

excitement and the cruel treatment it had received, and sprang from rock to rock like a chamois; while on the full gallop his rider would now and then stand in his saddle, toss his long-barreled musket high in the air, and go through all the mad equestrian feats of the Berber. Finally he drew up, and came riding proudly toward me, his haik, loosened by the unwonted exercise, streaming in the wind behind him. He drew rein about ten yards away from where I was standing, and then shouting so that all the Berbers, horse-dealers, beggars, and idlers about could hear him, he said: "Know, Christian, I would not sell a colt of my father's breeding to an unbeliever for all the gold in Fez. I would rather cut his throat." A moment later, under my very eyes, he sold for forty dollars the colt for which I had of-

fered sixty! This time the offer came from a soldier of the Prophet.

This was naturally my last visit to the horse-market, and it was only at the Kasr-el-Kebir, half-way to the sea, that I succeeded in getting another horse. But when the first flush of my anger at the brutal frankness with which he had treated me was over, I learned to like this Berber boy, with his vice of indomitable pride, better than all my friends and acquaintances in Fez,—better even than the mild-eyed Fuky, who under cover of darkness was accustomed to slip into our garden and teach me the Fatha, and who, as we stole out of Fez on our homeward journey, whispered in my ear, "May thy end be happy!"—a pious wish which meant that he trusted I should be converted to the true faith before my death.

Stephen Bonsal.

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S LETTERS TO CHILDREN.¹

WITH NOTES ON HIS HOME LIFE.



THE following letters were written by the late Bishop Brooks to the children of his eldest brother during his various journeys, beginning with one made in 1882-83, which extended over a year and included the journey to India. Sailing from New York in the *Servia* about the middle of June, 1882, he was joined by the Rev. Dr. McVickar of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Mr. Franks of Salem, who remained with him for two months, traveling in England, France, and Italy. Later Mr. H. H. Richardson, the architect, with a young friend joined the party in France, and they all continued together for several weeks. When they separated, Dr. Brooks went to Germany, where he visited several of the university towns, making Berlin his headquarters, and remaining there long enough to look into its university life, and to learn something of its great men and its theology.

Late in November he was joined at Venice by Mr. Evert J. Wendell of New York, for the journey into India. This journey most successfully accomplished, Mr. Wendell left him at Cairo, and Dr. Brooks, after a little tour into Spain, returned to England, where he spent a delightful two months, seeing much of its great people. Here he was joined in July by Mr. Robert Treat Paine of Boston, and after another fortnight on the Continent he took the steamship *Cephalonia* at Liverpool on September 12, reaching Boston on September 22.

This was an eventful day to many households throughout the city. Members of his family, who were scattered, gathered to meet him and to celebrate his return with festivities; and it was pleasant to see how naturally and happily he fell into the old ways after a year of delightful recreation.

One likes to recur to the family festivals, which, through his busy life, he never failed to observe with scrupulous care. Upon the removal of his father and mother to North Andover, he arranged that the rectory in Boston should be the family gathering-place on Thanksgiving Day. Unhappily, only a little group were within reach, and to them this was a great occasion. For several weeks beforehand the young people were interested in arranging for a "surprise" in the way of some simple entertainment, which followed the dinner and occupied the evening; and it was considered a great privilege to be allowed to "dress up" in the silks and stuffs and trinkets that had been brought from India by their uncle, who would guide them in the arrangement of their costumes, and afterward make one of the audience and greet them with hearty applause. Several dolls were kept in a closet of the rectory for the entertainment of his nieces when they should chance to drop in.

He took especial pains on these occasions to make his table attractive to the children. Every appointment was marked by his most refined taste, which never seemed to err even in the

¹ The following letters are selected from a volume of "Letters of Travel," to be issued by Bishop Brooks's publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co. At the request of the editor of *THE CENTURY*, a member of the family, who furnishes the notes, has grouped a number of the

bishop's letters to his nieces, the children of his brothers, William G. and the Rev. John C. Brooks, with the purpose of presenting a little-known and most interesting side of the life and character of the great preacher.

smallest matter. His love for flowers was evident in his selection and arrangement of them. The ornaments and bonbons were unusual, and were carefully selected, and at the close of the dinner the children were requested to carry away all that remained of the prettiest of them. Once his ices represented a group of kittens, and his play with them was the source of much amusement to the children and himself. The costume favors, too, were always there, and each one present was expected to wear his or her paper cap throughout the dinner, his own towering above the others.

The Christmas season was a great delight to him. He was most devoted to the little ones, and was deeply interested in the children's festival at Trinity Church, where there was always a tree of rare beauty. He was usually present at the dressing of the tree, and entered into its spirit more than did the children themselves.

Year after year, on one of the days of the week before Christmas, he would arrange to have the younger members of his family breakfast with him to decide about their presents, after which he spent several hours with them in roaming about through the shops to make their selections. Once when it was suggested that the family gifts be omitted for one year, on the score that too much time and thought had to be given to them, he was so much shocked that the suggestion was never repeated, and he would insist upon having his gifts, no matter how trifling, and never failed to give rare and beautiful ones to others. For many years a part of Christmas Day was passed in company with his brother's family at the home of a friend in Salem.

His own birthday, which preceded Christmas by a few weeks, was celebrated at his brother's with great merrymaking. His chair was dressed with flags and ribbons, and there was a birthday cake, until the number of candles necessary to mark the age increased to so many that it was thought well to abolish it. But there was always a tray filled with gifts, which was brought on with the dessert, and he was usually quite impatient until the time came for presenting them, and would sometimes insist upon shortening the dinner. For all such days the children were provided with a rhyme, which never failed to excite his interest, poor as it might be. It was suited to the day, and addressed to him, and was sung to some lively tune, to which he would keep time with his hand as they sang it again and again at his request.

We now come to the letters:

VENICE, August 13, 1882.

DEAR GERTIE: When the little children in Venice want to take a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the house and jump off and swim about in the street. Yesterday I saw a nurse standing on the front steps, holding one end of a string, and the other end was tied to a little fellow who was swimming up the street. When he went too far, the nurse pulled in the string, and got her baby home again. Then I met another youngster, swimming in the street, whose mother had tied him to a post by the

side of the door, so that when he tried to swim away to see another boy who was tied to another door-post up the street, he could n't, and they had to sing out to one another over the water. Is not this a queer city? You are always in danger of running over some of the people and drowning them, for you go about in a boat instead of a carriage, and use an oar instead of a horse. But it is ever so pretty, and the people, especially the children, are very bright, and gay, and handsome. When you are sitting in your room at night, you hear some music under your window, and look out, and there is a boat with a man with a fiddle, and a woman with a voice, and they are serenading you. To be sure, they want some money when they are done, for everybody begs here, but they do it very prettily and are full of fun.

Tell Susie I did not see the queen this time. She was out of town. But ever so many noblemen and princes have sent to know how Toody was, and how she looked, and I have sent them all her love.

There must be lots of pleasant things to do at Andover, and I think you must have had a beautiful summer there. Pretty soon now you will go back to Boston. Do go into my house when you get there and see if the doll and her baby are well and happy, but do not carry them off; and make the music-box play a tune, and remember your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WURTZBURG, October 15, 1882.

MY DEAR GERTIE: I owe you a letter—indeed I am afraid that I owe you more than one, but we won't be very particular about that. You shall write as often as you can, and so will I, and then we will call it square.

You ought to have a great deal more to say than I, because Boston is a great deal livelier place than Wurtzburg, and besides you have lived in Boston all your life, and know lots of people there whom I should like to hear about (including Susie), while I have been here only since yesterday, and only know one person here, and you would not care to hear about him, for he is only a stupid old professor. But you would like to go down the queer old streets and see the funny houses, and you would have liked to see the big church, crowded with people, that I saw this afternoon, and heard them sing as if they would shake all the carved and painted saints down off the walls. I wish that once before I die I could hear the people sing like that in Trinity Church in Boston. But I never shall. It was a great day in the church here to-day, because it was the thousandth anniversary of the death of the man who built the first church here, long before you were born, and so they had a great procession and went

233 CLARENDON STREET.
BOSTON.

March 21. 1881.



My dear Fannie, This is a picture
of you & Toody & the little boy
that gave you the Measles. Toody

is the one with the umbrella & you
are the one with your finger in your
mouth. I am glad you have got
done your measles. What are you
going to have next? I should think
you might take half of poor Toody's mea-
sles & help her through. I thank
you for writing me such a beauti-
ful letter & I hope you will come
& see me the first time you go out.
Your affectionate uncle Phillips

[The picture is a little chromo pasted by the writer at the head of the note.—EDITOR.]

down into the crypt under the church, where he is buried, and sung a Te Deum. I wish you had been there with me.

Then there is a tremendous great palace where the bishops used to live, about ten thousand times as large as the house that Bishop Paddock lives in—26 Chestnut street. Nobody lives there now, because bishops are not such great people as they used to be; but you can go through it all and see the splendid rooms, and there is the loveliest old garden behind it with fountains and statues, and beautiful old trees, where the people go and walk about on pleasant afternoons, and a band plays. If you and I ever spend an afternoon in Würzburg, we will go there.

I wonder if you have been at Trinity to-day, and who preached, and whether you know the text, and whether Sunday-school has begun?

I am on my way from Heidelberg to Berlin. After I have stayed there for a week or two, I shall go to Dresden and Prague and Vienna and Venice, and I have got a ticket to sail in the *Poonah* from Venice for Bombay on the 1st day of December. It is not as pretty a name as the *Servia*, and the ship is only about half as big; but she is a very good vessel, and I have no doubt she will get out there safely before Christmas. I wish you would come to Venice and see me off as you did to New York. Good night and pleasant dreams. Give my love to everybody, and don't forget your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WITTENBERG, Sunday, September 24, 1882.

MY DEAR AGNES: . . . Did you ever hear of Wittenberg? You will find it on the map, not very far from Berlin. It used to be a very famous place when Martin Luther lived here and was preaching his sermons in the church whose clock I just now heard strike a quarter of one, and was writing his books in the room whose picture is at the top of this sheet of paper. I am sure you know all about Luther. If not, ask Toody. She knows 'most everything. . . . It is a queer old town. Just now, when it was twelve o'clock, I heard some music and looked out and found that a band of music was playing psalm-tunes away up in the air, on the tower of the old parish church. . . . I came here from Berlin yesterday, and am going to travel about in Germany for a few weeks, and then go back to Berlin again. Berlin is very nice. I wish I could tell you about a visit which I made on Friday to one of the great public schools, where I saw a thousand boys and a thousand girls, and the way they spelt the hard words in German would have frightened you to death. . . .

