

gave rise to the song so familiar a generation ago, "The Campbells Are Coming."

There are in Lucknow a number of tombs, mosques and buildings that gave us our first glimpse of the architecture of the Mogul emperors—great domes, gigantic gateways and graceful minarets, stately columns and vaulted galleries. The most interesting of the buildings, Imambarah, built by Asaf-ud-daulah, contains a great hall more than a hundred and fifty feet long and about fifty feet in breadth and height. On one side of the court is a private mosque and on the other a group of apartments built around a well as a protection against the summer's heat. From the top of the Imambarah one obtains an excellent view of Lucknow and its surroundings.

At Allgarh I found a great educational institution which must be taken into consideration in estimating the future of Mohammedanism in India. It was founded in 1877, largely through the influence and liberality of Sir Syed Ahmed, who until his death in 1898 devoted himself entirely to its development. He was a large-minded man and full of zeal for the enlightenment of his co-religionists. He recognized the low intellectual standard of the Mohammedan Indians, and the controlling purpose of his life was to assist in their improvement. At first, his educational enterprise met with a cold reception at the hands of the leaders of his church. Emisaries were even sent from Mecca to assassinate him, but, nothing daunted, he pursued his plans until the church authorities recognized the importance of the school.

As the Mohammedans are numerically weaker than the Hindus and unable to cope with them in intellectual contests, Sir Syed opposed the national congress proposition which the Hindus have long urged and the Allgarh school became conspicuous for its pro-British leanings on this question. This may account in part for the interest taken in it by the colonial government. (The Central Hindu College at Benares refuses government aid and is, therefore, more independent.) But since the death of Sir Syed the congress idea is growing among the students of Allgarh.

Allgarh college now has an enrollment of seven hundred and four, more than a hundred of whom are law students. It has an English Cambridge graduate for president and several English professors. I might add that England, like America, has sent many teachers to India and that they are engaged in work, the importance of which can not be over-estimated. I had the pleasure of meeting those connected with St. John's college at Agra as well as those at Allgarh.

Delhi is one of India's most ancient cities. When the Aryans came down from the north-west and conquered the aboriginal tribes, they founded a city which they called Indrapat, just south of the present site of Delhi. How old it is no one knows, for the names of its founders have been forgotten, its records, if it had any, have been destroyed, and its streets are winding foot-paths which one follows with difficulty. Every wave of invasion that has swept down from the north or west has passed over Indrapat, and its stones would tell a thrilling story if they could but speak. The city has been rebuilt again and again, the last time about three hundred years ago, but it has little to exhibit now but its antiquity. There is a massive city wall with huge gates, there are tumbled down buildings occupied by a few people and some goats, and there is a stone library building erected hundreds of years before Carnegie was born, but the glory of Indrapat has departed. Not far from Indrapat is the splendid tomb of Humayun and another of the Asoka pillars.

Eleven miles south of the present Delhi is what is called old Delhi (Delhi seems to have had a movable site) immortalized by the famous Kutab Minar, or tower, erected near the close of the twelfth century by one of the earliest Mohammedan conquerors after the capture of Delhi. The tower—a tower of victory—is two hundred and thirty-eight feet in height, forty-seven feet in diameter at the base and nine at the top. It has been described as one of the architectural wonders of the world, and it certainly gives one a profound respect for the mind that planned it. There are so many mausoleums and mosques scattered over the plains around Delhi that space forbids particular description.

Within a century after the death of Mohammed the Moslems made an attack upon India, and five hundred years later before they were masters of the great peninsula. Then hundred more it was the scene of con-

lict between rival Moslems until Timur (Tamerlan, the Tartar) plundered it and drenched it with blood. In all these wars Delhi was the strategic point, the natural capital of the north. After Timur, came his descendant of the sixth generation, Babar, who consolidated the Indian empire by bravery, tact and wisdom. He is the first of the great Mogul rulers, but he was so occupied with the extension of his sovereignty that he was compelled to leave the development of the empire to his descendants. His grandson, Akbar, built three great forts, one at Allahabad, to which reference has been made in another article, another at Agra, which he made his capital, and the third at Atok, still farther north. He also built Fatepur Sikri about twenty miles from Agra. This was to be his home and here on a sandstone ridge overlooking the plain he reared a group of buildings which even now, though deserted for two centuries, attract tourists from all over the world. While the material employed is red sandstone, the buildings are models of beauty as well as strength, and the minute and elaborate carvings are masterpieces in their line.

The fort built by Akbar at Agra, while not proof against modern missiles, was impregnable in its day and still bears testimony to the constructive genius of the second of the Moguls.

Six miles from Agra at Sikandra stands the magnificent tomb which Akbar built and where he rests. It is constructed of red sandstone and is part Buddhist and part Saracenic in design. The base is three hundred and twenty feet square and its four retreating galleries terminate in a roofless court of white marble in which stands a marble casket surrounded by screens of marble most exquisitely carved. Special interest is felt in this tomb because one of its ornaments was the famous Kohinoor diamond, the largest in the world. It had come down to Akbar from his grandfather, who had in turn secured it from the Rajputs. The diamond was carried away by Persian conquerors and later was returned to India only to be transferred at last to Queen Victoria.

