands, and his faithful mouse in attendance. The Prince made a gracious reply, and was much cheered. And then on and on through miles of road and street lined with soldiers, British and Native, and crowded with people, mostly Mahrattas.

It was 5 o'clock P.M. ere the Prince reached Poonah, and then there was a long drive to the Government House of Ganesh (or Gunnessh) Khind, of which we had heard before—the *bête noire* which Mr. Fawcett turned out occasionally in the House as "a typical instance of

the extravagance and insubordination of the Governors of Bombay." Sir Bartle Frere, who was with the Prince, underwent a little raillery on the subject, but, standing in the magnificent marbled halls of the Palace, he might say "Circumspice!" He had, however, a good deal more to say, and more germane to the matter, which is somewhat complicated. In an able minute, Sir Bartle Frere seems to candid minds to have established the points, that he built a very fine dwelling for future Governors, that he acted within his legal powers, that he was not insubordinate, and that he had not, when he retired from the Government of Bombay, expended all the money at his disposal. The Palace and buildings cost 175,000*l.* But India is a very dear place for some sorts of work—papering a small room here cost 30*l.*; making a door, 38*l.*; the marble cement for the State Drawing Room, 360*l.*; and so on. Anyway, there is the Palace—if not quite a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, at least a very imposing structure, with noble tower and fair frontage—state-apartments of the grandest—conservatories, gardens fresh and blooming—placed on a commanding site, with a view over the undulating plains and strange tumultuous scenery of the Deccan. The Prince was received here in state worthy of him, and his standard flew out from the tower as he set foot within the threshold of the Palace. The generals and officers, military and civil, attended, and were duly presented.

After a stroll through the charming grounds of Gunnesh Khind, the party in waiting on the Prince broke up, and sought out their lodgings. Some were quartered in the Palace, others were provided with accommodation in houses in adjacent compounds. The dispersion at Gunnesh Khind was inevitable, because that stately residence, with all its grandeur, does not possess

the merits of extensive accommodation ; but there were carriages provided to take the guests to and fro. The Duke of Sutherland and Lord Alfred Paget were told off to Bungalow No. 1. The Rev. Canon Duckworth, Mr. Hall, and myself were informed that we were to lodge at Bungalow No. 2. "Where are they?" "Oh! any one would tell us." The Duke, Lord Alfred, and myself were put in one carriage, which was driven by a coachman in the Governor's livery, aided by another domestic in fine garments, and we set off full of confidence. At first there was the Park, then there was a pretty guard-house and a fine Clock-Tower, and a noble porter's lodge and gate to admire ; after which came a nice drive in the country. On we went. Poonah was in sight. Still the coachman drove on. But where was Bungalow No. 1 or Bungalow No. 2 ? Suspicion began to cloud our thoughts and interrupt our speech. "Ask him where he is going?" But alas! the coachman and his fellow were Mahrattas, and understood only their own tongue, so that indifferent Ordoos were quite thrown away on them. There were a few Europeans loitering on the road to take chance of seeing the Prince ; but not one of them had ever heard of Bungalow No. 1 or of Bungalow No. 2. An artillery non-commissioned officer, who had been quartered for months close at hand, could not even direct us to the Clock-Tower, to which we desired to return. He had never seen it. By ingenious pantomime, not unaccompanied by vigorous demonstration, the coachman was at last induced to abandon his apparent object of taking us to Central India, and to turn back towards Gunnessh Khind. This time Sir P. Wodehouse moved his staff to explicit ordering, and eventually the party were installed in their bungalows.

There was a State dinner, and a dance, which was, I think, suggested by the Prince as an enlivening process.



Among the guests was Count Seckendorff—a clever linguist, and a man of observation and resource, with a fine taste in art, and of merit as an artist—who is visiting Lord Napier of Magdala, whose acquaintance he made when he was attached by his Government to the Head-quarters of the Abyssinian Expedition. His father was well known in the diplomatic service in London, where he represented Prussian interests for some years. He has a good deal of the hardheadedness of his race; but he is kind-hearted, and willing to serve a friend, as I had occasion to know when he was on the Crown Prince's Staff at the time we were together in France and at Versailles.

November 14th.—Mr. Kanné, who superintends the arrangements for the Royal travels, having accompanied the Prince so far, starts early to-morrow morning with letters to deliver to the Princess of Wales and the Queen. Alarming telegrams that Russia had set three army corps on a war-footing, ready to move at a moment's notice, came later. It appeared quite possible that the expedition would be abandoned, for in case of war it would not be expedient for the Prince of Wales to be away from Great Britain. Canon Duckworth preached at the Station Church, which was very much crowded, as it was expected that the Prince would have attended. However, having been at Divine service in Government House in the forenoon, he only visited General Staveley's quarters, where he had tea.

November 15th.—Early in the morning Mr. Kanné came knocking at the door of the bungalow wherein Canon Duckworth, Mr. Hall, and myself were lodged, to get the letters which were lying on the table; but so sound asleep were we, that he had to leave without obtaining admission. It was not comfortable to find that the servants showed so little vigilance. I woke up later, found the letters, and despatched one of the many natives—who were lying outside

in the verandah, rolled up in their calico garments like lumps of dough—to the Railway Station, which was some miles away, and the man made such good use of his slender legs that he caught Mr. Kanné just in time.

At 6 A.M. the Prince started to visit the famous Temple of Parbuttee, rather to the discomfiture of some of the suite, who scarcely believed that so early a start, designed overnight, would be carried out in the morning. One of them even ventured on what is called "backing his opinion," that the chief of the expedition would not be punctual, for a small amount, which was lost, and duly paid to the winner. Two of the suite who were late, found that the old saying of "the more haste the less speed," was true in India as well as at home, and came down with, or parted from, their horses as they rode, *ventre à terre*, to overtake the party. The ascent to the Temple, which is effected by a long flight of stone steps, exceeding steep, and in some places rugged, was made upon elephants, and the Prince now had his first experience of a mode of carriage with which he became familiar enough ere he left the country. Chota-hazree (small breakfast) was served at the base of the ascent to the lofty hill on which towers the fortress-like Temple. There was a gathering of devotees, fakirs, beggars, to welcome the visitors; but here, as elsewhere, due precautions were taken to prevent intrusiveness or mobbing. The Prince inspected the interior of the great pile, was shown the shrine of Shiva, looked at the idols, and had a conversation with one of the priests, a very astute Brahmin, who, having learned all that he could of English dialectics, and possibly the rudiments of Christianity, had reverted with increase of subtlety—but not with much credence, it would seem, from what he said respecting the details of his religious exercises—to the practices of his faith. He was an ex-

ceedingly good, if not an interesting, specimen of the cultivated Brahmin *à l'anglais*, a master of logic, of a philosophical humour, coupled with a mocking spirit, which perhaps would have developed into an exhibition of some stronger feeling had he dared to indulge in it. He was made happy in the way he most valued, by a gift to the Temple from the Royal hand. From a window-like slit in the wall of the Temple, the last of the Peishwas beheld the rout of his forces on the plains of Kirkee below, and could possibly perceive that the deadliest blow was struck by the troops on whom he most trusted for the success of his treacherous attack. It was more than a defeat—it was the overthrow of an Empire and the destruction of a dominant race. Recent visitors have attempted to gather a moral from the history of that defeat, and have inferred that our Power is perfectly secure, because 2800 well-drilled men, of whom 800 were Europeans, once routed 18,000 scratch cavalry and 8000 infantry, provided with fourteen pieces of Native artillery. Such hasty assumptions form a very unsound basis for the convictions of men who may influence State policy. Whilst the Prince was at Parbuttee, the Duke of Sutherland and Lord A. Paget, under the guidance of Colonel Fife, visited the great artificial lake which serves as the head-water of a vast scheme of irrigation connected with the Moota, and the renowned stronghold called Singguhr, i.e., the Lion Fortress, eleven miles from Poonah, which was captured so wonderfully by Sivajee. It is built on the summit of a block of basalt so steep and high that the only means of reaching the fortress is by a laborious climb on one's legs, or by using the legs of the porters who carry you up in a palanquin in about an hour. Sivajee, the Mahratta hero, was not gifted with very heroic attributes, according to our conception—“Bloody, resolute, and

cruel,"—he was, however, full of energy, resource, and subtlety, undaunted and indefatigable. From the Temple you can see the ruins of Torna, the first fort he captured, as well as Raj-guhr, the first which he founded, in the Deccan, and a vast extent of rolling country scarred with watercourses, and streaked by mountain ridges, which are broken here and there into detached truncated blocks, frequently crowned by ruined fortalices.

On the Prince's return from the Temple to Gunnesh Khind there was a discussion respecting future plans and programmes. Opinions differed every hour as accounts came in, each with a new version of the state of the South : at 7 A.M. it was reported that the hills were free from disease ; all were happy at the prospect of the visit to the shooting-camp, and remained so till 8 A.M., when a telegram reported "cholera still rife." This was followed by one at 8.30 A.M., that there was sickness at Coimbatore ; which was succeeded by another at 9 A.M. to announce that cholera was spreading generally over Madras and Southern India. This last despatch, being official and positive, seemed final. Alternatives and plans to consume the time between the Prince's departure and the date fixed for his arrival in Ceylon were suggested, for the Bombay programme promised to be speedily exhausted. Besides, it could not but be felt that whilst the Governor and his officers were engaged in the agreeable task of entertaining the Prince, the work of Government was almost at a standstill. Many places, such as Ahmedabad and Baroda, were named ; and finally it was resolved to ask Ceylon when she would be ready, and meantime to visit, if possible, the city of the Gaekwar.

A review of the Poonah Division was ordered at 6 P.M., but it was rather later when the Prince came on the ground, a flat plain, which is used as a course for the

ances, so dear to the hearts of the civilians and soldiers, not to speak of the mem-Sahibs, of the Presidency. There was a very considerable concourse of Natives, among whom the Mahratta turban largely predominated, and all the Europeans who could manage to be there congregated near the flagstaff, where they seemed but a little dark patch on the broad white selvage of the indigenous multitude.

There was not a very large force to show, nor were the Native regiments good specimens.* As the eye gets accustomed to the local colour, the faces of Europeans strike one as being almost unwholesomely pale, and the helmet projecting over the brow, and casting a shadow on the upper part, gives an appearance of attenuation, and causes the features to look shrunk and small. Lord Mark Ker, although he admitted that recruits were too numerous, and explained that the Native battalions were not at their full strength, did his best with the materials that he had. The Prince and some of his suite mounted; others were on foot or in carriages. Riding strange horses, mostly "Walers," given to the high spirits and capers of their tribe, and going at a great pace, several of the horsemen were unfortunate. One was thrown heavily; another, not attached to the Royal party, was carried by his steed among the spectators; so that, on the whole, there was some little excitement apart from the military spectacle. Before the march past was over it became too dark to make out much more than the fact that there were troops moving in quarter-distance column in front of the Grand Stand. It was "black as pitch" when Captain Hogg, of the Poonah Horse, exhibited his plan of dismounting cavalry, which has been thought highly of by some authorities, but of which there was no opportunity of forming an

* See Field State.—Appendix.

opinion under the circumstances. The merit claimed for it consists principally in the way in which, as it was explained, the horses of the dismounted troopers are held, so as to enable a larger proportion of the troopers than is possible under the ordinary system, to act as infantry, and to resume the functions of cavalry very quickly.

The Prince returned to Gunneskh Khind by the city and Cantonments, which were illuminated with great brilliancy. Need I add that there were fire-works, triumphal arches, inscriptions—that the streets were thronged—that buttees and fires, blue, red and green, revelled aloft and alow—that there was abundance of music of the native kind—and that every one was glad to get to Gunneskh Khind, and to pack up his recollections of Poonah—very pleasant on the whole—with his portmanteau, which was to be packed off to the Kirkee Station before dinner? There was a farewell dinner at Gunneskh Khind, and at midnight the Prince and his company drove to the special train at Kirkee, where the servants had arranged luxurious beds in the carriages, and in half an hour more they were rattling away from the former capital of the Peishwas on their return to Bombay, sleeping as securely as if they were at home.

November 16th.—There were few who were awake at sunrise and saw the wild scenery of the Ghauts gradually developed in the early morning, but those who were by chance so fortunate had reason to be grateful. The train arrived at the station outside Parell at 7.30 A.M., and the Prince at once drove to Government House. Here the situation was reviewed once more. When the necessity of "going somewhere" was forced on the consideration of the Prince's counsellors at Poonah, and, earlier in the day, many places were mentioned and discussed before Baroda became the favourite. There were several reasons for caution and investigation before the Prince could be advised

to go to the capital of a State which had lately been the scene of the remarkable and exceptional political trial which had agitated not merely India, but had extended its influence to public opinion in Great Britain. The deposed Ruler was known to have many adherents, despite his crimes and misgovernment. Sirdars who declared the tyrant's rule intolerable, have since been heard to express sorrow for his fate and for his misfortunes. The old Court followers of Mulhar Rao have been disarmed and scattered abroad, but who could guard against the presence of one or of twenty desperate men in a city of 90,000 or 100,000 people? The Baroda Government, however, was confident. The former Resident, Sir R. Meade, whose knowledge of the present condition of the place carried immense weight with it, was in favour of the visit, and was satisfied that there would be no risk in going there, and the Governor of Bombay was relieved of a responsibility which he might have been unwilling to incur had the excursion of his Royal Highness been dependent on him alone. In all matters of the kind the Prince of Wales submitted with the utmost readiness to the advice and opinions of the Indian authorities. Finally the Governor-General, when it was suggested that the Prince of Wales should honour the young Gaekwar by going to see him in his capital, gave his concurrence and approval. So, after many pros and cons, it was settled that the Prince might safely visit Baroda. There were promises of excellent sport, and there was also the opportunity of seeing a Native Court still flourishing close to one of the capitals of British India. The result was that the Prince of Wales saw a place rarely touched by the foot of the stranger, and had a reception which, if it were wanting in the glare, enthusiasm, cheers, and infinite variety of forms, ceremonies, and entertainments which welcomed him at Bombay, was entirely Oriental—

the source of much enjoyment to himself, and of great service, it is believed, to the State.

New colours were presented by the Prince to the Marine Battalion, as the 21st B. N. I. are called, at 4 P.M., on the open space near the Secretariat, and the ceremony attracted an enormous mass of people, among whom, conspicuous for their carriages and costumes, were the Chiefs still lingering in Bombay, and the ever-present and picturesque Parsee ladies and children. The prayer which, according to "Regulations," the Chaplain is wont to deliver on the presentation of colours to a Christian regiment, was necessarily omitted, but every other portion of the detailed and elaborate, if not imposing, formality, was duly observed. The old colours, inscribed with many names, mostly unknown to Europeans, and not so ancient as the corps, which was raised nearly a century ago, were accepted by the Prince, and carried home to England to grace the walls of Sandringham.*

After another burra khana at Parell, there was a grand ball, the last for the good people of Bombay, and the Nawabs and Rajas who came had an opportunity of seeing how European ladies and gentlemen dance to amuse themselves instead of looking at others do it for them. However, there are some Europeans who prefer seeing a ballet to engaging in the pleasures of square or round. The Chiefs scarcely rallied round the supper tables, although some of them are known as "quiet drinkers," *chez eux*. When we see dancing Rajas and waltzing Nawabs in India, we may be sure our work is almost accomplished; but, to judge from the modest way they avoided beautifully dressed ladies to-night, it would seem as if the day were yet far to seek.

* See Field State.—Appendix.

November 17th.—"Farewell the tented field!" Farewell the crows and minars, which seemed to think it their bounden duty to insist on early hours being observed by those under their protection, and who cawed and chattered ere the sun rose, regardless of the fact that they went to bed when he set the night before, whereas their victim had not long lain down! To-day we pack up and clear out from under canvas. Those who are going to Baroda tomorrow are only to take what is necessary—some are to shoot—others are to look on. The heavy baggage is to go on board ship. In the afternoon the Prince left Parell, which had been in such constant fête since his arrival, and which was now fast emptying out the offerings from the Chiefs, and sending them to the boats.

The presents, upwards of 400 in number, from the Bombay Rajas and Chiefs, included specimens of every variety of Indian workmanship—tissues, brocade, cloths, arms of all kinds, jewellery, gold, silver, and metal. On the whole the offerings were good without being too fine. The Raja of Kolhapoor, in addition to an ancient jewelled sword and dagger, estimated to be worth 6000 rupees, has assigned a sum of no less than 20,000*l.* for the admirable purpose of founding a hospital, to be called after the Prince of Wales. The presents of the Nizam, rich in swords, fire-arms, carpets, gold cloth, and the like, were especially interesting. The Gaekwar of Baroda offered a tea-service of silver, of native workmanship and design, made at Madras under European superintendence; shields of layers of silk, closely pressed together, which resist a sword-cut or the thrust of a lance from the strongest arm; a pearl necklace from the Maharanee, a very beautiful ornament which had graced the necks of ladies of the Gaekwar's family, the pearls of excellent colour and size, with an emerald and diamond pendant, for

the acceptance of the Princess of Wales. A diamond brooch with pearl pendants was also presented to her Royal Highness by the Maharanee. The Rao of Cutch sent an exquisite collection of the famous work of his State, which has a deserved reputation in India. Upwards of thirty pieces of silver and gold, flower-vases, tea-services, varieties of articles for the table, formed a very sufficient illustration of the excellence of the workmanship, and of the taste of the workmen.

The Prince had many to remember at Parell; and there was a little levee in the Hall when he was about to take his place in his carriage. There was not, however, any great gathering of people along the roadsides, as they probably were not aware of the hour of his departure. The sun was furious, and the Prince after a dusty drive once more saw, doubtless with pleasure, the sea, and the ships awaiting the moment of his embarkation for the utterance of their noisy welcome. The bay shone like a mirror—not a breath of wind. Dr. Fayrer, who has seen a good deal of other parts of India, expressed his opinion of Bombay in the “cold weather” in energetic terms, and most of those on board could sympathise with him. In the evening Sir Philip Wodehouse, his staff and suite, and others, came off to dinner, and there was a very pleasant evening, enlivened by the music of the band and India table-talk, till the guests departed for shore. The ships were again illuminated and in active eruption.

November 18th.—A night of great heat and sleeplessness, or, at best, of broken dreams, in which you could not decide whether you were under a tent, or in a railway carriage, or on an elephant, or at sea. “What noise of falling rockets in mine ears!” Indian “bundabusts” begin early, and the tumult of packing began to rage outside the cabins soon after dawn. The Native servants who came

on board with their masters from Parell, and had slept on the hammock chests, not looking much the better for their "snug lying," glided ghost-like about in their new quarters. The main-deck was the scene of immense activity from 6.30 A.M. till noon, when the steamer for the shore luggage came alongside. The magazines of small arms were opened up; rifles and smooth-bores, cartridges, pistols, shooting-clothes got ready, and there was a ripping up of tin cases, and a rending of timber, not conducive to rest or to literary pursuits. When the luggage was off, there was a little calm, but no repose. Every one bathed in perspiration; the air on board is what may be called "muggy." Most of us were driven out of our berths, and sitting in our very light clothing on the main-deck, outside our cabins, looked like icebergs on a sunny day. At 10 A.M. the thermometer 86° in the shade between decks. At 1 P.M. the Prince went with the Duke of Sutherland on board the *Undaunted*, to lunch with Admiral Macdonald. Dinner was half an hour earlier than usual; and the Prince and suite were dressed in patrol jackets to start for the journey to Baroda. Captain Glyn was confined to his cabin by a slight attack of fever; Lord C. Beresford was compelled to remain on board in consequence of his fall at Poonah; the Prince went round and said a few words to them before he entered his steam-launch. About 8.30 P.M. the Royal party landed at the Apollo Bunder. There were some hundreds of Indians, Europeans, and Parsees, at the landing-place, and a few hundreds more were collected along the route to the railway. Outside and inside the Station there was a large assemblage, wherein the Parsees were conspicuous. They have always been very much to the front. It is to be regretted that they are not more important as an element of strength, for they feel fully the advantage of living under British protection. They are very rich, very commercial,

very acute, and sufficiently civilised ; they are attached to a rule which protects them and enables them to make money. No one, however, supposes the Parsees could fight for us, or that, if left to themselves, they could do so successfully on their own behalf.

The railway to Baroda traverses the island on which Bombay is built, and is carried by a series of bridges and embankments over the estuaries and rivers which mingle their waters in the low-lying district close to the sea, across Salsette, and so northwards by the small Portuguese settlement of Damaun, the existence of which was a novelty to many of us.

