

May 27, 1965

[The following letter was received by Roy Sylvan Dunn from Mrs. Rickard Donovan, the daughter of Alexander Mackay, in answer to his inquiry concerning the identity of the persons named in Mr. Mackay's diary.]

" 6 Acacia Road
London N. W. 8

Dear Mr. Dunn:

In answer to your question about names, "Dee" is my mother; I am "Marg," and "B" and "Dot" are my two sisters. "Faf" is the name we gave our Father, and it happened to be on the diary when it was typed. I thought it was better to leave it. The four pages you mention are missing, and I think some others. If they should ever turn up, I will let you have them. I believe some of the names in India may be incorrectly spelt. A friend has made certain corrections, which I intend to look up.

I have not forgotten about photographs.

Sincerely yours,

s/ Margaret Donovan"

Gift: Edith M. Mackay Donovan, [Mrs. Richard]

1965

FAF'S WORLD TOUR DIARY

Diary of World Tour
October 1923 - January 1924

by

ALEXANDER MACKAY

The U.S. officer is generally very punctilious on these points in instructions. Several hundreds of our poor steerage folk were put back because the quota permitted to land were exhausted. It was a tragedy. These emigrants were on the Scythia when she collided in the Channel and were transferred to the Berengaria. The delay was sufficient to let the permit run out. The scene was most pathetic. Marg and I had a long wait for our last piece of luggage. A careless porter had placed the bag under letter A. instead of M. and we were nearly the last to get away. A conscientious but pleasant examiner made us open every one of our 22 pieces and he dug his hand into every garment like a good Presbyterian. No revenue for the customs but he smiled sweetly as if he had made a discovery.

16th Oct. Been four days in New York. Nice comfortable rooms at the Plaza. Running daily to the office and making calls in town. B. went off to Quebec to see Muriel Goodwin, the others seeing friends and shopping. The city is full to overflowing, a great baseball match and the prospect of the famous race between Papyrus the

Derby winner and Zev. seems to have drawn here all the sporting element of the country. Business men very cheerful in spite of a considerable fall in the prosperity of the earlier part of the year. Interest in the European affairs very keen. Lloyd George is making a great impression. Americans like him for his fighting qualities which appeal to them. His speeches have struck a note of moderation and human appeal which finds a response among many Americans. He is fully reported all over the country. His praise of its institutions cheers civic and national pride. I have to go off tomorrow to Chicago to meet Murdo Mackenzie. Sadly and reluctantly I must miss meeting Dot and he *See p. 5* Marc who arrive from Southampton the end of the week. When something nice is in respect business always spoils it.

17th Oct. Chicago. Came on the 20th Century Flyer along with Fred Stephen, arriving after breakfast. We got in as Lloyd George and his party went out. The streets here are always crowded but there were added numbers today in spite of the steady downpour of rain. Found Mackenzie more cheerful than I expected. His wife's

death a great blow to him and a loss to all her friends. Missed John Clay whose bright and sunny wife also died a few weeks ago. These two Scots Highlander and Borderman who have each made his mark by his vigour and personality in this western country have to tread together the lonely road. Congress Hotel as usual packed to the limit but M. was able to secure for me a comfortable room. Cattle conditions as bad as I have ever known them. Think of 50,000 head of cattle on the market in one day. Bankers who have been carrying weak loans for a long time seem determined to realise their security and make their loss so the horned beasts come pouring in. A banker told me that he was one of four who put up several millions of dollars lately to save a score of country banks who would have toppled to the ground in a terrible crash without this help. After the storm a calm, so I take hope that the worst is passed. Looked in to see Dunbar and his etchings, promised to try and get him some etchings of McBey whom he regards as the greatest of our living etchers. Had an insight into a leading club where a private bar is equipped and run in contemptuous disregard of the Prohibition law. What a country. In public nearly

everyone who speaks on the subject upholds the law. Some urge greater punishment. A clergyman the other day at a convention advocated the death penalty on a third conviction. But in private most men you meet politely ignore the law or vigorously condemn it. One speculates as to how it will all end. Disregard of law in one matter by a big body of the nation is going to diminish respect for the law in other things. One hears that the bootleggers are the strongest opponents of repeal because their profits are so much bigger as things are. Many employers who don't observe the law are also against repeal because their employees are more efficient—fine moral reasons in both cases. We intended going North tonight to the south Dakota ranch but it has rained all the time since we came to Chicago and the news from S.D. is that the country is under water and the roads impassable so reluctantly we leave out this visit and go on to Denver tonight.

Denver. Oct. 23rd. Leaving Chicago 6 p.m. Friday we arrived Denver 8 p.m. Saturday. Mackenzie, John and I, drove to his very commodious home where the two married

daughters, one husband, and three grandchildren made a big family party. Sunday was heavenly and a motor trip was planned. The coloured driver took us into the foot hills up a canyon which led to an elevation of 8,000 ft., over the saddle into another canyon, back by another route as the lights of the city began to sparkle in the gathering dusk. A glorious ride of mountain peaks, clouds of every radiant colour and pine tree gorges, a day to remember. I found the younger Mackenzies with their hearts more or less in Brazil. San Paolo had held them for eight or nine years and given them a real good time. The price paid for years abroad is a double loss in friends which nothing afterwards quite makes up. Monday and today have been busy office days. The days have been wet and the only outside exercise has been the ride to business and the ride home. I fret without exercise but there was no remedy except Sandow stunts and a hot bath before dinner—not a bad substitute on occasion. We had a queer experience at the office with a young man from the Government Income Tax Department. He was the third sent in a few weeks past to check over the Matador records. Each man began at the beginning so the work was being checked three times

over. The young man was in no way perturbed by the criticism that he was wasting time and the taxpayers' money. He said they were slack in the Dept. and he was filling in time—no consideration for the trouble given our people—He was withal so conceited, wanted us to change our system of making up accounts because he could see no difference in making up yearly valuations between a thousand cows and calves or a thousand bales of cotton. Lazarus' secretary arrived on Monday to go over the accounts, 60,000 acres of land. We have had two busy days but the work should be finished tonight before we leave for Texas. Among others saw Alexander our Banker who told a good story of an old time farmer who recently opened an account with his bank. The farmer said he was always afraid of the big fine looking banks because he felt shabby and lonely in their marble halls. He liked a quiet, small bank where the manager clapped you on the shoulder and said Hullo Bill. You felt home like. He tried one of these in Denver and after a while it broke and he lost his money. Then he tried another with a similar result. Now he wanted to know if Alexander would take charge of his savings and he didn't care a damn if he called him Bill or not.

Matador. Sunday, 28th Oct. We arrived Quanah midnight 23rd and found L. in his private railway car waiting us. M, John and I slept most comfortably in the car which started by the early train for Roaring Springs before I was up. We were a merry party at early breakfast, some seven or eight of us, in spite of the rain pouring in torrents. Old time Cowboy yarns were swapped, for L. was a cowboy before being a R.R. President. Labour Unions criticized and condemned Government control of railways, the iniquity of taxation and such like subjects engaged attention as we sped along. The chief part of our visit, the conclusion of a settlement on the land contract with entire friendliness on both sides. Never did Jew and Gentile close a large question more amicably or expeditiously. At Roaring Springs Reilly, our new Supt. at Matador, transferred from Montana, met us and after saying adieu to L. and his friends we sped by motor to headquarters, arriving in time for lunch. Never have I seen the range under such soaking conditions. Today is Sunday, we arrived Thursday, there has been nothing but rain, drizzle, fog. All the land is sodden and every hollow has its pool. The big tanks are pouring over the byewash, the creeks are full, and the

rivers uncrossable. We have driven around within narrow compass up to the pure bred pasture. No weather could spoil these beauties, over to see the pure bred heifers, a rare bunch. Runs through Dutchman pasture, the cottonwood mott. until bogged in the slimy trails. Everywhere long grass, abundant water, and fine cattle. There is nothing to keep us here and so we start tomorrow for Alamositas Ranch. The weather prevents our going far afield. We have seen Reilly well entrenched in his new post, most of his troubles behind him. After two or three very dry years this phenomenal season of rain has come giving promise of better grass conditions next spring.

Friday, 2nd Nov. On Monday M. and I started on a seventy mile car drive to Childress. The weather was dull and drizzly and a few miles from headquarters we were in a quagmire, getting out, pushing in the mud. We met several cars and the family prairie schooners occupied by a faded, hopeless looking mother beside the husband and crowds of children. The quiver of family life is always full where the conditions seem most depressing. We had started early and only reached Paducah twenty miles from A.

at one o'clock. A hurried lunch in an old saloon among a quiet, silent crowd where the business of eating is not seasoned by talk. We were off again with a somewhat better road and got into Childress after five o'clock having taken eight hours to do seventy miles with a powerful car. A wash up, a snack of food at the railway eating counter, and we joined the train going North to Amarillo. A slow journey, the wind rising to a gale from the north and we steadily losing time. It was near midnight when the lights of the mushroom prairie city loomed up. Natural gas in enormous volume is being found in the valley of the Canadian River twenty to forty miles away so houses and streets are lighted and homes warmed and food cooked direct from nature's own gasometer. A single coach and a baggage van made up our new train north and we shivered in the gale as the transfer was being made. Forty miles north we crossed in full moonlight the pile bridge which crossed the sandy bottom of the Canadian. At Murdo, a stopping place for our shipping cattle at the Ala. ranch, we left the train and found Frank Mitchell and one of his assistants with 2 cars. They were chilled to the bone with their long wait in a driving blizzard but in fifteen or twenty minutes we

were snug in headquarters before a blazing fire. We stayed there till Friday and Frank M. took care that we were up betimes next morning and Murdo was a good seconder. Both men have a passion for seeing the sun rise and we went down to Hollicot Farm to inspect the pure bred. Everything in fine shape and in evening cow talk which, like the brook, goes on forever. Next morning Judge Cowan our lawyer arrived from Fortworth to aid us in drawing up deeds and discussing our final settlement with Lazarus. Murdo and I agreed that C. should go to St Louis and adjust any difficulty. This was done and we felt very cheery. This afternoon I left Channing and caught the train for Phoenix. Climbed into an upper berth. My nice plan had been to catch up Dee on this train as she made up her mind to come to see the mining camps leaving M. and B. a few days longer in N.Y. with Dot and Marc Fer and Grace but she could only get a berth on the Southern Pacific R.R. I looked rather longingly at Dalhart, knowing that within six hours the one person I wished to see would be there. Why didn't you wait, sez you? My ticket was through to California on the Santa Fe. There was no way of changing it alas, alas, so we sped on, reaching P. at 7.30. A quick breakfast

with Fred S. and Arthur Smith at the club and we were all back at the station at 8.50 to see Dee radiant and smiling to us from her train. The day was one of those golden days, a Sunday of rest with a cathedral service, Arthur at the organ.

San Francisco, Nov. 22. We arrived on the Lark, the popular night train between Los Angeles and San F. A car was waiting for us by the courtesy of Mr Legh Jones of the Shell. Rooms in the Palace Hotel were most spacious and comfortable. A welcome change in the weather. L.A. had been hot and stuffy, San F. was breezy and cool. In the afternoon of Sunday we drove through Presidio Park and Golden Gate Road to the open beach where the Pacific Ocean breaks in gigantic rollers over a sandy shore in the calmest weather. We followed the new highway for miles joining the public main thoroughfare which leads south through the peninsula. At San Mateo twenty miles from S.F. we called on the Legh Jones for tea, finding him, his wife, sister, and child in a pretty bijou house in a lovely garden. They are not long back from England and seem to enjoy Californian life after one

year's experience of it. Our drive home in the late afternoon ending in the blaze of lights of S.F. as we rounded the last headland was very refreshing. It was tempered by the chauffeur's leisurely speed. A quick change in the Hotel and Dee and I went off to the Fairmont Hotel on Nob Hill to dine with Mr and Mrs Walter Burns now transferred from Portland Oregon. Young Cuthbertson and his wife Kitty Cuthbertson also there. A pleasant evening reviving old times. All agreed in praising their city. Kitty, the mother of two children, looks as young as when she married and has preserved her natural complexion in a country where nearly every woman and girl paints and powders. We saw the children next day, a credit to parents and country. Next day was for me a steady grind all day in the office of the Shell while the others went sightseeing. In the evening the C.s came to dinner with us. We expected to sail next day but Cooks sent word in the afternoon that our steamer, the Pres. Cleveland, was detained two days longer. Chagrin all round. It means that we must cut seven days out of our all too short stay in Japan and China. Meetings at Cooks and much thinking result in a modified itinerary shortening, two days in Japan, two in Korea,

and three in China. Steamer connections are the bugbear in a trip like ours. Next journey we shall be more leisurely. Tuesday got filled up in the morning at the office. At lunch I was taken to a gathering of about fifty old countrymen who assemble periodically and have a pow-wow with strangers from home under the Presidency of Mr Campbell the British Consul. Sir Joseph Lowry, Sec. of Lloyds, passing through S.F. had been annexed by Campbell and I was put on his other side at table. After a simple meal Mr C. said formal speeches were not called for but he would ask the two guests late from home to lead the conversation on the situation created by the Parliamentary dissolution and the Government announced break with the old Free Trade policy. Sir Joseph led off and I followed. A number of questions were asked. We had a very mild heckling like candidates in a friendly constituency and then hearty shakes of the hand from countrymen who seemed honestly glad to see us. Sir Joseph and his secretary are fellow passengers on the Cleveland. In the afternoon a long drive through the city, through China town, and to Presidio, where the sunset was a dream. In the evening went to movies and saw Rupert of Hentzau. I lunched

next day at the Pacific Club with Legh Jones and Frank Anderson, the able manager of the Bank of California, who gave me some interesting facts about the industrial position of the Pacific Coast and he sent to the Captain of our steamer a letter which contributed to our comfort. Found when we got on board a beautiful bunch of roses and lovely basket of fruit from them. We were on board a full half hour before sailing. Big airy cabins with connecting bathroom. The ship is quite modern, designed for hot weather comfort, two port-holes, lofty ceiling. Beds near each other, middle of the room, thermos flask full of drinking water ice cold. It was rather pathetic leaving Ferrier on the wharf as we steamed out. He kept waving as long as we were visible but soon turned sharply and we were off on our wild adventure. Business is behind us, also all our friends. Over 5,000 miles of water before we reach Japan, with only a few hours' stop at Honolulu 2,000 miles away. I recall my last Pacific course fourteen years ago with W. Webster to Australia from Vancouver, touching at Fanning Island and the Fiji islands. Then we started at night, wet and stormy. Now we sail at high noon in brilliant sunshine with the luncheon gong in our ears.

