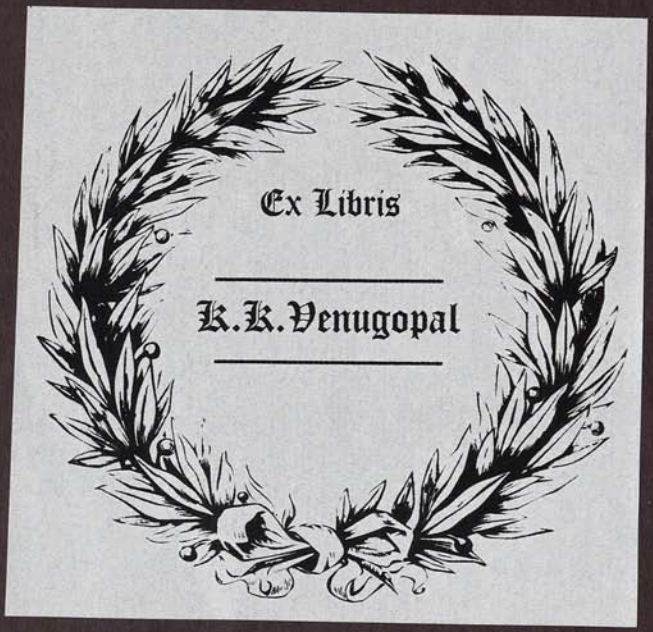
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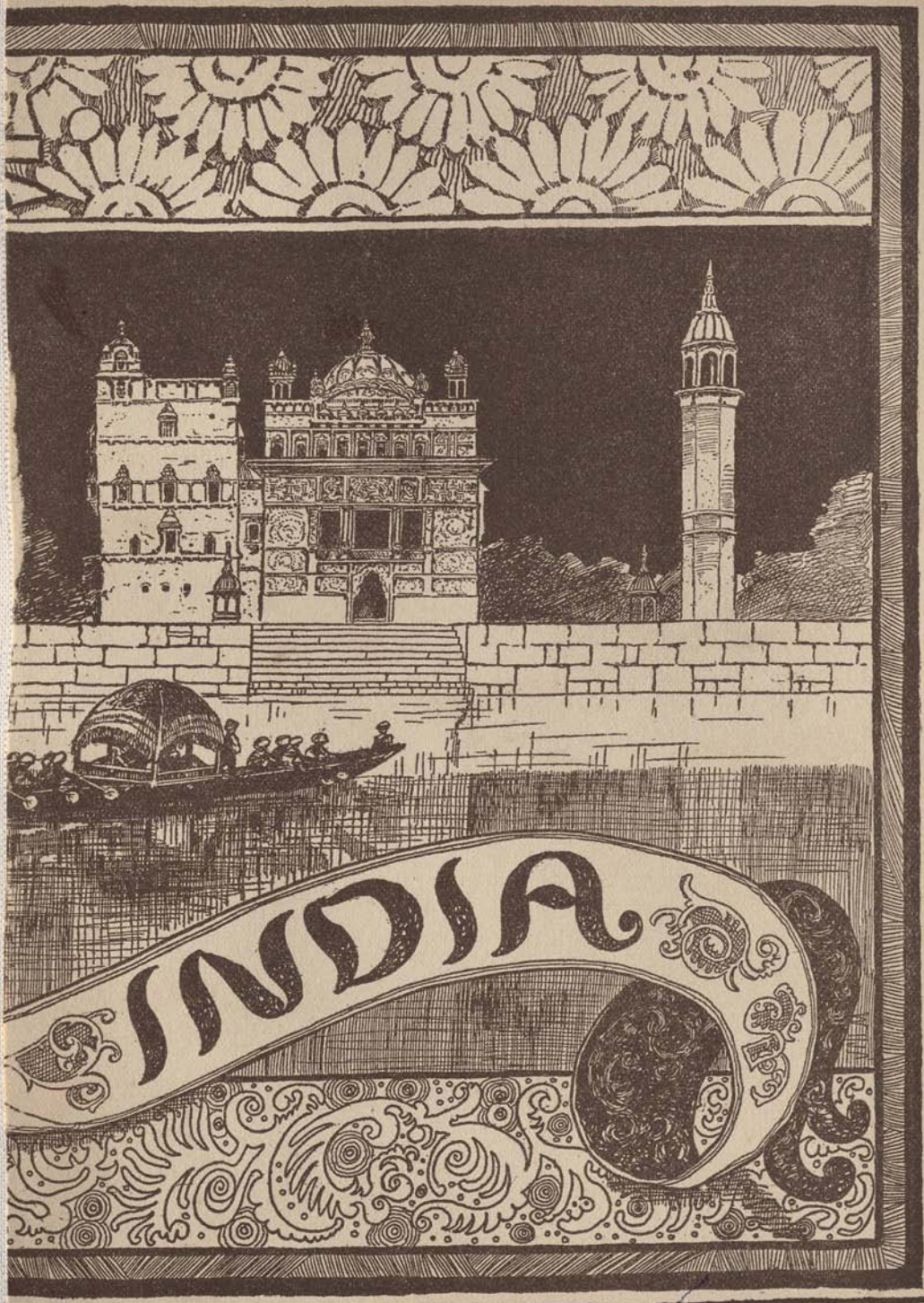
INDIA

THE ZIGZAG SERIES.

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN EUROPE.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN CLASSIC LANDS.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE ORIENT.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE OCCIDENT.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN NORTHERN LANDS.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN ACADIA.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE LEVANT.
A ZIGZAG JOURNEY IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN INDIA.

ESTES AND LAURIAT, Publishers,
BOSTON, MASS.

RAJAH OF GWALIOR.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS

IN INDIA;

OR,

THE ANTIPODES OF THE FAR EAST

A COLLECTION OF THE ZENÄNÄ TALES.

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON:
ESTES AND LAURIAT,

PREFACE.

THE "ZIGZAG JOURNEY IN INDIA" is a volume of the popular household or zenänä stories of India, so arranged as to give a view of the history of India and its present political condition and progress.

It was not the intention of the author to extend this series of books beyond eight volumes. But a quarter of a million copies of the "ZIGZAG" books have been sold, and are still greatly sought in families and schools as helps to the educational training of the young. They have been introduced into a great number of the schools of the country as collateral readings, and in many families have become a holiday annual. The author, therefore, yielding to the influence of the publishers, begins a new series. He is indebted to several friends for help in this work.

H. B.

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ZIGZAG JOURNEY IN INDIA.

ZIGZAG JOURNEY IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

BOMBAY.

A Fairy Tale in Bombay. — How the English obtained India. — Scenes in Bombay.

SHALL never forget my first introduction into a zenänä. It was near Bombay. A dark-eyed Indian woman was swaying to and fro, and crying, —

"Ah, Oh, Ao, Ao,
Ring-a-ting,
Ah, Oh, Ao, Ao,
Ring-a-ting,
The king of the wood is dead."

"I should think that he was," I said. "Aunt Marie, what does this mean?"

"Wait! Seventee was about to tell a story to the children."

The dark Indian woman seemed offended by my interruption.

"Go on, Seventee," said Aunt Marie.

There was a brief silence, during which the dark eyes of Seventee glanced at the children and then furtively at me.

A FAIRY TALE IN BOMBAY.

"'Ah, Oh, Ao, Ao,
Ring-a-ting;'—

that was what the two cunning little jackals said when the lion was dead."

"What lion?" asked the children.

The question was evidently expected by Seventee.

"'Ah, Oh, Ao, Ao.'

[I was told afterwards that Seventee was mimicking the voice of the two cunning little jackals.]

"What lion? The great Rajah lion. He used to ro-ar, — ro-ar so loud that the little animals of the forest would fall down dead. That was the way he hunted. The animals fell down dead after he roared, and he would eat them.

"He roared until he had killed and eaten all the animals in the jungle except two little jackals. These were two cunning little jackals.

"A hard time of it they had. They ran hither and thither, and tried to keep beyond the sound of the lion's voice, that had been death to all other animals. One was a Rajah jackal, and the other a Rance jackal.

"Every day the little Rance jackal would say, 'Rajah, Rajah, I am afraid he will catch us to-day.'

"Then they would hear the lion roar, far away, like thunder.

"'Never fear, little wife,' the Rajah jackal would say; 'my wit will save you.'

"'Let us run,' the Rance would then say, 'quick, quick!'

"'Quick, quick!' said the Rajah, always.

"Then the two would run quick, quick, out of the hearing of the voice of the lion.

"But one day, when they thought the lion had left the jungle, they chanced to run right before the lion's eyes as he was returning home.

"'Oh, husband, husband, what shall we do?'

"'Be quiet, little wife, and trust me; wit will save us.'

"'Let us run quick, quick, before he roars, little wife, — quick, quick, right towards his den!'

"THE ANIMALS FELL DOWN DEAD AFTER HE ROARED."

"So the two cunning little jackals ran quick, quick, towards the lion's den.

"The lion was much astonished, and forgot to roar.

"'Quick, quick, little husband!'

"'Quick, quick, little wife, into the lion's den!'

"So the two little jackals ran quick, quick, into the lion's den.

"The lion came home after them.

"'Now, you little wretches, I have got you and will eat you. Come here, for I am hungry.'

"'Oh, Singh Rajah, listen! We know that you are our master; but there is a Rajah in the jungle that is greater than you.'

"'Greater, greater? There is no monarch of the jungle but me.'

"'Oh, Rajah, Rajah, come with us and see. We will show him to you, for we know where he can be seen.'

"'Show me the Rajah, and I will save you and destroy him. I will be king alone.'

"The little jackals ran out of the den, followed by the lion. They came to a deep pool amid the rocks.

"And the full moon was shining.

"'There he is,' said the Rajah jackal. 'Quick, quick!'

"'There he is,' said the Rance jackal. 'Quick, quick!'

"'Look, look!' said both.

"The lion shook his mane, and looked over the cliff. He thought that he beheld another lion in a den below.

"'Don't roar,' said the Rajah jackal.

"'Don't roar,' said the Rance jackal.

"The lion's eyes blazed. He looked again, and he shook his head. The other lion shook his head. The lion's heart was now on fire, and he leaped into the pool.

"There was a splash and a gurgle; the moonbeams were broken in the water, and circled round and round. Then all was still; the pool became a mirror again.

"The full moon was shining, and the two cunning little jackals sang,—

'Ao, Ao,
Ring-a-ting,
Ring-a-ting,'

just like that, do you hear?

'Ring-a-ting.'"

"That is a very odd story," I said to Aunt Marie.

She merely smiled and said, "Let us go into the street!"

The dark mountains afar were rising through a silvery mist. It was dark; they were lighting up the streets of quaint Joss-houses, flaming red Hindu temples, shops, taverns, and groggeries. Everything was Oriental, new and strange.

I had read of the Presidency of Bombay, — of its animals, White Elephants of some religious sect, tigers, panthers, leopards, hyenas, antelopes, and jackals, of its Hindus, Parsees, Mohammedans, Jews, and Fakirs, of its cotton, rice, and treasures, — and here was I to-night in the old capital, with the watery moon rising over ghostly mountains and broad Indian seas.

The city of Bombay is on an island, a town of the sea. It is at once a city of ships and of faded old commercial houses. It is the city of the Parsees, as the high-caste merchants are called.

Its harbor is grand. Into it and out of it the English flag comes and goes continually. England feasts upon India, and has filled her treasure-houses from her spoils. A hard, proud race were they, — the old English merchants of Bombay.

I had sailed away from the dominions of the English Queen, and I was now in the splendid empire of the Empress of India.

How did this sweep of English will over India come about, the young reader will ask, and thus double Victoria's crown?

HOW THE ENGLISH OBTAINED INDIA.

The history of the English conquest and possession of the vast Asiatic peninsula of Hindostan, with its immense riches, its splendid temples, its gems and jewels and costly fabrics, its lands fruitful beyond reckoning, is a strange and very romantic one.

Has my young reader ever read Macaulay's essays on Lord Clive and Warren Hastings? If not, let him do so, and he will gain some

IMPERIAL COURT AT AGRA.

idea of the process by which the English obtained their dominion over the romantic land of India.

Nearly two centuries ago companies of English merchants sent agents out to Calcutta and Madras to establish trading-posts there, to purchase the products and fabrics of the nation and exchange for them British articles of ornament or use.

This trade soon grew to be so profitable that a great company of merchants was formed, called the East India Company. It received grants securing to it a monopoly of the trade in India, and it acquired valuable tracts of land upon the coast. The Company bought many ships, built warehouses and forts, and at last established an army, both to defend the settlements and to make conquests.

This great East India Company became in time not only one of the greatest commercial, but also one of the leading political and military powers in the world. Acting under the authority and direction of the British Crown, it gradually brought Bengal, Madras, Bombay, and the larger portion of Central and Southern India under its control.

It is only a few years since this company ceased to exist and its powers were wholly transferred to the British Government, although for many years previous it had been gradually deprived of much of its old despotic and exclusive authority.

The English rule in India is almost a pure despotism. The Governor-General — who is appointed by the Prime Minister, and is always some great and rich lord or famous soldier — is only limited in his powers by a Council of five members in India, and by the control of the Government in London. Over the two hundred millions of native Hindus he reigns as absolutely as the Czar over the Russians, or the Sultan over the Turks; and he has a salary and allowances amounting to nearly $200,000 a year. India is divided into various provinces and "presidencies," each ruled by a governor or lieutenant, appointed by the Crown and acting under the Governor-

General. There are no legislative bodies; and each province is ruled, as is the whole empire, by a Council acting in concert with the Governor.

The revenue of India, which is two thirds as large as that of Great Britain itself, being more than $250,000,000, is all expended in India; no part of it is received for the British treasury. The largest amount is obtained from land; the next largest source of income is from opium (the juice of the poppies, from which it is made, being sold to the Government, which manufactures and sells the drug), yielding $45,000,000 a year; next comes salt, which yields $25,000,000.

The Government allows the free exercise of the various religions which find a seat in India, protecting the pagan ceremonies, and only prohibiting those which are clearly cruel and barbarous, — like the practice of burning a widow with the body of her dead husband, and that of throwing babies into the Ganges. There are about one hundred millions who follow the Hindu or Brahmin faith, forty million Mohammedans, and only two hundred thousand Christians.

The Indian army is composed mostly of natives, officered by Englishmen. In India there are over ninety reigning sovereigns of the native race, all of whom, however, reign only in name, being entirely subject to the rule of the Governor-General, and being granted large pensions by England in exchange for the loss of their ancient power. They are permitted to live in splendor and luxury in their palaces so long as they remain submissive to the fate to which the English conquest has doomed them.

The old kings and princes and the native rulers are called Rajahs, or Rajas; and these luxurious Rajahs have been in the past the subjects of many charming stories. In fact, the tales of Rajahs, past and present, would fill many volumes; and it is our purpose in this volume to relate some of these golden stories, of which little in America is known.

FEAST OF THE SERPENTS.

SCENES IN BOMBAY.

There are some scenes in Bombay that have such a marvellous or peculiar interest that one can never forget them.

One of these is that of the serpent-charmers. The exhibitions with the cobras, the most deadly serpents in the world, take place on the public streets or in the squares. The bite of the cobra is almost immediately fatal, yet these exhibitors handle them without harm. In some cases the fangs of the serpents exhibited have been exhausted or destroyed; in others the snakes have become used to the exhibition, and seem to be kindly disposed towards those who handle and feed them.

The mongoose is supposed to be protected against the bite of the cobra, but in reality it seizes the cobra with such celerity that the snake cannot use its fangs. When the cobra does strike the mongoose, the latter becomes fatally poisoned. The serpent-charmers understand the mongoose's method of being too quick for the cobra.

The pipes of the serpent-charmers are supposed to render the disposition of the cobra harmless; so it seems when the cobras are on exhibition.

The serpent-charmers play and sing, and the serpents fall apparently under their influence. One of their songs, or a resemblance to one, will picture the scene.

DANCE, DREADFUL SNAKE! THY KISS IS DEATH.

Come forth, O snake, O glittering snake,
O shining, deadly, fiery snake!
Dance to the music that we make:
    Our sweet song hear,
    Our sweet song hear,
Blown on the gourd so full and clear.

O friendly snake, come forth to-day!
Enchanting airs our pipes shall play;
Taste the warm new milk while we play:
Come be our guest,
With fangs at rest.

Thou comest; come, and do not fear!
Thy folds are glittering; come thou near!
Dance lightly, snake, and do not fear
Thy dark hood swing,
While thus we sing.

To the visitor from the East another scene is equally strange. It concerns the Towers of Silence. Thither the Parsees bear their dead for the vultures to devour.

Here the birds — dreadful creatures, sitting about the towers — are always waiting for dead human flesh.

A Parsee dies. His body is conveyed to one of these bird towers and left there. The birds flock into the tower, and in a few minutes rise again. They have eaten the body; nothing is left but the bones.

Who are the Parsees? You have read Tom Moore's "Fire-Worshippers." They are the descendants of the ancient Persians, who worshipped the heavenly bodies, and who believed that fire, air, earth, and water were to be held sacred.

They were banished from their own country; and many of them settled in Bombay, or near Bombay. They are among the richest merchants of India.

They are followers of Zoroaster, who predicted that a star should appear in the heavens which would herald the advent of true religion. His prophecy was like that of Balaam in the Book of Numbers. Hence the Fire-Worshippers have been believed to be the Magi who came with offerings to the infant Christ; and many beautiful legends are thus associated with the ancient race who worshipped the stars, and never allowed the fire on their altars to die, but were ever scanning the heavens for the star of stars to appear.

SERPENT–CHARMERS.


GENERAL
MAP OF INDIA.
65°
70°
75°
80°
85°
90°
35
30
25
20
15
10
5
CABUL
Chuznee
Peshawur
Lahore
Loudiana
Mooltan
Lassa
DELHI
Agra
Oude
Nepaul
Bootan
Assam
Marwar
Jesulmere
Ajmeer
Malwa
Bundelcund
Allahabad
Benares
Patna
Calcutta
Dacca
G. de Katch
Ahmedabad
Baroda
Surat
Cambay
Nagpour
Cuttack
Jagernat
Ganjam
Bombay
Poonah
Aurungabad
Hyderabad
Beder
Beejapour
Visiapour
Goa
Masulipatam
Madras or Fort St. George
Pondichery
Tranquebar
Negapatam
Tanjore
Trichinopoly
Madura
Calicut
Cochin
Cananore
Mangalore
Onore
Candapore
Bijanagur
Armegum
Pulicat
Coylang
Cuddapah
Carnatic
Mysore
Travancore
Quilon
Anjengo
Trivandrum
C. Comorin
Manaar
Calpentyn
Jaffna
Trincomalee
Battecalon
Colombo
Candy
Point de Galle
Ceylon
Maldives
Laccadives
GOLFE DU BENGALE
OCEAN INDIEN
Gravé par Erhard

CHAPTER II.

A STORY-COLLECTING JOURNEY IN INDIA.

THE STORY OF BUDDHA. — THE STORY OF BUDDHA'S THREE AND FOUR DISCOVERIES.

THE folk-lore of the romantic "land of Ind" is perhaps the most curious and wonderful in the world. Many of the Indian stories, while they are as vivid and full of fancy as those of Arabia, have also the German characteristic of being allegories of life. To make a collection of these stories was, in the year 1884 and especially during the winter of that and the following year, an occupation to which I gave my leisure hours. I had excellent opportunities for my work, as you shall be shown.

I had been sent on business to Bombay, that city of the Parsees and Fakirs, of the descendants of the Fire-Worshippers and the Mussulman despot. Here I was to remain a few months, and then proceed, by a zigzag way, through Central India and the old golden kingdoms of the Rajahs, — Bombay, Banda, Odeypoor, Jeypoor, Agra, Delhi, Lucknow, Benares, — and by the Ganges to Calcutta.

I had friends both at Bombay and Calcutta. Among them was an old aunt, Mrs. Marie York, already alluded to, whose husband had died in the mission field, and who herself had taken a great interest in zenänä work.

What is zenänä work?

As I am much indebted to my aunt's zenänä woman, Seventee, for some of the tales that I am about to tell, and as my aunt collected others of these stories in the zenänäs, I must clearly explain the meaning of this very musical word.

A zenänä is that part of the house which the women occupy in India. The Hindus have very beautiful houses. The men occupy the front part of the house, and the women the back part, or the zenänä.

Formerly the women were prisoners in the zenänäs. They were not allowed to go out of the doors or even look out of the windows, except in the performance of religious duties. When they did go out to visit the idol temples, they were veiled.

In many places the missionaries have changed the condition of these zenänä women; and the women of India will ultimately greatly owe to the English and American missionary societies their emancipation from a condition of slavery.

There are about twenty missionary societies engaged in zenänä work, and nearly one hundred thousand girls and women are receiving instruction from them.

An old zenänä woman, one day, seeing the result of the English teaching, looked backward and began to weep.

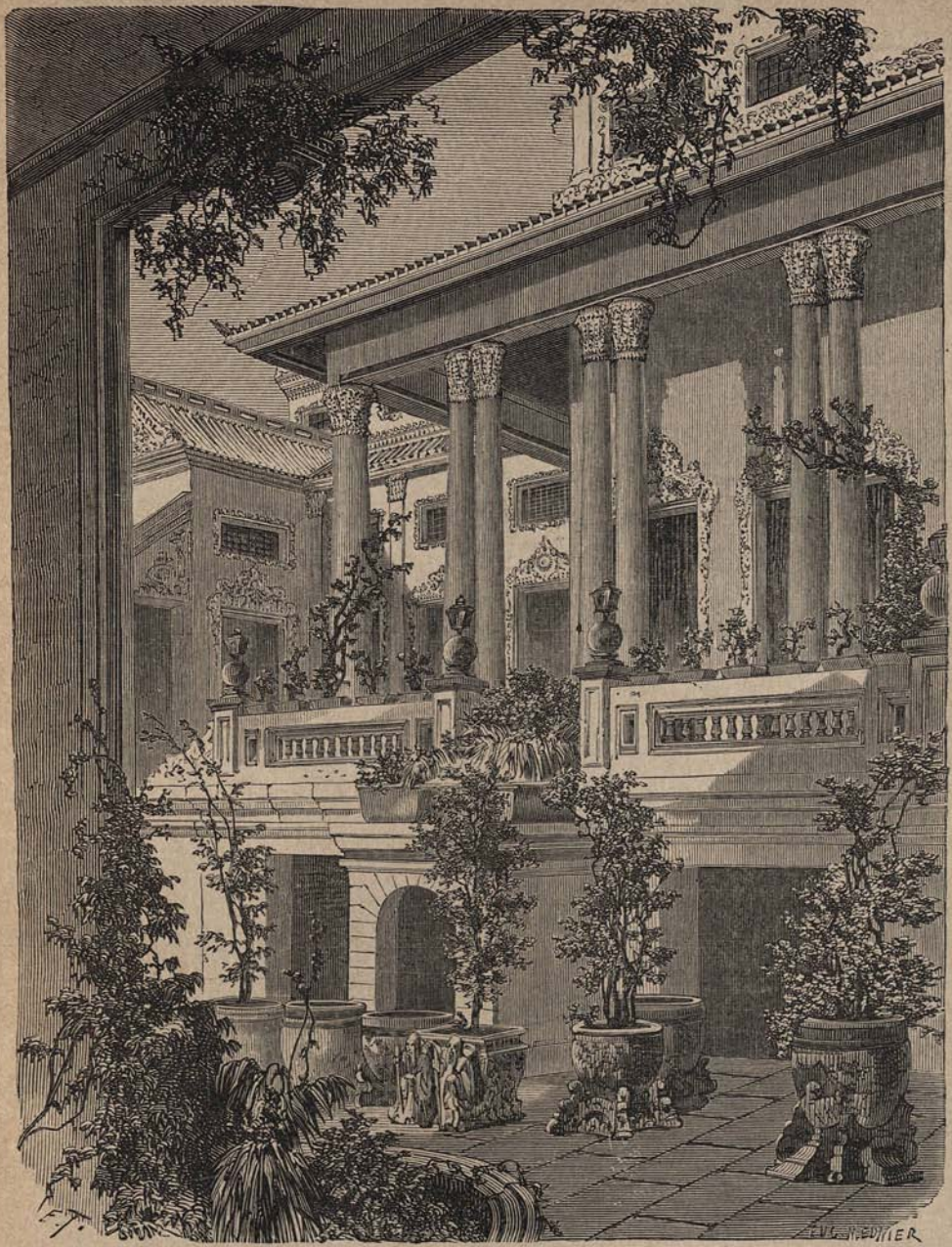
"Why are you crying?" asked the ladies.

"The past, the past!" she answered.

"What of the past?" asked the teacher.

"Think of what they suffered, ages on ages. Teacher, O teacher, why did not you come before?"

The children live with the women in the zenänäs. Hence the old stories of India — some of them, it may be, thousands of years old — are told in the zenänä, and these stories enter into a part of Indian life that is little known. The English teachers are collecting them gradually, and in time many of them will doubtless find their true place in the literature of the world.



THE ZENÄNÄ.

THE STORY OF GAUTAMA BUDDHA.

India, or the Indian Empire, has nearly five times as many inhabitants as the United States, and her remarkable history is lost amid mediæval fables. In these fabulous ages time is reckoned by hundreds of thousands of years.

The great religion was formerly Buddhism; this religion has more followers than any other in the world.

Who was Buddha? A god? No; a man.

He claimed especial light from heaven; a higher wisdom and knowledge than is given to the common soul. He was a born prince, and his name was Gautama. His father was king of a native tribe, and his own province was near the present Holy City of Benares and near the Himalaya Mountains.

This wonderful man was born about six hundred years before the Christian era.

The King, his father, finding him given to contemplation, built for him three palaces, amid scenes of beauty rarely equalled in the world. Here were gardens of fountains and shadows, where the earth poured forth flowers and perfumes, and birds of delightful voice and gorgeous plumage cooled themselves amid the palms. Maidens skilled in music and dancing waited upon him. He married a lovely princess; but amid all these scenes and worldly pleasures his soul seemed lonely, and he desired a higher knowledge and deeper joys.

One day he forsook his palace and became a wanderer in the jungle.

Why?

To discover the cause of human misery and suffering, and the way for mankind to escape from evil. He resolved to give his life to the study of the good of mankind.

A Buddha represents a certain blissful condition of the mind or soul. The astrologers had prophesied that this Prince would one day resign his kingdom and become a Buddha, — that is, a man who would abandon the outward senses for those of the soul. The King was greatly troubled by these predictions.

"The boy shall never see misery," said the King.

Hence he built for him the palaces.

"I will imprison him amid flowers," said the King.

To his son's attendants he said: "Never speak to him of sorrow or suffering, sickness or death; he must never know of these."

"Bid the builders build the palace walls high," he said, "and shut out from his eyes the world and its evils. He has a heart full of pity and love."

But something haunted the Prince, — an unknown voice calling him, calling him to a higher life of which he did not know. His nature longed for something that he could not comprehend; it would not let him rest.

One night his destiny seemed to overcome him. He rose, took a last look at his beautiful wife and little son as they lay sleeping, summoned his favorite attendant named Chauna, mounted a horse, and rode out of the palace gates. He cut off his hair and sent it to his father, then sought a hermitage in the jungle, and became a pupil of the ancient Brahmins.

"Tell me," he asked, "the cause of human sorrow."

The Brahmins could not answer him; so with five companions he journeyed into a deep forest, and gave himself up to meditation.

He ate scarcely a grain of rice a day; his body grew thin, his face pale, his step slow, until one day he sank down on the ground unconscious, and his companions thought him to be dead.

He revived, however, and was made to see that the supreme wisdom that he sought could not be obtained by fasting.

He went one evening to a certain tree, faced the east, and there remained until morning, his soul filled with the most intense longings for perfect wisdom and peace.

As the east began to redden with the dawn, his soul seemed to unfold like a blossoming flower. There came to him a great inward light; he seemed to have a knowledge of the past and the future, and to see the stream of his own existence in the past; he saw the lives that he had lived before the present life, and so he became a Buddha.

But you will ask, Did he make the great discovery that he sought, — the causes of human misery and the way of escape from them?

He thought he had thus come to a knowledge of the truth. The secret of man's unhappiness he found to be an evil nature, and the secret of happiness to be the overcoming of evil and the conquest of one's self, — one's natural defects, appetites, and desires. He furthermore thought that he had discovered that the cause of evil was ignorance, and that wisdom is the highest good of man.

This philosophy is like that of Solomon and the old Greek philosophers, but does not rise to the teachings of the great Teacher, who reached that divine experience in the soul, — that is, a new creation, a regeneration, a change of the evil desires into holy aspirations through that new spiritual affection that

OLD TEMPLE OF BUDDHA.

becomes an overcoming power. But the enlightenment of Buddha was wonderful, even if it failed to reach the supreme secret that the Gospel revealed.

Buddha taught the existence of paradises of light and glory, and hills of darkness and despair; but the common punishment of evil consisted in being reborn as animals, the rebirth being determined by the ruling desire of the soul. A soul governed by very low desires would, he claimed, be reborn among the lowest order of animals, and souls impelled by fierce desires among the most cruel animals. Salvation was, according to his doctrine, a release from these debasing rebirths.

Good souls, he claimed, were rewarded by being reborn in a high order of being.

The highest heaven is Nirvana, where all changes and desires cease, — where the soul remains forever in a state of perfect bliss and rest, and is reborn no more. It is unsatisfied desire that causes us to be reborn; and with desire, and desire only for the highest holiness, the soul ceases to be reborn forever.

According to Buddhism the habitable worlds are numberless, and a soul may be reborn in other worlds than this.

As all animals are merely reborn souls, the whole animal kingdom is held to be merely a spiritual expression, and sacred; and no animal must be harmed. A bug may be the soul of some erratic grandfather or some grandmother. The Buddhists frequently think that they can discover the souls of their erring ancestors in the animals that possess like traits as did they.

The teaching of Buddha, pure and simple, is that our acts live in their effects; that justice will be meted out to all, and that the first principle of life is to cease from sin.

A study of Buddhism, therefore, cannot fail to impress upon the Christian mind the possibilities of the soul, however fanciful may be the illustrations of them.

The Bo-tree is a place near the present Holy City of Benares, where Buddha experienced his great illumination in which these doctrines were revealed to him.

His five companions were his first converts; afterwards his father, and then his wife and son. Then followed a multitude of converts, and so the religion rose and spread.

It degenerated from its first simple teachings. Buddha was made a god, and then was worshipped through idols. Idolatry led to the most cruel superstitions and persecutions, and the whole system became debased and itself a source of evil. Arts, charms, incantations, and devil-dancing, human sacrifices

and mutilation, and almost every form of wickedness came, in the end, to follow the original pure seekings of the soul.

A correct view of Buddhism (we have followed Olcott) is essential to any intelligent understanding of Hindu history and poetry and nearly all Indian stories. The life and literature of India are founded upon these ideas; the views and doctrines of Buddha fill the Indian world.

The adherents of Buddhism are estimated to be 400,000,000, more than one third of the inhabitants of the world. The system has lost its old power in Hindostan, the place of its origin, but it still fills most of the Oriental peninsulas of the Indian seas.

Buddhism conceives of resplendent heavens, in which the soul dwells for immense periods of time, the shortest duration of which is 10,000,000,000 years; but the end of all the soul's experiences is to become finally lost in eternal bliss and peace, where individuality ceases.

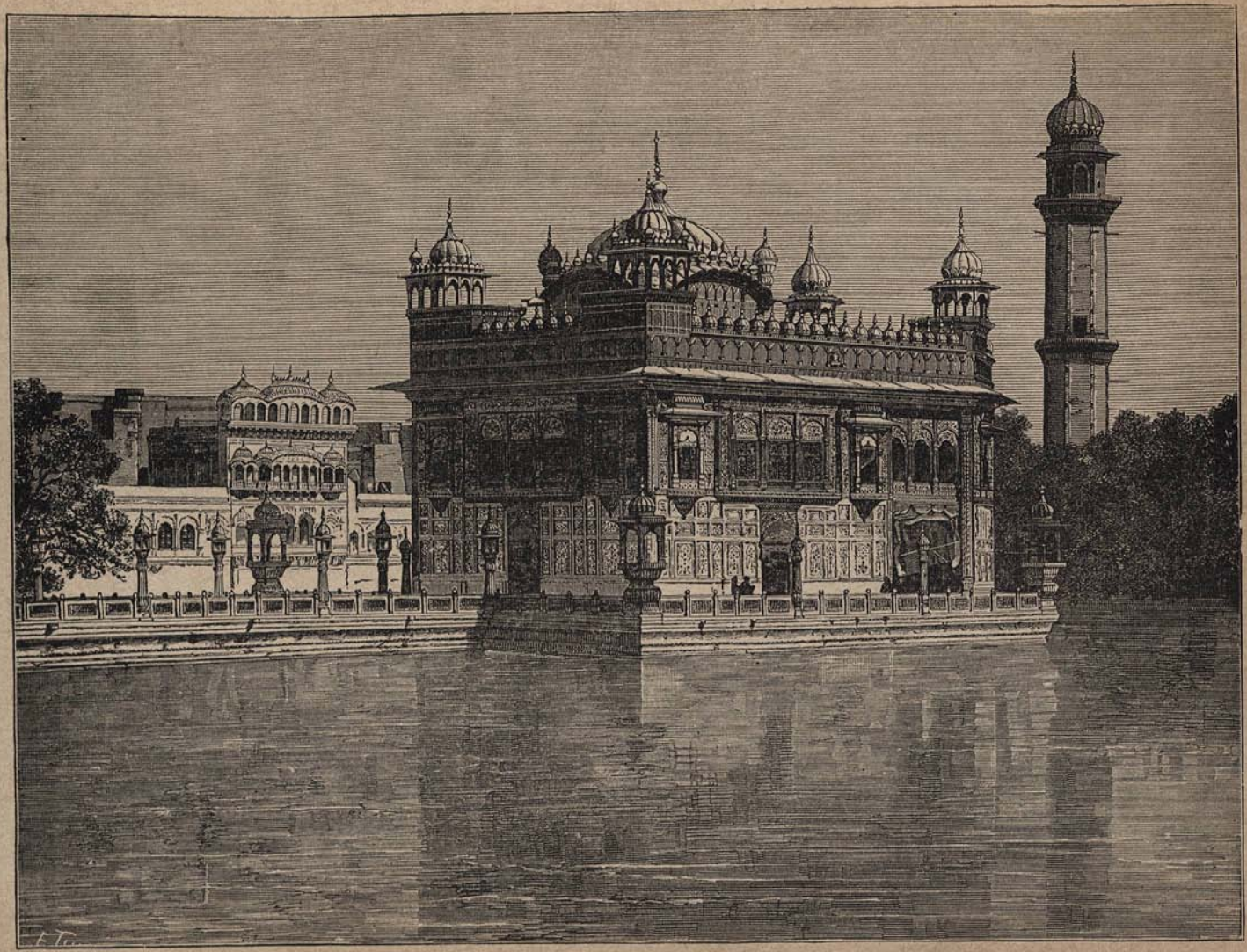
Brahminism is older than Buddhism. The neuter Brahma signifies the Universal Spirit, the Cause of all things; and the masculine Brahma is the God of creation, and was himself born of the Universal Spirit or the Great First Cause. Thus the Brahmins have a personal God, while the supreme worship of the Buddhist is that of a condition or state.

