

- (1) பக்கங்களின் எண்ணிக்கை 24
 (2) புதுக்கித் திருப்பிய நாள் 6/89
 (3) ஆதாரங்குறிப்பவர் சுருக்கொப்பம் 6/89

தமிழ்நாடு ஆவணக் காப்பகம்.

தமிழ்நாடு அரசு

வெளிப்பணி துறை

அரசாணை எண்.	239(W)	அச்சகம்
மு.கோப்புத் தாள் எண்.		பலவகை
நாள் :	24-1-1890	1980.

மடிக்கவோ கண்டபடி கையாளவோ கூடாது

செய்ய

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TENTH TOUR

OF

HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LORD CONNEMARA,
G.C.I.E.

CALCUTTA, DARJEELING, ALLAHABAD, SIMLA,
QUETTA, KURRACHEE AND BOMBAY.

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Shewing the different places visited by
H. E. THE RIGHT HON. LORD CONNEMARA
GOVERNOR OF MADRAS

Scale 1 Inch = 128 Miles = $\frac{1}{8110080}$

Photographed in Central Survey Office, Madras
1889

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The Governor arrived in Madras from his ninth tour on September 13th, and, after spending eight days at Guindy Park, embarked for Calcutta on his way to Simla, whither he had been invited by the Viceroy to confer on several important public questions.

We* left Madras at 6 p.m. on September 21st, in the S.S. *Kaporthala* of the British India Steam Navigation Company, and arrived at the mouth of the Hooghly, after a pleasant and uneventful voyage, on the morning of September 24th.

Taking our pilot on board we went on as far as Saugor, where the tide failed us and we had to anchor. The afternoon was utilised in visiting the lighthouse and telegraph station whence the arrival and departure of ships are notified to Calcutta. An extensive view is obtained from the top of the lighthouse. The island of Saugor consists of a close jungle which swarms with deer and pig, and the whole of the buildings are surrounded by a strong palisading to protect them from the attacks of the tigers with which the place used to be infested. Returning to our steamer we found the surf rising, so we had to wade out to our boat, and one of the party took an involuntary bath in the water of the sacred Ganges.

The next morning we went on to Calcutta, and at 4 p.m. His Excellency, landed, being received by Captain Currie, on behalf of the Lieutenant-Governor, by some of the Bengal officials and by a guard of honor of the 4th Bengal Infantry. We were not due at Simla till October 5th, so the Governor took advantage of the occasion to pay a visit to Darjiling, and to confer there with Sir Stuart Bayley, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The proposed East Coast Railway, now likely soon to become an accomplished fact, and the distress in Ganjam and Orissa, which are adjoining districts of the two provinces, formed topics of common interest.

On landing we drove straight to the railway station, and by 8 o'clock the following morning, after a hot night in the train, we were at Silliguri, whence starts the remarkable little railway that runs up to Darjiling, ascending 7,000 feet in 50 miles.

It is on the 2-feet gauge, and the passenger carriages are simply platforms on which are rows of seats, with a covering overhead to protect one from the sun and rain.

The engines weigh from 10 to 15 tons and are very powerful, dragging up a train of 15 or 16 carriages at a good speed, the ruling gradient being about 1 in 28. The inception and execution of this useful line are due to Mr. Prestage, and it has proved a great financial success, paying nearly 10 per cent. on its capital. The line follows, for the most part, the old cart-road, but various ingenious devices, such as spirals and reversing stations, have had to be resorted to in order to get it over some of the more difficult portions.

It was a lovely day and we had beautiful glimpses as we ascended of the plains below us and of the surrounding hills. Sometimes the line passes through what looks like an artificial avenue of forest-trees; sometimes it traverses dense jungle in which we see growing huge tree-ferns and the broad leaves of the wild plantain and calladium, while color is given by the purple clusters of the so-called Sikkim rose; sometimes it skirts perilously near the edge of a sheer precipice.

As we neared Darjiling there was a rift in the usual evening mist, and we had a fine view of the snowy ranges.

Sir Stuart Bayley was at the station to meet Lord Connemara, and accompanied by a guard of mounted volunteers we proceeded to The Shrubbery, the picturesque and charming residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, at the gate of which was drawn up a guard of honor from the European troops stationed at Darjiling. Several officials and the Maha Raja of Cooch Behar were also present to welcome His Excellency.

The next day we were up early to get a view of the snows, which, if visible at all, are generally so in the early morning before the sun has drawn the clouds up out of the valleys. They are often invisible for days and weeks together, but fortune favoured us. The morning sky was cloudless and Kanchenjunga—"the

* His Excellency Lord Connemara.
Mr. Claude Vincent, Acting Private Secretary.
Lord Marham and Captain Fowle, A.D.Cs.

five pinnacles or treasuries of snow"—stood before us in silent majesty and matchless purity. The highest peak is 28,156 feet high and is only distant 45 miles in a direct line from Darjiling, but it is difficult to realise its enormous elevation, principally, no doubt, because of the height from which it is viewed. With a telescope we were easily able to see the precise formation of the range and to note the places from which avalanches of the recently-fallen snow had thundered down. Observatory Hill, from which a fine panoramic view of the whole of the semicircle of mountains is obtained, is close by and we made the ascent. This hill is locally sacred, and while there we observed several hill people performing a curious ceremony. Long strings of parti-coloured cloth are sewn together and cut into jagged edges, each point representing a prayer, and are then hung up on to trees looking towards Lhasa, "the seat of the Gods," which is the Buddhist Mecca. Oblations of rice and fruits are meanwhile offered.

In the afternoon we descended about 2,000 feet to see the Tukwar Tea Estate, which, under the management of Mr. Curtis, turns out about 300,000 lbs. annually of tea of a very fine quality, fetching a high price in the London market. Everything was very well-ordered and prosperous. On our way back we were pointed out the local Mount Ararat, Tendong by name, where, according to Buddhist tradition, humanity was saved during the flood. Religions vary in their developments, but the underlying traditions are common to nearly all, and the last Mount Ararat we had seen was pointed out to us by a Persian believer in the faith of Islam near the Caspian Sea.

At dinner that evening we had the pleasure of meeting their Highnesses the Maha Raja and Maha Rani of Cooch Behar.

