

perors could command." Still, they have left their monuments, and the present and future centuries, which will never produce the equals of them, are bound to be grateful. They have a noble quadrangular garden at Deeg, one of the Prince's halting-places, encircled by an ornamental parapet. In the centre of each of the four faces is an exquisite pavillion, built of a peculiar sandstone, brought from a distance of about fifty miles. The flags, representing the natural strata, are about 16 ft. long, 3 ft. wide, and 1 ft. thick, and, without any use of the chisel, smooth as glass. With such materials at hand, a beautiful pavement shone beneath the feet of the wayfarer. And yet the modern aspect of these cities, brilliant though their monuments are, is saddening. Delhi is a ruin, Agra only the *succursale* of its renowned Taj, Benares a beautiful fragment, and they are preserved as wonders of the world, by the works of the Moguls alone. Thus, old Delhi is still a place of art pilgrimage, on account of the stately Khootub Meener, and its Palace of Deewan Khan, built without cement, the former, however, being the one cynosure of its kind in the peninsula. Strangely enough, there is no other tower in this Indian Empire of ours. Large pillars have been cut out of single stones to commemorate the conquests of Hindu princes, whose names no one was able to discover for several centuries; but they are rather evidences of mechanical skill than of artistic genius; while the Meener, grand in outline, chaste in embellishment, exquisite in finish, suggests not a critical thought. It is not very lofty—only 242 ft. tapering from a circumference of 106 ft. It is circular, and fluted vertically into twenty-seven semicircular and angular divisions. There are four balconies, supported upon large stone brackets, and surrounded by battlements of richly-sculptured stone, the whole having been originally white, though reddened now by the action of the atmosphere upon a ferruginous material. Archaeologists have attributed this structure to the Hindus; yet it abounds in inscriptions from the Koran, and we know that the Mohammedans, except in the exultation of their triumph over St. Sophia, rarely adopted the temples of a hostile religion. Besides, the inscriptions are all in bold relief, which disposes of the question peremptorily. All these edifices, however, are slowly, but surely subsiding into decay, and the pretence of restoration now exhibited is no more than a revival of the fitful fancies which were prevalent a few years ago. In what condition is the slab of Mouzzim, the son and successor of Aurungzebe, the greatest among the crowned descendants of Akbar? It is mutilated and covered with grass. The domes of the tomb of Altmush have fallen in, and heaped the interior with fractured masses of white marble. That of the celebrated Imaum Mushudee, Akbar's religious counsellor and friend, was converted into a dwelling-house by an English civilian, who removed the sacred slab to make room for his billiard-table,—an insult to the people which they avenged by assassination. The traveller can pass nowhere through this land of monumental magnificence without being reminded of that pride and that imagination which have left so many illustrations of themselves in Spain. The Prince will see, of course, the extraordinary tomb of Nizamooddeen, which Bishop Heber compared to a pile of potted meat, so grotesquely varied are the tints of its architecture; but in addition to these grander memorials, there may be seen hundreds of lonely minarets, seemingly fragile, yet wearing the complexion of age, pretty white domes, better adapted, one thinks, to be pavillions of pleasure than the shelters of graves, and a thousand other substantial reminiscences of a power, a glory and a wealth long vanished from the land. It is the mausoleum of Humayun, with all its vastness and sumptuousness, that most truly tells the tale of the Mogul conquest and dominion. Not the mosque known as Jumna Musjid, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Shah Jehan, and the cheapest building of its class ever erected. It cost simply 100,000l. In England, supposing the materials equally cheap, it must have cost half a million. But the Emperor, if he economised with his mosque, made up for it in his palace, "the architectural garden," as it has been termed, though civilisation has whitewashed its pink colours, dilapidated its throne, shattered its lovely jewelled mosaics, for the sake of plunder, and left it a scene of picturesque desolation.

