

THE TRAVELS OF MISS HELEN CADDICK : A JOURNEY EASTWARDS TO JAPAN, 1892-1893. PART 2 : INDIA

SUSAN HANSEN

Miss Helen Caddick, having circumnavigated Africa and seen the British possession of the Cape Colony (THE MEIJO REVIEW Vol. 7, No 3), then sailed on to India, in her journey to visit Japan. This is the story of her exploits in India.

DECEMBER 27th Tuesday

Colombo — anchored at 6 a.m. Lovely morning — low shore — quantity of cocoanut palms — large buildings — Custom House, Post Office, Oriental Hotel, very fine looking place. Mr. Hutson called to me that a B. I. steamer was in and would leave for Bombay that evening calling at Tuticorin. It was anchored alongside us. After breakfast the Captain sent the 3rd Officer (Mr. Richards) in one of the “Vadala” boats to take Captain Williamson and me with our luggage to the “Fultala” and then on shore. Went to the Post and took a carriage to B.I. Office. There the Captain and Mr. Hutson joined us. Captain Williamson, Mr. Hutson and I drove to Galle Face and the Cinnamon Gardens, then to Galle Face Hotel — had lunch, saw a cricket match, then back to the town and on board the “Fultala” at 3-30. “Fultala” a larger boat than the “Vadala” but does not seem so well kept — cabins and saloon amidships and splendid wide promenade deck. Colombo is a clean prosperous looking place, beautiful drive to Galle Face where there is a very good hotel near the Gardens, Club and Barracks. Lots of passengers came on board — Lord and Lady Brays who looked horrid and their son who looks a fool — some Cooks’ tourists much given to grumbling. Captain Johnstone came to see if I were comfortable and wish me good-bye. Left

Page 147

punctually at 4 p.m. A lady and her maid had to share my cabin — lady very cross at not having it to herself. I turned in early and got top bunk which made her still more cross and in the night a big wave dashed through the port, nearly drowned the maid and damped the lady!

Tuticorin

DECEMBER 28th Wednesday

Passengers all left at 9 in a large cargo boat with a sail, as the steam launch is broken down. “Fultala” lies six miles off Tuticorin. The sea was rough and till the boat was fairly started the passengers had a bad time pitching about and being knocked by the sail as it was put up. Captain

Williamson got off to go by train from Tuticorin to Allahabad. He and Mr. Hutson were very pleasant. Left Tuticorin at 8 p.m. At Colombo great preparations were being made for the Austrian Archduke Franz, who arrives to-morrow. The "Fultala" is a great ship for pets. The Captain has a sheep three years old that he has reared, it follows him about, stands by him at meals, goes out of the saloon when told, has its face washed every day and a bath twice a week, drank two glasses of champagne on Christmas Day, and goes each night to the Captain's cabin for some tobacco before retiring, is very fond of eating paper — his playtime is from 4 to 6, then he marches about the main deck on the "war path" and runs after and bunts any unwary sailor, sometimes knocking him down —

Page 148

The Capt. took me for a walk up and down the deck one afternoon — The Sheep usually walked by his side & was quite jealous that I had taken his place — so suddenly, without any warning, I was sent flying along the deck on my back! he had butted me hard & sent me off my feet then calmly took his place by the Capt. to continue his walk! — the officers have great games with him — a great big white sheep, long bushy tail, curled horns and black down his face. — the Captain carried him down sometimes if he won't go to bed. There are two Persian cats and the Poop is called the Farmyard — all the fowls, ducks, turkeys and sheep go about there loose! Captain Phillips is very kind but a bit common — Mr. Watson (Chief) and Mr. McDonald (Chief Engineer) I liked but not the others.

DECEMBER 29th Thursday

Sea wonderfully calm and ship as steady as if she were anchored. I am the only passenger and the only "she" of course. Very hilly along the coast, the Western Ghats come close along the shore along Travancore. Saw Trivandrum, the Capital, and the Rajah's Palace. Passed Quilon and Alipey after which the hills are lost sight of and the coast is quite low — a long line of cocoanut palms. The hills near Trivandrum are a deep red.

DECEMBER 30th Friday

Reached Calicut at 6 a.m. — too hot to go ashore — said to be absolutely nothing to see and very hot sand to walk in — only cargo boats to go ashore in. Mr. Saville (2nd officer) was on the B.I. boat Deeming went home in. He had a tame lion on board, was very good company, had any amount of money and spent it freely. Calicut a very pretty looking place from the sea. — quantities

Page 149

of cocoa-nut palms — hill and mountains at the back — soil deep red. Brought some green cocoanuts on board — immense thickness of outer rind all full of fibre, then the shell with the kernal and milk inside (like walnut with green outer shell), lots of milk in the fresh ones, slightly acid taste,

very different to those in England. Stayed all day taking in and discharging cargo. Started again at 2 a.m.

DECEMBER 31st Saturday

Reached Tellicherry at 6 a.m., very pretty place — cocoa-nut palms, low hills of red laterite, mountains at back, Native houses one long line of grey huts, Fort on Green Island, Roman Catholic Church — all Roman Catholics along this part of coast. Tellicherry is the place where Tippoo was captured — see the place very plainly — a red hill with remains of a fort on top. The places we stop at are all open roadsteads, no buoys or jettys. Here there is a row of basalt rocks out in the sea. Boats made of a tree just hollowed out (called dug-outs). At Colombo they have the Catamarangs with a piece of timber as an outrigger. Captain Phillips told me a good deal about Stanley, he was at Zambesi when Stanley set off on his discoveries, and there also when he returned, and saw him say good-bye to his people! Says Stanley is a regular fraud and a horrid man — Was at the place where the big Champagne feast was given that nearly finished off Emin Pasha — the

Page 150

houses there built on piles and usually have bars across the window spaces — there were none in that house and Emin leaned back and fell through. Stanley went from Aden on a B.I. boat. Left Tellicherry at 7-30 — splendid moonlight.

1893 JANUARY 1st Sunday

Stopped at 6 a.m. at Mangalore but did not anchor and as they signalled there was no cargo we went on — it looked pretty — a sandy shore, cocoa-nut palms and hills at back — limestone now — a double peaked hill called the “Asses Ears”, Mount Dilly and the Camel’s Hump. Passed the Melky Rocks, black basalt, a long line sticking up a great height out of the sea. Had a long talk with Chief Engineer. He was on a ship taking troops and provisions to the Crimea. Florence Nightingale was on part of the time with a lot of the wounded. They took out bales of sheep-skin coats for the men and casks of potatoes, carrots and turnips to Balaclava, but there was positively no one to take them on shore and receive them, so though the men were starving with cold and hunger the coats were taken back to England and the vegetables thrown overboard as they went bad! Shoals of small fish jumping out of the water pursued by large fish and sea-gulls — a long fish jumped many times straight up out of the water and went back tail first. Passed Pigeon Island about 3 p.m. — a rock standing out of the sea. Passed Oyster Rock

[A new volume starts at this point]

Diary of Travels
by
Helen Caddick
of Birmingham

Vol. 3
1893
Cape Colony.
India & Japan.

Lighthouse at 8. Captain Phillips lets me go on the bridge just whenever I like and takes me into the Chart room to see him work out his observations. Native boats here called Pattimars.

JANUARY 2nd Monday

Passed Ratnagiri where King Theoban is a prisoner — an old Mahratta Fort — saw his house. The coast all red sand hills, very few trees, many Mahratta Forts up the coast. Went over the Engines. Had a great talk to the Captain about the compasses and charts. Captain's cigars a great joke, he is for ever lighting them, begins to talk and out they go. Stopped on the bridge till we anchored at 12-30 (midnight). Very pretty and interesting coming into Bombay passing all the lights. A great number of steamers in.

Bombay

JANUARY 3rd Tuesday

A letter was brought me at 6-30 from Mr. Phipson, to welcome me, and say if possible he would come and fetch me. He arrived about 8-30 and was so kind and hearty. Said good-bye to the Captain, Officers and sheep! Had quite a long row to the shore and a drive of 4 miles to Cumhalla Hill. Had no trouble at the Customs, nothing was opened. Mrs. Phipson met me at her house and gave me a hearty welcome — such a lovely Bungalow. After breakfast I was left to unpack and read over my big heap of letters. At 4-30 Mrs. Phipson took me for a drive in her

Page 152

carriage (lovely Arab horses) to the town. Went to a dressmakers, then to meet Mr. Phipson, saw many of the buildings, had tea at the Yacht Club and home. Mr. and Mrs. Phipson had an engagement out to dinner but said they had left everything quite straight for me, & I had heaps of letters to read that were waiting for me — All went well till dinner was announced & in I went — Presently a queer figure came into the room bowing very low & holding out a dish with sort of food on it — He seemed very anxious about something & I thought it was probably an offering of native food he wished me to taste — However it did not seem nice so I just looked at it & signed to him to

take it away — when I told Mr. Phipson, he was very thankful I had not touched it as some of the boys would have done anything for one[?] again! it was the dogs dinner! & it was the duty of that boy to bring it for Mrs. Phipson to see that it was all right!

So I had a merciful escape!

Mrs. Phipson was Miss Pechey[?] the first lady who took her doctor's Degree - & came back to India to help the Native women — She & Lady Lock started the first Womans Hospital in Bombay

JANUARY 4th Wednesday

Went out at 6-30 for a walk with Mr. Phipson. Went up a hill to get a view of the City. A great number of Cotton Mills with tall chimneys! — don't send cotton now to be manufactured in England. Then to the sea wall to see the reclaimed land, and by one of the Forts where they have cannon which sink and rise and are covered over so that the men are screened. Passed one of the large sacred tanks, walled all round, and temples and houses for priests outside. In the centre is a curious pole up which a Fakir climbed last year and refused to come down till some thousands of rupees were collected for a temple! He stayed up three days without any food, at last the priests, afraid some accident might happen, and they get blamed, sent round to the Police, who speedily came, climbed up the pole and fetched him down. The old "Shawl pattern" is nothing more than a copy of the impression made by dabbing the side of the fist against the mud walls! When the line was being made to Afghanistan, the Natives were seen still stamping the mud walls in that way and the impression was noticed. Mr. Bennett (Editor of "Times of India"), Mr. and Mrs. Slater, Miss Littlewood (a lady doctor), Miss Wilkinson (Cama Hospital) and a Parsee came to dinner. In the afternoon Mr. Phipson took me over the Cama and Allbless hospitals — beautiful hospitals.