The next day we ascended Senchal Hill, 1,600 feet above Darjiling, where there used to be barracks for the convalescents of European regiments. But the mists and the rain made the place unhealthy and the lack of occupation engendered depression of spirits, so that fever and suicide became common, and the place had to be abandoned. Now only the chimneys of the barracks remain to mark their site, and these are weather-beaten and moss-grown, and looked ghostly through the mist in which we saw them. A mountain battery of artillery, under the command of Major Keith, R.A., was collected on the hill, and we were shown some excellent mimic warfare with blank cartridge. The guns are of the Armstrong pattern and have a range of over 3,000 yards. They are so constructed as to take to pieces readily and to pack on to the backs of mules, and the unlimbering and limbering up that we saw done did not occupy more than two minutes. This battery has recently been engaged on the Sikkim frontier expedition, the object of which was to drive the Tibetians out of Sikkim, which is a protected State. The Tibetians had practically occupied the hills, and trade was at a standstill. The object of the expedition was accomplished after one fight, and the Tibetians have retired behind their own border, but it has been found necessary to keep some troops in Sikkim to prevent incursions, and half a battalion of British Infantry, the Connaught Rangers, besides native troops, are encamped 100 miles from Darjiling in the wild hills.

We heard a characteristic story of this little war. The Tibetians had announced themselves as prepared to exterminate all the troops we were presumptuous enough to send against them, and they built a strong stone wall and awaited our attack. After a sharp action, they had to retire in the utmost confusion. Whereupon remarked a man of Sikkim to a captured Tibetan: "If you cannot stop the British when you are behind such defences as that, what is the use of your expecting to stop them anywhere?"

After luncheon we went up Tiger Hill, from which on fine days Mount Everest, the highest point in the world, is visible. But it was cloudy and we did not see it. It is 854 feet higher than Kangchenjinga, but owing to its distance its height appears less.

The next day was Sunday, and we saw in the church a tablet to the General Lloyd who was the founder of Darjiling. The pulpit is "in memoriam" to Lady Canning, who is buried at Barrackpore (see Tour No. IV).

After service we went through the bazaar accompanied by Mr. Paul, the Deputy Commissioner. It was market-day and the place was crowded with

Bhooteans and Lepchas, who are the local inhabitants, and there were also many Tibetians. It was a busy scene. They all had on their best and brightest clothes, the women were gay with coin necklaces and with silver ornaments covered with rough turquoises or other stones, and many of them had on their wrist a curious bracelet cut out of a shell, which would seem to bear some sort of affinity to our marriage ring.

The natives of Darjiling are a pleasant good-humoured set of people, fond of a joke and always with a smile on their faces. They are not handsome but many of them are almost as fair as Europeans and have a high colour. Many of the younger women are however passably good-looking.

We also visited the shop of a Mr. Paul Möwis, who is a great collector of curios, and saw there some fine weapons, some of the Buddhist praying wheels, which, if turned in one direction yield prayers, and if in the other curses, some wooden sundials in the form of walking sticks, and a beautiful collection of local butterflies and moths. Of these some had their wings coloured exactly like dead leaves. There is one swallow-tailed butterfly found only here which is the *rara avis* of collectors. A good female specimen of this is said to be worth £20.

In the afternoon we visited a Buddhist temple and witnessed the queerest religious ceremony imaginable. The Governor was met by a procession of priests, who presented him with a sacred scarf, and then, preceded by drums and trumpets, we entered the shrine. In the doorway was a huge praying wheel which the local Buddhists engage a man to turn at so much an hour, and thus offer up vicarious prayers. Three images of Buddha were behind glass in the shrine, and the priests sat down in two rows in front of these and repeated a prayer, the burden of which was the mysterious Buddhist invocation:

"Om mani padme hum." Oh Lord of the jewel and the lotus.

There was a musical accompaniment, and the noise caused by the trumpets, the cymbals, the shell horns and other instruments was prodigious.

On Monday morning, at 12 o'clock, we left Darjiling with the same ceremony that had attended His Excellency's arrival, but instead of going down the ghat in the ordinary train, we went down on a trolley under the charge of Mr. Cary, the General Manager of the Railway Company. This enabled us to start an hour and-a-half later than the other passengers and catch them up at the foot of the hill. It is a novel form of travelling; indeed, as one of the party observed, it is worth while coming up to Darjiling if only to experience the sensation of going down on a trolley. An engine took us up to the top of the slight incline at the bottom of which Darjiling lies, and then, casting us off, left us to descend by the force of gravity alone. We started gently, but quickly gathering speed, we went whizzing along round curves and past the edges of precipices at a breakneck pace. It is a form of travelling that looks dangerous and feels dangerous, and the description of which sounds dangerous, but it is undeniably a most fascinating mode of progression, and the trolleys are so absolutely under control by means of powerful breaks that there is really very little risk about it. Accidents, however, do happen. Lady Bayley and her daughter were thrown out recently while going down, and a note on the trolley-pass which was handed to us looked ominous as it told us that the Company would not be responsible for any accident or injury to passengers or their property. The speed in descending averages 15 miles an hour, but it is often more. We halted at Kurseong, a lovely spot, for lunch, and finally about 5 p.m., with a final race along a straight piece, we joined the train, which had been waiting for us at the foot.

The next morning we arrived in Calcutta, where the Governor was the guest of Mr. Charles Moore. In the afternoon, in the company of the Commissioner of Police, he visited the opium-smoking dens, a gruesome sight, but less harrowing perhaps than the sight of the drunkenness in the slums of our own great cities. Opium-smoking is a form of vice that is at least silent and hidden away. In the evening we went on by the mail train to Allahabad, where we arrived at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of October 2nd, being received by Mr. Justice Straight, with whom His Excellency stayed. A guard of honour from the East Surrey regiment was on the platform. Here Mr. Rees, who had been to England on six months' leave, rejoined His Excellency, and I handed over charge of my duties to him.

C. V.

While staying at Allahabad, where Mr. Vincent to our regret left us, His Excellency visited the fort. There is indeed but little else to see, except the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, at once the glory of the city and its *raison d'être*. It was extremely hot here, and the house had to be closed, and the day spent in darkened rooms. Our kind host, Mr. Justice Straight, assured us, however, that the heat was exceptional for this time of the year.

Next day we went by train to Agra, to halt the night and see the Taj Mahal by moonlight. The fort and Akbar's tomb at Secundra were also visited in the course of a busy day. The Taj has been too often described to justify any attempt to describe its beauties in this narrative. The last and by no means the least beautiful description of its moonlight glories appeared so lately as last May in the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of Lady Jersey, one of the most observant of recent travellers in India. To those who have not seen it in its moon-silvered aspect, I would say they have by no means tasted of the fulness of its glories. We were hospitably entertained here by Mr. and Mrs. Cadell. Mr. Cadell himself escorted the Governor to various objects of interest.

