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A VISIT TO ALBION :

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF HIS SUBLIME MAJESTY, THE GREAT
LLAMA OF THIBET, DURING HIS RECENT TOUR.

CERTIFICATE.

ON the fifth day of the month, in the year of the Hegira 1290, being at the time on a journey, and about to embark ourselves upon the sea—on which dangerous voyage the holy Prophet extended his protection to us, praised be his name!—my lord and master, the sublime Llama, caused it to be signified to me, Abdool-Muzed-Mirza-khan, the slave and unworthy chief keeper of books and records to his Majesty—his wish to have, and immediately to consecrate, by his sacred writing, one of the books, prepared for his Highness's use by the scribes and under-writers of his Majesty's court at Thibet, to receive the sacred record of his Majesty's impressions during his journey. These books, in number five—made of snow-white parchment, bound in white velvet, with clasps composed of the small diamonds taken from the turban of Abdoolah Darc Caval-khan, the former Prince of Caoutchouc, before he was beheaded—and enclosed in a ruby cabinet, with clasps and hinges of gold—had been committed to me, his unworthy slave, as chief of the literary department in his Majesty's imperial retinue. When I ventured to approach his Majesty, in obedience to his sublime commands, bearing this ever-hereafter-to-be-considered-as-sacred volume, the grand Llama, our lord, was pleased to accept the obedience of his slave, and to signify at the same time my release from further attendance at the moment by gracefully touching, with his sublime toe, that part of my unworthy person

most appropriate to such a symbol, saying, with the nobility which accompanies his every action—"Be-gone, dog!" I describe this gesture and exclamation, though unable to express, in the hundredth degree, the inimitable grace which distinguished them, in deference to the inextinguishable and most natural and laudable curiosity with which the Feringhee people keep their eyes fixed upon my sublime master—and which by all right-thinking persons must be received as an evidence that this wonderful fire-eating nation has at last entered the path of true civilisation and progress—progress which no one can doubt will be, by the help of the Prophet, infinitely accelerated by the condescending visit paid to them by our great master and lord. Having thus graciously intimated his desire that I should take the air for a few minutes, his Majesty placed the book upon the shoulders of the slave Ahmed, kneeling before him for the purpose, and with the diamond pen presented by his excellency the Prince Gillott-beg, keeper of the writing implements to his Majesty, Began—at this moment, in celebration of the great event—for what event could be more remarkable than a composition begun by his Majesty for the instruction and delight of the world!—the guns poured forth their thunders, volumes of smoke rolled majestically over our heads, and with a curious thrill as of conscious triumph, the very vessel upon which we had embarked moved under us, making as

it were the graceful undulation of an obeisance to the royal and sublime author. This unexpected movement, which seemed to most of us like an earthquake, and which his Majesty's suite did not at first realise as being the sole act of homage possible to be performed by the prodigious vessel in which we were, discomposed sorely several of his Majesty's attendants; among whom, I am sorry to say, was the slave Ahmed, who fell prostrate on the ground with a cry comparable to nothing but that of the ostrich as it flies across the desert, or the midnight shriek of the hyæna. For one terrible moment it seemed possible that the sacred book, consecrated by his Majesty's handwriting, might be thrown upon the common floor, where the feet of ordinary mortals tread. This terrible stain, only to be washed out by blood, was happily averted by the activity of a noble Feringhee who stood by, by name Penguino Bey, an officer like myself of the literary department, in the service of her Majesty, the reigning sovereign of the island of Albion—who, throwing himself upon the precious volume, saved it from desecration. "Ask what boon thou wilt, infidel gentleman," said my sublime master, after he had intimated to me, by a well-known extension of his finger, his command to remove

the slave Ahmed (who was led away for execution), and to replace him by another slave of my department. "Your Majesty!" said the young unbeliever, "grant me a concession such as that which you have granted to Baron Reuter, but more valuable still,—the sole inestimable and never-to-be-sufficiently-appreciated right of copying and reproducing the royal sentiments which your Majesty is about to record in this book, for the edification and delight of my country!" "Granted!" said our sublime lord, signing to the Grand Vizier to approach and prepare in letters of solid gold, encrusted with diamonds, all the necessary writings. I, Abdool-Muzed-Mirza, having been present when this concession was made, do, by permission of my royal master, hereby certify these facts, and declare that the extracts to follow were made under my eye from the original and sacred manuscripts, and translated with my aid from his Majesty's own imperial writing, by the said Penguino Bey, officer of the literary department in the service of her Majesty, the reigning sovereign of the island of Albion. In the name of the Prophet—amen!
(Signed)—

ABDOOL-MUZED-MIRZA-KHAN,

Lord High Book-keeper and Master of the Records to his sublime Majesty, Bedr-ed-din, Grand Llama of Thibet.

NOTE BY LIEUTENANT PENGUIN, R.N.

The facts being as certified above, and my luck in seizing the old Llama's book just at the right moment being thus rewarded, thanks I must say to my own presence of mind—and body—at such an affecting moment, I am delighted to be able to send to 'Maga' a few gleanings from the journal of the jolly old swell whom you have all been making such a fuss about. I've

seen a great many worse fellows than the grand Llama, if he wouldn't make such awful faces when the yacht, bless her, makes a curtsey under him, according to the description of old Abdool-Mirza. He takes it for no end of a compliment, but I think he could dispense with such obeisances, and in this point feels the etiquette excessive. Poor old fellow! I am always sorry for a