Sunday, 25th Nov. We left Sunday at noon, now it is three days later, each more gorgeous than the last. We have wide decks with public rooms on two and a lofty deck over all. Passengers mostly Americans and English, one or two French and Swiss, and a sprinkling of Japanese. In the steerage mostly Japs and Chinese, their popular amusement gambling. Among our passengers are Sir J. Lowry and young Mr Baggallay whom I met in S.F. A rather silent young man going to his first post at the British Legation in Tokyo. There is a Baron Harado, member of the Imperial household of Japan who is returning after eighteen months in England on a special mission. I had long talks with him. He is young, very intelligent, and sane in his views, he studied the part played by royalty in the spirit of the times. He seems to have met everybody from the King to Sydney Webb and the Labour leaders He is a great admirer of Lord Grey and believes Labour is gaining a sense of responsibility and not likely to be a danger. He sees in Gt Britain a model for much which Japan must learn. He has been very civil to our party, given us letters to his brother in Kyoto, and to his brother-in-law who is in control of the Manchurian Railways.

We have a Mr Matthews from London connected with tramways construction going to Yokohama to see if there is anything in his line, also Mr and Mrs Lewis of Shanghai who are friends of Mr ^{See p. 13} who played Squash rackets at Glen C. also Mr X. going to see the Jap.

the shape and colouring were a joy. We drove to Waikiki where the girls and the two young men had a glorious time surf riding. It is a sight to see the natives swim a long way out with their surf boards and then come in riding erect on a great billow. The water is warm and one can stay in a long time. Our party were in two hours and after some practise were able to get erect for a short time on the board. Tumbling off was accompanied by screams of laughter both from the water and from the shore. We dined at seven at the Hotel, making up a party of twenty to see a Hula dance in a hall in the village. It was a little coarse as such things are apt to be but a Government official was on hand to prevent anything improper. He left before a fat young woman who sidled round the co. in her contortions seizing a man occasionally to join in. Her muscles were powerful and she managed to pull up two men against their will. She was not graceful and the whole performance reminded one of the coarse dancing in Algiers. We were back at the ship at ten which the people here call liquid sunshine. Found many of the passengers decked with garlands. We steamed out after eleven with a nearly full moon overhead, a wonderful picture

to remember in days to come. I heard less about sharks than on my previous visit. They infest the bay. One day a fisherman slipped off the wharf and was nipped by a shark. A week later the man's widow was in a fish shop while a shark was being cut up and recognized a boot taken from his stomach as her husband's. Betty managed to leave her mother's gold watch in the bathhouse but a search by the manager failed to find it. However, today at lunch a wireless from the Hotel saying the watch had been sent to New York. Pretty decent.

Monday, 3rd Dec. We have been stretching North West from H. in our 3,000 mile journey to Japan. The weather for a day and a half remained fine, indeed hot and sultry, then a squall came up which reduced our speed to 375 miles on Saturday. Two days of agitated weather sent a lot of our passengers to bed. Thursday, 30th Nov. was Thanksgiving Day, observed by Americans as a national holiday. We had a tiny service in the morning and the dining saloon at night was as gay as a Christmas Festival. Flags, streamers, crackers, toys, everything

to amuse the diminished band which assembled to eat the traditional turkey and plum pudding. Alas, I sat alone at our table but Dee joined me at the Cinema show later on deck. The Movies is a feature on these steamers, a nightly performance except when there is a dance. The day following continued bad weather and the day following we lost altogether. To go to bed on Friday night and wake up on Sunday morning suggests a debauch but this is a temperance ship and you cannot debauch on iced water. Of course, like a spendthrift we have been taking more than twenty-four hours out of each day while you stay-at-homes have been models of correctness. We shall go on doing it till we get home because twelve of the twenty-four hours have been reserved to draw upon. Yesterday morning we started on the homeward tack, the longest journey is behind us, but one finds it difficult to take this in when thinking of Japan, China, Burma, and Egypt blocking the way. Our adventures are only beginning and yet we are on the homeward stretch. Sunday was a glorious day. I skipped service which I hear was conducted by a group of young women going to the mission field in Korea and China. Today is hot and sultry. Everyone wears his thinnest garment. There is a big canvas bath rigged up

on deck where six or eight people can swim around. Marg. had an adventure in the tub yesterday. While crossing under water a man dived backwards right on her. By the greatest good luck no harm came of it beyond a bruise on the shoulder which a vigorous application of Embrocation cured. A Fancy Dress ball comes on tonight.

11th Dec. 1923. Skipping one's daily duty of writing is bad because incidents are forgotten, freshness is lost and impressions become too general. On the 4th, 5th and 6th the usual routine of ship life went on. Ours was as regular as the clock. About seven Dee and I woke first. I got up, had a bath and shave. Before dressing ordered breakfast which we took together before dressing. A pipe, a little writing or reading, and we sauntered on deck before ten o'clock. A good spin round, a talk with fellow passengers, and then a rest on the deckchair till lunch. Afternoon rest with a book in the stateroom, walk or games on deck after tea until six, then a hot bath, dress for dinner at seven. A quiet game of Bridge, a visit to the Cinema, or the evening dance. In bed generally before eleven. Very

gay function our last evening, special dinner followed by a ball. After dinner I made a little speech at the request of the Sports Com. and Dee presented the prizes. Sir Jos. Lowry proposed a vote of thanks to Capt. Yardley. Said adieu to our friends next morning, carrying away very pleasant recollections of the ship, the officers, and the people we had met.

On Friday the 7th early we approached Japan, getting a fine view of its high coast line. Our first sight of the effect of the earthquake was a lighthouse far down the coast leaning over like the tower of Pisa. Very shortly afterwards Yokohama came in sight and then a full view of the devastation of the city. Nothing can adequately describe it. Crumpled up piers and wharves along the whole waterfront, a few shells of the higher buildings behind, and then nothing but heaps of ruins blackened by fire, hills of human dust and new wooden shanties. We made our way to the customs shanty, then to the office shanty of the Pacific Mail and got all our papers completed. We had been met on landing by our courier, Yamamoto, whom the girls dubbed Guido, a short kindly Jap of mature years whose English is not above reproach but whose care and thoughtfulness we have learned

to appreciate, seeing that our time was brief and our knowledge of language and customs nil, whereas with him the trip has been an unadulterated joy. By motor we passed through the main business and native quarters of Y., climbed the hill known as the Bluff where the better residences and gardens once stood. It gave one heartache to see the desolation and picture what it meant in human misery. We were glad to find ourselves at the railway station boarding a train which carried us in an hour to Tokio, the capital. The Railway runs near the coast in an almost continuous chain of villages and small towns. Entering the city on the west we ran through the quarter of T. which suffered severely. More than 100,000 lost their lives. At the Imperial Hotel which our company reached in a line of seven rickshaws we had lunch and all sallied forth as quickly as we could to see all that could be seen in a short afternoon. The Mansolea of the east Shoguns in Sheba Pa took up most of our time. It was the first sight of antiquities with which we have since become familiar. Everything was novel and although we have since got used to removing our shoes on holy ground we could hardly say we entered our first sacred ^{building?} with becoming reverence.

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The rain began to fall and the daylight fade and all that we could accomplish before joining the night train at six o'clock for Kyoto was a rickshaw ride to the Shogun castle and a drive through the lighted streets. Alas, Fujiyama, most beautiful of all sacred mountains, was enveloped in clouds and we missed seeing what some people consider the finest sight in Japan.

The four of us were packed into a single compartment in a full train. Japan thinks nothing of the sexes sleeping in mixed fashion. The car was hot as a grill but in spite thereof we reached ^{Kyoto} ready for its famous attractions all in good spirits. The Miyoko Hotel stands on the slope of a wooded hill above the city. It has a beautiful outlook, the great city spread round the skirts of the mountains and wooded ridges encircling the valley. We had charming rooms finely furnished and made cosy on our arrival in the early morning by cosy fires. A bath and a solid breakfast and the car bore us off through a maze of streets to the gardens of the Imperial Palace now unoccupied. The building is called the Amata Palace and the water garden is particularly charming with its fine lake, beautiful bridges, and small islets. Then we visited the

Mikado Palace and were led through the various rooms and corridors including the great Throne Room, all very simple and impressive. Next the fine temple where the great Buddha is enshrined. The figure is fifty-two feet high, the ears eight feet, and the mouth three feet wide. It dates back 2,000 years and weighs 500 tons of bronze. Great flocks of pigeons swarm in the open court and perch on your arms and wrists to be fed. There is also a gigantic bell. In the afternoon we visited several Shinto shrines of which there are hundreds. Some large and impressive with avenues through the towering trees flanked by endless stone lanterns of all sizes At one temple two Geisha girls gave us a performance to the accompaniment of a priest's voice and the cracking together of two sounding rods, not very interesting. Later we visited the old Shogun castle with its massive gateway. The rooms contain some rare decorations highly prized although with a few exceptions they did not greatly impress us. This Nijo Palace is considered one of the finest in J. There was still enough of light to enable us to drive out to the Summer Palace on the outskirts of the city, passing on the way a funeral procession. The gardens

held the famous golden Pavilion on the edge of a lovely small lake full of gold and silver fish of enormous size, fed by visitors and held to be sacred. The lake, the woods, the background of wooded hills make the whole picture singularly beautiful. Darkness began to fall as we left and we drove to the street of tea houses where in an inner room we reclined on cushions and drank Sake to the accompaniment of Geisha girls. Then home to a quiet evening while the girls and Guido went off to the theatre. Early next morning we had a glorious view from our bedroom windows as the dawn filled with a soft misty light, the city below us and the wide valley which stretched out to the neighbouring hills. The sunlight tinged with gold the mountain ridges and gradually swept downwards over the dark pine foliage. The soft picture was true to impressions got from Japanese art. At eight we were in the car bound for Nara thirty miles away, the earliest cradle of religious faith and centre of early government. A fine opportunity to see country life on the way and to note close at hand the tillage of the peasants. Paddy fields, but the rice had been gathered, the patient husbandman in his wet fields, digging up lines of muddy clay and sand into

the ridges where he planted against the time when the land would again be flattened out with infinite labour and patience for another rice crop. We were told that an American farmer with modern implements secures in three days the results which a Japanese peasant gets in thirty. The movement to modernize in Japan has only touched the peasant after he has migrated to the town. Villages were numerous as we sped along. Woods, orchards, and a large growth of Bamboo so much used throughout the country. We entered Nara through a narrow street, the houses and shops mean looking and old as Noah's Ark. Then we rounded a corner and found ourselves in the famous park of more than 1,000 acres which shelters in its leafy groves hundreds of ancient temples and temple shrines. There are said to be 1,500 deer sacred to the Gods wandering through park and squares and even into the streets. They respond to a call and come around visitors, nosing in their clothes for food. The Torii gateways to the Shinto shrines are very numerous and thousands of artistic stone lanterns, the gift of the faithful, adorn the paths. A forenoon of worship gave our party excellent appetites for lunch at the Nara Hotel, famous throughout

Japan for its comfort, beauty and restfulness. Two hours after lunch were spent at the great Daibutsu golden pagoda and lake with the silver fish where a crowd gathered round to see Marg. vainly attempt a picture of dodging victims. We returned to Kyoto in late afternoon, visited the private house of a sparrow lover, who has hung from the ceiling of his rooms numerous clay gourd-like jars in which sparrows take refuge for the night and from their enemies, snakes, rats, cats and such-like. The lamps were lighted as we visited the last of our shrines in Kyoto. Like most others, very ancient, but remarkable in that the approach is made through 2,000 Torii. The path winds for a mile and a half to the top of the hill and the Torii are planted so close together that they practically touch each other. We made a visit to a collection of art objects before returning to the hotel. As we drew up in the dark at a great gateway the wide doors slid back and we entered a small inner court. As we crossed doors fell open on the further side and a flood of light the head of the establishment with half a dozen bowing attendants. After covering our shoes we were led through a series of rooms filled with the

finest lacquer work, Japanese and Chinese old bronze, pottery, etc. One cabinet which had taken five years to make was offered at 35,000 yen, roughly 35,000 pounds. We had seen the previous day the process of lacquer making and better realised the time spent, the artistic training of the designer and the costliness of the materials. We regretted our short time at this establishment and the smallness of our purses when such exquisite stuff was crying out to be bought. The willingness of every merchant to show, and his politeness even when nothing is bought, are marked and pleasant characteristics of Japan.