After travelling all night and all day, we reached Umballa on the evening of the 5th of October, the snows of the lower Himalayas becoming visible about Saharunpore. At Umballa Colonel Cook entertained His Excellency on behalf of General Galbraith, the General commanding the station, who recently commanded a brigade in the Black Mountain expedition.

Another night's travelling—this time in a dāk gharry, or posting carriage,—brought us to Kalka, at the foot of the ascent to Simla. Only one of the party succeeded in sleeping, and a continuance of hot days and sleepless nights made the prospect of Simla more than ever agreeable. The road is, however, white, glaring, and dusty, and the scenery not particularly fine. Himalayan trees, extremely like Scotch firs, sparsely dot the hillsides, and as the road winds along its gradual ascent you look down into great valleys, terraced into Lilliputian rice-fields. Sonawar and Dagshai, each perched on its respective hill being left behind, we find breakfast at Solon, and at 2 o'clock arrive at Simla.

The new Viceregal Lodge is built on the top of one of the highest hills, and is approached through a wooden gateway of a Buddhist appearance which is heightened by the presence of a guard of Mongol-faced Goorkhas. The gate is of wood on a small, what those of Pekin are of stone on a large, scale. The guards naturally salute in the usual military style, but the Buddhists have among them some curious fashions of salute, and at Darjeeling, at a Lama Serai the Governor visited, the priests welcomed him by putting out their tongues, and wagging their heads. So do the little toy-chinamen whose heads when pushed continue to wag with hanging tongues for several minutes. Thus what we take for a humorous caricature of the celestial, may be a faithful picture of his priest.

On the morning of the 9th October, the Governor accompanied the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Military Member of Council, General Chesney, to watch the operations of the Jutogh mountain battery, which is stationed on the top of the next hill to that on which the Viceregal Lodge is situated. At a point where of the two narrow hill-roads meet, the battery passed by in such review order as the path and the hillside permitted. Seven-pounder screw-guns were packed on the mules' backs, and the carriages, and the wheels and ammunition, and all the belongings of the battery. The mules were of an average size and admirably groomed. Behind the battery marched a company of the Wiltshire regiment. After passing the saluting point, where the Viceroy, Governor and Commander-in-Chief were stationed, the battery marched down a precipitous hillside, to a point where the guns were put together in an incredibly short time. Soon afterwards they commenced firing at screens placed at a distance of 850 yards, solid ball and shrapnel. The latter bursting in the air precipitate a shower of bullets, while the base of the shell travels on to the target, which, in this practice, it very generally hit. Meanwhile, the company of the Wiltshire regiment formed a covering party to protect the battery while being worked. Subsequently, two batteries played from another point upon different targets, and most excellent practice was made throughout the day.

The afternoon was left vacant for work, and walks about the hills, through the deodars, rhododendrons, and Himalayan oaks. From "Prospect Hill" an

admirable view of the country around Simla can be obtained, taking in the snowy mountains and exhibiting the ridge, on either side of which the waters of the Sutlej and the Jumna collect and flow down towards the plains. The country had a dried and burnt-up appearance, and there was little colour but for patches of amaranth here and there on the terraces of the hillsides.

Simla, unlike many of the hill stations in India, contains no native population apart from that which is accessory to the Europeans living there, and dependent upon them, for its occupation and maintenance. At this time of the year, when the most distant hills show but little snow upon their summits, it is hard to realize that for many months the roads in the station are almost closed with snowdrift, and that snow lingers, as I have seen it, on the Mall till April.

At the top of the hill on which the targets were placed, but well out of range, is a little temple where a Fakir dwells surrounded by rhododendrons and kerosine oil tins. The latter, long since a prominent feature of urban India, promise to make themselves felt in the landscape also. At Quetta we heard of a soldiers' bath and a school-house spire constructed from these ubiquitous and useful articles.

During the days at Simla the Governor was busily occupied in interviewing the Members of Council and other high officers concerning matters affecting the interests direct or indirect of the Madras Presidency.

Early on the morning of Saturday the 12th, after enjoying the charming and genial hospitality of the Viceregal Lodge for five days, we left Simla, and by 1-30 P.M. had reached the foot of the ghâts after a drive of 58 miles, the greater part of which the horses galloped, taking the corners and sharp turns of the winding hill-road in the most marvellous manner. On the way we passed the mail cart, which delivered a bag of letters and offered others belonging to people who were expected to journey down that day—with such perfection are our postal arrangements made in India. After a brief halt we drove 38 more miles, travelling some way alongside the embankment, which is destined to carry the train to Kalka from Delhi and Umballa, which we had good reason to wish had been already completed. There was very little water in the two rivers we passed, and the broad straight cantonment roads of Umballa were covered, to the depth of perhaps an inch, with fine white dust, which penetrates everything and everywhere.

Next morning at 6-30 A.M. we arrived at Lahore, early enough for a morning walk before church. The air was crisp and cool till the sun was high, and the architecture of the houses, European and native, is adapted as much to cold as to heat, both of which indeed the inhabitants of Lahore experience.

The railway station here resembles in appearance one of the forts of the country, and is in fact a fortified position itself, as are most of the stations on the line where it approaches the frontier. We drove from the station to the Lieutenant-Governor's house in a *char-à-banc* drawn by four camels, on each one of which was seated a driver clothed in scarlet and wearing a cloth of gold head-dress.

Sir James Lyall's house, at which we had the great pleasure to stay, has been built around the tomb of a wrestler, who, however, after building it, elected to be buried elsewhere. The interior of the dome is now the dining-room, and a very admirable dining-room it makes. Arches around it serve as recesses for side-boards and the like, and through slits in the dome the room is provided with that dim light which is so grateful in the tropics to the tired eye.

The cathedral is a large red-brick structure, in which the officiating clergyman is almost isolated from his congregation. In front of it is a very beautiful new building for the High Court, in the Saracenic style, which harmonises admirably with the ancient buildings, history, and atmosphere of Lahore. Of course the Governor visited the Mayo Hall, a very handsome and spacious edifice erected to the memory of his brother, Lord Mayo.

In the afternoon we rode and drove to Shalimar, a walled garden thickly planted with mango trees and divided into compartments by long reservoirs. In the centre is a pillared marble kiosk, from which on one side descends a screen of white marble ornamented with black lines. Down this the water ripples into a pond below, whence it falls into another reservoir, leading to the extremity of the

garden. Outside all is glare and dust; within all is green foliage, white marble, cool reservoir, and rippling cascade.