man who can't appreciate the bound and quick elastic moving under his foot of a fine ship, like the grand action of a horse, carrying you like a bird across country; but what can you expect from a set of poor wretches who never in their lives saw the sea, or knew about anything more natural than bulbuls and roses?—which are the staple commodities, it appears to us, of their queer old country. However, dear Ebony, it may be some surprise to your readers to know that, strong as we all are on the point of improving the mind of the Llama, he and his people are no less convinced that his visit will help to civilise *us*; which is a great joke, and worthy of consideration as a lesson in human nature, which does not come in our way every fine morning. I need not describe the voyage, which (if you take an interest in it) you will find already in the 'Jupiter,' to which I telegraphed it, every word, the moment we landed at Dover, being, as you are aware, the special correspondent for the moment of that leading journal. I don't doubt that you will appreciate the loyalty to old impressions which makes me, instead of sending the precious extracts given below to the 'Jupiter,' forward them, post haste, to 'Maga,' from whose hands they are more likely to receive, if not the pecuniary recompense dear to literary officers of all services, at least the immortality which befits the lucubrations of a Grand Llama of Thibet on his first visit to what we call civilisation and the nineteenth century. I assure you that, standing in the light of his diamonds, and seeing the sinister look of the old black fellow, who appeared suddenly as if by magic, and led away poor Ahmed, the nineteenth century and civilisation don't look such imposing things as we take them to be. (N.B.—Ahmed was not executed;

captain would not permit it; stowed him away in the hold, and liberated him when Llama and suite were well out of the way. He's a good, grateful fellow, and would make an excellent servant, especially to any gentleman of the press, who might get a great deal out of him. Apply to the night-porter at the Lord Warden, who knows where he is to be found, and will produce him by appointment, on using my name.)

Accordingly, without troubling you with any more of my remarks, of which you can see as many as you please in the 'Jupiter,' not to speak of other journals, I hand you over at once the Great Llama's notes. Being told off to attend him, in consequence of the above transaction, and also because of my knowledge of a few words of the difficult dialect of Thibet, I am able to add, from personal observation, that the volume marked "Albion" went everywhere with him, and that he would pause even in the midst of an observation addressed to a princess—whom any other fellow would give his head for the chance of talking to—to jot down something in his journal. It is far too full to be given at length. In Thibet, where there is not much literature, and where all the cultivated classes are agog for news, and have plenty of time to read, it is, I believe, to be published *in extenso*. But I have my doubts as to how this treatment would answer here. Anyhow, you are always capable of letting me know if 'Maga' wishes any more; and, as the concession made to me is as full and uncompromising as that to Baron Reuter, (I wish him well through with it!) your readers have only to intimate their wishes—and though old Abdool-Mirza will be out of the way, by the help of a good dictionary I have no doubt of

being able to produce for them another series of the Great Llama's impressions. With which assurance I leave the field clear for his Majesty. He gave me a diamond out of his waistcoat-pocket the day before he left, which he said would buy me a wife in any market he knew of: and so it shall, by Jove! for I mean to have it set in a locket, and if Edith's family go on with any of their nonsense about settlements after that, I don't know the nature of the British Philistine. Three cheers for the old Llama! Hurrah! —J. PENGUIN, R.N.

[*Extracts from the Diary of His Sublime Majesty.*]

In the name of the Prophet—amen! I begin with satisfaction a new volume of the travels which are intended for the general benefit of mankind. No member of my house can open his lips without doing good, for great are the privileges of our holy family. I need not, however, hesitate to record the well-known fact that I am myself the most enlightened member of our race, and therefore still more divinely gifted with the power of instructing the world concerning everything that is novel and remarkable in the distant and obscure countries of the earth. My views in visiting the island called England are many. First, it is, I am informed, the extreme and last fortress of savage nature, being the farthest distant from the source of civilisation. Second, it is distinguished by certain natural gifts appropriate to the people, who, with the well-known cleverness of primitive races, have produced some remarkable inventions, skilfully adapted to the wants of their terrible climate. There is therefore to be found in this distant race that combination, which is always so attractive to the philosophical mind, of great practical in-

genuity with the densest mental darkness and ignorance. While, therefore, I will not disdain to carry back with me any of the inventions by which they have acquired so much power, my aim at the same time is to sow among a clever but benighted people the seeds of that higher civilisation in which, as is well known, the sacred realm of Thibet precedes all inferior nations. Since the day when, by the instigation of heaven, the idea of this journey—destined to be a new commencement and Hegira from which shall date the renewed life of these Western peoples, now for the first time visited by a member of my sacred family—came into my mind, the accomplished Fakur Haji Sadr-Azen, under the supervision of Abdool-Mirza, keeper of my books and records, has occupied himself solely in the task of reading the confused and often unauthentic chronicles in which the history of England is contained. A carriage fitted up for his accommodation, and containing volumes written by many ancient and some modern writers, such as those of the respectable Dervish Ume, the learned Makoulay Khan, the perspicacious Mahoun Bey, and other well-known authors, has been attached to my train wherever I have travelled; and, as an instance of the true candour and humility of mind in which, as in rank, I excel all mankind, I may here mention that at any hour of the night and day, when the excellent Sadr-Azen lights upon some fact worthy to be reported to me, my High Chamberlain has orders to awaken us, and an exemption, signed by the Grand Wizieer, from the penalty of death usually allotted to those who disturb my slumbers. The only moment at which my patience has wholly deserted me, and a natural and righteous anger has taken the place of my usual

forbearance, was when, after some very fatiguing receptions at the heavy and bewildering city called Berlin, I had fallen into a sweet sleep, and losing myself in dreams of the rose-garden of my palace at Thibet, was about in fancy to draw towards me the moon-faced Zaidee—I was suddenly recalled to the flat and yellow landscape, and to my solitary and wifeless condition, by a hasty messenger bringing a despatch from the Haji to the effect that Gladstone Bey was the present ruler of England. Had not the name of Gladstone Bey already come to my ears by means of the British Embassy and other troublesome visitors? "Off with his head!" I shouted, in the painful change of sentiment thus involved. I regretted it afterwards, for the slave who brought the message was one of my favourite slaves, and the real offender was Sadr-Azen, whom, however, I could not afford at that moment to despatch. When we reach Thibet, let him beware!*

I have one preliminary remark to make in respect to England, and it is from my personal observation. It is popularly believed, and I have been trained in the idea, that this wonderful island is surrounded by clouds and mists arising from the sea. This is not the fact. The mist which surrounds her is produced by one of those clever devices which I have already mentioned, and is resorted to by this ingenious people as a means of concealing the position of their island from their warlike neighbours. The mist in question is nothing less than the smoke produced by a number of iron ships, which are placed for that

purpose in two lines, like an avenue, across the sea. When any strange vessel approaches, these ships all open fire, sending forth such a confusion of black bellowing smoke, that the spectator feels all Gehenna to have broken loose, and the most accomplished foreign admiral could not find a landing. It is quite harmless, as is the fashion of this strange nation, which is very fond of smoke, but shrinks from giving a real blow. Though I have been the first to penetrate the real fact in respect to these fabled mists and clouds, other persons, as Abdool-Mirza informs me, have already discovered that these prodigious volleys produce smoke only, unaccompanied by any personal danger,—a fact which is likely, he informs me, to produce, some time or other, very important political changes.