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

Very Private!!

GRAND HOTEL, VIENNA, NOV. 19, 1882.

DEAR GERTIE: This letter is an awful secret between you and me. If you tell anybody about it, I will not speak to you all this winter. And this is what it is about. You know Christmas is coming, and I am afraid that I shall not get home by that time, and so I want you to go and get the Christmas presents for the children. The grown people will not get any from me this year. But I do not want the children to go without, so you must find out, in the most secret way, just what Agnes and Toody would most like to have, and get it and put it in their stockings on Christmas Eve. Then you must ask yourself what you want, and get it too, but without letting yourself know about it, and put it in your own stocking and be very much surprised when you find it there. And then you must sit down and think about Josephine De Wolf and the other baby at Springfield whose name I do not know, and consider what they would like, and have it sent to them in time to reach them upon Christmas Eve. Will you do all this for me? You can spend \$5 for each child, and if you show your father this letter he will give you the money out of some of mine which he has got. That rather breaks the secret, but you will want to consult your father and mother about what to get, especially for the Springfield children, so you may tell them about it; but do not dare to let any of the children know of it until Christmas-time. Then you can tell me in your Christmas letter just how you have managed about it. . . .

Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me, and tell him that I am very sorry I could not come this year, but I shall be there next year certain! Give my love to all the children. I had a beautiful letter from Aunt Susan the other day, which I am going to answer as soon as it stops raining. Tell her so, if you see her. Be a good girl, and do not study too hard, and keep our secret.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

JEYPORE, January 7, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: I wish you had been here with me yesterday. We would have had a beautiful time. You would have had to get up at five o'clock, for at six the carriage was at the door and we had already had our breakfast. But in this country you do everything you can very early, so as to escape the hot sun. It is very hot in the middle of the day, but quite cold now at night and in the mornings and the evenings. Well, as we drove into the town (for the bungalow where we are staying is just outside), the sun rose and all the streets

were full of light. The town is all painted pink, which makes it the queerest-looking place you ever saw; and on the outsides of the pink houses there are pictures drawn, some of them very solemn, and some of them very funny, which makes it very pleasant to drive up the street. We drove through the street, which was crowded with camels and elephants and donkeys, and women wrapped up like bundles, and men chattering like monkeys, and monkeys themselves, and naked little children rolling in the dust and playing queer Jeypore games. All the little girls, when they get to be about your age, hang jewels in their noses, and the women all have their noses looking beautiful in this way. I have got a nose-jewel for you, which I shall put in when I get home, and also a little button for the side of Susie's nose, such as the smaller children wear. Think how the girls at school will admire you! Well, we drove out the other side of the queer pink town, and went on toward the old town which they deserted a hundred years ago, when they built this. The priest told the rajah, or king, that they ought not to live more than a thousand years in one place, and so, as the old town was about a thousand years old, the king left it, and there it stands about five miles off, with only a few beggars and a lot of monkeys for inhabitants of its splendid palaces and temples. As we drove along toward it, the fields were full of peacocks and all sorts of bright-winged birds, and out of the ponds and streams the crocodiles stuck up their lazy heads and looked at us.

The hills around are full of tigers and hyenas, but they do not come down to the town, though I saw a cage of them there which had been captured only about a month and they were very fierce. Poor things! When we came to the entrance of the old town there was a splendid great elephant waiting for us, which the rajah had sent. He sent the carriage, too. The elephant had his head and trunk beautifully painted, and looked almost as big as Jumbo. He knelt down and we climbed up by a ladder and sat upon his back, and then he toiled up the hill. I am afraid he thought Americans must be very heavy, and I do not know whether he could have carried you. Behind us, as we went up the hill, came a man leading a little black goat, and when I asked what it was for they said it was for sacrifice. It seems a horrid old goddess has a temple on the hill, and years ago they used to sacrifice men to her, to make her happy and kind. But a merciful rajah stopped that and made them sacrifice goats instead, and now they give the horrid old goddess a goat every morning, and she likes it just as well.

When we got into the old town it was a perfect wilderness of beautiful things—lakes,

temples, palaces, porticos, all sorts of things in marble and fine stones, with sacred long-tailed monkeys running over all. But I must tell you all about the goddess and the way they cut off the poor little goat's little black head, and all the rest that I saw, when I get home. Don't you wish you had gone with me?

Give my love to your father and mother and Agnes and Susie. I am dying to know about your Christmas and the presents. Do not forget your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

S. S. VERONA, Sunday, March 18, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: It seems to me that our correspondence has not been very lively lately. I don't think I had a letter from you all the time I was in India. I hoped I should, because I wanted to show it to the rajahs, and other great people, and let them see what beautiful letters American children can write. But now I am out of India, and for the last ten days we have been sailing on and on over the same course where we sailed last December. Last Tuesday we passed Aden, and stopped there about six hours. I went on shore and took a drive through the town and up into the country. If you had been with me you would have seen the solemn-looking camels stalking along with solemn-looking Arabs on their backs, looking as if they had been riding on and on that way ever since the days of Abraham. I think I met Isaac and Jacob on two skinny camels, just outside the gates of Aden. I asked them how Esau was, but Jacob looked mad and would n't answer, and hurried the old man on, so that I had no talk with them; but I feel quite sure it was they, for they looked just like the pictures in the Bible.

Since that we have been sailing up the Red Sea, and on Monday evening we shall be once more at Suez, and there I say good-by to my companion, who stops in Egypt, and goes thence to Palestine, while I hurry on to Malta and Gibraltar in the same steamer. She is a nice little steamer, with a whole lot of children on board, who fight all the while and cry the rest of the time. Every now and then one of them almost goes overboard, and then all the mothers set up a great howl, though I don't see why they should care very much about such children as these are. I should think it would be rather a relief to get rid of them. Now, if it were you, or Agnes, or Tood, it would be different!

There has just been service on deck, and I preached, and the people all held on to something and listened. I would a great deal rather preach in Trinity.

I hope you will have a pleasant Easter. Mine will be spent, I trust, in Malta. Next year

I hope you will come and dine with me on
Easter Day. Don't forget! My love to Tood.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

ON THE P. AND O. STEAMSHIP VERONA,
NEAR SUEZ, March 19, 1883.

LITTLE MISTRESS JOSEPHINE,¹

Tell me, have you ever seen
Children half as queer as these
Babies from across the seas?
See their funny little fists,
See the rings upon their wrists;
One has very little clothes,
One has jewels in her nose;
And they all have silver bangles
On their little heathen ankles.
In their ears are curious things,
Round their necks are beads in strings,
And they jingle as they walk,
And they talk outlandish talk.
One, you see, has hugged another,
Playing she's its little mother.
One, who sits all lone and lorn,
Has her head all shaved and shorn.
Do you want to know their names?
One is called Jeefungee Hames,
One Buddhanda Arrich Bas,
One Teedundee Hanki Sas.

Many such as these I saw
In the streets of old Jeypore.
They never seemed to cry or laugh,
But, sober as the photograph,
Squatted in the great bazaars,
While the Hindoos, their mamas,
Quarreled long about the price
Of their little mess of rice;
And then, when the fight was done,
Every mother, one by one,
Up her patient child would whip,
Set it straddling on her hip,
And trot off all crook'd and bent
To some hole where, well content,
Hers and baby's days are spent.

Are n't you glad then, little Queen,
That your name is Josephine?
That you live in Springfield, or
Not, at least, in old Jeypore?
That your Christian parents are
John and Hattie, Pa and Ma?
That you've an entire nose
And no rings upon your toes?
In a word, that Hat and you
Do not have to be Hindoo?
But I thought you'd like to see
What these little heathen be,
And give welcome to these three
From your loving uncle P.

¹ Daughter of the Rev. J. C. Brooks.

GIBRALTAR, April 1, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: I am so sorry that you
have been ill. If you had only come with me
on the *Servia*, and not stayed at home to work
so hard over your lessons, I do not believe you
would have been ill at all. . . .

At Malta we saw the church where all the
old Knights of Malta are buried, and the armor
which they used to wear, and then there is a
queer old church which the monks have the
care of, and when a monk dies they do not
bury him underground, or burn him up with
fire, which would be better, but they stand him
up in a niche, in his monk's frock, and leave
him there; and there they are, a whole row of
dry monks, dreadful-looking things, with their
labels on them, to tell who they used to be
when they were alive.

Well, Wednesday afternoon we left Malta
and sailed on and on in the *Verona*. There
did not much happen on the *Verona* all the
way. The people were not very interesting.
Only Miss G. got engaged to the fourth offi-
cer, and that interested us all very much in-
deed; and one morning Audley D. and Law-
rence K. got into a great fight on deck, and
Audley D. hit Lawrence K. in the eye and hurt
him, and then the two mothers, Mrs. D. and
Mrs. K., went at each other and scolded terribly.
And that also interested us very much indeed.

This is about all I can think of that hap-
pened on board the *Verona*. I can't tell you
much about Spain yet, for I have only been
in it about an hour and a half. The people talk
Spanish, which is very awkward, but the sail-
ing up to Gibraltar this morning was splendid.
The narrow gate of the Mediterranean, with
its two great rocks, one in Europe and one in
Africa, was all ablaze with the morning sun,
and through it, westward, lay America and Bos-
ton. I am going on Tuesday to Malaga, and
then to Granada. Give my love to everybody.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL, LONDON,
June 3, 1883.

MY DEAR TOOD: Your wicked papa has not
sent me any letter this week, and so I am not
going to write to him to-day; but I am going
to answer your beautiful letter, which traveled
all the way to London, and was delivered here
by a postman with a red coat, two or three
weeks ago. He looked very proud when he
came in, as if he knew that he had a beautiful
letter in his bundle, and all the people in the
street stood aside to make way for him, so that
Tood's letter might not be delayed.