The temples of the Buddhists and Brahmins, of which we give illustrations, are among the finest structures and ruins in the world. They express the poetic conception of thousands of years; among the world's poems in stone none have been richer, and none more wonderful in the expression of the ideal of worship. India is filled with them; they everywhere whiten the horizon, and burn in the distance.

But the building of such temples has now ceased, and doubtless forever. The light of Asia is vanishing, and the Light of the World is rising upon the ruins of a system that in its origin more nearly approached the truth than most of the systems that have dawned upon the human mind in its own blind gropings for wisdom. The poetic faith of a poetic land, it will pass into a poem at last, and receive that exact justice which it so explicitly taught.

Buddhism sought to reform Brahminism. It spread over India; but the old faith revived, and Buddhism found itself in exile from its own shrines. It is the religion of China and of the most of Asia, and it still exists as of old in Ceylon.

Such is the popular story of Buddha, or *the* Buddha, and of the rise of his religion.



A TEMPLE.

THE STORY OF BUDDHA'S THREE AND FOUR DISCOVERIES.

The young Prince lived among gardens of roses, with beautiful and youthful companions, and, as it is related in the popular version of his history, no one had ever spoken to him of old age, disease, and death. He was led to believe that all people were happy and lived forever. The King had given orders that his attendants should never allow him to go beyond the domains of his palace, and within all was pleasure.

He gazed on the far horizons, and wished to know what was beyond them. One day he was riding in his chariot, in great pomp, on the confines of his estates. A strange-looking object appeared in the road, withered and old.

"What is that?" he asked.

His attendants were frightened and dumb.

"Stop!" he said to the charioteer. "Who is that?"

"An old man."

"Old? Do people at last grow old, and walk with a stick like that?" and the attendants were silent. "Shall I grow old?" he asked.

The truth of all human life began to dawn upon him, and he became very sad. The roses and lilies did not look as beautiful to him as before; the fountains lost their brightness; the harps played sadly.

"Old, old!" he thought; "how sad it is that any one should grow old in this beautiful world! Is there no place where people do not grow old? Is there no way to prevent people from growing old?"

He lost his interest in the gay scenes of the palace. It seemed not right for him to enjoy all these luxuries in a world where people grow infirm and old, and have at last to walk with the aid of a stick.

Four months later his chariot again swept along the confines of that world where he had seen a man who had grown old.

There lay by the wayside a man whose face was full of misery. He was young, and yet withered. Beauty had gone out of his face.

"What is that?" asked the Prince.

"A sick man," was the answer.

"Why does he moan?"

"He is in pain."

"Pain, pain?" thought the Prince. "Do the young suffer pain? Am I in danger of feeling pain?"

He returned to his palace. The roses and the lilies looked withered; the fountains ceased to please him; the harp-notes all breathed of pain.

"Is there no place where they do not suffer pain?" he asked. "Is there no way to prevent pain?"

Four months passed. Again he rode towards the borders of the world where were secrets that it had been forbidden him to know.

He met a funeral procession. On the bier lay one dead.

"What is that?" he asked.

"A funeral procession."

"What has befallen the man on the bier?"

"He is dead."

"Dead! What is it to be dead?"

"To separate from life."

"Shall I ever die?"

There was silence.

"Yes, I must die, — die!"

He returned to the palace; he saw not the roses or lilies, and heard not the fountains. The pleasures of the world were lost to his heart. What were they all to a man who must *die?*

"Is there no place where people do not die?" he asked. "Is there no way to prevent death?"

Then it came to him that it was his mission to seek wisdom in order to release the world from this misfortune.

Four months passed. He met a hermit. The man was poor, but very happy.

"Why have you no sorrows?" asked the Prince.

"Because I have no diseases; disappointment comes from disease."

"But you must grow old."

"If Heaven wills, I am willing."

"You must die."

"I have no wish to live," said the hermit. "This life keeps me from a better one, but I have no wish to die. I have nothing to disturb me, for I am poor. I have given up my will to the will of Heaven. I have given up myself, and am at peace."

"I will become a hermit," thought the Prince. "There must be in all life a better life than this."

Then the roses blossomed again with hope, and the fountains sang of life, and the harps played sweet.

HINDU AMUSEMENTS.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

THE EMPRESS. — MUTINY OF THE SEPOYS. — THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

HAVING given you a glance at the Rajahs, the zenänäs, and at the religion of Buddha, it may be well, before proceeding further, to tell you the story, more wonderful than any fairy tale, of the English Empress, whose largest empire is the ancient land of Golconda and possibly Ophir, and of the Rajahs for unnumbered years.

The mere existence of the British Empire is one of the most amazing facts in the annals of the human race. Greece and Rome in their grandest days never paralleled the achievements of the British in conquering, colonizing, and governing distant tribes and hostile nations and far-separated countries. Every seventh man, woman, and child in the world "owes allegiance," as it is called, to the Queen of England; and nearly a sixth of the habitable globe is held as the empire of the fast-anchored little island away off on the western coast of Europe. When our politicians speak of the "decay of England," and call it a second-class power, they are either trying to pander to the prejudices of their audiences, or they do not know how ignorant they are of the actual condition of the world to-day.

British India contains one hundred and fifty millions of native inhabitants. This immense country — the early home of the human race; a land of majestic memories, of old religions, of immemorial

customs; a region of strange peoples and strange creeds — was rapidly conquered by English merchants, for the most part, at the close of the last century. When England lost her thirteen colonies and four millions of Yankee subjects, she leaped, like the old Lioness that she is, to the other side of the globe, and put this vast region with its countless races under her dominion.

The Viceroy, who is called the Governor-General of the Presidency of Bengal, has almost absolute powers. Indeed, there is hardly another ruler on the earth, outside of heathen China and despotic Russia, who has power so regal as the Governor-General of India. England appoints only the best men to this great post. The office is held to be the greatest that can be conferred upon a British subject.

At the close of the thirty-ninth year of her reign as Queen of Great Britain, Queen Victoria was made, by an order of Parliament, Empress of India. Virtually that illustrious lady has been the sovereign of India ever since 1858, when the government of that country was transferred from the English East India Company to the Crown. Perhaps, strictly speaking, the British sovereigns of the last one hundred and nineteen years have been as much rulers of large parts of India as they have been of Great Britain and Ireland. Queen Victoria, however, is the first of these five to take the title which expresses the fact.

"British India" may be said to date from the day (June 23, 1757) on which Clive, by winning the battle of Plassey, conquered Bengal. During the nine years preceding that battle the English had done something in the way of Indian conquests; but by the victory of Plassey they obtained such a foothold in the country that in less than a century they became masters of the whole of India.

It was not, however, until they had destroyed their Bengal Sepoy army, in 1857–1858, that the power of Great Britain in India was made secure. The Sepoys (a Sepoy is a native soldier in the English army) rebelled in 1857, only a few weeks before the hundredth anniversary

RECEPTION OF A NATIVE PRINCE.

of the battle of Plassey. Some fifteen months after the rebellion began, the rule of India was transferred, as already mentioned, to the Crown. The change has been completed through the assumption, by the Queen, of the Great Mogul's title, — or, rather, of that title so far as it can be assumed by a woman; for neither the Mohammedan rulers nor their subjects ever considered it possible that a woman would be the ruler of India.

The Mogul Dynasty dated from 1521, when it was established by the Emperor Baber, who was descended from Timur, commonly called Tamerlane, of whom we must tell you more by and by.

Its greatest member was Akbar, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign the East India Company was created. Down to the death of Aurung-Zebe, in 1707, the Mogul Empire was great, or at least managed to keep up the show of greatness; but in another century it had become a mere skeleton, and the Emperor a mere dependant of the English.

The last of the Mogul princes who was treated as a royal person was that King of Delhi who was made Emperor by the Sepoy rebels in 1857. The English degraded him, and sent him to die in an insular prison.

The successor of these barbaric kings is a Christian woman, the head of a family that was not even of royal rank until 1714, — more than two centuries after the founding of the Mogul Dynasty, — when her predecessor, the Elector of Hanover, became George I., King of Great Britain and Ireland. Of all the events that have illustrated the mutations of royal houses, this is one of the most wonderful.

THE EMPRESS.

The Empress of India was born in Kensington Palace in the pleasant month of May, 1819, and ascended the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, June 20, 1837, and thus has reigned for fifty years. She was crowned in Westminster

Abbey on the following June. Her reign has thus been the longest and, as we have shown, the most illustrious of modern times.

A modern statesman at death said, "Character is everything." The Queen has always been a religious woman, and religion has meant to her obedience in all things to that higher Ruler on whom all things depend.

She has always sought to be guided by wise Christian counsellors, and she began her reign by seeking the hand of a Christian prince.

A German Duchess, distinguished for her good sense and goodness of heart, was celebrating her birthday in the palace of a small German capital.

The court congratulations were over, and the lady had retired from the scene of festivity to the seclusion of her boudoir. Presently she heard light footsteps coming up the stairs.

"Ah," she said, "there are my two little grandsons coming to congratulate me."

Two rosy lads of ten and twelve years of age came in, one named Albert and the other Ernest. They affectionately greeted the Duchess, who gave each of them the customary present of ten louis d'or, and related to them the following suggestive anecdote: —

"There once lived an Emperor in Rome that was wont to say that no one should go away sorrowful from an interview with a prince. He was always doing good and caring for his people; and when, one evening at supper, he remembered that he had not done a deed of kindness to any one during the day, he exclaimed, with regret and sorrow, 'My friends, I have lost a day.' My children, take this Emperor for your model, and live in a princely way, like him."

The boys went downstairs delighted. At the palace gate they met a woman, wrinkled and old, and bowed down with trouble.

"Ah, my good young gentlemen," she said, "bestow a trifle in charity on an aged creature. My cottage is going to be sold for debt, and I shall not have where to lay my head. My goat — the only means of support that I have — has been seized. Pity an old woman, and be charitable."

Ernest assured her that he had no change, and so passed on. But Albert hesitated. He thought a moment of her pitiable situation, was touched by her pleading looks, and tears came to his eyes. The story of the Roman Emperor came to his mind. He took from his purse the whole of the ten louis d'or, and gave them to the woman.

Turning away with a heart light and satisfied, he left the old woman weeping for joy.

The boy was Prince Albert of England, justly entitled Albert the Good.

VICTORIA.

It was this Prince whom the Queen sought as the companion for her throne.

The marriage of Victoria and Albert was a love-match, — a not very common thing in the union of princes and princesses. They were first-cousins, Albert's father and Victoria's mother having been brother and sister, the children of the Duke of Coburg. But when they became engaged, their situations were very different. Victoria was the young queen of one of the mightiest and proudest empires on earth; Albert was only the younger son of a poor and petty German prince, "across whose kingdom one might walk in half a day."

But their relationship and the plans of their family served to bring them together at a very early age, and they were very young when their union was thought of. Old King Leopold of Belgium was the uncle of both of them, and it was he who first conceived the idea of their marriage. But not a word was said to either of them about it until an affection had grown up between them, and it was time for the young Queen to choose a partner for her heart and throne.

Albert and Victoria met for the first time when they were seventeen years old. The young Prince and his brother went to England to pay a visit to their aunt and cousin, and the young couple were brought together. Albert at that time was rather short and thick-set, but fine-looking, rosy-cheeked, natural and simple in his manners, and of a cheerful disposition. He took a great deal of interest in everything about him, and while on his visit to England, spent much time in playing on the piano with his cousin Victoria, who was then a slight, graceful, and interesting girl.

She fell in love with him at once; but he, though he liked her, was not so quickly impressed. He wrote to his uncle Leopold that "our cousin is very amiable," but had no stronger praise for her. Albert then returned to the Continent, and spent some years in travel and study, writing occasionally to Victoria and she to him. Meanwhile King William IV. died, and Victoria, in her eighteenth year, ascended the British throne.

The young Prince's next visit took place in the year after this event, and now his object was to plead for the hand and heart of the young Queen. Victoria could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw him. The short, thick-set boy had grown into a tall, comely youth, with elegant manners and a strikingly handsome face. Soon after she wrote to her uncle Leopold: "Albert's beauty is most striking, and he is most amiable and unaffected, — in short, very fascinating."

A few days after his arrival, Victoria made up her mind, and sending for Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, told him that she was going to marry Prince Albert. The next day she sent for the Prince; and "in a genuine outburst of heartiness and love," she declared to him that he had gained her whole

heart, and would make her very happy if he would share his life with her. He responded with warm affection, and thus they became betrothed.

The Queen not only thus "popped the question," but insisted that the marriage should take place at an early day. This was in the summer of 1839; and in the early winter of 1840 the young couple were married in the royal chapel of St. James, in the midst of general rejoicing and with great pomp and ceremony.

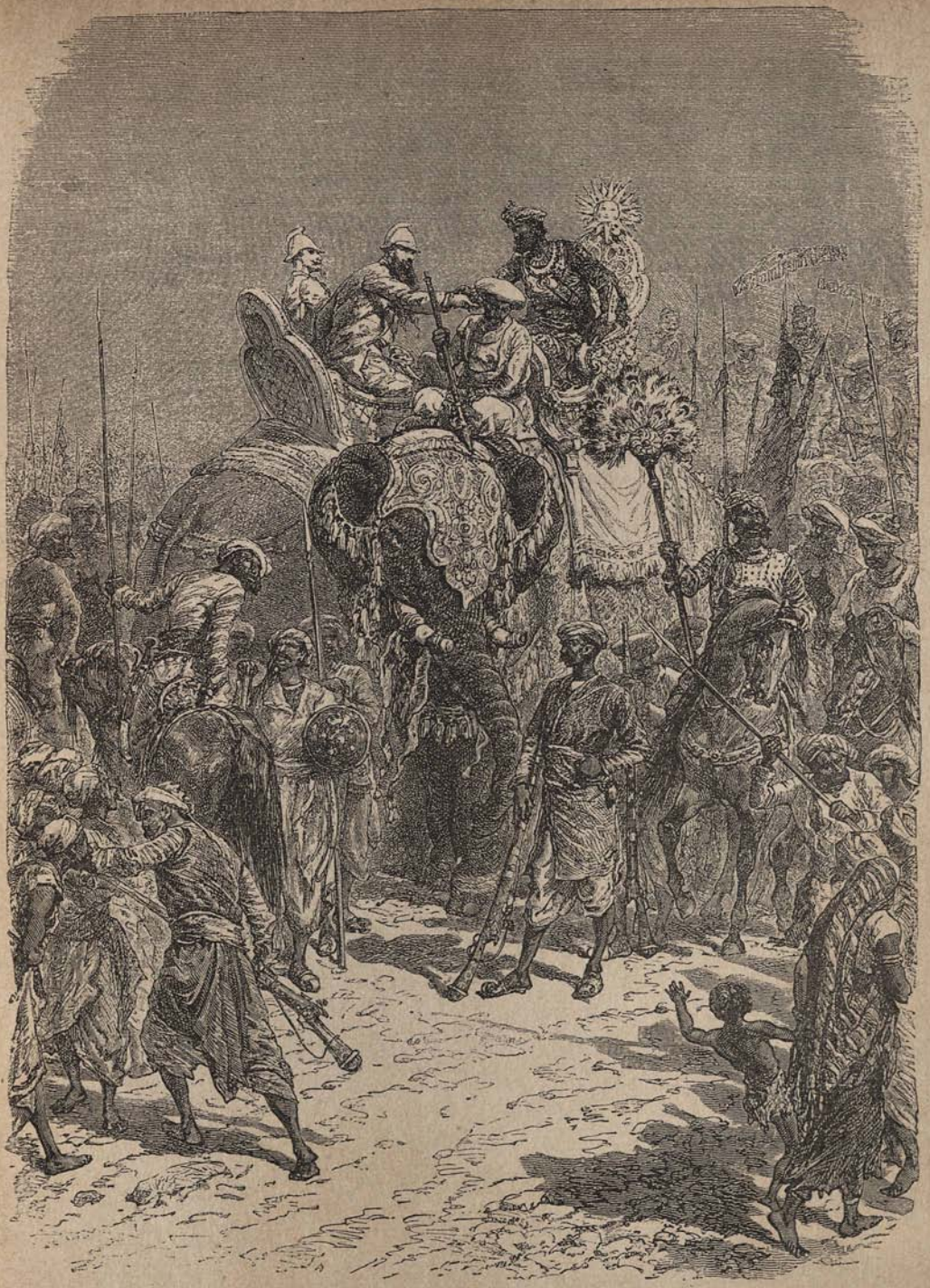
Such was the beginning of a very happy wedded life, which lasted for over twenty years, during which the love of each for the other seemed constantly to increase. A little circle of children was soon formed around the royal hearthstone, and the domestic life of the palace was full of contentment and good order; and as Victoria grew older, she learned more and more of the excellent character of the one whom Providence had given her for a husband.

MUTINY OF THE SEPOYS.

In the spring of 1857 there arose a great mutiny in India, the beginning of which will be made more clear in stories which we have to tell. The Sepoys, or native Indian troops, who constituted an army of themselves, and were stationed under British officers at different points in India, became dissatisfied with the British interference with their religious customs, and planned a revolt against the British rule. Lord Canning was Governor-General of India. The King of Oude had just been deposed, and the last of the Great Moguls was reigning in Delhi.

The mutiny began in Bengal, where the native army under British officers was one hundred thousand strong. It spread over India. It was the revolt of the Asiatic against the European civilization; and the best survived.

The Indian army had become the pride of England. In appearance it was noble and splendid. Its infantry was tall and handsome, and Oriental in equipment. Its drill was perfect; its parades were magnificent spectacles.



ASIATICS AND EUROPEANS.

The English officers became indolent during a long period of easy living, and the Sepoys were led to suppose that they only needed to revolt to become the masters of the Golden Empire. War came. We shall explain how, and give some pictures of that war in connection with Lucknow and the cities of the Ganges.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

The title of Empress of India, the most splendid title perhaps of any living monarch, was conferred upon the Queen through the influence of the Earl of Beaconsfield, whose own history is almost as wonderful as an Indian fairy tale.

This man rose from plain Benjamin Disraeli to the peerage by a succession of tremendous struggles. There was born in him a powerful purpose, and he never diminished its force. He made the Queen an Empress, and she made him an Earl. "I will be heard," he once said in youth. He was ridiculed as a Jew and an ambitious young man, but the "I will" reached the highest place in the English nation, and put into his hand the gifts of the crown of England.

The story of Disraeli's rise from a young novelist, in the reign of George IV., to the loftiest height to which a British subject can attain, — the dignity of Prime Minister, — has often been told. As a son of a Jewish race, he had enormous obstacles to encounter in striving to fulfil his high ambition; and those obstacles were even increased by his singular personal traits and opinions.

He resolved to live down and overcome the prejudices against his birth and his characteristics; and by patience, perseverance, and good temper he at last succeeded.

People were amazed to see this novel-writing Jew striding steadily and surely up the political ladder; achieving constantly new triumphs

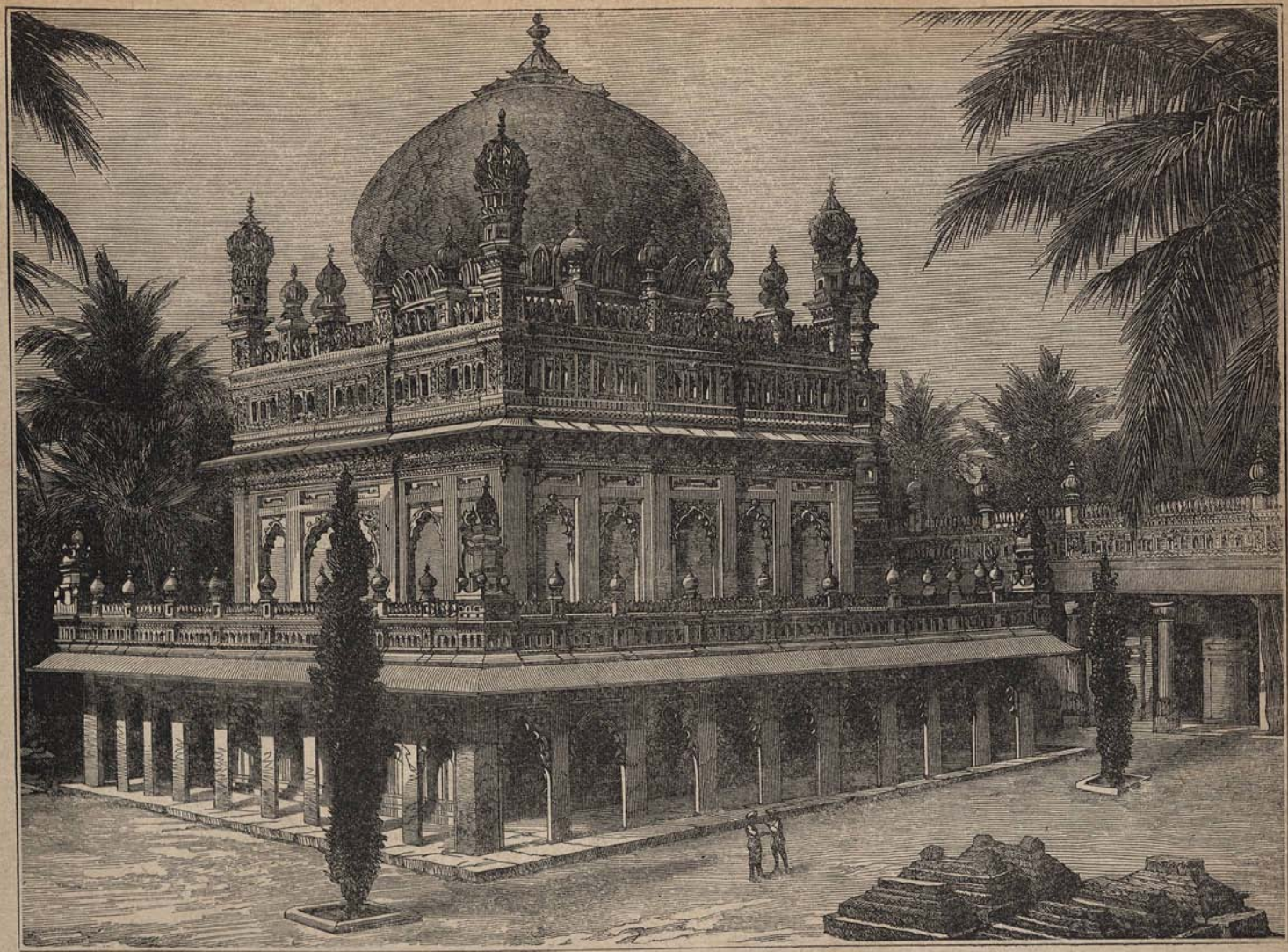
of eloquence, and party tact and leadership; imposing himself as a chief upon the proud Tories and upon nobles of haughty lineage. When England awoke one day to find Disraeli the actual ruler of the Empire, the people could scarcely believe their ears or eyes, it seemed so strange a political miracle.

As Prime Minister, Disraeli's great as well as peculiar qualities shone with increased lustre. He was dramatic; he liked to produce surprises; he brought a vivid and Oriental imagination into statesmanship, and accomplished, by its inspiration, many brilliant and striking political events.

Among the most conspicuous of these events, during his tenure of the Premiership, were the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which have since doubled in value, and thus proved to be a very solid and profitable investment for England; the conferring upon Queen Victoria of the title of Empress of India; the occupation of the Dardanelles by the British fleet, thereby preventing the victorious Russian army from capturing Constantinople; and the negotiation of the Treaty of Berlin, by which a general European war was averted, and the Eastern Question, for the time at least, settled.

Other acts of Disraeli's statesmanship proved his courageous political genius. Especially was his Household Suffage Reform bill, which gave a vote to every English householder, a broad, beneficent, and progressive measure, the carrying of which entitles him to a place beside England's most illustrious statesmen and boldest reformers.

Disraeli, with all his powerful ambitions, had many and lovable qualities. His temper was perfect; he was never seen in an irritable or angry mood. His moral character was never tinged by a stain. His fidelity to his friends was strong and constant. He was noted for the deep interest he took in the progress of young men in politics. He was always suave and affable, and easily approached by those who had business with him. In conversation he was witty, sprightly, and always entertaining.



MAUSOLEUM.

He married a lady fourteen years older than himself; and as long as she lived (she died at over eighty), he was a most faithful, devoted, tender, and chivalrous husband to her. His married life, indeed, was one of the happiest and most beautiful of those which are recorded of public men.

The Queen and Empress is beloved wherever Christianity is found. The heart of America will beat with gladness when the roses of June shall bring the semi-centennial of her reign.

Her sympathy with America during the mortal illness of President Garfield will never be forgotten. The frequent, fervid, affectionate messages which she sent to Mrs. Garfield came evidently from the deep sympathy of a large womanly heart. They were not merely stereotyped phrases of formal condolence, but heartfelt, tearful words, which we could see were deeply sincere.

The English themselves, moreover, must have been proud to see in their ruler qualities so sweet and tender; and thus Victoria must, by these messages, have drawn more closely the bonds which have so long united her in warm affection with her subjects.

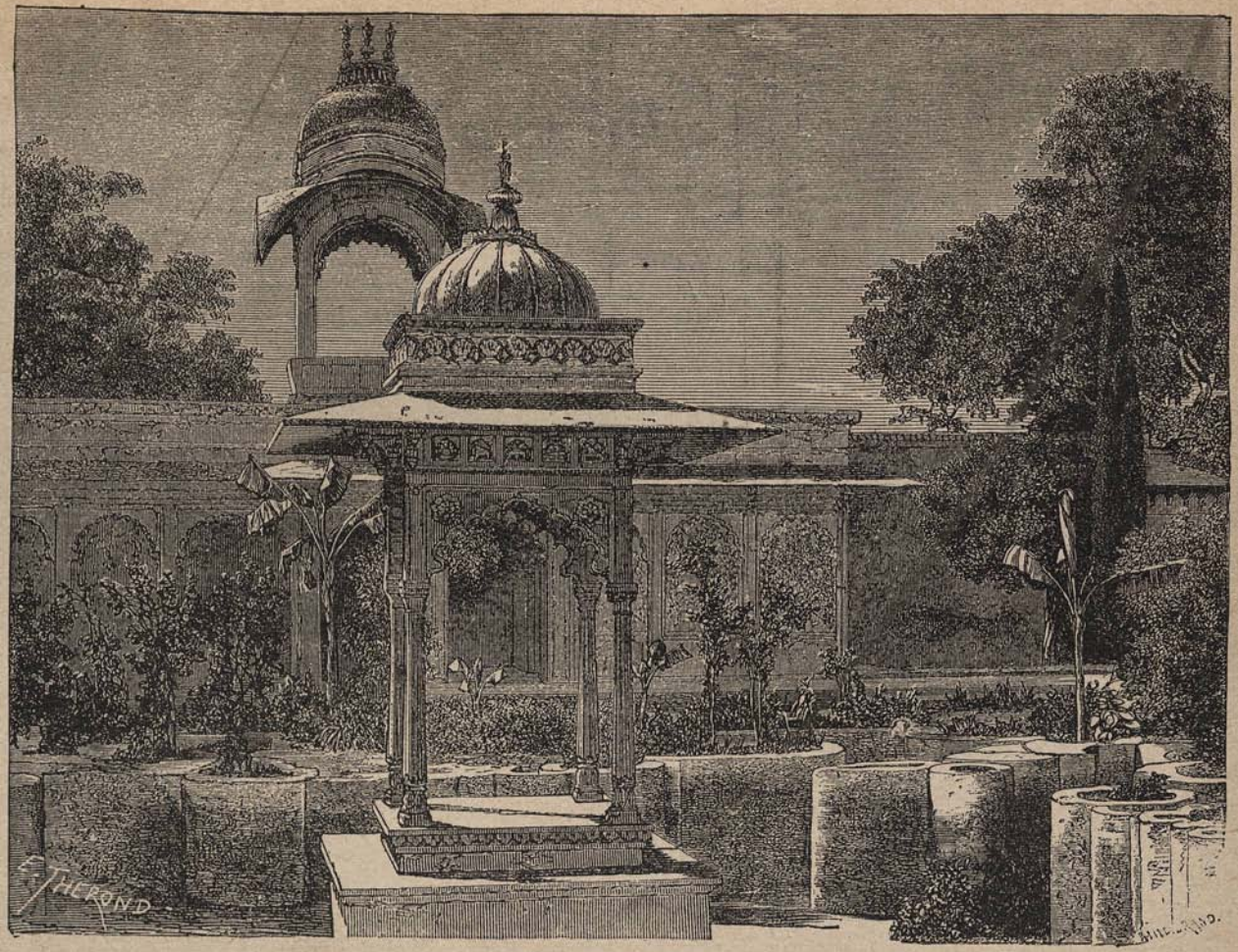
But the value of Victoria's words of sympathy was not alone in the fact that they came from the head of the English nation. Their most touching influence arose from their being the expressions of a tender-hearted woman, who had herself felt the heavy afflictions of death and widowhood. She too knew what it was to stand by the dying bedside of a noble and beloved husband; and her heart, above all, bled for the grief-stricken lady of the White House, over whom the same deep gloom seemed suspended.

We cannot doubt that when those earnest messages were being penned, Victoria was thinking of Prince Albert; and this memory it was that impelled her to send her messages, not indirectly to the President himself, or to the Secretary of State (which would have

been the official etiquette), but in her own name to the suffering, patient wife.

The days of the Mogul Empire in India have gone by. Its rule was a reign of darkness. England, on the contrary, although she had no more right to subjugate the Oriental Indians than our forefathers had to supplant the American Indians, and although it is true that she marked her early career by many acts of cruelty and rapine, has been steadily "preparing the way and making straight the path" for the advent of a Christian civilization in the Orient. She has abolished many of the hideous rites of the idolatrous worship of the Hindus; she has laced the different provinces together by railroads and telegraphs; she has introduced and protected missionaries, editors, and teachers; and by suppressing the extortions of princes, and extirpating whole tribes of hereditary robbers, she has done more in less than a century to benefit the races of India than all the other powers and influences that have ruled them for a thousand years.

Long live the Empress of India!



AN INDIAN GARDEN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAVORITE INDIAN FAIRY TALE.

How he found the Secret of Success. — Indian and American Stories. — The Raven, the Serpent, and the Golden Chain. — Punchkin.

THE tales of India are largely associated with animals, — the elephant, the tiger, the monkey, and the jackal. These are like other tales, and many of them have been told the world over; but the Indian fairy tale, which is usually associated with the splendid Rajahs and with talking animals, is unlike any other. In these tales the animals all talk; and as animals are supposed to be merely degenerate souls of men, they do not talk like the animals of Æsop, but with a human sympathy and wisdom that are quite realistic. One feels as though the Indian fairy tale were in some way true.

I cannot better illustrate than to give you an Indian tale that was told to me, soon after my arrival in Bombay, by Seventee, the zenänä woman in the employment of my aunt. My little cousins Arthur and Anna daily importuned her for stories, and her supply seemed inexhaustible. It was Old Seventee who inspired me to make a study of Indian stories, and to follow it up on my way to Calcutta.

HOW HE FOUND THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

A Zenänä Tale.

There was once a man who believed it is one's duty in life to serve one's self. He did so, and became very poor; and the more he toiled for himself, the poorer he grew. At last he found himself with a wife and twelve children, but without a single rupee.

"How unjust God is," he said, "to give me children and help me to nothing to support them! I will go to the wise man and inquire the cause of my fate."

So he went to seek his fate.

The wise man lived in a forest temple far, far away, and the journey thither was solitary and perilous.

In the jungle he met a camel with two sacks of treasure on his back.

"Where are you going?" asked the camel.

"To seek my fate," said the man.

"Ask mine, too," said the camel. "I was lost from the caravan, and I have carried these sacks of gold on my back for twelve years, and I cannot lie down. Woe is me! Ask mine, too."

"I will," said the man; and he hurried on.

He came to a wide river in which was a great alligator.

"Take me across," said the man.

"I will," said the alligator; "where are you going?"

"To seek my fate."

"Ask mine, too. For twelve years I have had a burning pain inside; I cannot rest. Woe is me! Ask mine, too."

"I will," said the man; and he hurried on.

As he journeyed, he found a tiger lying in a thicket in great pain; the tiger was surrounded with the treasures of the men he had long ago eaten.

"Where are you going?" asked the tiger.

"To seek my fate."

"Ask mine also, for I have had this thorn in my foot twelve years. I cannot rest. Woe is me! Ask mine, also."

"I will," said the man.

The man at last reached the temple of fate.

"What do you here?" asked the wise old priest.

"I seek my fate; I have twelve children, and am very poor."

"Then you must have been living only for yourself. Think only of making others rich, and you will become rich yourself."