November 19th.—All the party were fast asleep in their snug beds in the train when good General Sam Browne, like a blustering East wind, came round knocking at the windows of the carriages. "Get up ! get up ! We shall be at Baroda in twenty minutes !" A great scrambling to get at clothing and uniforms ensued, and scarcely were we attired ere General Browne's words were verified. At 7.20 A.M. the train arrived. The Gaekwar, with Sir Madhava Rao at his side, and groups of resplendent Sardars behind him, Mr. Melvill, the Agent of the Governor-General, and the officers of the British Government, civil and military, in full uniform, stood on the platform at Baroda, which was beautifully decorated with green wreaths and festoons, and decked in flags and flowers, to welcome the Prince. Outside there were triumphal arches, and a vast sea of dark faces under the red Mahratta turban—and turbans of every hue, green, white, and blue—was visible ; and a mighty gathering, which might be counted by tens of thousands, spread out along the roadside far as the eye could reach, all looking the same way, all eyes fixed on one and one object only—the son of the Empress, the Shahzadah of Hindostan. A regiment of Baroda In-

fantry in yellow coats and quaintly-shaped shakoes was drawn up before the Station. Two squadrons of Lancers belonging to the State were formed in their rear, and presented a very pretty show in their powder-blue uniforms and turbans—the bands on the flanks. The Prince exchanged greetings with the Gaekwar and Sir Madhava and the British officials. Such a clang of drums and brass and braying of clarions arose when he was seen! As the Guard of Honour (of her Majesty's 83rd Regiment, under Captain Windham) presented arms, the Gaekwar's infantry, to the roll of kettledrums and trumpet flourishes, did the same. The Prince took the little Maharaja by the hand, sat down and spoke with him for a short time. He then passed outside to the steps leading from the entrance of the station, before which towered an elephant of extraordinary size; on his back was a howdah of surpassing splendour, which shone like burnished gold in the morning sun, and which was either made of gold or of silver gilt. It was covered with a golden canopy. This exquisitely finished carriage, reported to have cost four lakhs of rupees, was placed on cloth of gold and velvet cushions, fastened over the embroidered covering that almost concealed the outline of the great elephant, which stood swaying his painted proboscis to and fro as if he kept time to the music of the bands outside. His head was coloured of a bright saffron, and on this ground were traced quaint scrolls. His proboscis was especially ornamented in different coloured patterns, and his ears were stained of a pale yellowish-green. His tusks had been sawn off to the length of three feet, and false tusks of greater diameter, also shortened, were wedged over them by bands of gold. His painted legs were encased in thick round coils of gold. The mahout was attired in a costume befitting such a gorgeous charge. Attendants stood by with State

umbrellas, fans of peacocks' feathers, yaks' tails, and streamers of scarlet and cloth of gold, which they waved before the Prince, others held the silver ladder for him to ascend to the howdah. After a short pause to survey the scene, the Prince and the Gaekwar descended the steps. The beast in golden raiment, in a succession of convulsive heaves and jerks, dropped down upon what elephants rest upon. The ladder was placed against the howdah, and the Prince, carefully helped, stepped up, the Gaekwar followed and sat by his side. Sir Madhava Rao, in small white turban and purple velvet robe, took his place. At the word to rise, the mountainous creature swayed to and fro, and the Prince held on strenuously to the rail in front while the animal was establishing itself on its fore-legs. The attendants, with State umbrella, fans, and yaks' tails, clung by the sides. Then, as the elephant made its first stride, the clamour of voices and of sound deepened and grew and spread onwards, and the artillery began a salute which announced that the Prince and the procession had set out. The next elephant, stained a French grey, or slate colour, and red, his proboscis richly arabesqued, was even larger, but he was not so quiet. His howdah was of burnished silver, on a cloth and cushions scarcely less splendid than those on the Royal elephant. Massive rings of silver encircled his tusks and legs; his mahout and attendants were dressed to match. The Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Melvill got on the second elephant. The third elephant, which was rather of a difficult disposition, and by flourishes of its tail and aberrations of its proboscis, caused thrills of anxiety to its riders, bore Sir R. Meade, Sir B. Frere, and myself. Other elephants, each painted and stained in different fashion from his fellows, and each with his peculiar howdah and trappings, stood in line behind. To the right a row

of these animals, to whom the adjective "sagacious" belongs of right, knelt down in line, as if dressed by a drill sergeant, and remained making salaams till the Prince had passed. Then they arose and followed in the procession. Beyond the line of elephants clearing the way in front of the Prince was an advance guard and escort of the 3rd Hussars, under Captain Gibson, which only arrived three hours before from Bombay, and turned out smart and fresh as possible after a tedious journey of more than eighteen hours. In the rear were three guns of E 9 Battery R.A., under Captain Georges; Major Wakefield's detachment of the 83rd Regiment furnished the infantry escort. A detachment of the Gaekwar's Artillery, a cavalry band, a troop of the Baroda Horse—irregular cavalry—a great crowd of Parsees, Sirdars, and small Chiefs, Mahrattas, Guzerates, on horseback and on foot, followed.

The interest taken by the population in the Prince's movements is gratified by the full accounts in the Native papers, which are generally accurate. It is very curious to watch the groups collected round the happy possessor of a programme whenever there is a procession, and to see them checking off the various personages in the carriages, who are not infrequently out of their places, so that the impressions conveyed by their observations are not seldom erroneous. To them, however, Tyrian and Trojan are much alike; but the offices held by various members of the suite are subjected to strange translations in the different languages of the people. Even here in Baroda, they had their programmes, and scanned the occupants of the howdahs very keenly, though their great anxiety, now happily set at rest without any manner of uncertainty, was to see the Prince. Sir Bartle Frere, Sir R. Meade, and Mr. Melvill were the only Europeans of whom they had ever

heard before, and the finest sort of uniforms and most valued decorations and orders, surmounted by the spiked helmet, could not have struck a crowd accustomed to the bright robes and jewels of Native Chiefs.

The procession set out in single file to the famous Residency, some three miles distant, with a pomp and circumstance which only the East can show, for surely of all the vehicles on which human pride and state were ever borne, the caparisoned elephant is the grandest and most striking, and those of the Gaekwar's excel in stature and (always excepting No. 3) in dignity of deportment. The cavalry which lined the way, the native carriages, the crowds from the Station to the Cantonments beyond which lay the Residency, and the novelty of the procession, invested the Prince's entry to Baroda with unusual interest. The whole of the way, every inch of it, was bordered by a light trellis-work of bamboos and palm strips, hung with lamps and festooned with bright green leaves and flowers, and there were at intervals grander arches and clusters of banners. It was astonishing to see how much had been done in the time. Due praise should be given to Mr. Hill, Engineer to the Government, for the skill with which he designed devices and illuminations which made the road gay by day and resplendent at night. The people seemed very comfortable, no sign of the wretchedness we are so fond of attributing to Native rule; and the city, so far as we could judge, was clean and bright to a degree. At the Cantonments the two Native regiments, the 9th Bombay Native Infantry and the 22nd Bombay Native Infantry, and the rest of the 83rd Queen's were drawn up in front of their lines with bands and colours, and saluted.

There was very short notice of the visit. The Indian city is large; the English station very small. The re-

sources were few. Mr. Melvill only arrived a day or two before the Prince came, and Indian hospitality was driven to its wits' ends, but not to the end of its resources. The Residency is a wretched, tumbledown, old place, with very small accommodation. The Prince had a small suite on the ground-floor. Sir Bartle Frere had a room next that of the Duke of Sutherland, on the first floor; Major-General Probyn occupied the historical (recent history) apartment in which Brigadier Phayre's poisoned chalice was prepared, and his window looked out on the spot where the pommelo juice fell and the poison was scraped up; Lord Aylesford had the room adjacent. Major-General Browne, Colonel Ellis, Dr. Fayrer, Mr. Grey, Mr. Hall, &c., lived in tents, not of the best, at the back of the Residency, pitched so as to form three sides of a square. These tents and furniture were sent up from Bombay. "Doubling up" generally was the order of the day and of the night.

The procession arrived at the Residency in an hour. There was then a Durbar, at which the Sirdars were presented, and the suite were presented to the Gaekwar. When the leave-taking came, the Prince led the Gaekwar to the entrance. The elephants, with gold and silver howdahs, and the whole of the brilliant sowaree, were waiting there, with the guard of honour and the Gaekwar's own escort. He mounted to his seat, and with the clang of music and measured throb of cannon, which gave him his Royal salute, returned to his palace at Baroda, some three miles distant. Then Mrs. and Miss Melvill were presented to the Prince, and the officers on duty and attached to the Staff were invited to table, and there was subsequently a reception or levee for European officers. Before the hour fixed upon for the return visit to the Gaekwar, the Prince shot a few specimens for the

naturalist, in a small tope close to the house, which was full of parrakeets, woodpeckers, orioles, and other birds which were seen by him at liberty for the first time.

It was 3.30 P.M. when the Prince set out to pay his return visit to the Maharaja. Native policemen lined the streets, and Sowars kept guard at the crossings. At various stages there were guards of honour of the Gaekwar's troops—the Horse in leather helmets with scarlet tufts, red-embroidered tunics, breeches, and boots—a uniform devised probably by some of the old foreign officers formerly at his Court; one of the infantry regiments in the Highland uniform already described, which seems so curious, and which, nevertheless, suits the brown faces wonderfully well, and would be quite correct were it not for the ridiculous pink calico tights beneath the kilts. Trumpet flourishes, roll of drums, presented arms, standards lowered, spoke of ancient discipline. There were many vestiges of barbaric and costly state which must have often vexed the souls of honest economical British Residents, and have caused the unsympathetic and practical British Government to cut off slice after slice of territory to satisfy creditors and to insure payment of debts. The city is curious. There are drains covered with wood along each side, and some idea of a path for foot-passengers, but there is no pavement. The houses generally consist of two stories; the ground-floor, raised above the level of the pathway, open to the front, is used as a shop or a store; the first-floor has a verandah and a balcony of carved wood, which is painted in some bright colour—red, yellow or sea-green—so that the effect is very brilliant. The Hindoo temples are small and unobtrusive. The shop-fronts and verandahs were filled with Mahrattas in their large red turbans and white robes, or Guzeratees from the up-country in smaller

headdresses. A parti-coloured crowd, two or three deep, sat or stood—keen-eyed, curious, and quiet—along the mile and a half of winding streets through which the cortege passed. There were respectful salaams, and now and then some Parsees cheered; but the attitude of the multitude was one which it would be difficult to characterise if it were judged by European standards. Few women were visible, but abundance of children of both sexes, in the lightest costumes, were held up by the men to see the show. The Prince passed under the Clock-Tower gateway, which was the *place d'armes* during the troubles that followed the deposition of Mulhar Rao. It is placed at the intersection of the two main streets, and is still occupied as a military post. Soon afterwards the procession came out on the road to the old Palace, and defiled through a triumphal arch (of which there were many on the route), near which the children of the Gaekwar's schools were drawn up. The Palace is one of the ordinary residences of Native Princes, built under European inspiration, and presents a poor front; but there was a great display of mirrors and lustres inside, and the attendants were in fine costumes.

On the arrival of the Prince, he found the little Gaekwar with all his jewels on, Sir Madhava Rao in studied plainness of attire, with a background of Sirdars and shrewd-looking Parsees, waiting to receive him on the steps at the portico. The Maharaja is, as one of the suite said, "a boy such as one may see all over the place"—with soft mild eyes, and sad subdued look. There were three boys of the stock of the Gaekwars picked out for adoption in the succession to Mulhar Rao by Sir R. Meade, and after three interviews the widow of Khandee Rao selected him. One wonders if he is as happy in his diamonds and emeralds as he was when he was running about his native village. The

Maharaja led the Prince upstairs to a room, hung with large chandeliers, with coloured prints on the walls. They sat side by side for a time, during which the Prince talked pleasantly through Sir Madhava Rao's interpretation. The Sirdars, Ministers, and officials under the Native Administration were presented, and offered nuzzurs, which were duly touched and remitted. A wreath was placed round the Prince's neck by the Maharaja—uttur and pân went round—and the Prince was led by his host to the door of the Maharanee's apartment. Jumnabaae is an exceedingly engaging and graceful lady, not yet thirty years of age, with a pleasant face, bright eyes, and agreeable smile. Her hands and feet are particularly small and well-shaped. The former were not overdone with rings, but her Highness would probably not be able to take a long walk by reason of toe-rings, one of which, on her left foot, seemed to exercise some control over her motions. She was unveiled, but from time to time she drew, as if instinctively, her tissue shawl over her head. She held her little daughter, "who," said the Maharanee, "would have been Gack-war had she been a boy," by her knee, and the child's governess, an English lady, sat a little behind her. The Maharanee was delighted with Bombay; honoured beyond expression by the Prince's visit; hoped that he would like Baroda; and was much interested in the success of his shooting-party, as to which she had given orders. The Prince presented his suite, and started for the Agga, or the arena for wild-beast combats, where he arrived shortly before 5 P.M.

The Agga is an enclosure of 180 yards long by 60 yards broad, with walls 20 feet high. These walls are pierced by low archways, into which the men engaged may retreat in case of being attacked by the animals. At the western extremity there is a Grand Stand three stories high. On

entering the gateway two elephants were seen, one tied to the wall opposite the Grand Stand, and another chained to the wall on the right of it. As soon as the Prince had taken his place in the front, with the Gaekwar by his side, two wrestlers, quite naked except at the waist, advanced, and after profound salaams, grappled. The pulwans of Baroda are not so famous as those of Lucknow, but these fellows were masses of brown muscle—a little abdominous, perhaps—but still of enormous power. Other athletes came into the field, so that there were at first four, and afterwards six, groups of flesh—animated Laocoons—striving, writhing, and rolling about in the dust, in such knotted coils of arms and legs as baffled discrimination. They were matched so well that only once did the applause of the spectators announce a victory and a defeat—the great feat of strength by which one of the wrestlers, uprooting his antagonist from the ground, prizes him over his knee, and throws him over so that both shoulders touch the ground. The wrestlers advanced to the stand, salaamed to the Prince and Gaekwar, and retired. One of the elephants was then let go, and we saw that its tusks had been sawn off short, and that it was a beast of infinite *bonhomie* of countenance. But it had a temper of its own. After some insults from the people in a safety arch, which seemed to exercise it amazingly, and which it resented by trying to tear down the wall, it was provoked beyond endurance by others who came out with spears and red cloths. It suddenly trumpeted, and made a charge, which sent the recreants flying into their recesses again. Then it stood, pondering on the situation, in the centre of the arena. While it looked at the Prince of Wales and other distinguished visitors, as if it were conjecturing what they thought of it all, the elephant at the other end of the enclosure was let go free. When the elephants

perceived each other, they advanced kindly as if to inquire after each other's health. But the persecuting band who followed them would not have it so. By shouts, lance-pricks, and other aggravating acts, they inspired the beasts with the belief that they ought to be enemies. They accordingly put down their heads and fought; but these sagacious creatures were, I think, only making believe. They merely put on the gloves and had a few rounds. Certainly there was hard hitting and tremendous head-collisions; tusks rattled and clattered, proboscis met proboscis in intricate convolutions, the vast hulls shook under the strain of combat; whether they really meant mischief or not it was impossible to determine, for at the critical moment when they had tied their trunks up in a knot, men with squibs at the end of spears let them off under the combatants' bellies. I am sorry to say the heroes bolted. After a pause, however, the combat was renewed. The elephant which seemed to have had the worst of it in the last bout, by some dexterous manœuvre now managed to turn his enemy's flank, and butted him on the quarter and stern with such force that—amid the cheers of the crowd—he turned and fled, smitten heavily, and “rammed” by his pursuer till he was brought up by the wall, when the men with rockets and squibs came in once more, and the combatants were separated. The manner of securing the elephant when the fight is at an end is clever. While his attention is directed to men in front, who menace and tantalise him with spears and flags, others, armed with large iron clamps, watching their opportunity behind, clip first one and then the other of his hind legs in the implements, over which they lasso strong ropes, so that the beast is unable to run, and is thus led off to his quarters. The prettiest little *entr'acte* followed this combat. Just as a third elephant was led out and provoked to a

proper state of indignation and temper, a lithe compact sowar, mounted on a cropy little horse, with a jerky action and a jaunty step, came into the arena. The cavalier perked up to the beast, which stood balancing itself, now on one leg, then on another, and flopping its proboscis about angrily. There is a strong antipathy between horse and elephant, but the horseman cantered his steed close up to the brute in a very confidential manner. The elephant appeared to take no notice of the sowar, who had not even a whip, and guided his horse by hand and the stirrup-irons. Suddenly the elephant uttered a short, sharp trumpet-note, and made a furious rush at his tormentor. It seemed as if man and horse must die. The end of the proboscis was all but on the rider's shoulder; a murmur ran round the arena—a cry of horror—which was changed into a burst of applause—as the sowar, with a plunge of the sharp edge of his stirrup-iron, shot away, wheeled round, and, before the elephant could get himself together again, was capering provokingly at his flank. Again and again the scene was repeated, till the elephant was not able to run, but the sowar was never so near capture afterwards. Every one admired his perfect coolness and horsemanship; and when the elephant was fairly tired out, his victor rode away among renewed plaudits. Not always is it so: sometimes the rider and horse are overthrown; and we were told of horses trampled to death, and of riders only escaping by getting between the elephants' tusks. Khandee Rao, the Gaekwar who preceded Mulhar Rao, was very fond of these sports, and, like the Roman Emperor, whom he resembled, it is said, in other ways, he would often descend into the arena and contend with his pulwans. I daresay they were perfect courtiers, and knew better than to "grass the Gaekwar."

The bar across the end gateway was now lowered, and half-a-dozen men came in, tugging at a rhinoceros. He had heavy chains on his legs, and was "roped" before and behind—a captive Behemoth. However, this was all "make-believe," too, for when the ropes were slipped off, the unwieldy thing toddled about grunting like a pig, and looked as if he wished to follow his keepers. Presently another rhinoceros was introduced to his fellow. Two merchants could not be more amiable on first introduction on 'Change. They came nose to nose, as if to exchange civilities, but the attendants began to excite ill-feelings by poking and patting them alternately, and by horrid yells, and one rhinoceros—lowering his head till his chin, or lower jaw, rested on the sand—made a thrust with his snout at his friend. The blow was hard, as the noise it made testified, but it was delivered on an adamant front. It was at once returned—the crowd were delighted. There were quick encounters, blow for blow, till it occurred suddenly to the first rhinoceros that it was nonsense to get heated and worried all for nothing, so he turned round and made off as hard as he could lumber towards the gateway. But the bar was down; his backers and friends reproached him for his want of spirit; he was again goaded up to his antagonist, who was standing as though he too were wondering what it all meant, when he received a treacherous dig in the side, which made him quiver from stem to stern. Then he turned, and the brutes, with levelled rams, had a keen bout, in which they were deluged with cold water to keep up their courage by the attendants, till the former runaway performed his retrograde movement again, to the amusement of the audience, nor could he be induced by threats, abuse, flattering fondlings, and abundance of cold water to renew the fight. It was evidently a relief to the less cowardly when his antagonist

ran off, and he did not show any inclination for pursuit. *Exeunt* two degraded rhinoceroses, for neither could be described as "game" or heroic!

Two buffaloes, which next stepped into the ring, were animals of very different mettle. They rushed to the encounter. The arena rang with the clatter of their horns. It was real fighting; with strained hind-quarters, heaving sides and lashing tails, they strove, head to head, with passionate fury. But equals in rage, they were not matched in strength; the smaller gave way, and was pushed back, slowly at first, and then at a run, till he fairly turned his flank. In an instant he was hurled on his back, for the conquering buffalo dashed at the exposed side, and, putting down his head below the belly of his enemy, butted him right over. There was no lack of courage on the part of the other, for, worsted as he was, he got up and renewed the conflict, but, after one desperate rally, in which the result was not doubtful and the damage to the defeated buffalo not slight, he was—not ingloriously—driven off the ground. An exhibition of fighting rams followed; but the champion, covered with garlands and brocade, was considered too good for anything on the ground, and the contest was left to rams which had their spurs to win. There was nothing of the timidity of the sheep in their engagements. The fury of their charges, the tremendous cracks with which their heads met together, were worthy, we were told, of great praise, and I certainly would sooner see them than a couple of prize-fighters at home, or than the pugilists with iron knuckledusters who exhibit sometimes at Baroda. Libra would not incline towards one Aries rather than to the other, and the rams were led away. When these contests were over, some of the zoological curiosities, in which Orientals as well as other people delight, were introduced. I believe the Prince might have

had the whole collection had he expressed any desire on the subject. A nylghau driven in harness—not very tractable; a pair of black bucks, harnessed and drawing a small carriage; parrots in cages, &c., were paraded in front of the Grand Stand for the Prince's inspection; and last, but not least, a Royal Bengal tiger was led out, lank, fiery-eyed, and savage, uttering growls, but scarcely capable of mischief, for hind-legs and fore-legs and body were bound with ropes, held by ten men at arms' length on both sides. Nevertheless, he was not by any means pleasant to look upon, and did strike out viciously with his right fore-leg, and very nearly laid hold of one of his guides.

The Prince now rose, thanked the Gaekwar and Sir Madhava Rao, and returned to the Residency. Night after night one lives in a constant state of illumination. The consumption of oil at Bombay, Poonah, and Baroda must have been wonderful. Chinese lanterns and myriads of "buttees" made the lines of the Cantonments and the Stations almost bright as day, and the routes from the Residency to the City, and to all the camps, blazed with lights suspended from trellis-work of bamboos. After an interval devoted to business and a change of dress, the Prince and suite drove over to the lines of the 9th Native Infantry, where he was received with due honour by Colonel Thompson and his officers, and dined with the regiment, which seemed very sensible of the honour. It was the first occasion on which a Native corps had ever entertained an Heir-apparent, and every effort was made to render it agreeable.