Next morning we visited the fort. The Governor and Lady Lyall drove; Lord Marham, Captain Fowle and I rode on camels. Each camel carried besides its rider one of the Lieutenant-Governor's red chuprassies. The reins in camel-riding have to be rested on the top of the camel's head and kept between the beast's ears, as every camel is a star-gazer and holds his head up pointing towards the sky. My off rein came away from the bit, but my companion on board the camel said it did not matter; nor did it apparently—which showed how little my steering effected. Wherever the leader goes the other camels follow. Their favourite game is "follow my leader." The streets of Lahore are narrow, the houses are almost invariably three or four or even more stories high; the ground-floor is generally a shop; in the next floor are bow windows projecting from the façade of the house and resting perhaps on peacock buttresses. The fronts of the houses are in general profusely painted and ornamented. As you sit on your camel you are on a level with the occupant, who is very probably looking at you as you go by from the first-floor window. Sikhs and Muhammadans alike are very fair here. Many of the mosques and gateways are ornamented in Persian fashion with blue tiles inscribed with texts from the Koran.

The great mosque is approached by a huge paved courtyard surrounded by a red sandstone wall. The minarets at each corner of the quadrangle and the mosque itself are built of the same material, on which, in the case of the latter, are worked white marble flowers and traceries. The whole is crowned by three white marble domes, on the summit of each of which is a little golden pinnacle. The effect of the red sandstone and the white marble relieved by nothing but green trees within the square is very simple, and I think very impressive. The wings of the jay supplied the only other bit of colour, and the crescent moon just visible in the daylight looked down upon its not unworthy temple. The mosque is, however, generally out of favour because, among other reasons, it was built by Aurangzeb out of the estate of his murdered brother Dara.

Close by is the tomb of Runjeet Singh. On it are eleven knobs of marble, each one representing one of the Maha Raja's wives, who committed suttee and burnt themselves in honor of their deceased lord. Two more knobs are in honor of two pigeons from the neighbouring fort, who also immolated themselves in his honor. The knobs which represent the queens are crowned, while plain knobs record the sacrifices of equally devoted, but less legal wives. Here also is a copy of the Sikh Bible, which is illuminated like a mediæval Missal.

Within the fort is a very interesting armoury containing weapons, armour and ammunition taken from the Sikhs. Herein you see little crowsfeet, which, thrown upon the ground, lame the horses of cavalry, ponderous battle-axes, murderous maces, and a flail called "the morning star," a kind of whip, all, handle, lash and terminal knot alike, of iron. There were cuirasses from France, steel shields exhibiting the rays of the sun, mosquitoons or bell-mouthed pistols called "tigers' whelps," and swords, guns and daggers of every kind and description. The armoury is situated in the Durbar Hall, a corner of the fort whence, through ivory latticed windows, you may, as Runjeet Singh did, view the country around. There is a curious little hall in this quadrangle, the marble roof of which is shaped like an inverted boat. In the interior it is entirely lined with bits of glass. In the armoury we also saw the uniforms of Runjeet's soldiers and the flags his standard bearers carried into action, on some of which are figures of the Hindu god Hanuman, "the magnanimous ape, the pearl of quadrumanous creatures."

On the evening of Monday, the 14th, we left Lahore and travelled 270 miles in the night, crossing the Sutlej at 7 o'clock in the morning at Adamwahan, whence till nightfall we journeyed through a sandy and level plain, covered with the "ferash" tree, which much resembles a stunted casuarina. Tall grasses, acacias and euphorbias relieved the dull monotony of the plain. Wherever water was available it was apparent that the soil, in spite of its forbidding appearance, amply repaid cultivation. Most of the stations along the line were built in the Saracenic style, with flat roofs and domes. This resulted not only from the possession of taste, but from

the absence of wood, on the part of the builders. The names of the stations were tastefully worked in blue letters on glazed tiles, Mooltan, which we passed in the night, being famous for this kind of work.

Just at sunset we came to Rohri, on the eastern bank of the Indus, and crossed the river by the new Lansdowne bridge. Sir Richard Temple has just described this as a "mighty work." On the eastern bank, and on the island of Bukkur are constructed two enormous cantilevers, each of which is 310 feet long, and their extremities are connected by a central girder resting on them, 200 feet in length. The whole makes one span of 820 feet, which is understood to be the longest in the world, other than spans effected by suspension bridges. The weight of the bridge is 3,300 tons, and in a mean temperature of 100° the iron contracts and expands to such an extent that the noses of the cantilevers rise and fall 6 inches from the effects of temperature. This very successful and remarkable engineering work cost Rs. 38,22,000, including the ordinary girder bridge by which the island of Bukkur is connected with the western or Sukkur bank of the river.

The Indus here pierces a low spur of limestone hills, of which the high ground of Rohri and Sukkur, and the island of Bukkur are portions. It is the most beautiful as well as the most practicable spot for bridging the great river. The houses on either bank tower tier above tier from water-level to hill-top. The island is fairly well wooded and possesses a fortress and a shrine, and as you cross on the great iron roadway you see the lights twinkling in the shrine on Sadh Bela further down stream. In twilight, at any rate, the scene is one of considerable beauty, and in the glare of day and in the blinding sunlight it is sufficiently striking. The advance which has been made in communications in this portion of the world is very much brought home to a traveller, who, like myself, not many years ago crossed the Indus here in a ferry boat.

From Sukkur we travelled all night in the train awaking 180 miles further on, amongst the frontier hills at a distance of about 670 miles from Lahore. The first thing that strikes you here is that it is very apparent that the railway you are travelling on was not constructed for commercial purposes. It passes through a succession of bare and rocky hills between which are valleys of all sizes. Here you understand how it is that amongst the Arabs, a valley and a river are accounted one and the same thing, for many of these little valleys have to be bridged from side to side. Sometimes you pass through a tunnel into a little defile, cross it on a bridge, and find another tunnel on the other side, after passing through which you curve around the inside of a second and a larger valley, in the middle of which another watercourse has to be bridged. Occasional tufts of coarse grass, euphorbias, tamarisks, acacias and camel-thorn make up the vegetation; camels, mules, goats, and the ubiquitous pariah dog are the only animals seen.

At the stations, which are pretty frequent—37 in 305 miles—the employés are mostly men from the plains below, but occasionally you see the Beloochee whose handsome Hebraic cast of face, with ample curling jet-black beard, would attract attention anywhere as a model of its own type and beauty. He wears a large twisted turban of more or less white linen, and a loose white robe of the same material.