But if Akbar surpassed his grandfather as a builder, he was in turn surpassed by his grandson, Shah Jehan. This emperor, the last of the three great Moguls who began his career by murdering two brothers and two cousins whose rivalry he feared and who closed his career a prisoner of his rebellious son, has linked his name with some of the most beautiful structures ever conceived by the mind of man. At Agra within the walls of his grandfather's fort, he built the Pearl Mosque which has been described as "the purest, loveliest house of prayer in existence." It is constructed of milk white marble and combines strength, simplicity and grace. He also built the Gem Mosque at Delhi.

The fort at Delhi was built by Shah Jehan, and if its resemblance to the fort at Agra deprives him of credit for originality, that argument can not be raised against the palace within, for this is unrivalled among palaces. The marble baths, the jeweled bed chambers, the pillared halls, the graceful porticoes—all these abound in rich profusion. But it was upon the great hall of Private Audience that he lavished taste and wealth. The floor is of polished marble, the pillars and the arched ceiling of polished marble inlaid with precious stones, so set as to form figures and flowers. Each square inch of it speaks of patient toil and skill, and the whole blends harmoniously. For this magnificent audience room he designed a throne fit for the chamber in which it stood. "It was called the peacock throne because it was guarded by two peacocks with expanded tails ornamented with jewels that reproduced the natural colors of the bird. The throne itself was made of gold, inlaid with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. Over it was a canopy of gold festooned with pearls supported by twelve pillars, all emblazoned with gems. On either side stood the Oriental emblems of royalty, an umbrella, each handle eight feet high and of solid gold, studded with diamonds, the covers being of crimson velvet crusted and fringed with magnificent pearls." Thus it was described. It was too tempting a prize for greedy conquerors to leave undisturbed and was carried off some two centuries ago by a Persian, Nadir Shah. Shah Jehan, after contemplating this audience chamber and throne, had inscribed upon the wall in Persian characters a verse which has been freely translated to read:

"If on earth be an eden of bliss,  
It is this, it is this, it is this."

And yet, in view of his sad fate there seems as much irony in the lines as there was in the delicately poised scales of justice which he had

inlaid on one of the walls of his palace after he had put his relatives out of the way.

But of all the works of art that can be traced to his genius, nothing compares with the tomb, the Taj Mahal, which he reared in honor of the best-loved of his wives, Numtaj Mahal, "the chosen of the palace." This building, unique among buildings and alone in its class has been described so often that I know not how to speak of it without employing language already hackneyed. When I was a student at college I heard a lecturer describe this wonderful tomb, and it was one of the objective points in our visit to India. Since I first heard of it I had read so much of it and had received such glowing accounts from those who had seen it, that I feared lest the expectations aroused might be disappointed. We reached Agra toward midnight, and, as the moon was waning, drove at once to the Taj that we might see it under the most favorable conditions, for in the opinion of many it is most beautiful by moonlight. There is something fascinating in the view which it thus presents, and we feasted our eyes upon it. Shrouded in the mellow light, the veins of the marble and the stains of more than two and a half centuries are invisible, and it stands forth like an apparition. We visited it again in the day time, and yet again, and found that the sunlight increased rather than diminished its grandeur. I am bringing an alabaster miniature home with me, but I am conscious that the Taj must be seen full size and silhouetted against the sky to be appreciated.

Imagine a garden with flowers and lawn, walks and marble water basins and fountains; in this garden build a platform of white marble eighteen feet high and three hundred feet square, with an ornamented minaret one hundred and thirty-seven feet high at each corner; in the center of this platform rear a building one hundred and eighty feet square and a hundred feet high, with its corners bevelled off and, like the sides, recessed into bays; surmount it with a large central dome and four smaller ones; cover it inside and out with inlaid work of many colored marbles and carvings of amazing delicacy; beneath the central dome place two marble caskets, inlaid with precious stones, the tombs of Shah Jehan and his wife, and enclose them in exquisitely carved marble screens—imagine all this, if you can, and then your conception of this world-famed structure will fall far below the Taj Mahal itself. It is, indeed, "a dream in marble." And yet, when one looks upon it and then surveys the poverty and ignorance of the women who live within its shadow, he is tempted to ask whether the builder of the Taj might not have honored his wife more had the six million dollars invested in this tomb been expended on the elevation of womanhood. The contrast between this artistic pile and the miserable tenements of the people about it robs the structure of half its charms.

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#### THE "LANE SUCCESSION"

Professor Coburn's declination of the appointment as senator from Kansas to succeed Senator Burton, has given rise to considerable discussion about the "fatal Lane succession." Senator Lane, who was elected in 1861, committed suicide while still a senator, and it is stated that death, disaster or ruin has been the portion of every man who has succeeded him in the seat. Some Kansas paper would contribute to history by giving a complete account of the "Lane succession." The real facts might have the effect of destroying the popular superstition.

#### A SLOW RACE

A "slow race" which has not received the public attention which is its due has been in progress for some time, the contestants being Chicago and Kansas City. Chicago wants the tunnels under the Chicago river lowered so that tugboats and other river and lake craft can further explore that odorous stream. Kansas City wants a new union depot. And for a generation these two cities have been contending to see which can be the longest in getting the desired results. There are indications that work on the tunnels will begin shortly, although it is announced that Kansas City's new depot has reached the blue print stage. Lovers of genuine sport who have grown tired of "pulled races," "fixed boxing contests" and "fake auto races" might turn their attention to this now famous and historic slow race.