NOTES

OF

A TOUR FROM BANGALORE TO CALCUTTA;

THENCE TO DELHI, AND, SUBSEQUENTLY,

TO

BRITISH SIKKIM

DURING THE EARLY PART OF 1867.

BY

MAJOR GEORGE E. BULGER

F.L.S. F.R.G.S. C.M.Z.S. ETC.

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TO

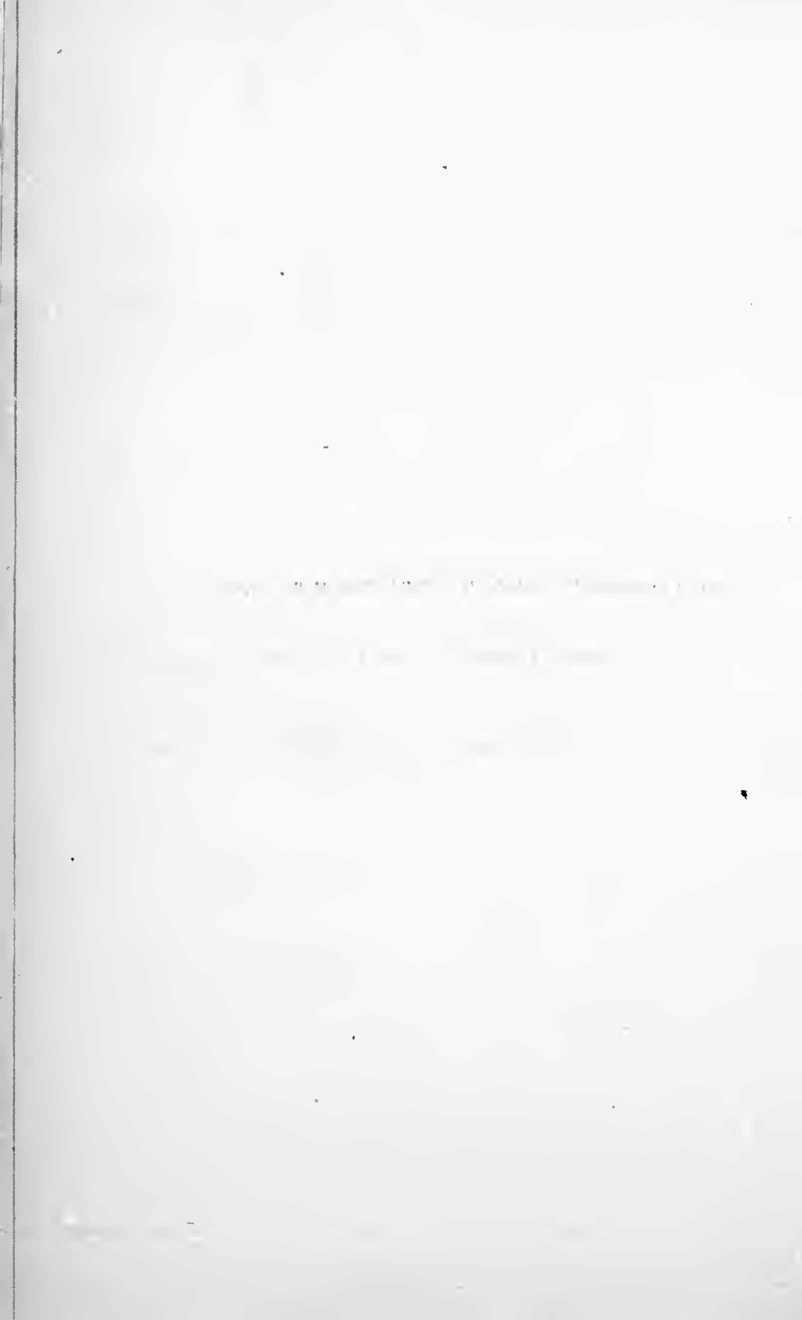
WILLIAM RUTHERFORD, ESQUIRE M.D. C.B.

DEPUTY INSPECTOR GENERAL OF ARMY HOSPITALS.

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF ESTEEM AND REGARD,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.



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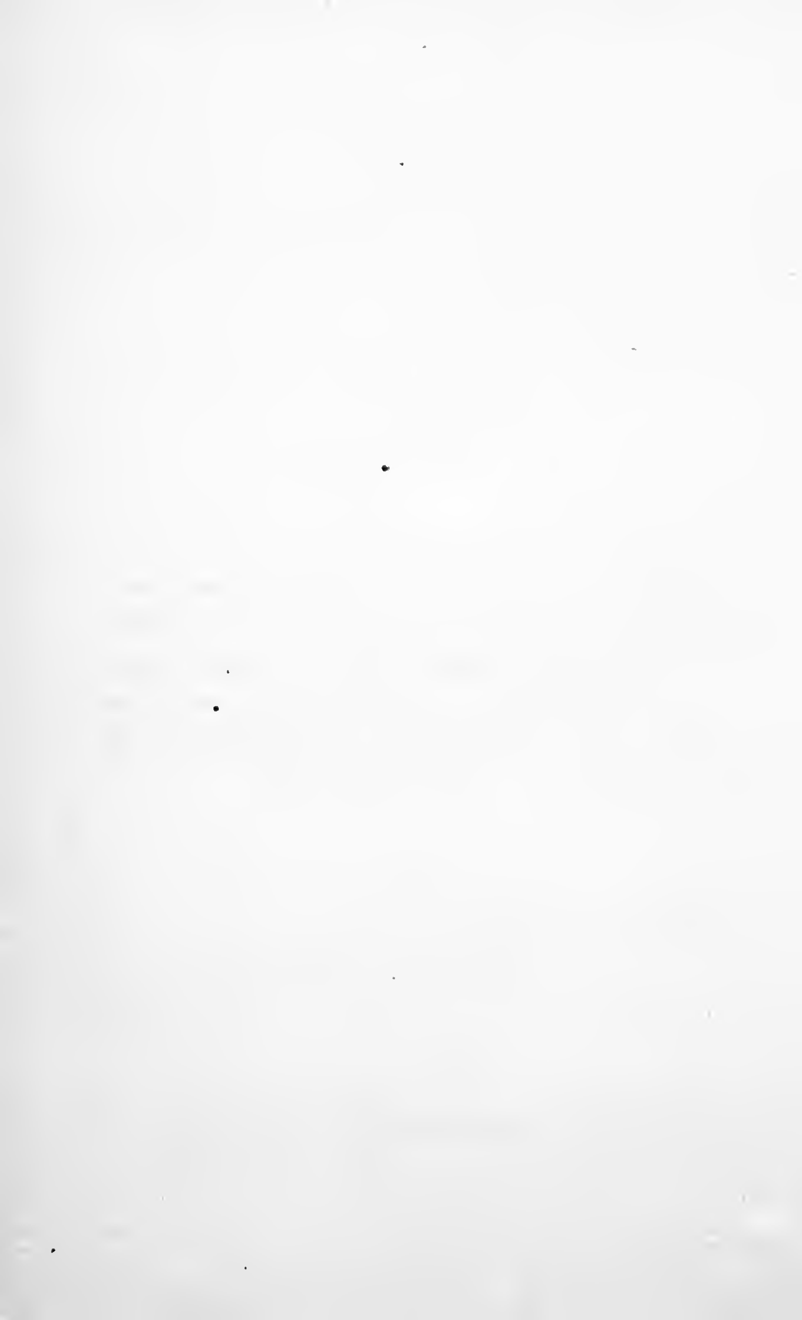

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CHAPTER I.

After a most dusty and uncomfortable railway-drive from Bangalore, we found ourselves, about nine o'clock on the morning of the 12th February 1867, at the Madras terminus, whence we proceeded in a gharri to the Capper-House Hotel, on the South Beach—a pleasantly-situated establishment, but rather far from town, and, at the time I mention, so full, that we could only get rooms upon the ground-floor, which were, at the best, somewhat gloomy apartments, abounding in fleas and mosquitos. However, it was only for a day or two, and we were fain to be content.

The greater portion of the journey from Bangalore, was accomplished during the hours of darkness; therefore I saw but little of the country, excepting what we passed through after day-light; and that appeared to be largely composed of paddi-fields, tanks, and topes of palmyra-palms, with a village here and there.

Madras looked dilapidated and decaying when I first saw it, nine years ago; and it scarcely seems to have improved since then, but wears much the aspect of a place, that, having seen its best days, is going to ruin—slowly but surely. The vicinity of Mount Road is, perhaps, the best part of the city, and here there are some signs of progress. A few fine buildings have, also, been added to Fort Saint George since 1857; and a menagerie is being formed in the People's Park, which promises well for the future.

The glare in the streets, and on the beach, was frightful, and we felt the heat very much, after the comparatively cool climate of the Mysore plateau.

On the morning of the 14th, the steam-ship 'Burmah,' in which

we were passengers to Calcutta, took her departure from Madras Roads, and we were soon well out to sea, where we had hoped to find a cooler atmosphere ; but there was scarcely any breeze, and the sun—sufficiently hot and powerful to render the deck exceedingly uncomfortable in the day-time—soon dispelled all our visions of a pleasant voyage, and caused us to regret not having availed ourselves of the mail-steamer, which stops nowhere *en route*, and, therefore, makes the trip in half the time we had before us.

The 'Burmah,' belonging to the British-India Steam-ship Company, is a fine vessel of 1050 tons, with large and roomy cabins, and a most elaborately ornamented saloon ; but, there were two great obstacles to my comfort, for which no amount of gilding could compensate :—the bath-room was out of order, and not available ; and the tea was literally abominable :—otherwise, we could find no fault with anything.

Early on the 15th we anchored off Masulipatam, but the low, sandy coast—at least two miles distant—was not of sufficiently inviting appearance to induce us to land. The jungle, in the background, seemed very thick, and crowded with palmyra-palms. Here we remained for a few hours, during which the heat was so oppressive. that it was quite a relief to get under-weigh again in the afternoon.

Next day, we arrived at Coconada, one of the coaling-stations of the Steam-ship Company, where there was an unpleasant and protracted delay, while the vessel took in her supply of fuel. Very similar in appearance to Masulipatam, though of much less extent, Coconada is a most uninteresting spot, with a flat, dreary shore, scorched by the fervid rays of a tropic sun, and a thick, almost repulsive-looking forest of palms behind it. As in the former case, we anchored a long way from land ; the coal being brought to us in large native boats.

A few hours' steaming, after leaving Coconada, and we reached Vizagapatam, which presents a remarkable contrast to the remainder of the coast. It is a very pretty place, situated at the base of two picturesque hills, which are divided from one another by a sort of estuary, whence an attractive-looking road, dotted with houses, and ornamented with trees, extends to Waltair, the pleasant suburb of this

well-known station.

In the course of the two succeeding days, the vessel stopped, for a short time, off Bimlipatam, and, also, off Gopaulpore. The former is a nice-looking little town, being enshrined amidst palmyras, at the foot of a curious red hill, apparently almost destitute of vegetation ; but Gopaulpore is simply a wretched group of houses, deposited on the burning sand, which extends like a desert on three sides of it.

About noon on the 19th, we found ourselves at the light-ship, off the Sandheads, and were speedily steaming up the muddy waters of the Hooghly. The pilot came on board soon afterwards, and we made good progress, even against ebb-tide, until sunset compelled us to anchor for the night. Next morning we were under-weigh again at sunrise, and arrived at Garden Reach about two o'clock in the afternoon. Here the pilot left us, and a harbour-master arrived, who took the steamer very cleverly, *stern-foremost*, to her moorings, opposite the city : there being a law, I understand, prohibiting vessels from going up the river, at flood-tide, in the ordinary fashion.

In days not very long gone by, the approach to Calcutta was considered one of the most superb views in India, and the beauty of the river at Garden Reach was renowned both far and near. Now, alas, although the city stands there striking and impressive as it was of yore ; though the forest of masts and crowds of shipping still surprise the visitor, when they first burst upon his sight ; and, though the Botanic Gardens yet adorn the vicinity, with their noble trees and brilliant flowers ; the charm of absolute loveliness, which it once possessed in full perfection, has passed away from Garden Reach for ever ! The almost matchless grounds of Sir Lawrence Peel, which were, without doubt, the crowning beauty of this locality, no longer gladden the eye with their rich attractions ; and the tawdry, unsightly palace of the ex-king of Oude has risen, in its ignoble ugliness, to replace the most exquisite residence in India.

Calcutta afforded a pleasant change after the dull, stupid capital of the Madras Presidency, and we gladly hailed the appearance of life and vigour which, comparatively speaking, seems to characterize the more northern city. The weather, too, was very agreeable, and com-

fortably cool, even in the day-time, so that we were enabled to drive about at all hours without inconvenience.

The streets, in the 'City of Palaces,' are abundantly watered, to which, no doubt, much of their coolness was owing, and, during our stay of about a week, I never saw any dust. The grass, also, possessed a greenness, even in the heart of the town, that was quite surprising, and, on the slopes of Fort William, it was as brilliant as an English sward in spring-time.

One morning, we took a dinghee, and went down, with the tide, to the Royal Botanic Gardens, where we remained for some time. The grounds are extensive, and well kept, though they still shew very strongly the disastrous effects of the cyclone of 1864. I was much gratified by a sight of the world-renowned trees of *Amherstia nobilis*, albeit the bloom had only just commenced. They suffered terribly in the great storm above referred to, and it will be many years before they re-attain their former splendour. The gardeners assured us that the *Amherstia* never produces seed in Calcutta, hence I suppose the climate does not entirely suit it. The celebrated *Jonesia asoca* was also coming into flower, but, beyond all doubt, the greatest ornaments the gardens possessed, at the time of our visit, were the huge trees of *Terminalia catappa*, the leaves of which were mostly of a brilliant crimson, which colour they assume before decay.