At Sukkur it was impossible to help contrasting civilization and uncivilization, to the disadvantage of the former, in respect of costume. The Sindhis, with their closefitting buttoned tunic, broadcloth trousers and polished leather boots crowned the hideousness of their attire by the national hat, which is exactly like the black silk hat we wear in London, except that its brim is at the top instead of at the bottom. The usual three-legged station dog was amongst the occupants of every platform. Most Indian stations of any importance possess a dog which has lost one leg in a railway accident and so has established a claim on railway travellers for the rest of its life.

The Sind-Pishin line has taken a great deal of engineering, and now that it has been completed a notice on the back of the Railway Guide informs travellers that the Railway Administration "will not accept responsibility for injury to any passenger or for loss of or injury to any kind of traffic to a greater extent than Rs. 1,000," say, £100, though they are unfortunately by no means one and the same thing.

The railway ascends from the plains through the Chappar rift, a cleft in the limestone range, to the Hurnai pass. Bostan is the junction whence the line takes off for Kilah Abdulla and the Khojak pass in the Khwaja Amran mountains, which are visible from the station. Near the station is a little orchard, from which presumably it takes its name. The presence of apple, nectarine, peach and other fruit trees, the crisp coolness of the air, and a corresponding elevation of the spirits,—all evidence the fact that India is left behind, and that we are now in Central Asia. After passing through parts of Sind and Beloochistan, we have travelled across the Pishin district, ceded to the British by Afghanistan in 1879, and again entered Khelat territory at Quetta at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 16th October, after a journey of nearly 800 miles from Lahore.

On the 17th the Governor, accompanied by General Sir George White and Sir Robert Sandeman, visited the fort of Quetta, from the ramparts of which we saw in one direction the Bolan, and in another the Amran mountains and the Khojak pass. Below us lay the bazaars and barracks and the public and private buildings of Quetta embosomed among apricot, poplar, mulberry and willow trees.

In the morning a visit was paid to the market, where excellent grapes from Cabul, peaches, pomegranates, apples, and many other fruits were exposed for sale, also to a mill, where an enterprising Parsi makes flour with the latest and most approved machinery. This gentleman has also discovered a coal-mine, or rather is opening a hitherto unworked coal-mine not far from Quetta, the existence of which has long been known to the authorities. That morning I asked an intelligent acquaintance I had made for his views on the frontier. He said they were not at all good. On which I said I thought that he had better let me judge of that, whereon he replied that he would sell me his views. I subsequently discovered that he referred to photographs.

At the Durbar held in the evening were present representatives of the Duranis, Popalzais, Barukzais, and others. Most of these gentlemen were of tall stature and possessed fair faces of a Jewish cast, long black hair and curly Ninivesque beards. They wore fur robes and ample turbans; and most of them gave a friendly look at Sir Robert Sandeman as they got up in turns to bow to the Governor. One of them had a red beard dyed with henna Persian fashion. He was a refugee from Cabul and a follower of Shere Ali. Some of them had their beards divided into two long sausage curls, which trailed down their chests in front. All sat down on their knees on the carpet, while we sat on chairs. Sir Robert Sandeman encourages trade in this frontier district by giving the leading merchants a seat in Durbar. Hence the presence of the Hindu and ubiquitous Parsi. The Governor, after each gentleman had been presented to him, made a short speech, saying that he was glad to make their acquaintance and that he came there as a private individual to see their country. As the representative of the Queen in Southern India, he wished, however, to say that he was very glad to find that merchants from this country came as far south as Cape Comorin, to sell horses, fruits, and other articles of merchandise. He said that those who came south to trade, must go back reporting how peaceful and prosperous Southern India was; and he was quite certain that his hearers appreciated such peace, which always resulted from the supremacy of the British, and now characterised these districts so lately given over to riot and rapine. His Excellency doubtless did not think this the occasion to say that, besides the *bona-fide* trader, other Afghans and Beloochees come south, whose appearance in a Hindu village causes much the same panic among the people, as the arrival of a handful of Arabs does among the inhabitants of the east coast of Africa. Sirdar Asad Khan replied on behalf of the Sirdars, thanking the Governor for his kindly sentiments. He said that in the last 14 years he and his brother Sirdars had had ample opportunities of appreciating the benefits of British rule.

On Friday morning we went by train to Baleli, where General White, and other officers of the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, took His Excellency to inspect the fortifications around Quetta. His Excellency and the General rode horses, but most of us were mounted on very good mules, who never made mistakes in the difficult, stony passes and precipitous hillsides. The horses of the cavalry escort carried their nosebags on the near side of the saddle, while on the off side

hung nets containing forage, so packed as to exactly resemble "fenders," board ship. All along the road were strings of camels on their way to Kandahar, some laden and some empty, the latter with their noses turned up and their heads in the air, following one another in Indian file. The camel-riders were mostly clad in sheepskins. After passing Bostan junction, the plain is covered with low limestone hummocks, resembling more or less pitched tents. Seen from a little distance a group of them has quite the appearance of a camp. To me it seemed very picturesque, but I dare say many would say, as Sir Charles Napier did when the country was called picturesque in his hearing, that it was undoubtedly the place where God shot the rubbish when he made the world.

After Bostan comes Gulistan. In some places in America you can see that the names of the stations along the railway have been taken as they came in a page of the Classical Dictionary, and here it would seem as if the best known works of Persian literature had supplied the railway nomenclature. Gulistan, the rose garden, is an arid plain covered with camel-thorn, but Bostan, the flower garden, does boast of one orchard.

At Kilah Abdulla, the last station to which the line is so far open, at a distance of 59 miles from Quetta, the boundaries of Afghanistan and British Pishin march and a survey is now being made here. I asked the surveyor whether the natives did not misunderstand the purpose of his theodolite and his flag. He said they did, and that one idea they have of the theodolite is that it photographs like a camera, and that pictures are taken, as by the camera, upside down. More than this, they think a person using the theodolite can see through the walls of houses, with the appalling result that the ladies of their families are photographed by the infidel standing on their heads. Consequently, the surveyor is highly unpopular, and is apt to be shot at. A frontier surveyor's existence is interesting and unconventional. There was a question just then as to the strength of the guard which should accompany the surveyor, who, however, was prepared to go without any, and having killed two bears in a hand-to-hand fight, was ready to meet any number of Afghans.