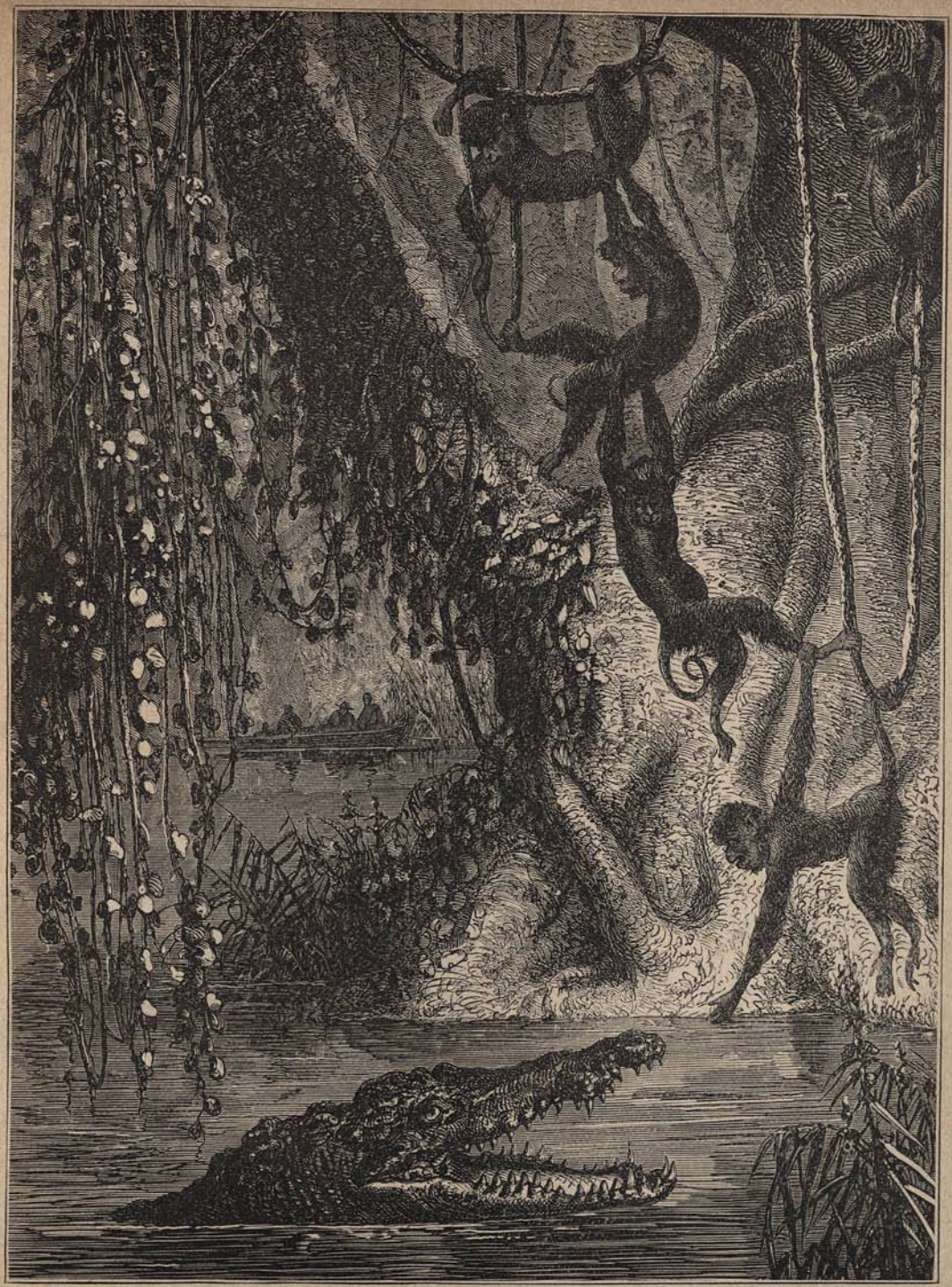
Then asked he the fate of the camel.

"Take the sacks off his back," said the priest, "and both of you will be relieved. Why did you not do it before?"

"I was thinking only of myself."

Then he asked the fate of the alligator.

"Give him herbs," said the priest, "and both of you will be relieved. Why did you not do it before?"



IN THE JUNGLE.

"I was thinking only of myself."

Then he asked the fate of the tiger.

"Take the thorn out of his foot," said the priest, "and both of you will be relieved. Why did you not think of it before?"

"I was thinking of myself," said the man.

Then the man returned to the tiger.

"Have you found my fate?" asked the tiger.

The man drew the thorn out of his foot, and started to go on.

"Here, take the treasure!" said the tiger. "I did not think of it before."

So the man took the treasure, and hurried on to the river where he had seen the alligator.

"Have you found my fate?" said the alligator. "I am burning up within."

The man found a fever herb, and gave it to the alligator; it made the alligator sick, and he cast up a ruby.

The man started on.

"Stop," said the alligator, "and take the ruby; it will make you rich."

The man took the ruby. He came at last to the wandering camel, whom he found leaning up against a tree for rest.

"Have you found my fate?" asked the camel.

The man took the two sacks from the camel's back, and started on.

"Stop!" said the camel, "these sacks are full of gold; take them and both of us will be happy."

The man took the sacks of gold; and he was so rich when he reached home that it took all of his twelve children to help him use his wealth, which he always did for the good of others, so that he might never become poor again.

And he never was again poor.

INDIAN AND AMERICAN STORIES.

The study of Indian stories is one of the most delightful that I have ever made. In my boyhood I made a study of English stories and afterwards of German stories. I had thought that the charming German stories were quite original, as many of them are; but many of the best German stories, as is shown in that wonderful book "The Myths of the Aryan Nations," are found in India.

The stories of America have been my delight, though many of them have sought to make a moral too prominent. The Indian stories are a moral; when the wise Indian wishes to utter a precept he tells a story.

Our own history of juvenile literature is short. India has the tales of a thousand years.

One quiet day in autumn I rode with some friends through Wayland, Mass. As we were passing a simple house in front of which stood an immense tree, one of my friends said: "That was the residence of Lydia Maria Child, the anti-slavery writer. She was the editor of the old 'Juvenile Miscellany.' Young people's literature in this country may be said to have begun with her."

It was a plain cottage, without ornament of any kind, and the last house on the street that one would suppose to have been the long-time residence of a lady so famous and benevolent.

I recalled her heroic correspondence with Governor Wise of Virginia (who reproved her when she offered her services as nurse to John Brown) and also one of her last works, "Looking towards Sunset." I had heard anecdotes of her simplicity in dress, her saving habits for purposes of benevolence, and her womanly and American independence of character. She was an intimate friend of Wendell Phillips, who at one time had the care of her property, and she shared his views in regard to the manner in which a true American should live. The characteristic simplicity of her home made me wish to visit her grave.

We stopped at the old burying-ground in Wayland. The day was declining and the leaves were falling; at the farther end of the ground we found a simple white stone that recorded merely the name and the age of Lydia Maria Child.

As we came away from the grave, one of my friends said: "Mrs. Child belongs to a class of writers who may be called teachers, — author-teachers. This class hardly receive due recognition; but they

"HE FOUND THE WANDERING CAMEL LEANING AGAINST A TREE FOR REST."

are among the most useful workers in our literature, and their influence in the past has greatly contributed to make the present generation what it is. Next in influence to the schools have been these silent guests, who have entered our homes and been the companions of our children in the form of juvenile books."

These author-teachers — quiet workers with the pen, whose aim and ambition have been to create intelligence and form character rather than to make personal reputation — deserve to be ranked with American benefactors. Juvenile literature may be said to have had its origin in America; it is a twin brother of our common schools. Side by side with the work of Horace Mann began the home education by means of the experimental enterprises of Lydia Maria Child and Nathaniel Willis.

In America, publications for young people flood every town, and find their way into every household. Every boy or girl has his or her own library. Stories multiply by the tens of thousands, but they are the stories of a week.

In India a story was a treasure of a hundred, perhaps a thousand years.

The rise of this vast juvenile literature in our country was natural and simple, but its pioneers little thought that they were beginning a new kind of education.

The "Juvenile Miscellany" and the "Youth's Companion," the first publications of their kind in this country or in the world, were each established in 1827. Publications similar to the "Juvenile Miscellany" had appeared in England; but the "Youth's Companion," as a weekly paper wholly devoted to the interests of the young people, was an original enterprise, growing out of the new condition of American education in free schools and the Sunday-school.

Mrs. Child (born in 1802) had been a teacher in Watertown, and had greatly interested herself in educational matters; and out of this experience the "Juvenile Miscellany" came and grew. Mrs. Child

also edited "Flowers for Children" and "The Girl's Own Book." Her "Frugal Household" passed through thirty-three editions, — a book that also grew out of her own practical experience, and whose precepts she followed with a Puritanic fidelity and independence.

The "Youth's Companion" really had its beginning in the "Boston Recorder." Deacon Willis had a large and interesting family of children, three of whom — Nathaniel Parker Willis, Richard Storrs Willis, and Mrs. Sarah P. Willis ("Fanny Fern," Mrs. Parton) — became famous. This family were as fond of hearing stories in their young days as of telling them in after life; they do not seem, however, to have been as greatly interested in the Assembly's Catechism. To stimulate a more satisfactory progress, the good Deacon said one day, "Children, I will tell you a story for every five answers in the Catechism that you will commit to memory."

The promise was a seed out of which has sprung a multitude of flowers, — in fact, nearly all the young people's literature of the last fifty years, including the Sunday-school library.

Deacon Willis's children now took up the Catechism; and if their motives are open to suspicion, their zeal was wonderful. The good man was soon surprised to find that all his family had the Catechism "at the end of the tongue," as that theological accomplishment used to be expressed. His family's progress had nearly exhausted his supply of stories, and it is said that he used to relate Bible stories under concealed names, and perhaps with some rather apocryphal incidents and colorings.

The success of story-telling in his own family suggested to the good Deacon the plan of having a children's department in his paper, the "Recorder." He made the experiment; it was immediately popular. It was the beginning of "children's departments" in nearly all American family papers, secular and religious. It was an evolution.

The idea grew. The third development was a paper for young people; it was an odd-looking sheet. We think that the Deacon, with

A TEMPLE IN THE SUBURBS.

but little assistance, did the editing, printing, and mailing. It was immediately successful. After a time it began to publish a most dreadful illustration on the first page. This was another evolution, the beginning of attempted art work for children, of which "St. Nicholas" and the "Wide Awake" have become the flower-gardens of the best genius of the time.

Authors, musicians, and artists having the same purposes and aims come and go in groups. So it seems to have been in the beginning of juvenile literature. In the same year that these enterprises were begun, appeared "Peter Parley,"—or, rather, the first of the "Peter Parley" series of books, which to the youth of the present generation were a fireside education. Mr. Goodrich was born in Ridgefield, Conn., in 1793. He became the most popular of that class of writers which may be classed as author-teachers. Besides editing various works, he wrote more than one hundred volumes, and the sale of his works reached nearly a million copies. He established "Robert Merry's Museum," the first magazine of its kind for young people in America, and one of the most interesting juvenile publications that have ever appeared. He had rare qualifications for his work. He was at one time Consul to Paris, and he crossed the Atlantic sixteen times. Few better influences than "Peter Parleyism" have been exerted on young American life.

At this period (1826–1827) there entered the family of Nathaniel Willis a young Congregational minister whose early history is somewhat remarkable, and who was destined to exert a wonderful moral influence with his pen. He says: "I have just received an invitation to become the editor of the 'Recorder and Telegraph' for the last three weeks of my vacation. . . . I live in the family of Mr. Willis, the proprietor of the 'Recorder.' It is a great family as to numbers." He afterwards found that it was otherwise great, and that one of its members, "Fanny Fern," whose displeasure he incurred, could wield a very pointed pen. This young man was John Todd.

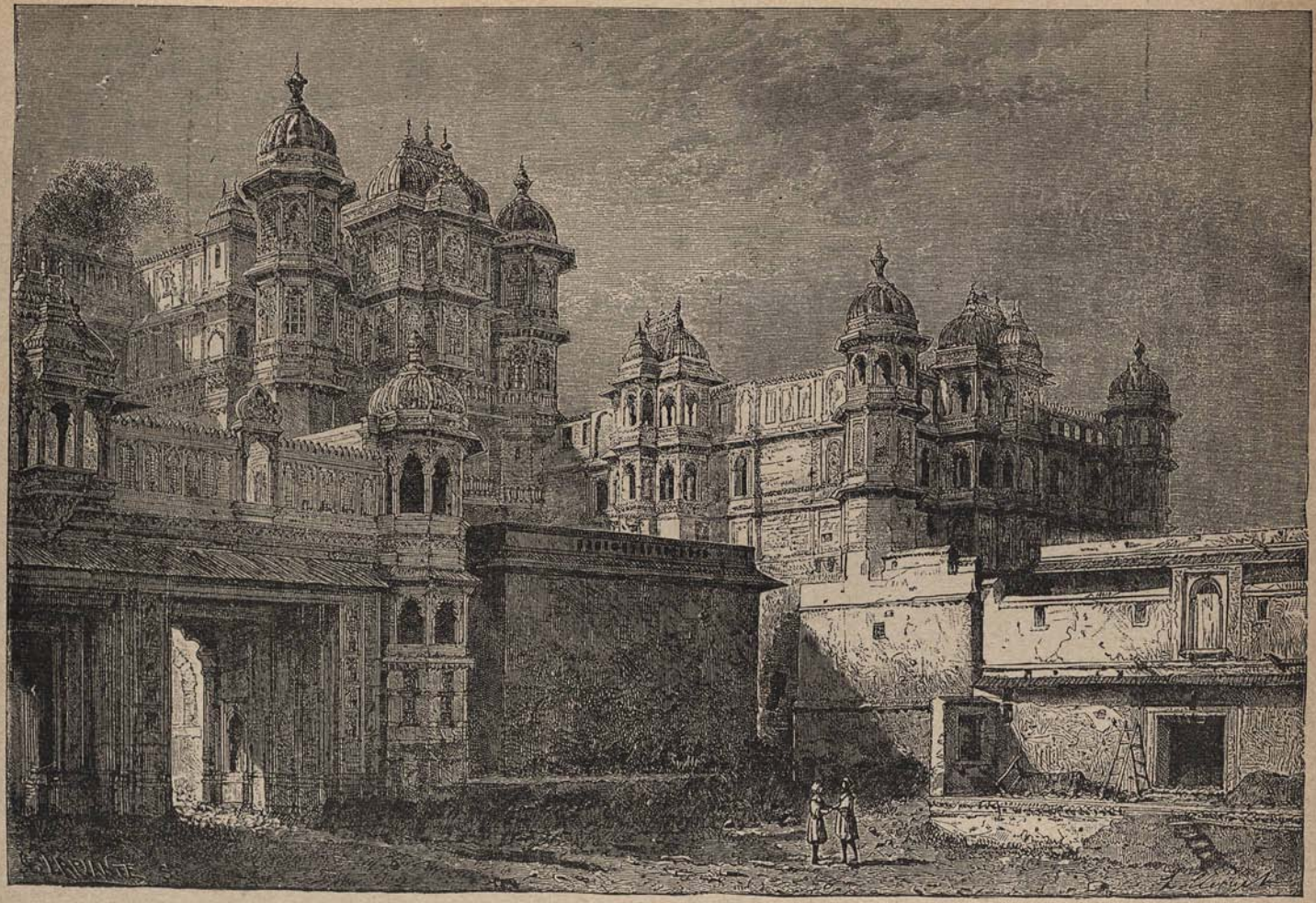
His mother had become insane before his birth, and his father had recently been brought home with broken limbs. The family were very poor. His father died when he was young, and his mother's insanity became hopeless; and he owed his home and education to the charity of friends. He was even obliged to attend the funeral of his father in borrowed shoes. To add to these misfortunes, his health was poor. For many years he was supposed to be a consumptive, and exhibited all the symptoms of the early stages of the disease during his student life.

He began his career as an author for the purpose of aiding in the support of his insane mother, who had at one time been placed in the almshouse, but whom he had removed to the charge of a private family. His early work, "Lectures to Children," had an immense sale in this country, a large sale in England, and was translated into German, French, Bulgarian, and Greek. His "Student's Manual" has exerted one of the most powerful influences for good in the history of our literature. Its circulation in this country for half a century was unequalled among books of its kind. One hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold to young men in London. It has been translated into other languages. A part of a copy of it was found among the relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition to the polar region.

Among Dr. Todd's early friends was Rev. Jacob Abbott (born in 1803), who published, in 1825, the "Young Christian." He became famous as the author of the "Rollo Books" and "Franconia Stories," and with his brother, Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, wrote the Abbott histories for young people. These were a fireside education in America for a quarter of a century, and are still among the best books for the young.

It is somewhat remarkable that all of these writers began their work for young people about the year 1827.

The Hindu story-books are quite unlike these works, but, like all things in India, are ancient and affluent. The oldest collection of tales



AN INDIAN PALACE.

comes from a period unknown, and the fables have been repeated from generation to generation, and published under many titles. The popular collection of these stories is known as the "Panchopakhyana," or the "Five Chapters" or five books of stories. These are different from any other stories we have ever seen, one story running into another story and all filled with a medley of wise sayings, as though the short stories of Hawthorne and one of the volumes of Emerson had become mixed, or a collection of Arabian tales had been written so as to contain the Book of Proverbs. Another popular Indian book is the "Hitopodesu," or "Friendly Advice." These stories are very odd in their construction, and we wonder that other countries have not imitated them. We give one of them.

THE RAVEN, THE SERPENT, AND THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

In a certain tree lived two ravens, whose young were year after year devoured by a serpent that lived in the trunk of the tree.

One day the mother raven said to her mate, "Let us go away from this place and seek a home in another tree, for here we can never rear our young."

For —

A scolding wife, a false friend, a saucy servant, and a home with a serpent are evils beyond a doubt.

"But by wisdom we can rid ourselves of danger from the serpent," said the crow.

For —

He that hath sense hath safety.

"But how can we be relieved from the serpent?" asked the mother crow.

"The Rajah's son comes daily to bathe in the lake. When he takes off his golden chain, and leaves it with his clothes on the bank, do you seize the golden chain in your beak and hide it in the trunk of the tree, and you shall see what will follow."

For —

Wisdom can effect what force is powerless to do.

The crow obeyed her mate, and the next day hid the golden chain in the hollow trunk of the tree.

The Rajah's attendants began to search for the chain. In examining the hollow of the tree, they found the serpent. They therefore killed the serpent in order to recover the chain.

So the ravens did not have to seek a new tree, but possessed their old nest in peace.

Wherefore —

He who understands human nature may do things by influence which he could not do in any other way.

This shows the curious form of the story; but besides the free use of proverbs, little stories are used to illustrate these proverbs in the larger story, so that the leading story is full of smaller ones, and forms a delightful medley of wit and wisdom.

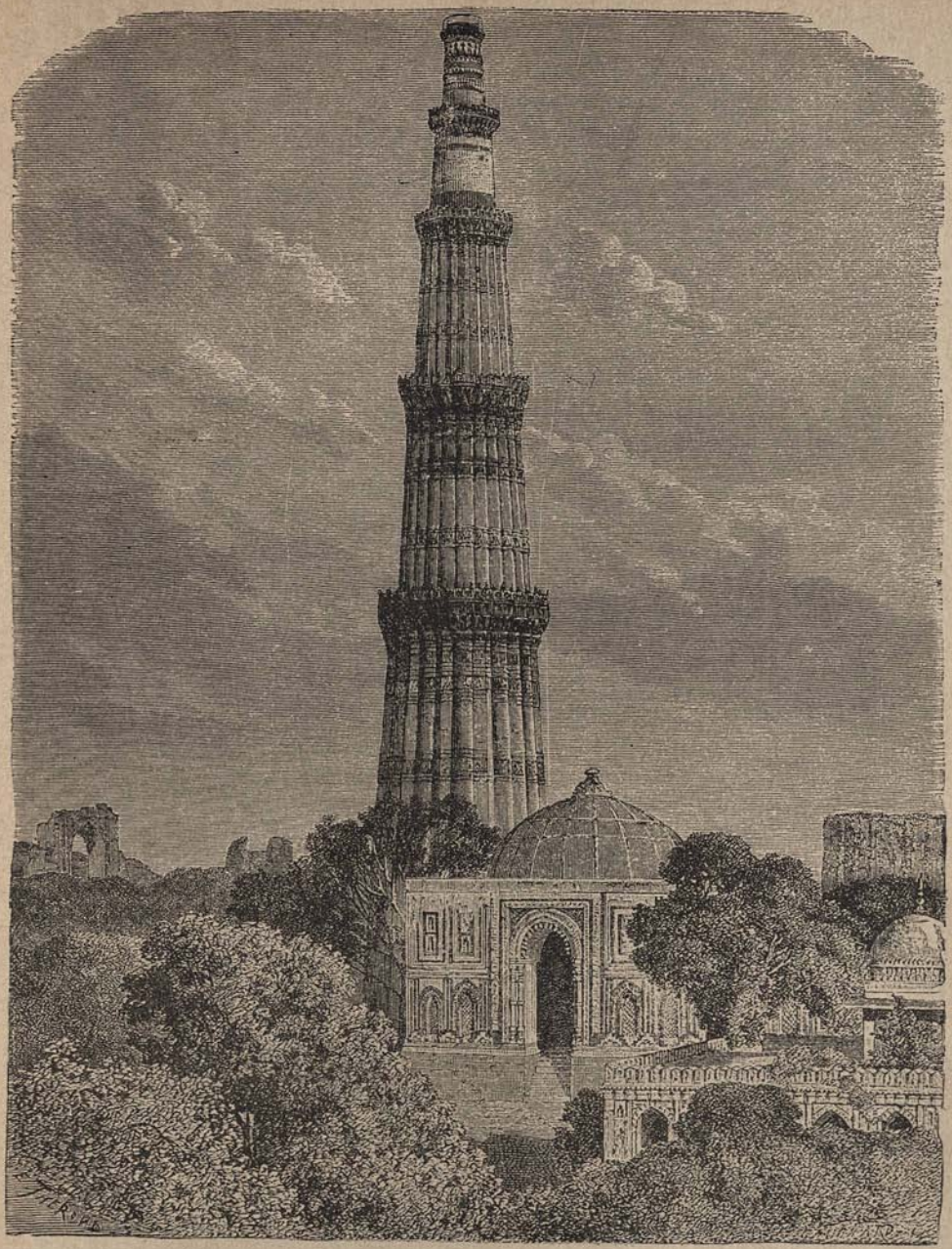
There is a tale in India known as "The Great Tale." It consists of eighteen volumes; and we know of no other story of equal length.

Many of the stories of the "Arabian Nights" are to be found in India; in short, India abounds in wise and delightful stories. It is the land of poetic imagination as well as of gold and gems.

An ancient Indian king, named Bhoj, of the province called by the musical name of Oojein, had a throne which was supported by thirty-two statues. These statues could talk, and each in turn told a story. These tales of the "Thirty-two Statues" we shall refer to later in the volume.

Every nation has its family household story. The popular story of India is "Punchkin," which is analyzed in "Myths of the Aryan Race." It appears in different forms. One of the best versions of this story for English readers is given in a book called "Old Deccan Days," a book of Indian fairy tales, collected by M. Trese, and introduced by Sir Bartle Trese, the introduction of which is signed at the Government House, Bombay, 1866. The Treses were of a family so associated with public events in India as to have especial advantages in collecting the ancient fairy lore.

The following is the story as it appears in "Old Deccan Days," but with some abridgment.



THE TOWER OF THE PALACE.

PUNCHKIN.

Once upon a time there was a Rajah who had seven beautiful daughters. They were all good girls; but the youngest, named Balna,[1] was more clever than the rest. The Rajah's wife died when they were quite little children; so these seven poor Princesses were left with no mother to care for them.

The Rajah's daughters took it by turns to cook their father's dinner every day, while he was absent deliberating with his ministers on the affairs of the nation.

About this time the Purdan[2] died, leaving a widow and one daughter; and every day, when the seven Princesses were preparing their father's dinner, the Purdan's widow and daughter would come and beg for a little fire from the hearth.

Then Balna used to say to her sisters, "Send that woman away; send her away. Let her get her own fire at her own house. What does she want with ours? If we allow her to come here, we shall suffer for it some day."

But the other sisters would answer, "Be quiet, Balna; why must we always be quarrelling with this poor woman? Let her take some fire if she likes."

Then the Purdan's widow used to go to the hearth and take a few sticks from it; and while no one was looking, she would quickly throw some mud into the midst of the dishes which were being prepared for the Rajah's dinner.

Now, the Rajah was very fond of his daughters. Ever since their mother's death they had cooked his dinner with their own hands, in order to avoid the danger of his being poisoned by his enemies. So, when he found the mud mixed up with his dinner, he thought it must arise from their carelessness, as it appeared improbable that any one should have put mud there on purpose; but being very kind, he did not like to reprove them for it, although this spoiling of the curry was repeated many successive days.

At last, one day, he determined to hide and watch his daughters cooking, and see how it all happened; so he went into the next room, and watched them through a hole in the wall.

There he saw his seven daughters carefully washing the rice and preparing the curry; and as each dish was completed, they put it by the fire ready to be cooked. Next he noticed the Purdan's widow come to the door, and beg for a few sticks from the fire to cook her dinner with.

[1] The Little One.

[2] Or, more correctly, Purdan, Prime Minister.

Balna turned to her angrily, and said, "Why don't you keep fuel in your own house, and not come here every day and take ours? Sisters, don't give this woman any more; let her buy it for herself."

Then the eldest sister answered, "Balna, let the poor woman take the wood and the fire; she does us no harm."

But Balna replied, "If you let her come here so often, maybe she will do us some harm, and make us sorry for it some day."

The Rajah then saw the Purdan's widow go to the place where all his dinner was nicely prepared; and as she took the wood, she threw a little mud into each of the dishes.

At this he was very angry, and sent to have the woman seized and brought before him. But when the widow came she told him that she had played this trick because she wanted to gain an audience with him; and she spoke so cleverly, and pleased him so well with her cunning words, that instead of punishing her the Rajah married her, and made her his Ranee,[1] and she and her daughter came to live in the palace.

The new Ranee hated the seven poor Princesses, and wanted to get them, if possible, out of the way, in order that her daughter might have all their riches and live in the palace as Princess in their place; and instead of being grateful to them for their kindness to her, she did all she could to make them miserable. She gave them nothing but bread to eat, and very little of that, and very little water to drink; so these seven poor little Princesses, who had been accustomed to have everything comfortable about them, and good food and good clothes all their lives long, were very miserable and unhappy; and they used to go out every day and sit by their dead mother's tomb and cry, and used to say, "Oh mother, mother! cannot you see your poor children, how unhappy we are, and how we are starved by our cruel step-mother?"

And one day the Ranee fell sick. She sent for the Rajah and told him that only one thing would save her life; that would be that he should kill the seven Princesses. At these words the Rajah was very sorrowful; but because he feared to break his word he went out with a heavy heart to find his daughters.

He found them crying by the ruins of their mother's grave.

Then, feeling that he could not kill them, the Rajah spoke kindly to them, and told them to come out into the jungle with him; and there he made a fire and cooked some rice, and gave it to them. But in the afternoon, it being very hot, the seven Princesses all fell asleep; and when he saw they were fast asleep,

[1] Queen.

OFF FOR THE HUNT.

the Rajah, their father, stole away and left them (for he feared his wife), saying to himself, "It is better my poor daughters should die here than be killed by their step-mother."

He then shot a deer, and returning home put some of the blood on the forehead and hands of the Ranee; and she thought then that he had really killed the Princesses, and said she felt quite well.

Meantime the seven Princesses awoke, and when they found themselves all alone in the thick jungle they were much frightened, and began to call out as loud as they could, in hopes of making their father hear; but he was by that time far away, and would not have been able to hear them, even had their voices been as loud as thunder.

It so happened that this very day the seven young sons of a neighboring Rajah chanced to be hunting in that same jungle, and as they were returning home after the day's sport was over, the youngest Prince said to his brothers: "Stop! I think I hear some one crying and calling out. Do you not hear voices? Let us go in the direction of the sound, and try to find out what it is."

So the seven Princes rode through the wood until they came to the place where the seven Princesses sat crying and wringing their hands. At the sight of them the young Princes were very much astonished, and still more so on learning their story; and they settled that each should take one of these poor forlorn ladies home with him and marry her.

So the first and eldest Prince took the eldest Princess home with him, and married her; and the second took the second; and the third took the third; and the fourth took the fourth; and the fifth took the fifth; and the sixth took the sixth; and the seventh, and handsomest of all, took the beautiful Balna.

And when they got to their own land, there was great rejoicing through the kingdom at the marriage of the seven young Princes to seven such beautiful Princesses.

About a year after this Balna had a little son, and his uncles and aunts were so fond of the boy that it was as if he had seven fathers and seven mothers. None of the other Princes or Princesses had any children; so the son of the seventh Prince and Balna was acknowledged their heir by all the rest.

They had thus lived very happily for some time, when one fine day the seventh Prince (Balna's husband) said he would go out hunting, and away he went; and they waited long for him, but he never came back.

Then his six brothers said they would go and see what had become of him; and they went away, but they also did not return.

And the seven Princesses grieved very much, for they felt sure their kind husbands had been killed.

One day, not long after this had happened, as Balna was rocking her baby's cradle, and while her sisters were working in the room below, there came to the palace door a man in a long black dress, who said he was a fakir[1] and came to beg.

The servants said to him, "You cannot go into the palace, the Rajah's sons have all gone away; we think they must be dead, and their widows cannot be interrupted by your begging."

But he said, "I am a holy man; you must let me in."

Then the stupid servants let him walk through the palace; but they did not know that this man was no fakir, but a wicked magician named Punchkin.

Punchkin Fakir wandered through the palace, and saw many beautiful things there, till at last he reached the room where Balna sat singing beside her little boy's cradle. The magician thought her more beautiful than all the other beautiful things he had seen, insomuch that he asked her to go home with him and to marry him.

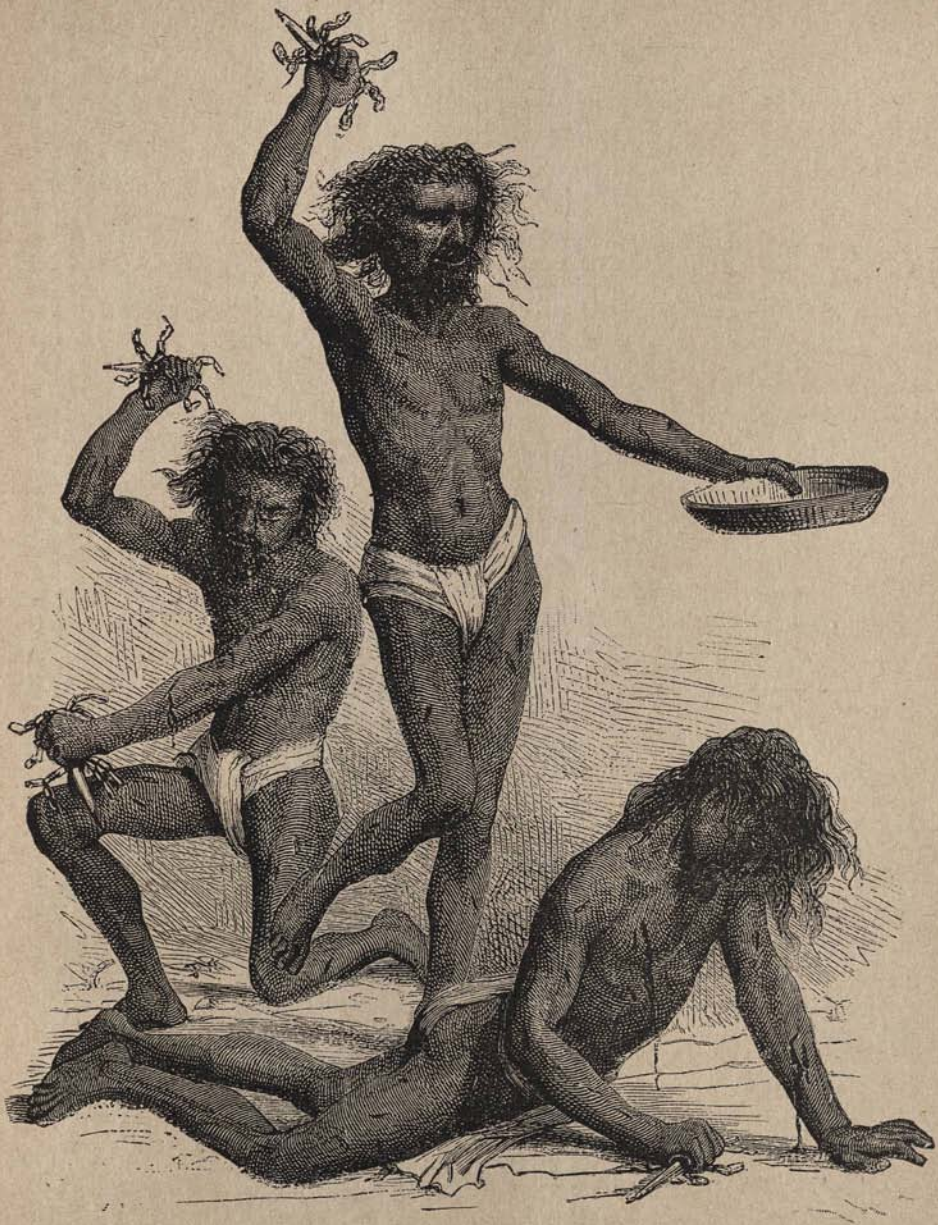
But she said: "My husband, I fear, is dead, but my little boy is still quite young. I will stay here and teach him to grow up a clever man, and when he has grown up he shall go out into the world and try to learn tidings of his father. Heaven forbid that I should ever leave him or marry you!"

At these words the magician was very angry, and turned her into a little black dog, and led her away, saying, "Since you will not come with me of your own free will, I will make you." So the poor Princess was dragged away without any power of effecting an escape, or of letting her sisters know what had become of her.

As Punchkin passed through the palace gate the servants said to him, "Where did you get that pretty little dog?" and he answered, "One of the Princesses gave it to me as a present." At hearing which they let him go without further questioning.

