

## A HAWAIIAN'S IMPRESSIONS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

No. 3.

[Continued from page 11.]

In the evening Mr. Kalakhan with his band of jugglers came around and gave us an exhibition of their skill. Seated on the grass in front of the hotel they performed some most remarkable feats of juggling for which the Indian jugglers are so justly famous. They certainly were more adroit and clever than any Europeans I have seen. The basket trick—a girl in a basket which you are allowed to poke a sword through without injury to her—the celebrated mango trick—a reed planted and by simply covering it with a cloth the tree is shown in successive stages of growth till it gets two feet high—dozens of pocket knives, and three or four billiard balls taken out of the mouth, having been actually concealed in the stomach and cheek, your rupee following the skull of a monkey which is the instrument of magic instead of the usual wand, and many other equally clever tricks form their interesting repertoire.

The inevitable snake charmer also comes round and is anxious for you to "see mungoose kill snake." Then comes the monkey man with two large monkeys and a small one dressed up fastastically which dance and do all kinds of funny tricks and then climb up to your knee for "backsheesh."

Driving out of the gates of Delhi on the second day we visit the intrenchments of the British troops during the mutiny of '57, and the handsome memorial monument in honor of those who were killed, and also the tomb of Brig. Gen. John Nicholson "who led the assault on Delhi and was killed in the hour of victory, mortally wounded."

The story of the siege of Delhi is well known and is an exciting tale of the daring bravery of the British troops and their Indian allies who finally succeeded in entering the gates and crushing the mutiny.

Returning to the city we drove through the Queen's Gardens, which are prettily laid out with trees, flowers and lawn, a small menagerie and a band stand where the music plays every evening. Then we visited a Jain temple where we were admitted only as a favor though our guide was religiously excluded. It was not a very pretty temple but rather interesting as belonging to a special sect whose doctrines are based on Buddhism.

Then again through the Chandia Chouk which is the chief centre of Indian life and where we see many strange things. Besides the singing throng of Hindoos and Mussulmen, monkeys and parrots, bats and flying foxes abound in the trees that line the street. A pair of tall camels hitched to a cart carry along some great Rajah or merchant. A string of little donkeys that have come in from the outskirts bearing loads of a cake made of dung and clay, which finds a ready sale as fuel. The courier of some Rajah, mounted on a large camel, and dressed in gorgeous colors, stalks through the street at a tremendous pace. Another fellow comes along elegantly mounted on a big elephant, and still another on a white Indian bull goes along at a quicker pace than a horse, and so it keeps on, a strange and curious panorama, continually passing before your eyes.

Strolling out in the evening with another one of our party I heard

Indian music and going in the direction of the sound we came upon a wedding festival and as soon as we were perceived we were invited in. Making the proper salaam to the happy pair we were seated, and as in Bombay were offered tea while we looked on at the dance. The bride was a Cashmere girl and I shall try to describe her dress to you. A bodice of scarlet silk embroidered with gold, loose trousers of cream-colored silk, fitting tight at the ankles, over all a Cashmere shawl of scarlet embroidered in silver and gold, falling in fringes to the brow in front and to the floor behind. Across the forehead a circlet of gilt and silver ornaments. A ring in the left nostril, bracelets, armlets, anklets, rings on thumbs, fingers and toes with pendants of bright-colored stones or coral. On the left thumb a ring to which is attached a little mirror in which she admires herself, and she has a great deal to admire, for she is very pretty as most Cashmere girls are. Such is the picture of a Cashmere bride.

But though these people had considerable means, they belonged to a very low caste and to show how strong caste prejudices are maintained, each cup from which we drank was immediately smashed. We remonstrated at the reckless destruction but were informed that they would lose caste if they retained the cups. Soon some Rajah or some other old fraud, came in to see what was the reason of the merry-making and was intensely indignant with us, as he said that we should degrade ourselves by sitting among low caste people. But we did not mind him and stuck to the party much to his disgust, as he went muttering out of the house and smashing our cups of tea. Two days and a half completed our stay at Delhi and six hours by rail brings us to Agra, and finding comfortable quarters at Laurie's Hotel, we retire.

Next morning after breakfast we are all impatient to get off and see that wonder of India—the most beautiful building in the world—the Taj Mahal. Bayard Taylor's word painting will portray the first view:

"The gate to the garden Taj is beautiful in design. Passing under the open demi-vault whose arch hangs high above you, an avenue of dark Italian cypruses appears before you. Down its centre sparkles a long row of fountains each casting up a single slender jet. On both sides the banyan and the feathery bamboo mingle their foliage; the songs of birds meets your ears, and the odour of roses and lemon flowers sweetens the air. Down such a vista and over such a foreground rises the Taj." "A beautiful dream in marble; built by Titans and finished by jewelers."

I went there with rather a skeptical spirit and prepared to judge it harshly, but as I stood in the beautiful garden that surrounds it, and through the flowers and foliage looked upon this thing of perfect beauty, I gave in and felt that with the Russian artist that "the Taj is like a beautiful woman; the minute you come into her presence you submit to the fascination."

