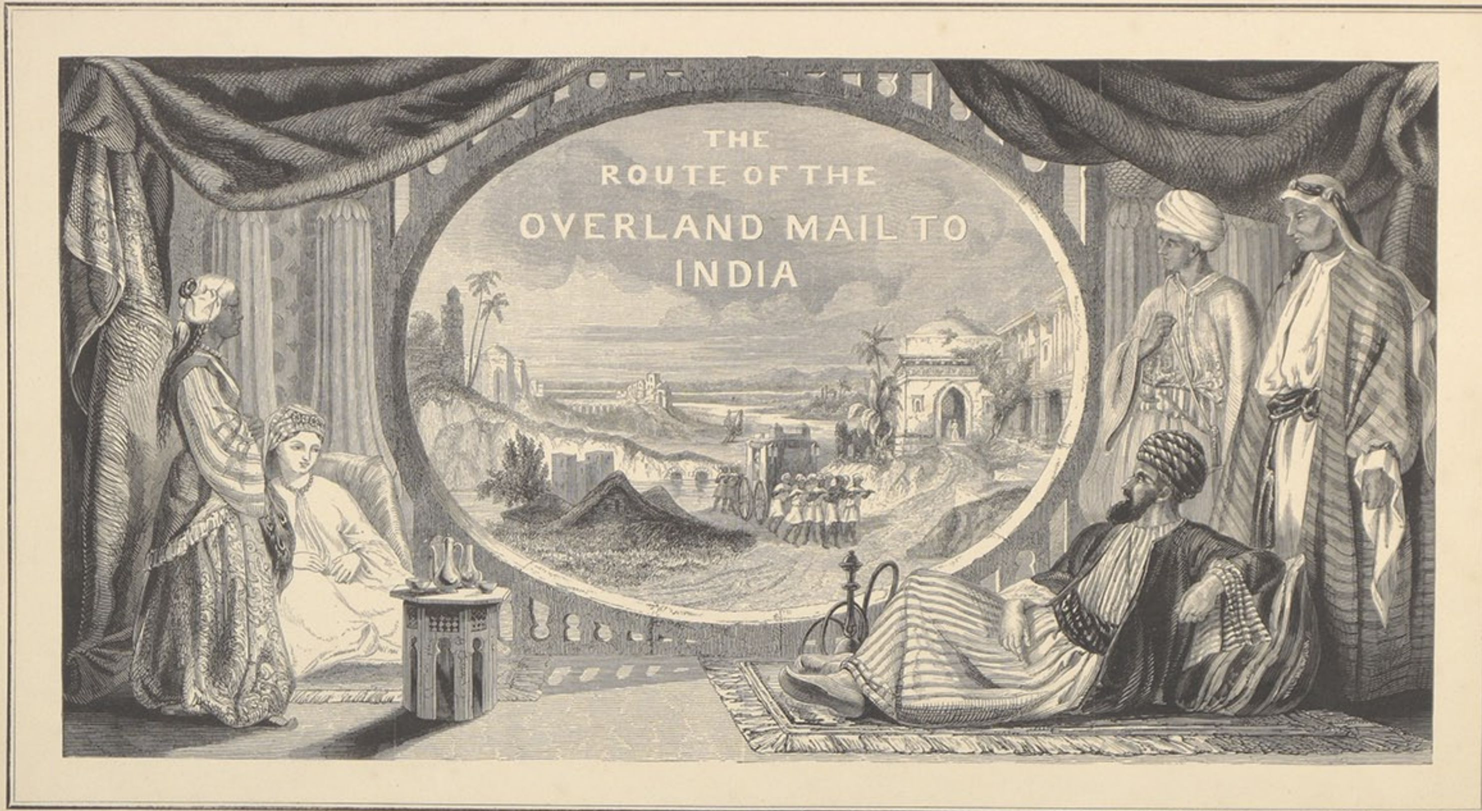

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GIBRALTAR.

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GIBRALTAR.

The bold outline of the Rock of Gibraltar is a conspicuous and striking object. It lifts its huge proportions into the sky, and against the intense blue of that sky every crag is sharply defined. From the water to the summit, from the land gate to Europa point, the whole rock is lined with formidable batteries. Like a crouching lion, it looks out to sea, and "laughs a siege to scorn."

As our ship gradually approaches, and the gigantic defences which girdle Gibraltar on every hand become more and more apparent, we are naturally reminded of that memorable four years' siege which it withstood under General Elliot. The garrison varied from five thousand to seven thousand men; the first operations took place in July, 1779; they were continued during that year, also in 1780, and 1781. During this period the garrison was deprived of regular communication with England, and could only be relieved by the arrival of a powerful fleet; this was effected twice; but the grand effort was made in 1782, when a hundred pieces of heavy ordnance of various kinds had been accumulated before the place for the purpose of attack by sea and land. The quantity of gunpowder only was said to exceed eighty three thousand barrels. Forty gun boats with heavy artillery, as many bomb-ketches with twelve inch mortars, besides a large floating battery, were all destined to second the efforts of the great battering ships. The combined fleets of France and Spain, amounting to about fifty ships of the line, were to cover and support the attack. The preparations on land kept pace with those by sea. Twelve thousand French troops were brought as allies of the Spanish army. The humanity of the English on this occasion added a brighter lustre than belonged even to the brilliant defence of the fortress against so formidable a foe. When the Spanish vessels, ignited by red-hot shot, were in flames, the garrison rendered every assistance to the crews, who must otherwise have miserably perished. The loss sustained by the combined fleets and allied armies was never correctly ascertained, but a French officer who was present states in a letter, the "number makes a man shudder." The siege of Gibraltar was definitely relinquished in February, 1783, and no effort has since been made, nor is it probable will be made, to deprive us of the fortress.