JANUARY 5th Thursday

Went at 7 a.m. with Mr. Phipson to the Crauford Market — very good building, large airy and clean, built round a garden — vegetables, fruit, flowers, live animals, beef, mutton, fish, each in a separate part of the building. The Hindoos would not buy mutton if beef were near it. The Persian cats were splendid — 7 rupees for a beauty. Then to the station, a grand building, very clean, had marble columns and exquisite carving and tracery, more like a University or Cathedral! In the afternoon the Ranee of Akalkot came to call. Miss Moxon (an English lady) her companion came with her. She is a nice looking little woman dressed in very pretty blue and white gauze with a gold border, thrown over her head and wrapped round her in a mysterious way, showing her pretty little brown feet, the toes covered with rings. Her earrings, necklace, bracelets and rings were magnificent. She talked English very well. She is the wife of the Rajah of Akalkot who was invested with full power last year, and has two daughters, Princesses. She is a "Purdah" lady, not allowed to see a man, so Mr. Phipson did not come in. She had a lovely carriage and pair, three servants in brilliant scarlet liveries. When she got into the carriage the blinds were all drawn

down.

Page 154

When she goes by train, a sheet is thrown over her as she gets out of her carriage and a sort of palanquin is held over her as she walks to the train, then as she gets into the carriage a sheet is again thrown over her and the blinds drawn down. Went for a drive with Mr. Phipson in the evening.

JANY. 6th Friday

Went to Mr. Phipson's Museum — most interesting place — several rooms, cases beautifully arranged, and live snakes, squirrels, birds etc. Had a rehearsal of Tyrolese Band for to-morrow.

JANY. 7th Saturday

Busy all morning preparing for Garden Party — great fun. People began to arrive punctually at 4-30 — they left about 7-15. Nearly 250 people — a great success. Band on terrace very good — music and singing in Drawing room — Verandah and grounds to walk about — Cakes, tea, coffee, ices and fruit in Dining room.

JANUARY 8th Sunday

Started at 7 with Mr. Phipson. Joined Mr. Whiting and Mr. Bennett at the landing place. Went in a private steam launch to Trombay, an island the other side of the Harbour near Elephanta. Had to get into a smaller boat to land. Then walked up to the top, a gentle ascent, 1,000 feet, got a splendid view of Bombay, the Harbour and the Islands and mountains on the mainland. Came down and had lunch under a large tree, then home in steam

Page 155

launch. Mr. Whiting is a Government Engineer, he and Mr. Phipson thought there might be a possibility of building sites on Trombay.

JANUARY 9th Monday

Drove with Mrs. Phipson to Malabar Hill. Miss Trewby (a doctor), just come out, came to dinner.

JANUARY 10th Tuesday

In our morning walk we saw a man tapping the tall palms for toddy — he climbs up, cuts a hole in the bark, then puts a piece of bamboo to conduct the juice to a flask which he hangs in the tree — when the juice is fermented it is very intoxicating. Very curious to see the “sacred” cows straying about the native town. Cows are about everywhere and are great thieves, coming into your room to steal! At 3 went to Mrs. Slater's and she took me to a “Sacred Thread” ceremony (corresponds

to our Confirmation as the child is then made a Parsee and follower of Zoroaster). The boy was about 10, he had to be invested with the shirt the Parsees wear and their coat, and a long cord of seven strands which they always wear tied round it. We were shown into a large room, hired for ceremonies, full of ladies and children all in native dress (some lovely ones) and a few men in white. A large square space with a carpet spread in the centre on which about eight priests sat. They are all dressed in long white garments

Page 156

with very long tight fitting sleeves, (the left one of which they pulled down over the hand and wrapped over it during the ceremony) and white turbans. We saw the father putting on his garment in the room, the sleeves were starched and pressed together so that it was difficult to get his arms in! He put his long band on by giving someone the end to hold and then twisting himself round and round into it! In the centre of the carpet was a low stool covered with a white cloth for the boy to sit on. He was being washed and presently came in dressed in a clean pair of white drawers and a sort of muslin shawl over his shoulders. Trays were brought in with the rest of his new clothes, cap etc. and some presents — another tray with cocoa-nuts and rice and another with cocoa-nuts sliced very fine, pomegranate seeds and rice — chains of flowers and a small sugar loaf covered with tinsel paper. Then the High Priest, dressed in white, with a shawl folded many times on his arm, came in and took his place on the carpet and they all began to say prayers. Then the boy's shawl, and a wreath of flowers was put round his neck, his old cap taken off and the new one put on, then the shirt put on and finally the sacred thread. The priest held it between his outstretched hands the boy holding his little fingers with each hand, the priest saying prayers and the boy repeating them — at last it was twisted

Page 157

three times round the boy's body and tied. The priest mixed some red powder with rose water and put a red patch on his forehead, then pressed some rice against it. The boy then sat down and the priest said prayers, throwing handfuls of the mixed rice, pomegranate seed and sliced coconut over his head. When that was done we all rose and as we went out, were presented with a bunch of flowers sprinkled with rose water, and a packet of betel nut. A brazier with sandal wood was kept burning the whole time. At 6 we arrived again at the same place, this time for a wedding! The large space between the two houses was filled with men dressed in white sitting in rows. It was prettily lighted up with oil lamps (glasses with floating wicks placed in loops of wire rather like telegraph poles). We went first to the house on the left hand — (Bridegroom's house). The large room was full of ladies in lovely "sawries" and splendid jewellery. The shades of crepe and silk were lovely and beautiful borders of rich velvet worked with gold and silver. The Bride came in and salaamed to her Mother-in-law and various relations. Then trays were brought in with presents, rice coconut etc. and then we were all summoned to the Bride's house — the other

side of the open space. There seats were arranged all round and in the centre a carpet was spread and on it two chairs placed.

Page 158

presently the girls went to fetch the bridegroom, he was met at the door by the bride's mother who put a garland round his neck, waved dishes over his head and various performances we did not understand. But just before this, the bride came in and was presented to various relations and made very deep bows — then she was surrounded by her women, had her saurie taken off, a garland put round her neck, presents of jewellery put on etc. and then she retired again. The Bridegroom took his place on one of the chairs, large dishes of cocoa-nut and rice were brought in and placed on the carpet — then the Bride entered and sat on the other chair, never looking at the Bridegroom. Then two priests and two witnesses stood in front of them — the High Priest in white with a shawl folded over his left shoulder (the Bridegroom had a shawl folded over his arm). The priests repeated endless exhortations and prayers in Sanscrit, took handfuls of rice etc. and every few minutes threw some at the couple who remained seated. This went on for a long time — the only thing the priest asked them was if they liked each other, they both said yes and the rice throwing continued! At last it ended having lasted about half an hour — the Bridegroom had some rupees given him, the priest put a red mark on his forehead, something was done to his feet, Bride and Bridegroom made profound bows, the Bride trotted off to prepare for the

Page 159

big feed after which, about 12, there is another ceremony and they are escorted to their home. We went to see the room for dinner — long tables were arranged down the room with chairs on one side, plantain leaves for plates, a tumbler but no forks etc. When all were seated (about 600) the cooks came round with huge dishes and spooned a dab on to each leaf — first fish, then potato chips, then sort of pies, sweet stuff, fried fish, cakes etc., till each leaf was nearly covered. We watched the children eating — they took everything in their fingers, but so neatly, only using one hand, and ate of each thing! Some champagne was brought in and we drank the health of the Bride and Bridegroom and then left. Got back just in time to dress for dinner at 8, - Mr. and Mrs. Geary (Editor of Bombay Gazette) Dr. and Mrs. Dymocke, Mr. Trevor.

JANUARY 12th Thursday

Walked to the Reservoir — it is covered over so that no scraps of "dead Parsee" shall fall into it, as it is near the "Towers of Silence" — the top is nicely planted and is a capital play place for children — went down to look in at the opening and saw the immense arches — water seemed quite hot and steamy. Went to Choto Hazri at Mrs. Ackworths. Yesterday went to Major Selbys and saw his lovely garden. Went shopping with Mrs. Slater. Drove in the afternoon with Mrs. Phipson, met Mr. Phipson and went

Page 160

to see the Council Chamber at the new Municipal Buildings lighted up — splendid room but don't think it will be good for sound.

JANUARY 14th Saturday

Spent the day with Mrs. Geary — delightful woman. Drove to see the Arab stables — huge places, hundreds of horses — it is on a large piece of ground roofed over with matting to keep off the sun — rows of horses heelroped and haltered — Arabs, then Persians, then North Country — each division with native attendants — the Arabs were splendid, had a lot trotted out, some were very wild. Went over the European Hospital one day — Sister Gladys took me. Saw Sister Phoebe of "Cape" renown, looks very sweet but delicate. A splendid hospital just opened — take paying and private patients. A large Children's party at Government House instead of a Christmas tree, there was an enormous ship with sails to which presents were fastened and the Hold, the Poop deck and Fo'castle were filled with presents with the name of each child on. One morning I noticed some large clear pearly oyster shell used to decorate a flower bed, Mr. Phipson told me they used to be used for windows instead of glass. Went to the "Towers of Silence" one morning and saw the model — a round tower, ledges ranged in rows for the bodies, the outer one for men, next for women, the inner one for children. Laths to get about between and gutters to drain off into the centre which is open and into

Page 161

which the bones are finally pushed. Charcoal is placed at the mouth of the drains to act as a filter. Huge vultures were sitting round the towers — two great creatures with hardly a feather on, which never go away! Five Towers — grounds nicely laid out — buildings where they have religious ceremonies and where the registrar etc. live. For a funeral the bearers and all who attend are dressed in pure white, they walk two and two holding a white handkerchief between them — the body is put naked on an iron stretcher and a white cloth thrown over — everyone walks, the empty carriages follow, no flowers are used — the body is placed in the tower, the cloth removed, and before the procession can leave the ground all is finished! The Hindoos have their burning ground near the sea, on the "Queen's Road" — Driving up in the evening we often saw the flames and sparks and smelt the sandal wood if an extra grand funeral.

JANUARY 15th Sunday

Had a lovely walk to Walkeshwar, one of the most sacred villages in India. A large sacred tank where they were washing their cooking utensils, their clothes, bathing and drinking the water! Temples all round with curious roofs, figures of oxen all decorated, very holy men with hair long and matted, their faces covered with paint and grease, no clothing, squatting before a small altar set out with "toys" which they were decorating with flowers and

Page 162

leaves, sacred stones painted scarlet with lamps and altars in front, sacred trees called “people” tree with long pointed leaves, sacred cows walking about, - the most picturesque place I have ever seen — One bit was very lovely — a flight of steps between queer houses, a lovely bit of temple roof, a veiled woman coming down, a cow half-way up, a man squatting shaving another, groups of naked brown boys and the tank at the bottom. Mr. and Mrs. Slater, Miss Trewby and Father Drekmann to breakfast.