Mr. Rousselet illustrates and describes this remarkable structure, and we are enabled to give one of the smaller views of it. "After taking possession," he says, "of the room which was allotted to us by the rules as the rate of one rupee per day, I left the bungalow, and, accompanied by Schaumburg, proceeded towards the mosque, the sacred Jumna Musjid, one of the monuments which the Muslims of Central Asia and of India most venerate and admire. This edifice, entirely composed of red sandstone, is raised upon an immense terrace, to the summit of which three magnificent pyramidal staircases lead, each termi-

nating in a monumental doorway. We then found ourselves in a fine marble-paved court, surrounded with cloisters of singular lightness and elegance, and ornamented in the centre with a fountain of a winding shape, designed for the ablutions of the faithful. At the end of this court, the broad face of the mosque extends. It is composed of a long row of low narrow arches, on each side of a lofty doorway, in the form of a pointed-arched niche; and three white marble domes, with black mouldings, much too large in proportion to the moderate height of the facades, crown the edifice, which is flanked by two superb minarets, striped longitudinally with white and pink, and elevating a delicate cupola of white marble in the air to a great height. The whole effect is grand and imposing; and, notwithstanding some defects, we may agree with Ferguson that the great mosque of Delhi is the masterpiece of Indo-Mussulman religious architecture; but what no description can do justice to,—and even engraving itself is powerless to assist it,—is the incomparable effect produced by the vivid though severe colours which clothe every part of the building when they are illuminated by the glorious sun of India. The dark red of the galleries, the black and white marble of the facade, the whiteness of the domes crowned by glittering golden pinnacles, and the rose-coloured stripings of the minarets, stand out against the blue background of the sky without any crudeness, but rather with a severe harmony, proving the care with which the architect had combined and matched the varied shades, and skilfully calculated their effects, according to the different parts of the edifice they were connected with."

The interior of the mosque is very simple. Its roof, pillars and pavement, of white marble, are embroidered with delicate arabesques carved in the stone; and on the walls slabs of black marble bear short inscriptions in praise of God, and in memory of Shah Jehan, the founder of the mosque.

At the southern extremity of the Plain of Delhi,—an immense field of ruins,—stands the remarkable triumphal column, or, rather, tower, known as the Kootub. We give a view of the fine gateway in the inclosure. "Alladeen's Gate" (as it is called,) "erected by the Sultan Ala-ood-deen, might have inspired the celebrated author of the Wonderful Lamp; the genie of the Roc could have created nothing more fairy-like. The work of the Moors of Spain in the Alhambra of Granada is not to be compared to this perfect gem of architecture. Here it is the stone itself, a red sandstone relieved by stripes of white marble, which gives the colouring; and the delicate arabesques which cover it on all its sides are carved and inlaid; while at Granada the whole effect is obtained by a combination of bright colours and gildings, simply spread on ordinary brickwork. Moreover, there is no part of the Moorish Alhambra in which we can find the same purity of outline and grandeur of proportions that characterise in so high a degree the Gate of Alladeen." It forms a sort of square pavillion, perforated on each of its four sides by an indented arch, and surmounted by a beautiful cupola; and the inner hall is as richly decorated as the facades. Having passed through this gate, visitors find themselves almost suddenly at the foot of the Kootub, which stands alone and isolated in the centre of a paved court, proudly raising its head at a height of 227 English feet.

The contrast between these gaudy exotics of Indian art, and the massive, solemn, almost sepulchral grandeur of such shrines, for examples, as those of Viayanagar, representing an enormous opulence and power;—terraces a thousand yards in length, of Babylonian solidity; gates surmounted by ponderous pyramids; idols rivalling in magnitude those of antique Egypt; staircases broad as a public street; temples crowded in hundreds, and each sufficiently superb to satisfy a modern town; infinite richness of sculpture; but no colouring whatever, no polychromatic fancies, for those blocks of granite, 20 ft. by 12 ft., grey as they were at the creation and worn as though by whole cycles of slow, unviolated change. The two great epochs of Indian history stand forth here in a contrast and identification the most absolute conceivable unless we give the palm to the Pagodas of Chillambaram, those seven sisters—or Lamps, if we prefer it—of a remote and mysterious art which carry in each of them the meaning of an entire mythology, dark, melancholy, and mysterious, but not exclusively black. They are varied by porphyry statues, and columns of sandal wood, by constantly renewed dedications of flowers, and by blazonries of polished copper, but never by a gem, a dash of vermillion, or so much as a square inch of mosaic. Why they were erected, human knowledge has never yet been able to say; but that they are the trophies of war, like the monuments of the Moguls, no student of the Indian chronicles will believe. Those men, to all appearance, reared their temples as expiations; the Moguls reared theirs as triumphs.

We will end as we began, by recommending to our readers "India and its Native Princes."—*London Builder*.