The rock of Gibraltar projects into the sea about three miles. Its northern extremity' owing to its perpendicular altitude, is inaccessible; its southern extremity is known as Europa Point; and the southern and eastern sides are rugged and steep, affording natural defences of a formidable character against the attacks of an enemy. It is only on the western side, fronting the bay, that the rock gradually declines to the sea, and the town of Gibraltar is so built that an attack upon it, however well planned, however strong or long continued, is almost certain of failure.

The Bay of Gibraltar, formed by the two points already named, is more than four miles across. The depth of its waters, and the protection afforded by the headland, render the harbour remarkably secure, and well adapted for vessels of every description. The extreme depth of the waters within the bay is 110 fathoms. The security of the harbour has been still further increased by two moles, one extending 1,100 feet, and the other 700 feet into the bay.

Gibraltar has a population of between twenty and thirty thousand, including the garrison

G I B R A L T A R.

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and troops. The fortress is erected on the western side of the rock, and the fortifications are of extraordinary extent and strength. The principal batteries are all casemated, and traverses are constructed to prevent the mischief that might ensue from the explosion of shells. Vast galleries have been excavated in the solid rock, and mounted with heavy cannon; and communications have been established between the different batteries by passages cut in the rock to protect the troops from the enemy's fire. In fact, the whole rock is lined with the most formidable batteries, so that, if properly victualled and garrisoned, Gibraltar may be said to be impregnable.

Its position and its strength confer on Gibraltar advantages which render its possession to the English of the utmost importance. It has with singular propriety received the name of the key of the Mediterranean. In peace, it protects our commerce and our fleets; in war, it affords equal facility for harrassing our foes. In both these respects its value can scarcely be over-estimated. In 1704 it was made a free port, and was consequently a most convenient *entrepot* for English and foreign goods intended for the Spanish or African market. But as a place of commerce Gibraltar has lost its old importance, and it does not seem very likely that it will ever regain it. A recent writer says:—"This decay is owing to a variety of causes; partly, and principally, perhaps, to the insecurity and apprehension occasioned by the fear of pestilential disorders, which raged dreadfully in 1804 and 1828; partly to the circumstance of goods being now largely stored at Malta and Genoa, that were formerly deposited here; partly to the orders of the Spanish Government almost preventing the introduction of British produce; and more recently to the making of Cadiz a free port,—a measure, however, which has since been revoked."

People who have been for any length of time afloat are glad to go on shore. And now that our good ship has come to anchor, and that we have the privilege, if we please, of landing at Gibraltar, we take boat and resolve to spend six hours on *terra firma*.

What a sight presents itself as we begin to promenade the streets. Everything about us is new and strange; and, contradictory as it may appear, everything is, at the same time, old and familiar. Here we have the realization of Spanish books, Spanish pictures, Spanish plays. The streets are steep and narrow, with sentinels and guard-houses at every corner. Gardens full of orange and lemon trees, myrtles and geraniums, surround regular old-fashioned Spanish villas. The giant rock towering over us bristles everywhere with cannon; and now and then we catch a glimpse of the smooth waters of the bay encircled by the mountains of Andalusia, and the misty outline of the African coast.

The place is essentially military. Sentinels, gateways, drawbridges, fortifications, guns pointing this way, that way, and the other, as if—supposing them to be fired—they would inevitably blow up one another. Narrow streets of stairs, which it is hard work in the hot sunshine to ascend. Nothing to see when you reach the top but a line of ramparts and another street of stairs in perspective. The people, too, are not at all like other people. Of course there are familiar English uniforms; but, for the rest, it is only what we have heard of, or read of, or dreamt of in connection with Gil Blas and Don Quixote. There is so much that is Spanish that you might fancy yourself in Barcelona; so much that is Moorish you might fancy yourself in Morocco; so much that is English, Italian, Greek, Polish, Jewish, African and Patagonian, that you may conceive yourself in an Ethnological Museum on a large scale, opened at Gibraltar, regardless of expense.

And then the ladies; who can fail to notice them, as with fan and mantilla we pass them in the street. They seem to us thoroughly Spanish. They are admirably moulded, graceful in every movement, their clear olive complexions, their black hair so bewitchingly arranged, their eyes dark brown or black, and sometimes blue. Blue eyes are greatly admired in Spain, for, as a stanza of a very popular song in the southern province says:—

"Black eyes and brown,
You every day may see;
But blue, like my lover's,
The Gods made for me."

What would not one do to win a favourable glance from these eyes? Who would not quit the most charming Tertullian or evening party, to tinkle a guitar under the window of the owner of these eyes; who could help dancing—bolero, fandango, achora, or anything else, if the sparkle of those eyes kept time to the music? But, supposing you have only six hours to spend in Gibraltar, it is bad economy of time to fall in love with all the bright eyes you encounter. So, forward, friends—up another of these breathing step-streets, and out again, amid still more fortifications and still more artillery.

As to the public buildings in Gibraltar, they are not worth seeing. The most ancient and most interesting is the Castle, a Moorish structure more than a thousand years old; the Church has no beauty to recommend it; the Post-Office is hard to find, and miserable to behold; the Governor's house is a convent run-to-seed,—the only thing to be done is to ascend the rock and visit the fortifications. This we do, and come away fully impressed with its tremendous strength. Excavated passages lead us from point to point, every new position seeming more impregnable than the last. Awful heights rise above, terrific depths yawn at our feet, guns peer from the sides of the rock as if they were natural productions, and tunnelled galleries open out before us, inviting, or deterring us to enter as the case may be. There is one huge chamber cut out of the solid rock, and serving as a battery or a banquet-room, as occasion may require. It is called St. George's Hall, and is the most singular and far-famed cutting of Gibraltar. There is another excavation of the same kind, christened by the name of Cornwallis, but it is neither so spacious nor so elegant as that of St George.

The grand object of adventurous travellers is to ascend to the summit of the rock. Supposing we have time to do this, we find the prospect fully repays the trouble, as one of the most magnificent of panoramas is commanded from this elevated position. Description fails to give any idea of the prospect—it must be seen to be at all appreciated.