Next morning in pouring rain we started early for Kobe with a feeling of sincere regret and a hope that fate might guide again our steps to Kyoto. Kobe is only two hours away and we were in the Oriental Hotel before ten-thirty. A visit to Cook's and ^{the} ~~a~~ Rising Sun Petroleum where I had a chat with Mr Malcolm, formerly of Dundee, and then Tiffen, Malcolm joining us. In the afternoon a visit to the Higher school or College for Japanese girls founded fifty years ago by the Congregational church in the U.S. As the day was wet and misty there was no use driving to the top of the

hill which overlooks the city and harbour so we drove to a Japanese theatre, a dreary performance chiefly conversation and sword whirling. Then to a Cinema equally dreary, and so to dinner at the hotel and a night journey to Miajama said to be the most beautiful island in the Inland sea and a sacred place for 2,000 years. We reached the Railway station at 4 a.m., quite dark but fair with a starry sky. Fortunate for us because the low tide prevented our launch arriving for over an hour, and we had a lovely time until Guido knocked up an old lady who prepared a pot of hot tea for us. Our crossing in the dark was safely accomplished and we had a weird walk on sand and stepping stones across the head of the bay to the hotel. A number of servants with lanterns met us and we were bowed into nice rooms. A boiling hot bath and a short rest restored us to cheerfulness and hilarity, indeed the whole adventure provocative of the liveliest mirth, especially when our stepping stones seemed to be leading us to a resting spot below the ocean. The sunlight was a dream of delight and when breakfast was over the launch took us round the island, giving fine views of the rocks and heights covered from the water's edge to the topmost peak.

There are finely indented bays with sandy beaches and on the highest hill a shrine 1,600 feet up and reached by 2,700 steps made by the holy men of old. The Shinto temple which specially meets the eye is near the landing place built partly over the sea. An enormous Torii of fine design is most impressively erected out in the sea and we sailed through it twice while M. took snapshots. After lunch we had a charming walk through the forest and came down on the little fishing town, pottering about the shops full of knickknacks for tourists visiting the Pagoda where thousands of the simplest offerings in the shape of rice ladles were stored for good luck by the soldiers before going to the last war. We left the hotel at four, the head of the establishment with half a dozen bowing attendants. After covering our shoes we were led through a series of rooms filled with the finest lacquer work, Japanese and Chinese. I should have mentioned that at the temple we had another Geisha performance. The proprietors and three or four attendants came across the bay with us and waved us off with many bowings and wishes for our return. A five-hours' ride brought us to Shinonoseki at 10 p.m.

Friday, 14th Dec. We left S. in a large powerful steamer and reached Fusau next morning before eight. The strait is about 120 miles wide. Both sides are strongly fortified and in these waters the Russian fleet in the 1904 war met its doom. The impression created by the places of strength is that Japan's grip on the mainland is unbreakable. A great trade is beginning to pour through these gateways destined in time by their connection with the Korean and Manchurian Railways to enormously strength Japan's power. The contrast between Korea and Japan is recognised as soon as you enter the country and as we steamed on to Seoul, the ancient capital of Korea, we noted the signs of a people clinging to its old modes of life with its poor looking primitive buildings, clumsy and antiquated dress. The only signs of progress are those Japan has furnished, railways and bridges, planting of trees on a tremendous scale, and the building of schoolhouses. We reached Seoul at 6 p.m. and found waiting for us Mr Wood who has charge in Korea of The Rising Sun, Mr Deming of the Legation in Tokio here on a special mission, and Mrs Kennedy, wife of Capt. K. whose father I know in London. The two men dined with us at the hotel and

we got their impressions of things Korean, both very good fun. Yesterday morning we started out under Guido's guidance to the tomb of the Empress outside the wall. A high, simple mound of earth and grass beehive in form similar to, but on a larger scale, those that are seen dotted over the country. There are a half dozen guarding dogs or other creatures in stone around the mound, while some way below a long building facing the front constitutes the shrine. Our drive was interesting in showing at close quarters the stream of people going to or returning from work, the long white robes of the men with their queer top hats reminiscent of a procession of monks. Some of the women and young children wear bright colours but the clumsy way the jacket is buttoned up over the neck and shoulders is disfiguring, if that is possible to figures which to a stranger possess no attraction. Our drive took us around the enclosure of the King's Palace, no admittance. Then to the ancient palace through a noble gateway, motors are not generally allowed inside but Guido explained to the guard Ladies legs no well, and we got through. A great mansion for the Governor General is being erected inside the gate; but behind it stands the old

palace in pagoda style, beautiful in form and brilliant in colour. A modern museum to house some interesting antiques designed by a Chicago architect stands in a corner of the vast grounds and some other buildings are going up. In a few years modernism will be the leading feature about the old palace. We lunched with Wood and his friends, Kennedy also being there, and afterwards drove round the city and up the hill to a commanding view. Seoul has a most beautiful position spread out in the valley and nearly encircled by striking hills with ragged ridges, it has 300,000 people. Still under the shadow of its depressing past and a sense of its subordination to Japan there are some signs of modern life which give promise of a new and better future. We paid a visit to the Y.M.C.A. under the guidance of George Gregg, who for eighteen years has carried forward the industrial section of the work. We dined with him in the evening and had a pleasant talk over old times and the work which occupies all his energy. A company of five saw us off at 10 p.m. I had spent an hour with Wood, going over his business problems which he is tackling with resource and courage. I write this as we approach Mukden at six after a trip of no little

interest since crossing the Yalu river.

Dec. 15th. As we journeyed North the temperature kept falling and we entered Mukden with several inches of snow on the ground and a bitter wind blowing from the Arctic. We had planned an hour before dinner in this ancient city seat of the first Manchu Emperors, but the bitter weather put that out of the question. It also spoiled our plan of a six o'clock breakfast this morning and a drive to the Ming tombs some distance outside the city. Instead, we went early to bed, had breakfast at seven, and went for an hour round and through the native quarters and the inner city. Except the city life which was extraordinarily varied and picturesque and the native shops with their decorative awning and colouring, there is not much in the building to claim attention. One cannot enter the Imperial Palace but we admired the audience hall which faces the gateway. We passed on our way a funeral procession of 150 people, an imposing affair with many hired mourners in costumes in colours, a band of music, an imposing array of priests splendidly attired and carriages with relatives

and friends. In front of the Co^{company}, in a kind of sedan chair the chief mourner was carried by four men while in the centre a huge palanquin covered by a brilliantly decorated robe bore the corpse. As we returned to the hotel we overtook another and poorer co^{company}, bearing in their midst on a slung pole like a carcase of beef a brother's remains. Our guide said the elaborate funeral did not mean a rich or influential personage, only the survival of a foolish ostentatious custom which often landed a family in debt for years.

We bade goodbye to Guido, who started for Japan before our train left at 10 a.m. for Peking which we reach tomorrow morning at the same hour. Kindly, obliging Guido, we can honestly recommend him as a worry-saver, never a care or a trouble of any sort in his company. He made his plans, modified them as we wished, got tickets, porters, rooms, sleepers, paid hotel bills, tips, and any purchase from silk kimonos to daily newspapers. We travelled for a week without carrying a cent except that I borrowed a few yen from him in case of his having a fainting fit, but never a faint, prompt to the minute with his modest bow. It is time Sir or Madam, and a wide display of yellow teeth.

We have now got an intelligent looking Chinaman who arrived last night from Peking. His name I don't know but we call him Manchu among ourselves. He piloted us round Mukden. His English is better than Guido's. It is a great contrast to see Chinese life and Korean and Japanese. Cannot enter on that subject now. Mukden has a new Japanese city of 30,000 alongside the old city of 300,000. The streets and buildings compare with the best in any mercantile city in Europe. I am writing this in the sleeper half undressed. Dee is sleeping soundly in the upper berth which runs longitudinally with the train while mine is diagonally across. The girls occupy a similar compartment separated from us by a wash room as on the Continental service. We are already 240-odd miles from Mukden across the wide and fertile plain of Manchuria. We have passed through a gap in the great wall and by six tomorrow morning arrive at the seaport of Tientsin. Coming along, the Chinese peasants and others stood in crowds looking in at our window. They are varied in type but good-humoured, with a strong sense of fun. Their inspection of Dee was embarrassing but nothing compared to her experience in the sleeper coming from Seoul. The Korean attendant was

a simple soul who not only insisted on helping Dee into a kimono supplied by the ^{company} Cq. after she got into her nightdress, but literally put her to bed and tucked her in. No embarrassment to him. It was his duty and he refused to budge until the duty was done.

Thursday, 20th Dec. This is Peter's birthday and she is not spending it as she intended for we are speeding through the great wide fertile plain south-west of Tientsin on our way to Shanghai. Peking is over and done in four days, to our infinite regret, but the steamer will not wait to enable us to feast B. and to wish her many happy returns within Peking's ancient walls. Nevertheless, the day will mark a happy ending to a fine experience. We can feast tonight in comfort, for we travel by the best equipped train in any country. Only last year the R.R. secured from U.S. the best rolling stock which money could buy. Heavy, long, all steel sleeping coaches, both first and second class, beautiful observation car with deep-set swinging chairs, and magnificent dining car. They are the last thing in luxurious travel. We have two adjoining sleeping

compartments with lavatory arrangements, roomy and upholstered in leather. When we tire of sitting there we go to the observation where I am now writing, Dee sitting opposite with a book but as I look up she is nodding, nodding, nid-nodding, so it cannot be all she expected. We are at the Grand Hotel des Wagon Lit, a terrible name but a fine hotel, in the Legation quarter by ten Sunday morning. The girls were a little tired and determined to stay in until lunch. The veterans, however, were at the door of the hotel by eleven and under Manchu's leadership were off in the car to see the Temple of Heaven, whose pagoda roof we saw as we came in by train. It was a gloriously bright day and after traversing legation quarter and the Imperial city we ran for miles down blank street which goes through the Chinese city proper. The street was alive, crowds of every sort of type and dress, sellers, shops, sidewalk traders, rickshaws, innumerable all in a busy hum. Then we passed suddenly to the country, wide open spaces, trees, cultivation. This couldn't be the city and yet we had not passed the Chinese wall, indeed the top of it could be seen far off. Here we got our realization of what Peking really is, shattering all preconceived

ideas of a densely populated city so teeming with life that it is bursting its walls, quite the reverse. It is teeming with life over a large part of it, but in the south especially it is empty, or at any rate rural, the buildings which are there only intensifying the impression. Peking, but for its temple, palaces, and some modern buildings, is but a Tartar city of mean looking dwellings, shops, and bazaars enclosed by enormous walls. The great rectangle of outer wall holds within it another city. The Tartar city, and within it the Imperial city, and within it the red or forbidden city. All the south is Chinese, a high wall from east to west separating it from the northern or Tartar city. I do not attempt to describe. We go south on our car, pick up on our way three rickshaw men and ask them to follow to the temple entrance where we change from gasoline spirit to manpower. A ride through cyprus groves and open fields and we pass through the entrance gate to the Altar of Heaven, an enormous structure of white marble raised on twenty-three terraces beautifully carved and ornamented with figures of the sacred dragon and other forms. On top there is a large open space with its central slab whereon only the holy

Emperor could stand while around it are slabs in rows of nine or a multiple thereof being the sacred number. There is an enclosing wall with other buildings roofed and covered by beautiful green and gold tiles of the 15th Century, whose lustre and freshness cannot be successfully imitated today because the colour art is lost. The altar stands open to the heavens, a short paved walk leads us to the Temple of Heaven, a round pagoda structure covered with tiles of a blue so deep and lustrous that description fails. We withdraw from the temple precincts feeling that here stands a shrine worthy to be ranked among the most beautiful creations of man. A short visit to the Temple of Agriculture, venerated because the husbandman is the first and oldest supplier to man's needs, and we return to lunch. The afternoon was fully occupied. First a long visit in the forbidden city to the Emperor's palace which houses a great and valuable collection of ancient art in bronzes, jade, porcelain and precious stones, tapestry, lacquer, cloisonne, armour, and a second to the famous Lama monastery only open to the outer world since the Republic, where we lit a candle for a long life before the sacred Buddha and heard the

queerest low-pitched singing by the young priest. The priests are mostly a repulsive looking lot, some of them like cut-throats. The light was waning but we had time to visit the adjoining temple to Confucius and the classics testimony to the deep seated veneration for learning characteristic of the Chinese. That evening Dee and I rested at home while the girls with two Englishmen went off to a Chinese play and to see the lighted streets of Chinatown.

Monday was a day to remember. As I write we are standing a long time at a station. We are in a region where much of the trouble with bandits is going on and I hear a lady near me say they have seen our lights and may come in our train. We are carrying soldiers as a guard and every platform we pass has a line of armed men. As the bandits don't seem to be showing up I shall go on with my story. We started by motor for the summer palace of the Emperor a dozen miles or so outside the gates at the base of the Western hills. Read up the place. It is a dream of beauty and historical interest constructed by a great ruler at a fabulous cost. We lunched at a little inn where the food was good and the waiting at table excellent.

Our next visit to the Jade fountain, a pool of light green bubbling water, did not interest us but a few miles further on, close up to the slopes of the hills, we visited the never to be forgotten Temple of the azure clouds. Alike in its setting, hill slope and silver pine grove, in its buildings with their air of monastic peace, in the contents—Buddhas smiling and reposeful, fantastic dreams of Paradise and Hell in high carved relief, fearsome figures of gigantic size who were really kind guardians chasing away evil spirits, the temple of 500 Buddhas, life-size or larger, gentle or grim, laughter provoking or furiously contorted. What a managerie. Higher up are terraces with long stairways which we laboriously climbed to a splendid marble Stupa on whose summit we looked far to the south across the plains or westerly where the sun was setting to the hills on which enclosed in a high wall the Emperor maintained a game preserve and shot deer, boar, lions, leopards, and tigers. We noted the white stems of the silver pine and thought how well a few would look near Glencruitten Cathedral. Our drive home was pleasant. Going and returning we had the life of the countryside, also strings of camels and donkeys driven by

wild looking men of the Tartar type making their way to or from the wilder regions of Mongolia and Thibet. A haze was over the great city and the long line of its walls as we approached the gate and threaded our way through the dense and varied throngs who filled the streets. We had a sense of regret that tomorrow we should be leaving Peking which we were only beginning to know, and we had the feeling that here was the most interesting of all the cities of our travels, and one which would best respond to a closer acquaintance.

