

DOTTINGS ROUND THE CIRCLE.

BY

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A resident of Madras, who comes aboard our steamer, tells us of an amusing mistake recently made by the English officials in regard to the arrival of the governor of Pondicherry. It was believed in Madras that the governor would take passage in the regular mail-boat of the French Messageries Maritimes Company. When that vessel appeared, therefore, two days ago, a salute was fired from the English fort, and a company of soldiers were drawn up on the wharf in readiness to receive the governor. Soon a little boat left the steamer and was rowed rapidly towards the town. On its arrival a gentleman stepped out and walked slowly up the steps of the wharf. The soldiers presented arms, the commanding officer advanced respectfully, and the cannon roared from the town. The gentleman who had just landed was evidently surprised. Pausing near the commanding officer, he raised his hat with a polite and interrogating "Monsieur?" The Englishman in his turn was mystified. Then, suspecting some mistake, he said, "Are you not the governor of Pondicherry?"

"No, sir," replied the stranger in excellent English, "I am the purser of yonder vessel, and his Excellency is not on board." The cannon ceased quickly, the soldiers retired, and all Madras laughed.

Madras, formerly called Fort St. George, is the capital of the Madras presidency, and contains a population of four hundred thousand, of whom four thousand are Europeans. Madras is distant seven hundred and sixty-four miles from

Bombay and one thousand and sixty-two miles from Calcutta. An immense number of vessels arrive at Madras in the course of a year, and the yearly imports and exports of the city average eight million pounds.

Calling a Masullah boat, we are rowed skilfully through the high surf to the beach. The town presents a very gay appearance. All the chief buildings are hung with flags and adorned with mottoes of welcome to the Prince of Wales, and the streets are filled with crowds of natives and Europeans eager to catch sight of his Royal Highness. Great arches have been erected, similar to those in Ceylon, but more elaborate and costly. Our steamer is to remain till afternoon, and we have the morning before us. Taking a carriage we visit some of the chief objects of interest in the city. We drive first to the People's Park, a large public garden containing an extensive menagerie. Here are monkeys of all kinds, lions, panthers, leopards, wild-cats, hyenas, a tiger, and a rhinoceros. From the gardens we proceed to the Central Museum, founded in 1851, which contains a large collection of ancient Indian stone work, old agricultural implements, and extensive ornithological cabinets. After lunch we visit a large Juggernaut car. The English have forbidden the natives to use them as of old.* On our return to the steamer we find our passenger-list considerably increased. Among the

* In a bookstore in this city we found for sale Dr. John Todd's Student's Manual.