Soon after this the six elder Princesses heard the little baby, their nephew, begin to cry; and when they went upstairs they were much surprised to find him all alone, and Balna nowhere to be seen. Then they questioned the servants; and when they heard of the fakir and the little black dog, they guessed what had happened, and sent in every direction seeking them, but neither the fakir nor the dog was to be found. What could six poor women do? They had to give up all hopes of ever seeing their kind husbands, and their sister and her husband again, and they devoted themselves thenceforward to teaching and taking care of their little nephew.

[1] Holy beggar.



FAKIRS.

Thus time went on till Balna's son was fourteen years old. Then one day his aunts told him the history of the family; and no sooner did he hear it than he was seized with a great desire to go in search of his father and mother and uncles and bring them home again if he could find them alive.

His aunts, on learning his determination, were much alarmed, and tried to dissuade him, saying, "We have lost our husbands, and our sister and her husband, and you are now our sole hope; if you go away, what shall we do?"

But he replied, "I pray you not to be discouraged; I will return soon, and if it is possible, bring my father and mother and uncles with me." So he set out on his travels, but for some months he could learn nothing to help him in his search.

At last, after he had journeyed many hundreds of weary miles, and become almost hopeless of ever being able to hear anything further of his parents, he one day came to a country which seemed full of stones and rocks and trees, and there he saw a large palace with a high tower, hard by which was a malee's[1] little house.

As he was looking about, the malee's wife saw him, and ran out of the house and said, "My dear boy, who are you that dare venture to this dangerous place?"

And he answered, "I am a Rajah's son, and I come in search of my father and my uncles and my mother, whom a wicked enchanter bewitched."

Then the malee's wife said: "This country and this palace belong to a great enchanter; he is all-powerful, and if people displease him he can turn them into stones and trees. All the rocks and trees you see here were living people once, and the magician turned them to what they now are. Some time ago a Rajah's son came here, and shortly afterward came his six brothers, and they were all turned into stones and trees; and these are not the only unfortunate ones, for up in that tower lives a beautiful Princess, whom the magician has kept prisoner there for twelve years because she hates him and will not marry him."

Then the little Prince thought: "These must be my parents and my uncles. I have found what I seek at last." So he told his story to the malee's wife, and begged her to help him to remain in that place awhile, and inquire further concerning the unhappy people she mentioned; and she promised to befriend him, and advised his disguising himself, lest the magician should see him and turn him likewise into stone. To this the Prince agreed. So the malee's wife dressed him up in a saree,[2] and pretended that he was her daughter.

One day not long after this, as the magician was walking in his garden, he saw the little girl (as he thought) playing about, and asked her who she was.

[1] Gardener.

[2] A woman's dress.

She told him she was the malee's daughter, and the magician said, "You are a pretty little girl, and to-morrow you shall take a present of flowers from me to the beautiful lady who lives in the tower."

The young Prince was much delighted at hearing this, and after some consultation with the malee's wife, he settled that it would be more safe for him to retain his disguise and trust to the chance of a favorable opportunity for establishing some communication with his mother if it were indeed she.

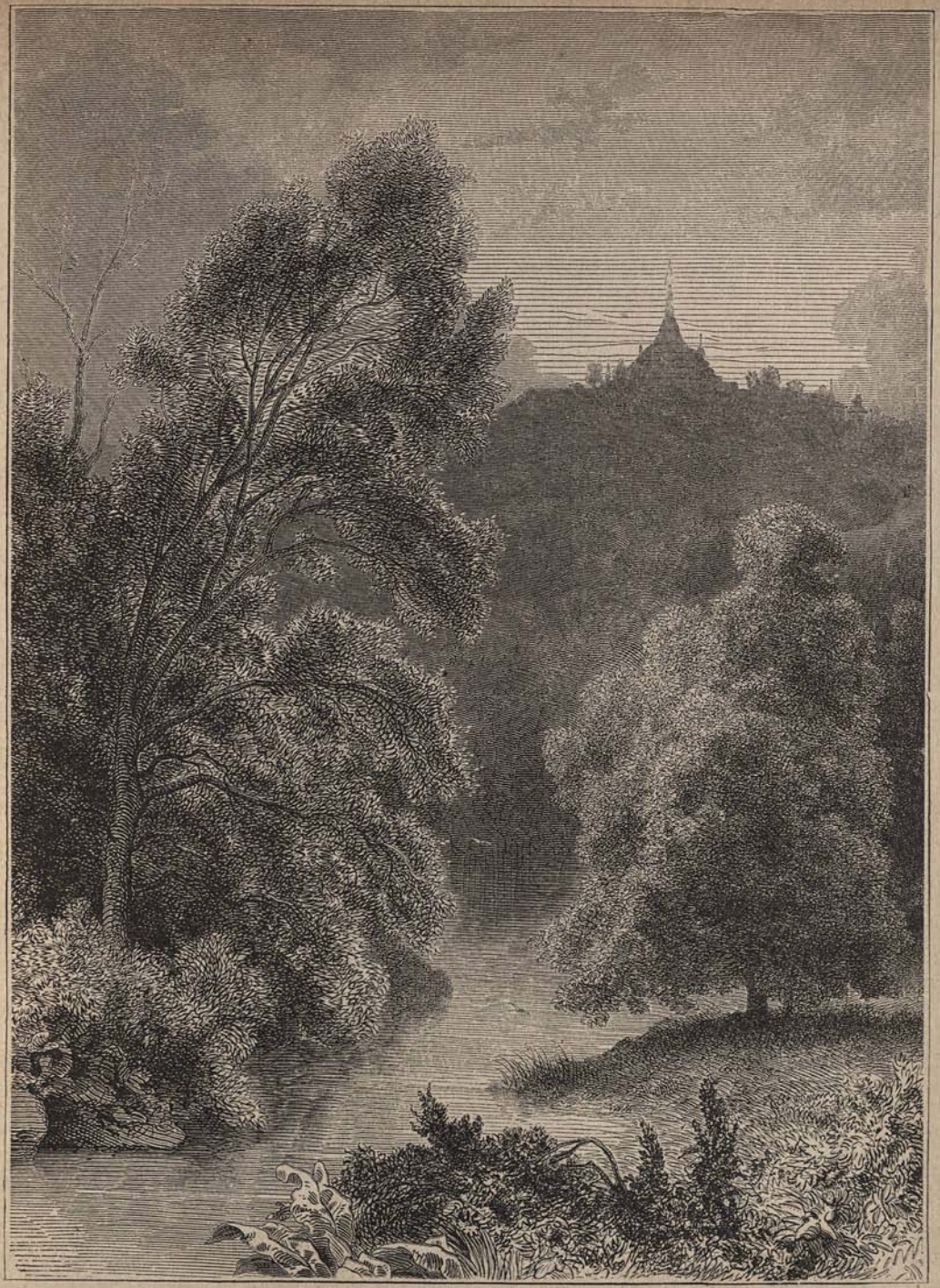
Now, it happened that at Balna's marriage her husband had given her a small gold ring, on which her name was engraved, and she put it on her little son's finger when he was a baby, and afterward when he was older, his aunts had had it enlarged for him, so that he was still able to wear it. The malee's wife advised him to fasten the well-known treasure to one of the bouquets he presented to his mother, and trust to her recognizing it. This was not to be done without difficulty, as such a strict watch was kept over the poor Princess (for fear of her ever establishing communication with her friends), that though the supposed malee's daughter was permitted to take her flowers every day, the magician or one of his slaves was always in the room at the time. At last one day, however, opportunity favored him, and when no one was looking the boy tied the ring to a nosegay and threw it at Balna's feet. The ring fell with a clang on the floor, and Balna, looking to see what made the strange sound, found the little ring tied to the flowers. On recognizing it, she at once believed the story her son told her of his long search, and begged him to advise her as to what she had better do, at the same time entreating him on no account to endanger his life by trying to rescue her. She told him that for twelve long years the magician had kept her shut up in the tower because she refused to marry him, and she was so closely guarded that she saw no hope of release.

Now, Balna's son was a bright, clever boy; so he said: "Do not fear, dear mother; the first thing to do is to discover how far the magician's power extends, in order that we may be able to liberate my father and uncles, whom he has imprisoned in the form of rocks and trees. You have spoken to him angrily for twelve long years, do you now rather speak kindly. Tell him you have given up all hopes of again seeing the husband you have so long mourned, and say you are willing to marry him. Then endeavor to find out what his power consists in, and whether he is immortal or can be put to death."

Balna determined to take her son's advice, and the next day sent for Punchkin and spoke to him as had been suggested.

The magician, greatly delighted, begged her to allow the wedding to take place as soon as possible.

But she told him that before she married him he must allow her a little



THE PALACE IN THE FOREST.

more time, in which she might make his acquaintance, and that after being enemies so long their friendship could but strengthen by degrees. "And do teil me," she said, "are you quite immortal? Can death never touch you? And are you too great an enchanter ever to feel human suffering?"

"Why do you ask?" said he.

"Because," she replied, "if I am to be your wife I would fain know all about you, in order, if any calamity threatens you, to overcome, or, if possible, to avert it."

"It is true," he said, "that I am not as others. Far, far away, hundreds of thousands of miles from this, there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm-trees, and in the centre of the circle stand six chattees full of water, piled one above another; below the sixth chattee is a small cage which contains a little green parrot; on the life of the parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die. It is, however," he added, "impossible that the parrot should sustain any injury, both on account of the inaccessibility of the country, and because, by my appointment, many thousand evil genii surround the palm-trees, and kill all who approach the place."

Balna told her son what Punchkin had said, but at the same time implored him to give up all idea of getting the parrot.

The Prince, however, replied: "Mother, unless I can get hold of that parrot, you and my father and uncles cannot be liberated; be not afraid, I will shortly return. Do you meantime keep the magician in good humor, still putting off your marriage with him on various pretexts; and before he finds out the cause of delay I will return." So saying, he went away.

Many, many weary miles did he travel till at last he came to a thick jungle, and being very tired sat down under a tree and fell asleep. He was awakened by a soft, rustling sound, and looking about him saw a large serpent which was making its way to an eagle's nest built in the tree under which he lay, and in the nest were two young eagles. The Prince, seeing the danger of the young birds, drew his sword and killed the serpent; at the same moment a rushing sound was heard in the air, and the two old eagles, who had been out hunting for food for their young ones, returned. They quickly saw the dead serpent, and the young Prince standing over it; and the old mother eagle said to him: "Dear boy, for many years all our young have been devoured by that cruel serpent; you have now saved the lives of our children. Whenever you are in need therefore, send to us and we will help you; and as for these little eagles, take them, and let them be your servants."

At this the Prince was very glad, and the two eaglets crossed their wings,

on which he mounted; and they carried him far, far away over the thick jungles until he came to the place where grew the circle of palm-trees in the midst of which stood the six chattees full of water. It was the middle of the day. All around the trees were the genii fast asleep; nevertheless, there were such countless thousands of them that it would have been quite impossible for any one to walk through their ranks to the place. Down swooped the strong-winged eaglets; down jumped the Prince. In an instant he had overthrown the six chattees full of water, and seized the little green parrot, which he rolled up in his cloak; while, as he mounted again into the air, all the genii below awoke, and, finding their treasure gone, set up a wild and melancholy howl.

Away, away flew the little eagles till they came to their home in the great tree; then the Prince said to the old eagles, "Take back your little ones; they have done me good service; if ever again I stand in need of help I will not fail to come to you."

He then continued his journey on foot till he arrived once more at the magician's palace, where he sat down at the door and began playing with the parrot.

The magician saw him, and came to him quickly and said, "My boy, where did you get that parrot? Give it to me, I pray you."

But the Prince answered, "Oh, no! I cannot give away my parrot; it is a great pet of mine; I have had it many years."

Then the magician said, "If it is an old favorite I can understand your not caring to give it away; but come, what will you sell it for?"

"Sir," replied the Prince, "I will not sell my parrot."

Then the magician got frightened and said, "Anything, anything; name what price you will, and it shall be yours."

Then the Prince answered, "I will that you liberate the Rajah's seven sons whom you turned into rocks and trees."

"It is done as you desire," said the magician; "only give me my parrot." And with that, by a stroke of his wand, Balna's husband and his brothers resumed their natural shapes. "Now, give me my parrot," repeated Punchkin.

"Not so fast, my master," rejoined the Prince; "I must first beg that you will restore to life all whom you have thus imprisoned."

The magician immediately waved his wand again, and whilst he cried in an imploring voice, "Give me my parrot," the whole garden became suddenly alive; where rocks and stones and trees had been before, stood rajahs and punts[1] and sirdars,[2] and mighty men on prancing horses, and jewelled pages and troops of armed attendants.

[1] Princely ministers.

[2] Nobles or chiefs.

"THE MOTHER EAGLE SAID, 'YOU HAVE SAVED THE LIVES OF OUR CHILDREN.'"

"Give me my parrot," cried Punchkin. Then the boy took hold of the parrot and tore off one of his wings; and as he did so the magician's right arm fell off.

Punchkin then stretched out his left arm, crying, "Give me my parrot." The Prince pulled off the parrot's second wing, and the magician's left arm tumbled off.

"Give me my parrot," cried he, and fell on his knees. The Prince pulled off the parrot's right leg; the magician's right leg fell off. The Prince pulled off the parrot's left leg; down fell the magician's left.

Nothing remained of him save the limbless body and the head; but still he rolled his eyes and cried, "Give me my parrot."

"Take your parrot then," cried the boy. And with that he wrung the bird's neck and threw it at the magician; and as he did so Punchkin's head twisted round, and with a fearful groan he died.

Then they let Balna out of the tower; and she, her son, and the seven Princes went to their own country and lived very happily ever afterward; and as to the rest of the world, every one went to his own house.

CHAPTER V.

THE OLD LINEMAN OF BOMBAY.

THE "DOO-LU SHAD-UEE." — THE CASTES. — THE SELF-WHIPPING STICK.

SOON after my arrival at Bombay I became well acquainted with a very interesting member of my aunt's household, Hugh Ainslee. He had been a lineman in India in the early days of the telegraph.

A lineman is a person who superintends the construction of a telegraph line. Hugh Ainslee had thus served in the stretching of several of the lines of India.

In this occupation he had met with many adventures, especially with tigers, which he had had great occasion to fear in some parts of the country while superintending the construction of lines.

He had also been employed in the construction and repair of several lines of railway, and had met with adventures while thus engaged.

Old Hugh was a story-teller, and almost as much of a favorite with my young cousins as was Old Seventee; the latter's stories were chiefly fictions, while the former's were based on facts. In planning my journey in India I had thought at first to take the railroad to Baroda and the mountain railroad line to Agra, thence to Delhi, and to return by rail and by boats on the Ganges to Calcutta. One evening Hugh said to me, —

"Why do you not make your journey in the old way, at least from Baroda to Agra, through the old kingdoms of the Rajahs, as the

rulers of the provinces used to be called? The road from Baroda to Agra is through grand scenery and ruins, and servants and conveyances are very cheap in India. I would like to go over the old highway again myself."

I had read in "La Tour du Monde," a French illustrated journal of travel, an account of this route; and the descriptions and pictures rose vividly before me.

"The distance must be hundreds of miles," I said.

"Yes; but it is an easy way and a very ancient one from Baroda to Agra," he added. "I will make all the arrangements for conveyances at Baroda, and bear half of the expense."

I told him that I would consider the matter.

I secured the back files of "La Tour du Monde," and again read the legends of the highway through the golden kingdoms of the Rajahs; my interest came back, and I decided to accept Old Hugh's plans.

Aunt and my young cousins and Seventee arranged to go with us to Baroda by rail and to meet us again at Delhi, they taking the railway to that city a few weeks after our departure.

The old linesman's tales and Seventee's stories gave a dramatic interest to my evenings in Bombay.

So large rewards are offered by the English Government for the killing of tigers that they are fast disappearing from the English routes of travel.

"The tigers used to make things lively when the building of railways and telegraphs began," said Old Hugh; "we lost many men by them in those days. You see," he continued, "when a tiger gets a taste of human flesh he becomes a man-hunter; his one passion is to hunt men. No toper could have a more restless and burning passion; the taste of human flesh seems to change the brute's whole nature."

THE "DOO-LU SHAD-UEE."

A TIGER STORY TOLD BY HUGH THE LINEMAN.

"I once had charge of the repairs of a section of track on the Madras Railway between the stations of Jooa and Kuppurpore in the Deccan, five hundred and twenty miles up from Madras," said Old Hugh, one evening. "I had eight miles in charge; it is a fine line, all steel rails, and the road-bed is kept in splendid order. It is owned by an English company; all the material is brought out from England. A railroad here costs $80,000 to the mile, while Yankees would build it for $20,000; for it is a good country to run a line through, mostly level, and not at all ledgy or marshy.

"It astonished me, in a country so thickly populated, to see so much game; there were a great many deer and wild cattle. The natives rarely have energy enough to hunt.

"Tigers were pretty numerous thereabouts. As we went along the track on the hand-car I often had glimpses of them in the edges of the thickets. The Englishmen hunt them.

"Commonly the tigers in this quarter of India are shy; they run at sight of a man, and are no more to be feared, ordinarily, than a black bear in the United States; but now and then a tiger gets to be what the natives in this district call 'doo-lu shad-uee,' — that is, an eater of man's flesh, — when he becomes, without exception, the most dangerous, bloodthirsty brute in the world.

"The natives here never fear a tiger unless he has become 'doo-lu shad-uee.'

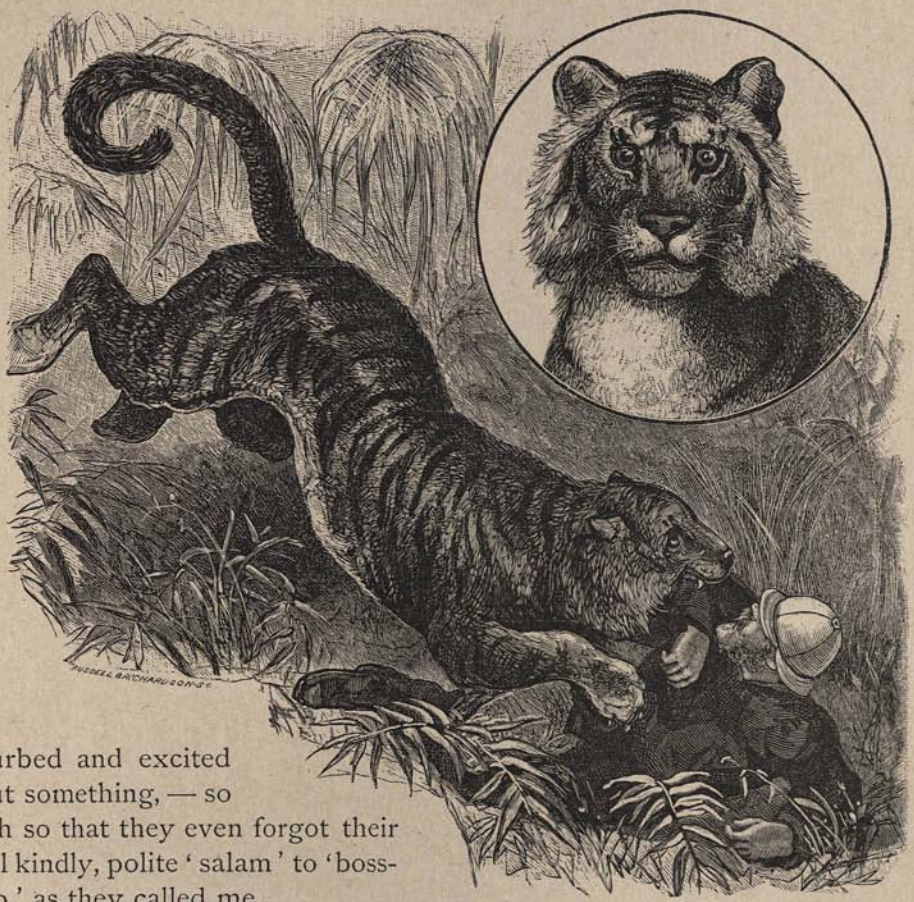
"When they hear that one of these man-eaters is about, a perfect panic spreads. The people will not so much as venture outside of their villages.

"Such a tiger will grow so bold in a week or two that he will dash right into a village and seize the first native he sees; he will even rush into the huts and drag the poor wretches out of their beds. Human blood he is determined to have.

"It is thought that such tigers get their first taste of human blood accidentally. They are not by any means common. I had never even heard of one until I had been at Jooa five months or more; and I was subsequently told that a 'doo-lu shad-uee' tiger had not been known thereabouts before for ten years.

TIGER AND PREY.

"Going to the station early one morning, in order to make the usual trip along the line before the express went up, I found my four native track-men waiting for me with the hand-car on the rails; but I noticed that they were much



A "DOO-LU SHAD-UEE."

disturbed and excited about something, — so much so that they even forgot their usual kindly, polite 'salam' to 'boss-sahib,' as they called me.

"Their names, by the way, were Karem Buksh, Gulab Sing, Neendo Sing, Ummed Lodianah; Gulab and Neendo were brothers, fine young fellows. These Hindu laborers always become very much attached to a foreman who treats them well. They are quick to understand orders, and have very mild, affectionate dispositions.

"I said 'Good-morning,' and 'Go ahead, boys,' but they hesitated; then Karem spoke.

"'There is an eater of man's flesh come to Sukooah, sir,' said he, very gravely. Sukooah is a little hamlet betwixt Jooa and Kuppurpore, near the line.

"'An eater of man's flesh! what's that?' said I.

"'A tiger doo-lu shad-uee, sahib,' Ummed explained. 'A monster!'

"They went on to tell me, with frightened looks, that he had seized a woman but the evening before, and that the folks at Sukooah were all shut up close in their houses for fear of him.

"'Nonsense!' I said. 'Go ahead. He won't touch us.' I thought it a matter of no account. But it was plain to see that the men were much alarmed. As we came up near Sukooah, and after passing it, their eyes scanned the bushes; and once or twice where we stopped to put in a new 'tie' or drive a few fresh spikes, they seemed in real terror, peeking this way and that like frightened hares.

"But we saw nothing, neither that morning nor during the week, of the tiger; there were reports, however, every day of its having caught men and women at Sukooah. When one of these man-eaters has made a successful foray into a village, it will rarely leave that particular vicinity till killed.

"But this was the first time that I had ever heard of their habits. I supposed that the stories were vastly exaggerated, and the subject did not bear with much weight on my mind. I did not even think it worth while to carry my carbine on the hand-car.

"But not more than three or four months after, I had ample proof of the ferocity and boldness of these abnormally fierce brutes. Coming back over the section from Kuppurpore station, I had stopped to put in a new rail, not more than a mile from Sukooah. After getting off the hand-car, we waited ten or fifteen minutes for the express to pass, then unhung the old rail and laid in the new one which we had brought along on the car.

"Karem and Gulab were holding it in place with their bars. Ummed was driving spikes with a sledge, and Neendo had stepped to the car where I stood, for more spikes.

"Suddenly, and as quick as a flash of light, a tiger burst from the thicket back twenty yards, perhaps, from the rails, and came, as it seemed to me (for I saw him when he started), with one bound into our midst. He seemed to shoot like a dart close to the ground, — one long yellow streak. The creature seized Gulab, who stood back to him; he was gone with the poor fellow down the bank and into some brush on the other side of the track almost as quickly as he had rushed out. Not a sound did the beast make till he caught Gulab; then he gave the ugliest, worst-sounding growl that I ever heard.

"I caught up a crowbar and gave chase; Ummed and Karem came on after me with their sledges. But I might as well have tried to chase a whirlwind. The animal ran faster than a horse; I had two glimpses of it at a distance, racing on from thicket to thicket, getting farther off every moment.

"The 'through Bombay freight' was due now in a few minutes; I had to hasten back to set the rail. So paralyzed with fright were my poor fellows, that I had to drive the spikes myself. We had seen the last of the luckless Gulab. Another man, named Musik Kyasth, was hired to go on the section in Gulab's place; and I need hardly state that thenceforward I carried my gun and kept a sharp eye out, — as sharp as did the hands, who lived and worked in constant fright.

"Three or four days afterwards, we saw a tiger cross the track fifteen or twenty rods ahead of us. He turned, facing us, hearing the car coming. Standing up, I fired at him, at which he trotted down the bank and was out of sight when we passed.

"Meantime, if rumors were true, not less than eight persons had been killed, three or four of them dragged out of their huts, either in the early evening or morning.

"I think it was on the following Monday morning that we had our second experience with this bloodthirsty creature.

"Some new ties were needed to be put in at a culvert half a mile or thereabouts below the place where the tiger had seized Gulab. On the north side of the track were thickets within a few rods, but on the south side only a few scattered bushes amid grass knee-high.

"So, while the men worked in the little culvert, I stood on the track close to them with my carbine cocked, and watched the thickets on the north side, facing in that direction.

"On a sudden, Ummed and Karem gave a shout and sprang towards me, one with his bar, the other with a shovel. I thought they were going to assault me.

"The next moment I was knocked headlong by a tremendous blow from behind, and heard the same ugly growl. The tiger seized Musik, the new man, and dragged him, despite his struggles, into the thicket long before I could regain my legs and fire.

"I think the brute's first aim had been for me; but he leaped at me with such violence that he fairly pitched me head-foremost into the culvert among the others.

"Ummed saw the animal start from behind a little bush on the south side

of the track, where he had lain watching us, while I was watching the jungle on the other side.

"Pursuit was useless with any hope of saving Musik's life. I had the culvert patched up, then went down to Jooa and got the depot-master. He and I together reconnoitered the thickets for several hours, hoping to be able to shoot the monster; the thickets were very dense and thorny.

"THE NEXT MOMENT I WAS KNOCKED HEADLONG."

"The sun getting up high and hot, we went back to Jooa, and telegraphed to Madras for some of the officers of the garrison to come up and hunt the tiger. In an hour or two we received word that five or six of them would come the next day on the mail train.

"But meantime I hit upon a stratagem for entrapping the animal. It was suggested to me by stories which my old grandfather used to tell of catching bears in what he called a 'log-fall.' The depot-master and I, with the section hands, set to work and built a hut of old ties, boards, and brush up near the culvert. Inside the hut we made an effigy to resemble a Hindu laborer as

MERCHANTS.

closely as possible. This 'dummy' we placed some five feet inside the doorway, and over the intervening space we set up a 'dead-fall' consisting of six old rails betwixt two pairs of stakes having a drop of near five feet; the foot of the prop supporting this mass of iron rested on a roundish cobble-stone set on a log beneath.

"A 'trip line' was then strung from the prop across the doorway of the hut. Later in the day a goat was killed, and after dragging it along the track each side, we threw it into the hut behind the dummy. My idea was that if the tiger were to come along and sight the effigy inside the hut, he would rush in to seize it and spring the dead-fall.

"But the contrivance stood as we had left it when we went up past it next morning.

"At three that afternoon the hunting-party from Madras came. There were a colonel, a major, two captains, and a lieutenant, with three servants, a pack of hounds, and many breech-loading rifles and smooth-bores. Word was sent out to gather a party of fifty or sixty natives for 'beaters,' and the grand hunt was set for the following morning at four o'clock.

"The party camped in the station building that night. There were high anticipations of an exciting episode. At daybreak the hunt was called, and the whole party mustered. We took our distinguished guests up the line on the hand-car and a small 'flat' used for carrying rails.

"As we passed my humble device for trapping the tiger, I pointed it out, merely for the sake of furnishing them a little amusement; and the Major ran down the bank to look at it.

"But a loud exclamation from that martial gentleman drew us all after him.

"Lo! there lay the man-eater, a great sleek black and yellow mottled brute, with his big tongue out and a ton of steel rails across his back, dead! The Nimrods stared.

"Our visitors went back to Madras on the express disgusted, but took the tiger's skin. I rather thought that it belonged to me.

"We had no further trouble there with tigers. Some six months afterwards, however, I participated in a very singular tiger-hunt at Moosurie, an account of which I may be able to give in a future story."

THE CASTES.

After the general expulsion of Buddhism from India by the ancient religion of the Brahmins, Brahminism became a system of castes. The caste system owes its origin to the "Laws of Menu," a code of moral precepts written nearly one thousand years before the Christian era.

The Menu divides the Hindus into four classes, or castes: —

(1) The Brahmins, or priestly race, the teachers of the Vedas. These priests, according to the Menu, were the first created beings, and have power to bless or curse other beings.

The Brahmin must devote the first part of his life to the study of the Vedas, the second to the teaching of the Vedas, and the third to solitude, living in the woods, without fire, wholly silent, and feeding on nuts. He is expected to become so lost in a sense of divine things, at this period, that his soul can leave the body as the bird leaves her nest on the tree.

(2) The Soldiers, who sprung from the arm of Brahma.

(3) The Merchants.

(4) The Slaves, whose duty is submission and service.

If there be a mixture of castes by marriage, the child of such a marriage becomes an outcast.

From these castes arose hundreds of subdivisions or minor castes, until India was full of classes of people whose life was almost as distinct as though they had never been born under the same sun. Each caste became a little world of its own.

I one day asked the female domestic to take away the dinner dishes. She refused with a stare.

"She does not belong to that caste," said my aunt, quickly. Then I stared.

INDIAN GLADIATORS.

A man died. I called upon a porter to assist me in removing the body.

"That is not my business," said he; "I belong to another caste."

"But this is a matter of necessity," said I.

"I cannot help you; I would lose caste."

"How absurd are all such ideas!" I said to my aunt.

"Yes," she said, "but no more so than our own customs. There is not a coachman in England who would do a porter's work."

It was true, but it was hard to acknowledge that the same feelings of caste really exist as much in London as in Bombay.

The Sepoy rebellion began with the question of caste.

The English Government had decided to arm the Sepoys with the Enfield rifle.

A workman near Calcutta, in the factory or arsenal where the cartridges were made, asked a native soldier for some water.

"I have none."

"Let me drink out of your latah."[1]

The high-caste soldier looked amazed. To have offered the "latah" to a low-caste workman would have been a defilement. The soldier expressed his scorn of the impudence of the laborer.

"You need not be so very particular now about your caste," said the cartridge-maker. "The new cartridges are greased with bullock's fat."

The bullock is a sacred animal among the Brahmins. Any Sepoy would lose caste were he to bite off the end of such a cartridge.

The cartridge-maker's words flew.

The English ordered the troops to use the new cartridges.

Mutiny followed; it spread over India, and spilled blood like water.

[1] A brass drinking-pot.

THE SELF-WHIPPING STICK.

A STORY OF THE RAJAHS TOLD BY SEVENTEE.

A poor Brahmin once had a beautiful daughter who married a jackal. The couple lived in a cave full of treasures and enchantments.

One day the Brahmin went to visit this daughter, and the jackal presented him with a melon.

"You will find the seeds valuable," said the jackal.

The Brahmin opened the melon, and found the seeds to be lumps of gold, diamonds, and pearls.

The Brahmin now was rich. He saved a few seeds to plant, and there grew melons which were also full of lumps of gold, diamonds, and pearls.

Now, the Brahmin's wife did not discover the source of his wealth; but a neighbor found it out, and one day, when the Brahmin was abroad, this neighbor bought all the melons of the pious woman, and so when the Brahmin came home, he found himself poor again.

So he again went to visit his daughter in the golden cave, and this time the jackal gave him an enchanted jar. He had only to whisper the name of whatever he wanted to eat to the jar, and the luxury named would be found inside.

The Brahmin now thought that he would never have need of anything more.

But he chanced to tell another Brahmin the secret of the jar. This Brahmin was a friend of the Rajah, and he told the Rajah the story. The Rajah sent for the possessor of the jar, and demanded it; and so the Brahmin was as poor as ever again.

He went again to the golden cave. This time the jackal presented him with a jar in which was a whipping-stick.

"Open it only when you are in need of justice," said the jackal. But the Brahmin out of curiosity opened the jar on his return, and the stick leaped out and whipped him almost to death.

"Justice," said the Brahmin. "The jackal was wise. I need justice for the loss of my melons and the enchanted fruit-jar."

So the Brahmin invited the neighbor who had bought the melons, and the selfish Rajah to come and dine with him, saying that he would show them a wonder.

"OUT FLEW THE STICK, AND FELL TO BEATING FIRST ONE AND THEN THE OTHER."

The neighbor and the Rajah came. He locked them into a room, and bade them open the jar.

They did so. Out flew the stick, and fell to beating first one and then the other, until the two were nearly dead.

"Let me go," said the neighbor, "and I will give you back the melon seeds."

"I will," said the Brahmin.

"Let *me* go," said the Rajah, "and I will give you back the fruit-jar."

"I will," said the Brahmin.

So the Brahmin was rich and happy.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM BARODA TO AGRA. — JUNGLE TALES AT AGRA.

THE TIGER AND THE SIX JUDGES. — THE TIGER-HUNTER OF MADRAS. — THE TIGER THAT WAS LOST IN THE SKY.

ECEMBER 1. — I have to-day visited the Court of the Gaikwar, as the royal court at Baroda is called. An English official was to receive entertainment from the Gaikwar to-day, and Mr. Ainslee and myself were invited to the royal levee.