Perhaps, however, instead of ascending the rock, which is by no means an easy matter, we prefer a drive into the country. On landing from our felucca, we call a carriage, and bid the Spanish Jehu make the most of two hours. He smiles, and shows us all his teeth—excellent teeth—and promises, or seems to promise, for he talks too fast for us to follow him, that all shall be as we desire. He plies the lash around the ears of his animals with the adroitness of an expert. He shouts to the leaders, calling each by name, "Go it, Sancho; Go it, Gil;" and rattles us over the pavement as if our bones, if fractured, could be as easily mended as the leather straps of that ill-conditioned contrivance he calls a coach. But the scenery is really very fine, and the fresh air gives us an appetite, and when we sit down to breakfast at the hotel we do ample justice to the chocolate, the delicate red mullet, and the fresh laid eggs.

But the time has arrived for going on board again. The clangour of the bell warns us of the fact. We enter our felucca, and are rowed to the side of the Queen Mab, time enough to see Lieutenant Phantom receive his last mail-bag, and to hear Captain Myth give his final instructions before our anchor is weighed again, and we once more stand out to sea.

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MALTA.

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ALEXANDRIA.

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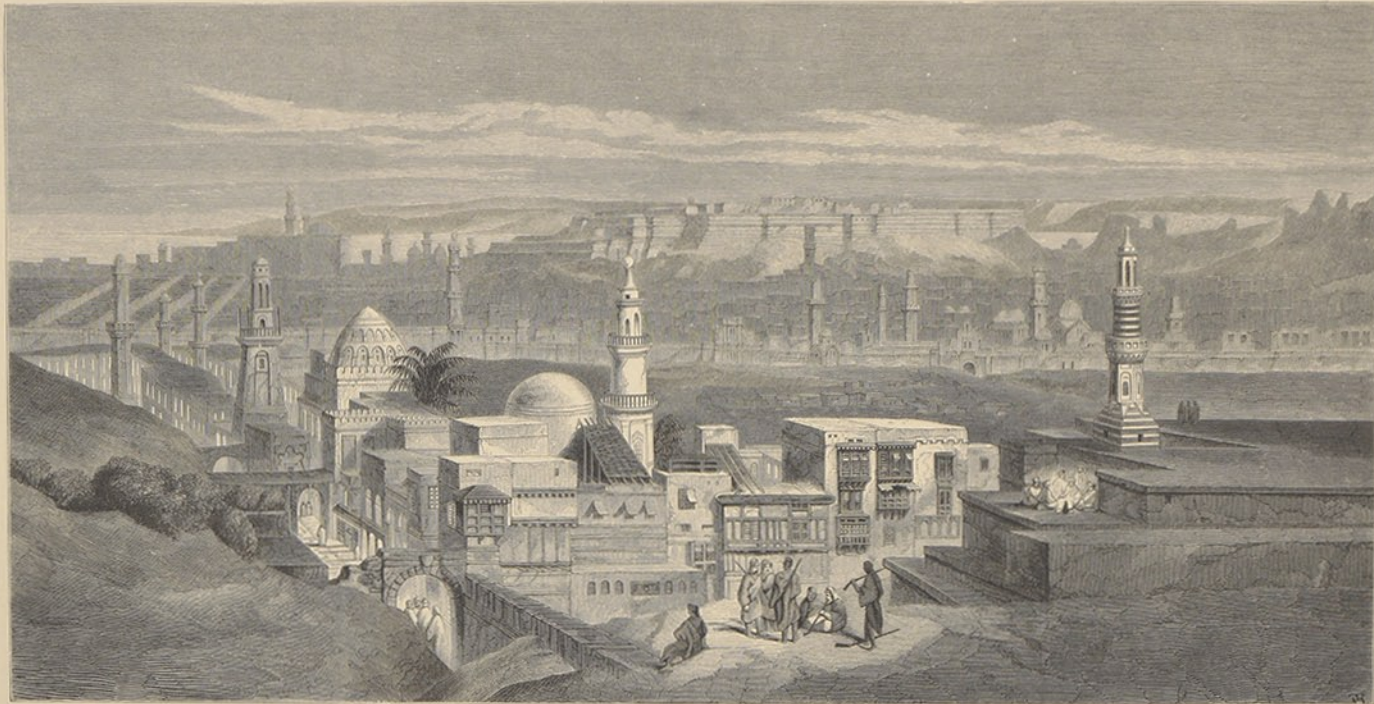

CAIRO.

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DEPARTURE FROM SUEZ.

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the camels and their drivers, the traveller, the Arabs and the horses, there is much to interest the tourist. Here most of the caravans halt, and here they are permitted to rest and repose.

Should you ever be one of a thirsty band,
With your head to the sun and your feet to the sand,
Traversing the desert, ah then you may tell
What treasures exist in the cold deep well,
Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
And then you may reckon what water is worth.

SUEZ.

The approach to Suez is marked by bold and striking scenery. The tall, ragged mountains of Attaka raise their heads loftily, and seem to pierce the depths of the blue sky. A magnificent range of dark sandstone hills continues to the very depths of the Red Sea. As we arrive in the suburbs of the town, the scene becomes exceedingly animated. Horses, and camels, and asses, couriers, Arabs, and travellers jostle one another. There is much noise and confusion, in which the placidity of two or three Bedouins who are leisurely smoking is to be envied. At last we get into Suez, and reach an hotel described as "very excellent and spacious."

Never was mirage in the desert more deceptive. The hotel—a sort of mongrel caravanserai, has not sleeping accommodation for half its guests, and only one bath for the whole. The Arab and Egyptian servants will render no service, however trivial, without bucksheish. It is dreadfully hot, and miserably uncomfortable. We remember an impromptu, which is singularly appropriate to this wretched town—

"Suez, O Suez!
Most heartily true is
My hatred of you, and of all that in you is.
May the light of my eyes
Never see the sun rise
Again upon dirty, detestable Suez."