I confess, however, that when the vessel in which I was—though an English vessel, and thus safe from all peril, had any peril been possible—sailed between the lines of these great iron monsters, and on all sides there began a bellowing as of wild beasts more monstrous than any elephant, with flashes of red fire, followed by puffs of white and prodigious clouds of darkness, it required all the courage of my sacred race to convince me that these horrific and diabolical sounds were intended only to give me pleasure. The Grand Wizier, who has not the calm of royalty to support him, ran here and there in a state of panic, which was excusable, since he had my sacred person to guard. "Lord of life," he cried, "these accursed infidels have got us in a trap. Behold, to the right and to the left and on every side, these monsters of

* I have reason to believe that this warning will not be unheeded, and that Sadr-Azen intends to remain in Paris to recruit after his exhausting labours in the history of England, upon which subject he is, I believe, at the present moment the best-informed man in the world. —J. PENGUIN, R.N.

destruction! Glladstone Bey has conceived the intention of blowing your Imperial Majesty and your suite into Paradise, and taking possession of our glorious Thibet." "Be composed," I said—for after the information conveyed to me by Abdool-Mirza, my mind was at rest; "Glladstone Bey does not strike. His ships do nothing but smoke." And so it proved.

How sweet it is after a storm to pass into the calm and sheltering arms of peace, extended to receive the wayfarer! Such were my feelings when, steered by an English pilot, my ship finally penetrated the dark and awful cloud which thus surrounds England; and lo! leaving the smoke behind like a black curtain, there suddenly opened before us, Land! very white and shining in the sun, adorned with many flags, and with groups of red soldiers. Many small ships, gaily decorated, were on the water, which looked like a calm lake; and though the favourite smoke of the English once more puffed forth to greet me from the guns fired on shore, yet this was not sufficient to veil from me the crowds of people, and the red coats of the soldiers. This, then, was England! A few minutes before my arrival I received an express from Sadr-Azen, informing me that the name of Albion, once given to the island, came from the extreme whiteness I had already observed—and that of Angles, also borne by the nation, bore reference to the many corners into which the coast was broken; and that it was my duty, as a well-informed sovereign, to make special inquiries after one Shakespeare, who was greatly connected with the place, though in what way the Haji did not narrate. I therefore stepped on shore, with all the information necessary, and gazed with emotion at the throngs of people who gazed at me with

eager and well-pleased countenances, no doubt wondering what extraordinary chance it was which brought a Prince of the sacred house of Thibet, the most illustrious monarch in the world, to their distant shores. They gazed with all the curiosity of intelligent savages—an emotion no doubt somewhat humiliating to those who exhibit it, but gratifying and flattering to the superior being, who, by this means, can clearly behold, as in a mirror, the sentiments awakened by his presence. They gazed, they smiled, they uttered strange sharp cries. Those of them who were men waved their head-coverings in the air, instead of putting them to their natural use; and the unveiled, unabashed women, turning their moon-faces broadly upon me, with all the arts and allurements which this barbarian race permits to be openly exhibited in public, indifferent to the results, waved white cloths, which is their manner of saluting a stranger, and pressed as close to my person as the red and stern soldiers would permit them. Though prepared, by previous encounter with others of the unenlightened nations of Europe, for this promiscuous mingling of the sexes, my soul was yet filled with wonder and shame, mixed with a certain pleasure, for which, in my own mind, I can find no excuse. These beings, unabashed themselves, abashed me by their utter absence of decorum, and the shamelessness with which they gazed; yet gave me at the same time an agreeable sense of my personal comeliness, and the pleasure which the mere sight of me afforded to so many thousands. If this sensation was scarcely of the dignified and elevated order becoming to my sacred rank and position, an angry heaven avenged the unworthy pride by an interruption which since then has fallen so often in

my way that custom has somewhat dulled the shock. A number of men bearing the aspect of Kadjars of some mean tribe—being small of stature and obese, with physiognomies of a sordid cast—approached me, making salutations of a timid description, and holding in their hands papers, which they proceeded to read. “What tribe is this?” I asked of Penguino Bey, who acted as my interpreter. “Sire,” he said, “they are of the tribe of the Lordmares, a class who will occasion you much inconvenience, but who come to compliment you upon your arrival.” “Lord of life,” said the Grand Wizier, who possessed some knowledge of English, “those barbarians congratulate themselves that your Majesty has arrived to bring civilisation and all its blessings to this eager country.” “It is well,” I said, pleased with the instant perception shown of my sacred mission; and added, “let them be assured of my goodwill. The white country of many corners will ever retain my interest.” As Sadr-Azen, however, had given me no sufficient information about the prince called Shakespeare, I refrained from any inquiries on that subject.

Immediately after this the red soldiers, with white plumes in their hats, and orders upon their breasts, who were evidently, by their stature and appearance, of a superior caste, circled me round; the group of the Lordmares disappeared into the crowd; and I was assisted to mount into the carriage prepared for me—the carriage of the Queen herself. This female sovereign, the first whom I have yet encountered, henceforward occupied all my thoughts. With what feelings must she contemplate my arrival; with what emotions prepare for my appearance! If all these barefaced women betrayed so much cause-

less delight from the mere glimpse of my countenance, what must be the result of that appearance upon the woman specially honoured by my visit! A pleasing pain stole into my breast. I was distressed to think of the emotion I must cause, yet not displeased—and, as the Prophet says, “the glorious face of a man, like the shining of the sun, causes men to glorify their Maker.”—so I consoled myself that the sight of the Grand Llama of Thibet might elevate the Queen of England into an enlightenment which she had never had it in her power to taste before.