JANUARY 17th Tuesday

Went to the shore and bought some fish just caught and carried it home in our handkerchiefs — watched horse being broken in on the sands, they are harnessed to a long flat log of wood with a high pole in front and a cross bar — the man stands on the log and drives them. On our way home we met the Rajah of Joonaghur, tremendously grand — four splendid grey Arabs, gorgeous turbans and jewels — other carriages followed with more gorgery. He is the grandest man in Kattewar and has the only place where Asiatic lions still live wild. He preserves them and only occasionally allows a grandee to have a lion hunt there — “Prince Eddy” had one but did not shoot any. He gave him two young ones and Mr. Phipson was asked to see to bringing them away — so he got cages made and sent them to the Zoo in London. Yacobabad near Shikarpoor where

Page 163

Miss Trewby is going, is the hottest place in India, a man wrote from there and said it is [?] in the shade but there is no shade! Saw the Rajah of Rajkote and his uncle one day at Mr. Phipson’s Museum. Went to the Apollo Bunder at 4-30 to see the Arch Duke Ferdinand of Austria arrive — a very plain shy looking young man, dressed in blue uniform, cocked hat and bright green feathers. The Governor (Lord Harris) looked far nicer. Native troops drawn up to receive him, carriages and four, Postilions, outriders etc. in scarlet uniform.

JANUARY 18th Wednesday

Went to the Jamsetjee Hospital. Saw Mrs. Casterton (Jeanie Whitehouse) looked as affected as ever. Sister Gertrude Anna took me round — a charming woman but much overworked. Did not look as neat and nice a hospital as the “Cama”. Native patients very difficult to give food or medicine to because of their cast — won’t touch the medicine glass with their lips — they lie back, open their mouths and the nurse tosses or pours it down their throats. Each “cast” has their own cook. The large statue of old Sir Jamsetjee in the Hall, is worshipped by many of the patients — they think it is put there for that purpose — put garlands round his neck and say little prayers as they pass! May Moseley was away on a week’s holiday, Sister Gertrude Anna says she is getting on very well. Went to Mr. Phipson’s office. The Arch-Duke was

Page 164

just gone. Stayed there from 10-30 to 12. Was greatly interested in the birds — got a chair in front of the cabinet of skins and searched through drawer after drawer. Count Kinski, Mr. Stocking and several others were with him. Went to Yacht Club to Tiffin — Mrs. Phipson joined us. The Arch-Duke and party were all breakfasting in the Verandah. Stayed to hear the Austrian Band from the “Kaiserin Elizabeth” — played splendidly. The Arch-Duke has awkward manners and is a very poor specimen of royalty.

JANUARY 19th Thursday

Left at 2 p.m. by train for Kolhapur, reached Poona at 8-10. Had dinner and left at 9 P.M.

JANUARY 20th Friday

Reached Meraj at 7 a.m. A “Putty wallah” from Mr. Shannon’s met me, took charge of my luggage and got me a nice breakfast — left again about 7-30 and reached Kolhapur about 9 a.m. Mr. Shannon, Dr. Sinclair and Beatrice were at the station to meet me. Mr. Shannon drove me to his Bungalow and there Mrs. Shannon gave me a hearty welcome — and little Aileen a pretty child of $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old. The railway journey over the Western Gnats was very grand — go up a great height — one of the mountains (the Duke’s Nose) at the top a very curious rock. The Reversing station is the end of the line — the engines are put at the opposite end of the train and it goes back on a different line. Kandalla, the Sanatorium, looked very pretty and is the next station. From Meraj to Kolhapur the line has been made by Mr. Shannon.

Page 165

Kolhapur is a very flourishing state — it has had a long minority, two Rajahs did not come to the throne and this one is to be installed, on probation, this June. The affairs have been managed by the Political Agent and the money spent on improvements. The roads are splendid and there are excellent public buildings. The hospital is a very handsome building, so is the Rajahram College, the Town Hall, and the new Palace which is not quite finished — a Technical School is being built, there is a large swimming bath, very pretty Church — the station is very good and a separate building for the Rajah. The Residency is an old place, much added to, and near it are four large Tennis Courts, a Badminton Shed, Library and Billiard room and the best Golf Links in Central India. Colonel Wodehouse is Political Agent, his daughter is there with him and his son is 1st in Command on the Staff Corps. Dr. Sinclair is Durbar Surgeon and head of the Hospital, Mr. Shannon head of the Public Works, Mr. Candy Principal of Rajahram College, Miss Little sort of governess to the Ranees, Revd. and Mrs. Priestley and a few others complete the Station. Rajah of Kolhapur 4th in rank, entitled to salute of 19 guns and escort of 50 rank and file. Mr. Candy took me over the College — nice building, splendid views from the top. Miss Little took me over her

school for native girls, close to the College, all high caste children — they work well, sing well and seem well behaved. Mr. Shannon took me over the old Palace adjoining — splendid gateway,

Page 166

and courtyard, queer old palace, a wonderfully painted temple in it to Ambahai, a curious old room with mirrors all round, the Armoury very interesting, and the “Nuggar Khana” a large room at the top, floor, walls, ceiling and pillars of black polished stone — the tom toms, drums etc. are kept there and sounded in time of war or for signals. The large temple of Ambahai is close by — very dirty, beautiful carvings and endless little altars to different gods. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair drove me to see the Memorial Temples to Rajahs near the river — their ashes are in the Temple — and then on to Runkahla Tank, a large sheet of water (black) used for irrigation — and then to the Lake of Kalamba which supplies Kolhapur with water, - Mr. Shannon made both. There used to be a native village at Kalamba which had to be removed and a splendid embankment built, prettily planted with plants and flowers all round, fine aqueduct, splendid roses in the Town Hall gardens and pretty deer park with nice animals in. Mr. Candy's great uncle was Le Grand Jacob who defended Kolhapur in the Mutiny. The wall round the town was pulled down after the Mutiny and only one gate, by the Jail, remains. Mr. Shannon took me over the Jail — prisoners very busy making carpets, sarees and cane work, rope etc. — place for hanging three at once — Dr. Sinclair said one man who was to be hung asked to have a good breakfast and some sweetmeets and was so long over it a message was sent to hurry him up, but he quite calmly said they might let him stop and finish the sweets! Went over the stables

Page 167

of Sirwar horses, all heel roped and head tied — kept very clean and all shampooed. When the Rajah drives out two Sirwars ride in front and eight behind, dressed in yellow trousers, scarlet coats and blue and gold turbans. When the Ranees drive out two elephants beautifully dressed up stand each side of entrance, tomtoms and queer music is played and a guard of six or eight soldiers ride out with her. Went to see the elephant stables — only four, one did a lot of tricks — a great many camels were in the sheds. The paddock, some distance out, is interesting, a great number of mares and foals and some beautiful young horses going to the Chinchli Show — near there are large cattle sheds — and camel sheds. Camels queer things to watch eat, their jaws work backwards and forwards sideways. The Museum is a sad sight — no one takes any interest in it and the things are all falling to pieces. Went with Mrs. Sinclair to call on the Bai Sahib, widow of late Rajah — pleasant little woman, does beautiful needlework — room large, whitewashed walls with a few common pictures — at one end on the floor was a mattress and pillows where the Bai Sahib usually squats. Showed us a lot of her jewels, splendid pearls and uncut diamonds. Gave me a lot of sweetmeets as goodwill offering. Miss Little took me to call on another of the Ranees (Anuntabai Ranee Sahib) mother of the Rajah — rather a pretty little woman (she once told Miss

Little, the Rajah's wife was very pretty, almost as pretty as she was herself!) very delicate, had with her a

Page 168

pretty little girl about 12 whom she has adopted and married to a boy of 17. The Ranee was dressed in a coloured silk Sauree and had on splendid jewels — she sent for more for me to see — the weight of her gold anklets was tremendous (only Ranees may wear gold anklets, others wear silver ones) huge gold toe rings like a fish — pearls rubies and emerald necklaces with pretty curious silk tassels and fastenings — wonderful ornaments for head and hair. When we were going, the servant brought in trays of scent in silver bottles (sandal wood oil and rose water) which the Ranee put on our handkerchiefs. She put long garlands of flowers round our necks and gave us each a bouquet. Then a tray of Pan Supasee (betel nut etc) was handed to us which we just touched, the Ranee eats about twenty packets a day! She works beautifully and showed me some of her embroideries. Then we left, preceded downstairs by her Chamberlain. The technical school was interesting, one boy draws splendidly and makes lovely designs on paper with his finger nails. Mr. Priestly took me to see the Mission buildings- they have a good printing press, and print capitally and bind the books as well ; four looms for weaving — and other work. Went to see the native sugar mills — all in the open air, very primitive, three upright iron cylinders, four bullocks going round turn it, two men sit opposite sides pushing in sugar cane between as they turn. The juice ran into a tank and was put into a huge open vessel sunk in the ground — furnace underneath — another large open

Page 169

vessel about the size of the other — and seven holes in the ground in which cloth is put and the sugar poured to set — makes very good brown sugar — is sent in the cloths to Bombay or England to be whitened or crystallised. Kolhapur is a very pretty part — good avenues of Babul trees (acacias) and Bamboo — hills all round — numbers of green parrots, kingfishers and bright coloured woodpeckers (or coppersmith birds), quantities of flying foxes, like huge bats. Mr. Wodehouse told me the Arch-Duke of Austria and his cousin had a fearful quarrel at Colombo and came to blows! They would not speak to each other again and the Arch-Duke refused to allow him to land at Bombay and go with him across India! It was very awkward for the Governor (Lord Harris!) The cousin used the Arch-Duke's gun and shot some birds the Arch-Duke missed and was altogether cleverer and better liked and the Arch-Duke was jealous.

JANUARY 30th Monday

Left Kolhapur at 5 p.m. Mr. Shannon and Dr. Sinclair saw me off and sent a servant with me to Meraj to see that I got my dinner and changed trains comfortably.

JANUARY 31st Tuesday

Reached Bombay at 11. Lalla met me. Had a very comfortable journey, one lady with me in the carriage.

FEBRUARY 1st Wednesday

Mr. Phipson took me to the Caves of Elephanta. Went on Cook's launch — low tide — had to get into a small boat and land at the stepping stones and

Page 170

walk the whole way along them — very slippery and shaky — held tight to Mr. Phipson?! It is a sort of breakwater, large stones with spaces between and no railing — about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile long — Very interesting caves, hewn out of the rock, large, three rows of pillars square at bottom and fluted round capitals. Large stone figures carved — guards, dwarfs and gods.