*(pages concerning visits to Great Wall & Ming Tombs
apparently missing N.D.)*

Thursday, 27th Dec. A whole week since I have written a line and we are now on the Kaiserihind, one of the best of the P. and O. boats bound for Hong Kong where we are due to arrive tomorrow morning at seven. Capt. Manley, at whose table we sit, says Get up at five and see dawn over Hong Kong. Our trip from Peking to Shanghai was uneventful. A fine train over a flat fertile plain for miles brought us after twenty-nine hours to Nanking on ^{the} Yangze-Kiang river. We ferried across, joined a very inferior train and reached S. at 10 p.m. on Friday night. Next day we learned that our

steamer, the President Grant, had met with an accident to her propeller in Kobe, and could not arrive for several days. This meant instead of three or four days at Hong Kong to see Canton and Macao, these places must be cut out. We should only have a day and a half in Canton and proceed by the same steamer to Singapore. We had much moaning over this disappointment as we had looked forward to a day in Canton and also Macao, the early Portuguese settlement. Instead of one day in Shanghai we had now four, Saturday was occupied mostly in calls and a drive round the city. Greatly struck by the imposing buildings along the Bund and in the neighbourhood, and the wide harbour with its shipping and countless river craft. The impression, ^{solidity} ~~solidarity~~ and great wealth, an impression intensified by the large, handsome houses and gardens in the residential quarter. Our drive took us some miles out to the Buddhist Temple in excellent preservation and something of a show place on the 15th of each month when the Lama priests hold high festival. Saw gifts of all sorts including bedsteads, furniture, etc. made of paper, to be burned as pious offerings to the departed spirits. Paper money, viz. paper printed like coins, is burned all

over China. A curious make-believe that the copy does in the Spirit world what the real thing does here. In the evening we went about nine o'clock to the largest native theatre where the leading actor in C. appeared. Queer impression of unreality about everything. An actor takes up a wand with two or three feathers or floats fixed on it, and you are to understand he is on horseback, a man's head is cut off, they are very fond of cutting off heads by a wave of a sham sword, but he doesn't fall, simply walks off the stage, an actor is intoning or singing in a high falsetto, and an attendant comes in with a cup of tea which he drinks in the midst of the dialogue. The convention is both cup and attendant are considered invisible—and so on, all topsy turvy to Western ideas. The theatre is a big barn with dirty walls, seats and benches. The benches are used for meals, tea, fruit cakes, etc. Whole families come and make a meal. The performance is endless. Men with hot towels are pitching them about in the audience for the Chinaman perspires freely and this is his idea of a freshener. Sunday we spent at Foochow, distant two hours by train, a most interesting dirty city which was the capital of a province 2,000 years ago and still

is a city of 3 or 400,000 people. It is closely walled and like Venice it has many canals. Streets are so narrow that until a year ago not even a rickshaw was allowed in the city, only sedan chairs. Our rickshaw party of five wandered for hours through the narrow ways, streets with fine shops and streets with mean shops, everything open, always plenty of salesmen, great curiosity in our party. Had a great sense of helplessness should any trouble arise, for many of the faces were not nice and some devilish. In a row we should be trapped like rabbits in a deep ditch. We visited the great Pagoda, nine storeys with an internal stair. The girls went to the top and we others half-way. A fine view of the flat city and its enclosing wall, many miles round. In the distance one or two modern buildings with the new university beyond the city wall. The day was bright but excessively cold from a north wind so instead of waiting until the eight train we hurried the ricky boys across to a gate on the outside wall leading to the wide canal. Here we were ferried over rickshaws and all by an old lady who used her tail oar like Charon crossing the Styx. ~~We were~~

Monday morning was given over to shopping, calls, and a trip through the Chinese and French quarters. The Lewis came to lunch, we went to the country club for tea in the afternoon, and in the evening dined with the Mackies Gerty Guthrie who drove us back to the hotel where a ball was in progress. It was nice to talk over home, people, places and events with the Mackies who have a very attractive place on the outskirts of the city. Tuesday was Xmas Day and we did little as Mut and I left by the two o'clock launch with the luggage, the girls coming at five. The only slip which Manchu made was here, he thought we were all to leave at five. Mut and I had rather a run for it. The luggage was pitched on board but the boat cast off without us. It looked like waiting until five or chasing down in a native sampan. However, the skipper thought better of it and backed his tug near enough for us to step on board. The girls came three hours later with the mails but we didn't sail till after midnight. We got down about sunset near the outer bar, close to three Russian ships which are trying to smuggle arms and ammunition for the Rebels. Query why doesn't someone sink them? All of yesterday and today we have

moved on a sea of glass, jade green or fainter blue.
Off to our right many islands or rocks. The Captain's
joke to the ladies, "Didn't you hear us scraping them
last night?"

Sunday, 30th Dec. It is 7 a.m. and nobody is up. I woke an hour ago feeling it was time to rise. Perhaps the habit has been created, the Captain induced us to get up at about five Friday morning to see the dawn as we approached Hong Kong, the most beautiful approach in the world he called it. Yesterday we were again up before the sun to make the run round the island before sailing at noon. At present we are running down the coast nineteen hours from our anchorage with the north-east monsoon rocking us in the cradle of the deep. The magnificent coast scenery approaching and leaving Hong Kong reminded us of home, home with a difference. The isles of the sea below Easdale, the coast line about Scarba, and the breaks of ^M Mull all have their counterpart in the Chinese rocky coast. It was a wonderful sight to see dawn breaking, the glimmering light on rock and water reddening into those indescribable colours which precede the sun. We anchored off the port at seven, and at nine we were on the tug to go ashore. A call at Cooks office to arrange our driving plan and a call at Shewans where we accepted an invitation to lunch. Under charge of a guide we palanquined to the funicular station at the foot of the hill, and swung up

over 1,000 feet to the peak ledge. The rail ascends through woods, ferns, shrubs, and flowers, luxuriant with the verdure of the tropics. Houses are dotted here and there among the trees or perched high up on the naked ridges and concrete paths cross and recross the slopes in all directions. What a wonderful view looking down! I cannot recall a fairer picture on this beautiful and bright morning. It is not merely the variety of hill, foliage, and water but the glorious colouring, and there is a unity about the picture which warrants the use of that oft quoted word "a gem". The high mountains all about you are the case in which the Hong Kong gem reposes. Our host at lunch, a Scot from Aberdeenshire, has been here forty-two years and told us he had no wish to return to end his days in old Scotia. Here he was happy and content to be buried where his life had been spent. The girls went up to the flagstaff on the highest point while Dee and I rested on the terrace below the barracks. We had some talk with an Englishman resident in Shanghai on his way back from a trip home. He had a despondent, almost apologetic, air which we failed to understand until he was joined later by his wife and young son and then we knew the Chinese wife

and the crossbred son. Pathetic the air with which they drifted away. Mr Shewan gave us a lunch to remember and we toasted each other in the best vintage of champagne as Scots across the seas do fervently. At two we ferried across the ^hharbour to Kowloon on the mainland, that rapidly developing suburb of Hong Kong. A powerful motor car was waiting and with it we circled in two hours what is known as the new territory acquired from the Chinese Government on a ninety-nine years' lease. The road is sixty miles long, cemented smooth like a billiard table, very wide, and holding its even course in that masterly way which the Romans practised of cutting through all obstacles and bridging all hollows. It impresses me along with its elder sister, thirty miles round the island of Hong Kong, as the best I had ever seen. Little did we know that even as we were making this trip a tragedy was being enacted in Kowloon. Five Chinese bandits made an attempt at highway robbery and shot a policeman. Justice was swift for as we left for the ship at eleven next morning we saw a tug tying up to an adjoining pier with five bodies on the way to burial. One more visit to the peak in the evening which none of us should have liked to miss. Mr Watson of the A.P. Co. asked us to dinner. His house is high up near

the top. Guided by Mr Crown from Canton we palanquined through the lighted streets and the park with the blinking shadows of its trees and undergrowth to the funicular station. When we emerged on the top and looked below the world had become fairyland. The lights of the town sparkled like a great necklace of jewels while Kowloon lay like another on the further shore. In between the wide harbour a twinkling ribbons and clusters where the ocean and river craft lay at anchor. The dense foliage of the famous peak itself above and below us, held thousands of shimmering lights marking the e and the homes of Hong Kong's well-to-do citizens. We rickshawed along the upper slopes to the house of our host where good cheer and interesting talk brought to a close a day of more than usual pleasure. We slept on board but were roused before seven and set off punctually at eight for the famous thirty mile run round the island. The road like the one we rode over the previous day was perfect in construction, through woods along the sides of the hills, heading gulches and climbing slopes. We passed the model dairy farm organised by the Sylvan club which Harmsworth's father had a hand in finding, where Hong Kong gets sound butter and milk and safe vegetables, and fruit, and round the head of

Repulse Bay, celebrated for its beauty, bathing, and fine hotels, and onwards by the south end of the island turning homewards by the edge of the main eastern channel. The sea views are wonderful and the coast has often been compared to the south of France around Monaco and Cannes. A few parting calls and we were on board by eleven and sailed at noon. Found on board Capt. Watson and his wife, formerly Miss Buist Balgillo, B.F., who are going home after two years at the Hong Kong naval station. We had a great send off by the naval men from the Admiral downwards, as beside the Watsons a submarine Commander and his bride are on their way home. Au revoir, Hong Kong, hope to see you again!

Jan. 1st 1924. A time for moralising but I refrain. Tomorrow morning at six we expect to reach Singapore. We are three days out from Hong Kong and China, the great mysterious country is behind us. I have wrestled with the problem of understanding it and talked with lots of people. Even the Consul General of Canton, reputed to be the best informed man in China, has not enabled me to get more than a hazy view of the political position and its

possibilities. But it was worth the trip to get the smattering which I had and I know that hereafter the future of China will play some part in my cogitations over the destinies of the world races. A fact which does stand out in a way which I had not realised is the distinguished ^{role?} which the British race has taken in this far eastern world. The men and women of our race, and not least the Scottish division, stand up like beacons in a stormy sea, proving the worth of blood and character when turmoil and confusion seem ready to wreck the structure. Our ship's company includes a number of interesting people, and M. and B. have borne their part in all sports. We had some rolling seas for a couple of days as the north east monsoon hits us nearly broadside, and we wobbled along in an easy roll. I am told that roughish weather is generally encountered on the run from Hong Kong to Singapore.

Jan. 5th 1924. We hauled up to the wharf before eight o'clock on a beautiful Wednesday morning, 2nd Jan. The intense green of the grass and the profusion of the foliage told the tale of the daily rain. ^{The} ~~We~~ approached to the

P. and O. wharf three miles from town was very pretty. Slightly hilly grounds formed attractive gardens with houses nestling among the trees. Mr Debenham from Asiatic Petroleum London, and Mr Clark, the local representative, came on board as we were finishing breakfast. Nice rooms had been engaged at the Europe Hotel facing the sea. Our bathrooms were overhead, a simple but refreshing arrangement. You stand in a tub and with a scoop pour ladles of cool water over your body. Your beds are enveloped in mosquito curtains, here the creature bites without any warning song such as we are accustomed to, but none of the party was greatly distressed. Cooks people had only recently opened up here and their arrangements are not nearly up to the good management of the offices which we have visited. They muddled badly our itinerary but it has worked out all right. We started by car for a run along the sea front through swampy ground as far as the Seaview Hotel, then onwards through coconut groves for miles. The roads are first rate and we passed through villages in the forest with the usual thatched roof houses set on stilts. The Chinese are everywhere intermixed with the native Malayan. We were struck both here and later at Penang with the numbers and

industry of the Chinamen. Some of the finest houses, palatial residences, belong to Chinese merchants and landowners. We saw in one village an open air Chinese theatre with a crowd in front while the performer declaimed and changed dress with the greatest sang-froid. The part containing the water supply is finely laid out not far from the Botanic gardens which is one of the most attractive in the East. Our drive took us over the Cap, modestly high ground where some rubber properties have been planted recently. In the afternoon we extended our drive but the character of the picture did not vary except that we visited a new oil storage installation of the A.P. for holding about 560 tons. Throughout this part of the world this co. easily retains its primacy. In the evening we were motored for five miles through twinkling lights and wooded roads to the mansion, a most beautiful residence in garden and forest which the Company bought for its chief representative. We were nine at dinner and the talk was much of home. We were on board next morning at nine but we discovered that some of our fellow passengers had started to bet whether the Mackay family were really to be on board for the punctual ten o'clock sailing. Next morning at ten we were at Penang, the most beautiful,