How quickly you have learned to read and
write! I am very sorry for you, for they now
will make you read and study a great many

stupid books, and you will have to write letters all your days. When I get home I am going to make you write my sermons for me, and I think of engaging you for my amanuensis at a salary of twenty cents a month, with which you can buy no end of gum-drops. If you do not know what an amanuensis is, ask Agnes, and tell her I will bring her a present if she can spell it right the first time.

Poor little Gertie! What a terrible time she has had! It must have been very good for her to have you to take care of her and run her errands and play with her and write her letters. I suppose that is the reason why you hurried so and learned to write. It was a great pity that I never got her letter about the Christmas presents, but I am very glad that you liked the coupé. What do you want me to bring you home from London? Write me another letter and tell me, and tell Gertie I shall be very happy when I get another letter from her, written with her own little fingers.

I want to see your new house, which I am sure will be very pretty. I wonder where you are going to be this summer. Now, I am going off to preach in a queer old church, built almost a thousand years ago, before your father or mother was born. Give my love to them, and to Agnes and to Gertie, and to the new doll.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,
July 10, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: How dreadfully ill you must have been! Everybody here has been terribly anxious about you, and now is so glad to hear that you are really a great deal better. I heard you talked about on Sunday at the Army and Navy Hotel, and it made me almost feel as if I were at home to hear your name so often. And now I wonder where you are. I hope they have carried you off to some cool, pleasant baths where you will melt the rheumatism out of you and make you just as nice and limber as a doll. I wish you were here, for it is beautifully fresh and cool, and we would go off and see some kind of pretty things. I went down into the country the other day, and saw some people whom I met on the journey home from India. It was the prettiest place, and you would have enjoyed it ever so much. They had the biggest strawberries you ever saw, and you would have enjoyed picking them a great deal more than I did. I wish strawberries grew on trees. They would be so much easier to pick.

There was a nice little girl there, who was a great friend of mine on the voyage. Her name is Nora, and she gave me her photograph. I think I will put it into this letter, so that you can see what an English child looks like, only

you must keep it safe and give it to me when I get to Boston, for I told Nora Buchanan that I should keep it till I saw her again. Her father has a tea-plantation up in the Himalaya Mountains, and her mother and she go out there every winter. She has got a pony named Brownie, and a big dog and a little dog and lots of pets.

When we get to living up in the old house at Andover, we will have some dogs too, and perhaps some day we will get a pony for you to ride on—or would you rather have a donkey with long ears and a delightful little cart to drive in? What did you do on the Fourth of July? The people here seemed to think that it was just like any other day. Nobody was firing crackers, or blowing soap-bubbles, and there were no American flags flying anywhere; but one day two weeks ago London was greatly excited, it being the Queen's coronation day, and I met the Lord Mayor in his coach with a red cloak on and a big gold chain around his neck. . . . Thank you for your little note.

Your loving uncle,

P.

Sunday, August 19, 1883.

DEAR GERTIE: I bought the prettiest thing you ever saw for you the other day. If you were to guess for three weeks, making two guesses every minute, you could not guess what it is. I shall not tell you, because I want you to be all surprised to pieces when you see it, and I am so impatient to give it to you that I can hardly wait. Only you must be in a great hurry and get well, because you see it is only five weeks from to-day that I shall expect to see you in the dear old study in Clarendon street, where we have had such a lot of good times together before now. Just think of it! We'll set the music-box a-going, and light all the gas-lights in the house, and get my doll out of her cupboard, and dress Tood up in a red pocket-handkerchief and stand her up on the study table, and make her give three cheers! Then we'll have some gingerbread and lemonade.

I've got a lot of things for you besides the one which I bought for you the other day. You could n't guess what it is if you were to guess forever; but this is the best of all, and when you see it you will jump the rheumatism right out of you. I hope you will be quite well by that time. What sort of a place is Sharon? Do not write to me about it, but tell me all about it when I see you. What a lot you will have to tell! You can tell me what was in that Christmas letter which the wicked mail-man never brought to me.

Good-by, dear little girl. Don't you wish you knew what it was that I bought for you the other day? Give my love to Agnes and Tood.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

INNSBRÜCK, August 26, 1883.

DEAR GERTIE: How I envy the little Tyrolese girls their health and strength to-day! I wanted to steal half of it and send it home in a box to you. They never would have missed it, for they have a great deal more health than they know what to do with. Their cheeks are as red as the sunset, and they look as if they never heard of such a thing as rheumatism! But never mind; I am coming home soon now, and you will forget all about this ugly winter.

I have been seeing the people in a little village to-day act a part of the New Testament story. A lot of the children took part in it, and I send you a photograph of one of them, a little girl who walked in the procession which came with Jesus into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. She was a cunning little thing, and carried her palm branch as you see, and cried "Hosanna!" as she walked along. I wish you had been there to see her.

Was it not funny that I should hear about you on the street at Innsbrück? You see how famous you are, and how people know about you all over the world. The person who knew about you here was Miss W., who came out of a shop last Friday afternoon just as we were going in. She looked just like a slice out of old Boston, and she had some letters from home about your visit to Sharon, or perhaps she saw it in the papers!

I wonder if you will be back when I get home, and I wonder if you will be glad to see me! I got you another present the other day, but you could n't guess what that is, either. Good-by! Get well! And give my love to Agnes and Tood. I think of you a great deal.

Your affectionate uncle,
P.

MUNICH, September 2, 1883.

DEAR GERTIE: When I came away the first man that wrote me a letter, only two days after the *Servia* had steamed out of New York Bay, was *you*. And now that I am coming home, the last letter which I write from the Old World to any man in America shall be to *you*. For I want to tell you myself that I shall see you on September 22. I suppose you will not be quite able to run over to the wharf at East Boston when the *Cephalonia* gets in, but I shall come up to see you just as soon as the custom-house people let me out of prison, after I have paid the duties upon all the heaps of presents I have got for you!

Was n't it good that the baths at Sharon helped you so much? I was at a place the other day where the people take baths for rheumatism. It is called Bad Gastein, but it is n't bad at all. It is very good. It is away back in the hills, and there 's a tremendous waterfall which

runs right through the house, and keeps up such a racket that you can't get any sleep. But that does no great harm, because you have to take your bath so early that if it was not for the waterfall in the next room, you would sleep over and never get your bath at all, and so some time you might have the rheumatism all your life. I did n't have any rheumatism, so I went and took a bath for yours, and I rather think that is what made you feel so much better. You thought it was the baths you were taking at Sharon, but it really was the bath I was taking at Bad Gastein!

I wonder how soon you will come and see me when I get back. Everybody here eats his breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner outdoors. I like it, and think I shall do so myself when I get home; so when you come to breakfast we will have our table out on the grass-plot on Newbury street, and Katie shall bring us our beefsteak there. Won't the children stare as they go by to school? We 'll toss the crumbs to them and the robins. But you must hurry and get well, or we cannot do all this. My love to Agnes and Tood.

Your affectionate uncle,
P.

In the summer of 1885 Dr. Brooks, in company with Mr. Robert Treat Paine and family of Boston, made a tour through parts of England and Europe. In the following letters he frequently refers to his home at North Andover, formerly the home of his ancestors, which fell into his hands upon the death of the last of the generation preceding his own. When not traveling in Europe or elsewhere, he resorted thither to join his eldest brother and his family.

In this life of seclusion he found the quiet and rest that seemed to be absolutely necessary to him, and he was able to accomplish much reading and other work for which it was difficult to find time at other seasons of the year, when duties were pressing upon him. Each summer he would bring with him a great box of books that he had accumulated during the year. Here, too, he did the necessary work toward preparing his sermons for the publisher.

The days were uneventful and singularly alike, and if they grew to be monotonous, and he felt the need of more life, he would answer one or more of the many calls from friends eager to welcome him to their homes. From time to time, too, he would gather his friends about him,—those of his seminary days, and those of later years,—and would delight in showing them the old home and the country that had been dear to him from his boyhood. His mornings he devoted wholly to work. Certain hours of each day were given to the children, whose lives and amusements he entered into so fully. The old Corn Barn to which he refers so often was set aside for them as a retreat or play-house—a rude old place, which he took great pleasure in fitting up, bringing some toy or bit of decoration for it each time that he came from Boston. Here were Japanese lanterns,

and Indian pictures, and tables and chairs—one great arm-chair for himself, in which he would sit and watch with great interest the children at work upon a little cooking-stove (also his gift) preparing certain dishes, of which they were always quite sure to find him ready to partake, although they were not very inviting and showed the marks of frequent handling.

Again he might be found at work with hammer and nails erecting a stage for a play, and in the absence of one of the players he would always be ready to rehearse a part. Thus he entered into their daily lives and amusements, helping them and shielding them, and never thinking anything too small for his interest and care.

The Fourth of July was a great day at the old place. All through the day he would fire off his crackers with the enthusiasm of a boy, and in the evening he would send off his rockets with equal interest, laughing heartily when his pinwheels would not go, and at the rockets that would sometimes dart from him across the lawn instead of up into the sky.

The chief event of each day for the young people was the afternoon drive with him in his buggy. Each watched anxiously for the invitation to accompany him. If they chanced to drive through a town, he would frequently stop and buy presents for those that were left behind,—only a simple toy perhaps, but enough to compensate for the loss of the drive. After answering his numerous letters in the evening, he would gather the family for a game such as "Authors," or "Logomachy," and the like, and it was astonishing to see the interest and childlike simplicity with which he entered into these games night after night. He was always ready for "another," while everybody about him, tired of being beaten (for he was very apt to beat), would long to drop away. After the family had retired, he would settle down to read until midnight, when he too retired.

Thus Phillips Brooks passed the days in this quietest of old New England towns, and one who was privileged to see much of him, and whose children were brought close to him through a close relationship, ventures to give to those who would be interested to know something of this side of him, a few incidents of family life in connection with these letters. We now come to the series of 1885.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,

June 12, 1885.