Suez is an Egyptian seaport, on the north-west angle of the Red Sea, and about seventy-six miles east of Cairo. Its resident population is estimated at about 1,500. As it stands in the direct route between Cairo and Mecca, thousands of merchants and pilgrims pass through it, and on this account it possesses some kind of importance, although it is a comparatively modern and certainly a very mean-looking town. Of all the miserable places in the Levant—and travellers can testify that they are numerous enough—Suez stands unrivalled. It produces nothing. Everything is brought from Cairo. It makes a show of military, but could be easily taken by fifty men. The houses are of burnt brick, the streets totally unpaved, and its town wall in ruins. The water is brought into Suez by camels from wells in the neighbourhood, and even the bread is sent from Cairo. The town contains a custom-house, a Greek church, and a dozen mosques; besides these, there are some European residences, connected with the East India Company and the Overland.

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THE RED SEA.

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changed its place and stood behind them. The Red Sea opened a way before them, the waves on either side standing up like a wall, and the fugitives passed through the midst of the sea. It was night. Not such a bright moonlight night as this, depend upon it, the waters were dark and desolate, but the Israelites walked in the miraculous light of that pillar which followed them. The Egyptians, hearing the retreat, came rushing onward; blinded with passion, they knew not whither they were going: it was a wild, dreary spot, little frequented, and who could tell where the shore ended and the sea began. Pursuing after the retreating multitude, they followed them into the midst of the sea, and found, too late, the destruction which awaited them; the crystal walls gave way—the pursuers sank like lead in the mighty waters. There is so much exciting interest in the whole narrative, our sympathies are so much enlisted with the fugitives, our indignation so aroused against the slave-holding Egyptians, that for them we feel no pity, and are ready to join Moses in his song, or Miriam in her timbrel dance—

> "The Lord is a man of war, the Lord is His name.
> Pharoah's chariot and his host hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.
> The depths have covered them, they sank to the bottom as a stone.
> Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.
> With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together; the floods stood upright as an heap; and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.
> The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them: I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.
> Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them, they sank as lead in the mighty waters."

JEDDAH.

As we make our way down the Red Sea, our attention is directed to the port of Jeddah by observing an Arab on a floating raft gravely salaaming towards it. The port itself is a considerable distance and is backed by a range of lofty hills, and it has but little apparently to recommend it to our notice. But Jeddah is really a place of interest. It is the place of debarkation for the thousands of pilgrims who resort to Mecca and Medina—the birthplace and burial-place of Mahomet the prophet. More than this, it has recently been the scene of a shameless massacre of Christians.

Brought into close contact, as we must be by passing through Egypt or Arabia, with the religious rites of the Mahommedans, they very naturally excite enquiry; and an investigation into the faith and practice of these people rewards the trouble it occasions.

Their first great doctrine is the unity of God. That was the one solemn truth Mahomet proclaimed to the idolatrous Arabs. God is God. It was not the mere dry assertion of a school formula, but the announcement of a Living Being, acting, speaking, ruling. It came with a whirlwind power in an age of formalism, deadness and degeneracy—the victorious crescent waved from the Kaaba of Mecca, and extended itself to the Alhambra of Granada. Mohammed incorporated with his system the leading facts both of Judaism and Christianity, but the Koran was regarded as superior to either the Old or New Testaments. The doctrines

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JEDDAH.

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it taught were the existence of good and evil genii, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, a heaven for the righteous, a hell for the wicked, a purgatory for the faithful who may fall into sin.

Prayer is the first grand duty of the Moslem. The devout Mahomedan performs this duty five times a day—at sunset, at nightfall, at day-break, at noon, and about the middle of the afternoon. The Mosques are open all day, and during the Ramazan or Mahommedan Lent, they are open all night also. In whatever occupation the Moslim may be employed he repeats his prayers at the appointed hour. On Friday—the Mahomedan Sabbath, there is a congregational service in the mosque, and the Imam preaches a sermon. The hours of prayer are announced from the minaret of the mosque. Such sentences as the following are then commonly used, "God is Great," "There is no God but God," "Mahomet is God's Apostle," "Come to prayer," "Come to Security"—"Come to God!"

Ablution is as important as prayer. Round the fountains in the city the faithful are always to be seen engaged in some such service. The formula observed is thus described by Lane:—"The person having tucked up his sleeves a little higher than his elbows, says, in a low voice, or inaudibly, 'I purpose performing the wadoo, for prayer.' He then washes his hands three times; saying in the same manner as before, 'In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful! Praise be to God who hath sent down water for purification, and made El-Islam to be light, and a conductor, and a guide to thy gardens, the gardens of delight, and to thy mansion, the mansion of peace.' Then he rinses his mouth three times, throwing the water into it with his right hand, and, in doing this, he says, 'O God, assist me in the reading of thy book, and in commemorating Thee, and in thanking Thee, and in worshipping Thee well!' Next, with his right hand he throws water up his nostrils, and then blows it out, compressing his nostrils, with his thumb and finger of the left hand, and this also is done three times. While doing it, he says, 'O God, make me to smell the odours of Paradise, and bless me with its delights; and make me not to smell the smell of the fires of Hell.' He then washes his face three times, throwing up the water with both hands, and saying, 'O God, whiten my face with thy light on the day when thou shalt whiten the faces of thy favourites; and do not blacken my face on the day when thou shalt blacken the faces of thine enemies.' His right hand and arm, as high as the elbow, he next washes three times, and as many times causes the water to run along his arm from the palm of the hand to the elbow, saying as he does this, 'O God, give me my book in my right hand, and reckon me with an easy reckoning.' In the same manner he washes the left hand and arm, saying, 'O God, do not give me my book in my left hand, nor behind my back; and do not reckon with me with a difficult reckoning, nor make me to be one of the people of the fire.' He next draws the wetted right hand over the upper part of the head, raising his turban or cap with his left: this he does but once; and he accompanies the action with this supplication, 'O God, cover me with thy mercy, and pour down thy blessing upon me, and shade me under the shadow of thy canopy, on the day when there shall be no shade but its shade.' If he have a beard he then combs it with the wetted fingers of his right hand; holding his hand with the palm forwards, and passing the fingers through his beard from the throat upwards. He then puts the tips of his forefingers into his ears, and twists them round, passing his thumbs at the same time round the back of the ears, from the bottom upwards, and saying, 'O God, make me to be of those who hear what is said, and obey what is best,' or, 'O God, make me to hear good.' Next, he wipes his neck with the back of the fingers of both hands, making the ends of his fingers meet behind his neck, and then drawing them forward, and, in doing so, he says, 'O God, free my neck from the fire, and, keep me from the chains, and the collar, and the fetters.' Lastly, he washes his feet, as high as the ankles; he washes the right foot first, saying at the same time, 'O God, make firm my feet upon the