I should think, of all our Eastern possessions. Like Singapore it is on an island but both in its frontage and hinterland it is easily first in beauty. Singapore is the mart and shipping centre, you cannot go east or west without entering its door and if the proposed Naval plans mature it should become our greatest possession east of India. When you enter Penang a feeling of old times and early colonial ways takes possession of one. The solid old houses and high walls with their buff coloured paint, the old fort walls, the ancient kirk and the cemetery with headstones green or black with age and rain, all these things impress you. Our hotel, the E. and O. lying along the water front with its garden, was a joy. A long low building solidly constructed with every arrangement possible to have, the breeze blows through. Our rooms faced the sea with a broad anteroom in front and a bathroom on the tub-scoop plan behind. Natives in bare feet, silent but always about, confirmed the impression that here is the old East of the story books. We went for two hours' motor run before tiffin, along roads whose boundaries were attractive gardens and big handsome houses. We ran through the Botanic gardens full of shrubs and trees strange to us, but we had too little time to examine. It lies at

the base and along the lower slopes of the hills above Penang, which like the peak at Hong Kong is Penang's special glory. The monkeys in the garden were not visible, we were told that after three o'clock they come out of the woods in hundreds. After lunch we motored four miles or more to the foot of the hill where a funicular railway carried us up 2,300 ft. to the top. The Governor's residence is on the highest point and a number of houses have been built at view points. The outlook is entrancing, wooded heights and vales below with the long projecting point which bears the city and its gardens, the blue sea beyond, and in the distance islands and the Malay mountains of the mainland. We wandered into a Judge's garden with some sightseers like ourselves, an American commented on the beauty of the view to some Chinese boys on the veranda. The reply was "we no likee here night too colder". Before the funicular, only lately completed, men were carried up these 2,000 ft. in sedan chairs, what an object lesson on the white man's burden! It was dark when we reached our hotel which was gay with lights and flowers for a big dinner and dance. We were all too tired to stay the dance especially as next morning we had an early start. The girls slept badly as they persuaded

themselves that during the night behind the mosquito bars shoeless feet shuffled along their floors, and M. had a vision of a dusky vendor of precious stones from whom she had refused to buy seeking a dreadful vengeance. We were up next morning by six, and after early tea and a cold douche were off for a forty-six mile drive round the island. It was a heavenly drive in the clear early morning following some rain. The road skirts the shore for the first twenty miles, wooded with palms and jungle growth on one side and the open shimmering sea on the other. Sandy beaches and quiet wooded bays, with here and there a secluded house and garden, made a series of pleasing pictures. Later the road turned inland and in a series of curves climbed through rubber plantations over a high ridge, descending again to cocoa palm groves and bright green paddy fields. On the way we passed the famous snake temple where Buddha has as companion spotted green and yellow snakes twined on branches and twigs, kept and bred for some mysterious religious purpose. Early the previous day we had visited a more imposing series of shrines where tortoises were kept in vast numbers in a great tank. They were voracious feeders and fought and bit each other for the

green vegetables which the pious or curious visitors threw to them. By ten we were at the hotel and an hour later on our way to the "Edavana", a S.S. of about 10,000 tons which now takes to Rangoon. We left Penang feeling here is a quiet resting spot among lovely surroundings where white men pass their days as comfortably as the Tropics ever can allow them. We miss our many acquaintances of the Kaiserihl but the small company on board seems pleasant and the accommodation is better than we expected. Two thirds of our passengers are Americans travelling in companies impressing upon us the fact that the British globe trotter is having his old primacy invaded by the people who hold the dollars of the world and are endowed with an overwhelming curiosity. We have met a few Americans who are making the grand tour—one Judge Edward Gray of Dallas, Texas, who knows a number of people whom I know in that state, including Murdo Mackenzie.

Jan. 10th, 1924. The mud of the Delta of the Irawaddy met us at sea many miles out before sighting land and it thickened into the pea-soup of the Clyde as we approached

Rangoon. We anchored for the night and came up to the city at dawn of the eighth, a day memorable for ushering me into the world. Mr Beatty, the executive engineer of the port—a young man who along with Mr Knap of the Burmah Forest service made himself pleasant to our party—asked us to consider himself at our disposal on our return from Mandalay. Knap carried us off to breakfast at Anderson's restaurant. A visit to Cooks to see if we could change our itinerary so as to go up to Bharno twenty miles higher up than Mandalay was fruitless. The tourist traffic is so active that no change could be made on the steamer service. After a short drive through Rangoon round the Goolay Pagoda we lunched at the Minto mansions hotel situated in the park-like district outside the city and near the Cantonment ground—a fine hotel in a pleasant position. Mr Knap came along and joined in our drive in the afternoon to Monkey point—a military centre down the river. On returning I went off to call on Capt. Matthews of the R.E. while the others went off for strawberries and cream. I found M. and his wife very pleasant people and accepted an invitation to dinner for the party on our return.

Jan. 13th. I should have carried my notes down to the tent but we have had adventures and the papers were laid aside. We left Rangoon for Mandalay on the evening of the 8th, the day of our arrival, by the 6 p.m. train. Two comfortable apartments with lots of room for our bedding which Cook bought for us and sent to the train with our luggage. We did not take a "boy" with us, much to the disgust of the guide supplied by Cook for our excursions. He wished to go and implored Dee because "Missie couldn't make her bed" at which Dee hooted. We got along famously, dined at Pegu^U, where the station people served an excellent and varied meal. Had a restful night, breakfasted at ----- Next morning reached Mandalay about 1 o'clock. Our baggage was stored in the station and within half an hour we were off in a motor car which we retained until we got on board the steamer about seven. As seen from the train the upper part of our journey to M. is not the densely wooded country which I had pictured. Trees are everywhere but not dense. They are deciduous with open glades, cultivation in places, paddy fields, palms and bananas— Small villages, occasionally lonely houses, and of course pagodas and the peasants in their brightly

coloured raiment. The land for the most part was light and much of it sandy. The people seemed to be well fed. In Mandalay the outstanding feature is the ^D ~~B~~ufferin fort with its splendid crenelated walls long mile on each of its four sides and surrounded by a broad moat wide enough to be a river. Inside there is a great expanse of turf, trees and gardens with the military cantonments, and in the centre of all the famous Royal Palace. We made our trip from the railway along an attractive drive fringing the road (?)

to Mandalay hill, which we partially ascended by steps covered with hideous zinc roofing. The view of the city and the surrounding country is fine but the houses are mostly invisible in the foliage. Apart from the fort the pagodas fill the eye and like all familiar things they tend in Burma to become commonplace. We visited the 750 pagodas of that name, the queen's golden shrine and the Arrakan pagoda. At the last when viewing a stagnant pond in which golden fish are fed I nearly got carried off by a bevy of women and girls who wanted to sell me bread for the fish. I believe I am fed ^{with (?)} upon Pagodas. Our visit to Theebows palace under an Indian sikh, one of the caretakers, was

interesting but an air of decay and neglect rests upon this vast structure like all things else in Mandalay. The city has lost both its ancient grandeur, its military importance, and now its commerce is also leaving it. A visit to Andrew Forrest's old bank confirmed this latter view. Rogers, the Eurasian accountant, who has been there twenty-nine years spoke of the past with regret and had much to say about Andrew and Tella twenty years ago. The manager is a young man, not very long there, who did not seem interested in our visit beyond the matter of cashing a part of our letter of credit. Tella's old house has passed to other hands and we were satisfied to simply drive past it. We had tea at Gambles restaurant on Rogers' recommendation, picked up our baggage in a gharry as the sun was setting and motored the three miles to the steamer in time for dinner. We have comfortable rooms in the Ceylon, one of the big fleet of the Irawaddy Flotilla Co. The steamers are large twin deckers specially designed for cargo and native passengers. We have many hundreds of the latter on board. Each is allotted about four feet square and they contrive with mats, wraps, food, and plenty of Burmese cigars to make themselves comfortable.

They smell of course but there is plenty of air. The steamers are side paddles and a big covered scow about half our length is attached on each side of our steamer. Loaded up with bags of rice, cotton, grain, and other foodstuffs, crates and boxes, livestock, specially a long line of patient Brahma cows, we make up with our human freight a mixed cargo. There are less than thirty first saloon passengers nearly all English and tourists. About half the Co. is being piloted round by a former Miss Bishop, now Madame de Silva, and her husband. I hear she has some reputation as a guide in Europe. Some of the people on tour are very nice, and our association has been pleasant. We hauled out stream on Thursday, the 10th, at dawn. It is now midday, Sunday the 13th, and we should have reached Prome 60 miles from M. before five o'clock this afternoon where we intended to take the night train for Rangoon but unluckily for us we ran on a sand bank just below Pagan on the second morning and remained there over twenty hours. The river at certain points is treacherous and as the channel frequently changes, especially after floods, mishaps similar to ours are not rare. Twice attempts were made to fix on the shore kedge anchors to haul round the

nose of our craft, but after hours of effort we pulled the anchors from their moorings without the ship budging. At last the Captain sent out a heavy anchor in the channel, tightened it up so that the current would wash away the sand silted around us, lay during darkness and sailed out at streak of day, query why not done sooner? We should be safe for Prome. The only consolation for our delay was our proximity to the ruined city of Pagan, one of the celebrated cities of the past. Hundreds of pagodas were within our vision for twenty-four hours. One of them described as big as Salisbury cathedral was lit up during the night by electric light. We passed the three principal oil fields of Burmah, the derricks on all coming down to the river. These are 00 below M. and 00 below Pagan and Funnennyong which we reached about four yesterday afternoon. This last is the largest, five cos. are in the field and an oil man with whom I had some talk on board said there were between 1,500 and 2,000 derricks up. We saw a forest of them stretching for miles along a ridge. The field was seven miles long by two miles wide and the deepest well 7,000 ft. The Burmah Oil Co. of Glasgow is the biggest with 800 wells. About 1,500 white

men of whom 200 are Americans have thousands of natives dependent on them. We anchored below a native village and went some half a mile from the bank to see a Chinese "wake". The corpse had been a well-to-do woman and the festivities had been going for five days. The coffin was on a draped canopy on a bed brilliantly decorated and lighted up. On one of the four sides a number of well dressed people, men, women, and children squatted on a big carpet, silent and solemn. They were the chief mourners. On the opposite side, extending far out in the crossroads, was an assemblage of many hundreds of people like a country fair or like the green market in Dundee on a Saturday night. There were two centres at which the performers carried on alternately music, acting, and clown antics. The din at times was terrific and there was much laughter. The scene was weird, every sort of brown face in robes of all colours and headgear made up the strangest audience I have ever seen. The lamps lighted up audience decorations and performers while we a little party of white people seated between the people and the corpse seemed the queerest of all. A great Chinese hearse in the shape of a dragon stood guard on the edge of the crowd waiting for its too long

delayed victim. As we passed to the ship through the wooded streets with a bright moon sailing overhead we wondered whether the thought behind the Irish and Chinese wakes came from a common source and what did the old man in the moon think about it. One of the sights of the river are the huge rafts of teak logs which you frequently pass manned by a few coolies and with a small but attractive hut and flagpole erected in the centre. They take six or eight weeks to float down to Rangoon but the teak is said to be five to seven years cut before it is ready for market. Rafts must keep out of the way of steamers we crashed into the end of one this morning and scattered many logs but we did not pause to help or see the damage. The main interest of the river is the native life. The steamer ties up to the bank several times a day, and there is the plunge overboard of fourteen of the dusky crew who swim to land with the ropes to hold the ship's bow. Crowds of natives come down to the landing place, coolies to load and unload, vendors of food and other wares, sightseers, a business which the indolent Burmese thoroughly know and enjoy. There is great animation, much varied colour, and diversity of facial type. The Indian and Chinaman

are both here and they with their greater willingness to work and save are ousting the Burmese from posts which rightfully belong to them. I am told that the Burmese despise them and their ideas of making and saving money. Today and not tomorrow is sufficient for the Burman. Ship life is lazy for the passengers, restful let us call it. The deck is too small for exercise, the meals too frequent and bounteous. Only at the halting places can one scamper off for half an hour. Reading, talking, smoking, playing cards or the old Chinese game of Mahjong which is fast taking hold in the west. I shouldn't forget the musical cry of the leadsmen which all day long sounds like the call of the mussel man to prayer, nor should I forget the flaming sunset when the rivers bank with its fringe of palms or the far off hills in their deep green covering of trees and shrubs stood silhouetted against a gorgeous sky, or the shimmer of the silent waters below Pagan with a thousand pagodas pointing their spears to heaven, or the moonlight when water and plain and hill and tree took on the hue of mystery and remote suggestiveness, or the night when the Capt. determined to steer by his flashlight sitting alone in a high backed chair near his

helmsman, as silent and rigid as the picture of Olaf the Norseman on his way to burial, and there goes again the high musical call of the leadsman, without which I can never again picture the Irrawaddy.

16th Jan. We were too late for the night train from Prome on the 13th a nasty shallow above the town made navigation dangerous after dark so we anchored in mid stream and went down at dawn. The station master held the sleeper for us and another family party of four and we decided to go by the slow day train which left at 10 a.m. and arrived at Rangoon at 10 p.m. Prome had plague and the only sight a big pagoda and neither had any fasination for us. A young Cambridge man Griffith in the forest service whom M. knew turned up for fifteen minutes before we left. He was enthusiastic in his new work and said his young American wife was in love with the country. Our run by day to Rangoon enabled us to see the country. It is park like wide open paddy fields with trees in clumps or lines. Everything was dry—I was surprised to learn that rainfall is less than thirty inches. There are places in lower Burmah where

it is nearer 300. We reached Rangoon 10 p.m. and drove to Minto Mansions hotel going to bed at once as we had an excellent dinner about five en route. We had Chota Hazri at seven next morning and by seven we were off on a delectable drive in the cool sunny morning round the royal lakes—a very charming garden and serpentine waterway—the S.W.E. dragon pagoda—The most beautiful in Burmah and the huge reclining Buddha on the outskirts of the city. At breakfast Capt. Matthews called, cheerful and well groomed, and we exchanged mutual regrets over our failure to share their dinner and dance for the girls which Mrs M. had arranged. When preparing to leave two men came up to me—a Mr Nicol, formerly of B.F., and a Mr Ferguson of Newport. It was a case of howdy and goodbye as we were on board the British Indian Angora at ten. Several people we were to see we could not even communicate with. We found on board Westbury family and a Swiss doctor who had played games with the girls on the trip from Shanghai.