November 20th.—The cold was felt rather keenly last night by the outsiders. In the original programme the Prince was to have gone from Calicut for Coimbatore early

this morning. Alas; how "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley!" We were starting for the deer preserve of the Gaekwar for a day's sport. Noises outside at 4 A.M.; lights in the tents at 5 A.M.; shooting-clothes in request, and much tribulation among native servants unfamiliar with the language of detail. At 5.30 A.M. the members of the suite who were to go with the Prince assembled at the Residency, which was already lively enough, for servants were busy preparing the "little breakfast," which in England would do duty for a big one. The rays of the sun just slid over the tops of the trees which surround the building and touched the tips of the lances of the escort, and the bayonets of the sentries—the sentries of the 83rd Europeans being outside the line of the Native Infantry. Breakfast was hurried over, the Gaekwar's carriages were at the door, trumpets flourished, the guard presented arms, and at 6.15 A.M. the Prince and suite whirled away in a cloud of dust to the old railway station. Mr. Melvill, Sir R. Meade, Colonel Thompson, Major Bradford, Lieut.-Colonel Barton, Captain Jackson, and other officers and officials accompanied him. The special train—two saloon carriages and a van—rattled off to a place some eight miles distant, where the Prince was to begin his shikar. The line runs through a country of exceeding richness—level as a billiard-table, but so wooded and crop-laden that it was quite impossible to get a glimpse of the horizon except where the tent-like heights of Pounagurh, which people fondly believe to be a Hill-station, rose above the trees. So it is that Baroda city, with its 90,000 inhabitants, lying close at hand, is invisible. It is not half a mile from the line, and yet there is no trace of smoke or dust in the clear sky above the human turmoil. There were not many of what are called "Natives" about, for they were

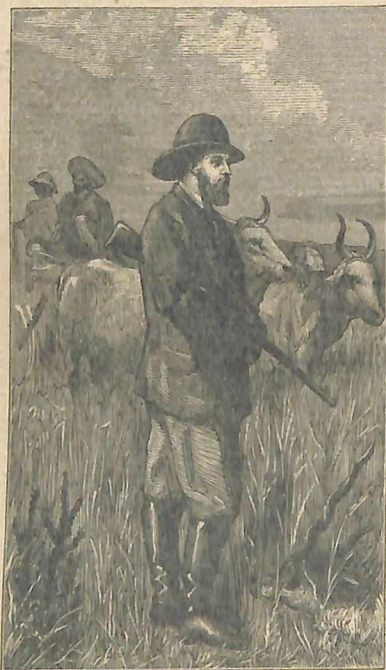
at work in the fields, which, rich in growth of hemp of extraordinary height, maize, cotton and dhal, stole away under cover of the trees, to the sea, forty-five miles to the West, and spread far East to the confines of British India. Social gatherings of monkeys were much agitated by the train. Wayfaring peasants halted to take the look, which seems obligatory all over the world, at the locomotive and carriages. In half an hour the special halted at a station, where the Kasee Shabood-deen, representing the Baroda Durbar, was present with a great gathering of elephants, shikarees, sowars, camels and oxen, to receive the Prince. There was an escort of the Haik Pagah, or the Gaekwar's Body Guard, in charge of a very gaily dressed young officer, who would have made a sensation at a costume ball in his green satin robe, and scarlet and gold clothing. There were sowars and lancers capering over the plain; and altogether the scene was bright and animated as eye could see. Some half-dozen of Probyn's old Horse were there—splendid-looking Punjaubees, whose eyes flashed with pleasure as they recognised their former leader. To these were given the rifles and ammunition. Five or six cheetahs—I am not sure which—surrounded by their attendants, were standing upright on cars drawn by oxen, their eyes hooded, lashing their lank sides with their tails, hissing and purring by turns like monster tabbies. There were also ugly, fierce-looking dogs of the Persian type—half greyhound, half deerhound—in leashes, and eight falconers with splendid peregrines and inferior short-winged falcons on their wrists. The Prince inspected the cheetahs with interest; one was taken from his cart for closer investigation, at which it hissed savagely till it was stroked into good humour by its keepers.

The Prince then mounted an ox-cart with the Duke of

Sutherland, and the rest of the suite followed on similar vehicles. This mode of conveyance was intended to permit the sportsmen to approach the black buck, which are accustomed to see long trains of hackeries or bullock waggons traversing the fields. The carts were, however, too highly ornamented, it is said, and the cortege was much too large. The elephants and sowars halted in the rear. The party then drove on to a vast plain called the Preserve. After a short time, herds of black buck were seen grazing amid the cotton-grass. They were much wilder than usual, and kept edging away from the carts, which were driven in a tortuous line, and worked like a fleet seeking to bring an enemy to action. The deer moved off towards thicker cover. Black buck are supposed not to mind carts, but they certainly were very vigilant on this occasion. Perhaps it was the novel costume, helmets, and London shooting-clothes, or the unusual length of the procession, which set them on the alert. At last a cheetah was slipped from the cart at a herd some fifty yards distant, and singled out a buck, which bounded with amazing springs across the plain. The cheetah, being distanced, gave up the chase after a dash of about 500 yards, which is said to be about the longest run they ever make, as the animal generally gives up after the failure of his first rush. The hunters now divided and beat in different directions, and many herds of deer were again seen, but they, too, were very wild. At last, after much manœuvring, a cheetah was brought sufficiently close, and was unhooded. It sprang from the cart at a herd and pulled down a buck, which was engaged in fighting with another, catching it fast by the throat. When the cheetah seizes buck or doe the agony is short, for the shikaree runs up, and, after the customary ejaculation, "May it be lawful!" puts an end,

with keen blade, to the victim's struggles, and "grollocks" it, *more Scotico*. The blood of the poor deer was given to the cheetahs, as a broken-up fox is the reward of the hounds. The sportsmen mounted the carts again, and in half an hour got near another herd. This time two cheetahs were slipped, and each pulled down its victim.

Those who slip staghounds after haunched or broken-



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SHOOTING COSTUME.

legged deer in the Highlands cannot logically charge those who follow this sport with cruelty, but it is not one which commends itself to Europeans. The cheetahs were sent back; and the Prince tried stalking, but it was with difficulty the hunters could get within a long shot. The usual course is to drive till deer are seen, and then get out and walk alongside the cart, which is directed

towards the herd. Even after the party broke up into detachments, the herds were wild and shy, and his Royal Highness had only one chance, and that a very poor one, before 10 o'clock A.M. The heat then became oppressive, but the Prince stood the sun wonderfully well, and marched through the deep stuff as if he were used to it, while Peter Robertson trudged after him, thinking, perhaps, that a little of the sunshine might well be spared for the valley of the Dee. Dr. Fayrer insisted on the virtues of umbrellas and shade, and at 11 A.M. the sportsmen mounted their horses, and rode to the Palace, or shooting-seat, of Muckunpoora, a large block of building in the centre of a wide-spread plain. On his way the Prince came to a pool where there was a herd of buffaloes, guarded by a couple of little girls, and, dismounting from his horse, went towards them to get a shot at a paddy bird. The sight of a white man was too much for the guardians of the herd, and they fled across the marsh with piteous cries, not at all reassured by the shouts of a sowar who was despatched to comfort them. The shelter of the Palace, where breakfast was laid out in a room with thirty-six enormous lustres and as many side-lights, was very welcome.

The sportsmen, perforce, rested till 3 P.M., when the sun became somewhat less powerful, and then set out to try for black buck. At 5.30 P.M. the Prince returned with a fine buck, which he had killed at 200 yards, and Colonel Ellis with a doe. The day ended pleasantly, if the sport was a little disappointing—a great authority having promised the Prince at least twenty shots. At 6 P.M. the Prince drove back to Baroda. Sowars and police patrols were posted at intervals along the road, and a cavalry escort guarded the carriages. The Prince arrived at the Residency, where he was received with the usual honours, at 7 P.M., changed his shooting-dress for uniform, and dined with the Colonel

and officers of the 22nd Native Infantry in the Cantonment at 8 P.M. The mess-room was very prettily decorated with garlands, wreaths of flowers, banners, and trophies of arms. At one end of the table were some fine skins of tigers shot by Colonel Nuttall, and the Prince of Wales' plume on the wall behind his Royal Highness was creditable to the skill of the contriver. Colonel Nuttall proposed the health of the Queen, and then that of the Prince of Wales, who, after an expression of the pleasure he felt at meeting the officers, and an acknowledgment of their very gratifying reception, gave the health of the regiment. Colonel Nuttall, in returning thanks, said the memory of that night would live in the annals of the regiment for generation after generation. The grounds around the mess-house were brilliantly lighted, and the Cantonment and the road to the Residency illuminated.

November 21st.—Jackals last night; parrots, minars, and crows, aided by a vigorous sun, early in the morning, could not banish slumber altogether; but, tired as we were after an early turn-out and a long day, it was not easy to sleep. The "Hookumdarr?" of the Sepoy, and the "Who comes there?" of the British soldier, pierced the single canvas of the tents very persistently, and to aid these lively influences, there was a perpetual tomtom-ing and a tomasha-ing outside Baroda. The coldness of the weather, in comparison with that at Bombay, set all the servants coughing terribly. And so I saw the sun rise above the trees. Odd creatures of natives, undoing the turbans they had bound their heads in, were crawling about the camp in the increasing warmth, like half-drowned flies trying to come to life; others, crouched on their hams, were cooking their rice; others, petition in hand, waiting outside the line of police, for it is difficult to persuade them that the Prince cannot redress all their wrongs.

The Rev. Mr. Polehampton, stationed here as Garrison Chaplain, one of the athletic family so well known for their prowess as oarsmen, came over from Cantonments to the Residency, and the Prince and suite attended Divine service in the large reception-room.

The Native officers of the 9th B. N. I. and of the 22nd B. N. I. were presented to the Prince by their Colonels in the afternoon. Each came forward as his name was called, presented his sword with the hilt towards his Royal Highness, who touched it, and the officer then passed on, making a military salute, with his hand to his turban. They were a fine-looking body of men, but it struck me that they were far too advanced in years for the active discharge of regimental duties.

At 7 P.M. the Gaekwar's carriages were at the Residency. Half an hour later the Prince, with Sir R. Meade, Mr. Melvill, Sir Bartle Frere, and the members of the suite, drove to the Palace of the Mohtee Bagh. Perhaps his Royal Highness saw nothing in India more curious than he witnessed on the way. Outside the Cantonments there was a bridge, spanned by triumphal arches most brilliantly illuminated. Men holding blazing torches stood along the parapets. But placed at the corners, and perched on stages and towers along the battlements, were the most grotesque and terrible things I ever beheld out of a dream. They looked like plaster statues. From beneath glistening tiaras or bonnets, wigs of snaky hair flowed over opaque white faces, which were set on tinselled bodies decked with wings of scarlet, picked out with gold and silver tinsel, which projected from the shoulders. Dresses resembling Elizabethan sacques, of brocade and tinsel, concealed all shape or form. In the inanimate hands were held stiffly bouquets, fans, swords or lances; but we started with horror when

we saw the eyes—veritable coals of fire, set in those white stony faces of the wildest aspect—turn as we passed them. Some thought the spectacle ludicrous—to me it was horrible. It seems that on such occasions young people of the lowest castes dress themselves up thus at the expense of the Native Court, and keep their finery as perquisites by right. Every road was marked out by lamps. The very trees of the groves adjacent were hung with lamps. There were lamps before all the houses. Lamps were strewed broadcast over the fields. There were ornamental towers and triumphal arches blazing with lamps. Chinese lanterns innumerable swayed wherever they could be hung. Behind these lights stood a silent, solemn, brown-faced crowd; and the effect of these lights on enormous masses of white-clothed figures produced combinations to drive an artist to despair. When one thinks that for all that distance, through a city where the authority of the Empress's Government has been so very sternly and, as many think, unjustly asserted, the Prince passed almost within reach of an arm outstretched from the roadway, and that not a word of offence or gesture indicative of disrespect on the part of those myriads could be heard or seen, it must be admitted that the people of Baroda are, at all events, well-mannered.

Once more we saw the Baroda Highlanders, the Baroda Horse, the gold and silver guns,* and the beautiful carriages of the Maharanee Jumnabaae, drawn by magnificent oxen, with gilt and silvered horns, covered with trappings of gold and silver tissue. The Gaekwar's band played "God save the Queen;" his artillery fired a salute, his troops presented arms. The Gaekwar, Sir Madhava Rao, Shab-ooddeen, and the Ministers received the Prince on alighting at

* See Notes.



the steps. Unreservedly, trustingly, the Prince, followed by his handful of friends, passed into the Palace among the masses of swarthy retainers of the Court, all armed to the teeth, with the hand of the Gaekwar in his own. As a *divertissement* before dinner, the company were invited to inspect the Crown jewels, laid out on three tables in an adjoining room. They were well worthy the admiration of those who had such an opportunity of seeing concentrated riches. Let me tell a story. The late Gaekwar was fond of jewels. There came a merchant with certain precious stones, valued by him at 90,000/. The Gaekwar wanted money. So, said he, "I will buy the jewels; and if you give me 30,000/. down, I will give you an order for 120,000/. on the Treasury." The jeweller agreed; he gave the Gaekwar the money, and he handed him over the jewels, for which he got a receipt and an order on the public purse for 120,000/. When the Gaekwar was removed, the jewels could not be found, and the jeweller is now pressing the Baroda Government for the payment of his little bill. I fear he is not likely to get it.

When dinner was announced, the Prince led Mrs. Melvill downstairs to a long narrow pavilion in the garden. The dinner was in the European fashion—Baroda fashion in the old days was said to be apt to disagree with one—and it was not very long, which was a mercy. Towards the end Sir Madhava Rao appeared, leading in the Gaekwar. The Prince rose and made room for him by his side, Sir Madhava Rao standing at the back of his chair. After a short conversation, Sir Madhava, in the name of the Maharaja and Maharanee, proposed, in English, the health of the Queen, which was drunk with all honours, and next gave that of the Prince of Wales. The Prince, in returning thanks, expressed the pleasure he felt at being in

Baroda, and his gratification at the cordiality of his reception. He thanked the Maharaja and the Maharanee for their kindness, and could assure them he would never forget his visit. The Maharaja was yet very young, but he had a great career before him. He predicted that the Maharaja, inspired by the able counsels of Sir Madhava Rao, would devote himself to promoting the welfare of his people, and would exert himself to develop the resources of the country he was called on to govern, so as to insure the continuance of friendly relations between the two Governments. He gave the health of the Maharaja and the Maharanee. Sir Madhava, in reply, said the Maharaja and the Maharanee requested him to return their most grateful thanks for the manner in which their health had been proposed and responded to. They certainly regarded that as the happiest moment of their lives. Long had they been gazing on photographs of English Royalty. It was now their felicity to see that Prince who was heir to a sceptre whose beneficent power and influence were felt in every quarter of the globe; which dispelled darkness, diffused light, paralysed the tyrant's hand, shivered the manacles of the slave, extended the bounds of freedom, accelerated the happiness and elevated the dignity of the human race. They were grateful that the Prince had come from his distant northern home, traversing seas and oceans, as the gracious messenger of a gracious Queen. He had come to inspect an empire founded by the heroism and sustained by the statesmanship of England; to witness the spectacle of indigenous principalities relying more securely on British justice than could mighty nations on their embattled hosts. He would be greeted everywhere with enthusiastic loyalty and fervent devotion on account of his illustrious mother, and on account of his exalted position; of the motives which prompted the visit,



and of his own right Royal affability and graciousness. His visit to Baroda could never be forgotten, never could fade in their memory. The occasion would be commemorated by history, and would ever be associated with renovated strength and renewed stability of the State. He had only to add a fervent prayer that their Royal guest would complete his progress to his satisfaction, and that he might have reason to regard with peculiar favour the weighty interests of the Princes and peoples of India; that he might carry back to his Empress mother, and to the British nation in general, most gratifying messages of loyalty to and attachment on the part of divers nations, professing different creeds, differing even in colour and costume, but united in gratitude for the benefits of British rule and influence.

After dinner, the Prince, Gaekwar, ladies, and company returned to the Palace, where a clever performer played on a simple apparatus of cups of different sizes filled partially with water, to an accompaniment of zithers. Two girls afterwards sung characteristic music, and there was dancing of no great merit, although the performers, it was said, were highly esteemed. Coffee was served, and there was a display of beautiful fireworks. At 10.30 P.M. the Prince paid a visit to the Maharanee, and expressed his pleasure at the visit, and his gratification at the sporting arrangements. The Maharanee was evidently greatly pleased at the Prince's expressions, and was very gracious to the suite. She came out with the Gaekwar, and bade them good-bye at the steps of the Palace.

The Prince drove to the Station at 11.25 P.M., where a special train was waiting to convey the party to the shooting-ground south of Mehmoodabad. Mr. Shepherd, Collector of Kaira, a famous shot, was charged with the

arrangements. Those who were not to go with his Royal Highness, or who were excused by him, returned to the camp, and made the most of their time next day.

November 22nd.—The Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Grey went by special train to Ahmedabad with Colonel Barton, and greatly enjoyed their trip to that ancient city, and to its monuments and temples. The nights are cool, if the Bombay standard be accepted; but the heat in the tents was of an aggressive character, and drove the thermometer up to 88° at 11 A.M. In reality, shooting in the open is not so trying, although it may be more dangerous, than writing or working in the shade, even at a considerable reduction of temperature. Just as the sun rose, the Prince and his party got out of the train prepared for immediate action. There were elephants, camels, ponies, tongas or country carts, waiting for the sportsmen, a capital set of beaters, and a fine stretch of country under such crops as quails affect—jute, bagrie, &c. It was not long before the fusillade began; quail rose and dropped rapidly; but it was not always easy to find the birds in the thick green crops. There were three kinds—the grey, the rain, and the button quail. One of the party killed a peacock, and now and then there were partridges and hares. The Prince made a large contribution in the shape of a sarus (crane), which was found near some swampy ground, to the collection which Mr. Bartlett is preparing. About 10 A.M. the bag was found to consist of 111 quail and sundries. The Prince and party then rode to an old Temple, beautifully situated over the river, where they found breakfast. The special train was reached at noon, and at 1.30 P.M. the Prince arrived at the Residency. Then there was a *relâche* of two hours for lunch, and change of clothes for the pig-sticking expedition to Dubka, some eighteen miles



south of Baroda. The party drove in open carriages to the ground, where they dined, and slept in two travellers' bungalows. The road was carefully guarded and patrolled, and the quarters were protected against intrusion for the night.

November 23rd.—The pig-stickers were up early, and rode off to try their 'prentice hands at the most popular of Indian wild sports; but the crops were very thick, and somehow or other the pigs did not show as it was expected they would. Some good boars broke, and went away; but at last the Prince had a chance of "getting his spear," as it is called, and killed a pig.

The Duke of Sutherland, Sir Bartle Frere, and I took a drive through Baroda. The streets were filled with bullock-carts and foot-passengers; consequently the yelling of the official in scarlet behind our carriage was incessant and deafening. We visited the potters' quarters, where the manufacturers were working their primitive wheels, turning out earthenware chatties at 1 pie each. One told us he could make 120 in the day, all told, which would give him more than 3s., but out of that he would have to pay for fire for baking, and for clay. Nothing could be more quiet, civil, and courteous than the demeanour of the crowd. We drove by an ancient crenelated brick wall, with round towers and casemates, from which protruded the muzzles of iron cannon—a work older than the Mahrattas. So on to a magnificent tank, 500 yards square, where elephants were bathing, people washing and drawing water, the surface covered with rich green scum, broken by the gambols of fish and water-serpents. It is 12 feet deep, and has not been drained nor cleared for many years. The priest of the Hindoo Temple near at hand came out and invited us to enter. The inner idol was not shown, but in the outer shrine we could see the image

of a cow or ox covered with gold tissue. There were many Brahmins inside. Though some had frowns on their brows, they were civil. One elderly priest told us there was a sermon and service, by reason of a foundation from Khandee Rao, open to all, every Monday; and he pointed out a lad of eighteen as the best of the preachers. Our guide showed at the end that he was as well up in asking a fee as if he were a true British verger. Driving back, we skirted the Palace of Bhow Scindia, the luckless Minister whom the deposed Gaekwar is said to have done to death. The irons and manacles forged by Mulhar Rao's orders for his brother's favourite and Premier now lie in the Residency. When we are told that Bhow Scindia had nothing to drink but salt water and pepper, in equal proportions, that he wore these chains and lived for fifteen days on such diet, it must be admitted, by those who believe the story, that he had, at all events, a very fine constitution. We passed next through the quarter of well-to-do citizens, and observed strong police stations and guards, as well as mounted men on guard at various places. It struck me that the Shroffs of the *beau quartier* regarded the strangers with less friendly eyes than the poorer classes, who were, however, negative in their demeanour. Some of the fat, sleek people sitting before their money-bags were absolutely scowling. Perhaps they had bad news of Turkish or Egyptian securities.