DEAR GERTIE: . . . I have been running up and down this big world of London, and seeing a lot of people, and every now and then going off into the country, which is wonderfully pretty now, with hawthorn and lilacs and laburnums all in bloom. Last Sunday I went out to Harrow, where there is a great school, and there I preached to five hundred boys. How A—— would like to go there, would n't she? In the afternoon I came back into town, and preached in Westminster Abbey to a great host of people. The great place looked splendidly,

and it was fine to preach there. Yesterday I went twenty miles into the country, and preached at an ordination of forty new ministers. The fields were bright with daisies, and I wondered how North Andover was looking. You must be just packing up to go there now. Even with all the beauty of England, it makes me quite homesick when I think about it. You must tell me all about the removal there, and how you get settled, and how your Corn Barn looks, and what new things you find to do in the old place; and you must have it all ready for me on September 12, when I mean to come up early in the morning and spend the whole solid week quietly there. That will be just three months from to-day. . . . I go to Cambridge for next Sunday, and then to Oxford for Commemoration and my degree. Good-by. My best of love to all and you.

Affectionately,
UNCLE P.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,

LONDON, June 18, 1885.

MY DEAR TOOD: . . . I have just come back from Oxford. You should have seen me yesterday walking about the streets in my doctor's gown. It was a red gown with black sleeves, and is awfully pretty. It was only hired for the occasion, for it costs ever so much money and I did not care to buy one. So you will never see how splendidly I looked in it, for I shall never have it on again. . . .

Affectionately your uncle,
P.

BONN, July 11, 1885.

DEAR GERTIE: . . . There is a pretty village with trees, and a church tower just across the river, and the little boats keep coming and going, and the children on the bank in front of the hotel are playing like kittens, and everything is as bright and sunshiny as if there was n't such a thing as trouble in the world. Speaking of kittens, I wonder if you have found the little thing that used to hide away in the barn, and that the boy could n't catch for a quarter of a dollar. But perhaps she has grown to be a big cat, and is n't worth the catching now; which is the way with a good many people. When you want them you cannot get them, and when you can get them you don't want them.

There is a man just come and set up a stand in the square under my window to sell cherries, and the children are looking at them hard and no doubt wishing that they had two cents. I would give them two dollars apiece all around if I could talk German as well as they can. And so we all want something which we have not got. I wonder what you want. If it's anything in Europe, write a letter and tell me the name of it instantly, and I will get it for you. . . .

Your uncle,
P.

BELLAGIO, July 30, 1885.

MY DEAR GERTIE: It is a beautiful warm morning on the Lake of Como,—so warm that one does not feel like doing anything but sitting still and writing a lazy letter to a dear little girl in America. The water as I look out of the window is a delicious blue, and the sweet green hills on the other side of the lake are sound asleep in the sunlight, which they like. There is a garden of palm-trees and oleanders right under my window, and the oleanders are all in gorgeous bloom. A boatman is waiting at the marble steps in case anybody wants his boat; but I think he hopes that nobody will want it, for it must be awfully hot rowing upon the lake. This afternoon, when it gets cooler, I shall change all this and start up to the mountains, and by to-morrow night I shall be at St. Moritz among the glaciers and snow-banks. But wherever I am, I am thinking how very pleasant it must be in the old house, and what a good time we will have when I get back there six weeks from next Monday afternoon. We will not make any plans for excursions, but just stay quiet on the big piazza, and now and then, when we feel very energetic, make a long trip to the Corn Barn. Everybody must come and see us; we will not go to see anybody. . . .

Your affectionate uncle,
P.

CHAMOUNIX, August 19, 1885.

DEAR GERTIE: Mont Blanc has put his head under a cloud, and there is nothing to be seen outside except a lot of guides and porters, waiting for the diligence to come from Geneva. So before the dinner-bell rings I will send off my week's letter, and it shall be to you. Tell Tood that the next week's, which will be the last that I shall write, shall be to her, for she has been a good little girl and written me beautiful letters all summer. So have you. I got your letter here last night with the picture of the bird-house in the garden on the side of the paper. After you get this letter, remember that you are not to do a single thing exciting until I get home, so that you will be all fresh and strong to play with me. I hope the heat will be all over then. It must have been dreadful. Everybody who writes me talks about it. . . . Only two weeks from to-day! Just think of it! Two weeks from now the beautiful *Pavonia* will be steaming away down the Channel bound for North Andover, and three weeks from next Sunday I shall stand up in Trinity again.

You cannot think how splendid the great mountain was last night. The sky was perfectly clear and the moon was glorious, and the big round dome of snow shone like another world. The people stood and gazed at it and looked solemn. This morning it had changed,

but was no less beautiful. It was like a great mass of silver. And so it stands there, and changes from one sort of beauty to another, year after year, and age after age.

I think you must have had a beautiful time this summer with the pony, and next year we must try to have one of our own. Make up your mind what kind and color he shall be, and we will look about and see what we can find when I get home. It must be a great sight to see Tood driving all by her blessed self, and all the fast horses on the road getting out of the way for fear she will run over them. Perhaps you and she can drive me out to Cambridge mornings in November. Good-by now.

Affectionately your uncle,
P.

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS, August 27, 1885.

MY DEAR TOOD: . . . I think that you are one of the very best letter-writers for your time of life that I know, and when you drop into poetry it is beautiful. So I will thank you when I get home, and we will sit in the shadow of the Corn Barn and talk it all over.

Paris is very bright and gay and pretty. Yesterday I went out to the Jardin d'Acclimatation (say that if you can), and the monkeys were awfully funny. How would it do to get three monkeys for North Andover, and tie them to a post in the side yard and see them play and fight? How would Tom like it? And do you think it would please Johnnie, or would he only think they were some more Brooks children? I am afraid you have not seen much of Johnnie this year. That is not wise. For he is a very brilliant little boy, and it would be a great advantage to you and Agnes if you talked with him. . . . Your affectionate uncle,
P.

In the spring of 1886, with several intimate friends, Dr. Brooks joined a company of Raymond tourists in a journey across the Western country to San Francisco, returning home early in July. We conclude this paper with a single letter written on this trip:

DENVER, June 20, 1886.

DEAR TOOD: When I got here last night I found the hotel man very much excited and running about, waving a beautiful letter in the air, and crying aloud, "A letter from Tood! A letter from Tood!" He was just going to get out a band of music to march around the town and look for the man to whom the letter belonged, when I stepped up and told him I thought that it was meant for me. He made me show him my name in my hat before he would give it to me, and then a great crowd gathered round and listened while I read it. It was such a beautiful letter that they all gave three cheers, and I thought I must write you

an answer at once, although I told Agnes when I wrote to her the other day that I should not write to anybody else before my coming home.

Your letter is very largely about Johnnie. My dear Tood, you must not let his going away depress you too much. I know you like him, and that he has been very good to you; but such separations have to come, and you will no doubt see some other young man some day that you will like just as much. You do not think so now, but you will, and he no doubt feels very bad at going, so you must be as cheerful as you can and make it as easy as possible for him.

Remember!

I am on my way home now, and next Saturday will see me back again in Clarendon street. All the dear little Chinese, with their pigtailed, and the dreadful, great Mormons, with their hundred wives, and the donkeys and the buffaloes and the red Indians will be far away, and I shall see you all again. I am impatient for that, for the people out West are not as good as you are. I am going to preach to them this morning to try and make them better, and it is quite time now to go to church.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS ACHILLE MURAT IN FLORIDA.¹



CATHERINE D. MURAT was born at Willis Hall, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, August 17, 1803, and was the daughter of Colonel Bird Willis and of Mary Lewis, who was a niece of General Washington. Catherine was not only a child of engaging manners, but she possessed a beauty which increased as she advanced in age. At the age of fifteen she was married to Mr. Gray, a Scotch gentleman, and a neighbor of her father. In a little over a year Mr. Gray died, leaving his young wife a widow and a mother at the age of sixteen. The child survived its father but a short time. These were the first trials that her childlike nature was called upon to bear, and it was some time before she recovered from the shock. She then returned to her father's house and made it her home. About the year 1826 Mr. Willis, having met with a reverse of fortune, decided to remove to Florida. His family, consisting of his wife, three sons, and four daughters, accompanied him, leaving one married daughter in Virginia. He rented a house in Tallahassee, the capital of Florida, on Monroe street, southeast of the State House; and here it was that the young and beautiful widow Catherine Gray first saw Prince Achille Murat (the eldest son of the King of Naples and Caroline, sister of Napoleon Bonaparte), who, being exiled from France and Italy, had, a short time previous, selected Florida as his home. In Tallahassee she was surrounded by persons of intellect and refinement to an extent not often found in a

frontier country, as Florida then was. Among the gentlemen were Governor W. P. Duval, Judge Thomas Randall, General R. K. Call, Colonel Gadsden, and others; and among the ladies were Mrs. R. K. Call, Mrs. "Florida" White, Mrs. Nutall, as well as the family of William Wirt.

Mrs. Gray soon became foremost in this circle, and attracted the favor of Prince Achille. She was not pleased with him at first; for though he was a man of education, and could entertain a company by the hour with his remarkable memory and genius, still he had allowed himself to fall into such careless habits that he did not at all approach the beau-ideal of the delicately nurtured and fastidious lady. It was only after listening to the persuasion of her parents, and seeing the constant devotion of Achille, that she could look with a favorable eye upon his suit. However, on the 30th of July, 1826, the two—the nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte and the grandniece of George Washington—were married. The couple soon moved to Lipona, Prince Murat's plantation in Jefferson county. Around them, within an area of a few miles, lived many of those whose names have already been mentioned; and a constant round of gaiety was kept up, all unnecessary etiquette being laid aside.

Thus were passed many happy years, Mme. Murat still enlivening all with her attractive society, and the prince passing his time in the acquisition of learning. The range of his experiments may be inferred from the prince's declaration that "alligator-tail soup will do, but the turkey-buzzard is not good."

On one occasion when, at Achille's suggestion, Mme. Murat had gone to spend the day with a friend, he took the opportunity to test the merits of a plant which he thought would make

¹ See also, in this group of papers, "Bordentown and the Bonapartes," in this magazine for November, 1880; "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba," March, 1893; "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown," May, 1893; and "The Death of the Prince Imperial," June, 1893.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. G. SMITH.