Jan. 20th. Darjeeling 7,000 odd feet above sea level in the heart of the high mountains near the roof of heaven.

Something of a change from the heat of the Ganges Delta. Our trip from Rangoon took fifty hours from wharf to wharf at Calcutta and the sea smooth as a mill pond. The pilot for the Hooghly is carried all the way from Rangoon....Land was in sight when I came on deck in the morning of the 17th but we were about 100 miles from our destination. The sea river narrows as you go up and a fine view is got of the jungle and open land on each side and of the native huts and villages the Jute works and other industrial concerns. As you approach Calcutta the long line of steamers is impressive and the old fort with the impressive park above and below it. Trees and grassland, wide open spaces backed by the fine public and other buildings make the entrance very attractive in spite of the flat character of the land. A little after one o'clock we were in commodious rooms in the Great Eastern hotel and two hours later we motored round the Maidan Fort and race course, visited the beautiful pile of buildings lately completed as the Victoria memorial and drove through the old quarter of the city to the South visiting the awful Hindu temple of ⁽³⁾Kalighat. The filth, the poverty of the crowds of people, the pertinacity of the beggars are beyond

description. We were glad to be off. Next morning we motored to the old city to the north, visiting first the burning ghats on the riverside where the Hindus burn their dead, then the Jain temple erected forty to fifty years ago by a wealthy jeweller, then an uninteresting but large mansion of a money lender who maintained a big stock of parrots in this courtyard and fed daily many poor people at his gate. Dee and the others went on to the museum while I called on Heathcote of the Asiatic and Crichton's brother who is manager of the Mercantile bank. In the evening John Muirhead and his wife dined with us, also Dr Bedington the Swiss. Dee and I went afterwards to see a new film, Don Juan, while the others went to an exhibition. I should have mentioned that our afternoon was spent at the Botanic Gardens and very interesting they were. Next morning, Saturday, was spent on small shopping. We had to lunch Mr and Mrs Heathcote, Mr and Mrs Crichton, and Tom Law, formerly one of my assistants, now a manager of Price Waterhouse and Co. These men brought their cars and carried us off to the races, a fine course, beautiful grounds, a gaily dressed crowd, and a lovely afternoon. We got back to the hotel for a hectic rush to catch the train for Darjeeling.

Thursday, 24th Jan. The train left C. at 4 p.m. We ran through the Jute district where the Samnuggur, Titighur and other large Jute concerns have their works. Model establishments of enormous size they appeared from the train. The villages too looked attractive set in their tropical surroundings. Further on the plain continues with Jute, Rice, and Cerbar cultivation for hundreds of miles. At Santabar we changed into our sleeper on a track of metre gauge four of us in one roomy division. On Cooks recommendation we engaged a Mohammedan boy by the name of Lazarus and he arranged our beds and took over all luggage troubles. The boy seems all right. He claims to have been in the service of all sorts of swells from the Duke of Connaught downwards, talks to "master, memsahib" and the "missies" as if we had at least a bowing acquaintance with these people. He is no longer young, very dark, is the father of five children and speaks excellent English. If all goes well we shall keep him for a month until we sail 16th Feb. from Bombay. Next morning, Sunday, we were at Siliguri at the foot of the mountains. There was grousing in our compt. because by a blunder of an attendant we were called at five instead of the party next door. At Siliguri a narrow gauge line begins with the

oddest looking toy carriages and trucks which are pulled by a wee puffing Billy 7,000 ft. up to Darjeeling. We sent the boy and the luggage by train which is very slow. Cook had two motor cars for us, and we had a splendid run, up and up through woods, skirting ravines, passed tea gardens and many small villages. It was dusky and misty as we left in the raw morning after Chota Hazri. At Kurseong we had breakfast about nine and reached D. at eleven. If we were charmed with the ride up in spite of endless curves and windings, we were fairly captivated with D. Read the guide books for a description of the place. We were fortunate in getting at the Mt Everest Hotel the best of rooms each with three large windows looking across valley and hill into the face of the Kinchen junga range. Anything more sublime could hardly be imagined than this sight of the roof of the world in early morning, high noon, or sunset light. To be sure it is far from visible all the time. At this season the mists generally begin to rise from the valleys after the sun is up and the afternoon every may be shrouded. The range is about forty to fifty miles away in direct line. During our four days we had perfect mornings for K. two clear days. The great sight, however, is to see

the range and the head of Mt Everest 120 miles away at sunrise from Tiger Hill. Everest is hard to see at this season, we waited until yesterday morning on the advice of the hotel manager who is a weather prophet. Last night at dinner he said No will see nothing tomorrow. On Tuesday we had a gale of wind in the afternoon and there was much movement in cloudland accompanied by hail. At dinner he said tomorrow you will have a fine view. So we went to bed at nine and at three were awakened. By three a dozen or more of guests, some in dandies, some in rickshaws, and the rest on ponies, the girls being of the latter, were assembled and off in the moonlight. Each dandy had six coolies and the rickshaws same number. Each horse had a runner at his tail, we were something of a cavalcade. The road crept up the hill behind the hotel past the barracks and along the edge of a deep ravine to Dhum. A ridge here connects with Tiger hill. We kept mounting through woods over a well made road for an hour and a half coming out on a bare ridge where an octagonal squat tower is erected. Here we had hot coffee and waited for the rising sun. The grey dawn showed a perfectly clear morning with the Kinchen Junga range well defined

from end to end. But in the far north west where the head of Everest should appear 120 miles away a blue black sky showed nothing. The first peep of the sun's disc brought a change. Kunchen Junga flushed along his crest and the whole range became golden—not pink and red as we had seen it in the misty light from Darjeeling. Then a ray seemed to pierce the gloom about Everest and in a few minutes the King of the earth was clear and bright over the intervening ridge. We had been fortunate. A morning such as ^{that} occurs rarely at this season had given us a view of that point of the earth's surface which is nearest high heaven. The party was jubilant and the camera fiends were snapshotting for a half hour or more—but the air was cold and by twos and threes they took the downward road with their bearers. I walked to Ghum where my dandy overtook me and we returned to the hotel a cheerful crowd with ravenous appetites. The forenoon we passed in quiet strolling and by two we were in our motors for the long ride down to Seliguri. The intervening days at D. had been spent in walks about the fascinating town climbing the ridge behind and Observatory hill upon which there is the crudest Tibetan shrine, sacred however

to the worshipper. A priest wanders round the hilltop crooning or grunting all the time and twirling a praying wheel in his hand. We saw a woman with her boy at her devotions which was chiefly throwing rice at the shrine or touching with it parts of her body. Her offering of sweet cakes etc. was promptly transferred to the fat priest's wallet, when she disappeared. We several times visited the bazaar and the curio shops, made two visits to the Botanic gardens where I arranged with the curator to send me seeds. We made some interesting purchases of Tibetan curios and became experts in bargaining with the street vendors. We met Miss Batting at the Park hotel.

Monday 28th Jan. We returned to Calcutta at eleven o'clock of the 24th and had Miss B. to lunch. Our meeting with her was a surprise. She started round the world in one direction, and we the other way nearly at the same time. I made some calls. Tom Low took D. and M. off to the country club from which they only returned, as P. and I were coming downstairs to enter the motor for the Railway station. A comfortable night journey

brought us to Benares next morning at ten. Miss Clark's hotel is an attractive place—the house in a garden with three separate dwellings, everything spick and span. St Mary's church, in a large compound, was directly opposite, and the buildings are on the edge of the military cantonments, with wide open spaces diversified with trees. D. and I had a long walk in the forenoon, calling at the military hospital, where we were told only two patients were there, indoors. After lunch we all drove to Sarnath, the buried city where Buddha preached his first sermon, after fully awakening to his true mission. It is a centre of pilgrimage of the faithful, the remains of two monasteries, shrine, stupas etc. The main Stupa is an enormous structure with beautiful carving. There is a museum containing many of the objects found in the excavations. What is uncovered and what remains to be done, suggested to us the uncoverings at Ostia, although there is no similarity in the actual structures. Lord Curzon is responsible for much of the work done here as he is for excavations in other parts of India. Next morning we were up before sunrise, and drove to the river Ganges in the heart of the city, took a boat and were rowed up and down the whole front of the city, seeing the

faithful at their morning ablutions. The river is approached by a series of Ghats or steps and is crowded with worshippers, who dip themselves in the flowing water, squat on the stone steps, reciting their prayers kneeling with heads touching the ground. At the burning Ghat only one body was being consumed as we passed, the unburnt bones being cast into the river. One mad worshipper, as we rowed down, seemed in a fury, shook his fists at us and yelled all the time we were within sight. Nobody paid any attention to him and all over there was the same indifference of one worshipper to another. Benares is the sacred city of the Hindus, and at certain seasons the pilgrims are there in countless multitudes. Some of the Maharajahs have palaces along the High Bank, and temples appear at various points. We returned to the hotel for breakfast, and immediately after, drove to the Golden Temple in the heart of narrow dirty streets, the Mosque (well of knowledge) Monkey Temple etc. We made some purchases in the bazaar and looked over the small shops, and took several snapshots. In the afternoon we drove over the Ganges bridge to Phanmagar to see the Maharajah's palace. He is said to have a tenantry of 30000 souls. House and courtyards and gardens very

interesting. Our cards were taken in, and we were escorted through the main apartments, and over the terrace and on the river. We had the privilege of seeing the Maharajah who appeared at one of the doorways as we were leaving; also saw two tame tigers who licked the keeper's face through the bars. At the hotel that evening there was some very clever juggling which ended in our being tricked out of four Rupees. Next morning the 27th we caught the 10 train for Lucknow, arriving at four p.m. and going to the Cecil Hotel, an attractive and spacious house adjoining the Horticultural Gardens. D.M. and I went for a walk in the gardens after tea, and turned in to the Majaf Mahal adjoining. The palace is enclosed by a high wall, and large grassy court adjoining the river Jumna. The inside is a huge domed building in which the principal features were great crystal chandeliers and three gorgeous thrones of silver and gold. We continued our walk as far as the Kaiser Bagh Palace which was intended to be a greater scheme of splendour than Versailles, but was never finished as the Emperor found himself a captive in the hands of the British, and died there.

Saturday Feb. 2nd. Next morning we drove to the Residency, spent two hours in the spacious gardens, interior of the house, and the points of attack and defence in the Indian Mutiny. An old Sergeant in charge of the building explained from a model the various assaults. He was curiously like James Webster in appearance and accent. When I suggested he came from Scotland, he replied, "No sir, I come from Tooting." We drove to the Great Inambara Husseinbad Mote Masjid. At the Pearl Mosque inside the great square of the Inambara we unwittingly went on holy ground without covering our feet, and were greeted by shouts of anger from attendants, who sent us quickly back to unholy territory. After lunch we drove to the ruined Dilkusha palace, where Sir Henry Havelock died, and through the enormous structure called La Martiniere College, where that singular personage General Martin, a French soldier of fortune, sleeps his long sleep. He amassed a great fortune in the service of the Kings of Dudh, married a native, and left his fortune for the education of boys and girls in India of European descent, chiefly Eurasians. Next morning the 29th

we left for Cawnpore by the 10 train. It was the nearest to a miss since our experience with the steamer tender in Shanghai. The way was long, the horse was slow, someone dallied when ordered to go. The train had started as we pelted along the platform. A resourceful and thoughtful passenger, seeing our plight, pulled the cord, and stopped the train. We reached Cawnpore in one hour—a poor hotel, where we had an early lunch and drove round this tragic place. Wheeler's entrenchments, memorial church, burial well, massacre Ghot, and memorial well. The last is situated in a beautiful park. The tragic memories of Cawnpore and Lucknow are softened by the loving care with which these spots—dear to British hearts—are tended and cared for. We left C. the same day at four, reached Agra at nine p.m. and drove to the Cecil hotel, a comfortable place, under the ownership of a mother, son, and daughter, who also own the Cecil in Delhi. After breakfast next morning we drove to the Fort, that place of strength and magnificence, built by Akbar, the Great Mogul Emperor, after he had abandoned his new city Fathapur Sikri. Akbar is one of the greatest of men, as a conqueror, constructor, administrator, lover of justice, and seeker after truth. He was said to be intolerant only of the

intolerant. The walls of the city as well as the Fort, built more than three centuries ago, stand as if built yesterday, of hard red sandstone, and give an impression of enduring strength. Through the Delhi gate we reached first the Mote Masjid or Pearl Mosque. Built by Shah Jehan, the grandson of Akbar, it gives one an impression of purity, magnificence, and spaciousness. Beyond it is the Diwan-i-an or hall of public audience, consisting of three aisles of nine bays, open on three sides. From this we entered the so-called Fish Square, and the beautiful Gem Mosque, used by the royal ladies, and afterwards the prison of Shah Jehan. Afterwards in succession we saw the Cupula on the terrace with a black marble throne with a red stain, the private audience chamber with most beautiful marble carving, and a number of others. Khas Mahal gold pavilion and the private apartments of Shah Jehan, where he used to gaze on the Taj Mahal, where his adored wife died. After lunch we spent all afternoon at the Taj Mahal, whose beauty has passed into a proverb in other lands than the Orient. Certainly no finer tribute to love has ever been erected. It is pathetic to think that the Emperor's intention to build another equally beautiful for himself, facing the

Taj, across the waters of the Jumna were frustrated by the disobedience and cruelty of Aurangzeb, his rebellious son. The sun had set on the wonderful creation ere we turned homeward, and its memory I hope may long remain with us.