FEBRUARY 2nd Thursday

Went with Mrs. Slater to a dramatic Entertainment, sat by Lady Harris and Miss Smith. Some delightful Parsees dined with us.

FEBRUARY 3rd Friday

Walked to Walkeshwar — lofty houses near the Mombadavee Tank — fine specimens of wood carving. The circumference of the largest Tower of Silence is 276 feet and the height 25 feet — circular floor sloping downwards to the centre — the outer circle for men, next for women and the inner one for children. Bombay is a delightful place and the Bazaars most fascinating and picturesque. Rats very destructive, one ate my hair brush at Kolhapur. Miss Little told me the small petticoats sent out by the Mission are worn by the children round their necks as capes! Went with Mrs. Phipson to call on the Begum of Ging. Her husband (the Nawah) a tall pleasant looking man came in for a short time and her two sisters — all spoke English well, - they are Mussulmans. The Begum wore a splendid yellow satin dress with a good deal of embroidery, lovely jewels and a pretty veil with gold and silver border. Many different kinds of bats — the Vampyre very plentiful. Three little

Page 171

Tailor birds roost under a leaf of a Papai tree in company.

FEBRUARY 5th Sunday

Left Bombay at 10 p.m. with a travelling servant. Mr. and Mrs. Phipson saw me off from the Station.

FEBRUARY 6th Monday

Woke up at 6 a.m. at Baroda — country looked pretty — lots of monkeys jumping about the trees and fields — large grey cranes and small white ones. Reached Ahmedabad at 9 a.m. Went to get my breakfast in the station and to my joy was greeted by Mr. Bennett, also breakfasting, but on his way from the festivities at Bhannaggar and Bombay. Took a carriage and drove to see the town and Mosques. The Juma Musjil is very fine — a huge open courtyard and large Mosque at one end, full of pillars. Went on the roof and got a good view of the city. Rani Sipri's Mosque has lovely open work carving in marble and two beautiful minarets at the corners and a splendidly carved balcony. The carved pattern on the tomb is usually a hanging lamp and chain. The carved windows at Manek Buraj and copied at Kensington are splendid. The city walls are interesting and the "three gateways" very fine. Shah Alam's Mosque has very fine cut brass work doors and beautifully carved white marble — pillars and dome inlaid with pearl and gold. The Kankariga Tank is very pretty and very large. Saw lots of other Mosques and the Jail. The wood carving on the houses is beautiful and the streets most

Page 172

picturesque. Saw a grand wedding procession — about twenty horses covered with gold and silver trappings, ridden by beautifully dressed boys and girls (rather like a circus) — the Bridegroom in a Palanquin, his face much daubed with colour. Mr. and Mrs. Geary arrived at 7 to dinner on their way to Bombay.

FEBRUARY 7th Tuesday

Drove at 7 a.m. to Sharkhej, about 5 miles. A large lake dug out, steps all round down to it. Mosques and Palaces all in ruins — looked very pretty. Monkeys most amusing all along the road — lots of peacocks — vultures devouring a bullock. In the roof of one Mosque huge honeycombs were hanging. Crossed the Sabarmati river — very wide. Drove in the afternoon to Hazir's Well — a very curious place. On down three flights of steps — the galleries and carvings very good. Then to Shahi Bagh, only a pretty drive and to Jain Temple (Hatisings) the most beautiful of all. Exquisite carving on temple and beautiful marble floor.

FEBRUARY 8th Wednesday

Left Ahmedabad at 9 a.m. for Jeypore.

FEBRUARY 9th Thursday

Reached Jeypore at 5-30 a.m. Drove to Dak Bungalow. Went to the Museum, a splendid building just finished; Zoological gardens not very interesting; Palace stables for 300 horses (some beauties); School of Art to see brass working etc. In the afternoon I went to the Palaces — chiefly Durbar Halls that are shown, the small

Page 173

and the large ones — both with white marble pillars and brightly painted scroll patterns on the tops of the arches. Splendid large garden with tremendous arrangements for fountains. Beautiful Billiard room with 2 large tables in a separate building. Two enormous tanks (like lakes) for alligators, about 30 of them. I bought $8\frac{1}{2}$ d worth of meat which the men tied on to pieces of rope and fed them — they fought dreadfully for it — some were asleep but they soon heard the men shouting and calling them. Lots of temples, pavilions etc. in the gardens. Came out by the elephant stables, a great many elephants kept here. Most of the buildings in Jeypore are painted pink (sort of crushed strawberry), - doors to the Palace splendid brass — streets are very wide — houses are three or four stories high — some have white patterns on the pink — Hills on two sides of the town — the Fort on the top of one — “Welcome” in large white letters is painted on the rock below — it was done for the Prince of Wales. Beautiful high grey stone walls to the city — a great many gates, most of them with a double screened entrance (go through a gate into a small court then in a twisted direction is another gate). Met a Hindoo wedding procession — Bride veiled and seated on an elephant, gorgeously got up, two other elephants followed — Crowds indescribably gay — Elephants faces are painted all sorts of curious colours and they have bells fastened on each side which swing and ring. A great many sacred cows wander about the streets and thousands of pigeons

Page 174

and numbers of peacocks. Palace of the Winds very high and pretty building, may not go inside. Went to the top of the Museum (or Albert Hall) and had a good view of the city — the Hall is in a nice Park and gardens — Good Durbar Hall inside and interesting frescoes round the walls.

FEBRUARY 10th Friday

Set off at 9 a.m. for Amber Palace. Have to decide the day before and ask for elephants. Some Americans went too. Drove to foot of hill where elephants met us and took us up to the Palace — about an hour — much nicer to ride than a camel. Magnificent views from the top — hills all round, and along the ridges run castellated walls, with Forts on top of each hill. On the way we passed an old Palace in the middle of a Tank — very picturesque — lots of alligators. In the palace some of the rooms were ornamented with bits of mirror set like jewels, some with different coloured backs, a very pretty effect — splendid marble all about and glorious views. Came back through the deserted city, most curious place, streets and houses all deserted, lots of monkeys about. Got back at 1-30. Very fine oxen in the carts here, some with enormous horns and all painted different colours — Numbers of kites. The men brush their whiskers straight out, makes them look more fierce, and have huge curls to their moustaches! Drove in the afternoon by the Ghat — more curious deserted houses. New road made by the Rajah towards Agra — cut

through the rocks and paved.

Page 175

Met the Rajah, saw him well — six Lancers rode behind — Met his brother soon after.

FEBRUARY 11th Saturday

Drove to Gulta Valley. Walked up the hill to the Sun Temple and had a fine view of the city — reminded me rather of Damascus — a white city in a plain with green trees round, then sandy desert and hills on two sides. Walked down the other side through wild rocky narrow ravine between mountains — water running down into Tanks through “Cows mouth” a piece of stone cut like that — hundreds of monkeys in the trees and shrubs — Temples at the end curiously painted, very dirty — Bought corn, and coming back gave it the monkeys, they took it out of my hands, and slapped me and pulled my arm and dress and were very amusing — many of them carried baby monkeys in their arms. Drove to Observatory, curious place all going to ruins — endless arrangements for telling the sun. Went back through Bazaar, stopped to watch them making bracelets, made of sealing wax and tinsel paper. An old woman fastened one on my arm. This is a great time for weddings. Met two grand processions — Bridegrooms in beautiful open palanquins carried by men — Brides in little carriages with curtains tightly drawn. Saw two panthers just caught being brought in, in cages. Met a man with the Rajah’s hawk on his wrist, stopped and stroked it, a beautiful bird, had a hood over its eyes. Had a good afternoon at the Museum. Met Dr. Hendry again, he called on me just after I arrived, is a friend of Mr. Phipsons. He arranged the Museum

Page 176

almost entirely.

FEBRUARY 12th Sunday

Left Jeypore 5-15 a.m. Reached Delhi 2-5 p.m. Went to Northbrook Hotel. Had lunch, then walked down the Chandi Chonk, the principal Bazaar, to the Fort, an enormous place, endless buildings in the enclosure. The Hall of Audience, the Dewan-I Khas where the celebrated peacock throne used to stand, the Baths and the Pearl Mosque are all splendid, of white marble inlaid with precious stones. Saw the underground way the King of Delhi and the Princes escaped to the river — the Jumna runs close under the walls. Then went to the Jumna Musjil, a tremendously large and splendid mosque. Two soldiers took me over the Fort. The railway journey from Ahmedabad to Jeypore was very wild and rocky a good part of the way — curious tall rocks sticking up suddenly out of the ground, and sometimes the surface seemed all rock. From Jeypore to Delhi the fields were well cultivated, and a good deal of sandy desert sort of land and rocky bare looking hills. At Ulwar station some Purdah ladies got in the train. They crossed the platform under a sort of tent

held over them, you could only see their little brown feet trotting along, with a quantity of splendid anklets and toe rings on. The bells at the stations are primitive, a long piece of iron hanging down and another to strike it with.

FEBRUARY 13th Monday

Poured with rain all night — roads very muddy. Had a horrible pair of horses, the man

Page 177

whipped them shamefully — I was remonstrating, when a gentleman driving past saw the state of affairs and gave the driver a good cut with his whip! but it did no good, so I got out and walked. Went along the ridge; past the Flagg Staff Tower, where the ladies who escaped came for shelter; past Hindu Rao's house where so much fighting was. Up the monument erected to commemorate the capture of Delhi, to Ludlow Castle, Khudsia gardens, the Cemetery, saw General Nicholson's tomb (cannon balls edge the path up to it) — through the Kashmir Gate still all smashed from the cannon (the screen wall too is much smashed). Went to the top of the gate and had a good view (monkeys have possession of it now); then to Bengal Bank (formerly Skinners House) to call on Mrs. Burne, Mrs. Slater had given me an introduction. Met Mr. Burne coming to call on me — he sent my awful conveyance away and took me for a drive, to the site of the Powder Magazine which the Officers blew up, past the Delhi Bank where so many were massacred and to the Museum. Saw a magnificent wedding procession — two camels and a great many carriages, children held on splendid horses, a brass band and drums, then the Bride on horseback with a thick screen of tassels in front of her face and then most gaudy banners, screens, tall sort of turrets all of the gayest coloured tinsel and gold carried by Natives, it looked like a circus and a pantomine! Returned to Mr. Burne's to dinner — Mrs. Burne an American and charming.

Page 178

FEBRUARY 14th Tuesday (Shrove Tuesday)

Miss Clifford (De la Poer French Clifford!) went shopping with me. In the afternoon we walked on the Ridge. She showed me two most curious walls, discovered by some Engineers, very deep, long passage and steps to them, and near to one a secret underground passage that is said to go for miles, no one has explored to the end. Saw the ruins of Sir Thomas Metcalf's house.