Like many another less glorious but more familiar flower, the *Amherstia* has found a poet to sing its praises; and, in Dr. Mason's '*Natural Productions of Burmah*,' the following lines are introduced from the pen of Mrs. Ellen H.B. Mason.

"Ho, Trockla! thy tide *
Hath a beautiful bride,
The child of an iris-wreathed shower;
With vails flowing down
From her emerald crown,
Whose fingers unfold
In scarlet and gold,

* Dr. Mason says the *Amherstia* was discovered by Dr. Wallich on the Salwen near Trockla.

A glorious sight,
Ever graceful and bright—
The Queen of proud Ava's wild bower.
Tall sweet-blossomed treos
Are wooing the breeze
O'er highland, and dingle, and glade,
But though they allure
With their fragrance so pure,
The Amherstia is fairest,
The noblest, the rarest;
Nor all the rich flowers
Of Albion's bowers
Can vie with its purpling shade."

CHAPTER II.

Having crossed the Hooghly in the East-Indian Railway-company's ferry-steamer 'Calcutta,' we left Howrah by the eleven o'clock morning-train on the 26th February, and arrived at Burdwan about two P.M.

Our route lay through the fertile plains of Lower Bengal, which abound in paddi-fields and betel-nut plantations, with more than the usual amount of native villages, and occasional patches of jungle. Everywhere the gigantic silk-cotton *(Bombax Malabaricum)* was in blossom, almost lighting up the country with its multitudes of large, crimson flowers, and contrasting magnificently with the bright green of the surrounding vegetation. The effect of these splendid trees, towering above the adjacent foliage, and covered with their gorgeous, tulip-shaped corollas, is indescribably grand, and affords, in my opinion, one of the most brilliant spectacles imaginable.

Burdwan, called by the Hindoos, Koosumpore, or the Flowery City, was once the residence of the celebrated Shah Jehan; but, at present, it possesses few attractions, and is a dusty and ruinous-looking place. In the immediate neighbourhood, however, are various palaces and gardens, as well as a splendid menagerie, belonging to the maha-rajah, who is reputed to be the richest landholder in the country. The grounds attached to the palace of Dilkhoose, and the zoological collection—both of which are liberally open to the inspection of visitors—afforded us most pleasant occupation for the afternoon. The former are beautifully kept, and abound in handsome trees, amongst which I was delighted to find the splendid *Jonesia asoca* almost in full bloom. In addition to the extreme richness of their hue,

its flowers are very fragrant, and gushes of sweet odour came to us with the gentle breeze, as we passed by them, on our way through the garden. The extensive menagerie is in most excellent order, and the animals were looking fat and well. Three fine ostriches, and a magnificent sarus crane *(Grus antigone)* greatly attracted us, although the collection includes many rarer specimens of both birds and mammals.

A tank, near the roadside, is somewhat interesting, for into it, the thugs of this locality used, in the olden days, to cast the bodies of their victims. It is a very placid and innocent-looking sheet of water now, totally out of keeping with the murderous history, with which it is associated.

Burdwan is celebrated as the place whence the Hon. East India Company, in 1695, obtained a lease of the ground on which Calcutta now stands; and is thus interestingly connected with the foundation of our empire in the East. It is, also, otherwise famous in the early history of the land. The town, which is ninety-five feet above the level of the sea, is considered to be very healthy; and the neighbouring country, known as the Burdwan Zillah, and often called the 'Garden of India,' from its extreme fertility, is reputed to contain a population nearly as large as the whole Chinese Empire.

We stopped at the National Hotel, which had been described to us as very inferior; but it is only justice to say that we found it rather the reverse, and had to complain of nothing but the high charges, which rivalled those of the 'Great Eastern' in Calcutta. Not far from this locality there stands an enormous tamarind tree, which measured, at about six and a half feet from the ground, eight yards and eleven inches round the trunk. It is still healthy and vigorous.

Next morning we continued our journey westward, and arrived at Sahibgunge between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. There was no hotel, so we established ourselves at the government dâk-bungalow, which we found very comfortable. It is a good house, and furnished, even to mosquito-curtains and towels, luxuries not usually met with under such circumstances.

Much of the country, between Burdwan and Sahibgunge, was cover-

ered with thriving crops of wheat and barley, which gave a home-look to the place that I scarcely expected to see in India. The wheat was the long-bearded kind, and resembled barley so much at a short distance, that it was some time ere we discovered the difference. The red cotton-trees, though still common, were not so abundant as before ; nevertheless, they continued to be the most striking feature in the vegetation of the route.

Near the station of Syntheea, fifty-two miles from Burdwan, is the famous battle-ground of Plassey, which is said to have taken its name from the abundance, in its vicinity, of the splendid *Butea frondosa*, or dhak tree, one of whose native synonyms is palasi.

Sahibgunge is a pretty little spot, on the south bank of the Ganges, with some picturesque spurs of the Rajmahal Hills in close proximity. It is, at present, the starting-point of the ferry-steamer to Caragola Ghât ; but, with the exception of the dâk-bungalow, and a number of brick cottages belonging to the railway, and occupied by its *employés*, the place consists solely of a thin and straggling village, which scarcely suggests to the traveller the fact of its being the first station on the high-road to the Sikkim sanataria.

Sahibgunge would seem to be a modern designation, created by the railway ; for the original name was doubtless Secrigullee, by which the post-office is still known. We found the climate cool and agreeable, but the dust was intolerable, and any attraction the place may possess at a more favourable season, was quite lost amidst the clouds of pulverized kunkur, which the slightest breeze, or disturbance of any kind, set in motion in the streets. The highest of the hills in the neighbourhood is called Gungapersad, and is about two miles distant from the station.

Starting from Sahibgunge early in the morning of the 1st of March, we arrived at Monghyr about eleven o'clock ; just in time to secure the last of Mrs. Wood's vacant rooms, at her comfortable boarding-house, where quietness, good accomodation, and reasonable charges are most satisfactorily combined. The distance from the railway-station is considerably over a mile, but lodgings of any kind are not procurable elsewhere in the town, the government dâk-bungalow

being closed and out of repair.

Monghyr is off the main line of railway, and is reached by a branch from Jumalpore. It is a pretty place, and has the reputation of being a pleasant and healthy station. In days gone by, a large and strong fort, the walls only of which are still remaining, probably enclosed the whole of the town, but now, buildings extend for some distance beyond its boundaries. Monghyr is noted for its manufactories of fire-arms and cutlery, as well as furniture and ornaments of ebony, horn and ivory, which are made in abundance by the natives.

In the course of the day, we drove round the fort, and, afterwards, strolled down to the bank of the Ganges, and through the bazaars; but there was nothing very particular to be seen. The grass was spangled with the lovely, little, blue flowers of a *Gentiana ;* and I could not help admiring the taste of some person unknown, who had screened off his house from the public road by trees of *Poinciana regia*, *Plumieria alba* and *Poinciana pulcherrima*—certainly a glorious combination of splendour, sweetness and elegance.

Between Sahibgunge and Monghyr, we passed close to Colgong, and had a good view of the two enormous rocks, for which the place is celebrated. They are picturesque objects, and would, doubtless, well repay a visit. We also travelled through the Monghyr Tunnel—the only one on the present line of the East Indian Railway.

Returning to Jumalpore on the morning of the 2nd, our spare time was devoted to the inspection of the railway-works, which are very extensive and interesting, comprising, it is said, all the requisites for the repair of machinery for the whole line. A handsome town is fast springing up at this station, which is well situated, and reputed to be very healthy; and even now, it possesses a number of fine dwelling-houses, and wears an appearance of prosperity and comfort, that speaks well for the enterprise and energy of the company, under whose auspices, a-lone, the native village that once occupied the site, has been replaced by this thriving and successful 'Railway City.'

From Jumalpore, we proceeded to Bankipore, the civil-station of Patna, and arrived in about four hours and a half. There being no hotel, we occupied the dâk-bungalow, which, although not so clean

so pleasant as that at Sahibgunge, was much more fortunate in its khansamah, whose supplies were good, and cookery unexceptionable. The place is pretty, and abounds in trees—amongst them some noble specimens of the various Indian figs—which cast a pleasant shade over the parched and thirsty roads, that, seemingly, had not been visited by the slightest moisture for many weeks before. Numerous fields of white poppies *(Papaver somniferum)* were in full blossom, and some beautiful *Bauhinias*, laden with flowers, contrasted gracefully with the dense green of the surrounding trees. Cultivation, in this locality, is as complete as in many parts of England, and there is little jungle to be seen—even the sand-banks of the Ganges appear to furnish their quota of vegetable productions. There is a pleasant maidan, which, in common with the roads, seemed to be suffering from want of rain, though it was green and grateful to the eye, and sufficiently large to be cool and airy, as compared with the remainder of the station.

S——, who was at Bankipore about nine years ago, says the place is much altered in appearance, chiefly in consequence of the removal of an old fort, and some variation in the course of the river.

During the journey from Jumalpore, we saw immense fields of wheat, and barley, dholl, *(Cajanus Indicus)* poppies, and other crops, in such flourishing condition as to attest, in the strongest manner, the great fertility of the soil. The face of the country, for the most part, is an extended plain, wonderfully level, and so vast that we could only see the tops of the trees in the distance, just as one observes the royals and upper gear of a ship at sea, when her hull is below the horizon.

The cotton-trees became fewer as we got further from the coast, but, every now and then, their crimson blossoms blazed out from the scattered masses of jungle, intensified in colour by the contrast with the green.

Towards evening we walked to Patna, through the narrow, dusty and foul-smelling suburb that connects the native city with Bankipore; and returned to the dâk-bungalow by the same route, fully satisfied that such a performance would scarcely bear repetition under

any circumstances.

Next day we hired a gharri and drove to Dinapore, a distance of about six miles over a good road, tolerably well shaded with trees. There is nothing interesting in the place, which is a large millitary station, and it has no pretensions to beauty of any kind. S—— was astonished to find that the Ganges had entirely altered its course since 1858. The main stream, which then ran close to the station, is now at least three quarters of a mile further north, and, over its original bed, there is nothing now but a shallow and narrow branch. On our return we ascended to the summit of the curious, old, semicircular grain-store, called the Ghola, whence an extended view of the country rewarded us for a toilsome climb up the winding staircase in the great heat of the sun.

CHAPTER III.

From Bankipore we went to Benares—by the branch-line of rail from Mogul Serai—but did not reach the station at the Rajghât until after ten o'clock at night on the 4th March. From this, we had still to find our way to Secrole, the European portion of the town, a distance of fully four miles. Only one gharri was available, and it looked so old and shaky, that we very much doubted whether it would hold together even for half the way. However, there was no option, and, fortunately, the vehicle fulfilled, in the most satisfactory manner, the promise of its driver, for we were safely deposited at the dâk-bungalow shortly after midnight. This establishment proved to have only one small room unoccupied, which, as it was much too late to go hotel-hunting, we were fain to be content with. Accordingly, once more accommodating ourselves to circumstances, we took possession of the two charpoys, which were luckily available, and 'turned in.' Such a night as we passed! All the mosquitos in Christendom, and out of it, seemed to have assembled at this wretched bungalow, and sleep was utterly impossible. I counted the weary hours, as they rolled slowly by, and experienced a sensation of very positive relief, when the first light of morning peeped through the jilmils of the dismal and insect-haunted apartment.

After breakfast we explored the 'holy city,' called Kasi by the Hindoos, which is interesting from the fact of its being one of the oldest in India, and the very centre of Braminical superstition. It is an immense place, and the streets are the narrowest I ever walked through; they were, however, much cleaner than I expected, though crowded with people. The temples, which I saw, did not strike me as

being very attractive, and I certainly would not care to pay them a second visit. The view of the city, also, from the river—here six hundred yards in width—though imposing, scarcely realizes, in my opinion, the descriptions of travellers.

Between Bankipore and Benares, about four miles above the station of Bihta, we crossed the famous Soâne Bridge, which is nearly a mile in length, and, according to Newman and Co's. '*E. I. Railway Hand-book*,' * consists of twenty-eight spans of one hundred and fifty feet each, the foundations being sunk to an average depth of thirty-two feet below low-water level. The bed of this immense river consists wholly of shifting sands, which offered great engineering difficulties in the construction of the bridge. During this journey, also, we crossed the river Kurumnassa, the boundary between Bengal and the North-West Provinces, about five hundred miles distant from Calcutta.

Benares is celebrated for its kincob, a species of gold brocade, and its lacquered toys, which, along with other eastern manufactures, are exhibited for sale in nearly all the bazaars.

The botanic garden is extremely beautiful, and, at the time of our visit, notwithstanding the uncongenial season, abounded in flowers.

Leaving Benares in the afternoon of the 5th March, we re-crossed the awkward and somewhat shaky bridge of boats, which separates the city from the railway-station, and proceeded, by the branch-line to Mogul Serai, where we had to wait for the up-train, until our patience was entirely exhausted. It came at last, however, two hours beyond time, and we resumed our journey considerably after midnight, arriving at Allahabad early next morning. Here, the train makes a lengthened stoppage, enabling the traveller not only to get a chota hazree, but to take a hasty look at the more prominent features of the place as well.