Next morning early we motored twenty-three miles to Fatehpur Sikri, the deserted city of Akbar, which stands with its battlements, palaces, paved courts, baths, temples and shrines, fresh and new looking in a wide, deserted plain. Here seemed a place for adventure, a city temple waiting for inhabitants—only a few caretakers. The story of the founding and abandonment of the city, where the great Emperor only abode seventeen years, is worth reading.

On our way home we made a detour to visit Akbar's great tomb, standing like the forsaken city on a wooden empty plain. Here is what Akbar wrote over the gate of victory in his deserted city: "The world is a bridge. Pass over it but build no house on it. The world endures but an hour, spend it in devotion." The irony of it! In the afternoon we crossed the Jumna to visit the tombs of Stunrad-ul-daula and Chine Ka Raza. Later we drove to the Jusa Musjad, constructed by Shah Jehan for his favourite daughter. We had fine views of the Taj Mahal

across the waters of the Jumna, caused by the bend of the river. When we returned we drove again to the Taj to carry away on our last day at Agra indelible impressions. We were also more impressed by the beauty and extent of the surrounding gardens. We left Agra the same day Friday Feb. 1st at three o'clock reaching Delhi at seven. Agra is ever associated with Akbar and his grandson Shah Jehan, its artist and decorator.

Tues. Feb. 5th. We shortened by one day our stay at Agra, to leave an extra day at Delhi or Jeypore. In the result the extra day went to Jeypore where we arrived this morning after a very bumpy journey.

Wed. 6th Feb. We have had a great stroke of luck. We left Delhi by night train, and arrived at Jeypore yesterday morning in time for some of the festivities over the marriage of the Maharajah, a boy of thirteen. We had a bad night coming here, and deserved some compensation. I asked Cook's people whether our car could be shunted off the Bombay express as it arrived at five a.m., and

they said certainly. The result was a special small car of an uncertain age, hooked on to the rear of a fast train. We travelled with the motion of a tin can tied to the tail of a runaway horse. Nobody slept a wink until we were shunted at the siding next morning at five, when we had a blessed three hours, the result of complete exhaustion. Yesterday we spent driving around this most interesting and charming city. The streets are straight and very wide, over 100 ft. The houses on each side are of a faded pink colour, pricked out in white lines of varied design. The upper floor has a running balcony or terrace. The wall-faces have many screened windows or openings, and the whole effect is from what we from early days have always thought a fine Oriental, especially Persian city, should be. We visited the Maharajah's stables which surround a rectangular court, a quarter of a mile long: then the tiger dens, where the finest I have ever seen were kept behind double bars. This country is full of tigers, and after five years captivity those in the dens are returned to the jungle. We are told that it is unsafe after sundown to wander near Amber, which we visit tomorrow. We then spent two hours first in seeing the palace and the beautiful gardens, then the

principal carpet weaving and brass work. Children are trained for the looms from five years of age. Their dexterity and quickness are marvellous. They earn four-pence per day. We finished the day at an oriental silk shop, where a widgeon of a boy, presumably the merchant's son, not over ten years old, entertained us by his old-fashioned ways as a salesman. We bought a beautiful piece of old brocade at 250 rupees, which was first priced to us at 600. Another visit was the Astronomical observatory, built first in 1701—a wonderful series of separate buildings recalling the astrology of early days. The day was a full one. The life of the streets, a constant pleasure to the eye. Every rich colour in dress and turban mixed with white and muddy white in a medley of tints produced a veritable kaleidoscope. But all such impressions, vivid and brilliant as they were, receive their eclipse in today's gorgeous panorama. Two Americans, husband and wife of the name of Schultz, told us in Delhi of the marriage festivities in Jaipur. They came here ahead of us and, with the resourcefulness characteristic of their countrymen, interviewed the British Resident and secured places for us all, to see from the roof of one of the palace buildings the procession of

the young Maharajah and his escort entering from his country seat, and in addition seats among the favoured few, who, inside a balcony, looked down on the great Durbar which ended the day's proceedings. The day started a little dully as rain had fallen overnight, but after ten o'clock the sun burst through and we had perfect sunshine. Our drive through the streets was between lines of people all in their gayest attire. At the palace entrance richly dressed officials received us. One gorgeously dressed person shook each one by the hand. I felt if this person needs a tip at the end, nothing under 100 rupees could be adequate. We had, from our places on the roof, a perfect view of the most gorgeous things in colour which one can imagine. Far down the wide street were the colourings of the waiting throngs lining the two sides, and above them masses on the roof balcony and terraces of the houses. Soon the booming of guns told us the procession was on its way. First came mounted officials to make sure the way was clear, then three elephants covered with silver and gold cloth and richly coloured robes, and bearing the royal standards. Behind, a curious couch or bed with a gold canopy, drawn by two white bullocks; troops of mounted soldiers in

their gay turbans, a gay band of musicians on horseback, Lancers, straight and erect as their weapons, then on foot a big company of pipers, dressed in a greenish yellow uniform with turbans of an azure blue. The bagpipes went to our hearts, but we refrained from cheering because these Eastern crowds don't understand the British Hurrah. More troopers and then the centre piece—three richly dressed elephants with gorgeous howdahs in line (the centre one too gorgeous to describe) held a young boy, reclining with a somewhat bored look, while resplendent men sitting in front and behind the howdah, fanned away the flies from around the royal personage. Around the three elephants on foot was a crowd of attendants in the richest of red silk, making the effect of a huge rose with a highly decorated centre. More horsemen followed, and a solitary elephant brought up the rear. As the procession moved, a line of soldiers on foot, some in khaki, some in scarlet, moved with it, along the two sides of the street. Margaret and Dr Bonelli had their cameras clicking the whole time, from a perch dangerously near a sudden descent. When the last of the procession entered the palace, we made our way downstairs to the balcony where the Durbar was held, taking a last view of

the dissolving crowds and the semicircle of the gaudily coloured bullocks in the square below us; some clothed in green, others yellow, red, and saffron. There were seats in the balcony for a score of invited guests.

They were all British or American except one distinguished looking native, probably a neighbouring potentate, who had jewels on his dress, turban, and ears, enough for a ransom. We had a perfect view of the company assembled only a few feet below us in the Durbar or hall of assembly, which is a pillared and roofed hall open on three sides to the large open court, where those below a certain rank usually assemble. Today only soldiers and the band occupied this enclosure. The covered area, a few steps higher than the court, had rich carpets spread over it. On two sides and below our gallery were hundreds of chairs upholstered in red and gold. On one side all the greater dignitaries of the realm, resplendent in robes of many colours and their finest jewels. On the other side the lesser officials. Below us in three rows the Princes of the blood, some quite young boys, at times kept in order by their watchful tutors. A crash of music announced the Maharajah with a few followers. The young man walked up unconcernedly and took his seat in the front

of the Princes on a chair of state, everyone standing until he sat down. The Durbar was held to allow all the leading people of the kingdom to present congratulations and presents. Beginning with the highest, each in turn stepped forward, bowed at some distance, again moved close up, bowing to the ground, and extending the gift to the official who held the bag—then retired backwards. All the time a crier called out what we took to be congratulations or Salaams. Nobody else said a word until all the giving was finished, when a series of addresses were presented. We did not wait quite to the end, but moved out after one hour to more glorious sunshine flooding the streets. A sight to remember.

Feb. 7th. Early next morning we motored ten miles to the deserted city of Amber. Here we found an elephant with drape and howdah awaiting our party. Our appearance is shown in the photo. At five p.m. we joined our carriage which carried us to Udaipur, the capital, and said goodbye to our guide who reminded us of Mr Peyton.

Friday 8th Feb. We reached Udaipur at noon today. We missed breakfast for which Chota Hazri at seven is a poor substitute. So we arrived ravenous. The landlord thought we were only coming tonight and no-one met us. Luckily rooms were reserved. The hotel is small but we had to furnish our own blankets. We are quite comfortable. A fine view of the palace silhouetted against the sky and of the city walls. After lunch we motored through the narrow streets—a great contrast to Jaipur—but full of life and colour, white strangers are not so common. The crowds stared, and surrounded us, but were quite civil. We passed a wedding procession where M. got snapshots, the bride, about thirteen, giggled and asked M. for a picture. The bridegroom also on horseback was about eight years. It afterwards transpired that there was a double wedding and we only saw one each of the betrothed. We went on to the Slave's garden outside the city surrounded by high walls. In the centre a large enclosed court with fountains, which fill a big pool where the ruler used to amuse himself swimming around among the girls. The gardens are beautifully kept, many

fountains, trees, and flowers—more cinerarias than I have ever seen anywhere. We had a fine drive into the country and round the great lakes which extend on the west and north-west of the city. The range of palaces are on the east side of the main lake, in which are islands with water palaces. We took boat at one point, rowed over, and visited these, landing at a distant point where wild pigs in great numbers, huge, wild or semi-wild boars with big tusks, assembled from the hills to be fed at five o'clock. A drive home through the public gardens completed a fine trip.

Sat. 9th Feb. At nine we were off, first to the Jugganath temple said to be the finest in India, a huge structure on an elevated point near the main palace. It is covered outside by carved figures, elephants, saints, and the wicked sinners. The saints have reached bliss and are dancing with glee, while the wicked have the contorted expression of demons. We could not mind being of the outcasts, but an attendant who followed us had a face not far from the demon tribe. M. got a good snapshot from the steps, of a fine elephant on his way to the palace.

We spent an hour in it. Impossible to describe this mass of building, fronting the lake. The guide books say no palace in the East surpasses it in architectural beauty, and certainly its position is unique. It is the Venice of the East. Beauty of buildings, water, foliage, and the girdling hills. The nobles from their country-seats attend the Maharaja four months each year, and we saw two or three score of them at tiffin in an arcade in the centre of the palace as we passed through, also a troupe of gaily dressed dancing girls, assembled to amuse their lord and his visitors. We went to the stables and saw the horses, also a lot of elephants. One white horse is so vicious nobody can mount him. I forgot to put in our first visit this morning was to the jail where 500 prisoners are confined, over 100 life-sentences for murder. Capital punishment is abolished. All prisoners have their legs chained together. They were nearly all at work in the wide open court in the centre of the jail, weaving carpets of fine designs, spinning wool, dyeing the yarn, making pottery etc. We saw some of them being fed. The head jailer, a grizzled old warrior who showed us round, declined a tip, but said I might put it in the prisoners' box. At four afternoon

we were back in our railway carriage which had been kept for us, and we were speeding towards the junction of the main line at Chittorgarh which we reached at ten p.m. or at least we are due there tonight about that hour.

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Tues. 12th Feb. This is the Abu road railway, a small place in Rajputana, on the main line for Bombay, and we are waiting after tea in the station waiting room, to go forward on our last rail trip in India. We arrived at Chittergarh the Saturday night on time—the two girls had gone to bed when we received a nasty jar. Being bound for Mt. Abu we had to return to the junction at Ajinere, and this should be done by connecting our carriage to the fast train going north from Bombay, due one hour after our arrival at Chittergarh. The station master sent the news to us, after we were shunted in the siding, that he couldn't attach our carriage because telegraphic instructions had come that six coaches belonging to some high court officials must be added to the train further on, and the engine could draw no more. I stormed and cajoled this little Eurasian official until he didn't know whether he stood on his head or his heels.

Eventually he said if the guard would take our coach he would attach it, but when the train came in the guard flatly refused. However we made them hold up the train twenty minutes while all our company, servant, and belongings were transferred. We reached Ajinere at five a.m. A great Mahomad festival or mela was going on. M. and I drove to the Mosque and sacred enclosure, where thousands of pilgrims crowded the vast space. The colour and movement were immense. We were guided and guarded through the crowd by two officials who cleared a path for us—could not enter the Mosque or shrines in spite of our having removed our shoes and been shod with slippers made from other animal hide. The food for pilgrims, a queer gluey looking mixture, was cooked in huge caldrons from which it was ladled in a most unappetising fashion. As far as we could see we were the only foreigners in that huge assembly, and I had a sense of our helplessness should any half-mad Zealot, such as we saw in Benares, call for a victim to fanaticism. We got back safely after driving round part of the ancient city. We left about nine for Abu, a pleasant but dusty journey, through country which reminded me of Arizona and New Mexico. At Abu Road, which we reached about four

o'clock a motor was waiting, and we began a three hours' run over a splendid mountain road which finally landed us at the Rajputana Hotel of Mt. Abu, 4500 ft above sea level. Both going and again returning today there are fine views of the wooded and rocky ravines, the broad valley below, and the distant mountains. We were diverted at times by the antics of the monkeys chasing each other among the trees. It was nearly dark and quite cold when we reached our hotel, and with that casual inattention which marks hotels owned by natives, our big drafty rooms looked cheerless under an oil lamp, and no fire. However Lazarus soon had blazing fires and some extra lights, and we felt comfortable. We spent two days and nights at Abu, a rest from sightseeing, except the one great temple, and a refreshing change from the plains, their dust, heat, and bustle. The little town is in a cup of the mountains with a beautiful lake in the centre of the hollow. Trees of all sorts around you, the palms especially giving character to the place. Being a favourite station under British control, there are a number of fine houses, good roads, paths for walking, and rickshaws. The great sight is the wonderful Hindu temples of Dilwarra, rock hewn in the 8th and 9th centuries. The carving is wonderful,

pillars, shrines, and figures of marble, brought from distant quarries, and carried to a great height. The faithful come at certain seasons in large numbers, and provision is made for feeding them. A fine view beyond the mountain is got from sunset point. There was, in the small company at dinner, a Maltese who was either a dipsomaniac or of a vanity beyond words to describe. Each evening when we had finished dinner, the silence of the room was broken by his only utterance, "Phoy ask the landlord to send me his pypa." Then folding his arms across his chest, looking very red and fierce, he rose and stalked out. Titters all round. We were very near an accident coming down from Abu. A powerful luggage lorry rounded a sharp corner on us without tooting, and I held my breath as our wheel grazed the light parapet, between us, and destruction.

