IN THE TRACK OF THE SUN

READINGS FROM THE DIARY OF
A GLOBE TROTTER

BY

FREDERICK DIODATI THOMPSON

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS BY MR. HARRY FENN AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1893
[All rights reserved.]
CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.
NEW YORK TO TACOMA .............................................. 1

CHAPTER II.
VICTORIA TO YOKOHAMA ........................................ 12

CHAPTER III.
IN JAPAN ............................................................. 36

CHAPTER IV.
FAREWELL TO JAPAN .............................................. 52

CHAPTER V.
VISIT TO CHINA .................................................... 65

CHAPTER VI.
THROUGH THE STRAITS TO CEYLON ......................... 84

CHAPTER VII.
IN HINDOSTAN ...................................................... 105
CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VIII.
Up the Ganges ........................................ 117

CHAPTER IX.
Agra and Delhi .......................................... 134

CHAPTER X.
In Western India and Egypt .......................... 152

CHAPTER XI.
On the Nile ............................................... 171

CHAPTER XII.
Visit to Palestine ...................................... 186

CHAPTER XIII.
Home through Europe ................................ 206

CHAPTER XIV.
Familiar Places Revisited ......................... 217
IT was Wednesday, October 14, 1891—a perfect American autumn day—when I boarded the Pennsylvania limited express for Chicago. The record of a night trip in a Pullman car is not at this date wonderful, but it is none the less very satisfactory. Our sleeping-cars are the perfection of comfort, and the serving of meals in a dining-car is a boon, especially as the meals themselves are excellent, and at moderate cost. I had determined that during my travels I would examine critically the railway systems of the countries through which I passed, and note my impressions. I had several hours in Chicago, and amused myself by taking a hansom cab and looking at the city. One is ready to acknowledge that Chicago is a wonderful place, when he considers that
but sixty years ago it was a miasmatic marsh, with a few log cabins for
trappers, on what was then called by the pungent name of Skunk
Creek. Time has changed all that; and the change, though not so
swift as the raising of Aladdin’s tower, has its own wonders. In one
respect at least it is well that the Columbian Exposition is to be held
there, for such a fact as the growth and present status of Chicago can-
not fail to impress foreigners with a sense of that stupendous impe-
tus which characterizes the New World, and compels the wonder of
those who see its results.

After dinner at the Richelieu Hotel I returned to the railway
station and had my luggage checked to Portland, Oregon, a distance of over twenty-
three hundred miles. When I awoke, at about eight o’clock the next
morning, after another night of comfort, I was crossing the State of
Iowa, through a magnificent farming country that everywhere showed
signs of abundant production and prosperity.
At Council Bluffs, shunting our sleeper to the Union Pacific train, we crossed the Missouri, and from Omaha continued on our way over lands still fertile and well cultivated. Twenty-four hours later we reached Sherman, the highest point on the Union Pacific Railroad, eighty-two hundred and forty-seven feet above the sea. The Rockies in the distance were covered with snow, and the rarefaction of the air was very perceptible. The character of the country had entirely changed. Signs of cultivation had vanished; small shanties dotted the ground at long intervals; herds of cattle, a few horses, and occasionally a coyote, were the only living things to be seen. Soon, however, we reached the thriving city of Laramie, the “Gem City,” as some call it, of the Rocky Mountains; and here I bought the Daily Boomerang, a typical Western newspaper, with all the latest news of the region, Laramie being the distributing centre of a large mining and ranching district.

The land looked more barren as we proceeded; but, though crops
and tillage were lacking, there was excellent coal. At 8 p.m. we arrived at Green River Junction, parted with the San Francisco section of our train, and proceeded over the Oregon Short Line.

On Sunday morning we pulled up at Shoshone. Three Chinamen and a little Chinese woman got aboard, and an Indian and his squaw, the first Indians we met. On my former journeys there were many at the different stations, and numbers of them were constantly found tak-

![Cowboys on the Plains.](image)

ing free rides on the platforms of the cars, as they are permitted to do by law.

Twenty-five miles from the railroad are the Shoshone Falls, which are reached by the universal Western institution the stage-coach, or by the pleasanter mode of private conveyance, which can be had easily. A good team traverses the distance in three and a half hours. The falls are not seen until the traveller is close upon them, although a few lava mounds are the only objects that break the long stretch of desert. As the carriage wheels sharply round one of these, a cañon twelve hundred feet deep opens suddenly, and we see Snake River, which is reached by winding down a steep roadway. From a cozy and comfortable hotel
Indian camp.
a view of the cataract is obtained. The wild and lonely grandeur of the falls and their bed cannot be described. Through eighteen miles of cañon the river rushes in numerous descents. The greatest of these is nine hundred and fifty feet across. Its first leap is eighty-two feet, the next two hundred and ten feet. The region abounds in marvels. Twin Falls, Blue Lake, the Vaulted Dome, Locomotive Cave, Cascade Fall, the Devil's Corral, Bridal Veil, Bridal Train, National Mill-Race Falls, Eagle Rock, and Bell's Island suggest that man has been far less original in supplying names for the wonders lavished upon him than Nature was in bestowing them. The river is crossed by a cable ferry, which is worked by wires under water and overhead.

In our sleeper, for two nights, we had a deputy sheriff from Seattle, with a Russian Jew prisoner in custody. The latter was a villainous-looking fellow, apparently capable of any crime. The sheriff, about thirty years of age, as he told me, was one of the most muscular and powerful men that I have ever seen. During the day the prisoner sat in his seat, with his ankles chained together. At night the sheriff handcuffed himself to the prisoner, and they slept together—an agreeable bedfellow, truly! I cannot help wondering why it is that in the pioneer settlements of the present day ruffianism, vulgarity, and defiance of law are found in close company with advancing civilization. Certainly, whatever the causes were for the superiority of early pioneers, the fact is that the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans of New England, the Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, and the Cavaliers of Virginia and Carolina, were refined,