FEBRUARY 15th Wednesday

Mr. Spicer, Miss Clifford and I drove to the Kootub, about 11 miles out of Delhi. Stopped at a mosque on the way, went to the top and had a splendid view. The Kootub tower is an immense height and very handsome, splendid view from top. The mosques, tombs and Colonnade all round are very beautiful — a screen of arches was exquisite, and the carving all over wonderful. We had lunch at the Police Bungalow (Adam Khan's tomb) a grand dome — comfortable chairs, tables,

ladies' room and Gentlemens'. Saw the big iron pillar — people stand with their backs against it and try to reach round with their arms — whoever does that will be the most wonderful man in the world. Walked to Mehrowlie and saw boys jump down a tremendous height into a well. Wandered all about the ruins. Started back at 2-30, went by Nizamooddeen's tomb, saw a man spring off the Dome into the water! then to Emperor Humayon's tomb where Hodson captured the king and two princes — very beautiful, glorious platform to walk on and grand view of river, old and present Delhi. Then to the old Fort and a Mosque. Had

Page 179

tea on a tomb by the roadside and came back through Delhi Gate. Started at 10 a.m., got back 6-30 p.m.

FEBRUARY 16th Thursday

Spent nearly all day with the Burnes. Mr. Burne took me to call on Mrs. Wagentreiber (daughter of Colonel Skinner) and her daughter, a most interesting call. Mrs. Wagentreiber escaped with her husband and baby during the Mutiny. Miss Wagentreiber has been so nervous ever since that she always carries a revolver. Went over the Fort again — the Palace must have been magnificent. The Dewan-i am is a large hall open on three sides — rows of red sandstone pillars — a staircase goes up inside the wall at the back of the throne which stands about 10 feet from the ground and has a canopy over it and four white marble pillars. A doorway behind throne where king came from his private rooms. The wall at the back and all about where throne stood, beautifully inlaid with precious stones of flowers, fruits, animals and birds — a large slab of white marble is on the floor in front of the throne. The Dewan-i-Khas is exquisite — white marble — massive pillars all splendidly ornamented with inlaid morocco and gilding. It is raised on a terrace about 4 feet high — the floor all white marble — in front is a balustrade of lovely screen work — on the top are four marble domes with gilt tops — the ceiling used to be covered with silver filagree work — The Peacock throne stood here. The Fort covers a great piece of ground. Numbers of palaces have been pulled down to make room for Barracks etc. The entrance is through

Page 180

a very strong screened gate and along a wide covered passage. Opposite the Dewan-i-am was the Music gallery — now an Adjutants office. The Jumma Musjid nearly opposite is a splendid place. There are three entrances, North, South, East, each with tremendous flights of steps — an enormous quadrangle with reservoir in centre. On the West side is the Mosque 201 feet long and 120 feet wide! three splendid cupolas with gilt tops — front, faced with white marble — West, marble floor with black border to each slab. The Kiblas are beautifully carved, - Two minarets 130 feet high white marble and red sandstone — All the outside of the building is beautiful red sandstone. Had rain two nights in Delhi! — my first rain in India — Northbrook Hotel horrid.

FEBRUARY 17th Friday

Left Delhi at 7-30 a.m. Reached Agra at 2-30. Splendid view of the Taj from railway. Drove to Laurie's Hotel. After Tiffin walked to the Fort which is just opposite the station — Palace much larger than Delhi and a great many more buildings in the Fort. The Hindu Palace was very beautiful — red sandstone splendidly carved — Dewan-i-am — Dewan-i-Khas very lovely, and glorious views of the river and Taj. The Jumna runs close to the Fort. A large Mottre Musjid — Baths — Courtyard with raised part with coloured squares for a game of living chess and another court marked out for Patchesi — Large black marble slab on which a Mohammedan Emperor once sat, when it cracked across directly and blood gushed out! — Very large Zenana Palace and one for

Page 181

Hindu ladies. Wall of Fort, red sandstone, very much like Delhi. Carved sandal wood door brought by Lord Ellenborough from —, originally from Katiawar. In ladies' bath room the walls were inlaid with small pieces of mirror, like the Purdah's.

FEBRUARY 18th Saturday

Mr. Lombard from Bengal Bank, drove me in his tum-tum to see the Taj. It is really perfect, much more lovely than I expected, so very pure and still, splendid echo inside like a choir of voices in the dome. At 11 I drove in a Victoria to Secundra. Saw Akbar's tomb, went to top of building and had a splendid view. The real tomb is underneath, a man took me down with a lantern, down a long dark passage, it is a plain whitewashed circular place, with all the splendour up above! — Four large entrance gates of red sandstone beautifully inlaid with marble — Pretty grounds — trees with bright coloured young shoots — Four terraces to the tomb — Upper place with white marble screen all round — five little domes on each side — entrance door with four-sided ceiling beautifully coloured and gilt — four broken minarets to entrance gate. Drove on to Marian's tomb, Akbar's Christian wife. Queer rambling old place, used for Mission Printing office — tomb on the roof. Saw the "Wolf boy", can't speak, only makes noises and shuffles rather than walks along, black hair, beard and hairy face, idiotic looking. Came back another way. Passed a curious carved stone horse of red sandstone. Went into the jail — a nice man took me over. It is a splendid

Page 182

jail, the best in India — very clean, airy and plenty of space ; prisoners make a great many carpets, just making a beauty for Emperor of Germany, they dye the wool in the jail and in fact do everything to it from the time it is cut off the sheep's back. The jail is self supporting, so much work is made and sold. Went to the sleeping cells — places like sofas made of chunam for them to sleep on, sleep alternately head to feet. Through native town home — narrow streets paved with stone slabs, houses with very pretty balconies.

FEBRUARY 19th Sunday

Set off at 8 a.m. to Futhipur Sikri. Two Germans and an American from Hotel got there at the same time and kindly asked me to go round with them. Went first to the "Gate of Victory" and up to the top (160 feet high) and got a good view of the whole place. A man jumped from the top into a tank of water below! The wall goes all round the city which is quite deserted. Large quadrangle, Mosque on one side, copied from the one at Mecca. At the North end, the tomb of Sheik Selim Christi of white marble, with exquisite lattice work screens — the caves are supported with curious S shaped brackets, copied from old ones over the cave where the Sheig[sic] lived as a hermit. The doors are ebony and brass. The canopy over the tomb all inlaid Mother of Pearl. Ostriches eggs hanging round. Pillars to support portico quite hollow to allow rain to run down. Next this is a sandstone Mosque with numbers of tombs inside and all round. After lunch in the "Record Office",

Page 183

now the Dak Bungalow, we went first to Akbar's sleeping apartments — large courtyard with swimming bath in centre, Turkish baths one side, then the Dewan-i-am etc. The most beautiful was the Turkish Queen's house, with lovely carving, pillars and walls are covered, and the Palace of Bir Hal which is also covered with beautiful carving (now a Dak Bungalow). The Dawan-i-khas has a very curious richly carved central pillar — four stone pathways from the top of it to the four corners of room. The Panch Mahal, a five storied colonnade, a little kiosk on top, carving different on each pillar. The Hiran Minar, a circular tower, stuck over with imitation elephant tusks. A courtyard with Patchesi marked out. It is a most complete and interesting place and gives a splendid idea of the way they lived. Got to Futhipur Sikri at 11-30. Left at 4-30 and reached hotel 7-30. Victoria and one horse — changed horses twice. Paid 18 rupees.

FEBRUARY 20th Monday

Walked to Muthoo Rams shop, bought some inlaid marble and saw the model of the Taj he is sending to Chicago. Walked to the Fort and had a good look over it again. After Tiffin I drove to Etmund Doorlah's tomb across the bridge of boats. It is an exquisite building, in a beautiful garden, the inlaid work and open marble screens were very lovely. Saw hundreds of turtles basking in the sun on the sand banks in the river. Went to the Taj where I stayed more than three hours, went all over it, on the top, up to the top of one of the minarets, walked about the gardens down the lovely avenues, and sat by the

Page 184

river, and finally sat on top of Western gateway to watch the sunset light on the Taj. A lot of monkeys came and sat near me to prevent my getting too sentimental and got up to all sorts of antics! Bullocks were drawing water to fill a tank close by and made a delicious splashing of water.

Got back from the Taj about 7-30. Dressed and went to dinner at Mr. Lombards. We dined alone and had a very merry time.

FEBRUARY 21st Tuesday

Mr. Lombard came at 8 and drove me to the Taj. Mrs. Thuillier, wife of Captain Thuillier, joined us there. Showed me the oldest tree in the gardens, more than four hundred years old. Walked all about, round and inside the Taj again, more lovely each time one sees it. Drove on the Race Course — saw some of the Sikhs, very fine looking men, a hundred under Captain Edwards are going to Central Africa. Left Agra at 8-40. Mr. Lombard came and saw me off and brought me some lovely flowers.

FEBRUARY 22nd Wednesday

Woke at 5 a.m., dressed and packed just as the train reached Cawnpore. Walked to Lees Hotel and had Choto Hazri. Took a carriage and guide and drove round to see all the sights. The guide was horrid and had been drinking at that early hour! Fortunately there are soldiers on guard at each place of interest and they tell you all about them. While at the wall, a very grand Rajah drove up, with outriders etc. and accompanied by an Englishman, but the soldier on guard went to meet him and turned him back, no native is allowed to set foot in that part without a special permit from the Government. The site of the house where the massacre was is marked by a stone and

Page 185

is close to the well. The tree also is close by on which Neale hanged so many Natives. The Relief got in a few hours after the massacre. The entrenchment is hedged round and the sites of buildings marked with stones. The well where the dead were buried each night is marked with a cross, and the well where they got their drinking water still remains. Little graves abound and the Memorial Church is full of tablets. The ravine to the river, the temple and the steps they went down to the boats still remain, but a new road has been made near. Left Cawnpore by train at 4 and reached Lucknow at 6-30. Went to Hills Hotel. Sent card and letter to Mrs. Slater.