Sirat, on the day when my feet shall slip upon it;' on washing the left foot he says, 'O God, make my labour to be approved, and my sin forgiven, and my works accepted, merchandise that shall not perish, by thy pardon, O mighty, O very forgiving, by thy mercy, O most merciful of those who show mercy!' After having thus completed the ablution, he says, looking toward heaven, 'Thy perfection, O God! I extol with thy praise: I testify that there is no deity but thee alone; Thou hast no companion; I implore thy forgiveness, and turn to thee with repentance.' Then looking towards the earth, he adds, 'I testify that there is no deity but God, and I testify that Mohammet is his servant, and his apostle.' Having uttered these words, he should recite once, twice, or three times, the Soorat-Kadr, or ninety-seventh chapter of the Koran."

Going pilgrimage to Mecca or Medina is the grand climacteric of Mahommedan religion. And the Mahommedans are by no means particular as to their comfort by the way. Therefore, it is that the trading ships to Jeddah are so crowded with passengers, and so devoid of all sanitary regulation, that they are so many floating pest houses. But to win the name of Hadjee, or traveller, or pilgrim, is the earnest desire of a good Mussulman; and if Christians in feudal times thought it a right thing to make journeys to Jerusalem, and never for a moment hesitated about the inconvenience of the way, why should not a Mahommedan do the same?

MOCHA.

This name is literally and not figuratively a household word. It is renowned all over Europe as the port from which the finest coffee is exported. It is situated in the Yemen district of Arabia, and is the principal port in the Red Sea. The town is encircled with walls, but indifferently fortified, and it contains a population of about 7,000. It occupies the edge of a dry sandy plain, and is defended by a bay of some considerable extent.

Mocha was celebrated in former days for being the very heart of Oriental commerce. All sorts of articles were brought thither by all kinds of dealers, and the old Sheiks who ruled the town swayed their sceptres with a lordly air. They oppressed and spoiled adventurers whom they suspected of any design to penetrate into the country, and behaved in a manner which won for them no enviable character in Europe.

Coffee is the article for which Mocha is now best known, and for which it is still highly appreciated. "It is not possible," says a recent writer, "to form any very accurate estimate of the quantity exported, but we believe it may be taken at 10,000 tons, or perhaps more. The greater portion is sent to Djidda and Suez; but there is a pretty large export to Bombay and other parts of India; the exports for Mocha direct to Europe are also very considerable.

According to Schehabeddin, an Arabian author of the fifteenth century, coffee was first used by a Mahommedan priest of Aden, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century; or, according to Mussulman reckoning, the ninth century from the Hejiræ. The common tradition, however, is that a mollah, or judge of the Turkish empire—Chadely by name—discovered the plant, and made the first cup of coffee. The use of coffee rapidly spread through the east. People drank it at home, in their business, in their pleasures, and even

MOCHA.

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ADEN.

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while at prayers. Coffee shops—not such coffee shops as ours—but palaces of Oriental luxury, started up everywhere. Various games were introduced in these assemblies, and, among others, trictrac, chess, and mancalah; the last being a Turkish game almost as quiet if not so scientific as chess.

Coffee, in the East, is now one of the first necessaries of life. It is said that one of the pledges formerly taken by a Turk to a woman whom he was about to marry, was that he would never suffer her to be in want of coffee.

Previous to the 17th century, coffee was hardly known in Europe, even by name. A few travellers who had visited the East brought back some of the berries for their own private consumption; and in this manner coffee was introduced into Italy, in 1615, by Pietro della Vallie; into France, in 1644, by La Royne, who carried it to Marseilles; and by Thevenot, who is said to have been the first who took the precious plant to Paris.

The first who introduced the use of coffee into France, was Soliman Aga, the ambassador of the Porte at the court of Louis XIV., in 1669. According to the Turkish custom, he caused coffee to be offered to all his visitors. His house was furnished with oriental magnificence; his guests were served by young and beautiful slaves in the Eastern costume, who offered to the ladies napkins fringed with gold, and handed them coffee in cups made of the finest procelain of Japan.

The use of coffee soon became fashionable in high society; and, as only small quantities of the article could then be obtained in Paris, the price rapidly rose to the extraordinary sum of 80 francs, or £3 4s. a pound. Numerous importations soon began to arrive from the Levant to Marseilles, and the price gradually fell to within a small sum of what is now paid.

It was during the Protectorate of Cromwell that Coffee first made its appearance in England. Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, prepared some coffee for his friends in 1652, but its flavour was by no means relished, and fifty years elapsed from that time before the use of the new beverage became common in this country.

The interior of the country beyond Mocha is said to be green and fertile, and really to deserve the name of Arabia Felix, but nothing of this kind is observable from the sea, and the white town lies in a concave of barren hills glowing like a furnace.