Allahabad is situated at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, and is considered, by the Hindoos, as even more holy than Benares. It is a large and extensive place, and the recently-founded station adjoining it, called Canningtown, promises to be one of the most

* No traveller should visit Bengal or the North-West Provinces without this indispensable '*Hand-book*,' published by Messrs. Newman and Co: Calcutta: it is most accurate and reliable.

important cities in the North-West Provinces. The fort was built by the great Akbar, and is very large, being about a mile and a half round. It stands at the point of junction of the two huge rivers, whose waters pass close to its red-sandstone walls, and contains, amongst other celebrities, an underground passage, which is reputed to communicate with a small subterranean temple, in which grows a tamarind tree; but I cannot ascertain that any one ever penetrated to this mysterious building, or saw the wonderful tree alluded to. The Kushru Gardens, with their noble wall and other structures, are said to be well worthy of a visit, but I cannot speak from personal experience, as we did not go near them.

The Jumna is here an enormous stream, and it is spanned by one of the largest latticed iron-girder bridges in the world, in sinking the piers for which, the engineers, as in the case of the Soâne, had tremendous difficulties to contend with.

About noon we reached Cawnpore, which is, without exception, the dustiest place I have seen in India. Houses, trees, grass, everything, were alike covered with it, and, whatever the component parts of the atmosphere may be elsewhere, at Cawnpore a large proportion must be pulverized grey kunkur. The place wore, during our visit, in consequence of this unsightly dust, a desolate and dilapidated aspect, which, probably, in the rains, when the streets have been washed, and the vegetation, scanty as it is, revived by the genial moisture, it does not present. There is a straggling, native town of considerable size—much cleaner than such places generally are—and a bazaar that is worth inspection; also a canal, the water of which was grateful to the eye amidst the glare of the forlorn and unpleasant streets.

Utterly without interest in itself, Cawnpore yet possesses a mournful attraction, as the scene of the cruelest and most savage act of the great mutiny of 1857; and the 'cemetery-garden,' which surrounds the exquisite structure erected to the memory of those who fell on the fatal 15th July, will scarcely fail, as long as one vestige of it remains, to strike home to every British heart, with its tale of woe and misery. In truth, there is no more solemn sight, in all the wide extent of this huge country, than the 'Memorial of Cawnpore;' no spot, possessing

such sad and melancholy associations, as the grave-yard that encloses it; and none, which so fully calls forth the deepest and most earnest feelings of pity and horror, not unmingled with regret, that the foulest massacre recorded in the page of history, should have been but so feebly and partially avenged. He must be cold, indeed, who can look unmoved upon the grassy mound, beneath which sleep the victims of that dreadful day; and there are few Englishmen, who, standing on this blood-dyed spot, can recall to mind the savage deed perpetrated by that atrocious fiend, the Nana, without a shuddering horror taking possession of their souls, and an angry feeling springing up in their hearts, that, had it power to develop itself into action, would almost sweep from off the face of the earth, the cowardly and barbarous race, which could plan and carry out such wholesale slaughter of helpless women and children.

It would almost seem as if these sacred precincts possessed an immunity from the dust, which elsewhere in the vicinity lies in great heavy masses; but the visitor, ere he has gone a dozen yards within its gates, is struck with the greenness and beauty of the 'cemetery-garden,' where sweet English flowers are blooming in all the loveliness of their own peerless land, amidst the beautiful and imposing cypresses, whose sombre foliage sheds a solemn gloom over the grave of the murdered ones, even under the torrid sun of 'red Cawnpore.'

CHAPTER IV.

On the morning of the 7th March we went to Lucknow in a dâk-gharri, a distance of forty-nine miles, which was completed in eight hours. The drive is a most uninteresting one, over a monotonous-looking and dusty plain, and tedious and wearisome in the extreme, owing to the wretched cattle which are employed. Fortunately, the road is most excellent; otherwise, it is difficult to believe how the journey could be accomplished with such badly-appointed vehicles. One miserable pony, in our case, had to drag the heavy gharri, with ourselves and the driver, and sometimes also the syce as well, for a stage of between seven and eight miles.*

At Cawnpore we crossed the Ganges by a capital pontoon-bridge, and, thenceforward, our route lay through the province of Oude, of which Lucknow, situated on the River Goomtee, is the chief town. Before entering the city the celebrated Alumbagh presents itself to the visitor, and, in the gardens, near the road, is the tomb of Sir Henry Havelock, who died at the Dilkooshah, on the 24th November 1857. Here, also, are tablets to the memory of some of the officers who fell during the famous march of the relieving column from Allahabad.

The appearance of Lucknow is very imposing, and no other city that I have seen in India, approaches it in either beauty or splendour. It is thoroughly eastern in character, and abounds in picturesque buildings which, even now, disfigured and damaged as they all are, can scarcely fail to strike the traveller with delight and admiration. What the place was before the mutiny I can only conjecture, but it must

* Since this was written the railway between the two places has been opened.

have been truly magnificent—surpassed, probably, by few other cities in the world. Now, however, its splendour is on the wane, and the glory of its glittering, gilded domes and tapering minarets, is fast disappearing before the devastating hand of time; while its oriental architecture is rapidly being replaced by modern buildings of undeniably European pattern, horribly inappropriate, and plainly significant of the Anglo-Saxon, who, all-conquering though he may be, is sadly devoid of taste in many things.

Lucknow is celebrated for the purity of its atmosphere, and, if the weather we experienced was a fair sample of its climate, there are, I should think, few places in India that can boast such a brilliant and pleasant 'cold season.'

Our first visit, the morning after our arrival, was to the Kaiserbagh, that magnificent pile of palaces, built during the reign of the ex-king, which is said to have cost the enormous sum of eighty lakhs. Its beauty has been sadly marred since Oude became a British province, and its golden domes will soon have passed away like the dynasty of its founder. The Kaiserbagh consists chiefly of a number of rectangular gardens, opening into one another, and diversified by pavilions, avenues, and lesser courts; the whole enclosed by an extended mass of elegant buildings, which, though said to be irregular in an architectural point of view, are yet beautiful in detail, and magnificent in general effect. They are yellow in hue, and surmounted by many gilded domes, cupolas, and other glittering ornaments, which render them strikingly grand in the sunlight, when viewed at a moderate distance. The entrances to the great quadrangle consist of noble gateways, abounding, like the rest of the structures, in profuse decoration. But the place has now a forlorn and deserted look. The gardens are all but destroyed. The brilliant ornaments and statuary have been removed or defaced. Many of the buildings appear to be rapidly going to ruin; others have degenerated into shops, and we even saw, in several instances, the whilom splendid residences of royalty, turned into filthy kitchen-like apartments, where native grooms were occupied in boiling gram!

Next, we proceeded to La Martiniére, or Constantia, an extraordi-

nary and lofty structure, which was erected by an eccentric Frenchman, named Claude Martine, who came to India a private-soldier, and died a major-general in the service of Asf-o-Dowlah. It is ornamented profusely with gigantic and grotesque statues, which, I was told, our troops mistook for rebels during the advance, and fired at repeatedly, wondering why they could neither kill nor rout them. Martine left funds, at his death, for the endowment of this building as a school, to which purpose they were faithfully applied. The interior is now much disfigured and damaged, but it must have been, in its early days, of great beauty; and abundance of ornament still remains to attest the care and expense devoted to its decoration. Some of the dormitories, which we saw, were in the upper stories, and appeared to be airy and very comfortable. Nearly two hundred boys are here provided with a good, practical education, free of expense; so that General Martine's bequest has resulted in much benefit to the community, and his wishes have been honestly and worthily carried out. Within the grounds, in the centre of a tank, is a tall column, seemingly built solely for ornament: there is no staircase or means of ascent; and I could not learn its height.

General Martine's remains were buried inside this edifice, in compliance with his own directions, induced, it is said, by the belief that the king would not otherwise permit his wishes regarding the disposal of the building to be fulfilled. Immunity from the apprehended confiscation was secured by such an arrangement, which rendered the place sacred in the eyes of all devout followers of Mahomed, but it would appear that the rebels of 1857 were not influenced by the same feeling of respect for the general's tomb, as the vault was broken open, and its contents scattered—probably by Hindoos. During the siege of the Residency, the pupils of La Martiniére rendered much assistance to the beleagured garrison—many of them even participating in the defence of the various buildings.

From La Martiniére we drove to the Great Imaumbarra, the hall of which is reputed to be the largest in the world. It has now degenerated into an arsenal, and, in common with the other buildings in Lucknow, has suffered terribly from the sad ravages of war. We are told that,

after it was taken, the magnificent chandeliers, mirrors, etc., which ornamented the interior, were totally destroyed by the victorious troops, and broken into such pieces, that the marble floor was covered to the depth of several inches with their fragments. The great hall, according to a recent work, is a hundred and sixty-two feet long, by fifty-three feet, six inches in width; the verandahs, on either side, are each twenty-six feet, six inches, by twenty-seven feet, three inches; and, at both ends, there are octagonal chambers fifty-three feet in diameter; the whole interior dimensions are thus two hundred and sixty-three feet by one hundred and forty-five. It was built by the Nawab Asf-o-Dowlah, who is said to have spent nearly a million of money in its construction, and to have imposed no other conditions on the architect than that the building should be unique in its design, and that it should exceed any other of the kind in splendour. Inside the court, stands a large mosque with lofty minars, from the top of one of which, we had a grand view of the city and its environs.

There are numerous other places of interest and beauty in Lucknow, but that possessing most attraction for Europeans is unquestionably the Residency, celebrated as the scene of many a gallant deed, as well as of the most extraordinary siege that ever occurred. Nothing but ruins now remain, though, I believe, every care is being taken to preserve them from all further damage at the hands of man. The graveyard is kept in beautiful order, and the monuments and tombstones abound in names which are as familiar to Englishmen as household words. But there is one plain, white, marble slab, that is surpassing in its interest to the traveller. The simplicity of its inscription is most touching, and it was with feelings of the deepest reverence, that I stood at that honoured grave, and read the unpretending words:

HERE LIES

HENRY LAWRENCE,

WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY.

May the Lord have mercy on his soul.

CHAPTER V.

We returned to Cawnpore early on the morning of the 9th March, thoroughly weary of the wretched dâk, which occupied no fewer than nine hours; and glad enough to find that there was still some prospect of a short interval of rest before the departure of the train, by which we had arranged to continue our journey westward.

The Imperial Hotel at Lucknow, where we stayed, is, without exception, the best and cheapest establishment of the kind—considering its superior accommodation—that I have met with in the country. The building itself is a fine one, and the dining-hall a really magnificent apartment. I cannot say quite so much for that in which we resided at Cawnpore, though it was quiet, clean, and otherwise tolerably satisfactory—even to charges, which we found sufficiently moderate.

Our next stopping-place was Agra, where we arrived about dusk, by a branch-line from Toondla Station, having left Cawnpore shortly after ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Agra, the capital city of the great Akbar, is scarcely suggestive, in its present state, of the magnificence that once characterized it, and it is somewhat difficult to realize the fact, that the existing desolate and ruinous-looking town was ever so glorious as described. Nevertheless, there is no place in India so worthy of a visit, for it contains, in addition to many other relics of departed splendour, the world-renowned Taj Mahal.

From the railway-station to the dâk-bungalow is a long drive, during which we crossed the Jumna by a bridge of boats, and it was almost dark before we arrived.

Our first visit was to the Fort, which is a conspicuous object, from

the colour and height of its red-sandstone, battlemented walls. Though in itself very interesting, from its antiquity and beauty, there are, within it, so many buildings of more attraction to the visitor, that it scarcely ever receives its just amount of attention; and, as our time was not very abundant, we followed in the steps of previous tourists, and afforded it only a hasty inspection, devoting ourselves chiefly to the examination of the Emperor's Palace, and the celebrated Motee Musjid. The former, once of exceeding beauty, is now fast going to ruin, not so much from the effects of time, as from the wanton destruction, with which it seems to have been visited by human hands. The traveller, as he passes through the deserted chambers and corridors, cannot fail to be impressed with this fact, or to experience a strong feeling of regret, as he contemplates the exquisite in-laid work, mutilated and destroyed, and robbed of the greater portion of the precious stones that rendered it, in its palmy days, one blaze of jewelled splendour. Nearly the whole structure is composed of white marble, most beautifully sculptured, and much of it consists of open screen-work, wonderfully wrought in strikingly rich designs. A number of the pavilions over-hang the Jumna, which flows past the walls seventy feet below, and their carved-marble balustrades, when seen from the river, are said to resemble fringes of the finest lace. But, perhaps, the most brilliant apartment in this wilderness of splendour, is the Shish Mahal, a bath-chamber, of which the interior is covered with small mirrors, disposed in curious and graceful figures. In the midst stands a marble basin, so arranged, that the water, which supplied it, passed in a sort of mimic cataract over an array of blazing lamps. The walls were also illuminated, and the general effect must have been beautiful. The gardens, with their perfumed trees and flowers, the glittering fountains, and the tessellated, marble court-yards, all displayed a corresponding style of magnificent ornamentation, and rendered this superb palace of the Great Moguls almost matchless in its splendour. Indeed, in the zenith of its pride and glory, it must truly have rivalled,

> "———that city of delight
> In Fairy-Land, whose streets and towers
> Are made of gems and light and flowers!"

Connected with the palace is a long series of underground apartments, with very narrow passages between them, which are said to have some communication with the Taj, but no outlet has yet been found, and the distance between the two buildings stamps the legend with great improbability.