FEBRUARY 23rd Thursday

Mrs. Slater called on me early and walked part of the way with me to Mr. Burketts. Found him at home. He took me for a long drive all round. First to Alam Bagh to see Havelocks tomb and the place where the Relieving Force came in and made an encampment for the wounded, stores, etc. Then following their track we went to Dilkoosha where Havelock died. Then to the Martiniere college and column. Through the Wingfield Park to Secundra Bagh, a small walled garden which was filled with mutineers who were all slain after a hard fight. So many were killed that the blood flowed from there down to the river Goomtie. Then to Shah Nujaf, a tomb held by rebels, a great Mohammedan tomb, filled with curious pictures, banners, fancy Tazias etc. They take Tazias out

in a grand procession and bury them with great ceremony once a year. Numbers of chandeliers in it. Then to the Mottee Mahal, now a

Page 186

private[sic] residence — a gap in the wall where the Generals met the Relieving Force. Passed the Residency and Bailey Guard Gate. This part used to be thickly built over with native houses and narrow streets, now they are all cleared away. It was a most intensely interesting drive. We had not time to go into the Residency, that was left for another day. Had Tiffin with Mrs. Slater and drove after to the Cantonments — lovely wide roads planted each side with trees. Then to an afternoon party at the Reverend Philips, civil Chaplain, to meet Lord Meath, who was anxious to interest them in his pet scheme for “Ministering Children”. He is staying at Hills Hotel, sits next me at table and is very pleasant. Dined with the Slaters and had a very merry evening. The poor Queen is much laughed at in India for her Hindostani. The Natives are so astonished her advisers are not more careful in their selection of Indians. Her teacher is a very low caste man and was an Ekka driver in Agra!

FEBRUARY 24th Friday

Rain early!! Walked to Kaiser Bagh and Neils Gate. At 2-30 Mr. Burkett called and took me in his “tum tum” to the “Chowk” down which we walked and made some purchases — very narrow, dirty and picturesque. Then we went to Husseinabad, a curious “flashy” sort of palace and to the Great Immambara, a huge Hall, - the tomb is placed crooked, so as to be straight for Mecca — went on the top for the view. Then to a wonderful well belonging to the Fort (Muchee Bhawan) and to the Clock Tower — Jumma Musjid, Beradwrie (large picture gallery, of the kings of Oudh) and then to the Residency for a

Page 187

little look. Went to the Church — Lawrence’s grave, the place where he was shot and where he died.

FEBRUARY 25th Saturday

Went to Mrs. Slaters — bought silver things. After Tiffin we all went on an elephant, lent by the last remaining Prince of Oudh. Rode through the Chouk and the Ahminabad Bazaar to the Chutter Munjid, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. There we got off. Went in and saw the Library Club and Ball room, all splendid, a grand old Palace. Met Mrs. Col. Hart and her daughter, met them before at Agra.

FEBRUARY 26th Sunday

Went to see Hodson's grave by the Martiniere, then to the Residency and stayed there all morning. While I was sitting on the steps of the Memorial Cross, a lady and gentleman came and spoke to me and asked if I were Miss Caddick! It was Mr. & Mrs. Wickham from Agras Patinas, Ceylon! Miss Allin had written to them about me and they had seen my name in the book. They return soon to Ceylon and have asked me to come and see them. Mrs. Wickham looks very delicate. Walked to Zuhur Bukah to wish Mr. Burkett goodbye, then to Church. He preached fairly well but has not a pleasant voice. Dined with the Slaters, Captain Hutchinson (Royal Irish) was there.

FEBRUARY 27th Monday

Started at 6-15 from Lucknow. Reached Benares at 1-19. Drove to Clark's Hotel, a long way from the station, but in a nice healthy part. After tiffin called on Miss Pailthorpe at the Hospital, then drove to the Monkey Temple — not half such fun as the monkeys at Jeypore.

Page 188

Then to the Cow Temple and the Golden Temple — horrid dirty places.

FEBRUARY 28th Tuesday

Started at 6-30 with Mr. McQuire (a friend of Miss Pailthorpes) and a guide to go to the river. Got a boat at Man Mandir Ghat, by the Palace of the Rajah of Jeypore and went slowly up the river to the end of the city — then back past Manikarnika, the gayest, busiest and most interesting of all — and to the end of the city that way, and then to the Man Mandir again. Stopped at Manikarnika and got off to see a very sacred well. The water was filthy, but numbers were bathing in it and are in consequence freed from all sin! Went up some steep steps to temple of Ahmety, very dirty, but with good carved figures playing musical instruments round the roof — saw where sacrifices had been offered that morning. Drove to Durga, Monkey Temple, and then to see a holy man! The guide went on first to tell him we were coming, as he does not wear a scrap of clothing! When we arrived he had kindly tied a bit of white muslin round his waist. We were amazed to find him very clean and very benevolent looking. No ashes or paint and a very good face. He is old, very tall and bent. He was delighted when Mr. McQuire talked to him, got up and embraced him twice and gave him several books about himself in Hindu and gave me a small one in English. He has had a very good image of himself made in marble, it is placed in a shrine and the people worship it. It is quite a favour to see him. He seems to do nothing but sit naked in the sun! The palaces along the river were beautiful a good deal of carving and curious balconies, endless carvings of

Page 189

gods — a huge figure half reclining is made each year on the bank, during the floods it is, of course, washed away. Some palaces quite undermined and falling into the river. Saw several bodies tied

to bamboo poles lying in the water ready for burning — the relative who superintends the burning has first to shave and wash. A pile of wood is made, the body put on and more wood on top. Then the relative lights the fire and with a long pole stirs it up and pushes in any part likely to fall off. It looked very dreadful — people sitting close by talking, smoking etc. Saw the Suttie places, small monuments in memory of the widows who were burned. Went to the temple of Bhaironath and saw the god in the shrine with a silver face and the priest with a rod in his hand tapping each worshipper on the back. The steps to the river are very wide and handsome. A native proverb about the river says “Bells, bulls and broad stairs”. Umbrellas all along, under which holy men sit, read and pray, and mind the clothes of bathers for a few pice. Got back to breakfast at 11. Drove to Victoria Hospital at 3-15 for tiffin. Then with Miss Pailthorpe to call on some Hindu ladies. Went up to the top of a high house, very dirty narrow stairs outside, and dirty courtyard inside. Large house and rich people. The ladies brought their jewels and splendid kinech dresses and embroideries for me to see. One of them dressed in a white muslin sari went to the bazaars with us to do some shopping.

MARCH 1st Wednesday

Drove to Sarnath. Wonderful old tower, built some hundreds of years B.C. — round, with beautiful

Page 190

carvings on, lotus flowers and buds, animals and birds and a broad band of “geometrical” pattern — all falling to pieces, the passage under it is quite stopped with debris — about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours drive.

Dirty old Frenchman at the hotel could not speak a word of English and was in great trouble over his bill! Went to the hospital to breakfast at 11-30. Frightened to death by being told they were accustomed to each repeat a verse of Scripture “suitable to the occasion” before commencing breakfast, would I begin! I might never have seen a Bible, for not one verse could I remember, so I asked if they would begin the other way round the table, and by the time my turn came I had managed to think of one, but not by any means suitable! Miss Pailthorpe had a lot of brass things for me to see. Stayed tiffin at 3-30. Went over the hospital — about 20 patients, room for 30 — all women. It seemed very well managed. At 4-30, Miss Grey, Miss Panny and I went to the Bazaars. Streets most interesting, very narrow, a great deal of splendid carving on the temples, very high houses, crowds of people. Drove to Raj Ghat, very pretty drive by Dufferin Bridge across the Ganges. Pretty temple where two rivers meet. Walked to see a holy woman! also very clean — sits cross legged on the floor, people come and gaze at her. Miss Pe[sic]nny talked away and seemed to find her interesting. Drove back to the hotel another and very pretty way.

MARCH 2nd Thursday

Left Benares at 1-19. Changed trains at Mogul Serai and settled for the night. In the

Page 191

night a dreadful woman got in with a big dog to which I objected. She was fearfully angry, so I called the guard, who promptly turned the dog out.

MARCH 3rd Friday

Reached Calcutta at 5-45 a.m. Drove to Spence's hotel. After breakfast drove to Bank, Post Office and B.I. office and took my passage on the "Golconda" sailing the 17th for Colombo. Then to Mrs. Bryants, in Hare Street, friends of Mrs. Burnes. Found her and her sister, Miss Bailey, at home, both very charming Americans. They are cousins of Miss Teschmachers. Miss Bailey is returning home next week. Took me round with them shopping. At 5 Miss Bailey called for me and we drove to the Botanical gardens at Howrah and saw the huge banyan tree, it covers the most space of any tree in the world. — Lovely gardens — King of Oudh's palace across the river at garden Reach. Called on Mr. John Slater, Principal of the Engineering College joining the gardens.

MARCH 4th Saturday

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant and Miss Bailey called for me and we drove to Kalighat to see temples and holy men — one of the most sacred places in India. One holy man covered with ashes, had sat there for ten years and neither spoken nor eaten unless obliged to — suggested to be sitting meditating, looked very miserable — others much the same, in various stages of dirt. Place for sacrificing oxen, and and one for goats. Canal ("Dug out") of Ganges water close to. Left Calcutta at 4 p.m. for Darjeeling. Reached Demnkia at 9-10, changed to steamer to cross the Ganges — quite a large boat —

Page 192

Dinner set out on deck and when we had finished, the steamer started to cross to Sara Ghat. Got into the train and settled for the night — three other ladies in the carriage. Reached Siliguri at 8. Had breakfast and changed to narrow guage[sic] train, like a tram — 1st, 2nd & 3rd Class, open and closed carriages. Started about 9-30 and reached Darjeeling at 4-25. Stopped on the way at Clarendon Hotel for tiffin. Splendid journey, through woods the first part. The tram line runs along the roadway, turns and twirls about at the edge of precipices in several places, makes loops and crosses going under and over bridges and in four places goes up zigzags, shunting and going forward. Met some very pleasant people in the train, Mr. and Mrs. Greenway and two children going to the "Drum Druid" hotel for the season. Advised me to go there instead of to the Woodlands. No carriages at Darjeeling, the hill people men and women carry your luggage on their heads or backs and you walk, ride or are carried in a Dandy or Jinrikisha. Quite a good walk to the Drum Druid. Coolies charged two annas each, no matter how heavy the luggage!!! Darjeeling is quite a large straggling place. Not many trees, they have been a good deal cut away for tea plantations with which the hills are covered.

MARCH 6th Monday

Went for a long walk round the hills — beautiful views of Kinchinjunga, covered with snow and the hills all round, pretty blue light on them. Rain in the afternoon, very cold, my voice almost gone! Hill people very different from those in the plains, more like Chinese, short, strong and

Page 193

healthy and merry looking, wear pigtails and quantities of silver and gold and turquoise ornaments and huge necklaces of rupees. Use Prayer wheels which they twist round in their hands. Do a great deal of weaving and as they walk along they twist the wool up ready for use. At Goom, the station before Darjeeling, a very amusing old woman came round to the carriages. She is called the “Witch of Groom”, is about 80. Had on the funniest patchwork dress and looked most cheerful and comical.

