

**IN INDIA,
TRANSLATED
FROM THE FRENCH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649137886

In India, Translated from the French by André Chevrillon & William Marchant

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON & WILLIAM MARCHANT

**IN INDIA,
TRANSLATED
FROM THE FRENCH**



(Page 150)

KUTAB-MINAR.

IN INDIA

Translated from the French

OF

ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON

BY

WILLIAM MARCHANT



NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1896

COPYRIGHT, 1876,
BY
HENRY HOLT & CO.

THE MESSHON COMPANY PRESS,
RAHWAY, N. J.

43

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. AT SEA,	I
II. CEYLON, BUDDHISM,	11
III. PONDICHÉRY, CALCUTTA,	44
IV. THE HIMALAYA, DARJILING,	55
V. BENARES, BRAHMANISM, HINDUISM,	73
VI. LUCKNOW, CAWNPUR, AGRA,	155
VII. DELHI, JAIPUR,	185
VIII. BOMBAY,	213
IX. ELLORA,	226
X. THE VOYAGE,	240

313737
LIB SETS

IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

AT SEA.

OFF MASSOUAH, November 3.

FOR three days we have been going straight toward the South, and, the other morning, just as the faint outline of Sinai was vanishing upon the horizon, we came into the regions of excessive heat. It is a moist, close heat, in which the muscles are relaxed, the whole body seems melting and sinking away—a heat oppressive, prostrating by night as well as day. At times one's clothing seems to burn the skin and to become unendurable. There is no going below for meals: all day long we lie inert in our steamer-chairs. A double tent shuts in the deck, completely hiding both sea and sky; and still, the eyes become inflamed with the excess of light.

Coleridge's weird poem of the "Ancient Mariner" comes to my mind. Thus he sailed, oppressed with a strange numbness, a kind of torpor, that cannot be shaken off. There is not the slightest breeze; our speed outruns the light wind which follows in our

wake; the fiery air is heavy and motionless; we are not conscious of the ship's advance. There is something unnatural about a sea like this; it seems under a spell, struck by a malediction; it has not the fluidity of water. Sometimes a glimpse of it can be seen through a rent in the canvas shelter, and it is a sheet of molten glass, inert, dense, heavy; nothing could be more dismal than its monotonous glare in the sunlight. At a distance it steams, and this whitish, quivering haze, this tremulous fog, shuts us in, hiding the sea a few miles away. Beyond, the imagination depicts fiery wildernesses, terrific solitudes void of all life.

By night, the sensation of rapid motion, of slipping away into some unknown world, recurs. The constellations are seen to be leaving their familiar places. In each twenty-four hours they have gone so many degrees further northward. The Great Bear is plunging downward to the horizon: now he has lost two, now three, of his big stars: now he is gone completely; and in front of us rise, sparkling, the four points of the Southern Cross, while slowly the great belt of the Milky Way is pushed back.

Lying upon the deck, which by night seems deserted, one hears the incessant rustling of the water; looking fixedly at the stars, you feel conscious of an ascent toward the equator, of a going up over the convexity of the globe, over this great dark ball that hangs in space; and at certain moments you seem to see the measured movement of the heavenly bodies—those eternal beacons,