Passing several islands and leaving the Abysm mountain range behind us, we enter that which was called in ancient times the Gates of Death, and which is known as the Straits of Basel-man-deb. Having safely passed the danger of this passage, and fairly rounded the promontory, we escape the terror of the Red Sea, and come to anchor in the harbour of Aden.

ADEN.

We arrive at Aden. The entrance to the harbour is achieved with the utmost facility. Even in the darkness you may steer right in without the aid of a pilot. The bay is nearly circular, and two or three miles in diameter. A projecting rock shuts out the view of the sea, so that, looking from the deck of the vessel, the appearance is that of being entirely land-locked. On one side there is a bare, bleak piece of ground, almost devoid of vegetation, but famous for capital sport, as it abounds in game. Europeans go all the way to Aden to look for it, with the prospect of being hunted by the Bedouins at the end of the journey.

Q

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At the foot of some exceedingly high and bold cliffs nestles the modern town of Aden "The site of this town, the best adapted for trade on the whole coast of Arabia, and the key of the Red Sea, has always made it a point of primary importance in the direct trade between Europe and the East. It became, at a very early period, a celebrated emporium. After the Romans obtained possession of Egypt, and Hippalus (A. D. 50) had discovered a direct route to India, they destroyed Aden, lest it should fall into hostile hands, and interfere with their monopoly of this lucrative traffic. It is not known when or by whom it was rebuilt, but from the eleventh to the sixteenth century it was the exclusive *entrepot* of Eastern commerce. The discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope was the first great blow to its importance. Simultaneously with the appearance of the Portuguese in India, the Turks, under Solyman the Magnificent, took possession of various Arabic ports, Aden among the number. They erected the fortifications, the ruins of which have excited the admiration of every traveller, and which repelled the attacks of the famous Portuguese general Albuquerque. From this date, however, Aden rapidly declined, nor did the expulsion of the Turks, which took place about the middle of the last century, retard its downfall. Its ruin was more complete than could have been anticipated, for its convenient harbour and plentiful supply of water made it, apart from every other consideration, a most desirable port." The desirability of the position was immediately seen by the East India Company, and no sooner were the town and the peninsular ceded to them, than they made it a station for the steamers between Bombay and Suez. Thus, it has risen again to be a place of considerable importance; and whereas, when it came into the hands of the British, it had no more than from three to four thousand inhabitants, it has now a population of at least 30,000, and is rapidly becoming the Gibraltar of the Red Sea.

But there is not much in or about Aden to gratify the tourist. A useful, business place enough, it is not by any means a pleasure town. If it is warm at Suez, it is hot at Aden, and if it is hot at Suez, it is boiling-point at Aden. There is a burning sand and an ovenish atmosphere, a rocky coast, like the wildest parts of Western Scotland, but destitute of the rain or mists or breezes of the northern mountains. The hills are baked black, and look like a mass of scoria, the beams of the sun are seldom intercepted by a cloud, and vegetation is only seen to advantage in the graveyard.

Shall we go on shore? the lava and sandstone baking and blistering in the pitiless sun do not present a very inviting appearance. Nevertheless, it is something to leave the ship and worth while going on shore, even if there is nothing to see but the dozens, scores, hundreds of donkeys and donkey-drivers solicitous of backshish. There is a huge bungalow that calls itself an hotel, and affords accommodation neither for man nor beast, but revels in the dirt and sunshine, and, regarding travellers as commercial property, is monarch of all it surveys. There is also a hackney-coach with deficient springs and impracticable blinds. There are the Nubian boatmen who shout and gesticulate, and gesticulate and shout in a kind of round robin of employment. There are scores of Arabs who seem to pass most of their time in the water, and who are to be seen diving or swimming about any time of the day. They are on the look out—like their brothers on shore—for backshish, and will dive as many times as you please to throw the said backshish into the water. A dozen swarthy fellows—ugly beyond belief—are swimming about under the rock on which we stand. They fix their bright eyes on us, and make the usual demand. There! we fling a coin into the water. Then a plunging sound, and then the heads—more like dirty mops than heads to look at—come spluttering to the surface, and one hand is raised up with the money in its grasp.

Sharp as the Arabs are everywhere, they seem sharper at Aden than in any other part of Egypt. Little Arab urchins on the burning sands, are offering us shells, and fans, and

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POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON.

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coral, and only ask a hundred times their worth! We pay rather handsomely also for a dinner of fried fish at the hotel, and donkey-drivers are fearfully extortionate to those who make the tour of the town. But our stay is short, else had our pocket needs be long, and our ship having loaded, we go on board again and weigh anchor.

For the purposes of a coal depôt, Aden is admirably adapted, and the best aspect it ever wears is that which is given in our illustration.

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

A four day's voyage brings us within sight of Ceylon. The light from the Point de Galle (galle means rock) comes merrily to us through the darkness of the night, and in the morning we find ourselves off one of the most beautiful islands of the Indian Sea. Tropical vegetation in all its beauty and magnitude is stretched out before us. The gigantic trees in all their variegated foliage fringe the shores. A grove of the cocoa-palms comes down to the very edge of the Galle, as if to welcome the voyager and invite him to land. We have heard it said that the delicious fragrance of the spice plantations can be experienced out at sea, as they are wafted by the sweet breezes over the deep blue waters. But it is not true. Some people are ready to swear it is—but they are the unhappy victims of a stale trick, as spices are frequently put on the side of the ship, and the griff or greenhorn made to believe it is the wafted odour of the spice islands. At all events there is no deception about the picturesque beauty of the scene, and we are glad enough to avail ourselves of the opportunity of going on shore and paying our respects to the Cinnamon garden.

Boats filled with Cingalese, and loaded with native produce, came round our ship. Among the rest comes the native jeweller, with all sorts of trash to sell to the unwary.

