

Twenty Years
in
ASSAM

EDITED BY
Mrs. P. H. Moore

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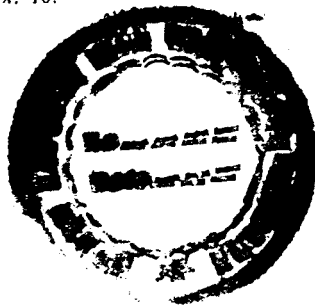
TWENTY YEARS IN ASSAM

OR

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL

EDITED BY
MRS. P. H. MOORE

"He shall speak peace unto the heathen: and His dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth, Zech. ix. 10."



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TWENTY YEARS IN ASSAM,

OR

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

I.

VOYAGE.

October 11, 1879.—On the broad ocean. For some wise purpose I know, I am not made to realize that the “good byes” have been said, and I am now fairly started on my long journey to my home in Assam, India.

The farewell meeting in New York City for the outgoing Missionaries, 15 in number, is to be remembered by us. It was there we first saw those who, like Mr. Moore and myself, were about to leave home and friends, for the far away lands, that they may be useful in winning souls to Christ. Remembering the words of Christ, “Lo I am with you,” we count it a privilege to go. When far away we shall look back with pleasure to the many friends who assembled on the pier in New York to see us off, and the waving of handkerchiefs as we passed out of sight. The arrangements made by “The American Baptist Missionary Union,” even to our entertainment while in New York City, were admirable. The steamer chair and little comforts provided for shipboard are most enjoyable.

October 13.—Yesterday hardly seemed like Sunday, as we sat on deck too much effected by what is termed seasickness, to think of holding services inside. Very few escaped this malady entirely, although some are in a much more deplorable condition than others. In the morning every one is so glad to leave the cabins and get above, where the air is fresh and pure. The wind is in the right direction and we are moving on rapidly.

October 14.—Last night on account of a change of wind the sails were taken down. During the night it was somewhat rough, but grand. In the evening the Phosphorescent lights in the water were beautiful. Went to the bow of the boat to see the vessel plow the mighty deep. So many have recovered now that we met in the Drawing room last evening for devotions. Afterwards spent a long time in singing hymns.

October 15.—Our Steamer, "*Anchoria*" of the "Anchor Line," is very interesting to us. It requires 60 tons of coal per day to run her.

October 16.—Weather continues fine, and we are sailing along at a good rate. We may expect to reach Glasgow next Wednesday. Our longest run is 307 miles.

October 18.—Of our Missionary party of 15, the eldest is Mrs. E. A. Stevens, who is returning to Burma. She has already labored there many years. The only child is Ruth Morgan, 15 months old, who goes with her papa and mama, Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Morgan, to live among the Telugus of India, Rev. W. I. Price too goes to the Telugus. For Burma are Rev. and Mrs. B. J. Mix, Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Nichols, Dr. Ellen Mitchell, and Nurse A. M. Barkley, Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Manley, and Miss A. L. Buell. We enjoy each others society, and shall remember with pleasure our acquaintance on shipboard.

October 19.—Religious services were held in the Dining room. We listened to a good sermon by Mr. Manley.

October 21.—At 5 P.M. the "*Anchoria*" neared Greenock. A Tug brought us to the shore in time for the 7 P.M. train. An hour and a half on the train brought us 19 miles up the Clyde to Glasgow. Then a Cab to the Hotel, and we were soon settled for the night.

October 22.—This morning, Mr. Samuel Stanton, our Missionary Agent from London, called to see us. He informed us that 10 of our party, those for Burma, are to sail on Saturday, October 25th, from Glasgow. The other 5, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr Price, and ourselves, are to go to London, and sail from there on the 1st November for Calcutta, India. This arrangement is very pleasing to us, as it will give us a little time for sight-seeing.