From Kilah Abdulla the line ascends about 1,000 feet to a point whence a tunnel is being pierced through the Khwaja Amran range. We halted the night at the eastern extremity of the tunnel, where we were the guests of Colonel Paterson and the officers of the 23rd Pioneers, and in the morning rode up the hillside passing the first shaft and up to the summit of the Khojak pass, whence Kandahar, at a distance of 60 miles, would be visible, but that it lies between ranges of low hills rising out of a sea of red sand in the plain below. We rode from choice, but for the purpose of construction and for the transport of material from the eastern to the western side of the tunnel, a tramway leads from the first to the second shaft, and from the second shaft a funicular railway ascends to the top of the range, whence a level line runs along the top of the pass to another funicular, down which plant is passed to the western extremity of the tunnel.

We had some conversation with one of the miners, who had come on from the Severn tunnel. Lord Connemara asked him how he got his work done, and he said he had formerly been obliged now and again to use his revolver, but that at present he was getting on very well. Asked whether Punjabis or Pathans were the best workmen, he summed up their respective merits briefly, simply and effectively, by remarking that "Punchaps are good chaps, but Pattuns are badduns."

In the tent at Shalibagh, on the eastern side of the Khojak, the thermometer registered 48° and when we awoke in the morning it was freezing outside and little icicles were hanging on the railway carriages. The mess-house tent was kept very warm by a huge pan filled with burning charcoal.

From the top of the Khojak we looked down upon Old Chaman and the New Chaman. At the latter place only a few days before our visit a Pathan came to see one of the contractors of the railway works, alleging that he was owed Rs. 30 for some work he had done a year before. The contractor referred him to the local authority, whereon he, knowing nothing of and caring nothing for the local authority, went away disappointed, and shortly afterwards met a mule-driver belonging to the works riding one mule and leading another. It entered into his head that he would take this mule in satisfaction of his debt. So he fired his revolver at the muleteer,

who fell off, and went off himself on one of the mules. The muleteer gave the alarm in camp, and the frontier police were about to start in pursuit when Captain Harris, commanding the Royal Engineers, called out to Lieutenant Rooke, of the Bombay Lancers, "let us go and see the fun." So these two young officers rode off, and outstripping the mounted police soon came up with the Pathan. Captain Harris pointed a pistol at him, whereon the Pathan fired two barrels of his five-chambered revolver, missing with both. Captain Harris and Lieutenant Rooke then fired at him and both missed. Then he fired again and shot Captain Harris through the heart, who fell off his horse, just exclaiming "I am hit" before he died. Next the robber turned and fired at Lieutenant Rooke. The ball caught Rooke on the shoulder-blade and glanced off into his throat, and he too fell. The Pathan thereon picked up the revolver of Captain Harris, who lay dead on the sand, and made off with the mule. Soon afterwards the police came up and shot him in two places, and he was brought into camp to be tried. He said he had killed two Englishmen in the war, that these two sahibs pointed pistols at him, that he made as good a fight as he could for his life, and would leave the rest in the hands of God. Soon after he died of his wounds. By post at Shalibagh I received the prospectus of a new work on Indian and Burmese thieves. The author divides them into 37 classes, and gives them names worthy of word-stringing Aristophanes himself. I give a few examples:—"The reckless but remarkably tender-hearted and moral-dagger-thief"; "the pillow-portmanteau bed, bundle and mattress thief"; "the dreadful back-water pirate or thief"; "the giant-like 'puckey' or the wonderful thought-speed-travelling thief"; "the lamplight-dimming and snake-producing-wick thief." All classes, however, do not rejoice in such lengthy names; for instance, there is "the dead-child using thief"; "the marine equestrian thief," an Indian relation, I suppose, of the Horse Marine; "the tiger-growl-imitating thief"; "the dreadful strangling thug"; and "the inconsiderate and fearless thief," in which last class, I imagine, the author would place the bold Pathan.

We saw the tents in the clear light air,—the tents where these occurrences took place. Though seven or eight miles from where we stood, they seemed quite near. Distances are ever most deceptive in the desert. As you walk in the streets of Quetta too, in the straight broad roads between the avenues of plane or poplar trees, you see at either end of the road the hills which, though at a distance on all sides of upwards of ten miles, seem close at hand, and just at the end of the avenue.

Near Quetta, surrounded by a mud wall, is the village of Kasee, the headman of which is very friendly to Europeans. When you go to his house he shakes hands with you,—most of the Afghans here seem to have adopted that form of salutation. In his reception-room are vases containing paper-flowers and some ordinary dinner plates are stuck in niches in the walls. I took tea with him and a circle of his friends. They gave me a chair, and all sat on the carpet drinking tea in such a manner as to make that bubbling sound characteristic of the camel. After some conversation, and the exchange of some stock quotations from the standard Persian authors, a visit to a Brahui encampment, where some wandering musicians played upon a Beloochee fiddle, completed the early morning ride.

Early on Monday morning we left with regret the hospitable house of Sir Robert and Lady Sandeman. It was bitterly cold in the railway carriages and all the way along the Quetta valley and the Pishin tableland. I have attempted to describe the chief features of the route through the Hurnai pass by which we came and by which we returned. It is a treeless, arid, wild and mountainous country, such as stretches, with no exception of any great importance but the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates, from the Indus to the Mediterranean. A few facts, however, may with advantage be given concerning the remarkable railway constructed by General Sir James Brown between July 1884 and March 1887.

This line, of 5-feet 6-inch gauge, and laid with 75-lb. steel rails, offered exceptional difficulties to the constructor. In Sind he had to work in a climate where the thermometer often registers 124° in the shade. Higher up, in the mountains and valleys, it frequently registers 18° below zero. At Hurnai he is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and he had to take his iron road 6,600 feet above that level before he reached Quetta. In 224 uphill miles, with a high ruling

gradient throughout, he had to make 4 miles of bridges, one mile of rocky tunnel, and one mile of lined tunnel, and to contend throughout with landslips and floods. All this too he had to do in a country with a population of two to the square mile.

At one point, just before the high tableland is reached, the line passes through the Chappar rift. Here the rocky mountains are split through as if in the glacial epoch another

"Alpheus bold
On his glacier cold
With his trident the mountains strook
And opened a chasm
In the rocks."