From the palace we proceeded to the Dewan-i-aum, or the Judgment-seat of Akbar, a large hall, chiefly remarkable for its great size, and now used as an armoury, in which glittering bayonets and sabres are disposed amidst numbers of banners and flags with a taste reflecting great credit on the arranger. Here may be seen the throne of the great Emperor, and, also, the famous gates of Somnauth, taken by Lord Ellenborough in the Afghan campaign. They are very large, curiously carved, and made wholly of sandal-wood.

Next the Motee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, claimed our attention. This graceful structure, which Mr. Bayard Taylor declared to be absolutely perfect, rests upon the summit of a massive red-sandstone platform, and consists of a corridor, open on the side next the entrance, divided into three parts by marble arches, and surmounted by as many domes of the same elegant material. The whole building is enclosed by a high wall of red-sandstone, above which only the snowy domes are seen from the outside. The mosque itself is altogether composed of white marble, entirely without ornament, yet so exquisitely proportioned, and so exceedingly beautiful, that it well merits the strongest eulogy passed upon it by travellers. It was erected by Shah Jehan in 1656.

After this we drove to the wonderful Taj Mahal, which was built by the same monarch, in memory of his wife Noor Jehan—' The Light of the World'—who is said to have been of surpassing loveliness.

> " The one, whose smile shone out alone,
> Amidst a world the only one ;
> Whose light, among so many lights,
> Was like that star on starry nights,
> The seaman singles from the sky,
> To steer his bark for ever by ! "

This noble tomb stands inside a large quadrangle, which measures eighteen hundred and sixty feet by a thousand, and is enclosed by red-sandstone walls, with fine gateways of the same material. The grounds are ornamented with beautiful trees and splendid flowers, as well as numerous fountains, and an avenue of cypresses casts a welcome shade over the paved pathway leading from the principal entrance to a marble platform, whence a flight of steps communicates with the large terrace—three hundred and thirteen feet square—on which rests the Taj itself. At the four corners of this terrace are minarets, about a hundred and fifty feet in height; and, on either side of the great structure, stand beautiful mosques of red-sandstone, which, we are told, were placed there to enhance, by contrast, the superb grandeur of the main building.

The shape of the Taj is that of an irregular octagon, and it is surmounted by an immense dome, supported by four smaller structures of the same kind, and decorated with a number of diminutive minarets. The height of the building, from the terrace to the gilt crescent at the summit of the dome, is said to be two hundred and ninety-six-feet, by the author of '*From Calcutta to the Snowy Range*,' who adds that it occupies a square, with the corners cut off, of a hundred and eighty-six feet. The terrace, the minarets, and the building itself, are all of the purest white marble, which is perfectly dazzling in the sunlight.

No description can do justice to, or convey an adequate idea of the beauty of this wonderful structure, which is reputed, and, I should think, with truth, to be unequalled in the world. Suffice it to say that it is superbly inlaid with precious stones, disposed in beautiful devices, and abounds in the most exquisite sculptured work imaginable. A vault beneath contains the tombs of Shah Jehan and his lovely consort, while, in the body of the building, enclosed by an octagonal, marble screen, are the outer sarcophagi, or monuments, also of white marble, of the most perfect and elaborate workmanship, and profusely inlaid with gems. Some doubt seems to exist as to the architect, whose genius planned and executed this marvellous work of art, though it is said that his name is somewhere inscribed upon the edifice. But the prevailing opinion appears to be that the honour

belongs to the same illustrious Frenchman—Austin de Bordeux—who constructed the celebrated Peacock Throne, and whom the natives called 'the wonderful of the age.' It was commenced—so say the chroniclers—in 1630, occupied seventeen years in building, and cost three millions of money.

It was with difficulty that we tore ourselves away from the contemplation of this matchless structure, which is literally so perfect that it rarely fails to excite in the beholder, deeper and nobler feelings than those of mere admiration or surprise. Writing, as I do now, with my thoughts full of its glories, it seems to me that I have gained an advantage over those of my fellow-men, who have not had the good fortune to behold it; and I would almost say that he who has not seen the Taj Mahal, can scarcely realize the extent of beauty, combined with grandeur, which the hand of man is capable of creating.

Curious to hear the echo for which the Taj is celebrated, and desirous, also, of seeing the building by night, we arranged an expedition thither after sunset, and obtained the services of an ancient Mussulman—Mogul Khan, the 'Bard of Agra'—whom we met with accidentally, and who, strangely enough, performs admirably upon the harp, as minstrel for the occasion. His instrument is of the Irish pattern, and the history of it, and his power of using it, is somewhat curious. It would appear that, many years ago, he was attached to the household of a gentleman who was an excellent harpist, and who, seeing that his Mussulman retainer was fond of music, not only made him a present of the instrument, but taught him to play it.

As it grew dark we started from the dâk-bungalow, and, by the time that we reached the Taj, the moon, in her first quarter, was of just sufficient brightness to shew us the noble outline of the building, standing out dimly from the blue sky beyond. Its very indistinctness added a mysterious beauty to the already fairy scene, and, as we walked slowly down the solemn avenue of cypresses, which leads to the entrance of the majestic pile, and drank in the perfumed air, heavy with the odours of jasmine, orange and citron, it seemed as if indeed we had at last arrived at the realization of some of those most gorgeous fancies, which poets have, from time immemorial, associated with this

orient land. Rich gushes of fragrance met us at every step, and

> "———many a perfume breath'd
> From plants that wake when others sleep,
> From timid jasmine buds, that keep
> Their odour to themselves all day,
> But, when the sun-light dies away,
> Let the delicious secret out
> To every breeze that roams about."

The old 'Bard of Agra' woke the famed echoes of the dome with his harp, but the effect fell short of my anticipations—probably, because I had hoped for too much. After this, we lit up the building with blue lights, and beheld it in another phase of its marvellous glory, while the old minstrel added music to complete the enchantment, which seemed to reign around us. Finally, about half-way down the avenue, we stopped to take another long, lingering look at the exterior, by the faint light of the moon and stars, and thus said farewell to the almost overwhelming beauty of the wondrous Taj.

About seven miles from Agra is the village of Secundra, where stands the mausoleum of the great Akbar. Independently of its historical interest, the size of the buiding, the magnificence of its architecture, and the beauty of the carvings, etc., render it well worthy of a visit, and we spent an agreeable forenoon in the examination of its many attractions. The upper story is constructed of white marble, and the remainder, as well as the wall which encloses the gardens, of red-sandstone. There are many fine trees within the great quadrangle, as well as tanks and fountains, and broad, paved causeways lead to the mausoleum itself from the huge gates, which occupy the centre of each of the four sides. In a vault below is the plain, unadorned tomb, containing the ashes of the mighty and renowned Akbar, but, on the summit of the mausoleum, as is customary, a more elaborate monument of exquisite, white marble, most beautifully sculptured with Arabic characters, holds the place of honour. This latter is enclosed by a marble screen of magnificent open tracery, abounding in various and beautiful designs, executed with most marvellous skill and taste. The edifice is otherwise decorated with domes, cupolas, and ornamental galleries, in tolerable preservation, but the once beautiful minarets, at

the great entrance are no longer perfect, having had their tops destroyed and removed. This stupendous mausoleum occupies the space of about three hundred and fifty square yards, and its height is said to be a hundred feet. Scores of green parrakeets *(Palæornis torquatus)* seem to have taken up their residence within the gardens, in company with large numbers of turtle-doves—the common *Turtur risoria*—whose plaintive notes literally filled the air during the period of our visit.

From the Secundra Bagh, we proceeded to the building which once contained the tomb of the Begum Maire, but, although the empty sarcophagus in the upper story still exists, we could find no traces of the lower one. The place is now a printing-establishment, attached to the Orphanage of the Church Mission.

Agra, amongst its other notabilities, is famed for its manufactures of inlaid marble-work, and beautifully carved soapstone ornaments, which are to be had in great profusion, and at remarkably low prices, either from the hawkers, who take them round for sale, or at the lapidaries' own residences. To the latter, I would recommend travellers to go, for the workmen, themselves, are not, I think, such consummate impostors as the regular traders, and their wares—equally good, of course—are generally to be had at lower rates.

Our time being limited, we were obliged to leave this most interesting city, without seeing the celebrated ruins of Futtehpore Sickri, which are distant about twenty-three miles, on the road to Jeypore. They are very extensive and magnificent, worthy, it is said, in every respect, of being associated with the illustrious name of Akbar, who has left behind him such a reputation for power, wisdom and glory.

Before bidding adieu to Agra, I must bear testimony to the excellence of the dâk-bungalow, or rather, to that of its khansamah; an aged Mussulman, who made us exceedingly comfortable, and charged us at very reasonable rates.

CHAPTER VI.

We left Agra on the afternoon of the 12th March, and arrived at Delhi about midnight, when we at once drove to the dâk-bungalow—a good building, but badly supplied, and very dirty; in spite of which, however, it seems to be much employed, for, during our stay, it was quite full of travellers.

Early next morning we began our exploration of the city and its environs, visiting, first, the Roshunara Bagh, an immense garden, containing, according to the author of '*From Calcutta to the Snowy Range*,' almost every known Indian tree; but it is now a wild, jungley-looking place, abounding in weeds, and evidently fast lapsing into a wilderness. Here I tasted, for the first time, a juicy and pleasant fruit, not unlike a yellow plum in appearance, which the natives called ber. It was a variety of the jujube, *(Zizyphus jujuba)* but so vastly superior in flavour and size to the produce of the ordinary kind, that I could scarcely credit their specific identity.

The present city of Delhi, or Shahjehanabad, was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is rather less than six miles in girth, and is enclosed by a machicolated wall, adorned with a number of gates, some of which are of rare magnificence. All round it lie the ruins of the various ancient cities, which flourished at different intervals of time, within a radius of about ten miles of the present site. Like Lucknow, Delhi is fast becoming modernized, and the once famous capital of the great Mogul Empire will shortly have subsided into an ordinary town, with European characteristics, and but little to remind one of its former magnificence and illustrious history.

Besides the antiquities of the place—most of them well worthy of

inspection—there are some beautiful public-gardens, an excellent and interesting museum, at the Delhi Institute, in the Chandney Chowk—which, by the way, is the largest street, and one of the celebrities of the city—and lastly, the splendid iron, latticed-girder railway-bridge across the Jumna, which consists of twelve spans of two hundred and five feet each.

The Jumma Musjid, which has the reputation of being the finest mosque in India, is erected on the summit of an eminence, that lifts it considerably above the surrounding buildings, and renders it the most striking edifice in the city. The immense platform—so to speak—at the west side of which stands the mosque, is paved with red-sandstone, and is accessible by three gateways, and as many broad flights of steps, from the remaining sides. The building is constructed of red-sandstone, but it is profusely ornamented and relieved by white marble, even to the minars, which rise to the height of a hundred and thirty feet on either side. The domes are also of white marble, with gilt spires, affording an elegant contrast to the red stone of the lower parts. A colonnade of red-sandstone extends along the three remaining sides of the quadrangle; and, in the centre, is a marble tank or reservoir for water.

We ascended to the summit of one of the minars, and enjoyed a great view of the immense modern city, as well as the vast extent of ruins, which stretch for a long distance in every direction.

Before leaving the precincts of the musjid, I was shewn several venerable books, amongst which was an illuminated copy of the Koran, said to be seven hundred years old. These treasures were carefully wrapped in many folds of silk, and securely kept in a large chest, redolent of attar of roses, and the almost oppressive fragrance of oil of sandalwood.

The palace or citadel, and the old Pathan fortress of Selimgurh, are both amongst the 'lions' of Delhi, but I did not visit either. In the former was, at one time, the world-renowned Peacock Throne, subsequently carried off by the Persian Nadir Shah.

A drive to the Kala Musjid, or Black Mosque, absorbed, very unprofitably, I consider, fully two hours of our limited time, during which

we passed through crowded and filthy streets, in momentary danger of being precipitated into a drain, which was in course of repair, to find, after all, that the Kala Musjid was decidedly not worth the trouble of a visit. On the following day we proceeded to inspect the wonderful pillar, consisting of a single shaft of red-sandstone, which is known as the Lat or Staff of Ferozeshah, and said to be at least twenty-two hundred years old. In Newman and Co's. '*Hand-book*' the height is stated to be about forty feet, and the girth, at the base, ten feet, four inches. This curious column is entirely without joint of any kind, and bears an inscription, which is supposed to be, by some, the most ancient writing in India.

The next object in our route was the old Pathan fort, known as the Poorana Killa, which is about two miles distant from Delhi. It has high walls, enclosing a great crowd of native houses, with narrow streets and pathways, through which we had to find our way to the Killa Kana Musjid and the Sher Mundil. The former must once have been very handsome, and, even now, is deserving of inspection. The latter, said to have been used as a library by the Emperor Humayoon, possesses no attraction, except, perhaps, its loftiness, which affords a good view of the old fort and its contents.

From this we drove to the Emperor Humayoon's tomb, which stands inside an immense, walled quadrangle, about six miles from Delhi. It is a noble building, constructed of red-sandstone and white marble, but so exquisitely blended and intermixed, that the effect, at a short distance, is strikingly beautiful. The place abounds in elaborate carving, and the usual profuse ornamentation of the great Mussulman tombs ; but it is sadly damaged in many parts, and wears a look of decay, which I had not expected from the accounts I had read. Inside the walls, there is an extensive garden, surrounding the mausoleum, but it, too, appears uncared for, and, in places, is now little better than a rank jungle.