Phillips Brooks

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S LETTERS FROM INDIA.¹

VENICE, November 26, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: . . . I have just come here to get a few quiet days of Venice before the *Poonah* sails. She is here, lying off in the harbor; and I have been on board and looked her over. She is a beautiful, great vessel, with a big, broad deck, and a bright, pleasant cabin, looking as if she might be a capital home for three weeks. . . . I shall go alone now, unless possibly a young collegian of this last class at Cambridge, a friend of Arthur's, Evert Wendell, should go on the same steamer. I saw him in Berlin, and he wants to go, and has sent to ask his father's leave. He is a bright, pleasant fellow, and would be good company, but I do not think there is much chance of his going, though he may turn up at the last moment.

Affectionately,

P.

STEAMSHIP "POONAH," LYING AT BRINDISI,
Sunday, December 3, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: . . . The *Poonah* is an old ship, rather noisy, and not at all fast, and not very clean. But she is well arranged, and in good weather must be very pleasant. The sail from Venice to Brindisi has been cold, rough, and rainy. The Adriatic has behaved very badly. We could not touch at Ancona, which is on the program, because of the rough weather. This Sunday morning is bright, but cold and windy; not a bit of suggestion of the tropics yet. In a day or two we shall get it, and I only hope we shall not get too much. The people on the *Poonah*, so far, are not very interesting, but they are only a few. The best are supposed to come on board here at Brindisi, having come by rail from London; so I hope when we sail to-morrow morning we shall find ourselves in the midst of that delightful society which the voyage to India has always been said to furnish. Young Wendell is on board, having turned up at the last moment in Venice. He makes bright, pleasant company, and we shall probably be together through India.

Affectionately,

P.

SUEZ, SUNDAY MORNING,
December 10, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: We are just tying up to the wharf in Suez, and nobody seems to know how long we are to stay here before we start on our voyage down the Red Sea. I will write

my Sunday letter at once, and tell you that I have come thus far in happiness, health, safety, and in the *Poonah*. I sent Gertie a postal card the other day from Alexandria, which I hope she will excuse. I am not in the habit of sending postal cards, but there was no other way. We were only there for a very short time, and all of it was spent on shore. It was curious to see the results of the war so close at hand. The great square of Alexandria is all in ruins, and looks like Liberty Square in Boston after the great fire. The forts which brought on the bombardment are all banged to pieces, and the guns are standing on their heads. There must have been some wonderful firing on the Englishmen's part. Then we sailed over to Port Said, the steamer rolling about badly in the long swell. There was plenty of room at the dinner-table Thursday. Port Said looks as I remember seeing Lawrence look when we were boys and father took us there from grandmother's one day. It is an extemporized town of shanties and cheap buildings, with everything to sell which it is supposed that uncomfortable and extravagant travelers will buy. Only the population does not look like Lawrence people. They are brown Egyptians, and Nubians as black as coals, and a few British soldiers with white pith helmets and red coats.

The sail down the canal has been delightful. The air was fresh and bright as spring, and yet had the warmth of summer in it. The atmosphere was delightful, and though we sometimes ran between high banks of sand which hid everything, most of the time the view was made up of long stretches of desert, reaching away to distant hills with effects of light and color on them all, which were beautiful. This morning I saw a glorious sunrise out of my state-room window, such as the children of Israel must have seen hundreds of on their famous trip from Egypt into Palestine some years ago. We passed yesterday Ismailia, where the British headquarters were this autumn, and saw the way they started to Tel el Kebir. And there we heard about the verdict in Arabi's case, about which nobody seemed to care much.

Now we really start upon our voyage. All up to this point has been mere preparation. Here the passengers for Australia and Calcutta leave us, and we take on board the passengers for Bombay, who have come all the way by sea from London. So we shall be quite a new company. We have lost two or three days by hav-

Copyright, 1893, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

ing to go through the canal, and shall not be in Bombay certainly before the 22d, perhaps not till later. I like the ship, and the people, and the life on board, and all is going beautifully. Merry Christmas to you all.

Ever affectionately,

P.

ON THE "POONAH," December 15, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: I write my Sunday letter this week on Friday, because, you see, to-night we are to arrive at Aden, and there can mail our epistles. There will not be another chance until we come to Bombay. All this week we have been running down the Red Sea. The weather has been sultry and oppressive; not particularly hot by the thermometer, but such weather as makes one want to get in a draught and do nothing. In the great cabin the punkas are hung up, long cloth fans, which are fastened to a rod that runs along the ceiling, over the dining-table; and every meal-time they are kept swinging by a long cord, which runs through the skylight, and is attached at the other end to a small Mohammedan on deck, who pulls, and pulls, and pulls. We could hardly live without it. This morning we were passing Mocha, where the coffee comes from, and this afternoon we shall go through Bab-el-Mandeb. When we are once out into the Indian Ocean, the special sultriness of the Red Sea will be over, and we shall have a week of charming sailing.

The ship is very comfortable, but she is old and slow. She is four days behind her time, and we shall not be at Bombay before Saturday, the 23d, more than three weeks from the time we left Venice. But it has all been very pleasant. There is a very miscellaneous and interesting company on board. Here is the general who led the cavalry charge at Tel el Kebir, and is coming back from England, after being decorated by the Queen. Here is Lord Charles Beresford, who ran his boat up under the guns at Alexandria at the time of the bombardment, and did wonders of bravery. Here is a young Cambridge parson, going out to a missionary brotherhood at Delhi. Here are merchants of Calcutta and Madras, whom one pumps continually for information about India—Englishmen, all of them. At Bombay we shall break up; and I suppose I shall stay there about a week, and then travel by Delhi, Jey-pore, Agra, Lucknow, Allahabad, and Benares to Calcutta, taking about a month, and bringing us to Calcutta about the 1st of February. A week there, a week's trip to the mountains, and a two-weeks' journey to Madras and its neighborhood, will bring us to Ceylon about the 1st of March; after a week there we sail again direct for Aden and Suez. So there's

our winter. And you can tell at any time about where we are.

Affectionately,

P.

BOMBAY, Sunday, December 24, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: In India at last! And you do not know how queer and beautiful it is. I will tell you about it. On Friday night, at eleven o'clock, the slow old *Poonah* dropped her anchor in the harbor opposite the Apollo Bunden, which is the landing-place of Bombay. That night we slept on board, but by six the next morning we were in a boat and being rowed to shore, where we had a jolly good breakfast at Watson's Hotel. While we were eating it two gentlemen sent in their cards. One was Mr. George A. Kittredge, who is the head of the tramway system here. He is brother-in-law of Mr. Lawrie, who goes to Trinity Church, and he crossed in the *Scythia* with you and me in 1877. The other gentleman was Mr. Charles Lowell, son of the Rev. Dr. Lowell who used to be at St. Mark's School. These two gentlemen insisted on taking charge of us during our stay in Bombay. Lowell is in the banking business here. We were immediately carried to Lowell's bungalow, and here I write to you.

Fancy an enormous house rambling out into a series of immense rooms, all on one floor, piazzas twenty feet deep, immense chambers (in the middle of which stand the beds), doors and windows wide open, the grounds filled with palms, bananas, and all sorts of tropical trees, the song of birds, the chirp of insects everywhere, and a dazzling sun blazing down on the Indian Ocean in front. A dozen or more dusky Hindu servants, barefooted, dressed in white, with bright sashes around their waists, and bright turbans on their heads, are moving about everywhere, as still as cats, and with no end of devotion to their little duties. One of them seems to have nothing to do but to look after me; he has worked over my limited wardrobe till he knows every shirt and collar better than I do myself. He is now brushing my hat for the twelfth time this morning. The life is luxurious. Quantities of delightful fruit, cool lounging-places with luxurious chairs, a sumptuous breakfast- (or "tiffin," as we call it here) and dinner-table, and no end of kind attention. I am writing in my room on the day before Christmas, as if it were a rather hot August morning at home.

Yesterday we drove about the town and began our sight of Indian wonders: Hindu temples with their squatting, ugly idols; Mohammedan mosques; bazaars thronged with every Eastern race; splendid English buildings, where the country is ruled; a noble university; Par-

see merchants in their shops; great tanks with the devotees bathing in them; officers' bungalows, with the handsome English fellows lounging about; wedding-processions with the bride of six riding on the richly decorated horse behind the bridegroom of ten, surrounded by their friends, and with a tumult of horrible music; markets overrunning with strange and delicious fruits; wretched-looking saints, chattering giberish and begging alms—there is no end to the interest and curiosity of it all. And this is dead winter in the tropics! I have got out all my thinnest clothes, and go about with an umbrella to keep off the sun. This morning we started at half-past six for a walk through the sacred part of the native town, and now at ten it is too hot to walk any more till sundown. But there are carriages enough, and by and by we go to church. I was invited to preach at the cathedral, but declined.

I received letters yesterday which had been traveling with us on the *Poonah* for the last three weeks. They came on board at Brindisi. It was a fine welcome to India.

We shall be in and about Bombay for about a week. You must not think that we shall suffer from the heat. This is the hottest place that we shall visit; and as soon as we leave here we shall be in the hills, and by and by shall see the thermometer at zero. How I shall think of you to-morrow! It is holidays here, and our friends have nothing to do but to look after us. Banks close for four days! Good-by! My love to you all always.

BOMBAY, Tuesday, December 26.

... Do you care to know how we spent Christmas? I will tell you. We arose in the cool of the morning, at six o'clock. After we had a cup of tea, some fruit, bread and butter, the open carriage was at the door, and we put on our pith helmets to keep off the sun, and drove away. First we went to the Jain hospital for animals. The Jains are a curious sect of Hindus, and one of their ideas is the sacredness of animal life. And so they have a great hospital, where they gather all the sick and wounded animals they can find, and cure them if they can, or keep them till they die. The broken-legged cows, sick pigeons, mangy dogs, and melancholy monkeys are very curious. We stayed there awhile, and then drove to the Parsee burial-place. The Parsees are Persian sun-worshippers, who have been settled here for centuries, and are among the most intelligent and enterprising citizens. Their pleasant way of disposing of their dead is to leave a body on a high tower, where vultures devoted to that business come, and in about an hour consume all its flesh, leaving the bones, which, after four weeks of drying in the sun, are tum-

bled into a common pit, where they all crumble together into dust. You see the towers with vultures waiting on top for the next arrival, but no one is allowed to enter.