Sat. 16th Feb. On board P. and O. Malwa. In four hours from Abu Road we were at Ahmenabad, an ancient city which we should have liked to explore but time didn't permit. We arrived ten p.m. and transferred at once from our metre gauge to the fine cars on this well appointed standard road.

We had the pleasantest night journey of the whole Indian trip and steamed into Bombay next morning at eleven. Bombay struck us as it does all travellers as a particularly attractive city, set like Naples on the curve of a great sweeping bay. Unlike Naples it has two faces to the ocean because the south end of the island is a long tapering point, covered by the fine public and other buildings of the modern city. We spent our first afternoon in a ride round this modern part admiring the spacious streets. I called on Mr Mackenzie of the Asiatic who very courteously met us on landing and drove us to a palatial hotel, the Taj Mahal. We found there Mr and Mrs Campbell and their son who is a consulting engineer in the service of an American company. We also discovered that Prof. Patrick Geddes formerly of Edinburgh and now of Bombay was in town and asked him to dinner the following night. Next morning our drive was extended to take in the older city particularly the manufacturing area where cotton is king. All the mills were closed as the result of a labour dispute, the owners having refused on account of losses to pay this year the usual bonus equal to one week's wage. The streets are wide, very dirty and unattractive. With the exception

of the fine fruit, flowers, and vegetable markets we did not find the bazaars interesting, and we did find them very dear. We paid a visit to the museum and botanic gardens, the latter containing a small Zoo. After lunch at two we found awaiting us a small launch which took us over the bay about an hour's sail to Elephanta island where are the famous rock temples. The sea was a bit choppy and two of the party were sorry they came, but troubles were forgotten in the fascination of the caves. The patience and the artistic vision which sculpture nearly twelve centuries ago, these temples from the living rock, made us wonder and admire. The figures are immense and vigorous with life. They are manifestations of the God Suva the destroyer, his wife, and others. The shrines to Dinga-bald in their simplicity are much resorted (to) by childless mothers. We had an entertaining and intelligent guide, who told his story well and linked up the myths in moral lessons applicable to the disbeliever as well as the devotees. A friendly cat joined us in our pilgrimage, and it needed no imagination to regard her as a reincarnation, going her round from shrine to shrine. We had tea under a shelter outside the cave in the society of our feline companion

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and a flock of greedy chickens. The trip back was negotiated ably, but the boat at times had a tipsy turn which suggested conviviality or the malignant influence of evil spirits. We had a long talk with Geddes at dinner, full of his experiences, Indian and otherwise. We promised to call next day and see his pictures of many cities, and his plans for their future, if only the opportunity to refashion them comes his way. Next forenoon was spent by me chiefly at Cooks and P. and O. getting our travelling adjusted, packages stored etc. After lunch we paid our visit to the Geddes collection, which occupy several large salons in the Royal College of Science. We had at last to cut short his talk, vivacious and interesting though it was, as we were overdue for a drive round Malabar Hill, the northern end of the bay, and the famous Towers of Silence where the Parsees expose the bodies of their dead to the devouring beaks of the vultures. The Towers are built round the two sides or angles of a large and beautiful garden. There was something sinister in hundreds of birds lining the walls of the round towers. A parsee official took us round, but no-one except the bearers of the dead can approach these buildings. The bereaved come to the

garden to mourn, and we heard the sound of their moanings. One pathetic picture, a young boy trying to comfort a weeping mother, who would not be comforted. A model of one of the towers was explained, showing how every vestige of the dead returns in dust or water to mother earth. We afterwards visited the hanging gardens and water works. That evening we dined at the yacht club with Mr and Mrs Mackenzie and some friends. Afterwards there was a dance and the girls stayed on till the early hours, but Dee and I soberly went back to our packing before midnight. Next morning early our rooms were invaded by an army of coolies to carry off to the steamer everything they could lay hands on. Coolies are queer. They will carry on their heads enormous burdens at one time, and at others a single book or a fan, with the same expectation of reward. Eastern life seems never to know privacy. Your bedroom is invaded at any moment, and whether dressed or naked nothing short of a stout lock keeps a boy out. We had a hectic morning until we found ourselves on board the Malwa yesterday, a little after eleven. The last goodbye was to Lazarus, the boy who for five weeks had served us well. He is darker in skin than many of the servants, is a Christian from Madras, and the father of

five children. He came with excellent credentials, and justified them. He took in charge all our belongings, and never lost a thing. We simply walked into or out of our numerous hotels and left him to gather up everything from trunks to books and overcoats. His one drawback was overanxiety in the matter of possible tips to the servants, in the places where we bought things. He was depressed when not on the spot, and sure that the mem-sahib or the master or the Missies were being cheated. The whole family are in his prayers, and he is specially invoking heaven for early marriage to M. and B. and they must return to India for him to serve them.

The dock formalities including a perfunctory medical exam. were soon over, and we started on the voyage which would land us at Suez. My efforts to get a connection which would land us at Port Sudan had failed, and so the proposed trip to Khartoum and down the Nile had to be given up. The Malwa is a typical P. and O. steamer of twelve years ago, and run on the strict lines which that Company enforces for what is deemed the passengers' safety and comfort. The staff is efficient and civil. The officers must not mix with the passengers. The food is plain, but good and abundant. The cabins

are small and poorly furnished. Our rooms on B. deck have the old-fashioned bunks, one above the other, and no ladder for old or infirm persons to reach the upper berth. There is no couch or easy chair. A person wishing to read or write alone, must perch himself on a camp stool. Only two baths for 150 people. This is hard to understand. Our company is a pleasant one, but the boat is only two thirds full. We have Army men, civil servants, businessmen, and globe trotters, also some interesting-looking Indians. Sexes equally divided.

Friday Feb. 22nd. Six days since we started and a sea of glass. Hot weather all the time, and some stifling days like yesterday and today. As I write in a corner of the smoking room, with windows and doors wide open, and the punkahs going like windmills, the perspiration trickles down my nose, and the small of my back is like a soaked bandage. We got to Aden four days out, and went on shore while the steamer coaled—took a car for an hour and a half run to the crater, visited the marvellous tanks for catching water from the mountains said to be built in Solomon's time, and so to the hotel

for tea. We were back on the ship in time to do a little business in ostrich plumes, baskets etc. with the natives who sold their wares from boats, collected round the ship. Then about seven we sailed. The morning after tomorrow we should be in Suez. For days the coast of Arabia has been off there on our right—Occasionally visible as the sea narrowed, or islands hove in sight. Just think that off there only 100 miles away is Mecca, the home of the faithful, the sacred city which the infidel must not enter. Bet says she wants to go there. That would be the great adventure and the last. On our left in this narrow trench is Africa, also near at hand Somaliland, Sudan, Egypt. I schemed to get to Port Sudan—what a trip up to Khartoum and down the Nile, so reaching all the great places from Philae to Cairo. Some other time perhaps.

Port Said. 3rd March. I have been negligent. Ten days since I wrote a line, and all the glory of Egypt past for I am on the Moldavia bound for Marseilles alone, while the best of me, Dee and the girls, are left in Cairo. I hated to come and even at the last minute nearly cancelled

the sailing. Marg. had a temperature, a touch of the sun or influenza, the doctor could not tell, and I only came because so much required me home. Fortunately a wire here before we started reassured me somewhat. The day after my last writing we passed out of the Red Sea into the Gulf of Suez, and I scanned the coast-line opposite the peninsula of Sinai, where fifteen years ago I spent a few days on that wild naked shore. If the weather had been clearer or the ship nearer the Egyptian side, we might have seen the derrick of the oil wells on the Jeinsah peninsula which I then went to visit. It all came back to me, the arid country, the coral beach, the distant mountains, the wells, the Roman excavations for oil, and their worked-out sulphur mines, the native camp, the guest house with myself as the solitary occupant, gazing across the water on moonlight nights through the jagged crests of Sinai. We reached at six on Sunday morning and very shortly three visitors, James Mudie formerly of B.F., Goulston the manager of the A.E. refinery, and a bright young man Chavret from the Cairo staff, joined us at breakfast. They had a launch, carried us off, and piloted us through customs and quarantine. Franken had come up from Hurghada to see me.

We spent the day in examining the refinery, and a general talk, lunching with the Goulstons, and taking tea with the Mudies. At five under Chavret's guidance we left Suez, and reached Cairo at ten, glad to be safely housed at the Semiramis hotel. Mr Martin met us, and a kinder or more attentive friend, we could not have wished. He and his wife made our stay in Cairo very pleasant, and placed their car at our disposal all the time. Monday and Tuesday were easy days, I had to give some time to business. We ran out to the Pyramids and found Mrs W. Gibson and her daughter at the Mena Hotel—out here since Dec. On Tuesday night took train for Luxor—fortunate in getting rooms at the Winter Palace Hotel. What a joy to see Luxor of which one had read so much! When I was last in Cairo I could not go up river. The 500 miles are comfortably covered in the De luxe train in twelve hours. The hotel is the best in Egypt, and looks over the river, the green valley beyond, and the barren limestone cliffs, which bound the Libyan desert. The early morning and sunset views are entrancing. Our first morning was spent under the leadership of a well-informed but conceited dragoman at the Luxor temple, and the afternoon at the great temple of Karnak only a few miles further down the

river. M. made a lot of views of these temples which better describe them than words. One has a feeling akin to awe in viewing that magnitude and grandeur of these remains. The men who designed them, the civilization which produced them, the weakness of ^{? man} men who destroyed them, and forgot them. And this terrifying indifference of nature which saw man and his works perish, counting them as nothing, bewilders and confuses our minds today, when we dwell upon these things. Our dragoman told us Dr Robert Mond, who stayed with us in B.F. years ago, was staying in our hotel. We saw him and his wife that night at dinner, and he fixed us for an examination of his excavated tombs and lunch two days later. The second morning Dee, B. and I crossed the Nile early. M. was indisposed, had a carriage waiting for the Valley of the Kings. After leaving the wide green irrigated land, richly growing grain, Alfalfa, sugar cane, and the gay opium poppy, we crossed a waste of sand and the narrow limestone valley in which repose or reposed the mummies of the greatest Pharoahs. It was hotter than anything we had gone through and we sighed for the shade of the tombs of the famous Tutankhamon. We only saw the sealed or locked gates. The fight between the Egyptian Government

and Mr Carter was at its height and the case in court. It was a piece of bad luck for us, because most people believed that in a few days the gate would be opened. We gave our time to only three of the opened tombs. They were sufficient to show us the design, the wonderful colourings, and the stories in hieroglyphic character of these tombs. But after all these we only saw the cases, most interesting as they are. What Tutankhamon would have shown, is the wonderful furnishing of the house of the dead. We saw in the museum in Cairo the spoil ^(?) taken from the antechamber, and these pictures must suffice for the present. On the way back we made a little detour to see the ruins of the temple of Dahri and the two so-called Collosi of Memmon. The heat and lunch drove us home. We rested in the afternoon and at sunset paid a second visit to the temple of Luxor. Next morning M. and I crossed the river at nine, D. and B. coming a little later as the Ford could not take us all together. The heat was again excessive, made worse by the clouds of dust where operations were being conducted. The tombs are near the Rainessenin and Mond has hundreds of workers under skilled supervision, removing the debris. We seem to have brought luck because a new and interesting

wall was being made bare. The young people who carry the rubbish in small baskets look like busy ants, as they move back and forwards. A trained singer makes a sing-song and all the youngsters sang the chorus. What looked more ominous were a few older people with whips, but as I never saw them used, they may only serve as scarecrows. We admired the carving in one of the completed tombs. The heat drove us however to the shelter, where cooling drinks and recently found fragments are kept. Mond has been working twenty-two years. He has a large number of tombs, but we did not care to further expose ourselves, particularly as M. felt a little queer, and so we drove back to the river, and had a nice lunch. I had a long talk afterwards with Mond, on the Egyptian situation generally. He is pessimistic about our position in Egypt and is hurrying up his own work in case another year may finish everything. Mrs M. (second wife) is French, a very nice woman with whom I had a good deal of talk. She frankly says she hates tombs, so that's that! What an extraordinary brain Mond has. He has a storehouse of everything and his views are always worth listening to, but one learns quickly why he rubs people up. Left Luxor at seven for Cairo but before leaving

had an interesting half hour with Mr Strauss of New York, formerly Ambassador for U.S. to Turkey and other countries. I had spent an hour or two with him at his house in New York in Dec. 14 shortly after his attempt to reconcile the Kaiser and the Allies. As we left the hotel Lady Low and her daughter just back from Assovan met us. Anxious about M. on our way back to Cairo, and glad to be in the Semiramis with a doctor who promptly installed a nurse, and prescribed quinine and an ice pack. Quiet Sat. and Sunday. D.B. and I dined Sat. night with the Martins and met some people, had the views of a Judge of appeal on Egyptian position. On Sat. and Sun. made long calls by appointment on Samy Pasha Sec. of railways and transportation, Paterson, the British Financial adviser, and Campbell the Sec. and legal adviser. It would need a pamphlet to state their views. One leaves Egypt with a feeling (not unlike India.) So long as we hold the Sudan and Palestine we need not worry overmuch, even if the Army here must go, but whether many Egyptians of influence want the Army to go is doubtful.