On some of the many ancient buildings that surround the present City of Delhi, in various stages of decay and ruin, I was struck by the vivid hue of the blue tiles, which have suffered but little from the elements, and are, apparently, as bright and rich in colour as when they

were first manufactured.

Other places of interest absorbed all our remaining time, so that we were unable to visit the great Kootub Minar—eleven miles from the city—which is supposed to be the loftiest structure of its kind in the world. The author of '*From Calcutta to the Snowy Range*' informs us that it is built of red-sandstone, and is twelve feet in diameter at the top, and forty-eight feet, four inches at the bottom. He adds that its height, at present, is two hundred and forty-two feet, but that the upper part or cupola, was removed some years ago, in consequence of its having been struck with lightning.* The history of its erection is lost in obscurity, though there are several accounts quoted by various authorities, which profess to describe its origin ; they are, however, only legends, upon which much dependence cannot be placed. In its neighbourhood are quantities of ruins, and, amongst them, a portion of an unfinished minar of much greater size than the Kootub. These ruins are supposed to be the remains of the Hindoo Prithie Rajah's palace, and are stated to date from the end of the twelfth century. Many other relics of the past exist at this interesting place, and deserve a careful examination from the traveller.

Delhi is celebrated for its paintings on ivory, silk scarfs, jewellery and many other articles, which are plentifully exhibited at the shops in the Chandney Chowk, and, also, by the hawkers, who discover a new-arrival with the most astonishing rapidity, and collect round the place where he may be residing, in a very short space of time. The visitor—if he wishes to avoid expending his rupees—had better not inspect these attractive wares.

During our return journey eastward, we stopped for a portion of a day at Mirzapore, which is, I think, the most uninteresting of the many places we have seen. With the exception of some excellent stone carvings at the temples near the river, and in the shops close by, there was literally nothing worthy of examination, and I gladly left the uncomfortable hotel, swarming with mosquitos, even for the heat and dust of the railway-train. A dâk-bungalow once existed here, but,

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* The Kootub has again been struck by lightning, since my visit to Delhi, and its ascent is now, I understand, prohibited.

unfortunately, it has been superseded by the hotel I refer to, which we found noisy and unpleasant in the extreme.

CHAPTER VII.

Journeying by night, to avoid the great heat of the sun, and making each trip as long as comfort permitted, we reached Sahibgunge on the morning of the 17th March, and, for a time, bade adieu to the East-Indian Railway, on which we had travelled, within nineteen days, a distance of one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-five miles. During the whole of this time, we experienced the greatest civility and attention from the various officials, with whom we were brought into communication, but especially from the Europeans, and Anglo-Indians, who certainly seemed to be imbued with the *suaviter in modo* to a much greater extent than their dusky *confrères*. I wish I could speak in the same favourable terms of the arrangements along the route for the comfort of passengers; but these are, in some respects, capable of vast improvement, particularly the stations and refreshment-rooms. The former, though spacious enough, are generally dreary and wretched places, badly lit and badly furnished, so that an accidental detention at one of them for some hours is a contingency which no one can contemplate without a shudder; and the latter would seem to be available only at the actual time of the arrival of the various trains; thus placing unlucky passengers, whom circumstances may bring to the station 'out of hours,' in much the same plight as Tantalus of old. I speak feelingly on this point, for, having taken the wrong train from Benares, my companion and I arrived some hours too soon at Mogul Serai, and, to our great discomfort and annoyance, failed utterly in our attempts to get a cup of tea or coffee at the refreshment-room.

If the stations were more comfortable, and the refreshment-rooms available at any hour of the day or night—as I conceive they ought to

be to passengers—a delay of twelve hours would be regarded with much less horror than it is at present. However, with all its drawbacks and discomforts, the East-Indian Railway appears to be well managed, and, doubtless, as time goes on, all existing defects, according as they are discovered, will be remedied. The intolerable heat and the dreadful dust in the dry weather, are, I suppose, unavoidable, but I cannot help thinking that some measures might be adopted to mitigate their unpleasantness, and the gratitude of passengers thereby largely earned. At present, these two great evils of Indian railway-travelling, are serious obstacles to even the remotest degree of comfort, and, though the carriages are larger and more airy than the English ones—with double roofs, sun-shades, and Venetian blinds—the traveller, fresh from the experience of European lines and European skies, will find the change the very reverse of pleasant. If the dust could be excluded, night-travel would be rendered comparatively agreeable to those passengers who are fortunate enough to obtain a berth in one of the admirable contrivances, called 'sleeping-carriages,' each one of which literally affords beds for four people.

An Indian railway-station, on the arrival or departure of a train, offers a surprising sight to a stranger, especially at certain times of the year, when the Hindoos are flocking to some festival or ceremony connected with their religion. The presence of the sturdy, self-possessed and quiet-looking English guard, typical of his nation, alone assures the traveller that he is on British ground, for all round him surges a sea of dusky faces, whose owners are talking, shouting, and creating a babel-like disturbance, perfectly frightful to unaccustomed ears. To specify the various races, from which this mass of beings is made up, would be a hopeless task; but four distinct classes stand out prominently, from amongst them, to the gaze of the astonished traveller—setting aside the English guard, as apart from and above all this seething swarm of half-civilized humanity. First, the wretched country-people, crowding like sheep into the third-class carriages, some quarrelling, some exclaiming, others crying, and all, alike, seemingly terror-struck and bewildered; next, the effeminate-looking Bengalee baboo, who, perhaps, rejoices in the authority of station-master; then the

native policemen, with their *bâtons* of office, and lastly, the cooly-porters; all clamouring, more or less, and adding their quota to the general uproar. So great is the confusion, so thick is the crowd, that anything like a subsidence of the former, or a dispersion of the latter, within the time laid down for the departure of the train, seems an impossibility: however, by dint of pushing, driving, swearing and threatening, the wretched third-class passengers are, at last, hustled into the carriages, and locked up; the idlers clear away; the bell rings; the engine shrieks; and the train is off—marvellous to relate—within a moment or so of the appointed hour. These scenes, however, are, I believe, not of constant occurrence, though we beheld them many times during our tour; in consequence of the number of natives who were hurrying, in their blind idolatry, to the so-called holy shrines of Benares and Allahabad.

Whether or not the human natives of India have ceased to look with dread upon the railway-engine, which must still, to many of them, be as incomprehensible, as it is wonderful, I am unable to say; but, the bird-natives, generally, seem perfectly familiar with, and regardless of its approach; and not a few of them actually appeared to me as if they came down to the line on purpose to watch the great 'fire-carriage' go by. The telegraph-wires, throughout the whole distance between Calcutta and Delhi, were scarcely ever, in the day-time, during our tour, without feathered occupants, when the train dashed past—some displaying, it would almost seem, the most perfect *nonchalance*, and others carefully observant and interested in the great monster, which, however alarming it may once have been, experience has taught them, brings no danger in its rapid course. Of these the greater portion were king-crows *(Dicrurus macrocercus)* those gallant little shrikes, that lord it over so many birds of six times their size and bulk. Next in abundance were the Indian rollers, *(Coracias Indica)* commonly known as 'jays,' whose wings display such an intense and glorious blue, that, according to Dr. Mason,* the Burmese species *(Coracias affinis)* has furnished to the natives of that country, an epithet, by which they distinguish the most precious

* *The Natural Productions of Burmah.*

sapphire—hence called the 'roller-sapphire.' These, with a few mynas *(Acridotheres tristis)*, two or three doves *(Turtur risorius)*, one kite *(Milvus ater)*, and a pair of those lovely, little, green bee-eaters *(Merops viridis)* were the only birds I saw resting on the wires. On one occasion, I counted seven king-crows, besides two rollers, in the space included by three telegraph-posts.

CHAPTER VIII.

Although notified to start on the arrival of the down-train from Delhi, at about eight A.M., the ferry-steamer Kasheejee, did not quit her moorings at Sahibgunge for some time afterwards, and it was nearly ten o'clock on the 18th March, ere she began to cleave the muddy waters of the Ganges on her upward trip to Caragola Ghât. However, four hours' steaming, including the time spent in getting on and off a sand-bank in the sacred river, brought her to her destination; and, by half-past two in the afternoon, we were safely landed on the dreary-looking stretch of white sand, which, in the dry season, forms the point of disembarkation for Caragola. During the rains, when the mighty stream is brimming over, this desolate expanse is entirely under water, and the landing-place, in consequence, fully a mile nearer the dâk-bungalow.

There is no scenery between Sahibgunge and Caragola—the naked sand-banks of the river being decidedly the reverse of picturesque, more especially as trees and shrubs seem to have scarcely any existence within at least a hundred yards of the water's edge.

Native boats were most numerous, and nearly all of the same fashion and build, even to the sails, which, almost without exception, appeared to be constructed of old and ragged gunny-bags. These vessels, as the wind was exceedingly light, progressed but slowly against the current, even though aided, as they were frequently, by two or more men poling with long bamboos.

At the ghât we found our champony waiting for us, and, having scrambled in, were driven to the dâk-bungalow, fully a mile distant; the bullocks sinking at every step for several inches in the soft sand, which covers the track for the greater portion of the way.

The champony is a kind of oblong transit-cart, five feet, six inches in length, three feet, five and a half inches in width, and three feet, six inches in height. It is perched upon two high, slender wheels, of thirty inches radius, entirely enclosed, for half its height, by wooden panels, and surmounted by a palkee-roof, from which depend canvas blinds, that can be rolled up, or fastened down, at the option of the travellers, so as to meet the wooden portion of the front and sides, and thus exclude the light from the interior. There is a well in the centre, seven inches deep, fifteen and a half inches wide, and extending from side to side of the vehicle, which is intended, I presume, for the limited quantity of luggage—viz: half a maund—allowed to be carried. The driver sits in front, on the same level as the floor of the champony, and the entrance, for passengers, is at the back. It is, altogether, a very ricketty affair, and the springs are so bad, that, no matter how smooth the road, its progress is one continued series of jolts, from the commencement of the journey to the end. The pace, too, is abominably slow, the pair of bullocks, which draw it, rarely reaching the rate of three miles per hour, including stoppages for change of cattle.*

There are two or three good houses in the neighbourhood of the dâk-bungalow at Caragola, and clusters of native huts extend for some distance on either side; but the ground upon which they are built is low, and abounds in rank, coarse grass, very suggestive of swampy soil for at least some portion of the year.

After a bath and dinner at the dâk-bungalow, we paid the somewhat exorbitant charges of the khansamah for a most inferior meal; and, once more taking possession of our champony, started, by the light of a brilliant moon, for Purneah—distant twenty-nine miles—about eight o'clock.

The early part of the night was warm enough, but, towards morning, the air became so chilly, that I was glad to close the blind on my side of the vehicle, and cover myself with a cloak for the remainder of the weary way—seemingly much longer than it really was, from the slow pace at which we travelled. At length, about sunrise, our tedious

* During my return journey I saw a better description of champony in use on the same road.

drive was concluded, and we found ourselves at the dâk-bungalow, at Purneah, which is a capital building, prettily situated on an extensive, grassy plain, diversified with scattered trees. The station is of considerable size, and contains a number of fine houses, as well as the usual proportion of native huts, but I am told, it is very unhealthy at certain seasons of the year, and, moreover, excessively hot and unpleasant. In our case, a tremendous dust-storm, accompanied by a cool breeze from the northward, swept over the place in the afternoon, and reduced the temperature considerably. The storm brought heavy clouds and lightning with it, but not a drop of rain.

The road from Caragola to Punkabaree (known as the Ganges and Darjeeling Road) is planted on each side with trees, for almost the entire distance. They are chiefly jak, mango, peepul, banyan and other kinds of Indian figs. Those between Caragola and Purneah are, for the most part, of great age and size, but the rest are generally small and young.

As it grew dark, we left Purneah, and arrived at Dingra Ghât shortly before sunrise on the 20th March, having been nearly nine hours in accomplishing twenty miles over a most excellent road.

Dingra is a small village on the Mahanuddee River, and the second station from Caragola on the road to Darjeeling. The river is broad and deep in some places, and, at present, it is, as compared with all the other streams that we have lately seen, tolerably full of water. Its banks are of sand, abounding in mica, and deriving therefrom, the appearance of being glazed.

The dâk-bungalow is an excellent specimen of its kind, close to the high-road, and about half-a-mile from the ferry, on the south side of the river. Its situation is airy and pleasant, there being nothing in the vicinity to interrupt the free play of any breeze that may be stirring. The two or three small, scattered, native villages are all at some distance, and I did not observe any European residences.

The country in the neighbourhood is very flat and open, and, within the radius of a mile or two, almost destitute of trees. It seems to consist entirely of grain-fields, where the people grow wheat, barley, etc., in the dry season, and rice in the rains, during which, the khid-

mutgar informed us, the water extends in all directions, coming up to within a few yards of the dâk-bungalow. The soil is full of mica, and has the same shining appearance that the river-sand presents.

The common myna *(Acridotheres tristis)*, and the pretty little social-lark *(Calandrella brachydactyla)*, generally called 'ortolan' in India, were very abundant at Dingra, two mango-trees, close in front of the bungalow, being filled, throughout the day, with the former, and all the neighbouring fields plentifully supplied with the latter. On one of the mango-trees just alluded to, there were some eight or ten of the beautiful, pendent, grass nests of the interesting little baya, or weaver-bird (*Ploceus baya)*, the produce of past seasons, and, curiously enough, the other tree, which stands close by, and possesses, one would think, equal advantages, was totally unoccupied.