The hunting-party returned in the afternoon, and the Prince received deputations and addresses from Ahmedabad and Surat. It is to be regretted that Surat, which possesses interesting remains of the early representatives of British enterprise, was left unnoticed, and that the mosques, tombs, temples of the famous old city, the seat of Mahomedan dynasties and Hindoo houses for so many

years, could not be visited ; but Ahmedabad had not yet recovered from the effects of the dreadful inundation, and it would have been difficult to have made the necessary arrangements for Surat at short notice. The departure for Bombay was not so fine as the entry, but it was nevertheless made an affair of State, and the Gaekwar and all his people attended the Prince to the Baroda Station. Illuminations, bands, escorts, of course ; but the platform at the Station was in darkness, and Sir Madhava Rao was in some apprehension lest advantage might be taken to do mischief to the Prince or to the young Gaekwar in the confusion. Owing to changes in the arrangements, there was some delay in getting up the carriages and starting the train.

November 24th.—The special train arrived at the Church Gate Station, Bombay, at 8.40 A.M. Sir Philip Wodehouse and his Staff, the Admiral, Captain Glyn, Lord A. Paget, Lord C. Beresford (quite recovered), Mr. Fitz-George, &c., were awaiting the Prince's arrival, and procession was formed to the Dockyard, where steam-launches were in readiness to convey the party to the *Serapis*. It was not considered expedient to return to Parell, or remain on shore, on account of the prevalence of sickness. There were renewed consultations respecting the arrangements for the tour after leaving Bombay. It was settled that after visiting Goa the *Serapis* shall call at Beypore, and that if the reports are unfavourable, she will go on to Ceylon, where the Governor is making every preparation for the Royal visitor.

The Prince dined with Admiral Macdonald, who is invited to take a passage to Calcutta, and whose flag-ship, the *Undaunted*, will proceed to Colombo. It was only by the exercise of Mahratta-like cunning, or of sturdy self-will, that any one could escape the pains and penalties of pro-



gramme, or evade the grasp of official notifications. The Prince "*Rex est et super grammaticam*," but he was nevertheless very careful of prescribed covenants with the public, and it was only by hard work that he contrived to obtain relaxation. The Duke of Sutherland and others visited the institutions and sights of Bombay, and saw their friends at their ease without the "*magna comitans caterva*," but it was not possible for the Prince to imitate the good Haroun al Raschid. The Towers of Silence—of which no more at present—the Holy Tank and Temple of Walkeshwar, the Crawford Markets, the European Hospitals, were all duly visited before the Prince left Bombay, but each demanded its exertion and its "special" bundabust. The flourishing sect of Khojas, who acknowledge as their Chief the descendant of the Old Man of the Mountains, the veritable head of the Assassins, were gratified by seeing the Prince pay a visit to Agha Khan and his sons, the Persian Princes—for particulars of whom and of their history, please read the interesting papers in 'Macmillan's Magazine' from the charming pen of Sir Bartle Frere.

Whilst the Prince and his party were enjoying themselves at Baroda, Lord A. Paget, Major Sartorius, and Mr. FitzGeorge, &c., were engaged, in charge of Mr. Larcom, in search of tiger at Rajpoori. The *Osborne* arrived there on the 19th. Lord A. Paget, Mr. Larcom, &c., leaving the ship early on the 20th, made a good bag of wild fowl; Major Sartorius, Lieutenants Fitz-George and Gough, &c., had fair sport among the woodcocks. On the 21st, Lord Alfred Paget and others, leaving at 7.30 A.M., landed about two miles up the river. Under the orders of Mr. Larcom, the party toiled over hillside and through jungle until nightfall, without result. They landed again on the 22nd. Came on distinct recent traces of a tiger; so

it was evident that they had been sitting down not many yards away from the beast during lunch. Perhaps he did not like the white umbrellas of some of the party. The sun was hot, and umbrellas were no doubt useful; who does not remember the story of the Royal Bengal, who was driven off in his charge on a picnic party by the sudden unfurling of a sunshade? The Jinjeera tiger might have been animated by similar antipathies. At all events, he was not killed. This short trip was a great relief to the ship's company. The crew made up water parties in a decided fashion; sixty "salts" hauling away at the ship's net astonished the villagers every evening. By the light of a big bonfire on the beach, alternately working cheerily up to his neck in water, and running foot-races, "Jack" managed to enjoy himself completely. To compensate for the scarcity of game, the party managed to bring back plenty of fish.

November 25th.—The steam-like clouds floating over Elephanta and the shore-line, and clinging to the surface of the water this morning, gave an indication of the heat which was not belied even when the sea breeze was freshest. Every one felt the influence of the climate. The very shipping, whilom so gay, had a depressed air, which corresponded too well with the sanitary condition of some of the crews; the pendants and ensigns drooped in the morning haze; a Vandervelde calm. The *Doris*, we know, is not at all healthy. The *Philomel* was away to the Malay Peninsula, despatched the night of the Byculla Club Ball, in consequence of the receipt of a telegram announcing the murder of Mr. Birch at Perak. Although we leave Bombay this evening, the route is still uncertain. A telegram received from the highest quarter gave expression to the anxiety caused by the reports of cholera, and the shooting excursion in Southern India may be con-

sidered as definitively abandoned. Dr. Fayrer and Dr. Hartwell, whose name has been so long associated with sanitary reform, and who has done such good work in the city of Bombay, think there are symptoms of an impending outbreak of cholera all over the Madras Presidency. The programme for the tour, so carefully drawn up in London and in Calcutta, has been cut to ribands. Every day brings its despatch, every despatch has dashed so many hopes and plans. Not needlessly nor in vain were warnings given that the set calendars in which the Prince's steps were measured and his hours told off should not be relied on. There was not in all these linked sweetnesses one small space left for a day's break down—for an accident, for even a headache or indisposition. The fleet has been an object of great attraction to the Rajas and natives of all classes, and even the high-caste Brahmin was not superior to the curiosity of seeing the *Serapis*. Commanders and First Lieutenants feel on such occasions very much as a man does who sees a loutish fellow tread with muddy feet on the tail of a lady's robe, so that the patience of Commander Bedford was sorely exercised by hosts of strangers. But now the Rajas, to the great relief of the saluting battery, have nearly all gone away, pretty well cleared out, poor men! and there was only one nine-gun-wallah to notice the loss of this morning. The *Serapis* was, however, thronged by visitors on business, and many friends came to take leave in the "cool" of the morning (thermometer 88°), notably of Sir Bartle Frere, whose name is ever grateful in Bombay, notwithstanding the small carpings of economists who object to spending the money of the people in the improvement of the city and county in which they live. There was also that liveliness of motion—going and coming—between deck, which denotes an impending arrival or departure, and many

cases full of presents were being shipped and sent down the hold.

There was some anxiety respecting a detachment of the party (Lord Suffield and Mr. Knollys) which should have been on board early this morning ; but they returned at breakfast-time from a visit to Sir Salar Jung at Hyderabad, which had proved very interesting and agreeable. They had not seen the Nizam, who was too ill to receive even his tutor, Captain Clerk.

The Prince landed at noon to take leave of the Governor. It was a state ceremony, and the men-of-war and the vessels in harbour dressed and saluted, the crews manned yards, and cheered ; but there was naturally some diminution in the manifestations of loyal curiosity which marked the first appearance of the Prince. The landing was at the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company's Dockyard at Mazagone, where there were very few persons to receive the Prince, because he had arrived before the time at which it was understood he would land. There were the band, colours, and guard of honour of 100 men of the 20th Native Infantry, the escort of the 3rd Hussars, and a half battery to salute. Mr. Souter was, of course, on the spot—where has he not been, and where is he not, wherever the Prince has been or is expected ?—and he sent off for the vehicles ; but he heard, perhaps with some dismay, that his Royal Highness wished, instead of driving direct to Parell, the way to which had been duly lined and patrolled by police, to visit the house of Sir Munguldass Nuthoobhoy, where there was a wedding festivity, which he intended to honour by his presence. Off flew a mounted Chief of the Bombay sbirri to make such dispositions as were possible to clear the new route of all impediments. The mansion lay in an out-of-the-way part of the town ;

suburban; but it was worth while to go there, for it is not given to every one to see the interior of a Native mansion at such a time; and the visitors saw not only the interior of the house, but the ladies of the family, and the young men who were enjoying the festivity, and the bridegroom himself, who was a marvel of brocade and gold and silver lace and tinsel, with a tiara on his head, so that he might well have been taken for the bride. And in such attire was he to proceed on a champing charger, escorted by his friends, to bring his wife to her new home. Poor lad! He seemed oppressed by fatigue, and no doubt would have given a good deal to have had the equestrian exhibition struck out of the programme. The house contained some good rooms, furnished in the mode which commends itself to the Oriental taste; and there were mirrors, musical clocks, mechanical contrivances, chandeliers, and engravings, notably of British and European personages, in abundance. The ladies were in flutters of delight at the visit, and Sir Munguldass Nuthoobhoy gave full expression to his feelings at the honour conferred on him. There was a great crowd of Bombay merchants. Several were pointed out as being worth so many lakhs of rupees, some as being worth millions of money; and of these the chief were presented to the Prince—then uttur and pân, and good-bye. The quantity of flowers in and outside was astonishing, and the scent overpowering; nor did any who entered escape the be-wreathment and garlanding, which form part of all ceremonies, the Prince being especially festooned with the choicest. There was an impression in the minds of some of the visitors that they had been at a Parsee's wedding, for the full-dress turban of the Bombay banker or bunneah has been adopted by the Parsees, and many think that it is their exclusive right to wear it. Away to Parell—streets lined, but not

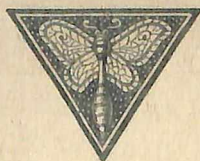
any great crowds of people. The Horse Artillery troop fired a salute; a guard of honour, furnished by the 26th Native Infantry, with band and colours, was in front of the House; but a glance down the avenue showed that all the canvas was down, and that life in the tented field was over for the present. The visit to Parell was very grateful, surely, to the Governor and to the Prince; but most of all, perhaps, to the Chief of Police (to whose activity, zeal, and administrative skill so much of the success of the Bombay festivities has been due—not a serious accident, not a riot, nor a fire); for the Prince, whose eye is quick to detect merit of the sort, thought it would be a proper recognition of Mr. Souter's services to bestow on him the honour of knighthood; and there were few happier men in the land that afternoon than the gentleman who felt the touch of the sword held by the Prince as the accolade was bestowed, and heard the words, "Rise, Sir Francis Henry Souter!" There was one small drop of bitter in the cup. The new knight had a hereditary right to be proud of "Frank," and he was styled "Francis;" but he was rendered content by the assurance that he could call himself "Sir Frank," as he preferred it. After tiffin and sitting for photographs, the Prince left Parell to go on board the *Serapis*. At the Dockyard there was a guard of honour of the 2nd Queen's, band and colours, under Captain Holt. The decorations had been furbished up, and, instead of "Welcome," over the entrance, there was "God speed." The interior seemed comparatively empty, for most of the Rajas were absent. There were present, however, the Raja of Radhanpore, the Raja of Dranghdra, the Nawab of Jinjeera, and the Raja of Palitana, each with followers gorgeously dressed, and there were several of the white-gowned and turbaned Sirdars of the Deccan. Sir Michael Westropp,

Sir Charles Sargent, Mr. Justice Kemball, Mr. Justice Melvill, Mr. Justice Green, Mr. Justice Bayley, the Hon. Mr. Scoble, the Hon. Mr. Rogers, the Hon. Mr. Gibbs, Major-General Kennedy, the Hon. Mr. Ravenscroft, Mr. Lee-Warner, Captain Morland, Captain Robinson, Mr. Barrow, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Orr, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, his sons and brother, the Hon. Vishwanath N. Mundlik, the Hon. Beecherdass Ambaidass, Mr. Nowrojee Manockjee Wadia, Mr. Manockjee Curtsetjee, Mr. Homejee Cursetjee Dady, Mr. Cursetjee Furdoonjee Paruck, Mr. Limjee Nowrojee Banajee, Mr. Pheroshah M. Mehta, and many others, and a great company of ladies, bouquets, kerchiefs, new dresses and fresh smiles, bright, fair and faithful to the last.

The Prince walked slowly down the scarlet cloth, stopping frequently to shake hands with and speak to gentlemen and ladies who had been presented to him; and, as he looked round, he noticed Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, walked over and shook him by the hand. He touched his helmet in answer to salutes from gentlemen who were not within reaching distance. A crowd of officers and other gentlemen followed him to the Royal barge. The Prince stood engaged in conversation with Sir Philip Wodehouse, and several other gentlemen, for a few minutes. Then he stepped back, shook hands with almost everybody present, being anxious that none of those who had been introduced to him should be missed. The barge shoved off amid deafening cheers, not only from those in the yard, but from thousands who lined the piers and thronged the Apollo Bunder. Five minutes after, a salute from the ships of war announced that the Prince had arrived on board the *Serapis*. The Governor and his suite and others were received, and paid their parting respects on board the *Serapis* in the evening;

some, as Major-General Browne, Major Bradford, Major Sartorius, Major Ben. Williams, to rejoin the Prince, others to their posts, all with recollections of a few graceful sentiments more treasured than the substantial souvenirs which were so freely bestowed. The list of those latter would be long; but the name of Captain Robinson should not be omitted, nor the thanks the Prince conveyed to him and the Department over which he presided. At 5 P.M. the *Serapis* slowly moved ahead, with the faithful *Osborne* in her usual station, the *Raleigh* (freighted with all the special correspondents of the London papers and others, including Count Goblet d'Alviella, of the 'Independence Belge,' and M. de Coutoley, of the 'Temps,') in a line parallel to her, and the *Undaunted*, flag of Rear-Admiral Macdonald, astern.

At 6 P.M. the rays of the Colaba Light House, which had first welcomed the Prince to the East, were casting their gleam over the waters in our wake, and almost as uncertain in his wanderings along the coast as Vasco da Gama himself, the illustrious guest of the Viceroy of India was setting out to see what the Fates would send him on his cruise down the western coast of Hindostan.





"HAULING THE SEINE."

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to Goa—A Portuguese Settlement—New Goa—Old Goa—Mancheels—
 The Cathedral—The Bom Jesus—A Fishing Excursion—Coast Scenery—
 Beypore—Cholera prevalent in the Shooting District—The "Moplahs"—
 A Remembrance of Tippoo—Otter Hunt—Quilon—The Tambarettes.

NOVEMBER 26TH.—The *Serapis* continued her course south at a distance of some fifteen miles from land. The sea-line marked by a well-defined wall of cocoa-nuts; inland, elevated plateaux, leaving intermediate ranges cut up by valleys and sweeping plains. But what activity and life amongst people, to us as unknown as they were to the Portuguese when first their daring caravels ploughed these waters! Close to land were running, as if engaged in a regatta, fleets of fishing-boats, with outriggers and lateen sails, and here and there larger native merchantmen. All day long they passed to and fro, up and down, now and then coming quite close, the crews rousing themselves up to stare at the unwonted bulk and grandeur of the

great steamer, such as was never before beheld in those seas. At long intervals, wherever the coast offered a sheltering bay for commerce, there were traces of the works of former conquerors, and of races no longer in power. We passed Malwan in the course of the afternoon, and soon afterwards Fort Melundy, a remarkable work, about 400 yards long, with sixteen bastions, built of dark-coloured stone. At 1.30 P.M. the *Osborne* was signalled, and Colonel Ellis was sent on board with despatches to announce the arrival of the Prince, and to make arrangements for his reception at Goa. The Governor had been already informed that a visit might be expected from his Royal Highness, and preparations were made to do him every honour. In the course of the afternoon, the sea being perfectly calm, a remarkable appearance in advance of our course caused some uneasiness on board, till the cause of it was understood. It was an elevated line of water in the shape of a Λ , the sharp end being at the distance of several miles, and the sides gradually extending outwards, so that it looked exactly like the sea marking a reef, right on the centre of which we were running full speed. The *Raleigh*, which was on our port quarter, was signalled to, altered her course, and came up on the starboard and astern; but after a close inspection through the glass it turned out to be nothing more than a long double ripple in the placid sea, the effect of the *Osborne's* course, although she was so far ahead as to be hull down at the time. At 5 P.M. we sighted Cape Aguada, which is north of the entrance to the river on which Goa and Panjim lie. It is a bluff, brown mound, with some buildings on the pointed summit, and with a fort, or rather a wall with a few guns mounted on it, at the base. At 7 P.M. the *Serapis* and *Raleigh* anchored about two miles out from shore, the *Osborne* being stationed inside. The

night passed quietly, but they had some difficulty in preventing the Portuguese authorities coming off to welcome the Prince, and they were very anxious to fire another salute.

November 27th.—The morning sun lighted up the glistening sides of the *Serapis*, the warlike bulk of the *Raleigh*, and the graceful lines of the *Osborne*, and of her small sister, the *May Frere*, as they sat on the quiet roll of a waveless sea, which lapped the verge of the wide spread of green cocoanut-palms fringing the shore. The number of pendants, and the array of steam-launches, barges and gigs passing to and fro between the vessels, gave a fitting appearance of state to the little squadron flying the Prince's standard and the British ensign in Portuguese waters. Landwards were a few fishing or coasting boats, with broad lateen sails and high sterns. Then a low broken range of hills, above the outline of which rose higher and more regular summits. Here and there the detached tumular formations so frequent in this part of India were visible, and on one of these, close to the beach, was perched the Light House, which looks like a fortified work. To the south crop up a few small islands. The settlement of Goa-Panjim is situated on the south bank of the river, some three miles from the headland. The town could not be seen from the anchorage, but one large house embowered in trees, and several smaller residences on the rising ground, could be made out through the glass.

At 8 A.M. the Prince of Wales, in undress uniform, and his suite, Captain Glyn, Captain Tryon, Commander Durrant, &c., were conveyed in two steam-launches to the *May Frere*. The *Raleigh* woke up the echoes with her big guns, and, before the salute was over, the cloud of smoke, curling in creamy folds and mounting upwards, hid all but the men on the top-gallant yards from view.

At 8.45 A.M., as the despatch-boat ran past the ancient water battery at the north side of the creek on which Panjim is situated, the Portuguese fired a very creditable salute of twenty-one guns and hoisted the British standard. There were very few craft on the river, and no Portuguese or European vessels; but as we were entering the creek, a steamer, which had been chartered to carry the Raja of Kolhapoor on his way home from Bombay, passed out to the north with many Native passengers. The boats engaged in fishing were rudely made of thick, coarse planks of dark wood, with high projecting sterns; the rowers were all but naked. They are a squalid people to look at, very dark, like most of the natives of the coast, and do not seem to belong to the race of Hindoos to be seen inland. A coarse cloth, rarely clean, serves as turban, and nothing else have they in the shape of clothes but a very scanty loin-cloth. Their oars are like maltsters' shovels, very nearly similar to those used in Bombay waters, which are poles with flat circles of wood nailed to the end.

The river beyond the bar resembles the Thames below Gravesend, always assuming the cocoanut-palms on the banks as an invariable characteristic. As we came nearer, the resemblance was strengthened by the aspect of New Goa itself, which is exceedingly like old Gravesend. The Government House looms like the old Falcon Tavern, and there are little bits by the river-side which remind one exactly of the more ancient buildings above and below Rosherville. A range of wild ghauts is visible to the east.

When the *May Frere* came up to a line of detached bungalows on the creek, the people ran towards the landing-place, where there was a multitude of persons, some in black hats and evening dress, others in less

elaborate costumes, and others in the simple attire affected by the aborigines. The Portuguese turn very brown in these parts, and their native hue deepens greatly in India, where as we travel south the people generally acquire darker tints. The Europeans looked like Hindoos *en costume*, and the entire absence of any sort of womankind added to the bizarre effect of the crowd on those whose eyes had been accustomed to see brilliant Parsee ladies everywhere in Bombay. As soon as the *May Frere* was moored about 100 yards from the Governor's House, a double-banked galley, pulled by eighteen men, who were dressed in a uniform which recalled the costume of the time of Elizabeth, put off. The scarlet caps, in front of which were fixed large silver plaques, worked finely, and said to be 200 years old, may be seen depicted in an old painting (at Venice, I think), representing a naval engagement between the Turks and the Venetians, in which there is a boat in the foreground, rowed by men wearing caps and badges of very much the same form. The galley came alongside, two equerries received the Governor (Viceroy no longer) at the gangway. The Prince stood at the top of the ladder of the quarter-deck, and his Excellency Tavares de Almeida, General of Division of the Royal Artillery of Portugal, and Governor of Goa, &c., ascended, and was graciously welcomed. His Excellency, who was highly *décoré* for services in China, Mozambique, &c., was followed by Senor J. H. da Cunha Rivara, Secretary; Major Albuquerque, Military Secretary; Lieut.-Colonel Pertana, Governor of Damaun (another Portuguese possession near Bombay); Captain J. T. F. Arez, R.N., Captain Fonseca, A.D.C., Captain de Lacerda, A.D.C., Senor B. J. de Lorena, &c. After a few moments' conversation, the Prince, Governor, and suites were rowed to the landing-place of New Goa, where order

certainly did not prevail. Though there was no shouting, noise, or violent shoving—still there was a strong desire to close in round the Prince, and the two stalwart Punjaubees who carried the Prince's rifles, which were taken on the chance of a shot, as game was said to be abundant, exercised a very salutary influence in restraining the eagerness of the crowd.