October 23.—This morning we took our way to beautiful old Edinburgh. We settled ourselves comfortably at the Waverly Hotel; but Mr. Smith, a gentleman we became acquainted with on the steamer, called and insisted on taking us to his house, that we might see the inside of a Scotch home, and their ways of living. Therefore the remainder of our stay in Edinburgh was in the delightful home of J. Duncan Smith, Lawyer. With Mrs. Smith as Guide we made a tour of the city. We visited the Castle and Royal Museum. Walter Scott's monument attracts the attention of all visitors, on account of its height and beauty. Saw John Knox's house, built in 1490. At 3 P.M. we took train for York, highly delighted with Edinburgh.

October 25.—York. Reached here 9 P.M. last eve. This morning we visited York Minster Cathedral, which

has the largest stained glass window in the world. At noon we left York for London. Six hours by train brought us to the Great Metropolis. Mr. Stanton met us and took us to a pleasant boarding-house.

October 26.—Sunday. It has been a great joy to-day to hear Charles H. Spurgeon preach. His text was Isaiah xxviii. 17. It was in his usual impressive manner. He made one feel the need of self-examination, to see whether the standing is firm. All the refuges of lies will fail. We had the privilege of an introduction to Spurgeon, who gave us a cordial shake of the hand, and a "God bless you in your work." In the P.M. we went to Westminster Abbey to hear Dean Stanley, and in the evening to hear Dr. Joseph Parker.

October 29.—So many places of interest in and about London. We visited the Doré Art Exhibition, and South Kensington Museum. The British Museum made us feel there is no end to books. The Tower of London has many interesting sights.

October 31.—Took train from London for Windsor, that we might see the Castle, where Queen Victoria spends a part of her time.

November 1.—At 6 P.M., we went on board our steamer "*Duke of Sutherland*."

November 3.—Fine weather and smooth sailing. The servants on this steamer are natives of India, mostly from Calcutta. Some of the servants speak English. I inquired of one about India. He replied "Oh! its very fine place." My first impressions of the natives are pleasant. They do know how to cook Rice and Curry. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and their little Ruth, and Mr. Price are with us. Several English passengers and children. The children have "Ayahs" (Native Nurses), and they speak Hindustani.

November 10.—We sighted Gibraltar on the 8th instant. The Mediterranean is pleasant, just comfortably warm, and we can be on deck all day. The Coast of Africa is in sight.

November 11.—My 22nd birthday, and our first together. The old family Bible at home reads—"Jessie Fremont Traver, born November 11th, 1857, at Sand Lake, Rens. Co., New York." My days were spent at Sand Lake until it was time for me to go away to Boarding School. First a year at the Lansingburgh Seminary, and then to Hamilton Female Seminary. It was while in Hamilton, N.Y. I first met Pitt H. Moore, my good husband. I celebrated my birthday by writing a letter home, to be posted at Port Said.

November 16.—Last night about midnight we reached Port Said. The coaling was done in the night.

November 17.—We are now in the Suez Canal. It is about 90 miles long. The Canal is kept clear of sand by means of dredging machines. We have to go slowly, and sometimes tie up to let a steamer pass us. This evening we passed quite near the place where the children of Israel are supposed to have crossed the Red Sea. Oh! that we may some time visit the land of Palestine.

November 18.—Not uncomfortably warm even in the Red Sea. Good awnings keep out the heat and glare. We are certainly blessed with beautiful weather and calm sea.

November 22.—It did get rather too warm before the head wind came. That made it cooler, but the sea was rough, and we had to go more slowly. Don't think I shall soon forget the Red Sea. It has grown in my estimation to quite a big sea.

November 27.—This is Thanksgiving day in America. Three years ago to-day I first met Pitt, in Hamilton, New York. I have been thinking of home a good deal to-day, and wishing that they might know how comfortable and happy we are. So much to be thankful for.

November 30.—Sunday. Service was held on deck. Pitt preached from Prov. iv. 23.