[Here occurs an elaborate account of his Majesty’s progress, of the feelings aroused in his mind by the journey through Kent, and by his arrival in London—passages which, being extremely minute and detailed, and being besides fully reported in the pages of the ‘Jupiter’ and other journals, need not be repeated here. His Majesty’s sentiments on the subject of green fields will be quoted further on, as I am anxious to avoid repetition.—J. P.]

Sadr-Azen has been occupied for some time with an investigation into the origin of the tribes whom Penguino Bey described by the name of Lordmares. He informs me that they are closely connected with another sept commonly entitled Nightmares, though which is the original stock he has been unable to discover. They make their dwellings in a peculiar kind of habitation known as Mare’s nest, from whence they appear spasmodically at intervals to terrify the Queen’s enemies or congratulate her friends. These two families are so closely connected, that neither by Sadr-Azen’s researches nor my own observation have I been able to discover which

is which—though, having been in every other particular treated as the Queen of England's friend, nay, brother, and favoured guest—I am convinced that it must be the Lordmares, the milder of the two species, who have been permitted to assail me. During a whole day,—according to a curious custom of this people, which Sadr-Azen has vainly attempted to explain to me, called Payingyryway, or Pai-ing-your-ouay, an equivalent of suffering always exacted from every distinguished visitor to make up for the delights freely lavished upon him during the rest of my visit—I was subjected to the persecutions of this curious sect. They are, as I have already described, generally obese, and much resembling the race of Kadjars in our own beloved country: they wear curious mantles, sometimes red, sometimes black, with gold chains round their necks, and are invariably hot, requiring to be wiped about the forehead, and panting as does a runner after a course. The resemblance between them is so great, that though their different names and titles were carefully proclaimed before me, it appeared to my eyes, and also to those of the Grand Wizieer, and to Abdool-Mirza, and others of my suite, that the same individual was reintroduced time after time, making the same obeisance, and reading the same words, which gradually became recognisable by our ears, and in which "civilisation" held a great place. I will not deny that, conscious as I am of exalted merit, and inferior as was the race which thus presented its homage, I was struck with pleasure to find the real object of my mission so clearly acknowledged. Yes, O England, island of the seas! Thou hast given me of thy best: thou hast seated me amongst thy fairest Houris, thy

most noble Princes; thou hast moved heaven and earth for my honour. And I, in return, will not shrink from accomplishing my high mission. Civilisation shall come to thee, bearing such fruits as thou knowest not—as thou art as yet incapable of appreciating. Thou shalt yet bless the name of the Grand Llama, thy civiliser, thy regenerator. This thought gave me strength to go through the ceremonial entitled Pai-ing-your-ouay. For it shall never be said of Bedr-ed-din, the successor of the Prophet, that while receiving the gifts of a pagan people, he shrank from his duty towards them. Not if there had been a million instead of a score of Lordmares! This generous though strange nation shall not be disappointed in the confidence with which it has received me. I will civilise them all!

This resolution was strong in my mind when I set out, somewhat moved from the royal composure which generally distinguishes me, to visit the Queen of England. Already, with dazzled eyes, and sentiments which I cannot describe, had I found myself introduced into the presence of the daughters of princes, unveiled and ravishing beauties, whom to think of only makes the blood warm in my veins. "O, Lord of life," cried the Wizieer, "in thus beholding those unspeakable Houris of Paradise, does not your Majesty wish for a war with this rich and cunning but not warlike nation?—for who can look upon this garden of beauty without desiring here and there to pluck a flower?" "Be comforted, Hassan Ali," I replied; "when I behold these princesses beautiful as the sun, I think upon the moon-faced Zaidee, the daughter of thy brother, and my longings are stayed, and my soul calmed." Upon which the ex-

cellent Wizier, in his satisfaction, sang to me several verses of the well-known and dulcet song—

“ Mootra be koosh
Neva bego
Taza bu taza
No, bu, no.”

As I listened to this seductive song, with the sweet and thrilling burden,

“ Taza bu taza
No, bu, no,”

in which I could not refuse to join my voice, the moon-faced Zaidee seemed suddenly to appear before me. “O Zaidee,” I cried, “youngest and fairest of the wives of the Llama!—sweet art thou as the sweet song of Hafiz; my heart to thee can never be unfaithful!” Nevertheless, notwithstanding this moment of delicious emotion, and though I preserved unbroken that royal calm which is the inheritance of princes, a pleasing yet overwhelming excitement, a ferment of the imagination which all can fancy but few describe, passed over me as I set out upon the final end of my journey, to see the Queen.

Flags are universal in England: not a great standard here and there, as with us, but strips of gaudy colour, with which every street is ornamented, and which flutter from every door. The love of gay colours is characteristic of all savage people. The sun was shining not too coldly for this climate; and with a warm quilted coat of silk close-buttoned under my usual dress, I felt myself able to face the inclement air. Before I left my palace, Sadr-Azen sent to me a breathless despatch informing me that he had just discovered two very important facts in connection with the Palace of Ouindsor. The first of these was that there exists near the favourite dwelling-place of the Queen of England, a beautiful lake called the

Lake of Virgins, on the banks of which the most beautiful women in the country are carefully kept apart from public gaze. The second was less interesting. It was to the effect that all the younger children of the Queen, a vast number of whom are permitted to exist, but confined within a species of state prison, called Eat-On, would be liberated for the day to see me pass.

Sadr-Azen further informed me that it was customary for every royal visitor to ask for the liberation for one week of these unhappy ones. On reading this to Penguino Bey, that amiable young infidel laughed, but expressed no opinion, further than that his Excellency Sadr-Azen's information was wonderful. “I shall not, however, make this customary request,” said I; “the existence of younger children is a danger for the State. On the contrary, I shall advise that noble Prince, the charming O-uales, to have them at once decapitated. It is wiser, and also kinder in the end.” To this statement of my opinion none of my suite ventured to make any reply.