A very small place it is, indeed; but an immense mass of people around the landing-place—of such mongrel aspect that it was very hard to say where Hinddo ended and European began—gave cause for wonder as to where they abode or where they came from, for outside the town all is cocoa-nut. The forces of the Government were drawn up—a European battalion, a Sepoy battalion, and a battery. The Sepoys, with European officers, were very much the same stamp of men as our own low-caste regiments, looking more like Madrassesees than Bengalees. They were dressed in blue and yellow. The Portuguese officers smart, but rather sickly. The European battalion, on their right, extended up across the Plaza to the Government House. When the crowd, making a most extraordinary chattering and jabbering, closed in, there was decided agitation of the two mounted officers, whose horses had probably never before been exposed to such an ordeal, and the “present arms” was almost too much for them. The Government House, which is not more than a century old, contains a very interesting gallery of portraits, removed from old Goa: likenesses of all the Viceroys who reigned in the names of the Kings of Portugal from the foundation of their great dominion in India till Viceroys ceased to be, and gave way to simple Governors-General. They may be as apocryphal as the likenesses of the Scotch Kings at Holyrood, but they have an air of genuineness about them; and they stand in ruffs, collars,

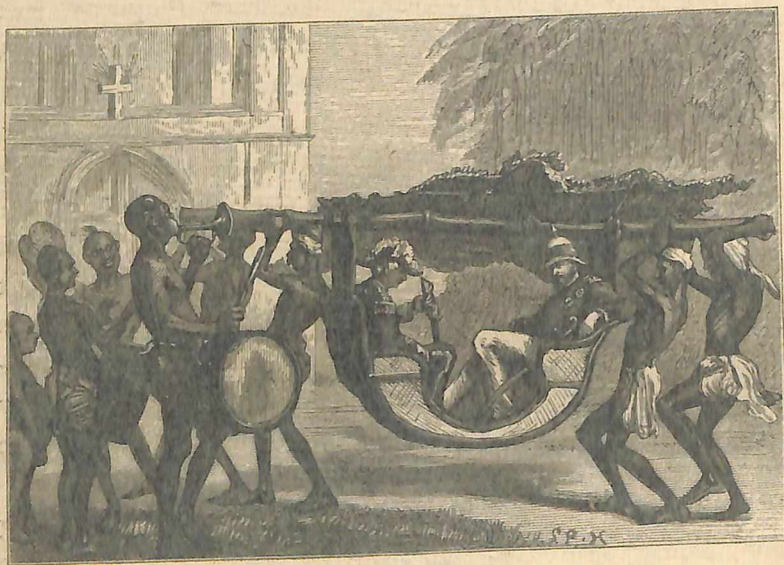
trunk hose, Vandyck cloaks—right gallant-looking gentlemen. Whether the climate was very deadly, or they made their fortunes very rapidly, it is certain they followed in quick succession, and two came in one year, which, considering the difficulty of the voyages between India and Portugal, is remarkable. The Prince went round the rooms with great interest, and after a time, taking his stand before a seat of honour in a chamber which was decorated with portraits of the Kings of Portugal and of some of his own Royal relatives of the House of Coburg, received the Archbishop of Goa and his clergy, and a number of Portuguese officials, who were presented to him by the Governor. The heat, if not overpowering, was distressing, and the buildings were crowded by the whole population of Goa apparently, who certainly had the Republican attribute of doing exactly as they pleased.

Then his Royal Highness and the Governor embarked in the steam-launch of the *Osborne*, and went three miles up the river to visit what remains of Goa proper, or "old Goa," abandoned more than 230 years ago on account of its unhealthiness. The river washes the remains of a great city—an arsenal in ruins; palaces in ruins; quay walls in ruins; churches in ruins—all in ruins! Long would it take to repeat the stories of our friends concerning the places we passed. As one of them said, "We were once great. We ruled vast provinces in this land. Now you are the masters. Look and see what is left to us!" We looked, and saw the site of the Inquisition, the Bishop's Prison, a grand Cathedral, great churches, chapels, convents, religious houses on knolls surrounded by jungle and trees, scattered all over the country. We saw the crumbling masonry which once marked the lines of streets and enclosures of palaces, dockyards filled with weeds, and obsolete cranes.

Goa! Somehow or other the "Inquisition" comes to one's mind when the place is named. But it has, or ought to have, memories of a nobler sort. The history of the Portuguese in India would point the moral and adorn the tale of a philosophical historian who should write of the decline and fall of empires. The Portuguese can fight, no doubt, as stoutly as they did in days of yore, and if they are not quite so potent in an eminently practical and rather severe theology as they once were, they have not been left ignobly behind in the race of modern civilisation. Da Gama! Albuquerque! These are names to conjure with. It is a place an Englishman ought to visit. It is a place which an English Prince, especially, may visit with great profit. If we are proud of our deeds and of our history in India, and if we are elated by the greatness of the doings of our race, we may be led by the aspect of ruins such as those which the Prince of Wales has been gazing upon to turn our thoughts to the investigation of the causes which sap the foundations of mighty States, and lay the work of statesmen and soldiers in the dust.

At the landing-place some dozen wretched-looking natives were gathered. The distances are great, and if the stranger does not wish to be carried in litters resembling the Simla panjams, here called "mancheels," which are canopied seats slung from bamboos, which are borne on men's heads, he must walk. The Prince and the Governor got into one of these litters, not without some laughter, and were conducted to the Cathedral, which is half a mile from the landing. The road passes under a large arched gateway. In a niche over the arch, beneath one of St. Catherine, stands a painted statue of Vasco da (not de) Gama, and we were told that it was of necessity that each Governor of Goa should go under this archway—"Aliter

Gubernator non potest fieri." There was one of the smooth, well-bred, amiable ecclesiastics, who are ever to be found *in situ*, to show the Prince round and explain everything. The Cathedral inside is of vast and noble proportions, very plain and massive outside. It contains shrines and chapels, and much gilding, many middling paintings, fine old silver work. There were only seven worshippers—all women, all natives—all before one shrine ;



THE MANCHEEL.

at least, *they* were real, for the visit was a surprise. What had become of the worshippers for whom these churches had been erected? Or were they the work of Faith and Hope? From the Cathedral the Prince went to the Bom Jesus. On the steps a musical performance welcomed the Prince, which he never heard or saw the like of before. One tall, lanky native gentleman, whose principal raiment was a big drum slung from his neck, belaboured that instrument with one hand, and with the other held to his mouth a fearful tube of brass, from which

he compelled the most dreadful sounds. A boy beside him, without the benefit of drum, clanged two cymbals, and a couple of youths joined in, one on a kettle-drum, the other on a drum simple. Above this din rose the ding dong of the small, and the sonorous roll of the great, bells of the church, and the barking of noisy curs. There were no beggars, and that for the reason that there were no people to be begged of. The Bom Jesus is chiefly noted for the shrine of St. Francis Xavier, a man whom the churches of the world may unite in accepting as a true Apostle. It is certainly one of the most beautiful and one of the richest objects of the kind which can be seen anywhere. But it is placed in a very small, dark chapel, and can scarcely be conveniently examined. The treasures, full of gold and silver cups for the sacred elements, were opened, and their contents and many curiosities were exhibited; then the Prince, having thanked the clergymen who had been his guides, got into a mancheel and was carried down to the landing-place. There was by this time one beggar—a fakir—and he got nothing. The Governor took the Prince a little run up the river in the steam-launch, but they did not go so far as was intended. The Portuguese gentlemen said, however, that they did this to please the Prince, and that to please themselves they would never dream of going abroad in a heat of 85° in the shade. The party returned by water to Panjim—indeed, it would seem as if there were no good roads inland—and then left the boats for the despatch vessel, the heat being too great to render it agreeable to land.

At 12 o'clock the *May Frere* left, with the Prince and Governor, for the *Serapis*, where lunch was served at 1.30 P.M. The Prince took the Governor and suite over the ship, with which they were delighted. At 3 P.M. his Excellency took leave of his Royal Highness, who bade him

goodbye at the top of the main-deck ladder. The *Raleigh* hoisted the Portuguese standard at the main, manned yards, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

Smooth as the sea was, the surf ran heavily on the spit at the entrance to the river; one of the boats of the *Raleigh*, in charge of Lieutenant Kingscote, was swamped in the course of the day. But the chance of an upset was rather appetising. There was not much danger—no sharks, it was said—and at 4 P.M. a boat pulled off to fish on the beach. The Prince decided on going later, when he had finished his letters. I am not quite sure that his Royal Highness's determination caused unalloyed satisfaction, for the risk in the surf would be increased by darkness. The Prince turned out in fishing-clothes, which would have done very well "for the hill." The boat was towed out by a launch; but before the Prince reached the shore a breaker struck the stern, and thoroughly drenched him and the Duke of Sutherland. It was just enough to laugh at—the sea-water was warm and the beach was near. The fires lighted on the beach showed where the first party were drawing the nets. The fishing was pleasant, if not profitable. The natives are to be credited with a strong love of sport, for, as fuel was not abundant, they came down with parts of their houses and contributed to the fires on the beach. The sailors, hauling at the seine, delighted at seeing the Prince and his friends working in the water, waded and swam cheerily in the surf; but big fish were not in the way, and after three draws of the net there remained on the beach only thirty skate (maiden ray) and some dozens of a fish like a sardine, only somewhat larger, which were certainly inferior to the poor Mediterranean article, and tasted, when cooked next morning, according to a high authority, "like flannel stuffed with pins." Still there was the sense of doing



something, and there was plenty of laughter. At midnight the Prince and party returned, "wet to the skin," and woke the sleepers to tell them what had happened. Every one was very glad to see all safe on board again. As soon as the Prince returned, a boat was sent off to the *May Frere*, which proceeded to Bombay with the mail bags to catch the outgoing steamer of November 29th.

November 28th.—The *Serapis* lay at anchor all night, guarded by the *Raleigh*. As the sun, heralded by a glorious golden haze, rose behind the line of the purple ghauts and flung its rays into the blue, yet rejoicing in its myriad stars, the crew warmed into life in the hard and very practical manner of men who go down to the sea in ships, and whose business is upon the waters. Pumps were rigged and hose laid out to wash the decks, and douse the unhappy natives who are unwary enough to sleep "all over the place." Sufferers who have been awakened, as they slept on the deck of a Peninsular and Oriental steamer in the Red Sea, will quite understand the operation. At 5.30 A.M. the *Serapis* weighed anchor, and ran along the shore for Beyport at a speed of $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, accompanied by her guardian and the Royal yacht. Sea smooth; the irresistible thermometer at 80° . Coast ten miles off—brown bluffs and rocky promontories fending off the waves, a rugged line of blue hills in the distance—and in the intermediate space rolling land, timbered or cleared. There are no pirates to vex commerce now; yet it is not so very long ago that the British Government, represented by the Honourable East India Company, made treaties with the Angria family—a race of pirate chiefs haunting this very coast. A Hindoo pirate seems to be an anomalous personage, but he is not much stranger than an Abyssinian admiral, and these were once, as we have seen, very considerable powers on the West Coast of

India. Marmagoa and St. George's Islands were seen in due course. At 8.15 A.M. we passed Cape Ramas, "a high bluff headland, forming in two level points when seen from north or south." There were several white objects on the shore, which were explained to us to be Portuguese churches, but which had the look of Nestorian places of worship, such as were common further south. About 9.30 A.M. the squadron was again off British territory; Polem, the Portuguese frontier town which lies east of Loliem Point, being twelve miles south of Ramas. The heat increased, and was 87° between decks at dinner time. Lord Carington, who was a little hit by the sun because he will, in his unselfish way, persist in taking the last and the worst place wherever it can be found, is himself again; but, *per contra*, Lord C. Beresford is obliged, after his night's fishing, "to lie up." At noon we were in lat. $14^{\circ} 29' N.$, long. $74^{\circ} 3' E.$, 60 miles from Goa. Divine service on the quarter-deck at 11 o'clock. The Rev. Canon Duckworth and Mr. York, the chaplain of the *Serapis*, officiated. There is an excellent harmonium on board, on which one of the band plays. The reading-desk, covered with a handsome flag, is on the port side. The Prince's chair is placed beside the harmonium, opposite the desk; there is a double row of chairs from the Prince's left, and from the reading-desk and pulpit to the deck saloon. The suite sit here, Captain Glyn facing the Prince and next to the clergyman. At right angles to these, extending aft, are chairs and benches for the officers of the ship; behind the Prince, on the starboard side, are the bandsmen of the choir, the Marines and sailors; the domestics of the Prince and of his suite are on the starboard side of the deck, in a line with the Staff and suite.

November 29th.—Passed Sacrifice Island at 8 A.M.; Cabo an hour earlier. Rocky ridges covered with sea eagles

close at hand. Beypore was in sight in an hour more ; and about 9.30 A.M. the squadron anchored a couple of miles from the bar, just within view of the Beypore Railway Station. At 10.15 A.M. an effete little steamer, called the *Margaret Northcote*, crawled up alongside from shore, and anchored a cable's length off ; and presently a boat came off with Mr. Robinson, Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Logan, and Dr. Houston, in full uniform—and very hot it was indeed—and put them on board the *Serapis*. The reports of the medical officers and of the authorities were conclusive—cholera existed along the routes which the Prince would have had to take. It is easy to say that there was cholera in the places visited by the Prince subsequently ; but how fearful a censure would have fallen on the officer responsible for the health and safety of his Royal Highness if he had recommended a visit which turned out disastrously ! The gentlemen did not give any advice, but they approved Dr. Fayrer's recommendation, although they knew what chagrin it would cause. The shooting-camps had been formed with infinite labour and expense. Bangalore had arrayed everything that luxury could suggest or wealth procure for the occasion. The Mysore Government had spent many thousands of pounds on preparations for the Prince's reception. Ootacamund was on the tip-toe of expectation, and the good people of the Station had laid out money in the most lavish manner ; the Raja of Travancore had been living in the hope that he would have the honour, for which he had made magnificent outlay, of being the host of the Prince. For hundreds of miles the whole population was stirred with the same expectancy. All this was true, but it was true too that there was the cholera among them. Dr. Houston was of opinion that there was no reason to prevent any one visiting the shooting district. There was cholera certainly, but then there is always

cholera more or less about these parts. At Alipee there had been twenty-one cases in a month; at Cottiam fourteen cases in a month; there were cases at Mysore and at Bangalore; in fact, cholera was to be found all over the country. One place alone was free—Trivandrum. "Let the Prince go to Trivandrum, then. The Raja of Travancore is there." Alas! "There is nothing to shoot at Trivandrum." And to make matters more aggravating, it was announced that the Annamally and "Michael's Valley" were swarming with bison and deer. Deer may be killed elsewhere, but the last chance of bison is lost when this part of Southern India is abandoned.

The Prince bore the disappointment with much philosophy; and as there was no need of hurrying to reach Ceylon, proposed to run up the river to-day, and accordingly set out in the launch, which towed a dingy, for a little excursion.

The bar is dangerous in bad weather, and though it was quite calm, a "good lump" of a swell was on. There must be abundance of fish here. Shoals of a pretty grey mullet-looking sort leapt out of the water continually; one came into the boat, another would have done so but that an arm was in the way. A shoal of very large but exceedingly knowing porpoises led the launch astray in a bootless chase. They rose, spouting and puffing in the sunshine—their black sides shining as if they were clad in macintoshes—dived deep in the blue wave, and full of their tricks went off below in quite a wrong direction for the sportsman, who pursued only to see them, at the next "show," twice as far. On the left bank of the river, close to the water's edge, stand the few houses which constitute the town of Beypore. A lofty flagstaff, dressed with many colours, a reception platform, and an avenue lined with green branches and wreaths, marked the Railway Terminus,

where it was hoped the Prince would have been received. The river is not more than 250 or 200 yards wide above the town; palm-trees clothe its sides as far as the eye can reach. Occasionally one makes out in the gloom beneath the branches the low roof of the native mansion thatched with leaves, but there is no appearance of towns or villages. The launch steamed against the stream and the ebbing tide, and attracted some—but not any great—attention from the fishermen and boatmen, and we began to look out for game, for Mr. Logan said crocodiles were plenty. At one place some of the party went ashore and found a family of boat-builders at their occupation. Mr. Logan explaining that we wanted cocoa-nuts, off went two of their number, who scrambled up trees like monkeys and came down with a dozen. These they trimmed with their axes, cut off a piece at the top and held up the natural goblet full of vegetable milk to thirsty lips.

Mr. Robinson was anxious, however, that the Prince should not land. The "Moplahs" are not to be trusted. These people are descended from Arabs who, at their first coming, married the Indian women, but they now marry among their own people exclusively. Active merchants, keen traders, industrious agriculturists, they are fanatical and furious in matters pertaining to their faith, and under the influence of a very bigoted priesthood. A Moplah is ready to sacrifice his life at any moment in order to take that of a heretic. Armed with bill-hooks, the Moplahs have more than once received volleys of musketry and bayonet charges from European troops without flinching, and they have so completely cowed the native troops that no one would think of sending Sepoys to put down a Moplah movement. They fight till they fall to a man. It is a pity we cannot make use of such admirable material for soldiers, but they will not serve us.

With some interest we asked, when we saw natives on the bank, "Are they Moplahs?" Once only was the answer "Yes," and that was when Muggur Sing ("Crocodile Lion"), one of the Punjaubee horsemen in attendance on the Prince, routed a woman in a yellow garment, who, in apparent trepidation, hurried out of her house with a child on her hip into the jungle, and was followed by two or three lads. Just half a mile above the line of native vessels moored off the Railway Station, Mr. Logan, looking into a small creek, said, "There are otters!" And there, sure enough, mingled with bitterns and paddy birds fishing in the shallows, were ten or twelve of them. They were alarmed by the puffing and screw-beat of the steam-launch, and began to edge towards the cocoanut-trees. The Prince, accompanied by Mr. FitzGeorge and Peter Robertson, got into the dingy, and was rowed gently up the creek, but by the time he was within shot not an otter could be seen. The dingy went on up a narrow channel, between an island and the main, to the deserted works of the Porto Nuovo Iron Company, which made excellent Bessemer steel and iron, but was unable to procure fuel cheap enough to give a profit. The Prince, in spite of the sun, the declining rays of which struck on his back with full force, was still intent on sport, and kept on in advance. Gaily dressed native Christian ladies, floating down the stream to have a look at the Prince, little dreamt that the Sahib in the small boat who was "pottering about" the river was the Shahzadah.

On an eminence crested with trees could be seen the ruins of one of Tippoo's forts. "Do the people remember Tippoo?" "Oh dear, yes! He gave them good reason to remember him and his doings, and they talk of him still." It is the immortality of those who vex their kind—"on parlera de sa gloire." Suddenly a shot was heard,

the dingy pulled vigorously towards a circle in the water. An otter had been hit. It rose and made for the bank, was struck by a second shot, and sank. "The divers shall get it to-morrow morning," said Mr. Logan (a very difficult matter, one would think, but he assured us that there were pearl divers at Beypore who could stay five minutes under water—on the which depends a bet), and so the chase continued. Then another shot was heard, and Peter Robertson, in mortal fear of snakes and alligators, was sent ashore to beat the jungle. "Crocodile Lion" was sent to the other bank. Eventually an otter, wounded so severely that it could scarcely crawl up the bank, was driven out; but the creature was so tenacious of life, and so crafty that it was not possible to find him in the thick brushwood and rocks. It was now 6 P.M., and it was getting dark; Captain Gilham, our pilot, became anxious; the Prince, disappointed at the loss of three otters, came into the launch, where the cocoa-nuts full of milk were very welcome. As the launch and dingy in tow passed Beypore, blue lights were burnt and music was heard—a "fantasia" was going on to console the people for losing the Prince's visit. The bar was passed at reduced speed, as there was a long and heavy swell on. As the launch ran by the ever-watchful *Osborne*, a blue light was burnt. It was answered by a rocket and two blue lights from the *Serapis*. In five minutes more his Royal Highness was on the companion-ladder of the great ship, the sides of which gave the idea of a street with triple row of gaslights. The Prince's absence had created a little uneasiness on board, and the steam-launch had been got out. Mr. Logan and Captain Gilham went on board their steamer, and at 7 P.M. the *Serapis* and *Osborne*, escorted by the *Raleigh*, weighed and steered for Colombo.