Bayard Taylor further says: "So light it seems, so airy, and so like a fabric of mist and moonbeams, with its great dome rearing up, a silvery bubble, that even after you have touched it and climbed to its summit, you may almost doubt its reality."

Some architects have disputed its perfect beauty, but let them remember the couplet:

"If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look in her face and you'll forget them all."

The Taj was built by the Emper-

or Shah Ishan as a tomb for his favorite wife, "Mumtaz-i-Mahal." It was the custom among the Moguls to build their tombs before death and surround them with beautiful gardens, and the place was used as a pleasure resort until it was required as a tomb.

But the lady in whose honor the Taj was built never saw it. It was erected after her death, and now Shah Ichan also rests there by her side. "Shah Ichan, Emperor, Lord of Worlds, Protector of the Poor, Taker by the hand of the Distressed, Most Learned and Illustrious," as the inscription is translated.

The interior is adorned with mosaic flowers in precious stones. The most valuable stones have been removed, but the things originally used "were crystal, jasper, cornelian, turquoise, agate, lapis lazuli, coral, rock spar, loadstone, onyx, chalcedony, amethysts, sapphires, diamonds, the philosopher's stone, and the plum pudding stone."

We staid inside a long time examining all the beautiful decorations. As we were leaving the priest in attendance gave us each a flower from the sarcophagus which some previous worshipper had placed there.

But beautiful as is the Taj by daylight, it is still more lovely by moonlight. That evening there was a bright full moon, and we wended our way there again and sitting in the garden for an hour we silently admired "the enchanting scene as the graceful domes and minarets loom up through the foliage, like a pale and misty shadow, and the rare genius of the calm building finds its way unchallenged to the heart."

Across the river (the Jumna) are many tombs. But the handsomest is that of Stmad-ud-Daulah, the Persian adventurer, father of the lady of the Taj, and Prime Minister of Shah Ichan. "It stands in a beautiful garden and is different in design from any other tomb. It is of marble inlaid with colored stones, chiefly in arabesque. Four bold kiosques stand at the four corners, and in the center is a small pavilion of richly peirced work."

The elegant tomb of the great Akbar, four miles distant, we did not go to see.

The Fort of Agra is similar to that at Delhi and within are the remains or ruins of the palace of Akbar, originally "all marble and gold and the finest structure of its kind."

As in Delhi the inhabitable quarters are occupied by the red coated soldiers, though some portions of the buildings are being gradually restored in imitation.

The Pearl Mosque, or Moti Masjid, attached to the palace still remains as it was. It is of white marble and with its three white domes and "perfect proportions of Saracenic architecture" is spoken of as being "the purest and loveliest house of prayer in the world."

As we wander about through the dismantled halls, corridors, galleries, chambers and pavilions of marble, we can perceive many evidences of the former rich and elegant decorations of gold and silver and mosaics, and viewing the once gilded domes and the magnificent design of the palace we can imagine some of the former magnificence of the Great Mogul, and the natural desire after all the wonderful sights we have seen up to this time is to learn something more of the history of India, and in Hunter's "Brief Histories of the Indian People," we find the whole story told in brief and compact form, and in a few pages can be gleaned the story of the long reign of the Mogul descendants of Tamerlane (or Timul the Tartar) who established a dynasty on the throne of India which under Akbar the Great, Ichangir and Shah Ichan, became forever famous under the title of the Great Moguls. Their long and prosperous and final ignominious extinction.

Then to go back further and hurriedly glance over the events from the

first Aryan invasion and the succeeding invasions of nearly every northern nation which made its impression in the country and on the people. Then the growth of Brahminism of Budahish and its final expulsion from India, and the combination of the two and development of the modern Hindoo religion; the origin and growth of caste distinctions, the curse of India, and the numerous struggles of Indian Princes till the British occupation, under whose rule India is now a rich and prosperous Empire. Then read De Quincey's essay in which he says "Someone has said that if England were suddenly ejected out of India the only memorials of her rule would be vast heaps of champagne bottles. But higher by far than the Mogul gifts of lime stone and marble, are England's gifts of security, peace, law and settled order."

The Duke of Connaught was in Agra during our visit and we saw numerous richly dressed Rajahs with their retinues who came to pay their respects to the Prince. We also saw many troops of Indian soldiery, mounted and unmounted.

They are all handsome, fine looking, men and in a body they make a splendid and soldierly looking troop, and their quality as soldiers had ample proof when allied to the English during the mutiny and again in Egypt.

It is natural to expect they would be of a splendid physique and good fighting men for they have in them the warrior blood of Tartar, Afghan, Persian and Turk, who during numerous invasions of over a thousand years have remained and intermingled with them. And all through the northwest provinces where the invade has been we see the finest and handsomest looking Indians.

But the country is greatly overpopulated, and as all cannot be soldiers they have to struggle hard for subsistence. Those who are artisans or farmers are energetic and industrious but still there is great poverty among them.

All through the district numerous emigration agents have their recruiting stations and many excellent and industrious people are induced to emigrate to various colonies. What a pity our Government or our planters had not agencies here also to recruit some of these people for laborers on our plantations. Healthy, vigorous, sober and industrious people, as laborers they would thrive on our plantations, and would make a splendid addition to our population for they much resemble our own natives in many ways and would undoubtedly mingle with them very readily.