MARCH 7th Tuesday

Mr. Greenway and I went for a long walk round the mountains and a walk in the afternoon by myself. Mr. Greenway comes from Bombay and knows the Slaters.

MARCH 8th Wednesday

Mr. and Mrs. Greenway and I went for a long walk — lovely views of Kinchinjunga. Mr. Greenway and I went for a ride in the afternoon.

MARCH 9th Thursday

Thick scotch mist all day, Mr. Greenway and I walked up through it and got lovely views.

MARCH 10th Friday

Went a long expedition to Rungeet Bridge (Cane). Started at 9. Mrs. Greenway in a dandy, Mr. Greenway and I riding. Sent horses on to change: Winding road down hill the whole way — very steep in places. Splendid views of the snow at first, then through tea gardens and woods and a nice ride along the bush at the bottom. The cane bridge is unsafe to cross now. We went over the iron bridge just into “Sikkim”. Had tiffin on the stones by the river. Monkeys came after we went away to inspect and pick up scraps. Got back at 5 p.m.

Page 194

MARCH 11th Saturday

Got up at 4. Had Choto Hazri and started before 5. Mr. Greenway and I on ponies, Mrs. Greenway in a dandy. Quite dark as we rode through Cantonments at Jelapahur. The sentries shouted out “Who goes there!” so we explained and passed on! Got up to the top of Senchal just as light was coming. The snow range was beautifully clear. View of the snow rather like the one from the

Gemmi. Mount Everest looked lovely as it caught the light. Kinchinjunga, of course, looked much larger, it is so near and such a huge mass. Mount Everest looked like a cone. Had a splendid ride back and a good canter all round the "Mall". Dressed, packed, had breakfast and got to the train at 10-30. Mr. and Mrs. Greenway came to see me off. As usual very sorry to leave. Nice girl in the train with me all the way to Calcutta, the only two ladies. At Goom the old witch was there again and recognised me. At Kurseong it began to rain and rained most of the way down. The hill people carry everything in long baskets on their backs fastened with bands round their foreheads.

MARCH 12th Sunday

Reached Calcutta at 11. Drove to Spence's Hotel. Spent the evening with the Bryants.

MARCH 13th Monday

Called on Mrs. Colquhoun Grant at Kiddapore but she was out and all the others Miss Manning gave me letters to had either moved or were gone to England. Went to the Museum — very interesting.

MARCH 14th Tuesday

Called on Mr. and Mrs. Ireland Jones (just leaving for England) and Mr. and Mrs. Gouldsmith. Mr.

Page 195

Gouldsmith showed me the Church Mr. Harrington used to have. Had breakfast with Miss Hunt, a very charming woman — has a school for native girls. Went to see Miss Neale and Miss Sampson who have schools for high class native girls. In the afternoon I drove to Mrs. Slaters at Seepore College to afternoon tea, had a good chat. Saw Mr. Slater, a very jolly looking man, Principal of the Engineering College. Drove home through the Botanical gardens which are very beautiful — past the huge banian tree and down the palm avenue.

MARCH 15th Wednesday Spent the morning with Mrs. Bryant. Met Miss Mulvaney at Champal Ghat and went with her on the steamer to see her Zenana work. Part of it is in a part of the old King of Oudh's Palace, a wonderful place, occupies an enormous piece of ground, a large frontage to the river — large gardens and many houses in the Compound. At one place the walls were full of pigeon holes, another had a tall and curious sort of rockwork for snakes surrounded by water so that they could not get into the Palace. The King used to have a large Menagerie. Called on one of his many wives, now married to someone else. She still receives a pension of 15 R's a month — rather good looking and intelligent. The Mohammedan ladies are much more industrious and clever at work than the Hindu ladies. All were busy at embroidery or work of some kind. Palace just opposite the gardens, very pretty view from the roof. Missed the steamer and had to drive home. Passed Fort William — wonderful fortifications. Passed the Eden gardens — very pretty.

Quantities

Page 196

of shipping in the river. Austrian Band from the "Kaiserin Elizabeth" playing at Government House — close to this hotel. Mr. and Mrs. McPherson here, who I met at Lucknow. Spent the evening at Miss Neale's. Large party to wish Mr. and Mrs. Ireland Jones good-bye. Mrs. Jones has a very sweet face. Miss Hunt, too, I like extremely. Was introduced to an old lady, a Mrs. Weston, and found to my astonishment she is Mrs. Wickham's mother! and of course of Mr. Sage, Lily Wills's husband — she has married again. Met Miss Ryland and Mrs. Parsons, friends of the Harringtons.

MARCH 16th Thursday

Went shopping. Dined with the Bryants in the evening.

MARCH 17th Friday

Got up at 5-30 a.m. Got to the steam launch opposite Eden gardens at 6-30. It did not come up till 7. A beautiful steam launch belonging to the Viceroy waiting for Lady Wenlock and party. Got on board "Golconda" at garden Reach at 8. Waited for Lady Wenlock to come on board and then started. Very pretty part of the river, Botanical gardens and Engineering College one side, old King of Oudh's palace the other. Went down the river till 4 p.m., when we anchored alongside the "Clyde" which had started just before us. There are several dangerous sand banks in the river, one called the "James and Mary" is very bad, another river runs in just there — many vessels have been lost, they disappear altogether — banks low and uninteresting.

Page 197

Started again at 8 a.m. Reached the Pilot Brig at 3 p.m. and there the pilot left us. The "Golconda" is a splendid ship, the finest in the B.I. fleet — very clean and well managed. Captain Henderson is a bluff, jolly sort of man, thoroughly sailor looking. Lady Wenlock very affected and gives herself endless airs, rather pretty, but spoils her looks with painting, tall, slight, very tumbly about (supposed to be "Willow"), always dressed in long flowing garments of soft silk, no, or very tight fitting underclothing, the effect of which was not good on board ship, large hat, a mass of feathers, white veils etc. and long silk gloves. Her brother (Hon : Lascelles) very quiet. The A.D.C. (Lord Douglas Compton) always sitting by Lady Wenlock reading to her, holding her hand etc. For some time we thought the A.D.C. was her brother! Lady Collen, wife of Gen : Sir E. Collen, is just as charming, very sweet looking and pleasant and courteous to all, sings and plays beautifully. Miss Ganssen (niece of Lady Elliot) Governor of Calcutta, is tall and pretty, sings well and is amusing, but only when gentlemen are about. Miss Hills, lame, very bright nice girl. Miss Kemble, tall and large (call her Juno), very good face and very pleasant. Gentlemen not very interesting

— Mr. Hills and Captain Houston the most entertaining. I sit by the Chief Engineer and Miss Webb opposite. He is the best of the officers (of course Scotch) and Miss Webb, too, I like. Have a splendid cabin to myself — weather glorious.

Page 198

MARCH 21st Tuesday

Reached Madras at 5-30 a.m. Have had a wonderfully calm passage, cabins and saloons amidships and ship perfectly steady. Mrs. Slater sent a man on board about 6-30 with a note asking me to come to her house. Left soon after 7. found a boat waiting for me and a carriage on shore. Long drive up to their house — about 4 miles. Nothing much to see of Madras. Fine large public buildings, wide roads and good drives about. Slaters' house, large, airy, two storied and very comfortable, everything so dainty and well managed (25 servants!) Choto Hazri was ready for me — lovely white Worcester china with gold monogram and silver set. Mrs. Slater very pretty, lovely golden hair and beautiful eyes. Mr. Slater a very commonplace little man. After breakfast Mrs. Slater went with me to Daday Khans to shop. Chose some beautiful embroideries, which Mrs. Hackett (a very amusing Irish lady) priced for me! The embroideries were all sent up to Mrs. Slater's house for Mrs. Hackett to look over and value, eventually we got them at a good reduction. In the afternoon Mrs. Slater took me for a drive, then to the pier and waited while I went on the "Golconda" and got my things for the night, then we drove to Mr. Slater's office and took him to the Club. There is a very funny custom in Madras — no lady is allowed in the club, but they all drive up with their husbands and sit outside in their carriages talking to each other and eating ices, drinking coffee etc. The compound was full of carriages — places are chalked out and each carriage has its regular place!

Page 199

MARCH 22nd Wednesday

Mrs. Grant spent the morning with us — very pretty and amusing. When ladies are going up to the hills, they send round P.P.C. cards by post, and when they return P.A.R. cards are sent by post (pour annoneer Ritour). At Government House they have to eat ices with a knife and fork! and fish with fork and bread! At 4 Mrs. Slater drove me to the pier again and I returned to the "Golconda" having had a jolly change and quite enjoyed my visit. We were all glad to find Lady Wenlock gone. No one came to meet her and she would have had to go ashore on a common boat but Lady Collen kindly let her go in the one sent for her, and there was no carriage to meet her on shore, so what she did we know not and don't care. Lots of "Catamarans" about, they are the native boats, made of three logs fastened together — not the "outrigger" (the narrow boat with a log fastened on one side) you see so much of at Colombo. In India the glasses on the table all have to stand in saucers or the cloth gets so wet owing to the condensing of the water. The toast is the most delicious I ever tasted, cut as thin as possible.

MARCH 23rd Thursday

Mr. Lowe took me over the engines — beautifully kept, but not especially good ones. Then Miss Webb and I went all over the ship with him — 2nd Class part very good — A cow on board — a Thibet dog belonging to the Archduke — some birds and dogs.

MARCH 25 Saturday

Got to Colombo and anchored about 5-30 a.m. Had a splendid passage. The ship as steady all the time as if she were anchored. Heard there was a fearful North-

Page 200

Wester the day after we left Calcutta. The Viceroy's steam launch was sunk and lots of harm done. Went on shore early with Lady Collen and Miss Webb. Took a room at the Oriental. After breakfast did a lot of shopping. Lady Collen bargained for some rings for me. After tiffin Miss Webb and I drove to Mount Lavinia, stopping on the way to see the Dehiwala Hindu Temple, very interesting and curious place. A recumbent figure of Buddha 9 yards long, lacquered brilliant colours, chiefly yellow, splendid sapphire eyes. Lacquered paintings on the walls of evil deeds and their punishments in Hell and good deeds and rewards in Nirvana. If you ill-use your parents you are eaten by "ticks" in Hell (huge fearful looking things); if you kill lice, bugs etc. you are devoured by wild beasts; if you break open a house you go to a cold Hell, all blue icebergs! If you are good to your parents you recline on a sofa in Heaven! It was all most curious and interesting — an immense number of paintings. Saw a very old book of Buddhist scripture written on narrow strips of palm leaves — Priest gave us a sample. A Priest was preaching in another temple — he held a fan before his face so as not to see us, but peeped round it all the time! A sort of dome over some sacred treasures with a huge moonstone on top. It is a very ancient temple. The priest told us he had read the "Light of Asia" and was so delighted with it, he named one of his boys "Edwin Arnold"! From there we drove to Mount Lavinia, a lovely place overlooking the sea and a charming

Page 201

bay with pretty boats and lovely sails. Of course there is an hotel, and it looks very comfortable. Had tea on the lawn. A very heavy thunderstorm came on and lasted so long we had to set off at last in pouring rain, which continued nearly all the way back — about one hour's drive (6 Rupees). It is a lovely drive out, a good road and palm trees etc. all the way along. Captain Vaughan, a friend of Lady Collen, came to dinner, he is in the Warwickshire. After dinner we all went back to the "Golconda". I stayed till 10, had a good chat with them all, then had to say good-bye and depart. As usual very sorry to leave. Captain Vaughan saw me safely back to the hotel.