November 30th.—At 7 A.M. wind light, sea smooth;

speed, 10 to $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots; thermometer, 80° ; land scarcely visible on port side. At 8 A.M. faint blue mountain outlines in the distance, which gradually became better defined. At 10 A.M. the coast was closely approached again—that is, within eight or nine miles—the unfailing band of cocoanut-palms running along the beach, and the mountain ranges of Cochin and Travancore in the distance. Found that the bath-pipes were doing the duty of the bilgewater-pipes, which rendered bathing not quite so agreeable as it might otherwise have been.

At noon the squadron was off Quilon. Our latitude was $8^{\circ} 51' N.$, long. $76^{\circ} 29' E.$, distance run since yesterday 153 miles,—difference between reckonings showed a current of 20 miles against the ship. The Fort of Tangacheri, with flagstaff—a British ensign hoisted on the staff—and the houses could be easily made out. Then came in sight the first of the remarkable churches, built on the very verge of the beach, at intervals of two or three miles apart, as far as Comorin, which attest the existence—alas! many centuries ago—of considerable Christian communities and successful missionary labours. Their uniform elevation, snow-white frontages, and apparently complete preservation, render them singularly conspicuous and interesting objects from the sea. The track of whales became obvious. They spouted! “To arms!” was the call on the main-deck; several rifle shots were fired, but none of the whales seemed to mind. At 3 o'clock P.M. Trivandrum, and an Observatory belonging to the Raja, were in sight. The Raja of Travancore is, in spite of his Observatory and his attainments and science, a very strict Hindoo. He rules a fair domain. It is said to be one of the few States which have always been under Hindoo rule and governed by Hindoo laws, but these latter, which dated from 1490, were modified in 1811. The succession is in

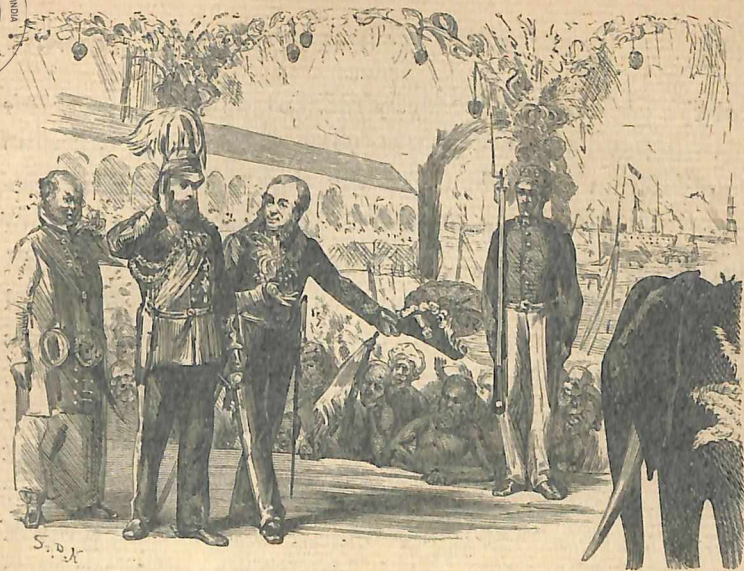
the female line—that is, the Raja is succeeded by the son of his daughter, not by his son ; and the tales in connection with this singular custom are curious. The history of the Tambarettas, or Hereditary Queens of Travancore, may be one of the most interesting in the pages of romance ; but we know little or nothing of it. Who was the young Englishman, for instance, with whom the Queen fell in love, and whom, though he declined to marry her, she sent away, in 1685, loaded with presents ? How did he get to Trivandrum, and how did he leave ? and where did he go to ? and why did he refuse her hand ? Anjengo, higher up on the coast, was, says Mr. Eastwick, the birth-place of Sterne's Eliza, and of Orme, the historian of British India. Nobody whom any one cares about seems to be born in India now, neither heroine nor historian. The coast line maintains almost a uniform character to Cape Comorin,—a belt of yellow sand, on which break the great snow-white rollers ; native boats, looking like basking alligators, drawn up on the beach ; Nestorian churches flecking with white patches the cocoanut-tree fringe ; a flat stretch of green to the great wall of mountains, broken at the summit into peaks, conical or rounded, and jagged outlines and saw-edges at elevations varying from 3000 feet to 6000 feet. Several waterfalls seamed the lofty ridges of the towering background. At 5 P.M. Cape Comorin was well in sight—"the end of India." The Cape is flat and sharp ; the cocoanut-palm pursues it out to the verge of the ocean. Behind rise the Ghauts, their summits covered with mist. The villagers could be seen pointing out the flotilla, and gazing westwards in the track of the setting sun.

At 7 P.M. it began to blow, and at 8.30 P.M. a swish of a sea came in through the windows on the port side, and flooded the cabins of General Probyn and Colonel

Ellis. The night was squally; nevertheless, there were festivities on board, for the promotion of Lord C. Beresford to be Commander was duly celebrated at a dinner presided over by his Royal Highness, to which Captain Glyn and all the officers of the *Serapis* were invited, and after which the Ethiopian serenaders performed on deck.



"IT'S NAE THE TIGERS THAT FEAR ME, IT'S JUST THE SAIRPENTS AND
THE LIKE O' THEM!"



LANDING AT COLOMBO.

CHAPTER VII.

COLOMBO, KANDY, CEYLON, TO TUTICORIN.

Colombo in Sight—Taprobané—Birthday of the Princess—The Landing at Ceylon—Departure for Kandy—Railroad Scenery—Kandy—Blood-suckers—The Pera-hara—The Botanical Gardens of Ceylon—"Lightly tread!"—The Sacred Tooth—The double Imposture—Buddhist Priests—Along the Road—A curious "Bag"—Leech-gaiters—The Stockade—Don Tuskerando—"Dead, sure enough!"—Agri-Horticultural Exhibition—The Colombo Ball—Tamil Coffee Pickers—The Evil One in Ceylon.

DECEMBER 1ST.—Colombo lights were in sight before day-break. The *Serapis* seemed inclined to justify certain traditions relative to her extraordinary powers of rolling last night; but if any one on board felt inclined to consider himself unfortunate, he had only to look, if he could, out of his port in the early morning at the *Osborne*, and see what remarkable ups and downs she was undergoing. Nevertheless, our stately vessel rolled at times quite enough to divert the thoughts of most of us from comparison with anything outside the cabins in our ship. The "bearings" at last became heated in their controversy with the waves,



and the speed was necessarily reduced, so that the *Serapis* was late, and was not able to come to anchor in Colombo. Roads within three hours of the time appointed by telegraph, which is quite enough to demonstrate the force of the breeze. As the morning dawned—a gradual spread of lighter grey over the dull pall, charged with rain and thunder, which rested on the land—the look-out was not cheerful. There was no patch of blue in the sky. Taprobané was sulky, and refused to put on smiles for her visitor. There was nothing bright or lively to meet the eye, except the white surf which broke on the low coast-line, and washed the base of the interminable array of cocoanut-trees which guarded it. The mountain ranges were hidden in vapours and rain-banks, against which the seagulls seemed of snowy whiteness. The Cingalese outriggers, many miles from land, provided with long wooden arms, projecting at right angles to the side to sustain the log of wood which balances the craft against the pressure of the sail in the heaviest seas, and prevents the long, narrow hull capsizing, with crews out on the log, buried now and then to the waists in the curling waves, threaded their way through the muddy-looking waters, other catamarans, canoes, ballams, and doneys were engaged in fishing nearer shore, and the number of these to the north was so great as to suggest the idea of large flocks of ducks. These boats, no matter what their size, are made with pegs of wood instead of iron, and the planks are sewn together, carvel fashion, by fine cocoanut-fibre rope or cord. The gunwales are sometimes surmounted by a course of wicker-work or compost, to keep out the lap of the water. The Greeks in Homer's day used bulwarks of osiers to exclude the waves. Similar contrivances may be seen in the Nile boats, and even on board the less advanced condition of Thames billyboys. Very likely the Cingalese boats remain

as they were in the earliest days, and that the story of the Loadstone Mountain, which drew the iron bolts out of ships, and caused them to fall to pieces, had its origin in the error of some wandering navigator in these seas. As the *Serapis* swept by, the crews—wiry, lithe-figured men, all but naked, their black skins shining in the spray—stared for a while, open-mouthed, and then resumed their labours at oar, or rope, or net.

The approach to the coast of the great island, the fame of which has exercised such an influence over men's minds for many centuries—Taprobané—the mother-land of fables—the country which to the Greeks, the Romans, the Egyptians and the Arabs, offered the same mysterious attractions that the East long did to the people of Western Europe—was regarded with much interest. Every eye was fixed on the fast-developing outlines of the landscape, which grew more distinct as the morning advanced, and the wealth of greenness which renders Ceylon “an Emerald Isle” indeed, displayed itself from the beach up to the swelling hills, the summits of which were lost in curling clouds. The Prince went up on the bridge. The “spicy breezes,” of which poets and prose writers speak, did not come out to sea to warn us of the nearness of the land, where so many flowers are said to impregnate the air with their odours—

“Spargon dall’odorifero terreno
 Tanta suavità, che in mar sentire
 La fa ogni vento che da terra spire.”

In fact, the odour which the traveller encounters near the pearl fisheries is anything but that of spices, aromatic plants, and sweet flowers; and if he goes “in the height of the season,” and has the wind off the heaps of oyster-shells, he will feel sorry he has a nose to smell withal.

First as ever to welcome the Prince to new lands, the waving white ensigns and the tall masts of the men-of-war were made out, all dressed in colours. Then by degrees the modest elevations of Christian steeples, the Semaphore, the Dutch fortifications, attributed to Cohorn himself, the white-walled, red-tiled bungalows along the beach, and the houses, set in the never-failing frame of green cocoanut-palms. There was amid this green a fluttering of many colours, as if a dejected rainbow had been caught and was striving to get free, which was, the glass told us, the play of innumerable flags and streamers. The pilot came on board. The fleets, with the flags of two Admirals (Macdonald and Lambert) flying, saluted, but the *Serapis* was rather too far out. The rule is that the Royal Standard shall be saluted "as soon as it is seen;" but if the salute be intended to gratify as well as to honour, there ought to be some discretion in the matter. In the present instance all that could be seen was a cloud of smoke, which hid Colombo for a while, and then we heard a distant rumble. In three-quarters of an hour more the *Serapis* had found her way to her anchorage. On such occasions the admirals and senior officers are the first to come on board to pay their respects. It was somewhat too rough in the open roadstead for spectators in fine clothes to come out in the shore-boats. The Governor's aides-de-camp put out from a little bay sheltered by a reef (probably the "Ἀῖος ἄχρον") on which the surf broke with fury, sending showers of spray high in the air, and causing some uneasiness as to our comfort in going on shore; but the pilot told us that the jetty and platform where the Prince would land were protected from the swell. The officers came to take orders, and await the Royal pleasure as to the disembarkation. Whilst they were explaining the programme of addresses, receptions, and the like,

there was plenty to interest those who had never been in Ceylon before. The native boats, with stores of novel merchandise and strange fruit, and—what were of more novelty and strangeness—Cingalese bumboatmen, fruiterers, jewellers, officials, telegraph clerks, and post-office employés, in the native costume, which is to European eyes so extraordinary—their lower man swathed in “women’s petticoats,” their hair worn in massive rolls at the back of the head, secured by large tortoiseshell combs, “*μαλλοῖς γυναικείοις εἰς ἅπαν ἀναδεδεμένος*,” as Ptolemy wrote—exposing them to a certain amount of what is called “chaff,” which they bore with dignified composure, either because they were ignorant or accustomed. At one o’clock the *Serapis* made signal to the fleet; soon afterwards, a Royal salute from ships and forts and a *feu de joie* on shore celebrated the anniversary of the Princess of Wales’ birthday.* The Governor was waiting to be summoned on board. After a time he was signalled for, and, attended by the higher officers of the Government, came off in his galley, towed by a steam-barge. They were not sorry to reach the deck of the *Serapis*: it seemed as if they could not get on board without a drenching, and they hopped out on the ladder with great alacrity. Mr. Gregory has long had the honour of the Prince’s acquaintance, and was cordially received. Major-General Street, C.B., the officer commanding the forces, Mr. Birch, the Colonial Secretary, and the Staff, were presented, and then the Governor and the authorities returned to shore, where they were anxiously expected by a great crowd of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the island, some of whom, we were told, had

* The members of the suite sent a telegram to Sandringham congratulating her Royal Highness on the happy recurrence of the day, to which they received a gracious reply at Colombo the same evening.

been in their places since 6 o'clock that morning. It was nearly 4 P.M. before the Prince left the *Serapis*. He was in the uniform, adapted to Indian latitudes, of Field-Marshal—white trousers, and plumed helmet. His steam-launch was preceded by one with a portion of his suite, whose appearance created a great commotion at the landing-place. The *Undaunted*, *Narcissus*, *Immortalité*, and *Newcastle* fired a salute just as the launch's bows, rising on the crest of a sea, appeared round the Point. Tremendous cheering, mingled with wild cries, made the recipients of the undeserved honour feel all the pangs of men engaged in unwitting imposture speedily to be detected. It was a very pretty sight which met their eyes shorewards—a broad water avenue formed by lines of native boats draped with bright-coloured streamers and banners, garlanded with flowers and wreaths of cocoanut-leaves, and crowded with spectators and bands of native musicians. The Landing-Place at the end of this marine avenue was enclosed by a gay pavilion, which was reached by a flight of steps, covered with scarlet cloth, leading under a very striking archway, which was decorated very tastefully with flags and wreaths; but what satisfied the eye, and at the same time caused something like regret at such wastefulness, was the display, as mere ornament, of masses of fruit—jack, limes, oranges, shaddocks, plantains, pine-apples, figs, custard-apples, mangoes, &c., &c. Everywhere flags, fruit, cocoa-nuts, flowers and palm-leaves, triumphal arches. Then, in long perspective, more flags and arches, tiers of spectators on seats and terraces, windows and roofs crowded with figures and faces. On the Landing-Platform stood all the State of Ceylon—the members of the Legislative Council and of the Municipal Corporation ranged at each side of the dais; a kind of throne, placed on an estrade, was ready for the Prince; a table near at hand sustained

two caskets. There was a guard of honour of the 57th Regiment (the old "Die Hards"), with band and colours. Conspicuous among the crowd of ladies, some in what may be styled British, and some in Anglo-Cingalese dresses, and of officers, civil, naval, and military, were two remarkable objects—one was a group of officials, in full Cingalese costume—combs, hair-rolls, and petticoats complete; with very small, curved, dagger-like swords, broad baldricks, medallions, and large gold plaques, as large as cheese-plates, on their breasts: the other was a white-haired, George Washington-looking sort of gentleman, in a black velvet Court suit, full lace ruffles, and black silk stockings—which attracted immediate attention. "Who are those natives?" "They are the Mudaliyars—Native swells. That nice-looking old fellow is a Government House man, and he has got all those medals for good service." "Who is that gentleman?" The answer—in a tone of surprise, "What! Don't you know Mr. Layard?"—announced that the gentleman was of high repute in Colombo. When the Prince appeared, a few moments after the landing of the first boat-load, there arose a shout which seemed to imply that the former greeting was not a mistake at all, but a mere exercise to clear the popular throat. The women, I believe, joined in it; but then no one can be quite sure about them here. It was a very hearty outburst. It was repeated oftentimes, and for some moments waves of exulting sound filled the air in successive volumes, to acknowledge each bow of the Prince. Then came the presentation of addresses and the answers.

This ceremony ended, the Prince and Governor led the way up the avenue, lined by the 57th and the Cingalese police, to the large Government building (a custom-house, I believe), at the end of the rows of reserved seats. The spectators on each side were quite delighted; they forgot

all their long waiting. The Prince was, as a lady said afterwards, "so close to each and all, they could nearly touch him, and he smiled so pleasantly as he walked along, we saw nobody else!" Outside the seats "the people," wild with joy; a wide-eyed, large-mouthed people, not much weighted with clothing, but in high animal spirits. They ran, shoved, leaped up to get a view even of the waving plume and white helmet. Passing through the halls, which were mostly filled with Europeans, the Prince emerged into the open air to meet, if possible, a greater ovation. A triumphal drive through the town and around by the Sea-Wall, to enable the Prince to see and be seen, gave renewed occasion to admire the enthusiasm of the population, and wonder at the profligate, or, at all events, exuberant, expenditure of vegetable wealth in sacrificial piles of fruit, arches, wreaths, festoons, garlands, and at the quaintness of fancy in decoration, inscription, device, and grotesque representation of the elephant—the creature which typifies the island. It was in some measure like a promenade in the covered ways of a great horticultural exhibition in full fête. Thus the Prince, with the Governor by his side, drove for many miles all round by Colpetty—surrounded by cocoanut-trees, and again cocoanut-trees—the suburban villas surrounded by cinnamon-groves, and almost buried in the richness of real tropical vegetation—and so by Galle-face (the Dutch Galle-baak), round to the place whence he set out. But everything must come to an end, and as evening set in the carriages returned to the Landing, and the boats took the Prince and his following off to the *Serapis*, which Captain Glyn would gladly have seen in smoother water; nor were there any who would have differed with him. There was a State Banquet, at which the Prince entertained the Governor, the senior naval and military officers and authorities, and as many of

the officials as the ship could accommodate. Colombo was illuminated beautifully, and the fleet lighted up. The planters kept revel on shore. Never perhaps were there more joyous times in the island than when his Excellency Governor Gregory received the Prince of Wales. There may have been greater displays of wealth and splendour in the old days before them, but then there was always uncertainty of possession and of life; there were wars and rumours of war, the coming of the spoiler, and the cry of the distressed.

December 2nd.—"There's a good deal of sea on, sir; and it's likely they will get a ducking going on shore this morning!" This was the first news which arrived in my cabin with the seven o'clock cup of coffee this morning. There was a natural politeness about my marine which prevented his saying "*you* will get a ducking;" but I knew quite well what he meant. The sound of the lapping waves outside justified the prediction. Already the note of preparation had been sounded between decks, and the servants were busy in getting ready for the journey for Kandy. The baggage was despatched at 10 A.M., and the Prince went on shore at 10.20 A.M. under the usual salute. There is a screen in the steam-launch to keep off the spray from those in the stern-sheets, but all the party did not reach the shore in dry clothes, and the state of the sea during our stay rendered boat work anything but agreeable. Terra firma at last—Governor Gregory, Mr. Birch, Sir R. Morgan, Mr. Layard, full uniform, guards of honour, salutes, crowds of men in petticoats, with combs in front of their *chignons*, "cheering like Britons"—the same multitudes as yesterday—arches, inscriptions, fests, and cocoanut-tree rejoicings—not much the worse for the day's wear.

From the Landing-Place to the Railway Station one

clamorous crowd, which thinned away from the rear, and rolled in towards the front, around the cortege. The Cingalese type is not strikingly handsome; the yellow tinge in the colour of the skin is less pleasing—at least to my eyes—than the red or dark-brown hue of the native of Upper India; and the hair, if abundant, is very coarse. The teeth do not rival those of the African, and the eyes are not particularly bright. The men are well made, but small. As to the women, except some wretched old hags of the lower order, we did not see a dozen; but as the carriages passed through the suburbs to the Railway Station, we could make out eyes peering through the chinks in the doors and in the stockades of the houses. Amongst the carriages of the special train was one of native manufacture—very creditable to Cingalese builders—light, commodious, well-fitted, and prettily decorated. Well, after some little delay, which caused the usual disquietude to railway directors, managers, and engineers, the Royal train, followed by loud cheers from the gentlemen on the platform, and by the multitude outside, moved off on a run to Kandy, which was from end to end a prolonged scene of excitement and welcoming, in which the eye turned from crowds of people and arches and garlands to some of the softest, and yet grandest, scenery in the world. The day was fine, with just enough of drifting cloud to cast ever-varying fleeting shadows over the grand sweep of hill-side, and there was that sharpness of outline and clearness of detail of the distant mountain ranges which indicate the approach of rain. The railway follows the course of the Great Road, which justifies the skill and intelligence of the makers half a century ago. Outside Colombo the Railway crosses the river, which seems scarcely below the level of the surrounding country, now intensely green with growing rice. I am not about to describe a journey which is made

by thousands of persons every year, who think as little of its beauties as if they were going by the Underground Railway from Charing Cross to the Mansion House; but, under favourable circumstances, I should think it well worth while to go from London to Colombo to enjoy such scenery as we beheld to-day. Underneath thick groves of cocoanut-trees, arecas, and jaggery (*Caryota urens*), and an extraordinary profusion of trees—some like the Coral or the Murutu (*Erythrina Indica*), bearing rich pink or crimson flowers; others presenting glowing masses of scarlet buds and shoots; others, like the ironwood-tree, with white flowers and blossoms of purple or lilac—one caught sight of the hamlets in which dwell the cultivators of the sea-like expanse of rice. In the offshoots of the river, and in the pools alongside the rail, groups of natives were tubbing—an operation which is popularly supposed to be confined to England, whereas there are few nations in the world who use water so little for purposes of ablution as the people of the three islands, always excepting the classes with which, within the last half century, the tub is a morning institution.