The Queen of England lives in a great and noble castle, with many palaces of her chief nobility grouped around her. Here music resounds all day long, and the air is full of innumerable melodies, as well from the birds in the lofty trees as from the delicious flutes and fifes of the splendid soldiers who encamp around their beloved mistress, ever equipped and fully armed night and day, and ready for her service. In all this joyful and splendid court there is nothing to be heard of but feasts and dances, with songs to cheer the day, and endless representations and spectacles for the night. In the air there flutter a thousand flags, beautiful maidens in robes of the finest texture wander up and down, and horsemen dart about on

horses so full of fire and spirit that our high-bred Arabs are in comparison to them what a cat is to a tiger. The most learned men in the kingdom, and the sweetest poets, have lodgings allotted to them within the Queen's palace; and those painters of whom I have so often heard, who mimic nature with their pencil, produce their great and exquisite works under her eye. In all this it will be seen] how even a court like that of Thibet may learn from the semi-barbarian majesty of England; for Hafiz and Firdoozi, alas! died unhonoured by my great predecessor, though had those delightful bards lived during my reign they had known what it was to please a monarch! Something, however, to counter-balance this advantage exists in the princely streets of Ouindsor which is not to be found in Thibet.

"Who are these?" I said to Penguino Bey, calling him to my side, and pointing to him a certain portion of the populace, whom, mingled with the rest of the crowd, I had remarked wherever I had passed—"those beings with torn and ragged garments, with careless draperies huddled about them, with defective shoes on their feet, and battered head-coverings. Are they some wandering tribe from the plains, or religious penitents under a vow?"

"Your Majesty," said Penguino Bey, "we have no religious penitents in England; they are the most numerous of all classes in our happy island—they are the Poor."

"And does the Queen of England," said I, "permit such persons to exist in the precincts of her palace?"

To this question Penguino Bey made me the most curious answer which ever was made to a monarch. "Sire," he said, "HER MAJESTY CANNOT HELP IT!"

By the beard of the Prophet! I turned my eyes upon my Grand Wizier, and he gazed upon me. What words were these to be applied to a daughter of kings? I could not refrain from making with my finger the peculiar sign which means, "lead these dogs to instant execution;" nor could the Grand Wizier, the executant of my royal pleasure, refrain from turning to the officer of justice, whose place is at his right hand. "Lord of life," he said, with a tremulous voice, "this country has indeed need of your mission." "It has, Hassan Ali," I replied.

But these serious subjects of conversation were all forgotten when the Majesty of England, with many lovely Houris smiling around her, approached me, on the threshold of her palace, stretched out her hands according to the fashion of the English, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, bade me Welcome! If I were to describe the sentiments which rose tumultuous in my agitated bosom——

[Here I consider it is perhaps wiser and safer to cut short the expansion of his Majesty's feelings. They do him credit, and they do nothing but honour to the illustrious lady who called them forth; but the warmth of expression proper to an Eastern may perhaps mingle more than is, strictly speaking, usual, with the record of facts. With the exception of this outburst of natural enthusiasm, the Grand Llama's account of his visit will be very welcome, containing as it does, many details quite unexpected by the public.—J. P.]

"We have conversed upon the affairs of State," cried the Pearl of England—the Rose of Princes, "and we have settled at this royal conference many difficult matters, which

our respective statesmen would have lingered over for months. Llama, what can the Queen of England do now, to show how much she honours her imperial guest?"

"Madam," I replied, "there is between royal persons an intimate sympathy, which beings of a lower race can never know. Your Majesty divines my wish. Call your noble laureate to sing before me that famous hymn upon your beauty, which has resounded to the end even of my distant dominions."

"Let the great Pasha Tennyson be called," said the Queen of Monarchs; upon which there appeared One whose aspect was as that of the ancient gods, whom the Prophet, honoured be his name, expelled from earth. At the end of his song, I detached from my neck the famous collar of the Sun, in diamonds of Golconda, which came to me from my earliest ancestor, and presented it to the great singer,—while the Mistress of all the Graces held out her snow-white hand for the poet to kiss. "Your Majesty," said I, "has given to Song its most beautiful reward."

"Llama," said the most divine of sovereigns, "ask of me if there is any other delight which we can lay before you."

"Majesty of the World," I replied, "let your chief story-teller, the renowned Eliot Khan, narrate to me one of his thrilling tales."

It is thus that the days are passed, with story and with song, at the court of the Queen of Monarchs—the Empress of Hearts, who reigns over England. In celebration of this meeting, never to be forgotten, and in homage to a sex of which I never till now knew the full perfections, I, Bedr-ed-din, Llama of Thibet, instituted on the 4th of the month of the Latter Rabbia, called by the Franks June, in the year of the Hegira 1290, the new and noble

Order of the Sun. It is created in honour of those upon whose lovely countenances no veil is hung, who are no longer to be called moon-faced, like the beauties of my Harem, but whose shining is like that of the great luminary of the day. The effulgent Majesty of England, and the Princesses who move around her like lesser lights, resplendent when she is not near, are the first members of this new order. But not to thee shall the diamond star be given, my moon-faced Zaidee! thou art of the moon, not of the sun. Sweetly comes thy recollection upon me, peeping from thy voluminous veil, even at the moment when the mystic shades of the Lake of Virgins await my eager feet.