December 3.—This morning we find ourselves at Colombo. The island of Ceylon is beautiful, so covered with verdure. Many cocoanut trees in sight. Inland are Cinnamon gardens, and Coffee and Tea Plantations.

December 4.—This is Pitt's 26th birthday. He was born of Missionary parents in Akyab, Arracan, Burma, on 4th December, 1853. His father was Rev. Calvin C. Moore, who, after 7 years of earnest Missionary work in Burma, was obliged to return to America on account of failure of health. Pitt was taken home by sailing vessel 'round the Cape,' when so young that he learned to walk on shipboard.

Father Moore, after visiting his relatives in Massachusetts and New York, took his family to Illinois, and soon settled on a farm in Ontario, Knox Co., Illinois. It was there Pitt grew up. He attended first the District School, and afterwards went to the Galesburg Academy. From there he went to the old Chicago University. In 1875 he went to Hamilton, Madison Co., New York, and in June 1876 he graduated from Madison University (now Colgate University). Three years later he graduated from Hamilton Theological Seminary. Soon after graduation Pitt Holland Moore was appointed a Missionary of the "American Baptist Missionary Union," and designated to Nowgong, Assam, India.

My dear father and mother found it difficult to consent to give their daughter Jessie to a Missionary, knowing

that she would soon go to the Foreign field. God's grace was sufficient. We were married by Rev. R. H. Weeks at Sand Lake, N.Y., on the 8th July, 1879. Our Honey-moon was spent in Illinois, becoming acquainted with my new relatives. During our stay in Ontario, Ills., Father Moore arranged for Pitt's ordination, which took place on 23rd July, 1879. While there we met Rev. C. F. Tolman and Rev. R. E. Neighbor, Missionaries from Assam, who gave us some valuable hints about outfit and preparation for our chosen work in Assam. Later we also had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Miles Bronson, who for many years labored in Nowgong, Assam. After three weeks in Illinois we returned to Sand Lake, N.Y. The necessary preparations were soon made, and we were ready to sail.

December 7.—To return to my Journal. Upon leaving Lunch table at 1-30 P.M. to-day and going on deck, we found ourselves within full view of the city of Madras. In a few minutes anchors were lowered and boats were coming out to us from the shore.

December 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Morgan have received a letter from Dr. Jewett, inviting them and us to his house. The surf is more quiet this morning and we decided to go. After landing, a short drive took us to the Mission Compound. Dr. Lyman Jewett has been a Missionary for about 30 years. We were greatly interested in all we saw of their work among the Telugus. It is a pleasure to be in this delightful home. Mrs. Jewett has persuaded us to stay on shore over night. The English part of Madras is pretty. The Native part consists of little huts, and is thickly inhabited. We invested in "Sola Topis" (Pith hats), so it will be safe for us to go in the sun. Rather hot here even in their cool season. We must get our umbrellas

covered with white cloth, to protect us from the sun, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and Mr. Price remained in Madras.

December 9.—We returned to the ship this morning. The discharging of Cargo is not yet finished.

December 11.—We are speeding on our way, and will soon be in Calcutta.

December 15.—Calcutta at last, after 6 weeks on the water. Mr. A. L. Sykes, our Agent here, will help us do some necessary shopping. A good number of letters were awaiting us here, some of them from home, and others from Missionaries in Assam. We feel in a hurry to get to our journey's end, and to begin work in our new home.

Miss Keeler is so glad we have come. She has labored on faithfully and alone in Nowgong, since Mr. Neighbor went home, nearly two years ago.

The little native shops in the Bazaars are curious. One needs to be patient with the natives. They ask a high price, and then come down to about half the original price. Wish I knew Hindustani. We took in the Zoo, Museum, and Botanical Gardens, many fine buildings in Calcutta.

We are glad we reached this sunny clime in winter. What must the heat be in Summer.

December 21.—We left Calcutta at 9 P.M. by train last eve, and this morning find ourselves at Goalundo, where we take steamer.