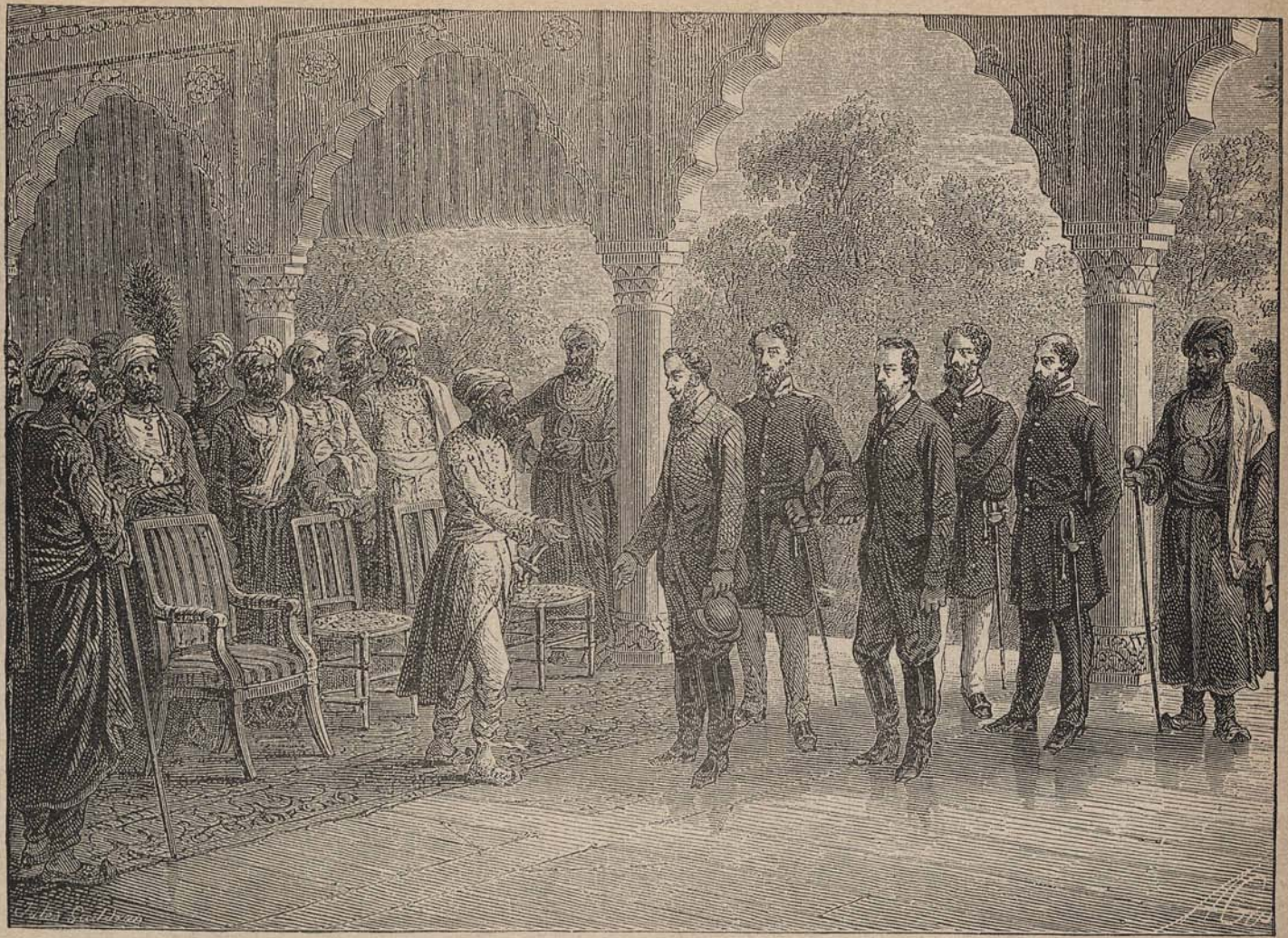
I feel as though I myself had had a royal reception, as the Gaikwar gave special orders for the "entertainment of the American."

I approached the palace through a long line of elephants that were ornamented with torches, or that at least were made torch-bearers for picturesque effect.

I was met by the Premier, and presented by him to the Rajah. Then followed a feast, splendid, indeed, yet barbarous and ugly. I never before saw so many hard and savage faces at any official gathering. After the feast came an entertainment by dancing-girls, and then followed a distribution of betel nuts.

The Rajah and his nobles were bedecked with jewels, and when the lamps were lighted the scene was Oriental indeed.

December 2. — To-day I visited the royal gardens and the amphitheatre. The latter is an immense enclosure, and so arranged as to accommodate one hundred thousand people. It is here, I think, that the famous fist-fights between gigantic Hindus used to take place. These



RECEPTION OF THE TRAVELLERS.

Hindu gladiators used to enter the arena nearly naked, with a belt of sharp prongs bound around their hands or wrists. A blow from these prongs might be fatal; but whether it was or not, the wound was always severe.

I here for the first time saw an elephant fight. It was a wicked and cruel spectacle, in which my heart went out in sympathy for the elephant from first to last.

The elephant was brought into the arena, and teased by a professional until his passion was excited and he became furious. Some twenty matadores armed with spears kept the animal in constant torture. The sport consisted in seeing the elephant chase his teasers, it being certain that he would kill any one that he should seize with his trunk.

Fights between elephants are common spectacles in the arena; they are awkward, clumsy, ludicrous exhibitions. Here also rhinoceros fights take place. These are often greatly prolonged; men pouring water upon the ugly beasts to give them new force when they show signs of becoming exhausted.

December 3. — I left Baroda early in the morning on horseback, and reached Veepore late at night. I lunched under a banyan-tree. The sun blazed during a part of my journey. Never did water seem so refreshing, or rest so sweet, as on my brief respites in this journey.

My food on the journey consisted chiefly of rice.

It is a new way of travelling. We have horses, two camels and palanquins, with native attendants and palanquin-bearers. The country through which we have passed is full of blooming cotton. Tamarind, mango, and banyan trees shade the way at times; and lake-like ponds, around which hover beautiful birds, here and there appear. The air is bright; the woods seem like remnants of some lost paradise: there is beauty everywhere.

December 8. — I am resting at Aspar. There is one commendable

thing about Hindu villages. Each one has a house for travellers, maintained, not by the English Government, but by the natives themselves, as a pious duty of hospitality.

I was sent to a temple for a lodging, — a custom not uncommon among the natives. Aspar is a village of temples, three of which are large.

On going forward I met a Brahmin who had some luscious-looking sugar-canes. I offered to purchase them, and he seemed glad to part with them. I was pleased that the sale gave him so much pleasure, and held out a generous handful of coin. But a shadow at once passed over his benevolent face; he drew back. I wondered what he was about to say.

"Is it not enough?" I asked.

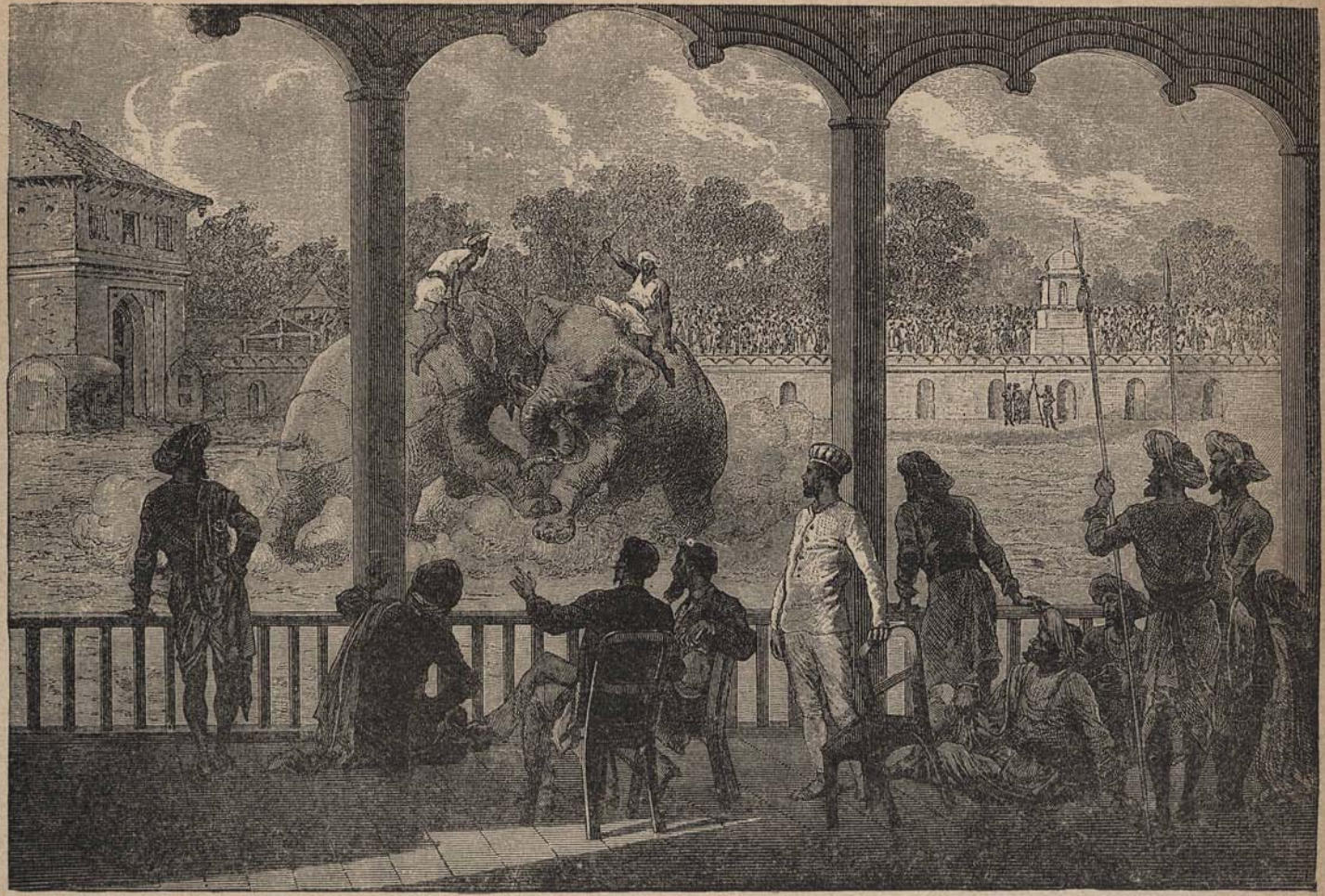
"I am a Brahmin."

"Yes."

"Brahmins do not take money for good deeds. Good deeds are their own reward."

ODEYPOOR, *Dec.* 15. — Past temples and temples, — temples in villages, and temples seemingly in the air, — such is a journey in India. Ruined temples of the expelled religion of Buddha, dead temples, living temples of Brahma, temples of Vishnu and Siva, — the land blossoms with temples. The Hindus have ever been a religious people; their most cruel superstitions are religious in their origin. One asks mentally why should not the light of the true faith sooner have found them. How teachable must the race have been before it was blinded by superstitions! The city is picturesque, the lake beautiful, and the country a tropical paradise. Poems in stone called temples give evidence that the beautiful in Nature inspires the beautiful in Art. An English book has been published on the beauties of the place, and a poet himself could hardly overcolor them.

JEYPOOR, *Dec.* 25. — Nearly three weeks in jungles, lodging among temples more beautiful than the palaces of the East, and yet of



ELEPHANT FIGHT.

which the world knows little or nothing. Jeypoor, which Bishop Heber has finely described, is a town of palaces.

AGRA, *Jan.* 1. — A city seldom if ever mentioned in the Western world, and yet whose walls have an area of some eleven square miles, and whose pearl mosque would make cheap by comparison any art museum in Europe. Here is a single tomb on which twenty thousand men were employed for more than twenty years, and which is composed of twelve kinds of beautiful stone.

At Agra I found Aunt and her children and Old Seventee awaiting me. The children asked for stories of the adventures I had met during my journey. I had none to tell. Bright days had followed bright days. We had not been robbed, nor attacked by tigers; our horses and camels had behaved well; we had eaten our rice in peace, disturbed only occasionally by a jackal.

The journey lay between temples and palaces amid hundreds of miles of parks, through the provinces of Rajahs, or native princes. The air was delicious, the sky splendid, the trees were full of birds, and every village abounded with hospitality.

I had seen adventures at the Rajah's court at Baroda, — manufactured ones, — but none of importance later.

"I am glad to see you again," said I to Old Seventee; "I have missed your stories, and now I hope to enjoy them again."

"Things are not now as they used to be," said Hugh. "The English rule has changed everything. Brahminism is a dying religion, and Christian ideas must soon take its place. The wild beasts are disappearing before the new civilization. The once powerful Rajahs, even, are no longer what they were; they exist only by permission. Poetic India is gone."

"And may it never return!" said Aunt, who had long made a study of the historic Indian life, and had marked the gradual progress of Christian customs in India, and seen superstition after superstition disappear.

At Agra the Emperor Akbar held his golden court; here luxury reigned and jewels blazed. The ruins prove the wonderful tale of his reign to be true.

"What shall we visit in Agra?" I asked Hugh.

"The Tâj."

"The Tâj," said Aunt.

"The Tâj," said Anna and Arthur.

"One should see it by moonlight," said Hugh. "I do not think that it is much more beautiful by moonlight than the Capitol at Washington."

"Much more?" said I. "Is there a building *as* beautiful as the Capitol in these jungles?"

What is the Tâj?

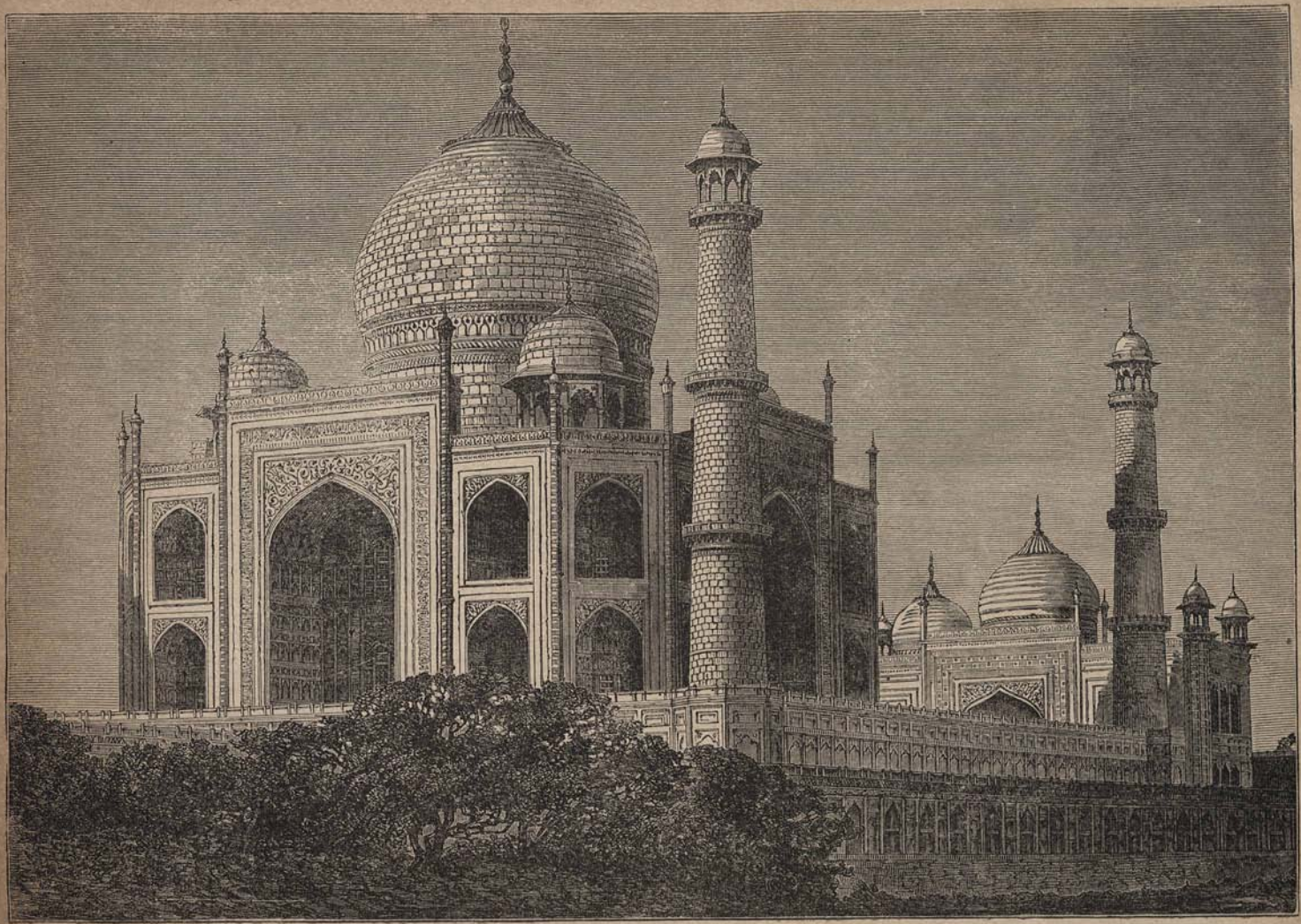
It is the tomb of the wife of a rich Mogul, surrounded by gardens, fountains, cypress avenues, and beautiful trees.

All the resources of poetry have been employed to describe the Tâj; for example, — "Too pure to be the work of hands;" "A marble poem;" "Marble arrayed in glory;" "Its inspiration came from heaven; its execution is worthy of it;" "The white queen of sorrow."

"I would die to-morrow to have such a tomb," a lady is represented as saying. Many recall it as the most beautiful building in the world.

It was seventeen years in building, and some twenty thousand men were employed upon it. The army of kings contributed towards it, and the provinces sent their choicest gems. The jasper came from Punjab; the carnelians, from Beruch; the turquoise, from Thibet; the agates, from Yemen; and so we might go on with a long catalogue of jewels and precious stones that were to gleam forever over the dead body of her whom the Sultan or Emperor so dearly loved.

As you approach it a mountain of glimmering marble seems to rise before you, and clustering minarets and domes seem to float in the air above. It is about two miles from the town, and on the Jumna. It rises from a platform a thousand feet broad, a house of jewels built



THE TÂJ, AGRA.

for love. It cost immense sums of money. Within all is splendor and silence. The Tâj is a tomb.

While at Agra we visited Gwalior, and saw its ancient temples and its fortress, which has stood strong for a thousand years.

The Vihara temple, Gwalior, is a gigantic monument of stone, whose tower has fallen in. It used to contain a colossal statue of Buddha. Its sides are sculptured. The pencil can describe it better than the pen, and we here let the artist speak.

From Odeypoor our journey had been among jungles and temples; wonder had followed wonder; but on the night before leaving Agra, we rode to the Tâj and saw it by moonlight. It seemed like nothing earthly, as it rose glimmering before us under a dusky but mellow sky. We talk of Art; but St. Paul's, or St. Peter's, or any of the churches of the Western world seem poor and cheap to the Tâj by moonlight, with its wonderful gate and enchanting garden.

We saw little that was savage on our way among the jungles and temples. There were trees full of peacocks; there were trees full of monkeys, and trees full of vines and flowers. Now and then we met a jackal, and once we saw some wild dogs; but during some seven hundred miles' travel we were disturbed by neither dangerous beasts nor robbers.

But one thing made us sad almost daily. It was the *outcasts*, the beggars in deserted temples, — some diseased, some in disgrace, some voluntary wanderers, — all alone, hopeless, and friendless in the world.

Near Odeypoor there were temples where we were told wives used to be burned by the side of the bodies of their husbands. It was interesting to know this, for the utter silence of the decaying temples is oppressive. One knows that these ruins were once associated with human hopes and fears and tragedies; and this is all. The millions of human beings came and went. They vanished like the drops of a rain-storm, and the world knows no more of them than of the cloud that fell in raindrops on the sea.

JUNGLE TALES AT AGRA.

THE TIGER AND THE SIX JUDGES.

A ZENÄNÄ STORY TOLD BY SEVENTEE.

A pious Brahmin was once walking along the road, when he came to a large iron cage in which was a tiger.

"How came you here?" asked the Brahmin.

"Brother Brahmin, brother Brahmin, the villagers put me here. Let me out, brother Brahmin."

"No, I will not; you would eat me."

"Only let me out for a few minutes, brother Brahmin; I am dying for water."

"No, you would eat me."

"No, father of mercy, I will not. I am not ungrateful, brother Brahmin; let me go to the stream and drink, and I will return."

Now, the Brahmin had a tender heart; so he opened the door of the cage.

"Now I will eat you, you fool, and I will drink of the stream afterward."

"That would be injustice," said the Brahmin. "All the animals would say that."

"No, they would not," answered the tiger. "Men are foes to all animals. The animals would condemn you. You eat animals; why should not animals eat you?"

"But I do not eat animals," said the Brahmin.

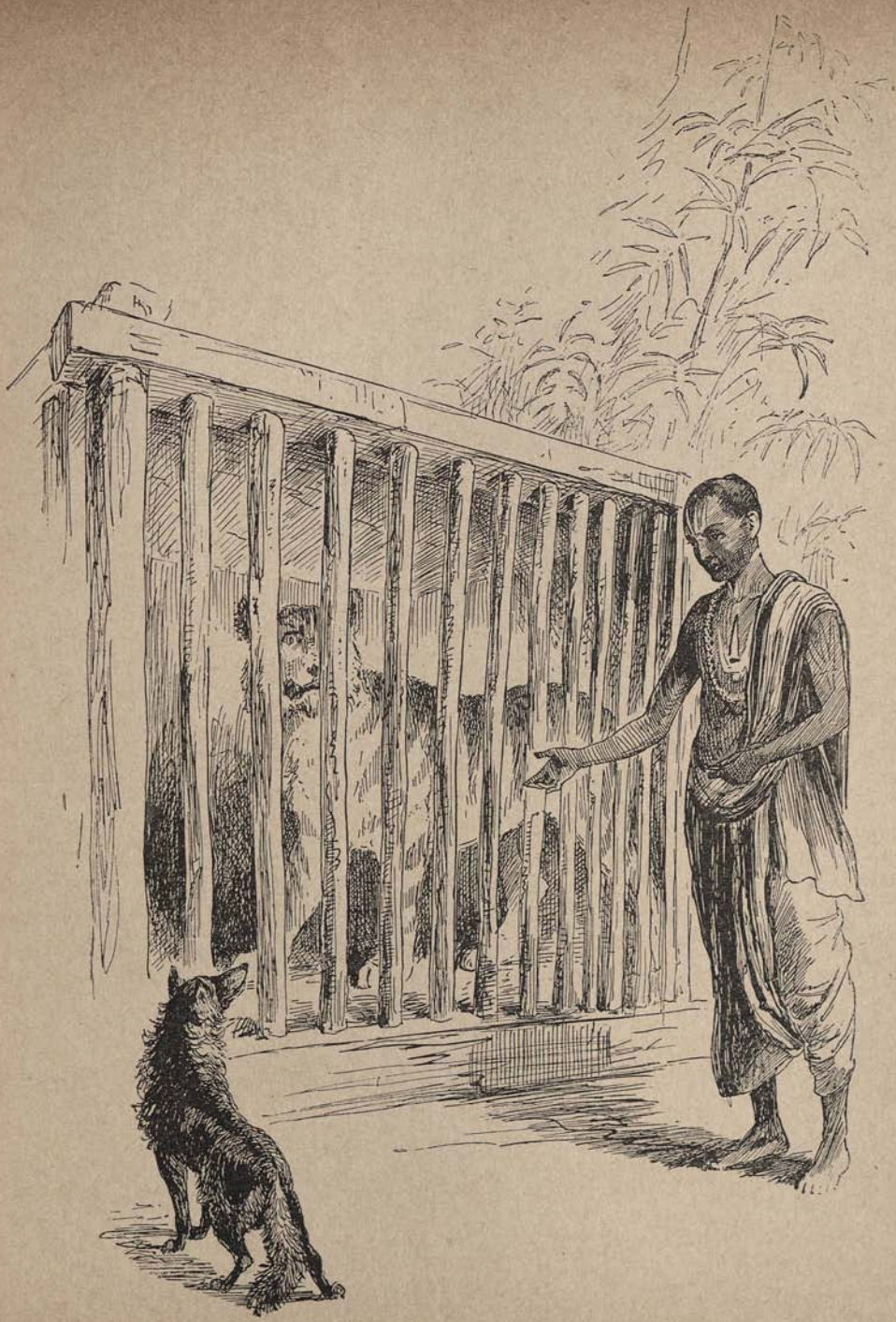
"But your race does," said the tiger.

"Let us refer the matter to six judges," said the Brahmin; "and if they all condemn me, I will die."

"Agreed," said the tiger.

The Brahmin and the tiger went in search of the six judges. They came to a banyan-tree.

"Oh, banyan-tree, hear and give judgment," said the Brahmin. "This tiger asked me to let him out of his cage to get water, and he promised not to hurt me; now he wishes to eat me up."



"HE IS THE WISE JUDGE WHO GETS THE CASE."

"Let him do so, then. Men seek shelter under my boughs, and then break down my branches. Why should men not be treated in the same way? You have already decided the case against you by your own conduct. Let the tiger have his way. You are in his power."

At this the tiger was about to eat the Brahmin when the latter said, "Oh, tiger, tiger, remember the other five judges."

They went on their way, and met a camel.

"Oh, camel, hear," said the Brahmin. "Be wise and judge. I let this tiger out of his cage to drink, and he promised that he would not hurt me, and now he wants to eat me up."

"Let him do so. You are in his power, and all men treat animals so. Men worked me hard when I was young, and now they have turned me out to die. I only follow their own conduct in judging. They must be wise. Tiger, you have a sure right to the Brahmin. He would have killed you, were he armed. It is a clear case; eat him up."

The tiger was about to seize the Brahmin, when the latter said, "Remember the other four judges."

So they went on their way again, and found an aged bullock.

"Brother bullock, you are wise; hear my case and give judgment. I let this tiger out of the cage to drink; he promised not to hurt me, and now he wishes to eat me up."

"My master has turned me out to die," said the bullock. "He used to eat bullocks; so do all men, when they are hungry, except the very pious. Why should not tigers do the same? The tiger has the case judged by the conduct of men. It must be right for him to do what they would do."

"Why go any farther?" asked the tiger; "there can be but one decision in a case like this."

"But we must hear the other three," said the poor Brahmin.

So they went on, and came to an eagle.

"Oh, bird of the skies, thou art noble; hear my case. I let this tiger out of the cage to drink; he promised not to harm me, and now he wants to eat me up. Is that right?"

"Yes," said the eagle. "Men are always trying to shoot me; why should the tiger not eat you?"

"Let us hear the other two," said the Brahmin.

So they went on, and came to an alligator.

"Oh, alligator, alligator, you are sober and wise; hear my case. This tiger asked me to let him out of the cage to drink, and he promised me not to hurt me; now he wants to eat me up."

"Let him do so, then. Men shoot at me if I only put my nose out of the water. It is a clear case. The man is in your power, O tiger; eat him. It would be better for all animals if all men were eaten. It is your *duty* to do so, O tiger!"

At this the tiger roared. The case was certainly his.

"Let us hear the other judge," said the Brahmin.

So they went on, and came to a jackal. Now, the jackal is a friend of men, and very cunning and wise.

"Oh, brother jackal, brother jackal, hear my case. I let this tiger out of his cage to drink, under his promise that he would not hurt me, and now he wants to eat me. Is this right?"

"This is a difficult case," said the jackal. "I could not decide it until I knew all the facts. I should wish to see the cage, and the exact way in which you let the tiger out of the cage. Show me the cage and the place."

So the three went to the cage.

"Now, brother Brahmin," said the jackal, "show exactly where you stood when the tiger spoke to you."

"It was here," said the Brahmin.

"Exactly there?"

"Yes, exactly."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sure."

Then the jackal meditated and seemed very wise.

"Where was the tiger?"

"In the cage."

"Which way was he looking?"

"This way," said the Brahmin.

"No," said the tiger; "that way."

"I must know exactly."

"This way," said the Brahmin.

"That way," said the tiger.

"Get into the cage and stand again just as you were," said the jackal. The tiger did so.

"Was the cage door open?"

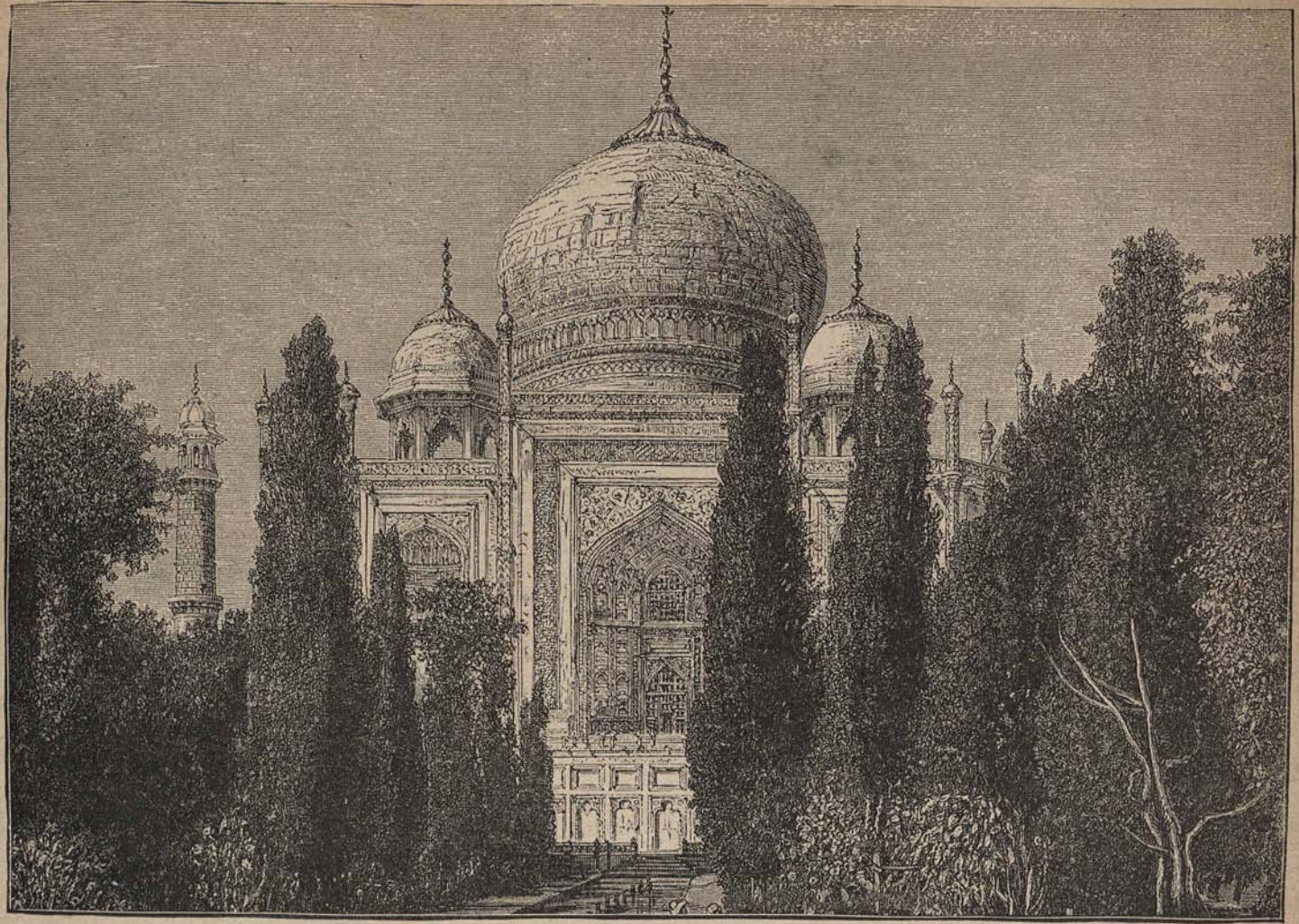
"No, shut," said the tiger.

"Then I must shut it," said the jackal.

"Was the door bolted?" asked the jackal.

"Yes, bolted," said the tiger.

"Then I must bolt it," said the jackal.



APPROACH TO THE MOSQUE, AGRA.

"Now look," said the jackal.

"Things are now just as they were before?" said the jackal.

"Yes," said the tiger.

"That is all right," said the jackal. "Come, brother Brahmin, let us go."

"But five judges were for me," said the tiger.

"He is the wise judge who gets the case," said the Brahmin.

"There is great injustice in the world," said the tiger. "Ah me! ah me!"

"Good-by," said the Brahmin.

"Would that all cases could be made as they were before!" said the jackal. "This is an easy one. Good-by."

THE TIGER-HUNTER OF MADRAS.[1]

TOLD BY HUGH AINSLEE AT AGRA.

While sitting in the little depot at Jooa, one afternoon, in conversation with the station-agent, "Freight No. 13" from Madras came on to the siding opposite to wait for the Bombay Express to pass. Attached to the long train of rice-cars were several flats, some with "daks" on them, others with palanquins, and on the hindermost a very odd-looking object which at once attracted our attention, — the more that there seemed to be a man inside it.

"What have you got on that rear car, Fales?" my friend the agent called out to the conductor of the freight.

"You 've got me now!" replied that official, with a laugh. "That 's a nondescript. No name on it. Billed to Yuloodian. Walk up and see for yourselves, gentlemen. That is the shipper inside; name, Geeter Zoom Joogr, by trade a tiger-killer. But you won't find him talkative."

The "nondescript" was a round cage-like structure, some twelve feet in diameter by six or seven in height. The bottom was of heavy black timber, and the flat top of the same, but not quite so massive; while the sides were of thick, straight, brown bamboo rods or bars, set upright like stanchions in the black bed-pieces, with spaces betwixt them four or five inches wide. In short, it was a heavy round cage, made years and years ago, and of curious workmanship.

But the old native inside it was a still greater curiosity. He was arrayed in a dirty blue cotton frock, and drawers, or trousers, of the same stuff. His feet

[1] Taken from the "Youth's Companion," by permission.

were bare, — such feet! They were so shrunken and bony, and of such shiny wine-brown hue, as to give one the idea that they had been calcined over a slow fire.

The man was bareheaded, too, and, what is not common among Hindus, his hair, thin and in part gray, was braided in a queue down his back.

The tightness of the skin across his brows gave to his countenance a strangely mummified expression, hardly relieved by the deep, dull black eyes and coarse thin eyebrows; while the lower part of his face was curiously marked with still coarser crinkled hairs, too scattering to be termed a beard.

His general complexion was like an old, withered walnut. From the elbow down, his arms were bare; and they seemed mere parcels of bone and sinew bound tightly up in sun-dried hide; while his lean fingers like claws terminated in nails an inch or more long. Indeed, in the matter of personal appearance, Mr. Geeter Zoom Joogr was one of the very strangest, *unhuman* human beings I have ever chanced to meet in any country.

Set against the side of the cage were two short spears, or lances, five or six feet in length, with handles of some black wood, and thin, sharp, slender points of bright steel which shone like silver. These blades, or points, were of themselves nearly or quite two feet long; altogether very ugly-looking implements.

I did not find him at all communicative. He sat on a cane stool, with his back to the bars of the cage, and solaced the fatigues of his journey with an enormous pipe.

My knowledge of Hindustani was not sufficient to make much impression on him at first. A few stolid responses were all that I could elicit from him.