"Conduct his sublime Majesty to the Lake, which he condescends to wish to visit," said the Queen of Monarchs to her slaves. My request had been in the first place received with some surprise, and I perceived for a moment a shadow steal over every brow. But to a visitor like myself nothing could be denied; and with a pleasurable thrill of expectation we were driven away, myself and my suite, to this enchanting spot. I will not deny that visions of a damsel or two, whom it might enter into the mind of the fairest of Queens to offer as a Souvenir, had found a place in my imagination, as also in the thoughts of Abdool-Mirza, and various others of my attendants, who had pictured to themselves the mysterious beauties of the Virgin's Lake. But to know that hope is often vain, and expectations are formed to be deceived, has been long taught to us by the wisdom of our Prophet. "Your Majesty, this is the Virginia Lake," said Penguino Bey, after a brief communication with some of his companions. I raised my eyes with eagerness; Abdool-Mirza shaded his from the light, and gazed under the shadow of his hand; and

the Wizieer, who is old, and ought to have gained wisdom, twisted his neck in his anxiety to get the first glimpse. All was silent; the trees, clothed in that intense green which is almost painful to the eye, dipped into the waters of a still and lonely lake. At one spot certain glimmers of white made me for a moment hope that our expectations might be realised, and that the Virgins were invisible only because in their bath; but alas! these glimmers of white turned out to be only a species of lily which grows upon the surface of the water. "Where are they?" I asked, preserving my royal calm. "Where are — whom, your Majesty?" said Penguino Bey. "The Virgins!" burst simultaneously from my lips and those of my suite. A horrible contortion passed over the face of the Englishman. "There are none here," he answered, displaying an amount of hoarseness and confusion, which betrayed some guilty knowledge. With that power of self-control which distinguishes my royal race, I turned to the Wizieer without altering a line of my countenance: "Let Sadr-Azen have the bastinado," I said, quietly. The wretched slave had deceived me.

"I have already remarked," continues his Majesty, "upon the curious green, almost painful to the eye from its vividness and intensity of colour, which distinguishes the trees of England, and which, together with the brilliant hues of the flags with which it is their custom to dress everything, and the intense red of the soldiers, produces a panorama very dazzling, but sometimes terrible to the unaccustomed eye. It may thus be supposed what was the effect when a small party of soldiers, chosen, I was informed, for their extreme height and strength, and necessarily small in number, as giants generally are, were manœu-

red before me in their red dress, upon grass so violently green that my subjects in Thibet could form little idea of the overpowering force of the colour, and under trees equally glaring in tone, surrounded by a square of eager spectators anxiously following my every movement, and feasting upon me with their eyes, dressed in many brilliant colours, according to the savage taste for bright tints which I have before indicated as characteristic of the people. This is what the natives call a Review; and I am informed that it was considered a very fine sight, the senses of the English being so dull as to require something very strong and harsh in colour, as well as in food, to excite them. This I have ascertained from a famous Dervish of France, called Taine Agha, and it agrees with my own observation. The wildness of the barbarian nature breaks out also in the preference shown for untrained and fiery horses, which prance and bound so wildly about during even the most solemn ceremonials of the review, as to deprive these ceremonials of that dignity which, in the opinion of highly civilised nations, befits every occasion on which monarchs present themselves before the eyes of their subjects. My own well-known and beautiful Arab, the Star of the Desert, had received his usual cordial before coming upon the field, and comported himself with the gravity and gracefulness becoming the charger of a sovereign. Far different, however, was the fate of Abdool-Mirza, who being, as everybody knows, an accomplished rider, rashly mounted one of the wild and untrained animals which English soldiers love to make dance and leap, by the very side of their queen. The brute put its four legs together, being inspired by some spirit hostile to the true servants of the Prophet, and performed a savage leap, which

pitched my faithful servant on the ground at my feet. Though my desire is, so far as the facts will permit, to quote everything to the credit of a people who have shown their admiration of my royal person and reverence for my office, so clearly truth compels me to add, that the uncivilised nature of the race becomes painfully evident when such an accident occurs. A slight ripple of laughter, like a breeze upon the water, ran round the brilliant circle. Even upon the lips of majesty itself I perceived a smile. "Is he hurt?" said the fairest of queens; but though her royal training imparted to her manners a grace not within the reach of her subjects, yet even this Rose of Monarchs smiled. In my heart I dedicated Abdool-Mirza to all the demons of Gehenna, for having thus disgraced our lofty and noble nation; and had he not sprung to his feet, and run along the line, in evidence that his limbs and his courage were both sound, the bastinado or the bow-string had by this time been exercised on my master of the Records. Let the slaves of Bedr-ed-din hear and tremble!

I admire the soldiers of England—they are giants. In the wars of ancient days, when one man fought against another, their valour would have been as the valour of Roostum. But here again, as in so many other particulars, the mixture of a spurious and imperfect civilisation makes itself felt in this great country. "A slight amount of knowledge is an unsafe possession," says the great poet, Firdoozi. The English barbarians do not leave their giants at liberty, each to make his own battle, as would be the impulse of nature, when the individuals are so mighty and the number so limited. But the light of nature which the highly trained intelligence accepts as an invaluable aid, is a light which all uneducated persons strenuously ab-

jure. England, on the contrary, attempts to train her handful of soldiers to the exact discipline which is indispensable in a great army. The band of artillery made their movements as if they had been one man; the regiment called Guards moved like a strain of music. It was beautiful; but of what use? With us who have squadron on squadron to dispose of, it is indispensable to preserve the highest order and discipline; but with the handful of giants whom I saw running up and down, how little avails the exact movements of a numberless army! They are as the giants of story and tradition, as the great Nimrod, and Atlas, who carried the world on his shoulders, or the great Sheikh David. It is characteristic, however, of the semi-civilisation of the English nation, that it has not enlightenment to perceive which of the modes of warfare is most adapted to its own capabilities,—which should be received and which rejected. "A slight amount of knowledge," I repeat after the poet, "is an unsafe possession."