Then we came home and had our breakfast, after which we drove into the town, whence I sent a telegram of "Merry Christmas" to you at eleven o'clock. Then we went to the service at the cathedral, which was very good. Then I drove out to the Government-house, where the governor, Sir James Fergusson, had invited me to lunch. Very pleasant people were there, and the whole thing was interesting. The drive out and in, about four miles each way, was through the strangest population, and in the midst of the queerest sights. After my return (I went there alone), we wandered about the native bazaars, and saw their curious trades. At eight o'clock Mr. Kittredge gave us a sumptuous dinner at the Byculla Club, where, with turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pies, we made the best of that end of Christmas day which we knew how. After that, about ten o'clock, we wandered out into a native fair, where we saw their odd performances until late into the night, when we drove home along the cool sea-shore, and went to bed, tired but happy, after the funniest Christmas day we ever passed.

We go now for a short trip to Carlee and Poonah, to see some curious old Buddhist temples. When we get back from there we start for a long journey to Ahmedabad, Jeypore, Delhi, Lahore, Agra, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Benares, and Calcutta. This will take three weeks or a month.

I hope you had a happy Christmas. And now a happy New Year to you! Hurrah for 1883! I hope you will have a splendid watch-meeting, and think of me.

No mail leaves here for England except every Friday, so this will not go for three days yet. We are off to-morrow for the country.

BOMBAY, January 2, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: A happy New Year to you! May 1883 be the happiest of any yet! I see no reason why it should not be. We shall not frisk about quite as much as we did thirty years ago, when we were boys. For all that, there are soberer joys even for such old chaps as you and I, and if the birds fly somewhat more sluggishly than of old, why, perhaps it will be all the easier to get the salt on their tails. So a happy New Year to William! The New Year broke on me as I was driving in a tonga from Deogaon to Nandgaon. A tonga is a queer sort of dog-cart, drawn by two sharp little ponies with a yoke over their necks as if they were oxen; you see we have been spending a good part of the last week in going up the hills to see the wonderful Buddhist and

Brahmanical caves and temples. And Sunday we spent in a bungalow on the top of a hot hill, out of which, two thousand years ago, these wonderful people hewed these marvelous affairs.

Think of a structure bigger than Trinity Church, with spires, columns, and domes a hundred feet high, which is not a structure at all, but is carved out of solid rock, and hewn into chambers, corridors, courtyards, and shrines; almost every inch of its surface inside and out covered with sculptures, some very big and stately, some as fine as jewels, and all full of the most interesting religious and historical meaning. Think of that, old fellow! That is the most splendid of the caves, but there are thirty-five of them, all more or less wonderful, and some almost as fine as this. We spent Sunday there, and Sunday night, about ten o'clock (for you do everything you can by night, to avoid the heat), we took our tongas and drove six hours down from Elora, where the caves are, to the railway. On the way, just as we were stopping to change ponies, and some half-naked Hindus were howling to one another over their arrangements, and the Southern Cross was blazing in the sky, and the moon was struggling up, 1883 came tripping in. I thought of you at home, and wondered whether you were having a watch-meeting, and what you thought of the New Year; then I remembered it was only three o'clock in Boston, and that you were just going to afternoon church. So I tumbled back into the tonga again, and we jolted on.

You see I am getting somewhat at the country. It is interesting far beyond anything I expected. Our friends Kittredge and Lowell have been more kind and devoted than you can imagine. No one in a week could have seen more, or seen it better, than we. This afternoon we leave Bombay, and launch out for ourselves. We have a capital fellow for a traveling servant, a dusky gentleman with a turban and a petticoat, a low-caste Hindu named Huri. When you get this, about the 1st of February, we shall have passed through northern India, and shall be in Calcutta. In a day or two we shall get out of excessive heat, and not be troubled with it again until we leave Calcutta for southern India. I am splendidly well. My young traveling companion is very pleasant.

BANKAPOOR, Tuesday, January 3, 1883.

DEAR LIZZIE: Since I wrote to you last, we have come over from Benares, and to-day have been making a delightful excursion to Buddh-Gaya where, as Edwin Arnold tells us so prettily, Gautama sat six years under a bo-tree, and thought and thought until at last was the Dukha-Satya opened to him, and Buddhism began. In these days, when a large part

of Boston prefers to consider itself Buddhist rather than Christian, I consider this pilgrimage to be the duty of a minister who preaches to Bostonians, and so this morning before sunrise we started for Gaya, and the red Barabar Hills.

We had slept in the railway station, which is not an uncommon proceeding in the out-of-the-way parts of India, where there is no pretense of a hotel, and where you do not know anybody to whose bungalow you can drive up, as you can to that of almost any man to whom you ever bowed in the street. They are a most hospitable folk, only when you go to stay with them you are expected to bring your own bedding and your own servant, which saves them lots of trouble. Think of my appearing at your door some afternoon with a mattress and Katie! We had to drive ten miles in a rattling gharry, and as we went the sun rose just as it did on Buddha in the same landscape in the fifth book of the "Light of Asia," which, as you see, I have been reading with the greatest interest. We had to walk the last two miles, because the ponies, who must have been Mohammedans, would not go any farther. It was a glorious morning, and by and by we suddenly turned into an indescribable ravine—one tumbled mass of shrines and topes and monuments, hundreds on hundreds of them set up the last two thousand years by pilgrims. In the midst, two hundred feet high, a queer, fantastic temple (which has been rebuilt again and again), but which has in it the original Buddha figure of Asoka's time, a superb great altar statue, calm as eternity, and on the outside, covered with gold leaf, the seat on which the master sat those six long years. The bo-tree has departed long ago, and the temples were not there when he was squatting and meditating. The landscape was the same, and though this is one of the places to which thousands of pilgrims come from both the Buddhist and the Brahmanical worlds, the monuments which they set up were not as interesting as the red hills on one side, and the open plain on the other, which Sakya must have seen when he forgot for a moment to gaze at the soles of his own feet and looked upon the outer world.

It is a delightful country, this India, and now the climate is delightful. The Indian winter is like the best of our Indian summer, and such mornings and midnights you never saw. We had two weeks in Delhi, because my companion, Evert Wendell, must needs pick up the small-pox. It is rather good to know one town of a great country so well as I know that, and it is on the whole, I suppose, the most interesting town in India. I think I know every one of its superb old tombs by heart. He could not have chosen a better place if he was bound to do such a ridiculous thing at all.

I wished you a happy New Year when the old year left us in the midst of a night drive among the hills. I hope you felt my wish around the globe, or through it, whichever way wishes go. . . .

Affectionately, P.

DELHI, January 14, 1883.

Delhi is an immensely interesting place, and it is not a bad thing to see it thoroughly. It is the old center of Mohammedan power in India. Here the Great Mogul ruled for years and years, and the great mosque is one of the wonders of the Mussulman world. Here, too, was the center of the great meeting in 1857, and the town is full of interesting points connected with that history. Then the present life, both Hindu and Mohammedan, is vastly interesting. The streets are endless pictures. This morning the Jumna was full of bathers in the sacred stream. The bazaars are crowded with the natives of all parts of India. The processions of marriages and burials meet you everywhere. The temples, with their hideous gods, are all along the streets, and the fakirs go clinking their begging-bowls everywhere.

At present there is particular excitement because the lieutenant-governor of the Punjab is here with his whole suite. They entered the city yesterday morning with a train of elephants and camels, and all the citizens in their best clothes turned out to see them. Now they are encamped on a broad field, just below the mission, and they make a most picturesque array. For days whole hosts of wretched-looking folk have been sweeping the streets, dusting the temples, and cleaning up everything in anticipation of the coming of the governor sahib.

Later, Sunday afternoon.

I preached this morning in the English church, and had the usual English congregation. I am getting so used to English people in these days that a real American would seem a strange sort of creature. The English are faithful to their duties, and their Indian civil service ought to be the pattern of the world. I wish that we had anything like it in America. The trouble about the whole thing is that the Englishman does not really like the Indian, and does not aim for any real liking from him; also, the Englishman suffers so in this terrible Indian climate that he cannot live here permanently; each officer is anxious to get through his service, get his pension, and be off for England. Such brave and devoted work as our missionary hosts are doing must tell, and the English rulers are gradually getting the Indians fit for more and more self-government. . . .

Affectionately,

PHILLIPS.

DELHI, January 21, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: Here I am still at Delhi for another Sunday. What do you think has happened? Wendell has had the smallpox! . . . I have seen Delhi, which is one of the most interesting of Indian towns, through and through, and especially the mission work, that is most nobly, sensibly, and faithfully done. Yesterday afternoon, in the most desolate and degraded part of all the town, as I stood with a little crowd under a tree, with the hubbub of heathen life around us, all sorts of faces, stupid, bright, hostile, eager, and scornful, I heard a native catechist preach the Gospel in Urdu, of which I could not understand a word, and thought there could not be a better missionary picture. A group of Sikh soldiers came up, splendid-looking fellows, with fine faces, enormous turbans, curled beards, who entered into lively discussion with the preacher, and for a time the debate ran very high. I could not make out which had the best of it, but the catechist seemed to understand himself very well.

The principal point of the Sikhs seems to be that what God made every man he meant that man to continue, so there could be no good reason for changing one's religion. But when the preacher asked them how the Sikh religion (which is only about two hundred years old) began, he rather had them.

I went for a three-days' trip to Lahore and Umritsir, which was exceedingly interesting. They are in the Sikh country, which is a region quite by itself, with the finest set of men in India and a religion of its own. At Umritsir is their great place of worship, the Golden Temple, a superb structure, with the lower half of most beautiful mosaic and the upper half of golden plates, standing in the middle of an enormous artificial lake called the Lake of Immortality. There is a beautiful white marble bridge connecting the island with the shore. I saw their picturesque worship one morning just after sunrise. This was a very fine trip.

The lieutenant-governor has been in camp here for two weeks, Sir Charles Atchison, to whom I had an introduction from Sir Richard Temple. Friday morning, a stunning menial in red and yellow appeared on a camel at my door, with a note saying that he (the lieutenant-governor, not the menial) and Lady Atchison requested the pleasure of my company at dinner. I went, and it was great fun. We had a swell dinner in a gorgeous tent, with about thirty persons, and no end of picturesque servants to wait on us. The lieutenant-governor was very pleasant, and when I left promised me some more letters to people in Calcutta. I took his daughter in to

dinner, and had a nice talk with her. She is a sensible young Scotch lassie. . . .