The broken sides fall away from the top, and along the bottom is a waterway, down which rages in the rains a foaming and uncontrollable torrent. The line enters the rift by a little tunnel, comes out in a cutting, enters a second tunnel, and then runs along a terrace, excavated in the soft treacherous soapy earth of the almost vertical hillside. At the end of the rift it runs into another tunnel at a height of 250 feet above the river below, and emerging at this altitude from the heart of the hill, comes out upon a bridge, which conducts the train in mid-air to the opposite side of the chasm. Here the line runs for some distance through a shallow tunnel only a foot or two within the shelving rocky surface of the hill. For ventilation's sake and for convenience in working, this tunnel is pierced, along the outer side of the hill with openings. This natural roof serves to carry over it the drainage of the hillside and the debris of its landslips. Through the openings you look across the valley, on to what seems like another line, but is in fact your own, which, after a circuitous descent, reaches the level of the river you have crossed. This is the most heavy part of the work, but it only gives a fair idea of the enormous difficulties from floods, landslips and the nature of the country, which the engineer has encountered and overcome. The alternative route—55 miles shorter than this—from Sibi, through the Bolan, to Quetta has lately been washed away, but is being restored. The Sind-Pishin line is said to pay its working expenses. Passenger traffic seems brisk, but so far it would appear that the competition of caravans is severe, for the camels of the migratory Brahuis can be seen all the way, marching alongside the iron road.

The line through the Bolan pass, like the Darjeeling-Himalayan railway, started with a roadway more or less ready-made, and this of course greatly reduced expenses. Take it all in all, the Sibi-Pishin line seems a work to be proud of. It is doubtful, however, if the contractors would concur in this somewhat complacent survey of the work; for, out of six, one died of cholera, two of fever, and one was murdered.

At Babar Kach we saw the petroleum which is brought up from a place some few miles distant and used as fuel in the Khojak works. The discovery and exploitation of this most valuable mineral oil is entirely due to Sir Robert Sandeman, and it is fervently to be hoped that its use, and also that of the coal which has been discovered in the Quetta valley, may arrest the destruction of the little vegetation there is around the town.

On the night of the 21st, we ran through to Ruk junction, and in the morning were travelling down the Indus valley on our way to Kurrachee. This being a purely unofficial narrative is not the place for opinions or reflections on the frontier or on any political question, nor for remarks upon military and commercial subjects, which a visit to Quetta obviously suggests.

The down train from Lahore was late owing to a tragic occurrence. The clothes of a European woman, who was travelling in the train, caught fire by contact with one of the sparks from the engine. To save the child she had with her, she flung it down, and in her terror jumped out of the carriage. The driver of the train was her husband, and on arrival at the next station he went back on his engine to pick her up. His child was dead and his wife was dreadfully injured. The bedding of one of our own servants caught fire in the same way.

The line to Kurrachee passes for the most part through an alkaloid plain, covered with babul and scrub jungle. At many points, however, tall crops of

millet testified to the fact that the soil is not so barren as it looks. At Sehwan the rail passes along a cutting in the hills, which here run up to the Indus bank; and at Kotri they are only half-a-mile from the river. For the greater part of the way the Indus is invisible; but a false Indus was created on our right by the mirage. After the sun had set, the lighthouse and the headland of Manora were visible in the sun's departing glow, which seemed like a halo just over the city. At night-fall we reached the cantonment, where the usual guards, and a large assemblage of officers were present to meet the Governor, who stayed with Mr. Trevor, the Commissioner of Sind, in the house built by Sir Charles Napier during his tenure of that office.

Kurrachee is too well known to need description here. Sir Charles Dilke has "pronounced" it the least Indian, and the pleasantest of Indian cities. It certainly is most un-Indian, and very pleasant, and in so far as it deserves this praise on account of its climate, no objection perhaps may be taken to the sequitur, which, if based on other considerations, one would dispute. The town possesses some of those fine buildings for which the capital of the Presidency is renowned. Its Market and Frere Hall are worthy of Bombay itself, and its broad streets allow of that indefinite expansion of traffic, which is expected when the anticipated new line from the north comes straight across the desert to the sea. This railway would attract very little trade on the way, but it is believed that it would bring down great quantities of wheat from Delhi and the Lower Punjab, owing to the directness of the route. On this account it is alleged to be preferable to the connection through Omerkote, and the south of the Rajputana desert, with the existing Rajputana line at Pachpadra, which was so strongly urged by the Kurrachee people not long ago. The exports of Punjab wheat from this port have varied to an enormous extent during the last five years.

The most striking feature of the town from a distance is the tower of the church, which they say was built in imitation of the campanile of the Duomo at Florence. Perhaps this association and the fact that the number of windows increases campanile-like in each story, led me to think next day that it seemed top heavy, and inclined to lean to one side as some well-known towers of this description do. It is a conspicuous landmark from a long distance and quite the lighthouse of the plains, as that on Manora point is of the adjacent sea.

Some one has written a History of England from its signboards, and at Kurrachee, as at Port Said or in a Californian camp, you see the most diverse legends written above the shop windows, and such as characterise the meeting of different nationalities in one place for the purposes of trade. Hajee Rahmat Allah, "the pilgrim of the Grace of God," and "Hajee Younas" have sandwiched between them "Mrs. Marks the Milliner," and similar curious combinations may be seen all down the street.

The sight of the neighbourhood of Kurrachee, is the crocodile saint and his crocodiles. The track to Peer Mugger runs along an open billowless plain, all along which the campanile is visible, till you strike a low spur of hills running down into the sea. This little range is pierced by a pass invisible until you reach it, and at a short distance on the other side, is situated a small pond surrounded by a low mudwall, and situated in the middle of palm trees. A wild tulip tree hangs over the puddle, which is not a dozen yards long or half-a-dozen broad; and close by on a hillock overlooking it is the little tomb place, wherein the saint lives and prays and collects rupees from his visitors. I was looking at the pond and asking where the crocodiles were, when I saw what looked like a log of wood moving on the sand just beneath my eyes and not two yards away. This was one of the reptiles, and by and by a Mussulman, called the "padre," came down and summoned his pets, whereon they all ran into the water, the level of which they raised several inches by their united bulk. One only was refractory, and the "padre" beat him over the head with a stick. I remember a dignitary of the Church in India, now deceased, telling me that he had such influence with the people of the country that when he laid his hands on their backs they burst into tears. This "padre," with more practical persuasion, laid his stick on the back of his recalcitrant pet, who did not burst into tears in spite of the proverbially lachrymose disposition of the

crocodile, but opened his jaws and hissed loudly and looked as if he would bite the "padre" but abstained from the actual commission of such sin. Inside the thick and dirty water, the heads of these beasts appeared sticking out like shapeless little rocks. Though their mouths were shut the teeth in their lower jaws protruded, growing seemingly in random fashion without any regard to order or uprightness, just like almonds in a piece of nougat. One of the attendants, when questioned, said that these beasts, of which there were 80 more or less by his account, were created by the saint by a mere act of volition, which fortunately is not possessed by many. What particular connection they had with the holy tomb, or with religion in general he could not say, and I cannot help thinking that, they are a mere speculation, their proximity to the tomb an accident, their sanctity fortuitous, their *raison d'être* an excuse for a collection, the only religious association to which they can rightly lay claim.