He said, or rather admitted, that he was going to Yuloodian to kill a tiger; and that killing man-eating tigers was his business. Fifty rupees was his price for killing a dangerous tiger.

He had made this his business for twenty years, since the Sepoy war.

I felt very curious to know how the old man hunted, and asked permission to go up to Yuloodian and participate in the hunt. To this request he made no reply for a while, but upon my urging it several times, at length said, "The sahib can suit himself."

Just then the express whistled in; and as soon as it had passed, the freight, and with it old Geeter and his cage, moved on.

Late in the afternoon, after my duties on the section were over for the day, I went up on the "way freight" to Yuloodian, taking my Remington carbine and a stock of cartridges.

It was one of those little Hindu villages, of perhaps two hundred souls, where the people were persecuted by a tiger, — a state of things hard to

TIGER HUNT.

conceive of in America. But in India, where Buddhism prevails to some extent, it is contrary to religion to kill any creature, even tigers and venomous snakes.

It was dusk when I got off at Yuloodian. The agent said that Old Geeter had arrived at three o'clock with his cage, and that a party of natives with a bullock team had drawn it off to the village, half a mile away. Thither I proceeded on foot and alone. None of the natives were astir. The huts were all closed and dark. The people had shut themselves up at twilight for fear of the tiger; for the savage beast now for several weeks had been accustomed to enter the hamlet at night, prowling around as it pleased. Twice it had seized persons within their very doors.

But by dint of knocking and shouting I learned where the tiger-slayer had located his cage. I had only to follow the street, or rather path, leading through the hamlet and out at a gate into the open country beyond. No one would venture forth at this hour to guide me; but the distance was not more than three hundred metres beyond the gate in the stake-fence enclosing the hamlet; and I came upon the cage after a few minutes. It was set on the ground in the high "rayche" grass, a few paces from the jungles and thorn thickets which skirted a "sarkee" (creek).

Feeling a little uncertain as to how Old Geeter might receive me, or how he might act if I came upon him by surprise, I called out, "God be with you!" several times in Hindustani.

I did not wish him to mistake me for a tiger, by any means. Perhaps I called more loudly than I need have done. "God be with you!" responded the old man in a low tone; but it was with an inflection and emphasis not in the least in keeping with those words.

I ventured to draw nigher, however. Old Geeter was in his cage, sitting silent and on the look-out, like a spider in his den. This cage was his *place of business*, as one might say.

After some parley I was admitted through a little trap-door in the top, which was securely buttoned down again; but my reception was a most ungracious one. He grumbled ominously, in the native tongue, of my disturbing the night and breaking his spells.

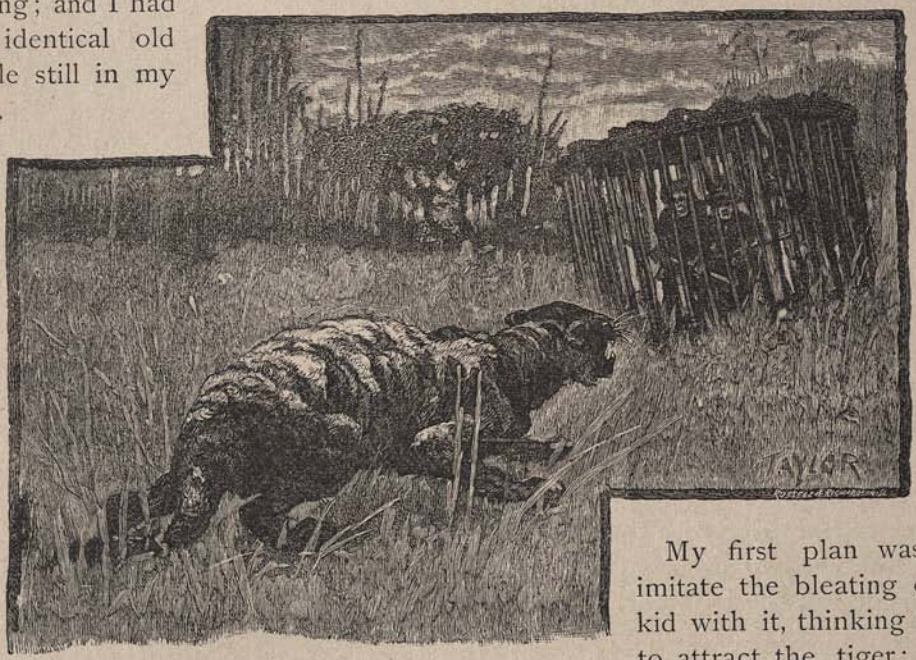
Besides our two selves in the cage, there was the carcass of a goat to attract the tiger. Hour after hour of the damp, warm, dark night we sat crouched motionless there. Old Geeter neither spoke nor moved; but I could hear him breathe. Once we heard a short, querulous roar which I supposed to be that of a tiger at a distance; but no tiger came near.

Day broke at last, and when it had grown fairly light, we got out and went to the village, where the people had now begun cautiously to look forth from

their doors. Several asserted that they had heard and even seen the "karachu" (ravager) about the hamlet during the hours of darkness.

I went back down to Jooa on the early morning "Mail" from Bombay, for my duties did not admit of my being absent a day; but I arranged with Old Geeter to join him again that night. I may as well confess that I had to win his consent by a present of a few rupees.

As I thought over his method of tiger-killing, it occurred to me that I could improve upon it. During my experience as a "curreio" in Brazil, I had often on my weekly journeys made use of a "bird-call" for wayside hunting; and I had that identical old whistle still in my chest.



My first plan was to imitate the bleating of a kid with it, thinking thus to attract the tiger; but reflecting, after a few trials, that this was a tiger with a taste for human flesh, I began to counterfeit the crying of a child, which I found no very difficult matter when once I had got the right key for it.

I said nothing to Old Geeter of my trick when I reached Yuloodian that evening, but joined him as before.

The night was very still. Several times the weird cry of a devotee in the distant village of Razotpore came faintly to our ears, over many miles. The stars shone down with a misty lustre. It was very damp, yet warm.

Once a cloud of green, sparkling fireflies came, and drifting in betwixt the stout bars of the cage, fairly lighted it up with their glinting fires. Later a

GARDEN-GATE OF THE TÂJ.

dolefully howling pack of jackals swept past us, eight or ten rushing up to sniff the goat's blood.

Midnight drew on, and for a long time all was utterly silent, save that an "ayshee" came near and "blew" shrilly several times, impatiently stamping its sharp hoofs on the dry turf.

Then came a sound new, strange, and terribly realistic in this old land of an unprogressive race. With a ponderous roar and wide-spread jar and tremor of the staid old soil, a lurid red flashing of hot furnace doors, and the belching out of fire-lit steam and smoke, the long, heavily loaded "Freight No. 17" from Madras went past. For miles and miles its thunderous, forceful rush and the echoes of its peremptory whistle and loud bell were borne back to us. Everything of nocturnal mystery and old-time legend and superstition, conjured up by the silence and darkness, seemed shivered by it. It was an hour ere Old India and night had again regained possession of themselves round Yuloodian.

Then once more, like a wail from dead, misguided millions, came the melancholy cry of the devotee, in his solitary and painful vigil; and not long after we heard the gruff *bark*, or grunt, of a prowling tiger from across the "sarkee."

With that I softly drew out my "call," and began crying and sobbing like a child in distress.

Old Geeter started and uttered a low exclamation; then, as quickly divining my motive, he sat down again in his former listening posture.

Several times I imitated the cry of Hindu children, "Maumay, maumay, maumay;" then sobbed on as some little one lost in the jungle might do.

Presently my old *confrère* whispered, "*Beesh!*" ("Hush!") "*Beesh! Tarku zo!*" ("Hush! The beast hears.")

I had heard nothing, and continued to hear not a sound; but the old native was grasping one of his spears, crouching on his knees, every muscle braced.

Five or ten minutes passed.

I fancied the old man's ears were hardly so sharp as he thought them. But on a sudden a low, eager snuffle, as when some carnivorous beast scents a gory morsel, broke the stillness. Looking intently through the darkness in that direction, I espied two flashing orbs in the high grass.

Slowly, stealthily and with scarcely a rustle of the dry stalks, those green-tinted, fiery eyes were coming nearer.

The carcass of the goat was hung up against the cage bars, inside it.

When within twelve or fifteen yards, the creature seemed to *fly* at one bound from out the grass against the side of the cage, uttering a low intense growl.

The cage rocked violently. I was thrown to one side; but Old Geeter, better prepared for the shock than I, kept his crouching position; and as the tiger clung, growling and tearing at the carcass, he thrust out his spear, giving it a slight wound.

Astonished at the sharp prick, the great brute bounded off to one side; then with a savage roar, sprang against the cage again, its eyes flashing, growling horribly, the picture of venomous wrath. The air was stifling with its musky breath. It wrenched and tore at the cage with its griping claws. The bamboo bars sprung and cracked frightfully.

But this was the chance Old Geeter had waited for. Before I could take aim, or fire, he lunged with all his force, driving that long acute lance-point out betwixt the bars deep into the tiger's exposed breast.

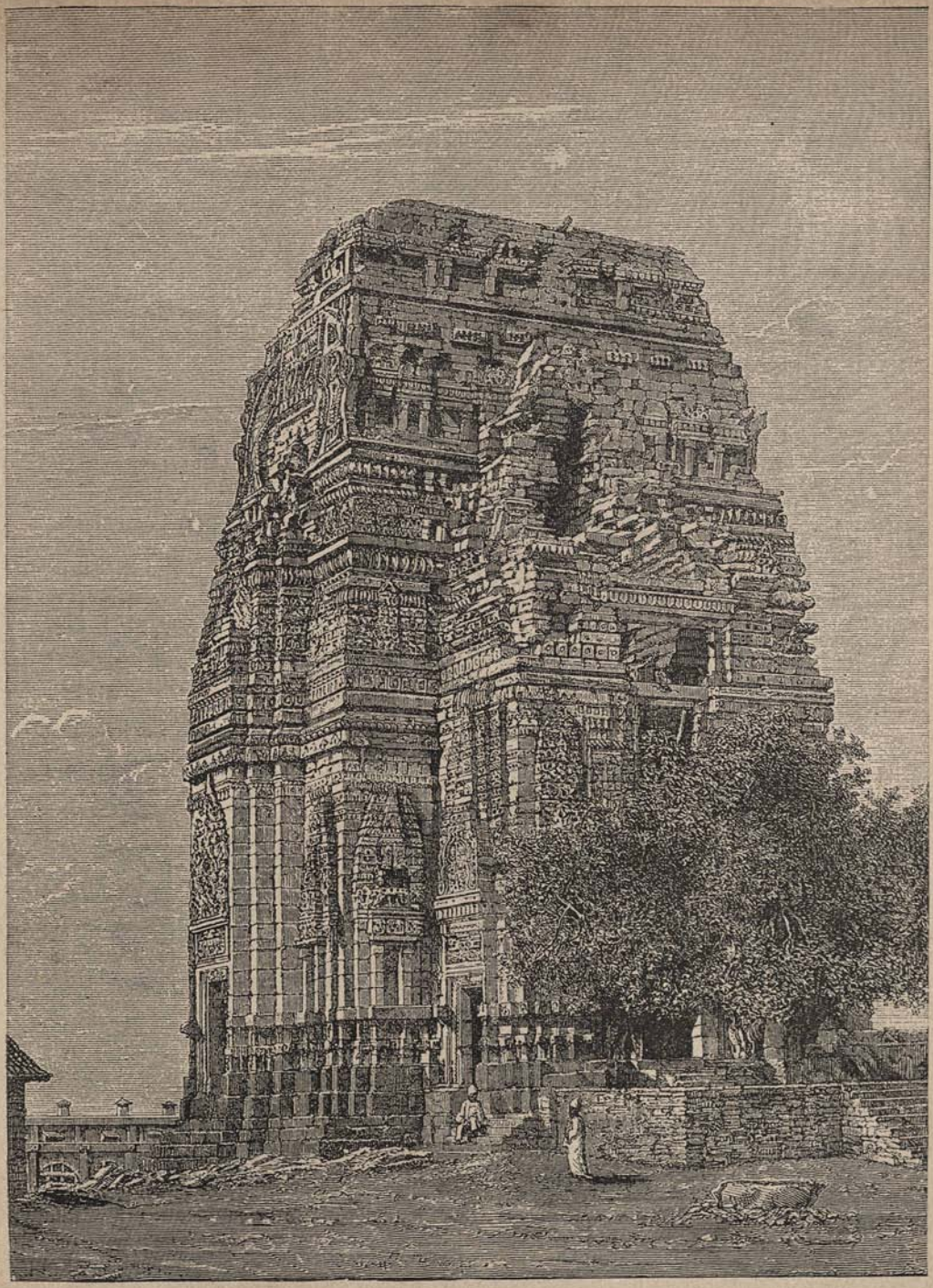
With a loud, agonized cry, strangely in contrast with its deep, bass growl and roar, the beast leaped backwards to the ground. It was the animal's mortal cry; and I never saw a more fearful death-struggle.

Time and again it bounded high into the air, tumbling heavily down only to leap upward again. Its frightfully hideous cries might have been heard a league off.

It must have been some minutes ere death relieved the animal's dying pains; nor did we venture forth till it lay limp and breathless. Daylight showed it to be a very sleek yellow and black mottled tiger of the largest size. It had fattened on human flesh; not less than thirteen persons, including children, had been its victims during the month it had beset the village.

I remained to see the people of the hamlet come out at sunrise to exult over the "karachu." They performed a kind of thanksgiving dance. Old Geeter remained with them, — to collect his pay, I presume.

Two days later, I saw him pass Jooa in his cage on a freight train; he looked as grim as ever.



TEMPLE AT GWALIOR.

THE TIGER THAT WAS LOST IN THE SKY.

TOLD BY SEVENTEE.

There was once a Brahmin who was so pious that he gained the spiritual power to create and change things at his will.

One day a little mouse was pursued by a hawk, and ran up his sleeve for protection.

"Little mouse, little mouse," said the Brahmin, "thou hast faith. Little mouse, little mouse, thou shalt be a cat."

So the little mouse became a cat.

One day the cat was attacked by a dog, and ran to him again for protection.

"Little cat, little cat," said he, "thou hast faith; thou shalt grow; thou shalt become a dog."

So the little cat became a dog.

One day the dog was chased by a tiger, and ran to the Brahmin for protection.

"Little dog, little dog," said the Brahmin, "thou hast faith; thou shalt be a tiger."

The Brahmin and the tiger lived happily together until one day some brother Brahmins came to visit him.

"There is a tiger that once was a cat," said one.

"That once was a cat?" asked the second.

"That once was a mouse," said the third.

"A mouse," said they all; "is that so, brother Brahmin?"

"Yes, my tiger was once a little mouse. It grew by faith."

The tiger's pride was hurt. "I shall never be respected," he thought, "until the Brahmin is dead. He knows my lowly origin."

"I must kill you," said the tiger after the visitors were gone. "As long as you live I shall feel that I am only a mouse."

"But I made you what you are."

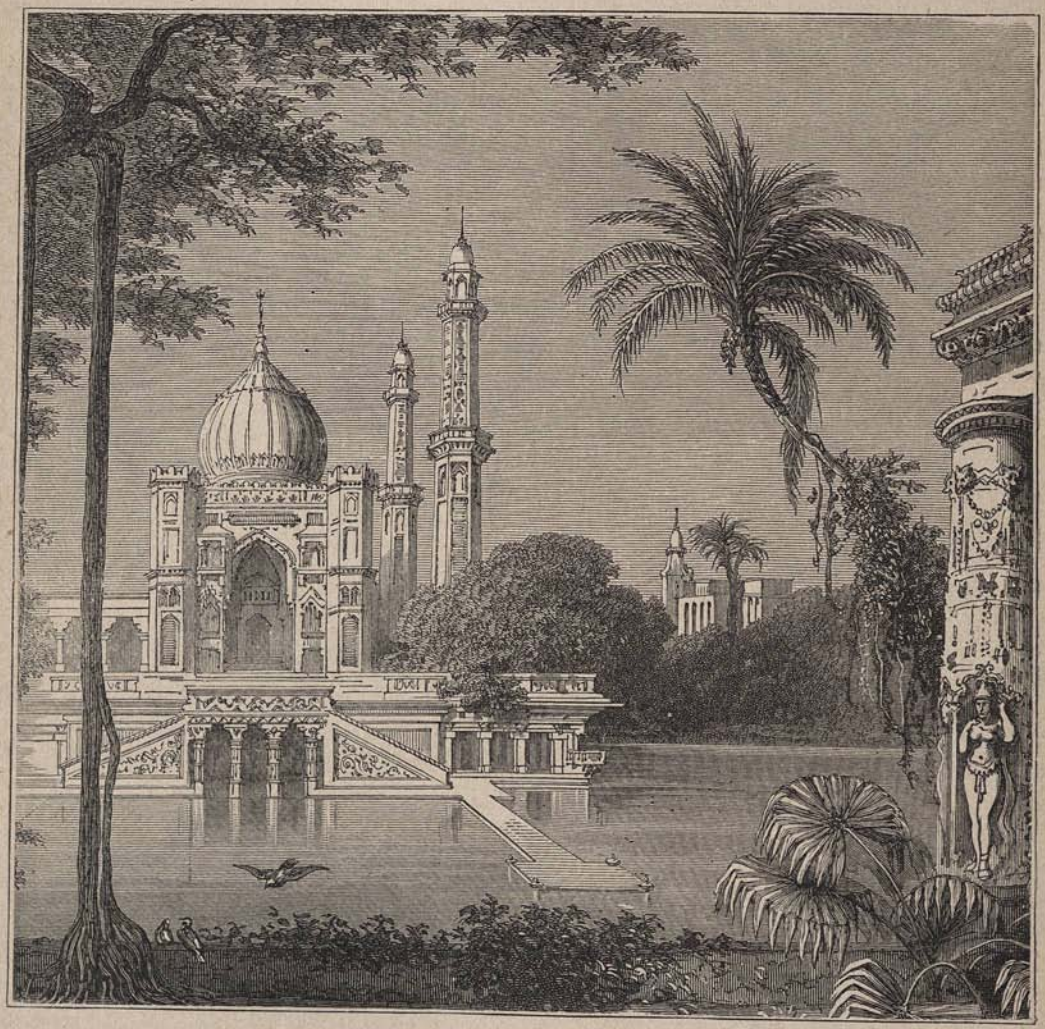
"Yes, and you know from whence I sprung. It degrades me to allow you to live."

The tiger was about to spring upon the Brahmin, when the latter said, —

"Great tiger, great tiger, thou hast lost thy faith; be thou a little mouse again."

Then the tiger became a little mouse again; and just then the hawk returned that had caused the little mouse to run up the Brahmin's sleeve.

The hawk seized the little mouse, and rose with him, higher and higher, until they were lost in the sky; and the Brahmin stood watching them until he could see them no more.



PALACE OF THE GRAND MOGUL.

CHAPTER VII.

DELHI.

THUGGEE. — THE KING OF OOJEIN. — THE PARROT WITH THE SOUL OF A RAJAH. — THE EAGLES' CHILD.

"  A–A–IB, Sa-a-ib!" screamed my driver.

I woke, and found myself at the toll-gate of the Jumna. Near me rose the walls of a palace, and before me the poetic city of the romantic land of India under the Moslem rule.

Under the Mogul rule the city of Delhi outshone the cities of the East. The ruins of its former opulence and magnificence are everywhere to be seen. The present city is situated on a rocky range of hills, and surrounded with an embattled wall with Martilla towers. It is built largely of red granite and white marble, and its streets are picturesque with bazaars.

Bishop Heber declares the palace of Delhi to be more beautiful than the Kremlin at Moscow. He speaks of it as a place of enchanting pavilions, roses, fountains, tapestries, and all the splendors of the wealth of the Moguls. Here were the famous gardens described by Moore in "Lalla Rookh," on which gold was rained like water, and to which Nature responded in royal flowers and vegetation.

Delhi is a city of mosques and minarets and Arabian architecture. Every foot of ground has been again and again soaked with human blood, but the roses bloom all over it as though the earth had never known a Cain or a crime.

If Rome was the light of Europe in the days of her glory, Delhi was indeed the light of Asia in her palmy days. The history of Delhi is that of India, but its barbarian splendors vanished when the English flag appeared among her minarets. The present Delhi is built on the ruins of old Delhi, and old Delhi itself doubtless arose from very ancient ruins. Delhi has a long history in the ages of fable.

The ruins of the old cities all bespeak their splendors. Delhi was old before Mohammed was born.

The plain of Delhi is strewn with the wrecks of temples more splendid than those of the Roman Campagna. It is a natural museum, displaying the architectural thought of thousands of years.

What stupendous events have happened here! Here Timour, the Mogul conqueror, put to death in a single day one hundred thousand prisoners. The world hardly missed them, nor even Timour himself, who conquered the Eastern world, but at last death conquered him. Delhi means to the Western ear battles on battles, from the age of myth to the rebellion of the Sepoys.

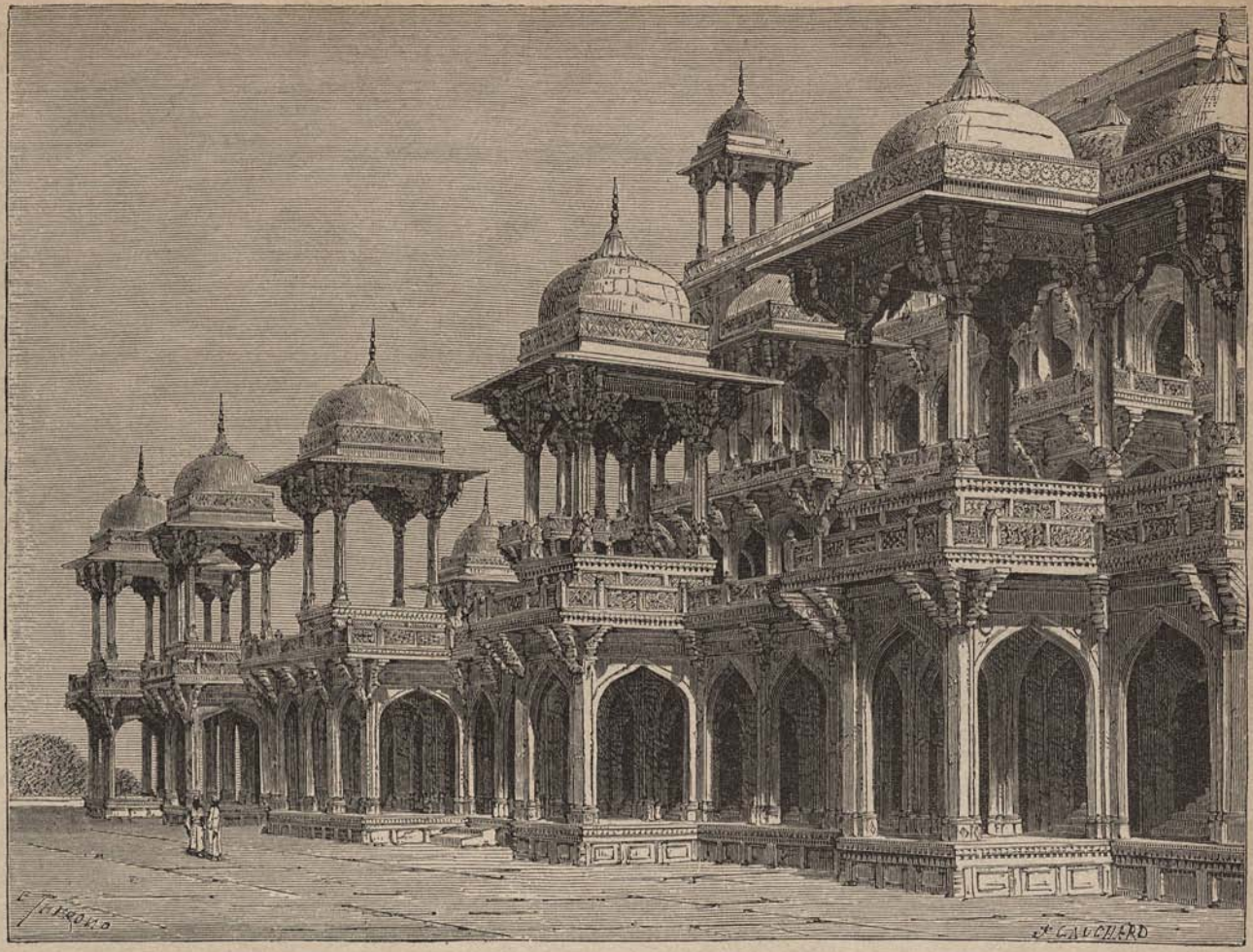
This was the favorite city of the Emperor Akbar, before the splendors of whose court at Agra and Delhi all other court pageants seem like toys.

The Court of Akbar was the most splendid ever known in India. He kept five thousand elephants and ten thousand horses. His army encamped in his own pavilions, which were enclosed in a wall like gold, of dazzling splendor, filling a space miles in circumference.

The carpets of his palace were silk and gold; the hangings on the walls were velvet and pearls. His throne must have outshone Solomon's.

One day he ordered himself to be weighed in scales of gold, three times.

The first time gold was thrown into the scales. When the gold pieces filled them up, he said, " Give them to the people."



THE MAUSOLEUM OF AKBAR.

Then he was weighed with silver. "Give the silver to the people," he said.

Then he was weighed with perfumes. "Give the perfumes to the people," he said.

His palace at Agra remains; and the white mountain of marble at Delhi, called the Mausoleum, is the temple that Akbar erected to his father.

The Emperor died at Agra in 1605.

Delhi will seem to the reader like a coming out of the jungles into the clear light of romance and poetry; for the scene of "Lalla Rookh" was here, and Moore describes the city as it existed under Moslem rule, when, as at the departure of the Princess, the bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry, hundreds of gilded barges floated upon the Jumna with their banners shining on the water, while through the streets groups of beautiful children strewed flowers, until every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk had passed through it. Such days as those of the Mogul lords are forever gone.

Having passed through the India of the Rajahs as far as Delhi, and being now on the great highway to Calcutta and the sea, the travelling party began to talk freely of some of the darker scenes of India and Indian history.

THUGGEE.

"Were you ever robbed in India?" I asked of Hugh Ainslee one night in our bungalow.

"Thugs, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"No; I met with many adventures as a lineman, but I never was turned aside but once in a public highway in India. That was by a

rhinoceros who claimed the right of way. I disputed it, and shot at him; but he did not mind my shots any more than he would have minded a popgun. He came right on, and I thought it wise to drop my gun, climb very quickly up a tree, and let him pass. He passed."

"Are Thugs still to be met in India?" I asked.

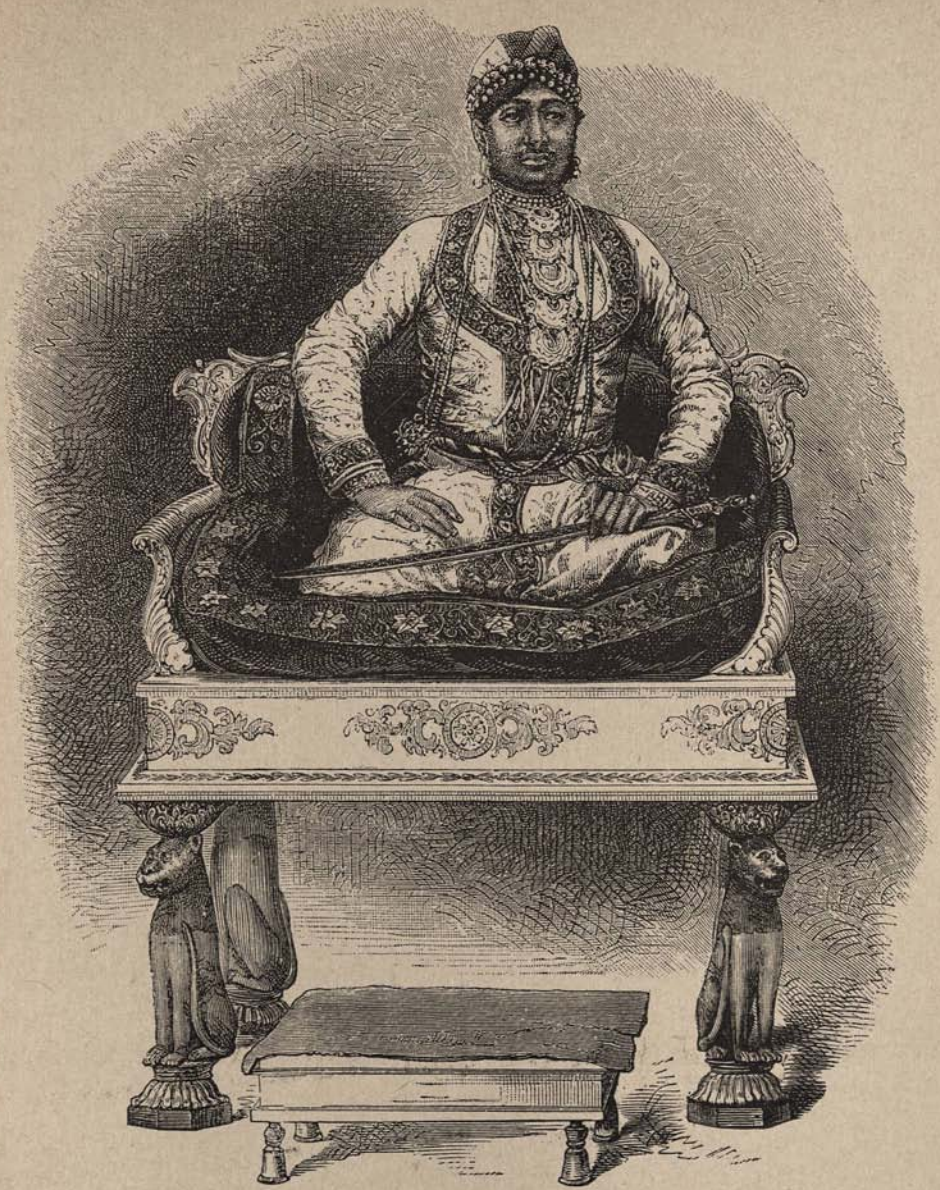
"No, not met; but they have not wholly disappeared."

"Were the Thugs a political order?" I asked.

"No, religious. Siva is the Hindu god of destruction. His wife was Kali, and the Thugs believed that in murdering travellers they were performing a religious service to Kali. In the times when they were powerful and every highway and water-way was made dangerous by them, they believed that Kali blessed them, and manifested her favors by miraculously burying their dead. At one time they numbered thousands, perhaps tens of thousands. They used to go about in bands of ten to fifty, pretending to be traders, travellers, or merchants. Each band had its leader, its entrappers, its stranglers, and its grave-diggers.

"On coming to a new town they would enter it in small companies, and each company would pretend not to know the other. They would ascertain the journeys of merchant travellers, let themselves to these travellers as bearers or guides, or follow them secretly, and at a time favorable to their designs strangle them and hide their bodies. The Rajahs at one period allowed them to follow their murderous pursuits on condition that they paid tribute. No traveller in India was safe; the darkest and most mysterious murders were everywhere committed. The rivers and coasts swarmed with water-Thugs.

"Strange as it may seem, these cowardly and treacherous murderers were most conscientious in the performance of their supposed religious duties, and engaged in the most solemn ceremonies after every murder. They believed that Kali delighted in destruction, and that their deeds were the delight of that powerful divinity to whom they attributed all the destructive forces of Nature."



THE KING OF OOJEIN.

THE KING OF OOJEIN.

In Delhi we met a famous Sanscrit scholar, who told us many stories about one of the most interesting characters in Hindu literature, the King of Oojein. This King, whose name was Bhoj — which Arthur pronounced "B-hoy" — had, according to tradition, a very wonderful throne, which rested on thirty-two statues, and these statues used to speak and *tell stories*.

Wonderful stories they were, and some of them you shall hear. One of the most curious stories that we ever heard relates to this fabulous prince. In fact, our Sanscrit friend's stories at Delhi quite eclipsed the stories of Old Seventee, or at least it seemed so to me.

THE PARROT WITH THE SOUL OF A RAJAH.

The King of Oojein had great wealth, a grand army, and a splendid court, and lived amid the luxury of a Solomon. One day a hermit named Sooden came to him and said, —

"Oh, Rajah Bhoj, Rajah Bhoj, listen! I know a great secret. It has been revealed to me how to leave the body and live in other bodies. Would you learn my secret? Oh, Rajah Bhoj, come to me at night, and I will teach it to you."

The King of Oojein visited the hermit that night, and he was there and then taught the secret of the transmigration of souls.

The King of Oojein was greatly pleased to know the wonderful secret, and started out into the jungle in search of some body to animate, taking with him one of his ministers. He at last found the body of a dead parrot. He took the bird into his tent, and commanded his minister to stand outside as a sentinel while he went to sleep.

Now, this minister had followed the King to the hermit's temple on the night when the King went there to learn the great secret. He had overheard

the conversation in the temple, and understood the manner of the transmigration of souls.

The soul of the King now entered into the body of the parrot, which immediately became alive and began to talk, while the King's own body lay soulless and as if dead in the tent.

As soon as the parrot began to fly about and talk, the minister knew what had happened. He looked into the tent, and saw the King's body lying there as in a trance, and his own soul immediately went out of his own body and entered into the body of the King. Then with the King's body he went home to the court, and became the monarch of the empire.

But the Queen knew that the soul was not that of her husband, the good King of Oojein.

So the Queen sent out secretly one of her ministers in search of the soul of her husband, and refused to recognize the new King.

The minister, in the guise of a Brahmin, wandered far and long. One day he came to a temple and went in to worship the idol. Beside the idol sat a solitary parrot.

When he had prayed for a time, he spoke of the lost soul of the King, and the parrot screamed, "Your prayer is answered. Oh, Brahmin, take me back to Oojein!"

The Brahmin was filled with joy and wonder, and hurried back to Oojein with the parrot; and many a delightful talk did the two have by the way. The parrot, like the statues, told stories. Everything seemed to tell stories in the fine old days of the Kings of Oojein.

But although the minister had found the soul of the King, the King was still nothing but a parrot in body, and seemed likely to remain so.