I have been preaching again to-day, so that for three Sundays I have been on duty. Of course these are purely European congregations. . . .

It is the most splendid weather possible now, about like our best May or early June weather. In the mornings it is rather cold; the natives go about with most of their bedclothes wrapped about their heads, though their legs are bare, and do not seem to mind the cold. By ten or eleven o'clock they are sitting in the sun, with almost everything off of them, and burning themselves a shade or two more brown. Their picturesqueness is endlessly interesting. . . .

Ever affectionately,
P.

BENARES, January 28, 1883.

MY DEAR MARY: . . . This is the sacreddest place in India. There are five thousand Hindu temples in Benares. It is the very Back Bay of Asia. You stumble at every step on a temple with its hideous idol. If you hear a gentleman or lady muttering behind you in the street, they are not abusing you, but only saying prayers to Vishnu or Siva, who has a little shrine somewhere in the back yard of the next house. There is one sweet temple to their monkey god, where they keep five hundred monkeys. I went to this temple yesterday morning, and the little wretches were running over everything, and would hardly let you go, wanting you to feed them. They are so sacred that if you hurt one of them you would have an awful time. It reminded me of nothing so much as your drawing-room after dinner.

Then I went down to the Ganges, where hundreds and hundreds of people were bathing in the sacred river. Pilgrims from all over India had come to wash their sins away, and were scrubbing themselves as thick as they could stand for two miles along the bank of the stream. It is a beautiful religion, at least in this, that it keeps its disciples always washing themselves.

By and by we came to a place where in a little hollow by the river's side a pile of wood was burning; two men were waving a big piece of cloth to fan the flame, and gradually as it burned you caught sight through the flame of a strange bundle lying in the midst of the wood and slowly catching fire. Then you knew that it was the funeral pile of some dead Hindu who had died happy in knowing that he would be burned beside the sacred river, and that his ashes would be mingled with its waters. Then came another curious and pathetic sight. Close by the side of this burning pile was another, all prepared, but not yet lighted. Soon I saw a man leading a little naked boy some four

years old into the water. He washed the little chap all over, then stood him up beside the pile of wood; a priest up above on a high altar said some prayers over him, and the man gave the little boy a blazing bunch of straw, and showed him how to stick it into the midst of the wood until the whole caught fire. It was a widower showing his small son how to set his mother on fire. The little fellow seemed scared, and cried, and when they let him go ran up to some other children,—probably cousins,—who put his clothes on for him, and then he squatted on his heels, and quietly watched the flames.

While this was going on they had brought down the body of a child perhaps seven or eight years old, and for it they built another pile of wood close to the water. Then they took the body into the stream and bathed it for a moment, then brought it out and laid it on the wood. The father of the child went into the water and washed himself all over. After he came out the priest at the altar chanted a prayer for him. Then he went up to an old woman who sold straw, and bought a bundle, haggling some time over the price. This he lighted at the burning pile of the little boy's mother, and with it set his own child's pile in flames. They had covered the little body with a bright red cloth, and it was the prettiest funeral pile of all. By this time another body, a wasted and worn old man, had come, and they were already bathing him in the Ganges, while some men were gathering up the ashes (of somebody who was burned earlier in the day) and throwing them into the river, where they float to certain bliss. So it goes on all the time, while a great crowd is gathered around, some laughing, some praying, some trafficking, some begging. While we looked on, an interesting-looking fakir came up with a live snake pleasantly curled around his neck, and begged an alms, while the boys behind kept pulling the tail of his hideous necklace to make him mad, and just down the slope beside the water the mother was being burned by the little boy, and the child by her father.

This is not a cheerful letter, but on less serious occasions the Hindus are a most amusing people. On these cool mornings the whole population seems to go about with its bedclothes around its head and legs all bare. They never sit, but squat all over the place. When you meet them they make believe take up some dust from the ground and put it on their heads. I wish you could see my servant Huri. He looks like a most sober, pious female of about forty-five. He wears petticoats and bloomers. Where he sleeps and what he eats I have not the least idea. He gets eight dollars a month, finds himself, and is the most devoted and use-

ful creature you ever saw, but as queer an old woman as ever lived. . . .

Affectionately, P.

The Hindus are the most pathetic and amusing people, my dear Mary. This morning after I had written this long letter, we went down once more to the Ganges, and watched the bathers and the burners for a long time. On the way we almost destroyed large numbers of the infant population, who crawl about the streets, and run under the horses' feet, and are just the color of the earth of which they are made, so that it is very hard to tell them from the inanimate clay. Almost none of them wear any clothes until they get to be six or seven years old; then their clothes soon get to be the same color as their skins, and it does not help you much.

We passed a pleasant temple of the Goddess of Smallpox, and looked in a moment, just out of association. Her name is Sitla, and her temple is a horrid-looking place. On the way through the city there are all sorts of amusing sights. Here is a fellow squatted down in the dirt, blowing away on a squeaking flute, and as he blows there are a lot of snakes, cobras, and all sorts of dreadful-looking things swinging back and forth around him, sticking their heads out of his baskets. Suddenly the musician starts up and begins a fantastic dance, and in a few minutes makes a dive at a chap in the crowd, and by sleight of hand seems to take a long snake (which he has concealed somewhere about him) out of the other fellow's turban. Then the crowd howl and jeer, and we throw the dirty musician a quarter of a cent. All this is pleasantest to see from the carriage. Just as we are turning away there is a cheerful noise of a band coming down the narrow street, and there appear a dozen men and boys playing on queer drums, cymbals, and trumpets. After them a crowd of women singing a wild and rather jolly air, then on horseback a small boy of twelve all dressed up in gilt paper and white cloth, and on another horse a little girl about the size of Tood, who is his bride. She is dressed like a most gorgeous doll, and has to be held on the horse by a man who walks behind. They have all been down to the Ganges for worship, and now are going home to the wedding-feast, after which the bride will be taken to the boy's mother's house to be kept for him; and a hard time the little wretch will have. The wedding-procession comes to grief every few minutes in the crowded streets. Sometimes a big swell on an elephant walks into the midst of the band, and for a few minutes you lose sight of the minstrels altogether, and hear only fragments of the music coming out of the neighboring houses, where they have

taken refuge. Sometimes there come a group of people, wailing, crying, and singing a doleful hymn as they carry a dead body to the Ganges, and for a while the funeral and marriage music get mixed; but they always come unscarred, and the wedding picks itself up and goes its way. Then you stop a moment to see a juggler make a mango-tree grow in three minutes from a seed to a tall bush. You drop into the bazaars and see their pretty silks; then you stop and listen to a guru preaching in a little nook between two houses; so you wander on until you see the Ganges flashing in the sun, and thousands of black and brown backs popping in and out, as the men and women take their baths.

When they come out they sit with their legs folded under them for a long time, look at nothing, think of nothing, and meditate; then they go to a gentleman who sits under a big umbrella with a lot of paint-boxes about him, and he puts a daub on their foreheads whose color and pattern tell how long they have bathed and prayed, and how holy they are after it all.

I have been looking at Huri, who is squatted on the ground in the sun, just outside my door, as I am writing. He wears a gold and purple turban. The poor fellow was upset in a rickety cab last week after he had left me at the station, and says his bones are bent; but he has been carefully examined, and we can find no harm. He always sleeps just outside my door at night. Last night I heard the jackals when I went to bed, and was quite surprised to find the whole of Huri in my room when I woke up this morning. I wish I could bring him home. Good-by again.

P.

CALCUTTA, February 3, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: Lots of letters to-day—the best of them your Christmas letter, telling that you received my Bombay telegram, and went to church and heard Bishop Clark; how you had lots of presents, and went to Salem, and saw James and Sallie in the afternoon. It was all delightful, and reading it, as we drove along to-day in Dharamtolla street (which means the "Way of Righteousness," and a funny, shabby old Hindu way of righteousness it is), it seemed as if I saw you all at your home life. The palm-trees turned to elms, the naked Indians to Boston men and women, with Boston greatcoats buttoned up to their respectable Boston chins. It was all delightful! Do thank for me the whole Salem round-robin.

Since I wrote that tremendous letter to Mary last Sunday, another week of India has passed. I have been down to Gaya, and seen where Buddha sat and contemplated for six years, and a marvelous strange place it is, with

ten thousand Buddhas carved on every side. Then I came on here, and have been seeing interesting things and people for three days. Calcutta is not half so nice as Bombay, but there are people here whom I wanted very much to see. "Stately Bombay" and "Fair Calcutta" the Anglo-Indians are fond of saying. I have just written an enormous letter to Arthur about Chunder Sen, to whom I made a long visit the other day. This afternoon I went to one of the schools supported by the Zenana Mission (of which you have sometimes heard from Trinity reading-desk), gave the prizes to a lot of little Hindus, and made an address which was translated into Bengalee for my audience.

P.

CALCUTTA, February 11, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: This week I have seen the Himalayas. Last Monday we left Calcutta at three o'clock by rail; at seven we crossed the Ganges on a steamboat, just as if it had been the Susquehanna. All night we slept in the train, and the next day were climbing up and up on a sort of steam tramway, which runs to Darjeeling, a summer station, at the foot of the highest hills, but itself a thousand feet higher than the top of Mount Washington. There the swells go in the hot months, but now it is almost deserted. We reached there on Tuesday evening in the midst of rain, found that the great mountains had not been seen for eight days, and everybody laughed at our hope of seeing them. We slept, and early the next morning looked out on nothing but clouds. About eight o'clock the curtain began to fall, and before nine there was a most splendid view of the whole range. In the midst was the lordly Kunchain-Junga, the second highest mountain in the world, 28,156 feet high. Think of that! Certainly they made the impression of height, such as no mountains ever gave me before.

By and by we rode about six miles to another hill called Senchul, whence the tip of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,002 feet, is visible. That was interesting, but the real glory of the day was Kunchain-Junga. We gazed at him till the jealous clouds came again in the afternoon and covered him; then we roamed over the little town, and went to a Buddhist village a couple of miles away. The people here are Thibetans by origin, and they keep associations with the tribes upon the other side of the great hills. A company of Thibetans, priests and Lamas, had come over to celebrate the new year, which with them begins on the 9th of February. They had the strangest music, dances, and queer outdoor plays. We were welcomed as distinguished strangers, set in the place of honor, feasted with oranges, and begged for bakshish.