We left Dingra early in the evening, and crossed the Mahanuddee in a large, native boat, which carried our champony and bullocks, as well as ourselves. The road from the ghât follows the sandy beach of the river for some distance, and is not particularly good thereabouts, but it soon leads into the most capital highway, that extends nearly from Caragola to the foot of the hills. Kishengunge, the next stopping-place in the route, is twenty miles from Dingra, and the journey occupied about the usual time, extending almost to daylight on the morning of the 21st. The dâk-bungalow is beautifully situated in the centre of an immense, grassy plain, apparently unbroken for a long distance round. A native village of small dimensions, the deputy-magistrate's house, and a dozen or so of other scattered buildings, with a few trees, and an occasional clump of bamboos, are the sole objects in its vicinity, and none of these were sufficiently close to interrupt the delicious sweep of the breeze, which, during our visit, was rolling about us, cool and invigorating, and purified from all dust by the recent rain. We were especially fortunate, however, as it appeared, for the bearer at the dâk-bungalow declared that a hot wind had been blowing, only the day before, for several hours.

The next station, Titalya, being forty miles distant, we left Kishengunge early in the afternoon, and, in about sixteen hours, our tortoise-

paced vehicle stopped at the dâk-bungalow, which is a small building on the summit of a mound close to the Mahanuddee River. Its situation is pleasant, and, in clear weather, the mountains are quite visible from the verandah. During our stay, however, dark clouds screened them wholly from our gaze, or gave us only momentary peeps at their lower spurs.

The road between Kishengunge and Titalya passes over a level plain of vast dimensions, which looks as if it was accustomed to be covered with water during the rains, as the little bunds, or embankments, characteristic of rice-fields, were everywhere plentiful on its surface. There are a few villages at long intervals, but not many trees, or even bamboos. The vicinity of the road abounded in hill mynas *(Eulabes intermedia)* which gave life to the otherwise lonely highway, and, as long as daylight lasted, cheered us with their rich, tinkling voices. *Volkameria infortunata*, which the Hindoos call bhant, was abundantly in flower, as also a beautiful *Osbeckia*, but I did not observe any other plants, excepting *Leucas aspera*, whose silvery-white blossoms are common everywhere in these regions.

We remained at Titalya only long enough for breakfast, and then resumed the journey to Silligoree, fifteen miles further, where we arrived late in the afternoon, having passed over a continuation of the same level country before mentioned, dotted, here and there, with small villages, embosomed in bamboos and plantains. Silligoree is rather a wild, desolate-looking spot, with scarcely any trees near it, and the dâk-bungalow, which stands close to the bank of the Mahanuddee River, is a damp, mouldy, little building, with a thatched roof, through which the rain trickled pretty freely. Supplies, moreover, seemed rather scarce, for no bread was procurable, and we had to content ourselves with inferior chupatties as a substitute.

A beautiful Persian lilac-tree stands near the house. It appeared to me to be that species called bukayun, or bukain, by the Hindoos —the *Melia bukayun* of Royle, which Roxburgh considered identical with the *Melia sempervirens* of Swartz.

Next morning we started early, and completed the sixteen miles between Silligoree and Punkabaree by about three o'clock in the after-

noon. The bridge over the Mahanuddee, at the former place, being out of repair, it was necessary to ford the stream, which, however, was very low and scarcely rose higher than the bullocks' knees. Its water was exceedingly clear, and flowing over a hard, sandy and pebbly bed, in which the micaceous particles were very abundant. We then entered the Terai—that celebrated forest which skirts a portion of the base of the Himalayas, and which has earned such a terrible reputation from the malarious exhalations, that still render its passage by night, during the rainy season, a journey of some risk; but, for a long distance, on either side of the road, nearly all the large trees have been removed, and there remains now nothing but a thick second-growth or rank grass, interspersed with shrubs and climbing plants of many species, with, here and there, one of the primeval giants, which has escaped the fate of nearly all its fellows. The road through the Terai is by no means a bad one, and I rather enjoyed the drive than otherwise, even in the slow, lumbering champony. Every now and then, a dhak-tree (*Butea frondosa*), laden with bright scarlet flowers, or a large shrub with reddish capsules. which I took to be *Helicteres isora*, would relieve the monotony of colour, and, occasionally, a lovely *Bauhinia*, or a patch of epiphytal orchids, added tints of more delicate hue. The forest was very silent—strange-voiced birds, at intervals, only, breaking the stillness, and reminding one that the solitude was more apparent than real.

It is a curious fact that this malarious locality, hitherto so deadly in its effects upon the human frame, is inhabited with perfect impunity by two races of men, called Mechis and Dimals, who are said to be remarkably healthy, though perpetually exposed to the poisonous air, which is so destructive to the European, the genuine hill-man, and the swarthy native of the plains. Strangely enough, however, we are told that they dread the open country, where they are almost always seized with fever. These people are stated to be of the Mongolian division of the human race, and to be of a yellow hue. They are pastoral and agricultural tribes, and are described to be industrious, honest, inoffensive and cheerful. They are almost omnivorous, and can hardly be said to practice any religion, though we are told that some of the

forms of Hindooism are in use among them. I did not, to my knowledge, see any of these curious and interesting beings.

We crossed two tributaries of the Mahanuddee, by small bridges, but they were insignificant brooks, containing scarcely any water—a condition which, in all probability, was only attributable to the continued dry weather.

About two miles below Punkabaree stands the native village of Besurbatee, or Gareedoora, where my driver declared I should have to leave the champony, and ride or walk the rest of the way; however, upon enquiry, neither ponies nor coolies were to be had, so, *nolens volens*, my garrywan was compelled to re-yoke his bullocks, and commence the ascent to Punkabaree, about 1200 feet higher up. Besurbatee stands on the edge of the Terai, and at the foot of the hills, though, for some two miles before, the road ascends slightly, as it begins to creep up the roots of the lower spurs, which are, I understand, only 300 feet above the sea-level.

As the bullocks were evidently very tired, I relieved them of my weight at this place, and, following S——, who had gone on some two hours before, started to walk to Punkabaree. The road is most excellent, and exceedingly picturesque, winding up the slopes through a beautiful forest, which was adorned with *Bauhinias* loaded with blossom, and festooned with white and yellow *Convolvuli*, as well as other climbers, that, notwithstanding the season, were, in many instances, gay with bright flowers. The great and, for the most part, forest-clothed mountains, too, opened out their glories more fully at every succeeding step, and tea-plantations and settlers' houses, perched up in apparently almost inaccessible places, lent an additional interest to a walk that was, in itself, wonderfully attractive and enjoyable. Steeper and steeper grew the ascent, until I reached the dâk-bungalow of Punkabaree, standing upon a spur which overlooks a charming valley, and refreshed myself with a bowl of Himalayan tea, which S—— had caused to be prepared in anticipation of my arrival. For the last mile, or so, heavy clouds had been gathering fast, and I narrowly escaped a wetting from the rain, which fell almost immediately.

The dâk-bungalow is small, and seemingly not very waterproof, if

one may judge from the appearance of the walls. The roof is shingled and the floor planked—peculiarities which, in themselves, were strong evidences of our having at last reached the Himalayas.

At Punkabaree there is a sort of village, or, more properly, a number of sheds and offices belonging to various government departments, as well as some native huts, occupied chiefly by coolies and others, who make a living by transporting goods, either on their backs, or by means of ponies and bullocks, to the different stations higher up. In addition, there are, in the neighbourhood, some pleasant-looking residences of tea-planters and government officials.

Here we first saw the hill-men—sturdy, muscular fellows, very dirty, and very wild-looking, with long, black hair and beardless faces. They proved to be Lepchas and Sikkim-Bhoteas, the burden-bearing race of this portion of the Himalayas, without whose assistance, under existing circumstances, travellers would find much difficulty in getting their luggage carried up the mountains.

We found a sensible difference in the temperature at Punkabaree from that of the plains, and enjoyed the cooler and fresher atmosphere, which was laden with moisture, and, to me, consequently, very grateful, after the prolonged dry weather I had so recently experienced.

Soon after nightfall, my attention was attracted by a curious noise, in the forest below us, which bore such a close resemblance to that which would be caused by a man, at some distance, striking a plank, at quick and regular intervals, with a hammer, that I was, at first, quite deceived as to its origin. Presently, however, a similar noise came from the opposite direction, and, almost immediately, a large goatsucker, flitting silently through the heavy woods, perched upon a tree about fifteen yards away, and began to utter the singular sound I refer to. Shortly afterwards, he flew away, apparently in pursuit of insects, emitting a slight, low cry, like 'tuk-a-tuk,' as he took wing. I have no doubt the bird was the large Bengal night-jar *(Caprimulgus albonotatus)* of Jerdon's '*Birds of India*,' in which work the call is described with the author's accustomed care and accuracy.

From Caragola to near Titalya, the high-road is most excellent, and metalled throughout, with, I think, a mixture of brick and kun-

kur; and, even beyond that point, there is not much to complain of, in the dry season, at all events; although, in parts, here and there, the track is somewhat rough and unpleasant. I understand that the new cart-road to Darjeeling will avoid Punkabaree entirely, and run almost straight from Silligoree to Kursiong. From the latter station, upwards to the sanatarium, it is already completed, and the remainder, I was told, will also soon be available for traffic.

The morning was bright and fair on the 24th March, and the sun almost hot, as we started on foot for Kursiong, 4500 feet above the sea, and 2900 feet higher than Punkabaree, though only six miles distant. Behind us were our riding-ponies, led by the syces, and, further to the rear, our baggage-train, consisting of more ponies, which were driven up the sloping road, much in the same manner as a flock of sheep. The ascent was somewhat severe, from the sharp pace at which we walked, and, after accomplishing about two-thirds of the distance, I was glad to mount my diminutive steed, and throw the rest of the fatigue on him. S——, however, continued on foot, and walked the whole way.

Kursiong is much colder than Punkabaree, and there is, also, a marked difference in the vegetation, amongst which I recognised, and hailed as old friends, not a few of the familiar genera of Europe.

There is evidently a town springing up here, and the place deserves a better dâk-bungalow than the wretched and dirty little building, which is so designated at present. All round are beautiful hills, and most of them display evidences of tea-plantations, either actually formed or in progress. The bright green tiers of tea-plants, too uniform to be picturesque, and the houses of the cultivators, give a certain life to the mountain-landscape, and, although sadly marring its wild beauty, are cheerful-looking and pleasant to the eye.

With the ascent the grandeur of the scenery increased, and every bend of the zigzag, climbing road, shewed us fresh views of the splendid peaks, and the deep and gloomy-looking khuds and gorges, seemingly choked up with rank vegetation, and shaded from the sun by the massive trees, crowding upon one another, and shutting out light for ever from the trickling rivulets which, in the depth of shade below,

represent the furious torrents, that, in the rainy season, must come crashing and foaming down the steep sides of these huge mountains, from the height of land above.*

The road is, of course, scarped out of the hill-side throughout, and the fearful depth of some of the khuds almost makes one's head swim, and renders looking down a dangerous experiment for those unaccustomed to such elevations.

After breakfasting at Kursiong, we resumed our journey to Darjeeling, in much the same order as that we had observed at starting—S—— and I in front, and the servants and luggage following. The scenery grew wilder as we advanced; the mountains seemed higher and grander, and the valleys larger and more profound; but we could form no very definite idea of their features, for, soon after leaving Kursiong, a dense mist completely enveloped us, and only permitted occasional glimpses of the huge hills and precipitous khuds along our route.

Towards evening we reached Senadah, and took up our quarters for the night in Mr. White's comfortable and pleasantly-situated hotel, which is about half-way between Kursiong and Darjeeling, close

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* When I passed through these glorious forests, on my return to the plains, in July, the trees were in full leaf, and not a few of them in flower, while the lesser jungle was ornamented with the snowy bracts and bright orange corollas of a species of *Mussœnda*, the graceful, feathery-like inflorescence of several kinds of *Polygona*, and the rich and striking spikes of yellow blossom displayed by the noble *Cyrtopera flava*. The hill-sides were laced with foaming rivulets, bounding over the rocks amidst the rich, green, dripping forest, and through the wild gorges, screened from the sunlight by majestic trees, or beautiful arborescent ferns, as they hurried, in their mad career, down to the bright rivers which their waters help to feed. The change, as I descended towards Punkabaree, from the silent and magnificent upper woods of oaks, chesnuts and magnolias, to the almost tropical forest, which clothes the lower elevations, though not sudden, was sufficiently rapid to be very striking, accompanied, as it was, by the strange and varied combination of sounds characteristic of the warmer jungles, which increased in violence and intensity, as I neared the plains, until the uproar of animal and insect life was perfectly astonishing.

to the new cart-road. A few years since, there was a dâk-bungalow at Chuttuckpore, on the old road, but, if in existence, it is no longer used, and Mr. White's hotel is now, I believe, the only place where shelter and food can be obtained by the traveller in this locality.