A recent work by an educated Hindoo entitled "The Hindoos as they are," shows that in their social and domestic life they have many refined and excellent traits and customs.

To be sure among the lower classes, there still prevails great ignorance and degradation, owing to the miserable curse of caste.

But I have been told by the emigration agent for Trinidad, that when these people emigrate they soon forget their caste if they find their new condition pleasant, and in time Mussulman, Brahmin, Buddhist, and all the lower castes, thus removed from priestly influences, soon move about together with freedom and good nature and try and learn to adapt themselves to the new influences that surround them.

Viewing the question from a patriotic standpoint who, that has the welfare of our Islands at heart, does not sympathize with the King's motto "Hoooulu Lahui," and desire that our depopulated hills and valleys might again teem with life and have 100 times our present population which could be well and comfortably accommodated. And here is a field where this possibility might be realized and furnish us with the basis of a peaceable, prosperous and independent population, readily assimilating with our own aborigines and willing to remain content under any existing civilized rule. Viewed practically, it is not an admitted fact of social economy that the money thus expended in introducing a laboring population will surely be returned a hundred fold by the increased production and consequent revenue, be it to the individual or to the Government.

But if it is desired to experiment also with other peoples, the people of the Azores and a limited number of Chinese we know are valuable. Then in the Spanish Pyrynees, in south-

ern Italy and in Japan are fields where desirable people could be obtained, industrious and well suited to our climate.

It seems to me this is a great question to all those to whom Hawaii is home and country.

Taking leave of Agra a few hours of rail brought us to Cawnpore.

There is but little of interest to see except the logs of all the terrible events of the great mutiny of '57. Mr. Lee, the proprietor of our hotel, had been a sergeant in the British army and served in Cawnpore during the mutiny. He was full of anecdote and reminiscence and was pleased if he could get us to listen to his experiences while he told us many bloody tales of the horrors of the massacre and the sufferings of the troops and the women and children.

He had seen the infamous Nana Sahib, the leader of the mutineers, and told us of his bloody treacheries. He, as well as others in Cawnpore, were unnecessarily severe in denouncing the young lady (daughter of a General who was massacred before her eyes), who, to save her own life, consented to accompany Nana Sahib, and is known to be now alive and having five children by him. The Nana himself is supposed to be still alive somewhere in the mountains. The reward of a lakh (100,000) of rupees has failed to bring him to justice, and cannot yet be claimed by any adventurous spirit who may have looked for him. In the center of the city, in a park well laid out with walks and drives, trees, shrubs, and flowers, stands a beautiful memorial monument sacred to the victims of that now almost forgotten tragedy.

Two hours by rail and we are in Lucknow.

This city is also full of the relics of the mutiny and the ruined and shattered Residency situated in a large garden, where tombs and tablets tell a history of brave men, is the first thing the traveler goes to see.

There are many fine Mohammedan mosques and temples and other buildings of oriental architecture, which we visit in turn, also the handsome and extensive palace where former Kings held revel, occupied last by the King of Oudh who now has a palace in Calcutta and enjoys a large pension from the British Government.

"But barbaric pomp and gold, fights of wild beasts, the retinues and surroundings of Eastern Princes, together with oppression and misrule, exist, or are seen no longer," and Lucknow under British rule is now a large, thriving and prosperous city.

About Lucknow there are many fine drives, and there are many handsome bungalows with large and pretty gardens about them.

In fact, in all the large Indian cities the bungalows are surrounded by pretty grounds well laid out in walks, and filled with trees, shrubs and lovely flowers. Driving out of Lucknow we come to a queer place. It is a large enclosure in which stands a Hindu temple. The numerous trees about were filled with monkeys. We got there just as two servants of rich Hindoos came with baskets of pop corn to feed the monkeys as a sort of religious duty. Giving a peculiar call they soon surrounded us with over three hundred lively and rollicking monkeys, scrambling after the pop corn thrown to them. We got some corn also and joined in the sport of feeding monkeys. It was very laughable to see the great crowd of monkeys eating, playing, squabbling and making all kinds of fun. They have an easy life of it, these monkeys, for three times a day they are fed by the rich Hindoos and is highly appreciated no doubt by the non-religious monkeys. In the evening our hotel is again surrounded by the usual crowd of jugglers, monkey men, snake charmers, etc., but it has now got to be an old story and they no longer interest us. We were two days in Lucknow and then had a two days' ride to Benares. The road lay mainly along the course of the Ganges through a country rich in waving fields of grain, rice, the poppy plant and sugar cane. It was late at night when we arrived in Benares and put up at Clark's Hotel, waiting for the "morrow" to see all the sights of this "sacred city of the Hindoos," and its famous sacred river—the Ganges. Looking over the hotel register that evening I was much interested to find the signatures, some two years back, of Kalakaua, Col. C. H. Judd and F. M. Damon, which naturally carried my thoughts to Honolulu and so I retired thinking of home.

(To be Continued.)