Along the road are two-wheeled waggons, pretty little humped-back cattle, pack bullocks, Moorish brinjarees, and pedestrians armed with the inevitable leaf of the talipot, which serves as an umbrella against the sun or rain, as the case may be. Occasionally glimpses of Buddhist Temples, perched upon hill-tops, or half-hidden among the ironwood trees, laden with white flowers, which put one in mind of Chinese pagodas. Now and then a group of Buddhist priests, in yellow robes, stand making surly obeisance by the roadside. It would be flattery to ourselves to say that their looks indicated perfect good-will towards the travellers. The tonsure does not by any means suit these gentlemen, whose ears are of enormous size, and whose

foreheads, villainous low, tumble backwards into bulging, bullet-shaped skulls. As far as Veyangoda the scenery is pleasant, but rather monotonous. At the distance of a few miles from that station, which is twenty-five miles from Colombo, the ascent becomes rapid, until we reach Ambapussa. Here the spurs of the higher hills begin to strike down into the plains, covered with forest so dense that a ray of sunshine piercing it seems, in the darkness, like a polished steel bar. In the hollows between these spurs are green patches of rice set round by borders of underwood and tropical vegetation. The Prince and the Duke of Sutherland enjoyed the scenery from the engine; and at "Sensation Rock" the whole party enjoyed that supreme delight—a safe danger—contact—all but actual—with destruction, which is exceedingly charming to all who have nerves fit for the peculiar pleasure. It is an exceedingly bold—almost overhanging—mass of gneiss or granite, with that unsteady appearance which gives one the expectation that it will be down on his head as he looks at it; a profound valley runs below. At Pulgahawalla, and indeed at all the Stations, the names of which need not be enumerated, were crowds, inscriptions, arches, to welcome the Prince. The houses were ornamented with green cocoanutfonds, the split leaves and stems nailed on bamboo-frames, formed in the most graceful devices. At Kadugannawa we reached the summit of the Railway. The line passes by the rock which was bored through for the main trunk road made by Sir Edward Barnes. When that was accomplished the hopes of the Kandyans perished, for they saw in that work the fulfilment of the prophecy that their kingdom should depart when a bullock could be driven through the hill, and a horseman ride through the rock. The hill was tunnelled, and soon afterwards the Kandy mail was driven through the archway. Since the final capture of Kandy

in 1815 there have been several uprisings and rebellions: one, the most formidable, in 1817; the last in 1848, which Lord Torrington stamped out with a vigour which nearly brought on him the fate incurred by Governor Eyre in later years. We do not like rebellion at home, but we are very apt to punish those who nip it in the bud abroad; they ought perhaps to wait and see if it is about to become serious. In that case they are not unlikely to incur the odium and punishment of imbecility. The train halted at the summit, and the Prince inspected the column on which are enumerated the services of Captain Dawson of the Royal Engineers, who "planned and executed the road and other works of public utility, during the government of Sir Edward Barnes, K.C.B." It is now forty-five years since Captain Dawson died at Colombo, and it may well be said of him that the good he did lives after him. From Kadugannawa the train sped on to Peradeniya. The Station, which is but a few miles outside Kandy, was decorated with originality. In addition to the ordinary floral embellishments, birds, monkeys, minars, white crows chattered, jumped, or flew as far as the length of their tethers would let them along the platform; immense crowds of Kandians—many of them wore flowers in their hair, and had nosegays in their hands—welcomed the Prince. It was after four o'clock before the train reached the neighbourhood of the city. All we had heard of the beauty of the situation of Kandy, and of the character of the scenery was fully sustained.

In a deep ravine at one side of the plateau, or, more properly speaking, of the broad valley surrounded by hills, overlooking a still deeper depression, on which the town is situated, the Mahawelli Ganga River thunders in its rocky bed. The small lake by the side of which part of the city is built lends a charming repose and freshness to the scene,

which is mirrored in its waters. Wherever the eye is turned rise mountain tops, some bare masses of rock, others clothed with vegetation. There is no idea of a "town" or of a "city" to be realised in what one sees: it is all suburb—verandahed pavilions and bungalows stretching in lines bearing the names of streets; here and there the native houses packed more closely may be termed lanes; but the whole place is as "diffused" as Balham, or Clapham, or any other rural quarter of the great Metropolis. Kandy was once a stronghold of kings, but it was not till the end of the sixteenth century that it became the capital. When that dignity was conferred on the city, it was forbidden to the common people to have windows, or white walls, or tiles to their houses, as these were luxuries for royal use alone. Public buildings, properly so called, there are none, but in lieu of these was one of the most picturesque crowds ever seen. I doubt if ever anything so unmasculine, uncomely, and unbecoming was ever devised as the dress of the great Chiefs. There are various orders of Chiefs. The higher they are the more ridiculously elaborate is their attire. The dress of the upper ten thousand is an enormous stiffened white muslin petticoat, with gigot sleeves, nether garments puffed out as if they were strongly fortified by crinoline, the work of cunning seamstresses, made with exceeding art. On their heads elevated pincushions, like tinselled crowns, singularly unsuited to the climate or to dignity of appearance. The few women visible wore white muslin jackets and comboys, and displayed a considerable wealth of bangles, necklaces, and rings. The becombed heads of the men, which are the rule at Colombo, did not appear to be quite universal.

The number of Chiefs and of Buddhist priests at the Station showed what importance was attached to the Prince's visit by the people, and proved that the Governor

had cultivated their good opinion with success. The popularity he enjoyed was among the causes which collected so many people together, for had he been less favoured, some of the Chiefs, at all events, would have stayed away. There was, of course, an address from the Municipal Council of Kandy delivered at the Railway Station, and deputations from all the country for many miles around ; so much to observe that the memory and the eye were fairly overweighted. Endless would be the task of describing miles of decorated roadside, inscription, triumphal arches, festoons and garlands, or the curious devices from the Station till we reached the Governor's house. It was with a sense of relief we found refuge in the "Pavilion," the bedrooms of which open out upon the charming garden. There was, alas ! one drawback to a walk in the shady groves, where the air was heavy, with the odour of unaccustomed flowers. A sharp prick above the ankle directed my attention downwards, and I saw a small black body, not much thicker than a pin, which gave decided signs of life, contracting and expanding itself vigorously from one point, just above the shoe. I caught hold of the little black thread in my hand, and pulled it away ; where it had been, a spot of blood appeared ; in a second the leech fastened upon my finger. The place was swarming with the wretches ! I had inadvertently walked on the greensward, populous with these blood-suckers. I instantly fled, and resolved to wear shoes no more in these latitudes.

The Governor entertained the Prince and the notabilities of Ceylon at a State dinner. Lamps and lanterns were waving and swinging in the perfumed breezes. Rows of cocoanut-oil-lamps climbing up the hill-sides to join with the stars ; streamers floating from elevated masts ; clang of music, beating of native drums, blowing of horns, sound



of gongs and mighty cheering, which rolled away like thunder along the hill-sides.

Immediately on the conclusion of the banquet, the company were summoned outside. The Pera-hara, now celebrated in honour of the Prince, was out of its ordinary place and time. Instead of being made through the city at a new moon, in the month of June or July, the procession was confined to the route from the Temple to the garden of the Pavilion. Knox describes the ceremony two hundred years ago, when it must have been of a grand and imposing character. In those days the Kings of Kandy were great indeed, and little dreamt of the time when white men, from countries of which they kept many inhabitants in base captivity, would march upon their capital, seize upon the treasures of their temples, plunder their tombs, and scatter their ashes to the winds. It is probable the Kandyans have traditions concerning these things, although we have forgotten them. In Knox's day the Chief Priest rode through the streets of the city upon an elephant, covered in white, with all the triumph that king and kingdom could afford. He was preceded by fifty elephants of the Temple, dressed in rich stuffs and covered with jingling bells, which followed drummers, trumpeters, dancing men, of the wildest and most fantastic figures, and fifiers, dressed like giants, the imitation of giant stature being effected by elevated head-dresses. "After the gods and their attendants," says Knox, "thousands of ladies and gentlemen, of the best sort, arrayed in the bravest manner their ability can afford, go hand in hand, three in a row. The streets are made clean. Pennons and flags flutter from poles stuck along the street, which are adorned with boughs and branches of cocoa-nuts, and rows of lighted lamps border the pathways both night and day." But the women of whom Knox speaks do not make their



KANDY.—THE DEVIL DANCERS.

appearance now. Elephants, with priests representing the deities, makers of heaven and earth, and inferior heavenly potentates came next. The Cingalese deny that the images of the gods in their temples, which represent the influence of the Hindoo conquerors on the religion of Buddha, are more than symbols, and say that they are not actually worshipped. Last of all come the soldiers with the commanders, but in Knox's time the King had ceased to ride in the ceremony. Sir Emerson Tennent says the Buddhist priesthood suffered a great loss of prestige "since the loss of the Royal presence, in which it was their privilege to bask. Even their ritual pomp and ceremonials no longer command the same homage from the populace; and the great annual procession of the Pera-hara, with its torchlights, its solemn music, and caparisoned elephants, is spiritless and unimpressive if contrasted with occasions in their memory when it was hallowed by the divine presence of a king." The writer never imagined that in the time so little distant from his own, the heir of the Monarch, to whom has descended greater honours than were ever enjoyed by all the kings of Taprobané, should give once more to these fêtes the prestige of a Royal presence. What the Prince of Wales saw was different from the great ceremonial. There was only a procession of elephants, dancers, and priests belonging to the temples; but it was exceedingly grotesque, novel, and interesting, and it would tax the best pen and pencil to give an adequate idea of such combinations of forms, sounds, and figures. The "devil dancers," in masks and painted faces, were sufficiently hideous. Their contortions, performed to the tune of elanging brass, cymbals, loud horns, and, for aught I know, sackbut, lute, and dulcimer, presented no feature of agility or grace which might not be easily rivalled by an ordinary dancing troop nearer home.

The elephants, plodding along in single file, carried magnificent howdahs occupied by the priests, and were covered with cloth of gold and silver, and with plates of metal, which shone in the light of the torches. The better bred of these animals, and most of them indeed were exceedingly polite, salaamed, and uttered a little flourish of trumpets through their probosces, as they came opposite to the place where the Prince was standing; some knelt down and made obeisance before him; but the propriety of the procession was somewhat disturbed by the cupidity of one which, finding that the Prince had a small store of sugarcane and bananas, resolved to make the best of his time, and could not be induced to go on without difficulty. This Pera-hara was but a rehearsal of the ceremony fixed for the following day.

December 3rd.—There came in the night-time a refreshing shower, so that all the glorious mass of vegetation in the garden and grounds outside the Governor's house was literally ablaze with brilliant flowers, and the air was heavy with the perfume of yellow champac and of the white roses of the ironwood-tree. As to the colouring and size of the rhododendrons, Indian magnolias, Gordonias, &c., they must be seen to be believed, and then, as Knox says, "not without rubbing of the eye." All the birds were set a-singing, and the woods, if not most melancholy, were at least most musical in force of sound. Indeed, one of the party complained that "a violent woodpecker" close to his window kept him awake all the morning. It is a strange country, for there are in it fishes which walk, climb, and sing; but it would be wrong, perhaps, to say always that the birds sing: the noise they make is certainly too loud to be melodious. After breakfast there was a visit to the Royal Botanical Gardens, which should properly, I think, be called the

Arboretum, situated at Peradeniya, a distance of three miles or so from the Pavilion. Here the Prince was received by Mr. Thwaites, the learned author of the 'Enumeratio Plantarum,' &c., Fellow of the Royal Society, who did the honours of the place with charming vivacity and scrupulous care, allowing no object of the many extraordinary and beautiful specimens of tropical vegetation to escape unnoticed.

I have never seen in any part of the world such an extraordinary exuberance and variety of growth. In addition to every tree and plant properly belonging to Ceylon, there are numbers of exotics, which have been imported, and which grow freely in the open air. Mr. Mudd, the botanist attached to the Prince's establishment, went about in a subdued ecstasy, knife and book in hand, attended by a native gardener speaking English, who seemed an excellent botanist. We entered through a magnificent avenue of the india-rubber-tree (*Ficus elastica*), and drove along sweeping avenues by the borders of the river, through a park-like expanse, which was one marvellous exhibition of the glories of the vegetable kingdom. Orchids in every variety; palms of stupendous size, thickness, and height; talipots, palmyras, date-palms, gigantic clumps of reeds, the coco demar, the traveller's tree, almost shut out the light in places, or were scattered over the green meadow in detached blocks, or concentrated into central masses, over which whirled thick clouds of flying foxes. Perhaps the most interesting and astonishing objects, where all was so new, were the jungle-rope creepers, and elephant-creepers of the *Bauhinia* class, which seem to seize the trees in giant folds, as if intent on their destruction, an object in which, it is said, indeed, these tremendous vegetable reptiles too often succeed. In the gardens nearly all the products which are valuable for commerce

have been introduced—cloves, nutmegs, vanilla, tea, chocolate, arrowroot, tapioca, ginger, mangoes, lichens, and every fruit known to the East. It is, in fact, a very noble institution, and a great glory to the island, to those who planned it, and to its present amiable, excellent, and learned director. The flying foxes come here at certain times of the year in enormous multitudes, migrating from spot to spot as they devastate each district. Some we saw hanging, as you see them in the Zoological Gardens, with their heads covered snugly up in the membrane of the wing, and the body hanging by one hind leg from the branch, like strange fruit. Mr. Thwaites said that these foxes caused immense damage, and that the gardens required perpetual cleaning. On the Prince expressing a desire to procure a specimen, a gun was sent for, which probably exposed the Prince to more danger than many things in his travels which were regarded with greater suspicion. Up went the gun, and down came a flying fox. The *Pteropus Edwardsii* was about four feet from one wing tip to the other, and was covered with thick red hair, the skin on the face black and naked, and teeth exceedingly sharp. It is said they are not bad eating, something like hare; but it would be excessive hunger indeed which could induce me to test the fact. When the Prince fired, the creatures showed they possessed the instinct of self-preservation by retiring to greater distances and higher altitudes, but several more were bagged, not without a considerable expenditure of powder and shot on the part of the extraordinary fowling-piece.

At Mr. Thwaites' house, a pleasant Swiss-like chalet, the Prince was shown specimens of tea, of cardamums and other spices, cinchona, live scorpions, and the curious nests of the white ant, of which there were great numbers

in the garden. We were warned that if we made excursions into the jungly ground near the river, there were venomous spiders, ferocious ants, ticks, centipedes, to be avoided. Nor were we made more inclined for a walk on being informed that the *Tic polonga* (*Daboia elegans*), a deadly snake, the terror of the natives, was to be met with. The European servants walked about cautiously. As one of them said, “It’s not tigers and lions that I am afraid of! It’s the serpents!” Before leaving, the Prince planted a small shoot of a Peepul—the Bo-tree, or *Ficus religiosa*—to commemorate his visit.

Any desire for independent excursions had been extinguished by the information that *Tic polonga* might be encountered in the long grass; but that the leech most certainly would come to us, whether we went or not, we were very soon certain, as various outcries testified. “Will you take this off my neck, if you please?” “Hang it! there’s one on the calf of my leg!” They came wriggling and jumping along the grass. They must smell one’s blood. If you stood on the gravel-walk for a few moments you could see them making their way from all parts of the surrounding country towards you as a common centre of interest. Most horrible of all their properties, they can stand erect on their tails and look out for what is coming.

In the evening there was a banquet at the Pavilion, and then the ceremony of bestowing the insignia of the K.M.G. on the Governor, and of the C.M.G. on the Colonial Secretary, and on Mr. Douglas, in the Audience Hall of the Kings of Kandy, used at present as a district Court House. It is a long low room, the richly chiselled wooden roof upheld by a double line of elaborately carved columns of teak with bracketed capitals: the exterior rooms and corridors are narrow and dark. On the walls

and columns are carved flights of geese—or, to speak with accuracy—"the Sacred Goose" of Buddha *passant* is multiplied many times. In this Hall the Kings held Court at night in a dimly lighted recess, to which ministers and courtiers went crawling on their stomachs. It was now thronged by Kandyan Chiefs, Mudaliyars, European colonists, officials, and the jewelled wives of the Kandyan nobility, in snow-white dresses, drawn up on the righthand side below the dais, on which the Prince's chair of State of crimson velvet and the less splendid seat for Mr. Gregory were placed. The Chiefs were presented by the Governor. Round the neck of Dewé Nilimé, one of the most eminent, the Prince placed a blue riband with the Indian gold medal. They were introduced in columns of five, according to their rank, and presently they came back in procession to offer the Prince a handsome silver casket. Whilst the presentations were going on, the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, and the rain fell with tropical violence outside. Mr. Gregory appeared at the head of a small procession—consisting of the members of his suite, Colonial Secretary, Auditor-General—and advanced to the dais, at the base of which he bowed to the Prince. All the company stood up. His Royal Highness announced that he had her Majesty's commands to confer on her trusty councillor, the Right Hon. W. H. Gregory, the dignity of Knight Commander of the most Illustrious Order of St. Michael and St. George, and added that he had great pleasure on personal grounds in doing so. Then the patents, &c., rather tedious documents, in which there were something like injunctions against larceny, were read. The Governor knelt; the Prince gave the accolade with the words, "Rise, Sir William Gregory." The Knight rose and expressed his feelings in a neat speech, amid tremendous cheers, which woke up every echo in the old Hall,



and challenged the muttering thunder. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Birch were next invested with the C.M.G., amidst expressions of general satisfaction. The Prince left the dais, and the wives of the Kandyan Chiefs who were as dignified and stately as so many Mistresses of the Robes, were introduced to him. Out of the Audience Hall he passed through narrow passages and serried ranks of Buddhist priests, mounting the steps to the Temple, to see the Sacred Tooth of Gotama Buddha.

The Holy Object abides in a Wihara, or sacred chamber, in a tower adjoining the Malagawa Temple. The European style of the architecture of the tower causes it to stand out distinctly from the neighbouring buildings, and is ascribed to Portuguese captives, employed in its construction by the Kandyan King, Wimala Ilkanna, 270 years ago. The "Dalada," as it is called, is a piece of bone or, as some say, ivory, with a suture up the side, nearly two inches long and one inch round, of irregular cylindrical shape, tapering towards the end, which is rounded. If the article ever was in Buddha's mouth, and if he had a complete set to match, he must have possessed a wonderful jaw, and a remarkable stomach, for it is easy to see that the tooth is not a human molar or incisor. It is, however, at least as real as was the Palladium, or as are many relics nearer home. It has been suggested that it was modelled after the canine teeth which are seen in some images of Vishnu and Kali, but it by no means resembles a true canine. The story of the tooth has been told many times. When Gotama Buddha's body was burned at Kusinara, 2419 years ago, his left canine tooth was carried to Duntapura, the capital of Kalinga, where it reposed for 500 years, till the King sent it to Ceylon. There the Dalada, called Dahta Dhatu, lay till the early part of the twelfth century, when a Tamil Prince

of Madura, who invaded the island, carried it off to India, where the Sacred Tooth remained till the King of Kandy, as the gratifying result of a personal crusade and expedition for the purpose, obtained possession of it. But the Dalada's peaceful days were over. Less happy than its former owner, now absorbed in eternal rest, the tooth was the object of constant inquisition, and it was carried about for safety from one hiding-place to another during the constant wars which distracted the island. Sir Emerson Tennent has given a full account, translated from the Portuguese of Diego de Couto, of the capture of the Dalada by Don Constantine of Braganza at Jaffna in 1560. Diego calls it the tooth of an ape, which it certainly is not, and gives the details of its destruction by the archbishop at Goa, in presence of the Viceroy and his officers, and of the prelates, inquisitors, vicars-general, and pious Jesuits, in April 1561. It was these good people who counselled the needy pidalgos, captains, and other temporal persons, to reject the 400,000 cruzadoes offered by the envoys of the King of Pegu for its possession. The archbishop, having received the relic from the treasurer, "placed it in a mortar, and with his own hand reducing it to powder before them all, cast the pieces into a brazier, which stood ready for the purpose; after which the ashes and the charcoal together were cast into the river in the sight of all those crowding to the verandahs and windows which looked upon the water." Many, we are told, protested against the measure, on the ground that there was nothing to prevent the Buddhists from making another tooth, and that the money would have repaired the pressing necessities of the State. They were quite right. The Buddhists were not to be beaten. The Dalada which they exhibit to-day is, they say, "the real and only one;"—that which Don Constantine took at Jaffna was a sham made *ad hoc*. When the King

of Pegu, three years after the tooth had been reduced to powder, sent to the King of Kandy to ask his daughter in marriage, the crafty chamberlain of the latter, who pretended to be a Christian, but who was a Buddhist at heart, told the ambassadors that he had hidden the real tooth, and took them to see a facsimile, which he had constructed out of stag's horn, in his house. He was prevailed upon, for a consideration, to yield this tooth up to the King of Pegu, who was in a great delight with his treasure for some time, till he was told that the lady he had married as the daughter of a king was as great a sham as the tooth which had been sent to him. But even then he preferred keeping both the impostures to admitting that he had been deceived, and he informed the King of Kandy, who maintained that he was the possessor of the only genuine relic, that he was quite content with what he had. The King of Kandy doubtless caused the present article to be made at the time. The Wihara, or small shrine, in which the Dalada is kept, is approached from the Temple by a narrow door and staircase; the apartment itself, which is hung with curtains embroidered with curious devices, was redolent of sickening perfume, which combined with the heat of the lamps held by the priests to make the atmosphere almost stifling. The Carandua, a bell-shaped golden casket enclosing the tooth, stands on a silver table. The case glitters with emeralds, diamonds, pearls of great price, and bears a large stone on the cusp at its summit, which is, we were told, of enormous value. It is hung round with chains, of which the links are diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, apparently of very great worth—is elaborately chased and worked in an intricate pattern of which a photograph alone can give an idea. At one side of the table, surrounded by as many as could crowd in after him, the Prince took his place. One priest produced

a bundle of keys, which was taken, not without trouble and delay, out of some secret receptacle, and then proceeded to unshrine the relic. Even when the keys were brought, it would seem as if those who were the guardians of the shrine were not very familiar with its intricacies. It was not at the first or the second trial that they found the right key; but at last a sliding spring was touched, and the outer case opening, revealed inside another of gold, also jewelled. This in its turn was opened. Again came in view a new casket like unto its fellow, and so on the operation was repeated, I think, for five times, until at last,

“Fold after fold to the fainting air,
The soul of its beauty and love lay bare”—

Buddha's tooth, just as I have tried to describe it, reposing on a golden lotus leaf! No hand might touch this holy of holies. There was an expression of awe on the faces of the priests, which could not have been feigned; the eldest, a venerable man in spectacles, who quivered with emotion, taking up the gold lotus leaf in one hand, was supplied by another of the priests with a small piece of cambric, or of some white textile stuff. Placing this carefully between his fingers, and not allowing his hand to come in contact even with the golden lotus, he took up the tooth and held it for the Prince's gaze. There was, of course, not much to see in the tooth, and, without faith, nothing to admire; and so the Prince, having duly looked at it, departed, and was followed with pleasure by all whose duty it was not to remain inside. But it was very curious to think that so many millions of people, some of them, no doubt, wise and good, spread all over the East, constituting the population of great empires, not destitute of culture, should hold such an object in veneration. The shrines in which it is encased have been made by various Kings of Kandy, and some go

so far as to say that the most recent, the exterior, dates from the year 1464, and that the inside case was made two hundred years before that date.