Senadah is on the shoulder of the Pucheem Hill, one of the many spurs from an enormous mountain called Sinchul, whose summit is one of the loftiest of the outer Himalaya ; and, further down, on the same spur, which trends from Sinchul in a south-westerly direction, towards the valley formed by the Balasun and Pucheem Rivers, is the pretty little settlement of Hope Town, which was established by two enterprising gentlemen about ten years ago. The elevation of this spur at Senadah—about two miles above Hope Town—is said to be 7000 feet, but it slopes continuously downwards, and, at its lower end, the altitude is very considerably less. It is bounded on the north by the Rungmook River, on the west by the Balasun, on the south by the Pucheem, and on the east by the Pucheem, and the new cart-road to Darjeeling. Hope Town contains five thousand, seven hundred and ninety-three acres of land, which are divided into fifty-eight different lots, but, up to the present time, a very small number of these have been built upon. Indeed, just now, the settlement is almost deserted, owing to the non-success of its tea-plantations, and very few of the houses are occupied. Charmingly placed amidst beautiful forest and mountain scenery, and in a most picturesque and healthy locality, it is surprising that this attractive little town should not have fulfilled the hopes of its projectors, whose enterprise and public spirit deserved a more gratifying and prosperous result.

We left Mr. White's comfortable little hotel—where civility and attention are happily combined with low charges—pretty early on the 25th March, and soon completed the remaining ten miles into Darjeeling, arriving at a sort of private dâk-bungalow, owned by a resident, about eleven o'clock.

CHAPTER IX.

Judging from my past experience of much travel over many countries, I do not hesitate to say that there could have been few spots on earth more fitted to arouse the fullest feelings of admiration, wonder and reverence than Darjeeling, in the days gone by, ere man profaned the glory of the wilderness, and stamped the impress of his existence upon the rolling hills and fleecy forests that enclose the site of the 'Holy Spot;' * for, standing in the centre of a vast amphitheatre of stupendous mountains, which bound the view on every side, like the surging billows of a huge and stormy sea, the picturesque spur, known as the Darjeeling Hill, is so situated as to afford a most extensive and wondrous prospect, embracing not only tier upon tier of towering summits, each one of which would lend majesty and grandeur to an ordinary landscape, but including, also, many profound and mighty valleys, robed in the primeval forest, far down in the depths of which, half-hidden from the gaze of man, snow-fed rivers wend their solitary way, and the waters of the Great Rungeet shine like a ribbon of golden light. And, as if this astonishing panorama were not almost sufficient to overwhelm the beholder with its marvellous grandeur, away to the northward, reaching, it would seem, nearly half up to heaven, in all their awful sublimity, are the glittering and ice-topped mountains of the Snowy Range. There, in solemn majesty, these emblems of eternity, a glorious type of the mighty handiwork of that dread Being, who

> "Alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea,"

have stood for countless ages, unexplored by human foot, and thus

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* Such is said to be the translation of the word Darjeeling.

invested with an interest, which few other objects on earth possess.

My words are utterly powerless to describe my feelings when this view first burst upon me, and, even now, I can hardly realize the fact of its existence, or believe that it is other than a sublime and wondrous dream.

The sanatarium of Darjeeling is built chiefly on the western slope of a spur from Sinchul, which, when it first leaves the main ridge—whose summit is 8600 feet above the sea—has a somewhat westerly direction, and dips rapidly downwards to 7400 feet; then, abruptly rising again to the height of 7800 feet, it turns almost due north for rather more than two miles; after which, it sinks again for a short distance, and bends round to the westward, making a deep curve of about two thousand yards in length, and, finally, falling fast, it loses itself amongst the lesser hills of the valley of the Little Rungeet River. The dip, above mentioned, is called the 'saddle,' the subsequent lofty ridge—which has a triple top—is the Jella Pahar, and the lower, curving hill, the Darjeeling Mountain. The last mentioned, at its highest point, is 7167 feet above the sea, but, at Birch Hill, where the summit terminates, it is 285 feet lower. A great variety of lesser spurs are thrown out both from the Darjeeling Hill and the Jella Pahar, of which, the two largest—extending like the prongs of a huge fork, in a north-easterly direction, from the former, towards the Great Rungeet River—are called respectively Leebong and Tukvar. Their greatest altitude is little more than 6000 feet, and they slope rapidly downwards, Tukvar, the more westerly of the two, especially.

The neighbouring country is very mountainous, and indeed such may be said to be the entire character of British Sikkim, north of Punkabaree, as well as a few miles to the southward of that station; the remainder, consisting of the two Morung Purgunnahs, called Patturghatta and Hattigheesa, is, so far as I know, perfectly flat and level.

The whole territory is of small extent, embracing only, according to Captain Sherwill's survey, 740 square miles, 122 acres, 3 roods and 39 perches. The hill-portion—that is to say, British Sikkim, exclusive of the two Morung Purgunnahs—consists of 440 square miles, 73 acres, 2 roods and 22 perches. It is bounded on the north

by the Rummum and Great Rungeet Rivers; on the east by the Teesta and Mahanuddee; on the west by the Singalelah Range of mountains, and the Mechi River; and on the south by the District of Purneah

The sides of all the hills are steep, and often precipitous, and the summits generally hog-backed. At no very distant period, they must have been abundantly clothed with forest, but now, the lower slopes are almost entirely cleared, and, more or less, under some sort of cultivation. On the loftier parts, however, there still exists, in many places, a luxuriant growth of magnificent trees, which renders them very beautiful, particularly in spring, when the magnolias and rhododendrons—that make up a large portion of their covering—are in abundant bloom.

In these glorious forests timber-trees of great size and stupendous height are plentiful, varying in genera and species according to the altitude and locality, and embracing, as may be supposed, multitudes of different kinds. The Government Forest Rules of British Sikkim, divide the 'reserved timber' of the 'temperate forests'—which may be said to extend, approximately, from 10,000 down to 6500 feet of elevation—into two classes, which are rated in value, according to the following order:—

FIRST CLASS.

Acrote or Walnut *(Juglans regia)*
Champ, or White Magnolia *(Michelia excelsa)* Katoos, or Chesnut *(Castanea* sp.*)*
Red Magnolia *(Magnolia Campbellii)* Booke *(Quercus lamellosa)*

SECOND CLASS.

Badjirat *(Quercus* sp.*)* Chalaunee *(Gordonia* sp.*)*
Puddum *(Cerasus puddum)* Lali *(Phœbe* sp.*)*

Then, the produce of the 'tropical forests'—extending downwards from 6500 to the plains—is thus estimated

FIRST CLASS.

Sitsal *(Dalbergia latifolia)*
Sâl (*Shorea robusta*) Chalaunee (*Gordonia Wallichii*)
Urjun (*Terminalia* sp.) Sissoo (*Dalbergia Sissoo*)

SECOND CLASS.

Seet (*Acacia elata*) Amluki (*Acacia stipulata*) Gumbir (*Gmelina arborea*)

Khair (*Acacia catechu*)
Semul (*Bombax Malabaricum*)
Guya babula (*Acacia farnesiana*)
Bamboos (*Bambusa* sp.)

The zones of vegetation on these hills are well marked, and, in many cases, the observer can almost take in, at one glance, the various forms of the temperate and torrid regions. Looking down, for instance, from the slopes of the Tukvar Spur, into the valley of the Little Rungeet River, with oaks and magnolias a short distance above him, he sees the ravines below crowded with plantains, and tall, luxuriant bamboos —the broad and drooping leaves of the former, and the feathery frondage of the latter being most strikingly tropical. Or, on the Leebong Mountain, which has not yet been cleared to the same extent as Tukvar, he can trace the various gradations with tolerable facility. The contrasts are, of course, not so striking as upon the other hill, but the chain is more complete. At the foot of this ridge, in the valley of the Great Rungeet River, the heat is great and constant, and the vegetation, consequently, characteristic of a hot climate; while, on the summit, 6000 feet higher up, the transition to the temperate world is almost accomplished. The ascent, continued to Darjeeling, and thence to Sinchul, takes the traveller to the region of the purple magnolia (*Magnolia Campbellii*) and several species of rhododendrons, which are not found below 8000 feet; and, about 2000 feet above this, he reaches the lower limit of the fir (*Abies Webbiana*). It is not the least of the enjoyments of travelling in these mountains, this rapid alternation of vegetable character, which carries one, in a botanical point of view, through many countries—so to speak—in the space of a few days' marching.

The whole of the great woods manifest strongly the geniality and moisture of the Sikkim climate. Vegetation is perfectly unrestrained, and almost overwhelming. It not only covers the earth, but the trunks of the large trees are positively green from living mosses; and their

lofty crowns are so laden with parasites and epiphytes, their branches so festooned and draped with climbers, and interlaced with monkey-ropes, that it is difficult, in many instances, to distinguish the native foliage of the tree from that of these abundant followers of its fortunes. The lesser jungle is thick, and so plentifully supplied with raspberry-bushes, as to be particularly obnoxious to one's clothes; but terrestrial, herbaceous, flowering plants—especially those with gay or conspicuous blossoms—are strangely rare, so far as my experience goes. Even the epiphytal *Orchideæ* seem, for the most part, to possess only white, or pale-hued inflorescence, though its quantity is unquestionably marvellous.

Mammals are very scarce. With the exception of two or three squirrels, in all my wanderings, through these woods, I met with no representatives of that branch of animated nature; and, to my great surprise, very few insects, excepting several kinds of venomous flies, which soon reminded me of their existence, by stinging my hands unmercifully. Leeches fairly swarm amongst the grass and thick ground-vegetation, and are very annoying, for they insinuate themselves through the smallest opening, and draw blood vigorously, though the wounds they make are absolutely painless. Our Sikkimese servants declare that they are not found in the low grounds, and my own experience agrees with this statement: I only saw a single individual in the hot valley, whereas they were abundant on the summit of Mount Tonglo.

Birds are very numerous, and vary, as the vegetation does, with the altitude. Within the space of a few hours, the ornithologist may hear the strange voice of the Paradise edolius *(Edolius paradiseus)* and the rich, mellow call of the ocellated laughing-thrush *(Garrulax ocellatus)* which I have not met with below 8000 feet. There is no district in the world, perhaps, where such a varied and large collection of birds may be made: the range is so extensive, that it embraces nearly all the tropical and temperate species of British India.

Of reptiles I have seen but few, though, amongst them, were several species of snakes. Only a short time since, we met with a large cobra on the main-road round the Darjeeling Hill.

The soil of this neighbourhood is a yellowish, greasy clay, mixed, in

many places, with disintegrated gneiss, which appears to furnish most of the surface-rock of the district. From the peculiar formation of the land, the rich vegetable mould—the produce of generations of decayed leaves—is very apt to be washed away, during the rains, after the forest has been cleared, and, in some places, there is, literally, nothing left but the naked rock.

CHAPTER X.

The Darjeeling Mountain, excepting at the back, where it is very precipitous, and, in the great notch between the spurs of Tukvar and Leebong, displays, at the present time, very little wood, and none, I think, of primeval character; but, on Jella Pahar, there is yet some of the ancient forest left, even on the upper slopes, where it is, however, all enclosed within the grounds attached to the various residences. Lower down, especially on the eastern side, little change has taken place, probably owing to the steepness of the face of the mountain, which does not increase its suitability for settlement.

With the exception of some of the peaks of the Singalelah Range, none of the British mountains exceed the altitude of Sinchul; and the highest point of the former, within our boundaries, is the apex of Phulloot, 12,042 feet above the sea.

The British Hill-Territory of Darjeeling is plentifully supplied with small mountain-streams, but there are no large rivers, excepting the Teesta, the Great Rungeet, and the Rummun, all of which are on the boundaries. In the immediate vicinity of the station, the Little Rungeet and the Rungmo are the most considerable: the former, rising on Mount Tonglo, on the west side of the hill, and the latter, from Sinchul, on the east. They both have a somewhat north-easterly course, and fall into the Great Rungeet.

Cane-bridges, those characteristic structures of the Himalaya ,are to be met with on all these rivers, and every visitor to Darjeeling can readily gratify his curiosity—should he possess any on the subject—by crossing them. They are perfectly safe, but sway about with every breeze, and with the weight of the traveller, in a manner, that, to a nervous individual, is rather unpleasant, and strongly suggestive of

utter helplessness.

The climate of Darjeeling, though exceedingly humid, is considered to be well suited to the European constitution, and high authorities have pronounced it the healthiest in India. It is very temperate, equable and pleasant, though perhaps, the excessive rain-fall renders the last-named qualification less striking than it would be under other circumstances. The mean, annual temperature, published in Captain Hathorn's '*Hand-book*' is 54° of Fahrenheit, and the rain-fall 126 inches. The prevailing winds, during the dry seasons, are from east to south-east, and, in the rains, from south to south-west.

The usual productions of such a climate are cultivated in this district, but I have not seen any European fruits, nor can I learn whether they have ever been fairly tried or not. I should imagine, however, that the upper slopes and summits, at all events, are much too damp and cloudy for them, as they evidently are for wheat and barley. Potatoes thrive admirably, and the flavour of some of the other vegetables is particularly good. Tea, however, seems to be the most promising of all the imported plants, and holds out the hope of great wealth, in the future, to its cultivators. Flourishing plantations now cover, besides other localities in the vicinity, a considerable portion of the Leebong Mountain, and nearly the whole of Tukvar, down to the Little Rungeet River. The produce of these 'gardens' is excellent, and, in my opinion, for richness and delicacy of flavour, is not to be surpassed, even by the choicest yield of the China hills.

The Tea-tree seems to be admirably suited, in all the requisites of soil, climate and position, on the lower spurs of British Sikkim. It is a thirsty plant, but, at the same time, impatient of swampy land : in other words, abundance of rain is necessary to its successful cultivation, while the removal of superfluous moisture must be provided for, so that none may lie about its roots; and nature has supplied, on the slopes of these mountains, the very best locality for the maintenance of both these conditions. The rain-fall is very heavy, but the inclination of the land is such, that all superabundant water is speedily carried away. Then, the temperature—below 5000 feet of elevation—appears to be very favourable to its health and vigour, though, above

that altitude, it is not so.