We land, and hiring a small comfortable vehicle, set out for a drive. It is a bright beautiful day, and our way lies through the most enchanting scenery. Groves of lofty trees stretch out in long vistas, the ground is covered with odorous plants and brilliant blossoms. On one side we gaze on masses of green foliage and gorgeous plumage, and on the other, the blue sea, sparkling in the bright sunshine stretches far away. Amid the graceful stems and the plumed heads of the palm groves we make our way, through a wilderness of delights to the Cinnamon.

A very dreamland, a land of fay and sprite, a land more beautiful than the imagination can conceive, those Cinnamon gardens seem to us; bouquets of lovely flowers, branches of odorous plants are about us everywhere. We gather ripe plantains, or drink the milk of the green cocoa-nut. How happy are we; how loth, may be, to return to our ship, but return we must; the booming of the gun signals us to come on board, and away we go again, followed to the shore by scores of merry-hearted Cingalese.

The Island of Ceylon bears the same relation to India that Sicily does to the Italian Peninsula. It tapers towards the north, and "is shaped like a pear cut lengthwise through the middle." Its length is about 270 miles, and its average breadth 100.

The vegetable productions of the island are numerous and valuable. Rice and grain are plentiful, so is the cinnamon, the cocoa-nut, the talepot palm. The bread-fruit tree attains an immense size. And side by side with these tropical plants are the rose and pink, the mignonette of England. While we observe palm leaves large enough to shelter a dozen

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persons, we also notice the jessamine and amaryllis growing in profusion. Just as the native Cingalese contrast singularly with the European residents, so these English plants contrast with the tropical flora.

Ceylon has fine sea ports. Colombo, the capital; Trincomalee, with a splendid harbour; Taffna and Galle. Though the Cingalese are Buddhists, yet they observe caste with great strickness. Their manners are wild and inoffensive, and many of them have been converted to Christianity.

The island has been virtually under British authority for a considerable period, but not till the capture of the native capital in 1817, was it nominally considered a British colony. The tyranny of the minister who last ruled in the interior of the island, was so outrageous and oppressive that his subjects entreated the interference of the English. The population is estimated at 1,300,000, and Ceylon is generally considered one of the most valuable possessions of the British Government.

MADRAS.

Leaving Ceylon we steam away for Madras, on the Coromandel coast, and arrive finally off the open roadstead which is so peculiarly ill-adapted for purposes of trade.

The scene presented is singularly striking. A tremendous surf, in which no boat could live, rushes and dashes wildly between us and the coast, and apparently cuts off all communication. The aspect of the terrific surf is peculiarly impressive, and when the wind blows "great guns," and the rain falls in great torrents, the desolation which seems to shut in Madras from all the world, it is not easy to describe. The surf extends about a mile off the shore. There are three successive reefs over which the sea beats violently. No ordinary boat can make the passage; the boats really employed are large and light, and so constructed as to yield to pressure without breaking. Their planking is sewn together with cocoa-nut fibre, and well caulked. Each boat is manned by twelve or fourteen rowers, who are exceedingly expert and dexterous in the discharge of their hazardous duty. The rowers are an amphibious race to all appearance, and as much at home in the water as out of it. Their boats are employed to carry passengers on shore, and they usually succeed in this without further injury than a ducking and a bruise or two. Sometimes, however, the surf runs so high that not even these boats can struggle through the water, and the only craft which can live in that cauldron sea is the catamaran of the natives. These primitive boats used by these people consist of two logs of wood tied together. The steersman is the only passenger, and even he is frequently unshipped by an unexpected wave. But the equanimity of these fellows is never for a moment disturbed. They swim about steadily enough till a favourable opportunity presents itself for regaining their catamaran, when they resume their position. They are exceedingly useful in carrying letters and messages from the ship to the shore, and perform their duties with admirable integrity. Their only clothing is an oil-skinned cap, worn on the head, and used as a letter-bag.

There is nothing particularly interesting in the appearance of Madras from the sea. The site of this town is quite level, and only a few of its buildings are consequently visible. It is, however, a noble city, and contains many beautiful edifices and commodious streets.

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CALCUTTA.

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Fort St. George—the great nucleus and centre of the town, was begun in 1639 by a Mr. Day, that gentleman having obtained permission from the native authorities. Around this fortress a town rapidly sprung up, gradually increasing its limits with its present important dimensions, with a population of 400,000. In 1746 Madras was taken by the French; it was restored at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; it was again attacked, but without success, in 1758, and was twice threatened by Hyder Ali.

"Madras is the seat of all the chief government offices of its Presidency, of the supreme court, a board of revenue, marine board, etc. In consequence of its unfortunate maritime position, it has less foreign trade than the capital of either of the other presidencies. The commerce is still, however, considerable, as it is the principal emporium of the Coromandel coast, and trades direct with Great Britain, and other European countries, the United States, the South American States, China, the Eastern Island, the Birman Empire, Calcutta and Ceylon."

The Madras Presidency is now second in rank to Bengal, but it formerly occupied a higher position. It has an area of 172,028 square miles, and an estimated population of 19,000,000. The recent disastrous revolt in Bengal was not to any extent imitated by the native army of Madras, and this surely argues in favour of the military discipline of that Presidency. The principal difference was in the non-recognition of *Caste*, the most dangerous and damaging peculiarity of the Hindoos. While Bengal not only tolerated, but actually fostered this spirit, it was a thing unknown to the ranks of the native army of Madras. The result is so well known that it is unnecessary to further allude to it—happily the Mutiny is at an end; and no doubt, learning wisdom from the past—better care will be taken in the reconstruction of the native army.

CALCUTTA.

Four days' voyage takes us from Fort St. George to the shoals—known as the sand heads at the entrance to the bay of Bengal.

As the seat of British authority in India, Calcutta occupies a distinguished and important position, and throughout the late mutiny, was watched with more than common interest. What are they doing in Calcutta? what measures have been adopted at Calcutta to suppress the revolt? what means have been taken at Calcutta to prevent the spread of the insurrection? These the questions which continually were being asked.