Joyful was the Queen to receive her husband's soul again, even though it was in the form of a parrot. How could she bring the body and soul of the good King together again?

The Queen hung the parrot on the palace wall, and partly concealed him, and told him to be silent. She then asked an interview with the false King.

He came to her full of pride and art.

"So you are ready to receive me at last," he said.

"Rajah," said the Queen, "you have long tried to please me. You can do so now on one condition."

"Name it."

"Will you grant me my request?"

"If it be possible."

"I wish you to tell me the secret of the transmigration of souls."

"BESIDE THE IDOL SAT A SOLITARY PARROT."

"I cannot. It would not be a secret if I were to *tell* it."

"Then I have another favor to ask."

"Ask it."

"That you will enter some other body in my presence, that I may see this wonderful art."

"That would endanger my throne."

"But will you not do it for a single day?"

"That would not be wise. I cannot tell what might happen in a day."

"For a single hour?"

"You are asking too much."

"For a single moment?"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That neither of us shall leave this room."

"I agree, O Rajah!"

The Queen ordered a servant to bring into the room the dead body of a hare. It was brought; and the false King secured the doors, and presently fell into a deep trance, and became as one dead.

The hare pricked up its ears, and its feet began to quiver.

The soul of the King now flew out of the parrot and entered his own body, and he clasped the Queen in his arms.

They ordered the hare to be killed; and the soul of the false King was thus sent into that viewless world where all wicked deeds are punished.

Happy again was the Court of Oojein; happy the kingdom, and very, very happy was the Queen. The King managed to keep his soul and body together ever after, which is always a good thing to do.

Those were great events in the Kingdom of Oojein. We have no such times now.

One morning Hugh, Arthur, and myself rode out of Delhi to visit some of the cloud-like tombs that whiten the air.

The scene was poetry; Arthur's mind was full of questions, and some of Hugh's answers were anything but expected.

"Whose tomb is *that?*" asked Arthur, as we approached an edifice of grand proportions blazing in the sun.

"*That scoundrel* was Akbar's father."

The tomb we were told had been sixteen years in building; and as

it grew upon us in magnificence, Arthur seemed puzzled at Hugh's rough answer.

"What did *he* do?" asked Arthur.

"Who?"

"That — You said, 'That scoundrel.'"

"He protected the Thugs, and so grew rich."

Another stupendous tomb excited Arthur's wonder.

"What great king's tomb is that?"

"*He* used to drink a glass of cherry brandy every hour," said Hugh. "He *died* one day."

Amid these hills of marble was one simple stone that is much visited, on which is the inscription "The grass is the best covering for the dead." It would indeed be for such Moguls as those.

The old peacock throne of the palace of Delhi — now gone — was the most beautiful royal seat on which a king ever sat. It was solid gold illumined with diamonds and gems, and of a value that seems fabulous. The ancient mosque remains, the most splendid in India. On the partly ruined palace may still be traced the famous line, —

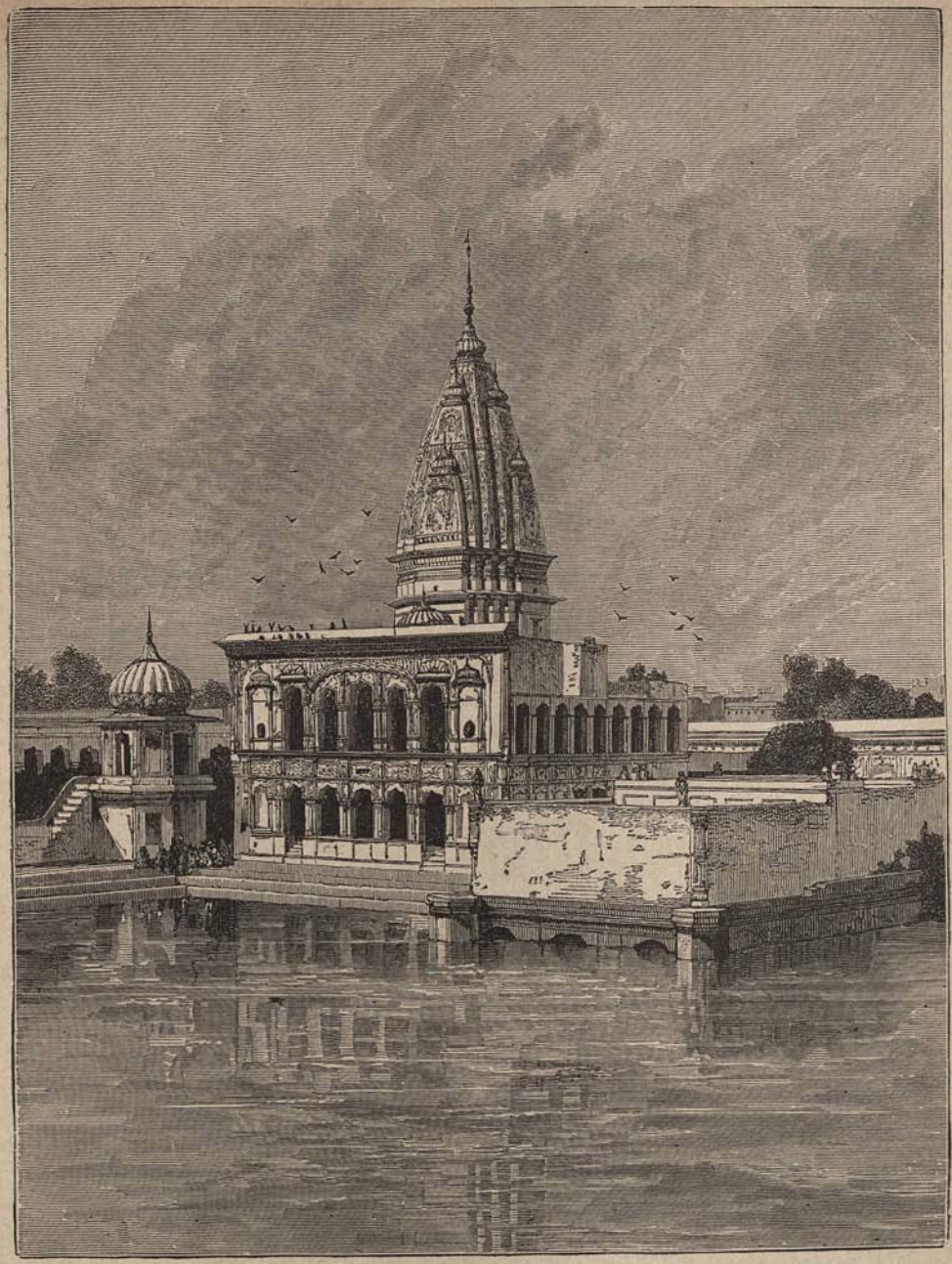
"If there be a Paradise on earth,
It is this, it is this."

Some English hand wrote under this Arabic inscription the Latin word *vanitas*. Of all the splendid courts of barbarism, the Court of Delhi in the prime of the Moguls outshone the world.

THE EAGLES' CHILD.

TOLD BY SEVENTEE.

There once lived a poor dairy-woman, who had a little girl baby whom she dearly loved. She was going to the village one day to sell milk, when she became very tired. She sat down to rest by the road, and laid the wee baby down on a bed of flowers beside the cans.



"ANOTHER STUPENDOUS TOMB EXCITED ARTHUR'S WONDER."

A shadow darkened the air like a cloud. There was a rush of wings; the poor woman started, but only to see a great eagle bearing away her child.

Up, up, through the trees, up, up, into the sky rose the eagle, until it became a mere speck in the sky, and its way was towards the mountains.

The poor woman wept. How could she return to her hut without her baby, how sit in silence with a heart full of love and no one to answer the longings of her affection!

The eagles carried the wee baby away to their nest, and they named her the Sun Girl.

So the Sun Girl grew up in the eagles' nest, and lived happily among the birds until she was twelve years of age; and one day the gray eagle said to his wife, "The Sun Girl has no ring such as princesses wear; let us go and find her one."

"There is one on the shores of the Red Sea," said the mother eagle; "but it is a year's journey. Shall we go?"

"Yes," said the gray eagle, "let us go."

One day after the eagles had gone the little Sun Girl thought that she would go to the edge of the great nest, which was a little world of itself, and look out upon the world. She did so, and saw a cloud of smoke afar under the hills.

She felt quite lonesome at last; and one day her fire went out, and she was led to descend from the peak and go to the cottage under the hill where she had seen the smoke.

She came to the place and found a hut, and in the hut she saw an old woman who was warming her hands over the fire.

The old woman was a "rukshas," or witch. Her son had gone away on an errand, and she was alone.

When she beheld the Sun Girl she lifted her hands and exclaimed: "How lovely, — beautiful as a star! I wish my son were here."

"Why?" asked the Sun Girl.

"You are so beautiful."

"Would he marry me?"

"No, he would eat you. What do you want?" then asked the witch.

"I am the eagles' child. The eagles have gone on a journey to fetch me a diamond ring, and my fire has gone out; will you lend me some coals?"

"Yes, by and by. Pound the rice for me; I have no little daughter to help me."

This she said to detain her until her son should return.

The Sun Girl pounded the rice.

"Grind my corn," said the rukshas. "It is hard work for me with my old hands."

Then she ground all the old witch's corn, but the young rukshas did not return.

"Now, sweep the hut, and then I will give you some fire."

The little girl swept the house.

"Now, bring me some water from the well."

"Well, here is the fire, and now you may go," said the witch. "But here is a basket of popped corn; take it and strew it after you as you go. It will be a good sign."

So the eagles' little girl did as she was bidden. She climbed up into the nest again, which was as large as an island, and rekindled the fire.

Not long after she had gone the young rukshas came home, and his mother told him all.

"I will follow her," he said.

"You will know the way by the corn."

So he followed the dropped corn and came to the eagles' nest.

He knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the eagles' girl.

"The eagle. I have brought you a diamond ring."

But the little girl was suspicious of harm, and would not open the door. So he tried to break it open, and in so doing he broke off a piece of his finger-nail and left it in the door.

The next morning the eagles' girl opened the door cautiously, and in doing so was pierced by the broken nail.

Now, the bones of the rukshas are deadly poison; and no sooner had the little girl been pierced than she swooned and lay like one dead.

Just then the sky was darkened by wings, and the eagles returned. They saw their beautiful child lying dead, as they supposed. They could not endure the sight; so they placed the diamond ring on her little white finger and soared screaming away.

After the eagles had vanished in the sun, there came a Rajah into the woods hunting, and he saw the great eagles' nest. He sent an attendant to examine the nest. The attendant returned.

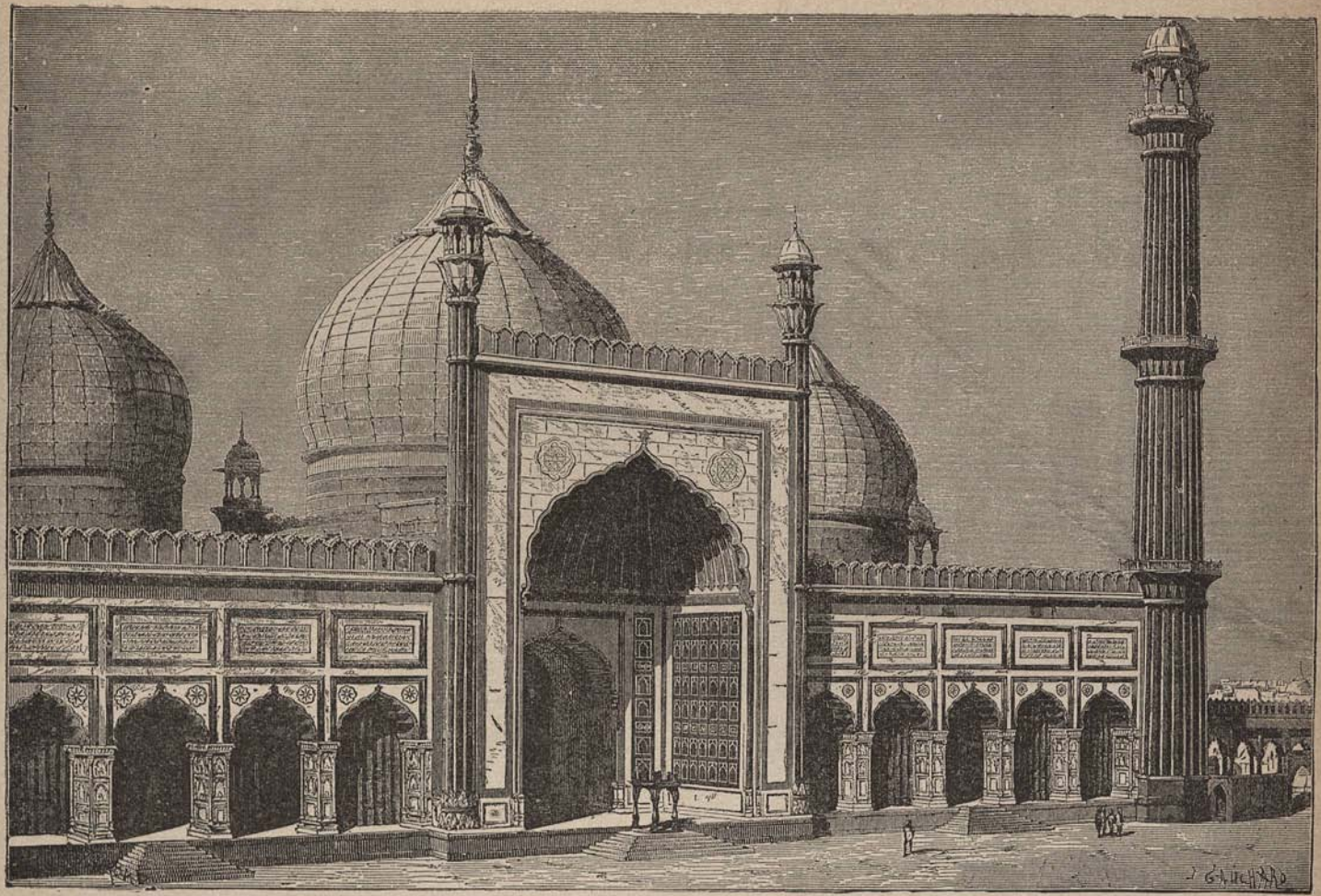
"What did you find?"

"A young princess."

"Beautiful?"

"The most beautiful in the world."

"Go and bring her to me."



MOSQUE AT DELHI.

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"She is dead."

"Go and bring her body."

Then the Rajah's attendants brought the body of the beautiful maiden down from the nest. The Rajah was amazed at her beauty.

"If she were living I would make her my Queen."

He then discovered the broken nail and the wound; he took the nail out of the wound, and the wound began to bleed. Presently the girl opened her eyes.

"Who are you?" asked the King.

"I am the eagles' child. Who are you?"

"I am the King of the land."

Then the maiden saw the ring, and she knew that the eagles had come and gone, and she began to weep.

"Why do you weep?" asked the King.

"The eagles have come and gone; see, here is a ring they have left me."

"Come with me," said the Rajah; "it shall be your wedding ring."

And it was her wedding ring; and the eagles' child became the Queen.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SACRED RIVER GANGES.

THE FESTIVAL AT HURDWAR, ON THE GANGES. — THE FAKIRS. — THE IMMORTAL FRUIT. — THE STORY OF THE THOUSAND AND ONE PARROTS. — THE PEACOCK WHO SOARED TOWARDS THE SUN. — THE MAD JACKAL. — THE INDIAN ELEPHANT. — RAJAH BHOJ'S WONDERFUL THRONE.

"GANGA! Ganga!" exclaims the Hindu who has sinned. According to Hindu traditions the Ganges fell from heaven. He who bathes in its waters washes away his sins forever. Siva received the river as it came down from Paradise, so that its fall might not tear asunder the earth.

In former days pilgrims flocked to the Ganges. Those who could not go cried, "Ganga! Ganga!"

THE FESTIVAL AT HURDWAR, ON THE GANGES.

It is probable that some of our readers may have met with allusions, in books of Asiatic travel and adventure, to the great religious festivals at Hurdwar, on the Ganges. These take place yearly, and are attended by such multitudes of people as collect in no part of the Christian world. We regard an assemblage of a hundred thousand people as immense, but what are we to think of a gathering that numbers hundreds of thousands of people, and even millions?

BOATS AND BOATMEN ON THE GANGES.

In the eyes of the natives the religious festivals at Hurdwar are in importance second only to the ceremonies of Juggernaut; and, indeed, since the Government of India no longer allows fanatics to cast themselves under the wheels of the idol car, the festival at Hurdwar has arisen to the highest rank in idolatrous sanctity.

Though the festival takes place yearly, the ceremonies are regarded as more holy after intervals of six and eleven years. The Koom Mela, a religious feast that occurs every eleven years, is attended by pilgrims from every part of India. The crowd usually numbers over two millions. But it is when the festivals occurring at intervals of six years and of eleven years happen to meet on the same year that the crowd is the largest, the importance of the fair the greatest, and the concourse of fanatic fakirs and haughty Brahmins from every hole and corner of India the most striking and remarkable.

At this particular fair or festival, which takes place but once in a century, merchants arrive from the most distant countries, — not from the different parts of India only, but from Persia, Thibet, China, Afghanistan, and even from Russia.

"While employed in elephant-shooting on the Ganges, ten years ago," says a writer in "Illustrated Travel," whose description we here follow, "we were fortunate in seeing this giant fair or festival, which happens but once in a man's lifetime.

"As the day of the festival approached, the fakirs and the Brahmins, a holy order in India, excited the gathering multitudes by fervent speeches and self-applied tortures, frightful contortions, and wild dances and gestures, to which the latter responded by loud shouts and yells.

"Early on the morning of the eventful day the assembled people, to the number of two or three millions, repaired to the banks of the river, and patiently awaited the signal for what they believed to be a work of regeneration and salvation. This is supposed to be accomplished by each individual who within a certain time, during the

tinkling of a familiar bell, precipitates himself into the river, washes himself thoroughly, and repeats a certain prayer.

"If he succeed in going through this performance and leaving the water before the sound of the bell has ceased, his sins from birth are regarded as washed away, and a happy future after death assured.

"The other pilgrims, who, by reason of the great crowd, cannot reach the water in time to go through the whole performance as required by the Brahmins, receive blessings commensurate with the length of their stay in the water while the bell is ringing.

"Even the unfortunate pilgrims who altogether fail to enter the water at the right moment are consoled with the assurance that their load of wickedness has been partially removed.

"For the purpose of observing this part of the remarkable ceremonies, we took a large boat and caused it to be rowed to the opposite bank of the river. The gathering multitude which our position brought to view was made up of men and women of half a hundred tribes and nations, in every variety of dress and partial nakedness. The women's hair was loose and flying in the wind; all were newly and hideously painted; many were intoxicated, not only with opium and spirits, but with superstitious frenzy and impatient waiting.

"As the exciting moment approached, shouts rent the air; the priests harangued louder and louder; the fakirs grew wilder and wilder. Then gradually the great noise subsided and a partial silence ensued. The hush, in contrast with the noise that had preceded it, was most impressive and overawing.

"The swaying of the crowd at last showed that the excitement was on the increase, when suddenly a single bell sounded, immediately followed by a hundred more. Then with one accord the people, shouting like madmen, rushed forward, and the foremost ranks threw themselves into the water. Then there arose a mighty shout, the many gongs joined in, and the ringers of the bells redoubled their efforts. The voices of the fakirs and the Brahmins were drowned like

THE RIVER FESTIVAL.

a child's weak cry in the tempest. The confusion, the crushing, the struggling for very life, and the surging of the mad masses at the water's edge, baffle any attempt to convey to the mind of the reader the realities of the scene.

"We no sooner saw the vast numbers assembled on the banks, and observed the temper they were in, than we became assured that some terrible catastrophe must follow. But our anticipations fell short of the frightful reality.

"As the first rows of men and women reached the water they were overturned by the people in their rear, who passed over their bodies into still deeper water, and in their turn suffered the same fate at the hands of the onrushing crowd behind them. By the time the deep water was reached the numbers in the river were so increased as to press back the smaller crowd still remaining on dry land. The shouts of excitement were changed to shrieks and passionate cries for help; the men under water struggled with those above them; weak women were carried out by the stream or were trampled upon; men pulled each other down, regardless of purpose.

"Then the survivors, trying to escape from the water, met the dry crowd still charging down to death, which increased the dire confusion. The bells and gongs meanwhile were doing their best to drown the cries of the victims, but fruitlessly.

"It was a horrid sight, and one for which I was quite unprepared, notwithstanding all I had heard before. As soon as we saw the commencement of the catastrophe, we tried to make our native boatman row closer to the scene of distress; but this he utterly refused to do, saying that if we approached nearer than we were we should be fired upon.

"Next day we learned that the multitude of devotees had been most wonderfully preserved; *only* four hundred and fifty, so far as was known, had lost their lives in the river.

"Such is the festival at Hurdwar, on the Ganges, one of those

events that show how strong is the sentiment of religious worship in the most unenlightened lands, and that call upon the Christian world to make the greatest possible efforts to carry to the ignorant and superstitious heathen the knowledge of the true God."

The Ganges is the gift of the Himalayas. It indeed fell from heaven, and falls from heaven continually. The highest point of the earth's surface is Mount Everest, twenty-nine thousand feet high. One sees it as he drifts along the Ganges, and knows that the water on which he is sailing is but a broad stream from those mountains of which that peak is the crown.

Mount Everest has been called "the summit of the earth and the roof of the world." It is five miles high, as high as the lowest known depth of the ocean. A staircase to the top would be more than seventy miles long.

No human step has ever reached the top. At the height of about twenty thousand feet the head becomes dizzy, and it is impossible to go on.

THE FAKIRS.

Lucknow claims to be a very ancient city. It contains some three hundred thousand inhabitants, and has an open ship-way to the sea. Although seen from the distance, it is a dazzling city, and the air above it seems to be full of spires and crowns, white with marble and golden with domes. It has a large population of very poor people, who live in mean huts; and the supposed marble is not all marble, nor are the burning domes always gold.

It was here that our travellers first made the acquaintance of those wonder-workers of the East, the performing fakirs.

Arthur had seen one of these put into a basket, and the basket pierced through and through with a sword, and yet the man came out

MOUNT EVEREST.

of the basket unharmed. He had also seen the same man make a furnace of his mouth, kindle a fire in it, and the flames blow out of it as from a brick-kiln. More wonderful yet, he had seen him plant a seed, and the seed grow into a tree, blossom, and bear fruit.

On returning to the inn he told Hugh Ainslee what he had seen, and asked how such apparent miracles could be performed.

"The basket trick is simply done by a double basket, one of which fits into the other," said Hugh; "the growing plant is simply light material so condensed as to occupy the smallest place, and enlarged so that a mere nothing is made to appear enormous. As for the fire, I can do that."

And he did.

"These are cheap tricks," said Hugh, "in comparison with some that these fakirs perform. Some of these mendicants claim to have the power to withdraw from sensation, to become as it were dead, like certain animals, and in this state have allowed themselves to be buried alive for days. Others by some strange optical illusion seem to ascend into the air on a spring, or to sit in the air with no other support than the resting of one hand on the top of a pole."

Arthur expressed his deep interest in the subject.

"But these tricks, if tricks they may be called, are less wonderful than the power which some of them seem to possess of transferring thought, and making impressions on people at a distance. The performing fakirs are really false fakirs and mere jugglers. The true fakirs do not play tricks."

"I will tell you a story of the first fakir presently," said Old Seventee.

"Let us hear it now," said Anna, "and then hear about the fakirs afterward. "I suppose her tale will be one of the many tales that relate to a very ancient Rajah who gave up his kingdom and became a gift-giving beggar for the sake of doing good. This, in some form, is the original legend."

THE IMMORTAL FRUIT.

TOLD BY SEVENTEE.

There once lived a humble and pious Brahmin whom the gods loved, and one of the deities was so much pleased with his beautiful spirit that he sent to him one day some of the immortal fruit of Paradise. The Brahmin was glad, and took the fruit home to his wife, and said to her, "Eat this and you shall be made immortal."

The Brahmin's wife considered the gift, and said, "It is better to die and escape the ills of the body than to live forever."

"What shall I do with the fruit?" asked the Brahmin.

"Take it to the King and exchange it for wealth."

So the Brahmin went to the King, and explained the case.

There was a young Princess of great beauty, whom the King very dearly loved, and he wished her to remain always young and to live forever. So he gladly gave the Brahmin a fortune in exchange for the immortal fruit.

The King hurried to the Princess.

"See what I have bought for you," he said. "Eat this and you will always be young and beautiful, and I shall be always happy."

The beautiful Princess accepted the gift. But there was a young nobleman whom she loved more than the King.

She took the gift to him and said, "Eat this and you shall be immortal; and when the King dies, I will marry you."

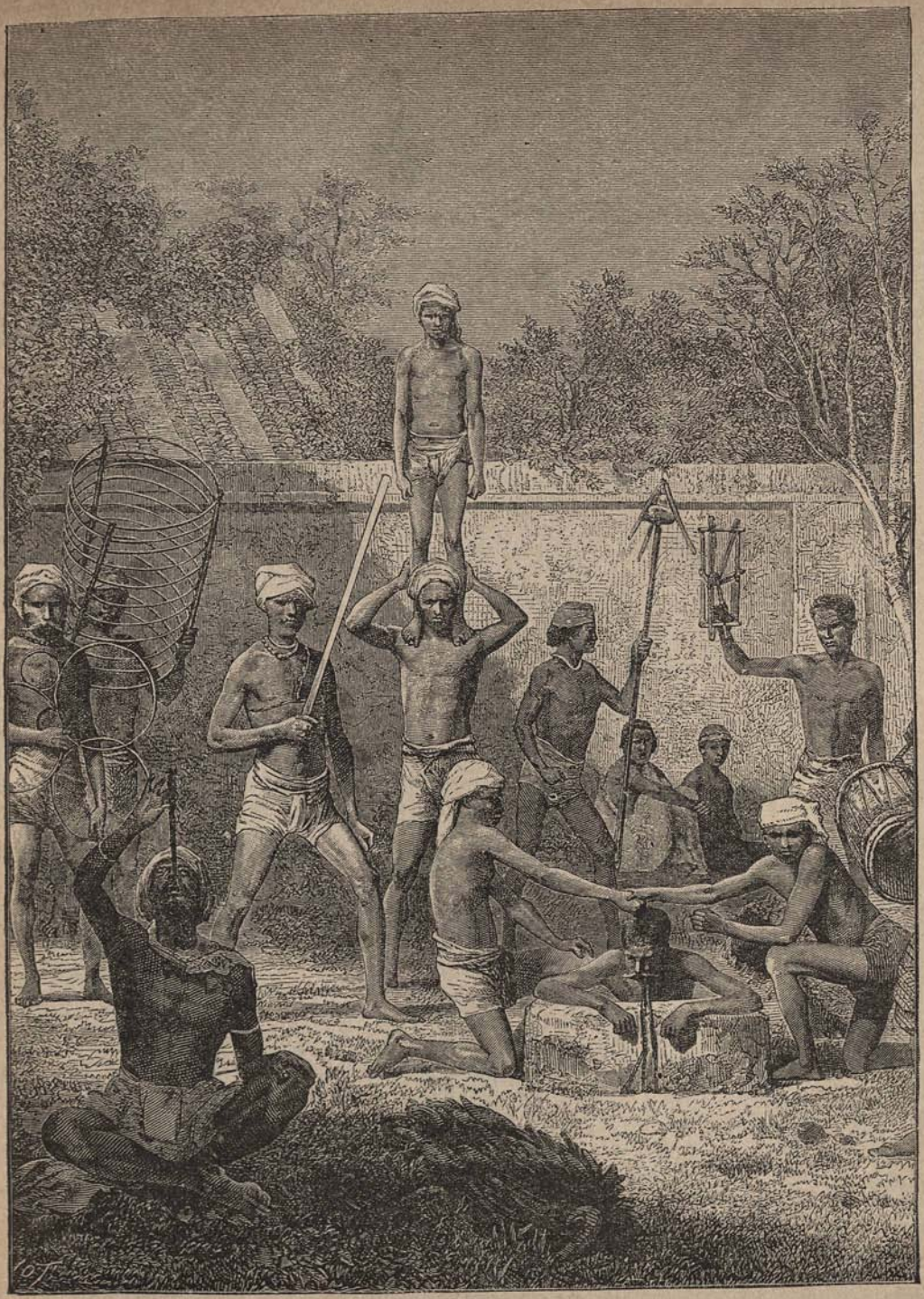
But the noble loved one of the maids of honor to the beautiful Princess, and he took the gift to her, and said, "Eat this: you will thus keep your youth and beauty forever, and one day I will marry you."

But this young lady was ambitious of the King's favor. So not knowing what the others had done she went and offered the immortal fruit to the King.

Then the King's heart became as lead; he went to the Princess.

"Oh," he said, "I am sorry that I have lived to see this day! What did you do with the immortal fruit?"

"I ate it," said the Princess.



INDIAN JUGGLERS.

Then the King showed her the celestial gift, and she, being stricken by her own conscience, fell down in a swoon.

"I will eat the fruit myself," said the King, "and will leave my court and

THE KING.

kingdom and wander over the earth doing deeds of charity and love. My own heart is broken, but it will know how to feel for others."

And the King wanders, wanders forever. He is kind to all whom he meets in sorrow. You may have met him.

It is he who comes to you as a stranger, and comforts and helps you, and when you ask him his name, answers only by a sad smile and then disappears. Have you seen him? It is he.

Some have met him several times in life. The comforter in sorrow, — who has not met him?

"Was he the first fakir?" asked Anna.

"So I have been told," said Seventee.

"I have never heard the story so prettily given," said Aunt. "I think that Seventee must have a somewhat original version. Stories become poetized in the zenänäs."

"The legends all relate to a king who left his throne that he might enjoy the life of a beggar or an almsgiver," said Hugh.

"A fakir is one who leaves the world in order that he may be holy," said Seventee.

"How does that make him holy?" I asked.

"It destroys desire. He who desires nothing earthly commits no sin. He who parts with sin and selfishness enters a new spiritual state, and from the enjoyment of this state he is only hindered by the body. His day of deliverance comes, when the body loses its life, which is the connecting link between the body and the soul."

This was Indian spiritualism; but it impressed me, as do all Indian stories and much of Indian thought, with the possibilities of the soul.

"The fakirs come to hate the body," said Seventee, "and so they love to torture it. They wear rags, and eat only the meanest food. They hang from trees by their hair and feet for days; they remain kneeling until their limbs become stiff. I have seen them."

"There are yet some millions of fakirs in India," said Hugh. "These are both Hindu and Mohammedan."

"The most remarkable thing about the fakirs," said Aunt, "is that they come to delight in torture. I have seen them covered with ser-

A FAKIR.

pents, or the skins of serpents, and even with human bones. I once knew of one who clutched his fists until his nails grew through his hand, and another who held up his arm until it withered."

"But the queerest fakir that I ever saw," said Hugh, "was one who rolled over and over for a hundred miles."

"How?" asked Arthur, — "simply by lying down on the ground and turning?"

"Yes."

"I should think it must have made his head swim," said Anna.

"It did; but torture was what he was seeking."

I will close this chapter with a very odd Indian story, which has been already published in a popular English book, but which will probably be new to most of our readers.

THE STORY OF THE THOUSAND AND ONE PARROTS.

ABRIDGED FROM "OLD DECCAN DAYS."

There was once upon a time a Rajah named Vicram Marajah, who had a Wuzeer named Butti (the Light). Both the Rajah and his minister were left orphans when very young, and ever since their parents' death they had lived together; they were educated together, and loved each other tenderly, like brothers.

Both were good and kind. No poor man coming to the Rajah was ever known to have been sent away disappointed, for it was his delight to give food and clothes to those in need. But while the Wuzeer had much judgment and discretion as well as a brilliant fancy, the Rajah was too apt to allow his imagination to run away with his reason.

Under their united rule, however, the kingdom prospered greatly. The Rajah was the spur of every noble work, and the Wuzeer the curb to every rash or impracticable project.

In a country some way from Rajah Vicram's there lived a little Queen called Anar Ranee (the Pomegranate Queen). Her father and mother reigned over the pomegranate country, and for her they had made a beautiful garden.

In the middle of the garden was a lovely pomegranate-tree, bearing three large pomegranates. They opened in the centre, and in each was a little bed. In one of them Anar Ranee used to sleep, and in the pomegranates on either side slept two of her maids. Every morning early the pomegranate-tree would gently bend its branches to the ground, and the fruit would open, and Anar Ranee and her attendants would creep out to play under the shadow of the cool tree until the evening; and each evening the tree would again bend down to enable them to get into their tiny, snug bedrooms.

Many princes wished to marry Anar Ranee, for she was said to be the fairest lady upon the earth; her hair was black as a raven's wing, her eyes like the eyes of a gazelle, her teeth two rows of exquisite pearls, and her cheeks the color of the rosy pomegranate. But her father and mother had caused her garden to be hedged around with seven hedges made of bayonets, so that none could go in or out; and they had published a decree that none should marry her but he who could enter the garden and gather the three pomegranates in which she and her two maids slept. To do this, kings, princes, and nobles innumerable had striven, but striven in vain.