VOL. XLVI.—99.

The next morning there were the giant hills again, and we looked at Kunchain-Junga (I want you to learn his name) till eleven o'clock, when we took train again for Calcutta, and arrived there Friday afternoon about five. It was a splendid little journey, and one always to be remembered. On my return to Calcutta I found two invitations waiting; one was to dine at the Government-house with the viceroy, Thursday evening. Of course I was too late for that, and was very sorry. Now I shall not see the great man and the viceregal court at all. The other was to an evening party, Friday, given by the Rajah Rajendra Narayan Del Bâhadur, "in honor of the late British victory in Egypt." Of course I went to this, and it was the biggest thing seen in India for years. It is said to have cost the old rajah a lac of rupees, or \$50,000. At any rate, it was very splendid and very queer—acres of palace and palace grounds blazing with lights; a thousand guests, the natives in the most beautiful costumes of silk and gold; a Nautch dance going on all the time in one hall, a full circus, horses, acrobats, clowns, and all, only after native fashion, in a great covered courtyard; supper perpetual, and the great drawing-room blazing with family jewels. I stayed till one o'clock, and then came home, as if from the Arabian Nights, and went to bed.

I cannot tell you all I am doing or have done. This morning for a change I preached in Henry Martyn's old pulpit in the Mission Church. To-morrow morning we sail on the P. and O. steamer *Rohilla* for Madras, a three-days' voyage. Thence we travel by Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura to Tuticorin. Then across by sea to Colombo, and after a week in Ceylon, sail in the *Verona* (P. & O.) on the 7th of March (the day Daniel Webster made his speech) for Suez. From Suez by rail to Alexandria, seeing Cairo on the way, and the recent battle-field of Tel el Kebir. When you get this, about the 24th of March, I shall probably be in Alexandria, perhaps spend Easter there. Thence I somehow go to Spain, getting there about April 1.

Affectionately, P.

KANDY, March 4, 1883.

MY DEAR MARY: Do you know, I think this place is good enough and important enough to write a letter to you from. In the first place, it is the farthest point of my travels. From this time my face is turned homeward. In the second place, I think it must be the most beautiful place in all the world. I do not see how there could be one more beautiful. I wish you could have driven with me this morning at sunrise, through the roads with hundreds of different kinds of palm-trees, and to the

Buddhist temple, where they were offering fresh flowers to Buddha, and banging away on drums in his honor, enough to kill you; then out to the gardens where cinnamon, nutmeg, clove trees, tea and coffee plants, pineapples, mangoes, bamboos, banyans, India-rubber trees, and a hundred other curious things are growing. Here and there you meet an elephant or a peacock, and the pleasant-faced natives smile at you out of their pretty houses.

Oh, this beautiful island of Ceylon,
With the cocoanut-trees on the shore,
It is shaped like a pear with the peel on,
And Kandy lies in at the core.

And Kandy is sweet (you ask Gertie!)
Even when it is spelt with a K,
And the people are cheerful and dirty,
And dress in a comical way.

Here comes a particular dandy,
With two ear-rings and half of a shirt,—
He 's considered the swell of all Kandy,—
And the rest of him 's covered with dirt.

And here comes the belle of the city,
With rings on her delicate toes,
And eyes that are painted and pretty,
And a jewel that shakes in her nose.

And the dear little girls and their brothers,
And the babies so jolly and fat,
Astride on the hips of their mothers,
And as black as a gentleman's hat.

And the queer little heaps of old women,
And the shaven Buddhistical priests,
And the lake which the worshipers swim in,
And the wagons with curious beasts.

The tongue they talk mostly is Tamul,
Which sounds you can hardly tell how:
It is half like the scream of a camel,
And half like the grunt of a sow.

But it is too hot to make any more poetry. It is perfectly ridiculous how hot it is. I would not walk to that Buddhist temple opposite for anything. If I tried to, you would never see my familiar face in Clarendon street any more. I am glad, with all the beauty of Ceylon, that there are only two days more of it. It is too near the equator. Wednesday morning the *Verona* sails from Colombo, and will carry me to Suez, and the Indian trip is over. It has been one unmixed pleasure from beginning to end.

We have a new boy. Huri's language gave out at Calcutta. He did not know the queer tongues they talk in southern India, and he had to be sent back to Bombay. We parted with tears and rupees. Then came another boy, who had to be summarily dismissed; he was too stupid for anything. It made the journey far too laborious when we had to take care of him. Now we have a beautiful creature named Tellegoo, or something like that. He wears a bright yel-

low-and-green petticoat, which makes him look very gay, and a tortoise-shell comb in his hair! Our association with him will be brief, for we leave him on the wharf when we sail Wednesday, and there will be fewer rupees and no tears.

I went to church this morning, and the minister preached on the text, "Bake me a little cake first," and the point was that before you bought any clothes or food you must give something toward the endowment of the English church at Kandy. It was a really pretty sermon. . . .

There are the Buddhists howling again. It must be afternoon service. The priests go about without a bit of hair on their heads and wrapped in dirty yellow sheets. My love to everybody.

Affectionately,

P.

ON S. S. "VERONA," March 25, 1883.

DEAR JOHNNY: . . . How I wish you were here to-night! We would sit late on deck, and you should tell me all about Springfield, and I would tell you all about India. This long return voyage is a splendid chance to think it over and arrange in one's memory the recollections of the wondrous land. Besides the countless pictures which one saw every day, eleven great sights stand out which you must see when you go to India. They are these:

First. The Rock Temples of Carlee and Elora. Think of buildings as big as Christ's Church, Springfield, not built, but hewn out of the solid rock, and covered, inside and out, with Hindu sculptures of the richest sort.

Second. The deserted city of Ambir—a city of the old Moguls with hardly a human inhabitant; palaces and temples abandoned to the jackals and the monkeys.

Third. The *Kuttub* at Delhi—the most beautiful column in the world, covered with inscriptions; the most splendid monument of the Mohammedan power.

Fourth. The Golden Temple of Umritsir. Think of a vast, artificial lake in whose center, reached by a lovely white marble bridge, is the holy place of the Sikhs, the lower half of most delicate marble mosaics, and the upper of sheets of beaten gold.

Fifth. The Taj at Agra—a dream of beauty. The tomb of an old Mogul empress, made of the finest marble, and inlaid in the most dainty way; the whole as large as the State-house.

Sixth. The river shore of the Ganges at Benares—mile after mile of palaces and temples, and in front of them the bathing-places of the living and the burning-places of the dead.

Seventh. Buddh-Gaya—where Buddha sat for six years under the bo-tree till the enlightenment came to him. A valley full of Buddhist temples is there now.

Eighth. The view of Kunchain-Junga from Darjeeling, the second highest mountain in the world. Think of a hill five times as high as Mount Washington, blazing with snow in the sunshine.

Ninth. The Seven Pagodas, near Madras, where whole stories of the Hindu mythology are sculptured on the face of perpendicular rocks. They are queer enough.

Tenth. The Sivite Temple at Tanjore, one

mass of brilliant color and sculpture, with its great pyramid two hundred feet high.

Eleventh. The Temple at Kandy in Ceylon, where they keep Buddha's tooth. You see the strange Buddhist priests and their strange ways.

These are the greatest things in India, and there are ever so many more like them, only not quite so great or interesting. I am very glad I went, and I wish that everybody who cares about interesting things could go there too.

Affectionately,

P.

THE HEIR OF THE MCHULISHES.

By the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

I.



HE consul for the United States of America at the port of St. Kentigern was sitting alone in the settled gloom of his private office. Yet it was only high noon of a "seasonable" winter's day, by the face of the

clock that hung like a pallid moon on the murky wall opposite to him. What else could be seen of the apartment by the faint light that struggled through the pall of fog outside the lusterless windows presented the ordinary aspect of a business sanctum. There were a shelf of fog-bound admiralty law, one or two colored prints of ocean steamships under full steam, bow on, tremendously foreshortened, and seeming to force themselves through shadowy partitions; there were engravings of Lincoln and Washington, as unsubstantial and shadowy as the dead themselves. Outside, against the window, which was almost level with the street, an occasional procession of black silhouetted figures of men and women, with prayer-books in their hands and gloom on their faces, seemed to be born of the fog, and prematurely to return to it. At which a conviction of sin overcame the consul. He remembered that it was the Sabbath day, and that he had no business to be at the consulate at all.

Unfortunately, with this shameful conviction came the sound of a bell ringing somewhere in the depths of the building, and the shuffling of feet on the outer steps. The light of his fire had evidently been seen, and like a beacon had attracted some wandering and possibly intoxicated mariner with American papers. The consul walked into the hall with a sudden right-

eous frigidity of manner. It was one thing to be lounging in one's own office on the Sabbath day, and quite another to be deliberately calling there on business.

He opened the front door, and a middle-aged man entered, accompanying and partly shoving forward a more diffident and younger one. Neither appeared to be a sailor, although both were dressed in that dingy respectability and remoteness of fashion affected by second and third mates when ashore. They were already well in the hall, and making their way toward the private office, when the elder man said, with an air of casual explanation, "Lookin' for the American consul; I reckon this yer 's the consulate?"

"It is the consulate," said the official, dryly, "and I am the consul; but—"

"That's all right," interrupted the stranger, pushing past him, and opening the door of the private office, into which he shoved his companion. "Thar, now!" he continued to the diffident youth, pointing to a chair, and quite ignoring the presence of the consul. "Thar's a bit of America. Sit down thar. You're under the flag now, and can do as you darn please." Nevertheless, he looked a little disappointed as he glanced around him, as if he had expected a different environment and possibly a different climate.

"I presume," said the consul, suavely, "you wish to see me on some urgent matter; for you probably know that the consulate is closed on Sunday to ordinary business. I am here myself quite accidentally."

"Then you don't live here?" said the visitor, disappointedly.

"No."

"I reckon that's the reason why we did n't see no flag a-flyin' when we was a huntin' this