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One of the days of my sojourn in England I condescended to pass in the castle of a great chief, which, to the wonder of all my attendants as well as myself, I found to be as sumptuous, as splendid, and as gay as the palace of the Queen herself. The chief in question was called Duke, a title of which I have not been able to discover the meaning. Sadr-Azen (whom may the Prophet confound!) has made a great many researches, not only in the historical books mentioned above, but in other works of a more compendious character, and has not been able to satisfy his mind on the subject. He informs me it is a word often used as a term of endearment,

and that at the same time it means the female of a domestic fowl. Duke, however, is a great chief, with a hill-tribe entirely devoted to him, besides large possessions in the plains; and has many dependants and servants, and much wealth. On my return from his great castle, I ordered Abdool-Mirza with ten attendants to carry my salutations to the son of the Queen of England, the splendid and amiable Highness, whose learning and modesty are in all men's mouths, and to demand an audience in my name. Without any hesitation or State ceremonial, this admirable Prince immediately came to me. "What can I do for you, Llama?" he said. "Princely O-uales," said I, "permit me to offer you advice. There is a chief in your dominions who is as powerful as you are. Already he imitates the pomp of a sovereign. It is enough; you understand me?" "Hanged if I do," answered the noble O-uales, using a phraseology which is considered courtly and elegant here. "Ah, oh! you have been to see the Duke?" "I have seen him," I answered, solemnly; "in your interest, O amiable O-uales, I have marked him closely. Take off his head. Great chiefs and nobles like these are a danger to the State." "Oh, hang it all!" cried the princely Highness.

"The bow-string is more expeditious and more secret," said I; "but you do not use it in your barbarous country."

The reply which this great Prince made to me was to laugh, a foolish and undignified mode of expressing their sentiments, very common among the English. "Hang it all, Llama," he said again—using an oath very popular among this nation, and which corresponds closely, I am told, with our solemn asseveration, "By the beard of the Prophet,"—"there are about a hundred nobles

in my mother's dominions who are as great as he!"

"Then I am very sorry for the kingdom," said I, with a gravity becoming the occasion; and Abdool-Mirza and Hassan Ali looked at each other with tears in their eyes. For, having eaten the salt of this noble Prince, the terrible dangers which we foresaw were about to assail him, melted even the hearts of my servants, how much more mine, who can understand the feelings of a king?

These are the only political dangers which attracted my attention in England. There is a point at which humanity itself becomes cruel; and to permit the existence of a number of royal male infants in the prison called Eat-On; and of a hundred nobles and chiefs so powerful as Duke throughout the country, is a fatal weakness. It will, I fear, make the throne of my friend insecure. Noble and princely friend! for his sake, as well as for their own attractions, how often have I wished that the princesses of this royal house were unwedded! By the beard of the Prophet, I would have married them all!

On another day, escorted by my usual companions, great princes and lovely princesses, I went forth upon the great river which flows through London. The ships of the English people are wonderful, the number of them is infinite. According to the calculation which I and my suite have made individually and together, there must be at least two and a half vessels built for navigation for every English child born into this kingdom. This result Sadr-Azen has ascertained beyond doubt from the statistical tables; yet, wonderful to relate, all these vessels are full of men. Some are huge, as

the monster ships which produce smoke in the Channel. Some are like a long wand from a tree, carefully pared to a point at both ends, with holes through which four, or sometimes as many as eight, men are stuck, and from which they use long oars, all the lower part of their persons remaining in the water,* a very curious but alarming sight. Between these two sizes are a great many others which crowd the river, so that little of the water is to be seen; wherever there are not any people there are flags, and every line of the cordage as well as every scrap of the decks is so thoroughly crowded, either by human beings or by strips of coloured cloth, that the river becomes like a street, and the vessel is pushed through the water as a man jostles against his neighbours in a street, upon the first day of a feast. *Sadr-Azen* directed me, on one of the days which followed, to order that my *cortège* should be led to the mansion of a great pasha of England, living in a beautiful park not far from the crowded river. "Lord of life," the slave wrote to me, "what will the infidels think of my royal master if he passes the palace of *Johnni Pasha* without paying a visit to that distinguished Prince?" "Lead me to the palace of *Johnni Pasha*!" I exclaimed, accordingly, as my *cortège* turned towards the region of huge trees, distressingly green, which is called *Richmond*. An expression of wonder at my universal knowledge covered the countenances of these barbarians. *Penguino Bey*, bowing to the ground with an imitation of the graceful *salaam* of an oriental courtier,—imperfect but laudable,—gave instructions to the slaves who conducted the carriage. Thus we arrived at a house of small pretensions, from which there came

forth an individual bearing the aspect of a venerable dervish, so small in size, and so shrunken with prayer and fasting, that the eagerness of my curiosity was changed into reverential awe. "You do me an overwhelming honour, O Lord of life and King of kingdoms!" said the holy man. "Smallest of human beings, *salaam*," I replied. "Remember me, O venerable dervish, in thy prayers!" I here remark, for the instruction of my much more highly cultivated subjects, upon the rude piety of this semi-civilised people, which thus accords the rank of Pasha to pious recluses of preternaturally small stature, who devote their prayers to the benefit of the realm.

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There is another palace in this country—a palace of magic and wonder, raised in a single night by the hand of a great magician from the north. This palace is entitled *Crystall*, and is full of marvels. It resounds all day long with music, and is thronged with *Houris*, many of whom offer to the spectator the most beautiful ornaments, fruits, flowers, and sweetmeats of cunning manufacture, which may be purchased for the small pieces of money current in the country, or even for pieces of paper upon which charms are written, and which are to be obtained in a species of bazaar entitled a bank. So charmed was I with the aspect of this wonderful place that I paid to it a second visit attended only by my suite, in which I found much enjoyment. Here I purchased many copies of my own portrait, painted in brilliant colours, which, as I am informed, the English people delight to hang up in all their public places, and even in

* This is the *Llama's* idea of an outrigger racing boat.