December 22.—We are on the steamer "*Sadiya*" on the Brahmaputra River, a good little steamer. Only three passengers, besides ourselves.

December 23.—These steamers anchor at night, because the water is shallow, and there is danger of

getting fast on the sand. One morning a dense fog delayed us.

Before going to Nowgong we are invited to go to Tura, to see the Missionaries, and something of the Garo work. Miss Orrell Keeler is now visiting in Tura. After we have made a short visit there, she will proceed with us to Nowgong.

December 24.—We reached Chilmari at 5 P. M. yesterday. Mr. Phillips was there to meet us, and show us the way to Tura. We landed on a sand bank, and stopped for the night in Mr. Phillips' tent. Our first experience in camping out.

The greater part of to-day has been spent in a Bengali boat, crossing the Brahmaputra (son of Brahm) River from Chilmari to Romari, 6 miles up the river. At Romari we found a Government Rest-house in which we were glad to stop. The Jackals there were noisy enough just as evening set in.

December 25.—This morning we started from Romari on our way to Tura. Our retinue consisted of Messrs. Phillips and Moore, each on a little pony. I was carried by coolies in a chair, tied between two long Bamboos. Two men carrying at a time, one in front, and one behind. At the end of the Bamboo was a sort of harness, made of Rattan and a kind of bark, which goes over the head of the coolie, attached to this is a small board which rests against the back of the coolie. The whole weight seems to be upon his head, he seems to use his hands simply to steady the weight. We have wished each other a *Merry Christmas* many times to-day. I must finish describing our procession. Besides the four coolie men to carry me, there was the cook and his assistant, the Pani Walla (water carrier), and two men with the Bullock cart, which carried the tent, cooking

utensils, dishes, eatables, stretchers, bedding, &c. Also a "Soyce" to care for each pony. Travelling in Assam means something. We stopped for the night in another Government Rest-house.

December 26.—Friday morning we proceeded again on our way. In the P.M. we reached Damalgiri Rest-house. Here we find a good little house, built almost entirely of Bamboo. There is no heavy timber in these houses. The walls and floor are made out of Bamboos, split open and woven together. Rattan is used in tying small Bamboos together to make a foundation for the roof. The Thatched roof is made of long, heavy grass. We have enjoyed this journey up the Garo hills, there is so much that is new to us, both in scenery and modes of travel. The Bamboo jungle is pretty. The first year there is simply a long, straight shoot, the second year it branches. Several of these Bamboo shoots grow near together, and their branches mingling forms a very graceful and pretty clump. I am told the Bamboo is classed with grasses, the leaf resembles a grass blade, although somewhat broader. I was surprised to see the "Sensitive plant" growing along the road as a weed. We saw "Orchids" growing on the trunks and branches of many trees. During the rainy season, many of them have beautiful blossoms.

December 27.—After wending our way upwards until nearly noon, Tura was reached. Tura station is about 1,800 feet above sea level. Towering above the station is Tura mountain, which is about 4,000 feet high. Tura scenery is very pretty. Tura is a Government station, and has several English officers. The Mission compound is in a pretty spot. First Mr. Mason's house, and then higher up is Mr. Phillips' house. Besides the two missionary families there is

Miss M. Russell. She has been out one year, and is getting on well in the language study, and is now getting together the material to build a house, in which she hopes to start a school for Garo girls.

There is already a flourishing school for boys here, and several village schools.

December 28.—Sunday. This morning Ramkhe, one of the first Garo Christians, preached. There are already about 800 Christians among the Garos. The Garos do not worship idols. They are Demon worshippers. They think there are innumerable evil spirits, who control the affairs of this life. If they are sick they must sacrifice to appease the wrath of an evil spirit. One of their besetting sins is the use of intoxicating drinks. Among the Garos, women are held in greater respect than among most tribes. We are having a delightful visit with the 5 missionaries in their pleasant homes. Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Phillips are sisters.