The population of Sind is perhaps the most Mussulman in India. The followers of the prophet are nearly 80 per cent. of the whole. The Arabs first settled here. They used to crawl along the coast to the mouth of the Indus before the daring voyage of Hippalos, who committed himself and his fortunes to the monsoon, which he had observed to blow with regularity towards the coast of India at a fixed season. Whereby they learnt that the voyage across the open sea was practicable. A traveller from whom I asked the way to the crocodile saint's abode afforded an illustration of the geographical proximity of, and historical connection of this coast with, Arabia. In answering me he said "it is just beyond the mountain (جبل)." Now, nowhere else in India have I heard the Arabic word *jabal* used for mountain.

Among the finest buildings in Kurrachee are, as very frequently happens elsewhere in India, the Roman Catholic church and the Roman Catholic schools. These, it is said, do an immense amount of good in the country, the education being so much appreciated that the schools are well nigh self-supporting. The extremely handsome and commodious buildings were erected from the funds of the Society of Jesus. The church was open. It is a pity this is not generally the case, but of India, as of England, it will not be immediately that a great divine and poet will say:

"I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,

But the wide porch invites to still retreats,

Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's 'unthankful gloom.'"

We saw enormous quantities of wheat being hoisted into ditches bound for London, Antwerp, and elsewhere, and learnt that the trade of the port has been steadily increasing though it has fluctuated largely in the last two years. Reports show too that the trade in the Persian gulf is much greater than it was five years ago, when I travelled down from Bagdad along the coast to Kurrachee, which is larger, greener, and altogether more prosperous, than it then was.

As we left, the harbour was full of ships, all dressed in their best in honour of the Governor. The lighthouse and the ever-present Campanile are the most prominent objects, as Sind and Kurrachee fade in the distance, and we steam away to Bombay.

Leaving at 1 o'clock P.M. on the 23rd, we arrived in Bombay harbour at noon on the 25th, after a quiet and pleasant voyage, sailing along the coast of Guzerat and getting a good view in passing of the temples of Dwarka and Somnath. But little of its former glory remains apparently to the latter temple, to sack which Mahmood of Ghazni made a journey somewhat similar to what we have just accomplished, from Afghanistan to the country beyond the Indus.

It is impossible to imagine any greater contrast than is afforded by the scenery of Bombay and its unrivalled harbour, to that which we have left behind in Sind. Here everything speaks of an abundant rainfall, hills rise upon hills from the sea-coast to the top of the ghats, and every hill is clothed with grass and covered with forest. When all the landscape glowed in the crimson hues of the setting sun it seemed as if the isle of Bombay itself was the place the Laureate had in his mind which charmed the wanderer out in ocean:

"Where some refulgent sunset of India

Streams over a rich ambrosial ocean isle,

And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods

Whisper in odorous heights of even."

In the harbour at Bombay was Her Majesty's ship *Griffon*, which had just come from the African coast where she lost her first Lieutenant in a brush with a slaver, and liberated 120 slaves. The yards were manned as the Governor went past. Among other ships was a Turkish man-of-war, taking out an Osmanli order to be presented to the Mikado of Japan.

At the top of the steps of the Apollo Bunder His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by all the officers of his staff, and the civil officers of Bombay, received Lord Connemara. His Royal Highness drove His Excellency to the station, where another guard of honor was paraded, and the Resident in Baroda, Sir Harry Prendergast, and other high officials were present.

The palmwoods on their odorous heights were just ceasing to be crimson hued, when we reached Khandala at the top of the lovely Bhore ghaut, and it had not long been dark, when we reached Poona, where we dined. The Parsi contractor, who supplied an excellent dinner, informed us that his people had beaten the Europeans at cricket at Bombay and that the "Zoroastrian horn" was accordingly "exalted." It may be said of the Parsi that he does well everything that he attempts to do. It is believed that there is no place to which our troops penetrated in Afghanistan, at which a Parsi merchant has not also arrived, with tinned provisions, bottled beer, wine and whiskey. At Quetta, the most forward station we have on the frontier, an enterprising Parsi gentleman has been granted the title of Khan Bahadur for his services as contractor for railways, founder of mills, provider of stores, discoverer of coal, distiller of spirits, and possessor in short of boundless and indescribable enterprise.

Next morning, after a rough night in the train, during which only the police officer was able to sleep, we breakfasted at Wadi, in the Hyderabad Dominions, where the Nawab Khurshed Jah, whose jaghire this part of the State is, entertained His Excellency.

After breakfast we ran through the pleasant uplands of the Hyderabad Dominions, well cultivated with cotton and other crops, and dotted here and there with little walled villages, and the rocky droogs of the Deccan, nature's forts which require little aid from art to make them defensible. In the afternoon we reached the Madras frontier, after crossing the great rivers Krishna and Tungabudhra, both of which were full of water. Then we steamed through crops of millet, cotton and castor-oil, all in a most flourishing condition, until at nightfall, when we reached the great rock fortress of Gooty, after passing carefully over a portion of the line damaged by the recent floods. Beyond this the railway passes through low hills and park-like grassy lawns, full of groves of tamarind trees, till at the Pennâr river we passed over its new bridge, which had only come into use a few days before a portion of the old one was carried away by floods. We saw the fallen stone pier in the water, and the iron girders, which had rested on it, were discovered some seven miles down the river.

Next morning at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 6 on the 27th October we arrived in Madras after a journey of 200 miles by road, 4,230 by rail and 1,270 by sea.

MADRAS,
29th October 1889.

J. D. REES.

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PH 672/90

P. W. DEPARTMENT.

Current No. 672 ✓

From

*The Private Secy.**H. E. the Governor
of Madras*

ENCLOS.—

No.

Dated *29.10.89*Received *23.1.90*

SUBJECT.

*Forwarding, ^{in relation to} Death Town
of H. E. the Rt Honble
Lord Connemara G.C.S.E.*

DISPOSAL.

No. *2396*Dated *24 January*
*1890**Recorded**cu**23.1.90**27.1.90**3/11*
E.T.C.
3/11