their private chambers — a species of homage which gratified me much, and which proves the great advantage which an apostle of civilisation possesses among a race whose mental development is yet incomplete—the frankness and freshness of the primitive mind, and its readiness to take any new imprint, making a powerful counterpoise to the obvious drawbacks of semi-barbarism. Indeed the palace called Crystall, with its tinkling fountains, its rose-gardens, its smiling Houris, its music, and the showers of artificial fire and brilliant glow-worm lights which illuminate its precincts in the evening, transported me in imagination, as by magic, to my own beloved land. So rapt in spirit was I, that when I returned into the royal pavilion with my attendants, to refresh myself with the sparkling sherbet called champagne—a cooling and delicious beverage, which the Prophet himself would have regarded with delight, and which Hughes Khan and Grovo Bey served to me in silver cups on their knees, with a reverential respect which, even in England, I have never seen equalled—my feelings overcame me; and while Abdool-Mirza sang the song of the Bulbul, the favourite melody of Thibet, I, extended on my couch, wept tears of delight. The sight of those sacred tears, so unusual from my eyes, inspired Abdool-Mirza to one of those rare but beautiful effusions which raise him to so high a rank among the poets of Thibet. “Bring golden cups and diamond urns,” he sang, “to receive the tears more precious than diamonds of the Lord of life. But nay! let them sink into the blessed soil—let them produce roses to which the rose of Thibet is as a weed, and lilies worthy to bloom around the Prophet in Paradise.” Transported by this beautiful poem, I embraced Abdool-Mirza, and on

the spot promoted him to the high dignity of Possessor of the Royal Portrait set in Diamonds—the greatest honour which even a Grand Llama can bestow.

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There are many other incidents which I shall record in their proper places, but here I must remark the absence of one incident which no visitor to Thibet could pass a day without beholding. It will illustrate the singular weakness of this barbarian Government at home as well as abroad. During my visit to England I have not once beheld the sovereign's authority vindicated by any capital punishment. “Oh, powerful Bey,” I said to the learned Dervish who rules over England, “I have never seen the sword of justice uplifted in your country—command an execution for to-morrow.” “Anything to please your Majesty,” said this wise and holy man, “but we cannot; there is no one condemned to death.” Great Prophet, have I lived to hear these words twice! “Gladstone Bey,” I said, sternly, “beware how you trifle with kings—condemn some one! Where is the difficulty?” “But, if it please your sublime Majesty,” said this miserable Wizier, “there is no one to condemn!”

Impatiently I looked around me; there were thousands of people in the streets, any one of whom would have been too much honoured had his worthless head afforded a moment's instruction to royal eyes. I pointed to them indignantly with my hand—

“Why not take one of these?” I cried; “there are enough and to spare!” Then, with a majestic contempt peculiar to myself,—“Or, if you are afraid, Gladstone Bey, take any two of my followers.” I turned and gazed at them, and a trembling

ran through my suite, like that of ears of corn under a breeze. Abdool-Mirza and Hassan Ali, who were nearest, turned pale. But before any active steps could be taken to satisfy my desire, Gladstone Bey burst forth into an address, during which, as it was very long, I went to sleep, and nothing further could be done.

But how shall I describe the feelings with which I beheld the time approaching in which I must take my last leave of England! My courage fails me to set down fully, as I have hitherto done, the last visit paid to the Queen of Monarchs—the last salute which I was privileged to impress upon her white hand! Through the streets, waving with flags and resounding with shouts, I passed sadly. The thoughtless people shout—they strike their hands upon one another, and cry, “Great is the Grand Llama; may the King of Kings live for ever!” But their cries and striking of the hands are the same as when I made my first appearance in their streets. What, then, have I been for them but a passing pageant? What have they seen in me but a prince greater than any prince that has heretofore visited their country, a king more glorious than any they have yet beheld? Have they recognised the moral meaning of my mission, the height of civilisation to which I hoped to aid them to ascend? “Greatest of monarchs,” said my faithful Abdool-Mirza, “be comforted: to see you is of itself a moral gain. You, O Lord of life, are Civilisation.” “Besides,” added Hassan Ali, “my sublime master must remember the saying of the poet, that even Thibet itself was not built in a day.”

These true and beautiful remarks consoled my mind, and, with sentiments of calm but elevated melancholy, I clasped in my arms the amiable Prince, whom I love as a brother. “Princely O-uales,” I said, “how I regret to leave your beautiful barbarous country! Receive my best wishes; and, ere I go, tell me if you agree with my faithful servants in believing that my great mission has been partially at least accomplished; convince me from your own lips that my visit has not been in vain—that the seeds of civilisation which I came to sow have begun to take root—”

“Oh, come now, Llama,” said the royal O-uales, “hang it all! civilisation, you know—”

“Royal brother, I take your princely word,” I said; and, thus reassured by England’s Prince, took my leave, amid the tears of all the people. How sweet thus to secure a people’s love! how noble thus to aid a nation in the hard task of its development! Blessed be the Prophet! thus I leave England with a noble enthusiasm and melancholy joy.

First day of the month Gomada, Portsmouth.—The heaven weeps in sympathy with my feelings. Fair England, I go—soon shall thine everlasting veil of smoke drop across the waters of the sea—(O dolorous and terrible sea! May the Prophet grant to England the grace, as she rises in the scale of nations, to be no longer an island!) Soon shalt thou again be lost to view behind that cunning but airy rampart of invisibility. Farewell! Moon-faced Zaidee! fair delight of my home! I bring to you no sister spirits from this island of the sea. Probably the fact will not be so painful to you as to me. Zaidee, I come! England, farewell! I go!

NOTE BY LIEUTENANT PENGUIN, R.N.

About this period of the journal the old Llama becomes inarticulate. He had, I am aware, sustained several disappointments not mentioned in these records. One of them was the failure of certain negotiations he had entered into, through Abdool-Mirza, for the transfer to himself of a noble lady whose charms had overcome his fortitude — negotiations to which the husband of the lady in question turned an obstinately deaf ear. Another cause of his deep depression was the fact, that the Princesses of England were all but one already married, and that the illustrious young lady who remains, showed no inclination to listen to his Majesty's suit. It is curious

how often private motives mingle in the elevated distress even of an Apostle of Civilisation. I have reason to believe that Abdool-Mirza, who takes a more hopeful view of matters in general, had been more successful in the conquering hero way, and therefore felt less melancholy about the results. At all events, I know that the latter gentleman wore an English locket, with an English photograph in it, at his watch-chain; and that I encountered and recognised—though her veil was down—hurrying in the rain to catch the boat, a certain young woman; to whose friends I will communicate all further particulars on application at the Army and Navy Club, any day between three and seven in the afternoon.