Calcutta, the capital of British India, stands on the east side of the Hooghly river, about a hundred miles north of the Bay of Bengal.

The entrance to the Hooghly from the bay is wide and open, but the shores are low and swampy. Saugur Island, at the mouth, stretches off for many miles into the district called the Sunderbund, which was said at one time to have had a population of fifty thousand souls, who were all destroyed by a fearful irruption of the sea during a hurricane. At present, like the rest of the district, for hundreds of miles it is a jungle filled by serpents and wild beasts. The navigation of the river is easy, although it is sometimes rendered disagreeable by having to anchor off Marypore, five-and-twenty miles from Calcutta, where myriads of mosquitos board the ship, and are more trying and prying than custom-house

officers. From Marypore to Calcutta the banks of the Hooghly are exceedingly picturesque. The plantain waves its vast green leaves, and the graceful stems of the bamboo contrast with the thick foliage of the mango. Innumerable blossoms of shrubs, giant creepers, and forest trees, fill the air with perfume.

The nearer we approach Calcutta, the more imposing becomes the aspect of the scene. On the right, for the distance of three miles, are the country houses of the aristocracy of the place. Many of these buildings are almost entitled to the name of palaces. The gardens are filled with splendid flowers and shrubs, which are singularly brilliant. On the left are the botanical gardens of the East India Company, and the bishop's residence. A fleet of magnificent vessels is moored in the river, and above them in the distance towers the vast fortress of Fort William.

Including Fort William, which occupies the centre of a plain greater in extent than Hyde Park, Calcutta extends along the banks of the river for a distance of six miles, with an average breadth of a mile and a half. A handsome quay, called the Strand, stretches for nearly a league along the shore; it is raised forty feet above low water mark, and is furnished with between thirty and forty flights of landing steps, called *Ghauts*.

On a near approach to Calcutta, the Hooghly is crowded with shipping, and the forest of masts puts one in mind of the Thames below London Bridge.

Fort William is one of the strongest fortresses in the British dominions. It is built in the octagon form, three sides facing the river, and the remaining five commanding the land. It was built by Lord Clive, shortly after his victory at Plassey, and has cost the Company about £2,000,000. The esplanade of the fortress is the fashionable resort for riding and driving.

The first impression which a visitor receives from the appearance of Calcutta is, that it is one of the most elegant and picturesque cities he ever beheld. But on closer intimacy he discovers that Calcutta, like most other great cities, has its miserable quarters, all the more wretched and dingy by contrast with the splendid villas and suburban palaces of European residents. This miserable quarter has been called the Black Town.

The Black Town has been described as a collection of huts of earth baked in the sun, or of twisted bamboos interspersed here and there with ruinous brick bazaars, pools of dirty water, cocoa-trees and little gardens, and a few very large, very high, and generally very dirty houses. The town is filled with crowds of people dressed in tawdry silks and brocades, more in white cotton garments, and most of all with scarcely any garments at all. Tradesmen are sitting on the ground in the midst of their merchandise; and carts drawn by wild looking oxen are driven by still wilder looking men; no women to be seen except of the lowest class; "a constant creaking of cart-wheels—which are never greased in India—a constant clamour of voices, and an almost constant thumping and jingling of drums and cymbals in honour of some of their deities; and add to all this a villainous smell of garlic, rancid cocoa-nut oil, sour butter, and stagnant ditches, and you will understand the sounds, sights, and smells of what is called the 'Black Town' of Calcutta.

The Government House is the most remarkable building in Calcutta. The architecture is chiefly of the Ionic order. It was built by the Marquis of Wellesley. The town also contains several noble edifices, amongst which may be counted the Custom House, the Mint, the Cathedral of St. John, the Courts of Justice, &c.

The northern and central parts of Calcutta are very densely inhabited. The southern parts are more scantily peopled, in consequence of the detatched villas of the Europeans occupying so extensive a range. The population is estimated at about two millions.

Thus arrived at the end of our journey, we make our first acquaintance the manners and customs of the Hindoos, and the advantages and disadvantages of life in India. As we

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stand in the midst of the gay crowds around us; as we notice the palankeen born by yonder natives, and the groupe of high-cast Hindoos to our left; as we look at the bullock-cars driving from us; or at the Governor General's body approaching us at a smart canter; as we gaze on the "city of palaces," or the boats and pinnaces plying on the Hooghly, we cannot fail to be struck with the indomitable energy of our Anglo Saxon race, who have come from, their island home and here built up an Empire.

We think of the band of traders who first entered on the speculation, and obtained a trading charter from Queen Bess; we think of them gradually extending their influence and imperceptibly taking firm root in the land. We think of them spreading here and there up the coast, and from isolated settlements growing into one vast Empire. We think of Clive and Plassey, and the brilliant progress of our arms, when the sword was out of its sheath, when battle after battle crowned us with victory, and the land which Alexander could not conquer was subjugated to our sway. We think, also,—how can we help it?—of the recent Mutiny, of the direful deeds done on our helpless women and children; but along even with this is coupled a more complete triumph than was ever achieved in India.

British pluck, Anglo Saxon energy—what is there these cannot accomplish? How much they have done, not only to found and to consolidate the Indian Empire, but to annihilate both space and time; and by steam and electricity to hurry us near to our possessions. Of old we sailed to India and had a five months' voyage, full of discomfort and disaster; but we have changed all this for a rapid transit by steam to Alexandria, by train from Alexandria to Cairo, and from Cairo to Suez, we steam it again from Suez to Aden, from Aden to Madras, from Madras to Ceylon, from Ceylon to Calcutta; and if—as who can doubt it will be—the other suggested improvements are carried out, even this rapidity will be thrown into the shade.

Here then we take leave of our gentle readers, thanking them for their courtesy in accompanying us so far, and heartily trusting that they have found some pleasure, and some instruction in the ROUTE OF THE OVERLAND MAIL.

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