Had it not rained as it did, in downright sheets of water, there would, no doubt, have been a very pretty sight, and characteristic, from the Octagon, where the Prince now stationed himself in full sight of the people. They faced the rain, for all their scanty raiment, with patience for hours; and when the few fireworks which could burst out into life threw a glare on the multitude, the partially undraped figures glistened in the wet like statues of polished bronze. The Pera-hara, devil-dancers and all, passed beneath the Octagon; but the downpour washed all the animation out of them, put out the lights, soddened the drums, choked the musical instruments, and spoilt everything but the good temper and patience of the crowd. Before retreating to the Pavilion, a deputation of Buddhist priests, bearing a very valuable set of the holy books for the Prince's acceptance was introduced. They also exhibited, as they asserted, the "most ancient Buddhist MSS. in the world," and one of the younger priests proceeded to chant in minors, ending in a prolonged high note, from one of the books, in a manner not unmusical, reminding us somewhat of the intonation of the Russian ritual. The reverential air and deep attention of the Buddhists who sat round the reader were very striking; one especially, who, with moistened eyes, raised his hand gently, from time to time, to emphasise a passage, looked at the Prince as if he expected a miraculous conversion. The *séance* ended, the Royal party made the best of their way to the Pavilion. Thousands of people were unable to find shelter, and slept wherever they could. Every house was full, and the verandahs and doorsteps were crowded. The railway carriages and stations were filled by people.

December 4th.—At 7.30 A.M. the Prince, accompanied by Sir W. Gregory, Mr. Birch, and some of his suite, escorted by the Governor's Body Guard, drove to the Railway Station, where Major-General Street, C.B., and his Staff, and a guard of honour, band and colours of H.M.'s 57th, under Captain Collins, were on duty. Colonel Williams, Colonel Ellis, Canon Duckworth, and Mr. Knollys remained at the Pavilion. The special train, preceded by a pilot-engine, ran smoothly through one of the most lovely countries in the world, all fresh and shining from the morning's torrents, which had, however, flooded the fields in many places, and caused land-slips on the hill-sides, over the new line to Gampola. There the Duke of Sutherland, Lord A. Paget, Captain Glyn, and Commander Durrant bade farewell to the Prince for the time, and went to the Governor's Lodge at Newera Ellia (the Royal City of Light), "the Elysium of Ceylon," over the Rambodda Pass, where there is a sanitary station, at an elevation of 6000 ft. above the sea-level. They enjoyed some sport; but the rain which fell on us was equally just to them. At Gampola, as at every station, there were crowds of planters and Cingalese, and the usual decorations. At Nawala-pittya, where our railway journey came to an end, a fine pandal was erected, although the Prince was only to stay there till the carriages were ready. Horses are rare in Ceylon, and transport is carried on in bullock hackeries; but the Governor had collected a sufficient number of vehicles and horses to carry the party on to Ruanwella, a secluded spot, forty-one miles from Colombo. It was reported that two herds of elephants were in the forest, and the local sportsmen were employed in watching them. The planters and ladies of the district gave the Royal traveller a most hearty welcome; nor were the Cingalese, among whom were Chiefs, Mudaliyars, priests, and peasants, less



enthusiastic. Soon after we left the Station of Nawalapitiya, the clouds, which had never ceased to hang on the mountain-tops, gradually crept down, and the rain descended once more, at first gently, and then in torrents. It was very disappointing; for such glimpses as we had of the scenery were enchanting—banyans, ironwood-trees (*Mesua ferrea*), euphorbias, satinwood-trees, oaks, acacias, rhododendrons, magnolias, asoca, champac, wonderful creepers—some thick as a mast, and others like whipcord—convolvuli, orchids, &c., sheeting hillside and valley with an infinity of flowers and colour, challenged our admiration, and caused a sentimental sorrow at the aspect of the horrible utilitarian coffee-clearings, where the prostrate trunks of trees lay black and hideous on the dull red soil. Constant exclamations of delight—"Look there! How lovely! Do just turn your head to see that waterfall!" There was an excellent road, which appeared little frequented, and no Europeans were met from the time we left the railway. Heavier and heavier fell the rain, and good as the road was, it was so hard on the horses, that before we reached the Rest House at Kalugala, where the Prince was to breakfast, it was necessary to get out of the carriages and walk. We overtook some of the servants who had been sent on the day before, and found the Prince's gun-cases, &c., lying on the path. The coolies had refused to go further, and when coercion was resorted to, had simply and masterfully retired into the woods, and left the Europeans to their devices. The Governor was almost in despair; but, aided by Mr. Layard and his staff, made dispositions which enabled the servants to proceed.

There was a long halt at Kitulgala, where the rest-house occupied by the Prince commanded exquisite views of the river and secluded valley. The journey was resumed after breakfast, the rain coming down more

violently than ever. Ruanwella, 46 miles from Kandy, was reached at 4.30 P.M., long before the baggage arrived. Every one was wet, more or less. The coolies came dropping in slowly towards nightfall with various articles, which were anxiously expected, and as the stragglers came in sight, the excitement of owners waiting for guns, dressing-bags, and changes of raiment was intense. Of course, things which were not wanted came in first. The Prince, the Governor, and one or two members of the suite were lodged in an old Dutch house, the only one in the place. The others were quartered in huts close at hand. The temporary residences erected on such occasions as these are graceful to look at, and not uncomfortable to live in. The house, if so it may be called, in which we slept was formed of bamboos driven into the ground, with a sloping roof, made of lighter slips of the same material, on which palm-leaves were fastened. The edifice consists of a central hall, with four rooms of about 10 feet by 6, constructed of calico and bamboo frames, provided with windows and little doorways opening into the central hall, all finished as though we were going to remain there for a month at least: there is a verandah, about five feet broad, between the outer wall of the house, to which the overhanging roof descends. Ten bamboo pillars sustained the verandah in front, on which hung, by way of ornament, cocoa-nuts, and their flowers, festoons and garlands. At dinner, which was served in an open hall made of bamboos thatched with leaves, there was much talk of elephants and sporting. It was reported that some planters had camped close to the forest where elephants were concealed, and it was feared they might start the herd. This, considering who was going to shoot, was *de mauvais goût*, and that they could hunt when they pleased; but it is probable they erred from ignorance. Mr. Varian and

Mr. Fisher, two young gentlemen of the Forest Department experienced in elephant hunting, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Hudson, and others, attached to the police under Major Tranchell, joined to assist the expedition. The party retired early to rest, and, as a precautionary measure, Dr. Fayrer served out quinine all round.

December 5th.—The rest of the baggage arrived safe, but not sound, during the night. Still the rain continued. The weather was what one might call muggy; and though the palm-leaf roofs had kept out the rain completely, the interiors of the huts were damp and steaming. Wonderful birds—parrakeets, kingcrows, pigeons, barbets, &c.—fluttered from branch to branch of the trees around our temporary encampment. It was yet very early in the morning when Mr. Birch sounded the turn-out to a breakfast of tea and coffee, toast and fruit. The Prince, accompanied by Lord Suffield, Lord Charles Beresford, and one or two others, went out down by the river to procure some specimens for Mr. Bartlett to stuff. The bag consisted of various kingfishers, woodpeckers (*Brachypterni*), a snake or two, snipe, and a Kabrogaya lizard (*Hydrosaurus salvator*), 5 feet 7 inches in length, killed by Lord Carington, which was found to be filled with small crabs. Apropos of snakes, Dr. Fayrer and Mr. Campbell, an active officer of the police force of the island, had an animated discussion. The latter gentleman is a firm believer in the efficacy of ammonia as a specific for snake-poison, and declared that he had cured many cases by the use of it. This Dr. Fayrer declared to be impossible; and when Mr. Campbell asserted that he had cured men who were bitten by snakes, Dr. Fayrer replied that the snakes were not poisonous, and that if they had been so, ammonia could not have saved the patients. I did not like to suggest to Mr. Campbell that he should allow himself to be bitten by an un-

doubtedly poisonous snake, for so firm did he seem in his belief, that I believe he would have tried it, and I was confident enough in the soundness of Dr. Fayrer's knowledge to think that Mr. Campbell would have fallen a victim to his zeal. In the afternoon there was another shooting excursion in the jungle close at hand. It was said that there were deer and other *feræ naturæ* in it in abundance. The beaters went in to drive for them, and as Lord Suffield was standing on the edge of a swampy patch, amidst tall grass, in a very thick part of the wood, he was put on the alert by the rush of some animal close to him, which afforded a glimpse of a glistening brown hide. He fired, and down went the beast. It was a fine buffalo; but there is some suspicion that it was not altogether in a state of nature. Two pengolins, or scaly anteaters, were captured by the natives for Mr. Layard, who is a great naturalist. In the evening a thunderstorm burst over the camp, and the rain once more came down in torrents. A flash of lightning came so near Macdonald, the Prince's chief jäger, that he fell to the ground, and Dr. Fayrer experienced a numbing sensation from a bolt which seemed to fall close to our dwelling.

As I did not feel very well, and had a good deal to do, I sent my servant over to the mess-hut for my dinner. The poor wretch returned with the exclamation, "Look, Sahib! Plenty leech about!" I looked, and saw he had actual "anklets" of leeches. They hung by scores on his legs, and gave him the appearance of having jet ornaments on his nether extremities.

December 6th.—Rat, tat, tat, beat the rain all night on the leafy roof of our dwelling. When the dawn woke up the noisy birds in the trees around the encampment, the air was so "thick" that the light could scarcely pierce

the fleece of white vapour which rose from the reeking earth, but "as the sun ascended the weather mended." The day, however, never became what is called "sunny," but it was steaming hot, and every one of the party lived and moved and had his being in a portable warm-bath of his own, which may be "nothing when one is used to it," but which is very trying before that feat is accomplished. The limp, worn-out natives had an air as if they had been swimming for their lives all night and had just scrambled upon the bank, and were not to the front with their usual alacrity. It was six o'clock. Out of my calico window I could see the police-sentries pacing up and down in the mud before the Prince's bungalow; and in the open shed outside the sportsmen were beginning breakfast, attired in their shooting-dresses. Looking out of my calico door, I saw Mr. Birch looking out of his upon our common table, whereon were laid bananas, oranges, bread and coffee; and after the customary morning salutations, and a hasty meal, Mr. Birch whipped up his young friends, and told them off to their different carriages. The Governor went back to Hanwele, to make arrangements for the return to Colombo. His Royal Highness soon afterwards appeared in a broad-brimmed solar topee, sober-hued jacket and knickerbockers, and "leech gaiters." These necessary additions to one's toilet are stocking-shaped bags of linen, which are pulled over the feet and fastened at the knee before the shoes are put on. They are supposed to baffle the efforts of the denizens of Ceylon forests to suck the traveller's blood. The jungle in which the elephants were abiding was about seven and a half miles south from Ruanwella, and horses had been sent on to await the Prince on the roadside, to take him on by a path cut through the forest to the Kraal. Lord Aylesford, Dr. Fayrer, Mr. S. Hall, Mr. Varian, Lord C. Beresford, and Mr. Fisher went

ahead in a mail-coach, which had been relieved from its ordinary duty. The Prince, attended by Lord Suffield and General Probyn, followed in a carriage, escorted by lancers of the Governor's Body Guard ; and a third carriage, in which were Mr. Birch, Mr. FitzGeorge, Mr. Thackwell, aide-de-camp, and myself, closed the rear of the little cortege. We drove through a wooded country, in which the view was shut by walls of dense forest, to the main road ; and at 8 A.M. we saw a considerable crowd in advance on high ground, on which there is a village called, I believe, Algeda. "Where is the Prince?" exclaimed Mr. Birch. "He has gone on," was the reply. "Where?" "We don't know!" Here was a situation! The Prince's carriage had passed the place where it ought to have stopped. What was to be done? The horses in waiting had not been observed by any of the Prince's party, and those who saw his carriage supposed the coachman was going to pull up further on. There was a pulling up, but not of horses, on account of this incident afterwards. The delay might not seem to be of much consequence, but as the beaters in the jungle had begun to drive the elephants at 7 A.M., or, according to Mr. Atherton's account, nearly an hour sooner, there was just the chance that the whole of the preparations made with so much labour and at so great a cost would come to naught if the Prince were not at his post. Lieutenant Thackwell, one of the Governor's aides-de-camp, ever active and ready, at once mounted a horse ; but the animal had a will of his own, and he and his rider were a long time arguing it out before they could agree on a common course of action. Mr. Campbell started off on horseback and Mr. Varian on foot ; but the Prince was not overtaken till his carriage had reached the ferry-boat at Avisawella, some good three miles further. The feelings of Mr. Birch meanwhile, as, communing with himself, he walked up and down

in a field off the road, were set forth in touching pantomime. Waiting by a roadside is weary work ; and Mr. FitzGeorge and myself, after a short conversation with Major Tranchell, who was guarding the entrance to the wood with his police, resolved to walk to the rendezvous. The path, deep-trodden by many feet, led by the side of a clear stream through primeval forest and jungle ; and after a walk of half a mile or so, we came on bamboo huts and the embers of fires where the watch had been keeping in the elephants. Then we passed sheds in which biscuits, tobacco, bread, eggs, and fruit were on sale. In fact, within the silent jungle which was spread out before us there were parties variously estimated to number 1200 or 1500 men, who had been engaged for more than a fortnight constructing the Kraal, and keeping an eye on the elephants.

We passed two barriers guarded by police, and arrived at a platform—a sort of Grand Stand—in the forest, on which we found Lord Aylesford, Dr. Fayrer, and others, awaiting the arrival of the Prince. From this we looked down on an immensely high and strong stockade, formed of trunks of trees strongly strutted and stayed, extending across a shallow wooded valley, at the bottom of which there was a tiny rivulet. At the other side of the valley were trees, creepers, and bamboos, so thick that the stockade could hardly be seen twenty or thirty yards off. Beyond the impenetrable forest gloom. Outside the stockade, running across the valley up the hillside, there was a stake net of wood-work, into which the beaters were to drive the elephants after they had been forced past the high rock on which the Prince was to be placed ; spears and pointed stakes were piled up to be thrust between the openings should any elephant try to break through. Lining the stockade were some hundreds of men, keeping very quiet.

At 9 A.M. the Prince arrived on horseback, dismounted, and passed through the stockade to the stand. He was attended by Lord C. Beresford and Robertson. Mr. Hall was placed in a tree within sight of the Prince. The yells of the beaters had been audible for some time before his arrival. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Varian went inside the stockade to direct the operations, and then we all waited for an hour patiently. Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, one o'clock, came and went. Still no shot. At half-past one o'clock there was a tremendous commotion. The word was passed that the herd was coming down towards the stockade. In effect they did. We heard the beaters' cries coming nearer and nearer—just as in a deer drive in the Highlands. The platform was deserted. Every one rushed to the Kraal, armed with spears or long bamboos to thrust through the interstices and drive back the elephants. Every eye was strained to pierce the forest depths, where bamboos and trees cracked like pistol shots beneath the trampling of elephant hoofs. Thrice the Prince caught a glimpse of a ridge like the top of a loaf of brown bread moving swiftly through the jungle; but it was only for a moment. Suddenly the cries of the beaters ceased, the crashing and snapping noises receded. "The herd has gone back again." "The tusker has charged and broken through." It was the same thing over and over again. All attempts to force the herd towards the stockade failed. In the jungle were two herds. One of only three, led by an old tusker—charged with the death of four European sportsmen and of many cattle—the other of seven—lady elephants. When the beaters came up, the latter put themselves under the old tusker, who proved to be a leader whose courage and coolness were only equalled by his sagacity and strategical skill. He not only refused to be driven, but, charging at the head of his column, he



broke through the beaters again and again, driving them up trees for shelter, and utterly spoiling sport. A suspicion arose that the Chief was playing false. He was to have whatever elephants could be "kraaled." If the Prince fired, there was small chance of driving them to the enclosure; it was supposed, therefore, that he had given orders to dodge the elephants past the Prince's stand, if possible. Perhaps he was wronged. He was told that if the Prince did not get a shot, the Kraal would be destroyed that night; and he was seriously spoken to, as if he could control the elephants and the beaters. I do not know if he could. Certain it is, however, that about 2 P.M., after the Prince had been five hours in his stand, and Lord Suffield and others had volunteered to try to dispose of the tusker, a report came that the old hero and the three ladies he was guarding so devotedly had separated from the herd of seven elephants with which they had fraternised, and had escaped clean away into the forest. In vain the beaters yelled like demons; they were charged by Don Tuskerando, obliged to run uphill and to get into trees, and to begin the drive again. At last it was resolved to apply the ordeal which elephants so much dread. Dried timber was piled up in the jungle to windward of the female herd, and set on fire. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Varian marshalled the beaters, and permission was given to some of them who were armed to fire into the rear of the elephants. Presently branches crashed, and trees shook violently, a couple of shots were heard—an elephant rushed, like some great rock, down the hillside within twenty yards of the Prince, who fired, and hit the beast in the head, but it went on and was lost in the forest. In a few minutes Mr. Fisher ran up, "steaming," and said, "Sir! If you will come with me I think I can get you a shot. I have wounded an elephant; I know where he is, and you can kill

him." The Prince descended from his post and set out with him creeping through the dense jungle as well as he could. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Varian were on each side and a little in advance of his Royal Highness, Peter Robertson, Lord Suffield, Lord C. Beresford, and Mr. Hall followed in the rear. The heat was great; it was impossible to see two yards ahead. Shooting hats were lost, clothes torn. Suddenly the elephant which had been wounded was discovered through the jungle. The Prince fired—the elephant dropped at once, and lay as if dead. Mr. Hall stopped to take a sketch; but after a while the elephant began first to move, then to kick, and finally to get on his legs; whereupon Mr. Hall, doubting whether he could challenge the *revenant* to an encounter with a lead-pencil, prudently sought safety in flight. Meantime the Prince and his companions were advancing in the jungle towards the place where the principal herd was supposed to be. There was a crashing noise in the forest ahead. The beaters got up into trees. A halt was called. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Varian became uneasy and alarmed, and inexperienced gentlemen thought unnecessarily so. But they knew the situation. Elephants were close at hand, though they could not be seen. At any moment an elephant might rush out; evasion and escape were hopeless, for in such a jungle no man could do more than very slowly creep, whilst the elephant could go through the brush as a ship cleaves the water. All at once, Mr. Fisher perceived an elephant not ten yards off in the very act of charging. The Prince caught sight of it also, fired, and it disappeared in the jungle. The huntsmen continued in pursuit cautiously, but the creepers and thick undergrowth made stout resistance, so that their progress was slow, and not unexhausting. In a few minutes more another elephant was seen, where the bush was