MARCH 26th Sunday

Thunderstorm in the afternoon and evening. Had a good walk in the morning.

MARCH 27th Monday

Went to various steamer offices. Called on the Higgin's at Galle Face. Mr. and Mrs. Wickham arrived from Bombay and Mr. Rogg appeared again! The "Himalaya" in from Australia — crowds of passengers. Dance at hotel in the evening — Mr. Hogg, Mr. Handcocks, Captain Vaughan and I watched the proceedings and were greatly entertained — The Pas de Quatre was too funny for anything, vilely danced, a regular romp.

MARCH 28th Tuesday

The Wickhams and I left Colombo by 7-30 a.m. train. I got out at Kandy and they went on home. Reached Kandy 11-15. Mr. Campbell met me at the station. Florence Villa, where I was to stay, is very prettily situated.

Page 202

Walked round the lake in the afternoon and called on Mrs. Copplestone. Kandy is perfectly lovely, the foliage is so luxuriant and the scenery so beautiful too. The lake, hills and mountains round, the library, built almost in the lake, and the Temple and old Palace behind it are most picturesque.

MARCH 29th Wednesday

Went for a long walk at 7 a.m., air and views delightful — great variety of lilies, scarlet and white, scarlet hibiscus, white datura, allamandas, small passion flower, large white flower with very dark centre, large mauve thunbergia, lilac flowers etc., chumpae (Frangipanni) tree in full flower and splendid ferns. The fireflies are lovely at night. A black robin with white on his wings sings nicely. Drove round "Lady Cathcart" and "Lady Gordon" roads, very pretty, lovely views. Went to Buddhist temple — saw crystal Buddha, lots of jewels, ivory carving round doors, silver and gold work. The temple not as interesting as the one near Colombo.

MARCH 30th Thursday

Started at 6-30 to Peradenya Gardens. Saw Dr. Trimen and he sent a very intelligent man round with me. Saw all the spice trees and different palms and interesting trees and shrubs and flowers. Splendid gardens, beautifully kept and most interesting. Dr. Trimen showed me his museum with specimens of wood, fruit seeds, dried flowers and drawings and paintings of them — a native was doing them beautifully. Did not get back till 10-30. Saw a "Bo" tree (people tree) planted by Prince of Wales. At a Hindu temple there is always a "Dagoba" that is a bell shaped erection over a relic of Buddha, it is

Page 203

surmounted by a spire, often with a precious stone at the top. Mrs. Copplestone called. Went for a long walk up the hills in the evening.

MARCH 31st Friday (Good Friday)

Walked round the reservoir, very lovely views, enormous ant hills. Kandy is in a hollow quite surrounded by hills covered with trees and undergrowth, the houses are quite hidden when you get high up. The Singhalese all wear long hair twisted in a knot at the back like a woman, it is black and straight. They wear a circular comb of tortoiseshell on the top of their heads. Went to Church at 11, a stranger preached a very poor sermon. In the evening I went for a splendid walk on the hills.

APRIL 1st Saturday

Walked to the Redoubt at the top of the hill at the back of Mount Airy and had a splendid view all round. Then to the Copplestones to breakfast — I like them both extremely. Mrs. Copplestone is dreadfully quiet and shy at first, but improves immensely the more you see her. She walked back with me. At 10 a.m. I left the Campbells and went by train to Telawakele. Florence Villa is a very comfortable place to stay at, everything very dainty and nicely managed. Reached Telawakele at 2-45, pleasant journey and beautiful views. Mr. Wickham met me and drove me to their house, 13 miles. Two Coolies carried up my box!! Up hill and through tea estates the whole way. The last three miles was along a road Mr. Wickham had made himself, it has only been finished three months. Till

Page 204

then they used to have to walk, or be carried, as there is no other road to their house. A lovely situation, hills all round planted with tea and some coffee — jungle and patna (grass land). The tints on the trees are beautiful just now. A most comfortable Bungalow — large rooms and a verandah all round and a lovely flower garden.

APRIL 2nd Sunday (Easter Sunday.)

Went for a walk about the estate and saw the Tea Factory and buildings. At 2 Mr. Wickham and I drove to Church — $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour drive. Mrs. Wickham had gone on in her jinrikisha. Archdeacon Tribe from Lahore preached a splendid sermon — marvellously broad and liberal for a Church Clergyman — positively said we all had a right to our various beliefs so long as we arrived at them honestly, and that we were not bound to believe Christ was God unless we were convinced of the fact by a careful study of the Bible! He came out on the "Ganges" years ago when I was going to Palestine and I remember liking him very much then. Mrs. Wickham, too, was charmed with him.

They have service in a sort of barn, very prettily fitted up. Mrs. Wickham played the harmonium. Twenty-seven were present, the largest congregation for years. A very pretty Church is being built. Poured with rain nearly the whole way back.

APRIL 3rd Monday

Went for a delightful walk about the estate and through the jungle. Mr. Wickham spent the day with us. Violent thunderstorm in the afternoon. Walked

Page 205

about just before sunset. Mr. Rendall dined and stayed the night. Mr. Wickham's brother-in-law, Dr. Bright, used to be head master at Marlborough and is now at Oxford. His father is Rector of Holmwood, Dorking, Surrey.

APRIL 4th Tuesday

Drove in the afternoon to see the Didygama tea factory, the largest and best in Ceylon — splendid machinery and all beautifully clean. Then went to tea at the managers — Mr. Dick Lander — such a pretty bungalow, beautifully furnished.

APRIL 5th Wednesday

Went to breakfast at 11-30 at Mr. Patersons — a lot of people there. When we came back at 4, I went with Mr. Wickham to the factory to see all the process of tea making. The fresh gathered leaf is spread out on shelves of sacking in rows across a large room and on the floor. A large fan works at one end to draw the hot air along to wither the leaf. When ready it is crushed and rolled, then put through a machine to separate the lumps it has got rolled into, then left to ferment till it is bright copper colour, then spread on trays and put in the drying machine at a good heat (about 160°), then emptied into big bins, from there to the sifter and sorter, out of which it comes divided into broken pekoe, pekoe souchong and dust. The souchong is sifted again and then put through a cutter to cut it into even lengths. Every Tuesday it is packed and sent off. In picking the tea they must only gather three leaves — the tip and smallest leaf makes the “broken

Page 206

Pekoe”, the next leaf is “pekoe” and the largest the souchong. Mr. Reid came to dinner.

APRIL 6th Thursday

Went for some good walks about the estate. The land used to be all planted with coffee, but now it is all dying off and tea has to be planted instead. There was a great rush at the time for cinchona trees (the bark makes quinine) and an immense number were planted, but the market is so over supplied they are being cut down for firing!

APRIL 7th Friday

Left Holmwood at 8-30. Mr. Wickham drove me to Telawakele in his dog cart. Had a lovely journey to Nanu-oya. There a carriage from hotel met me. A long up-hill drive of eight miles. Got to hotel at 1-30. Took a junrickisha to Hakgalla gardens in the afternoon. lovely gardens with beautiful views over the country towards "Horton Plains" — camphor trees, a "daisy tree" from Mexico and a large tree covered with large ox-eye daisies.

APRIL 8th Saturday

Got up at 5-30 and walked up "Pedro". Had a glorious view from the top — Saw the sea one side — Adam's peak was very clear. Very hilly country, nearly all planted with tea — or jungle : quite large trees of rhododendron in full flower. Took $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour from hotel to the top. At 11 I went for a drive to Kandapolla and got a view in the other direction — a very pretty drive, lovely tree ferns and rhododendrons. Just as I got back at 1, it began to rain and then a violent thunderstorm came on. In the afternoon I walked to the top of the Rambodda pass and got a good view of the valley

Page 207

and Newara Eliya. Got caught in another storm on my way back.

APRIL 9th Sunday

Left Newara Eliya at 8-30 a.m. and reached Colomba[sic] at 7 p.m. — very hot part of the day. The Grand Hotel, Newara Eliya, is very comfortable, much cooler there, indeed we were glad of fires in the evenings. Met Mrs. Bateman again (saw her at Agra), the prettiest woman I have met and very pleasant too. The Bristol Hotel, Colombo, much more comfortable and better managed than the Oriental. Mrs. Mitchell a delightful housekeeper. Archdeacon Tribe's daughter is Duchess of Bedford, so the Wickhams hope to get a great help for their new church. Tea is being plucked all the year round! The plants are cut back every few years. Tea is a kind of camellia, coffee has a sort of jasmine flower. Aloes were in full bloom, very tall flower spikes. The santala overruns everything and is in full bloom as it was in Natal, Mauritius and India. Grevillea, Eucalyptus and cinchona (pr sincona) trees are planted a great deal. Gems are found in a sort of white clay, a good deal of it on Holmwood and the head man had found a lot of sapphires etc. In Ceylon as in India no one thinks of wearing gloves, they are carried in your hand if you are making a formal call. Very hot here — moist and sticky — Ther : 88 in the shade.

APRIL 10th Monday

Spent the day at Offices and writing letters.

APRIL 11th Tuesday

Drove to see a Hindu temple — very curiously carved. Priest stood at the door and said I could

Page 208

not go in — “Devil inside”! that naturally made me more anxious to go in, but it was no good! Then I went to see a very large and old tortoise, more than 200 years old — a huge creature, it could not do much besides crawl a short distance and then sink down with a kind of groan — the man who fed and took care of it seemed very good to it. I went over the Bridge of Boats to Kelani, a Buddhist temple. Large reclining figure of Buddha lacquered yellow and red — the walls covered with pictures of punishments and rewards. It was a lovely drive — picturesque huts among palms etc. [...]