Hitherto, it would seem that tea-planting has not been very profitable, as a speculation, in this district, but many circumstances, quite apart from its cultivation, appear to have led to this result; and future efforts are not likely to be influenced by extraneous causes to the same extent. Indeed the present year,* owing to the almost daily rain since the middle of March, combined with alternations of sunshine—a condition of climate most favourable, it is said, to the prosperity of the plant—promises an enormous 'out-turn,' which will probably prove an earnest of a more successful state of things.

The seed is generally sown in October, and, in the spring and summer of the third year, the leaves are fit for picking: the yield, of course, varies with circumstances, and with the size of the tree.

The government has cinchona plantations on the great spur from Sinchul, that trends towards the Teesta River, but, I regret to say, I have no information on the subject. I have heard, however, that *Cinchona succirubra*—said to be the most valuable species—has been successfully grown.

Rice, maize, wheat, barley and other grains are cultivated, more or less, at various altitudes, by the natives, and a species of millet, called murrooa, *(Eleusine coracana)* affords them a favourite beverage. The fermented seed is put into a chunga, or bamboo vessel, cut from the large, hollow, jointed stems of that useful plant, and hot-water poured upon it. The liquor which results, is then sucked up through a reed or bamboo tube, much in the same manner as a 'sherry cobbler.' It is pleasant to the taste, and has an agreeable odour, somewhat suggestive of raspberries, over which spirit has been poured.

On the crest, and in the curve of the Darjeeling Mountain, lies the little town, with its white cottages scattered over the grassy slopes, and amongst the stray patches of woodland, that, here and there, somewhat scantily adorn the roadsides and private grounds. But, although picturesque when viewed at a distance, the station has little claim to beauty, on a close examination, for the scarcity of ornamental trees, combined with the plain, inelegant style of its architecture, give it more

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* 1867.

the appearance of an emigrant settlement, recently established, than an Indian sanatarium of some years' existence. The houses are, almost without an exception, white with black roofs—the latter being chiefly shingled and tarred, though, in some instances, corrugated iron has been employed—and the godowns and out-buildings are the most unsightly objects imaginable. Filthy, native dwellings abound also, and, on the whole, the least possible advantage seems to have been taken of a beautiful natural site. In some few cases, however, efforts have been successfully made to adorn certain localities, by the introduction of weeping-willows, and other imported, ornamental trees, which mingle pleasingly with the stately magnolias and splendid rhododendrons of the native soil; and it is a pity that such good examples should not be followed by all house-owners in Darjeeling, who need go no further than the adjacent woods for abundant materials—where some of the noblest and most beautiful forest-trees in the world are growing.

The station is well provided with excellent roads, and possesses, also, a profusion of foot-paths, which form a perfect net-work of very labyrinthine character on the slopes of the mountain, winding round hills, and through khuds, sometimes in a manner most bewildering to a stranger.

During the rains the roads are almost constantly requiring repair, for, owing to the precipitous nature of the hill-sides, land-slips are of daily occurrence. Even that noble high-way—the new cart-road—is, I understand, sometimes rendered almost impassable, by the fall of rocks and trees, the foundations of which have been sapped by the insidious water.

On Jella Pahar are the barracks and other buildings of the Convalescent Depôt, as well as some private residences; and, on the top of Sinchul, about four miles further off, there is sufficient accommodation for a wing of a regiment. Both places are now occupied by troops, but the latter, it is said, will be shortly abandoned; owing, I believe, to the almost constant presence, during the greater portion of the year, of heavy clouds over and around the station.

A new road is in course of formation between the 'saddle' and the summit of Jella Pahar—in addition to the excellent one which already

leads to Sinchul—and sites are now being levelled for the erection of additional barracks, consequent upon a recent decision of the Commander-in-chief, which elevates the station from a second-class to a first-class convalescent depôt.

The usual domesticated animals are found, amongst the settlers, in these hills; but the cows, sheep and fowl are different from those of the plains. The first-mentioned are very fine animals, resembling English cattle, in appearance, but Captain Hathorn tells us that they are native varieties, respectively from Sikkim and Nepal, the former being the larger of the two. He enumerates, also, four several kinds of sheep; and refers to the Darjeeling fowl, as being specially remarkable for the extraordinary, groaning crow of the male bird.

I have seen no indigenous vegetables, but a large species of yam called bookh, is said to grow upon the mountains, and I suppose I must have overlooked it. I have met with, however, two kinds of wild raspberry in abundance, both of which produce an agreeable and refreshing fruit, and Captain Hathorn mentions three others. The native strawberry, though very tempting to the eye, is an insipid, mawkish little thing, which no one cares to taste a second time. Besides these, I know of no other edible, indigenous fruits, unless the barberry, a kind of wild cherry, two species of figs, and a small purple grape may be so included. I have seen none of them, excepting the first-mentioned, which is the only one found at the higher elevations.

Until quite recently Darjeeling was destitute of a hotel, though a sort of private dâk-bungalow, of small size, answered the required purpose to a limited extent: but now, acommodation for visitors is procurable at Mrs. Houghton's boarding-house, and at the Darjeeling Hotel, just opened by Mr. Bowman. If the proprietors of these two establishments can manage to meet the wants and comforts of travellers, at reasonable rates, their success must be, I imagine, very decided; for the outrageously high rents of the houses in the station are strongly calculated, not only to keep many visitors away altogether, but to drive those who do come, to seek lodgings, where they can live at a more moderate cost, than as tenants of such expensive bungalows.

Of the hill-men, who live in or near Darjeeling, the Nepalese, alone,

are plainly distinguishable by a stranger. They are a short and active race, with regular and good features, much lighter in hue than the natives of the plains, and, indeed, in many instances, very little darker than Europeans. Emigrants from Nepal, they are, nevertheless, very numerous in the Darjeeling territory, and their villages are to be met with on almost all the neighbouring hills, where, surrounded by pigs and filth, they seem to thrive and prosper, cultivating the land, or cutting timber for sale—great baskets of which latter the women and children daily bring into the station, upon their backs. The men are easily recognized by the 'kookree,' or crooked knife of their nation, which they all wear.

The remaining hill-tribes residing in British Sikkim, are so mixed up, and so much alike in general appearance, and in dress, that it is difficult to know them apart. Indeed, I find myself, after three months' stay in Darjeeling, and its vicinity, during which I have seen a great deal of these people, quite unable to distinguish a Sikkim-Bhotea from a Lepcha ; and a servant of ours, belonging to the former race, declares that he, himself, does not know them from one another, excepting by their language. They both dress in precisely the same manner, and both wear the 'ban,' or Lepcha straight knife. The real facts would seem to be that they are simply the representatives respectively of the two races of Kamba and Rong, into which we are told the inhabitants of Sikkim are divided—the Lepcha proper, or Rong, being the aboriginal native of the country, and the Khambas, emigrants, some seven or eight generations since, from beyond the snows of the Himalaya. They are all Boodhists, and omnivorous ; displaying however, a partiality for pork, which, in its living state, is abundant in their villages.

Though very dirty in their habits—less so, however, than the Nepalese—the natives of Sikkim are a pleasant and good-tempered people, with fair complexions, long black hair, and no beards. Many of the younger individuals have a perceptible bloom in their cheeks, like Europeans, and, in spite of the obliquity of their eyes, some are decidedly handsome. They are a larger and stouter race than the Nepalese; and they carry incredibly heavy burdens with apparent ease. I

believe them to be thoroughly honest, and I have invariably found them cheerful, civil and obliging, beyond any other people I have ever met with. Whether employed in our house, as servants, or in the jungle, as coolies, even after bearing heavy weights throughout a long day's march, they were always happy and contented—always willing—the best and pleasantest camp-followers I have ever known. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that the discomforts of our forest-expeditions were greatly mitigated, and their enjoyments considerably enhanced by the genuine good-nature and obliging dispositions of our amiable, simple-minded Sikkimese.

I find, in addition to the above, four other tribes mentioned in Captain Sherwill's '*Map of British Sikkim*;' but I have not seen any of them that I am aware of. They are Parbuttias, a race of agricultural Hindoos, occupying the hills between 1000 and 1500 feet; the Limboos, a warlike and beardless tribe of Mongols, residing from 1000 to 4000 feet; the Moormis, a pastoral and agricultural people—Mongolian Boodhists—who live between 4000 and 6000 feet; and the Gurungs, a Hindoo pastoral race from Nepal, whose *locale* is from 9000 to 14,500 feet, on the summits of the great Singalelah Range. A few Tibetians, also, are frequently seen.

And now, I have done with Darjeeling. I have not hesitated to record its blemishes, as they appeared in my eyes, and I have endeavoured to give a truthful, though brief, notice of the 'Holy Spot.' For me, it will always furnish pleasant memories, and I shall ever regard the three months spent amidst its glorious forests and stupendous mountains, as the most delightful episode in my Indian service.

A splendid future must await this charming little station; for, though of small extent, and slight repute at present, the time cannot be far distant, when its advantages will be fully known and thoroughly appreciated. Then its genial and grateful climate, combined with the almost matchless scenery of its vicinity, will draw hundreds of visitors from every part of the country, and the existing dull and almost lifeless village will become, not only a large and thriving city, but the most popular sanatarium in India.

APPENDIX.

LIST OF STATIONS BETWEEN BANGALORE AND MADRAS, WITH THE DISTANCES.

On the Bangalore Branch-Line Madras Railway.

	MILES.
Bangalore	
Cadjoody	12½
Malloor	24¼
Colar Road	41
Coopum	62¼
Jollarpett, *Junction*	84½

On the Main Line.

Vaniembady	93¾
Amboor	103¾
Mailputty	111
Gooriattum	120¾
Vellore	136
Theruvellum	143¼
Arcot	151½
Sholinghur	160¾
Arconum	174
Chinamapett	180½
Cudumbathoor	187
Trivellore	190¾
Tinnanore	198¾
Avady	203½
Perambore	213
Madras	216½

LIST OF PORTS BETWEEN MADRAS AND CALCUTTA, AT WHICH THE BRITISH-INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S VESSELS GENERALLY STOP, AND THE DISTANCES BETWEEN THEM.

	MILES.
Madras	
Masulipatam	186
Coconada	100
Vizagapatam	70
Bimlipatam	18
Gopaulpore	125
Calcutta	317
	816

LIST OF STATIONS BETWEEN CALCUTTA AND DELHI WITH THE DISTANCES.

East Indian Railway.

Calcutta	
Howrah	1
Balli	6½
Connaghur	9½
Serambore	13
Biddabatti	16
Chandernagore	21¼
Hooghly	24¼
Mugrah	30
Pundooah	38½
Boinchee	44½
Mymarree	51½
Suktikur	60
Burdwan	67½
Gooshkarrah	87½
Beddiah	94½
Bulpoor	99¼
Ahmoodpoor	113¼
Syntheea	119½
Muliarpoor	129¼
Rampore Haut	136¾
Nulhatee	145½
Mooraroee	155½
Pakowr	169½

	MILES.
Bahawa	185½
Teen Pahar	196
Maharajpore	210½
Sahibgunge	219½
Peerpoyntee	234
Colgong	246½
Ghogah	252¾
Bhaugulpore	265¼
Sultangunge	280½
Burriarpore	291½
Jumalpore	298
Durrarah	305½
Kujrah	316¼
Luckeeserai	327
Burhea	336¼
Mokameh	347¼
Barrh	363¼
Bucktearpore	374½
Futwah	389
Patna	396½
Bankipore	402¾
Dinapore	408¾
Bihta	419½
Arrah	433½
Beehea	446½
Rogonathpore	455½
Doomraon	465¾
Buxar	476
Guhmer	488½
Dildarnugger	498¼
Zumaneah	506¾
Sukuldeah	523
Mogul Serai	534¼
Alhowra Road	542¾
Chunar	554¼
Puharree	563¾
Mirzapore	573½
Gaepoora	585¾
Nuwaee	595¼
Sirsa Road	605½

	MILES.
Kurchuna	618¼
Allahabad	629¼
Manowree	640¼
Bharwaree	652½
Sirathoo	665¼
Khaga	680½
Berhampore	689¼
Futtehpore	701¾
Mulwah	712
Mohar	721¼
Sirsoul	736
Cawnpore	748¾
Bhowpore	762½
Roorah	776
Jheenjuk	787¾
Paphoond	800¼
Utchulda	810½
Burtna	822¾
Etawa	835¼
Jushwuntnugger	845
Badan	857
Shekoabad	869½
Ferozabad	882
Toondla, *Junction*	892¼
Burhan	901¼
Jaleysur Road	909½
Hattras Road	922
Palee	932
Allyghur	940¾
Somna	954¼
Khoorjah	967½
Chola	976½
Secundrabad	985¼
Dadree	996
Gazeeabad	1006½
Delhi	1017¼

Branch Lines, East Indian Railway.

Jumalpore	
Monghyr	5¾

	MILES.
Mogul Serai	
Benares	6¼

—o—

Toondla	
Agra	13¼

Lucknow and Cawnpore Line.

Cawnpore	
Oonao	8¾
Ajgaen	18¼
Harownee	28¼
Lucknow	42

LIST OF STATIONS BETWEEN CARAGOLA GHAT AND DARJEELING, WITH THE DISTANCES.

Caragola Ghat	
Purneah	29
Dingra	49
Kishengunge	69
Titalya	109
Silligoree	124
Punkabaree	140
Kursiong	146
Senadah	156
Darjeeling	166