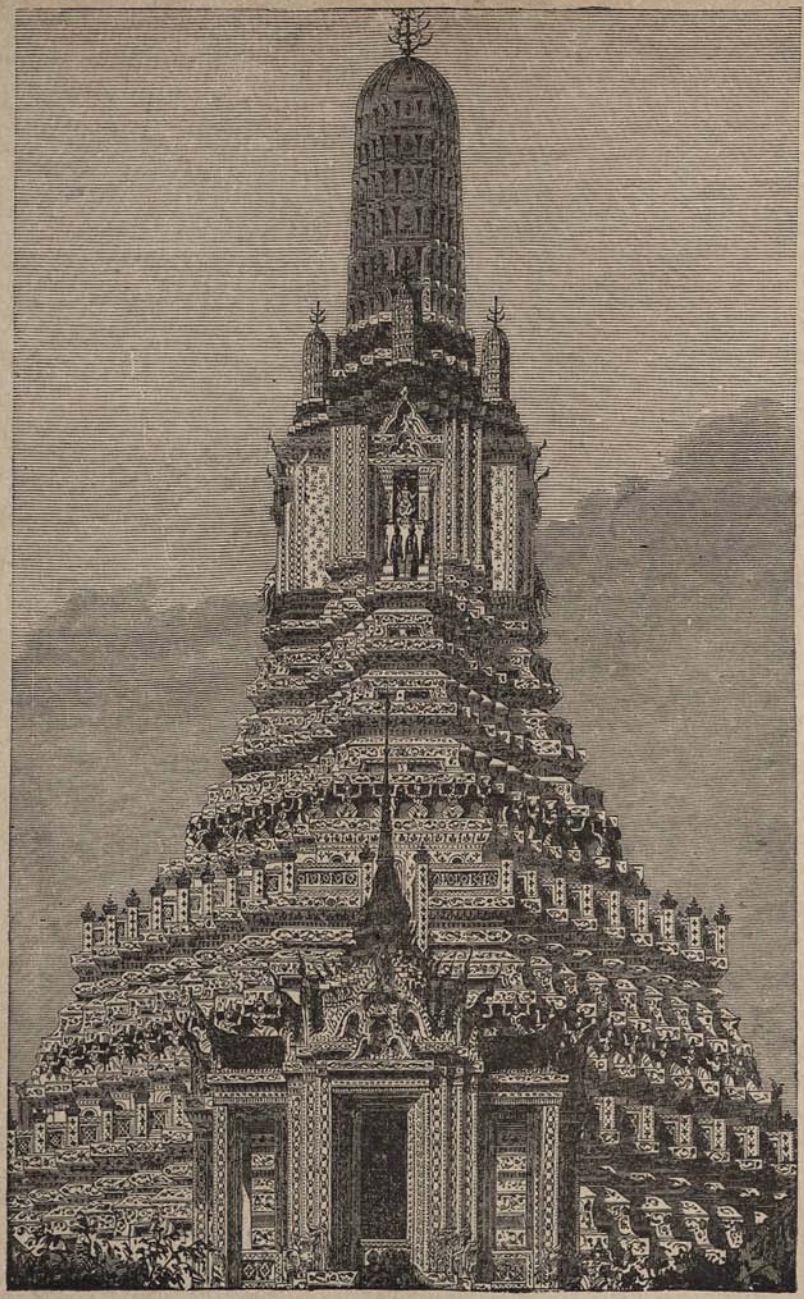
Some never got past the first sharp hedge of bayonets; others, more fortunate, surmounted the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, or even the sixth, but there perished miserably, being unable to climb the seventh. None had ever succeeded in entering the garden.

Before Vicram Marajah's father and mother died, they had built, some way from their palace, a very beautiful temple. It was of marble, and in the centre stood an idol made of pure gold. But in course of time the jungle had grown up round it, and thick, straggling plants of prickly pear had covered it, so that it was difficult even to find out whereabouts it was.

Then one day the Wuzeer Butti said to Vicram Marajah: "The temple your father and mother built at so much pains and cost is almost lost in the jungle, and will probably erelong be in ruins. It would be a pious work to find it out and restore it." Vicram Marajah agreed, and immediately sent for many workmen, and caused the jungle to be cut down and the temple restored. All were much astonished to find what a beautiful place it was. The floor was white marble, the walls exquisitely carved in bas-reliefs and gorgeously colored, while all over the ceiling was painted Vicram Marajah's father's name, and in the centre was a golden image of Gunputti, to whom it was dedicated.

The Rajah Vicram was so pleased with the beauty of the place that on that account, as well as because of its sanctity, he and Butti used to go and sleep there every night.

One night Vicram had a wonderful dream. He dreamed that his father



A TEMPLE.

appeared to him and said, "Arise, Vicram, go for lights to the tower which is in front of this temple."

For there was in front of the temple a beautiful tower or pyramid for lights, and all the way up it were projections on which to place candles on days dedicated to the idol, so that when the whole was lighted it looked like a gigantic candlestick; and to guard it there were around it seven hedges made of bayonets.

"Arise, Vicram, therefore," said the vision; "go to the tower for lights; below it is a vast amount of treasure, but you can only get it in one way without incurring the anger of Gunputti. You must first do in his honor an act of very great devotion, and if he graciously approve it, and consent to preserve your life therein, you may with safety remove the treasure."

"And what is this act of devotion?" asked Vicram Marajah.

"It is this," he thought his father answered; "you must fasten a rope to the top of the tower, and to the other end of the rope attach a basket, into which you must get head downward, then twist the rope by which the basket is hung three times, and as it is untwisting cut it, when you will fall head downward to the earth. If you fall on either of the hedges of bayonets you will be instantly killed; but Gunputti is merciful, — do not fear that he will allow you to be slain. If you escape unhurt, you will know that he has accepted your pious act, and may without danger take the treasure."

The vision faded. Vicram saw no more, and shortly afterward he awoke.

Then turning to the Wuzeer he said: "Butti, I had a strange dream. I dreamed that my father counselled me to do an act of great devotion, — nothing less than fastening a basket by a rope to the top of the tower for lights, and getting into it head downward, then cutting the rope and allowing myself to fall; by which, having propitiated the divinity, he promised me a vast treasure, to be found by digging under the tower. What do you think I had better do?"

"My advice," answered the Wuzeer, "is, if you care to seek the treasure, to do entirely as your father commanded, trusting in the mercy of Gunputti."

So the Rajah caused a basket to be fastened by a rope to the top of the tower, and got into it head downward; then he called out to Butti, "How can I cut the rope?"

"Nothing is easier," answered he; "take this sword in your hand. I will twist the rope three times, and as it untwists for the first time, let the sword fall upon it."

Vicram Marajah took the sword, and Butti twisted the rope; and as it began to untwist, the Rajah cut it, and the basket immediately fell. It would

certainly have gone down among the bayonets, and he been instantly killed, had not Gunputti, seeing the danger of his devotee, rushed out of the temple at that moment in the form of an old woman, who, catching the basket in her arms before it touched the bayonets, brought it gently and safely to the ground; having done which, she returned instantly into the temple. None of the spectators knew she was Gunputti himself in disguise; they only thought, "What a clever old woman!"

Vicram Marajah then caused excavations to be made below the tower, under which he found an immense treasure. There were mountains of gold; there were diamonds and rubies and sapphires and emeralds and turquoises and pearls; but he took none of them, causing all to be sold, and the money given to the poor, so little did he care for the riches for which some men sell their bodies and souls.

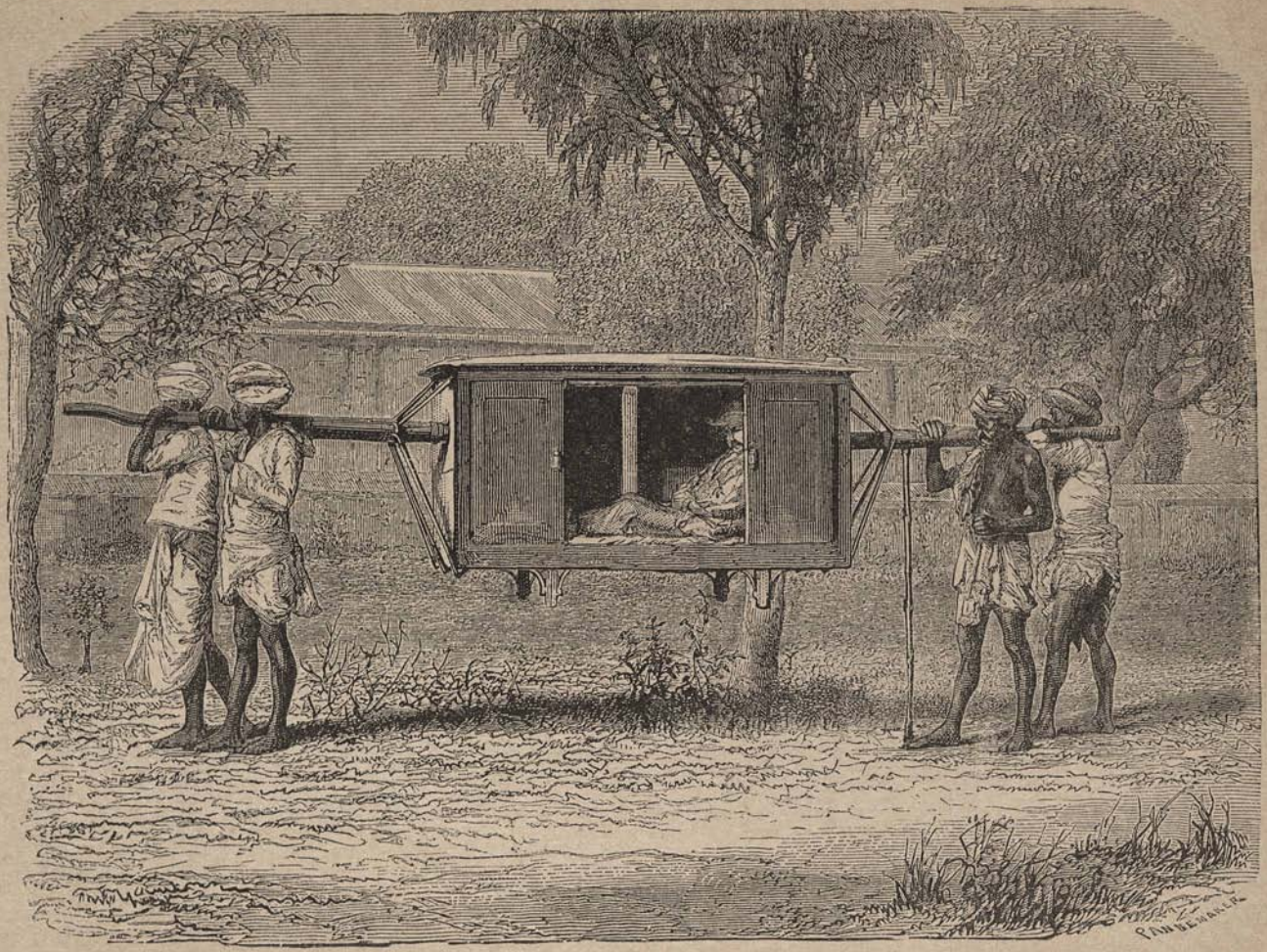
Another day the Rajah, when in the temple, dreamed again. Again his father appeared to him, and this time he said: "Vicram, come daily to this temple, and Gunputti will teach you wisdom and you shall get understanding. You may get learning in the world, but wisdom is the fruit of much learning and much experience, and much love to God and man; wherefore come, acquire wisdom, — for learning perishes, but wisdom never dies." When the Rajah awoke he told his dream to the Wuzeer, and Butti recommended him to obey his father's counsel, which he accordingly did.

Daily he resorted to the temple and was instructed by Gunputti; and when he had learned much, one day Gunputti said to him, "I have given you as much wisdom as is in keeping with man's finite comprehension; now, as a parting gift, ask of me what you will and it shall be yours, — or riches, or power, or beauty, or long life, or health, or happiness, — choose what you will have."

The Rajah was very much puzzled, and he begged leave to be allowed a day to think over the matter and decide what he would choose, to which Gunputti assented.

Now, it happened that near the palace there lived the son of a carpenter, who was very cunning; and when he heard that the Rajah went to the temple to learn wisdom, he also determined to go and see if he could not learn it also; and each day, when Gunputti gave Vicram Marajah instruction, the carpenter's son would hide close behind the temple and overhear all their conversation, so that he also became very wise. No sooner, therefore, did he hear Gunputti's offer to Vicram than he determined to return again when the Rajah did, and find out in what way he was to procure the promised gift, whatever it was.

The Rajah consulted Butti as to what he should ask for, saying, "I have



IN A PALANQUIN.

riches more than enough; I have also sufficient power; and for the rest I had sooner take my chance with other men, which makes me much at a loss to know what to choose."

The Wuzeer answered, "Is there any supernatural power you at all desire to possess? If so, ask for that."

"Yes," replied the Rajah; "it has always been a great desire of mine to have power to leave my own body when I will, and translate my soul and sense into some other body, either of man or animal. I would rather be able to do that than anything else."

"Then," said the Wuzeer, "ask Gunputti to give you the power."

Next morning the Rajah, having bathed and prayed, went in great state to the temple to have his final interview with the idol. And the carpenter's son went too, in order to overhear it.

Then Gunputti said to the Rajah, "Vicram, what gift do you choose?"

"O divine power," answered the Rajah, "you have already given me a sufficiency of wealth and power in making me Rajah; neither care I for more of beauty than I now possess; and of long life, health, and happiness, I had rather take my share with other men. But there is a power which I would rather own than all that you have offered."

"Name it, O good son of a good father," said Gunputti.

"Most wise," replied Vicram, "give me the power to leave my own body when I will, and translate my soul and sense and thinking powers into any other body that I may choose, either of man or bird or beast, whether for a day or a year or for twelve years, or as long as I like; grant, also, that however long the term of my absence, my body may not decay, but that, when I please to return to it again, I may find it still as when I left it."

"Vicram," answered Gunputti, "your prayer is heard." And he instructed Vicram Marajah by what means he should translate his soul into another body, and also gave him something which, being placed within his own body when he left it, would preserve it from decay until his return.

The carpenter's son, who had been all this time listening outside the temple, heard and learned the spell whereby Gunputti gave Vicram Marajah power to enter into any other body; but he could not see nor find out what was given to the Rajah to place within his own body when he left it, to preserve it, so that he was master of only half of the secret.

Vicram Marajah returned home, and told the Wuzeer that he was possessed of the much-desired secret. "Then," said Butti, "the best use that you can put it to is to fly to the pomegranate country, and bring Anar Ranee here."

"How can that be done?" asked the Rajah.

"Thus," replied Butti: "transport yourself into the body of a parrot, in which shape you will be able to fly over the seven hedges of bayonets that surround her garden. Go to the tree in the centre of it, bite off the stalks of the pomegranates, and bring them home in your beak."

"Very well," said the Rajah; and he picked up a parrot which lay dead on the ground, and placing within his own body the beauty-preserving charm, transported his soul into the parrot, and flew off.

On, on, on he went, over the hills and far away, until he came to the garden. Then he flew over the seven hedges of bayonets, and with his beak broke off the three pomegranates (in which were Anar Ranee and her two ladies), and holding them by the stalks brought them safely home. He then immediately left the parrot's body and re-entered his own body.

When Butti saw how well he had accomplished the feat, he said, "Thank Heaven! there's some good done already."

All who saw Anar Ranee were astonished at her beauty, for she was fair as a lotus flower, and the color on her cheeks was like the deep rich color of a pomegranate; and all thought the Rajah very wise to have chosen such a wife.

They had a magnificent wedding, and were for a short time as happy as the day is long.

But within a little while Vicram Marajah said to Butti, "I have again a great desire to see the world."

"What!" said Butti, "so soon again to leave your home? So soon to care to go away from your young wife?"

"I love her and my people dearly," answered the Rajah; "but I cannot but feel that I have this supernatural power of taking any form that I please, and longing to use it."

"Where and how will you go?" asked the Wuzeer.

"Let it be the day after to-morrow," answered Vicram Marajah. "I shall again take the form of a parrot, and see as much of the world as possible."

So it was settled that the Rajah should go. He left his kingdom in the Wuzeer's sole charge, and also his wife, saying to her: "I don't know for how long I may be away; perhaps a day, perhaps a year, perhaps more. But if, while I am gone, you should be in any difficulty, apply to Wuzeer. He has ever been like an elder brother or a father to me; do you therefore also regard him as a father. I have charged him to take care of you as he would of his own child."

Having said these words, the Rajah caused a beautiful parrot to be shot (it was a very handsome bird, with a tuft of bright feathers on his head and a ring about his neck). He then cut a small incision in his arm, and rubbed into it

"THE TRUNKS OF THE TREE WERE TALL AND STRAIGHT AND VERY SLIPPERY."

some of the magic preservative given him by Gunputti to keep his body from decaying; and transporting his soul into the parrot's body, he flew away.

No sooner did the carpenter's son hear that the Rajah was as if dead, than, knowing the power of which Vicram Marajah and he were alike possessed, he felt certain that the former had made use of it, and determined himself likewise to turn it to account. Therefore, directly the Rajah entered the parrot's body, the carpenter's son entered the Rajah's body, and the world at large imagined that the Rajah had only swooned and recovered. But the Wuzeer was wiser than they, and immediately thought to himself, "Some one beside Vicram Marajah must have become acquainted with this spell, and be now making use of it, thinking it would be very amusing to play the part of Rajah for a while; but I 'll soon discover if this be the case or not."

So he called Anar Ranee and said to her: "You are as well assured as I am that your husband left us but now in the form of a parrot; but scarcely had he gone before his deserted body arose, and he now appears walking about, and talking, and as much alive as ever; nevertheless, my opinion is that the spirit animating the body is not the spirit of the Rajah, but that some one else is possessed of the power given to him by Gunputti, and has taken advantage of it to personate him. But this it would be better to put to the proof. Do, therefore, as I tell you, that you may be assured of the truth of my words. Make to-day for your husband's dinner some very coarse and common curry, and give it to him. If he complains that it is not as good as usual, I am making a mistake; but if, on the contrary, he says nothing about it, you will know that my words are true, and that he is not Vicram Marajah."

Anar Ranee did as the Wuzeer advised, and afterward came to him and said: "Father" (for so she always called him), "I have been much astonished at the result of the trial. I made the curry very carelessly, and it was as coarse and common as possible; but the Rajah did not even complain. I feel convinced that it is as you say; but what can we do?"

"We will not," answered the Wuzeer, "cast him into prison, since he inhabits your husband's body; but neither you nor any of the Rajah's relations must have any friendship with, or so much as speak to him; and if he speak to any of you, let whoever it be immediately begin to quarrel with him, whereby he will find the life of a Rajah not so agreeable as he anticipated, and may be induced the sooner to return to his proper form."

Anar Ranee instructed all her husband's relations and friends as Butti had advised, and the carpenter's son began to think the life of a Rajah not at all as pleasant as he had fancied, and would, if he could, have gladly returned to his own body again; but, having no power to preserve it, his spirit had no sooner

left it than it began to decay, and at the end of three days it was quite destroyed, so that the unhappy man had no alternative but to remain where he was.

Meantime the real Vicram Marajah had flown, in the form of a parrot, very far, far away, until he reached a large banyan-tree, where there were a thousand other pretty pollies, whom he joined, making their number a thousand and one. Every day the parrots flew away to get food, and every night they returned to roost in the great banyan-tree.

Now, it chanced that a hunter had often gone through that part of the jungle and noticed the banyan-tree and the parrots, and he said to himself, "If I could only catch the thousand and one parrots that nightly roost in that tree, I should not be so often hungry as I am now, for they would make plenty of very nice curry." But he could not do it, though he often tried, for the trunks of the tree were tall and straight and very slippery, so that he no sooner climbed up a little way than he slid down again; however, he did not cease to look and long.

One day a heavy shower of rain drove all the parrots back earlier than usual to their tree, and when they got there they found a thousand crows who had come on their homeward flight to shelter themselves there till the storm was over.

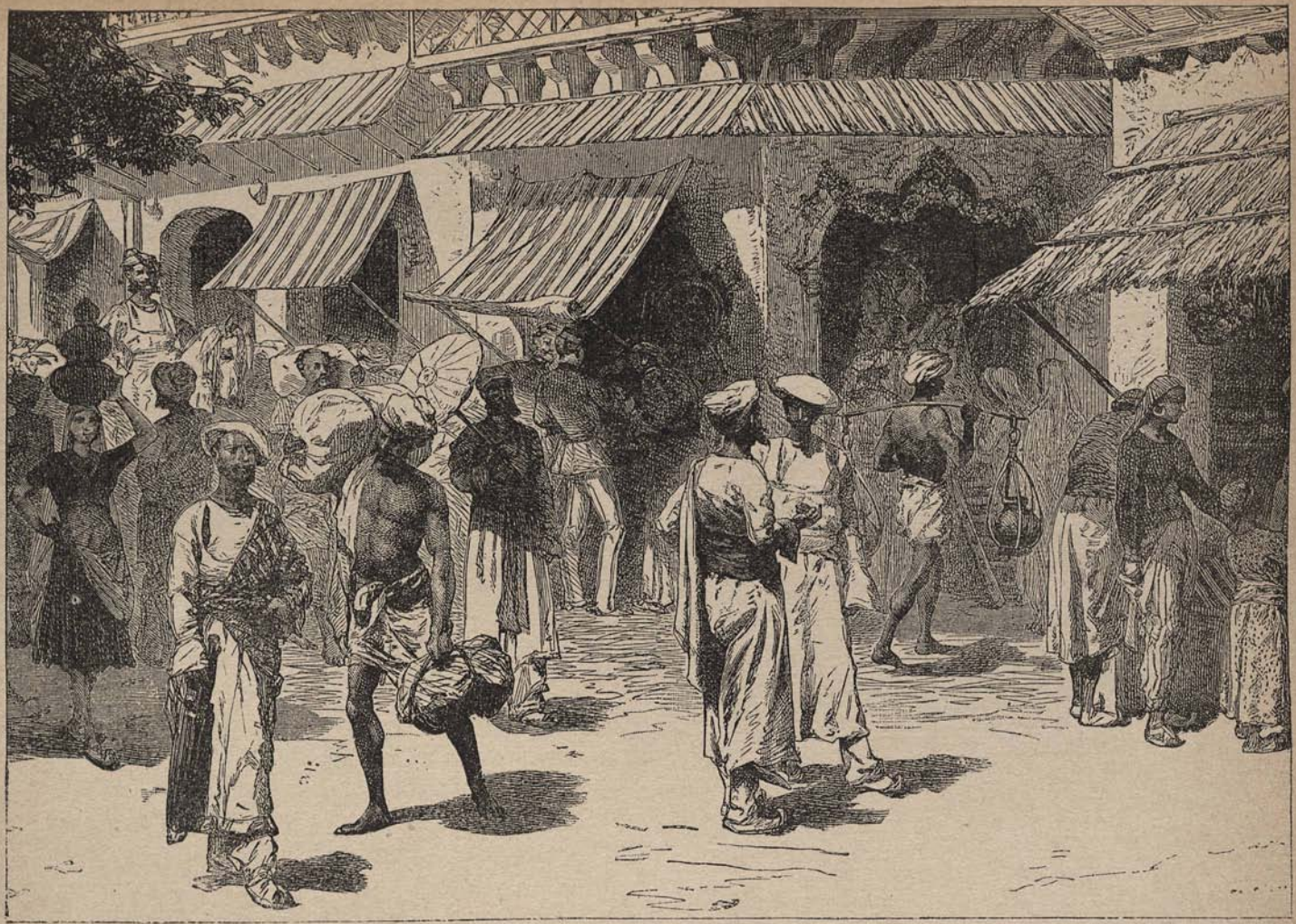
Then Vicram Marajah Parrot said to the other parrots: "Do you not see that these crows have all sorts of seeds and fruits in their beaks, which they are carrying home to their little ones? Let us quickly drive them away, lest some of these fall down under our tree, which, being sown there, will spring up strong plants and twine around the trunks, and enable our enemy the hunter to climb up with ease and kill us all."

But the other parrots answered: "That is a very far fetched idea! Do not let us hunt the poor birds away from shelter in this pouring rain, they will get so wet." So the crows were not molested. It turned out, however, just as Vicram Marajah had foretold; for some of the fruits and seeds they were taking home to their young ones fell under the tree, and the seeds took root and sprang up, — strong creeping plants, which twined all round the straight trunks of the banyan-tree, and made it very easy to climb.

Next time the hunter came by he noticed this, and saying, "Ah, my fine friends, I 've got you at last," he, by the help of the creepers, climbed the tree, and set one thousand and one snares of fine thread among the branches; having done which he went away.

That night when the parrots flew down on the branches as usual, they found themselves all caught fast, prisoners by the feet.

"Crick! crick! crick!" cried they; "crick! crick! crick! Oh dear! oh



THE BAZAAR.

dear! what shall we do? what can we do? Oh, Vicram Marajah, you were right and we were wrong. Oh dear! oh dear! crick! crick! crick!"

Then Vicram said: "Did I not tell you how it would be? But do as I bid you, and we may yet be saved. So soon as the hunter comes to take us away, let every one hang his head down on one side, as if he were dead; then, thinking us dead, he will not trouble himself to wring our necks, or stick the heads of those he wishes to keep alive through his belt, as he otherwise would; but will merely release us, and throw us on the ground. Let each one when there remain perfectly still, till the whole thousand and one are set free and the hunter begins to descend the tree; then we will all fly up over his head and far out of sight."

The parrots agreed to do as Vicram Marajah Parrot proposed; and when the hunter came the next morning to take them away, every one had his eyes shut and his head hanging down on one side, as if he were dead. Then the hunter said, "All dead, indeed! Then I shall have plenty of nice curry." And so saying, he cut the noose that held the first, and threw him down. The parrot fell like a stone to the ground; so did the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, the tenth, and so on — up to the thousandth parrot. Now, the thousandth and first chanced to be none other than Vicram; all were released but he. But just as the hunter was going to cut the noose around his feet, he let his knife fall, and had to go down and pick it up again. When the thousand parrots who were on the ground heard him coming down, they thought, "The thousand and one are all released, and here comes the hunter; it is time for us to be off." And with one accord they flew up into the air and far out of sight, leaving poor Vicram Marajah still a prisoner.

The hunter, seeing what had happened, was very angry, and, seizing Vicram, said to him: "You wretched bird! it 's you that have worked all this mischief. I know it must be, for you are a stranger here and different from the other parrots. I 'll strangle you, at all events; that I will."

But to his surprise, the parrot answered him: "Do not kill me. What good will that do you? Rather sell me in the next town. I am very handsome. You will get a thousand gold mohurs[1] for me."

"A thousand gold mohurs!" answered the hunter, much astonished. "You silly bird, who 'd be so foolish as to give a thousand gold mohurs for a parrot?"

"Never mind," said Vicram; "only take me and try."

[1] About $7,500.

So the hunter took him into the bazaar in the neighboring town, crying, "Who 'll buy? who 'll buy? Come buy this pretty polly that can talk so nicely. See how handsome he is! see what a great red ring he has round his neck! Who 'll buy? who 'll buy?"

Then several people asked how much he would take for the parrot; but when he said a thousand gold mohurs, they all laughed and went away, saying, "None but a fool would give so much for a bird."

At last the hunter got angry, and he said to Vicram: "I told you how it would be. I shall never be able to sell you."

But he answered: "Oh yes, you will. See, here comes a merchant down this way; I dare say he will buy me."

So the hunter went to the merchant and said to him, "Pray, sir, buy my pretty parrot."

"How much do you want for him?" asked the merchant,—"two rupees?"[1]

"No, sir," answered the hunter; "I cannot part with him for less than a thousand gold mohurs."

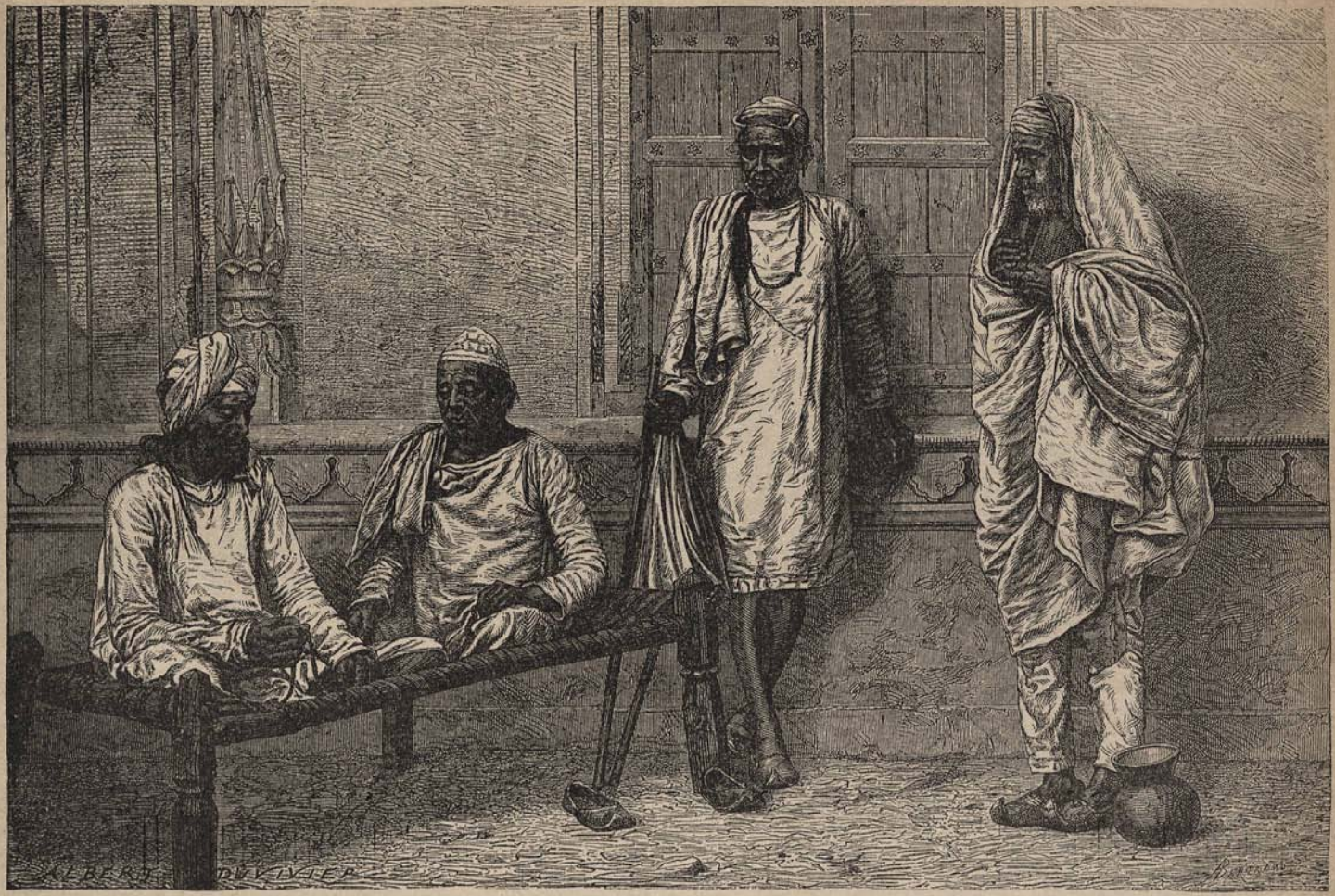
"A thousand gold mohurs!" cried the merchant, "a thousand gold mohurs! I never heard of such a thing in my life! A thousand gold mohurs for one little wee polly? Why, with that sum you might buy a house, or gardens, or horses, or ten thousand yards of the best cloth. Who 's going to give you such a sum for a parrot? Not I, indeed. I 'll give you two rupees and no more."

But Vicram called out "Merchant, merchant, do not fear to buy me. I am Vicram Marajah Parrot. Pay what the hunter asks, and I will repay it to you. Buy me only, and I will keep your shop."

"Polly," answered the merchant, "what nonsense you talk!" But he took a fancy to the bird, and paid the hunter a thousand gold mohurs, and taking Vicram Marajah home hung him up in his shop.

Then the parrot took on him the duties of shopman, and talked so much and so wisely that every one in the town soon heard of the merchant's wonderful bird. Nobody cared to go to any other shop, — all came to his shop, only to hear the parrot talk; and he sold them what they wanted, and they did not care how much he charged for what he sold, but gave him whatever he asked, insomuch that in one week the merchant had made a thousand gold mohurs over and above his usual weekly profits; and there Vicram Marajah Parrot lived for a long time, made much of by everybody, and very happy.

[1] About $1.



RELIGIOUS BEGGARS AT BENARES.

This story goes on to relate similar transmigrations, all ending naturally. It is a characteristic Hindu story, showing the trend of the Hindu mind. No other nation could produce such a story. Nor such a religion.

The Ganges is indeed the Hindu river of death. Every sick Brahmin desires to die in its waters; and the suicides of Benares must have numbered millions in the past, for untold generations of Hindus have sought the sacred waters for a tomb. Beyond a death in the Ganges lay the immortal fields of Paradise. "Take me to the Ganges," cried prince and peasant, when the stream of life ran low.

Once all the ways to Benares, full of flowers and sunshine, were peopled with families helping the sick and dying towards the waters whose bath was the washing away of all the sins of the flesh, and to sink into which was to rise to eternal bliss.

What human agonies, what bright hopes, what longings for spiritual verity and peace, has that river known! What life-lights have here been quenched! What disappointments have here been ended! What a procession of tragedies have here found oblivion, going on and on for a thousand, two thousand, untold thousands of years! Could the river give up the past again, what eye could endure the spectacle! The river will flow more calmly now, and will know less of human woe, for the silent march of the Prince of Peace is already seen. The sails of commerce bear the Cross. But, oh, the past! the past!—"Ganga! Ganga!"

THE PEACOCK WHO SOARED TOWARDS THE SUN.

TOLD BY SEVENTEE.

A peacock once watched an eagle soaring towards the sun.

He followed the eagle with his eye until it became lost to view.

"He has gone into the sun, sure," said the peacock. "I saw it with my own eyes!"

The peacock thought it a very noble thing to soar to the sun, and said: "How beautiful I would look soaring to the sun, with my tail all spread! I never heard of a peacock that soared to the sun, notwithstanding his beauty. Surely peacocks ought to soar to the sun. I think I will do so."

The plan seemed a grand one.

"It would be a pity for the world not to see me when I soar," said the peacock. "I will assemble the birds to see me go. The song birds shall sing, and the cooing birds shall coo, and the eagles shall scream, when I mount up into the light."

So the peacock assembled the birds to see him soar to the sun.

The birds all came to a bo-tree as the peacock had appointed, and prepared to sing a triumphal chorus when the peacock began to ascend.

The peacock marched seven times around the bo-tree, spreading his tail, which was as dazzling as the peacock throne at Agra.

Then he mounted the bo-tree very proudly but clumsily.

"Now, all sing."

The song birds sang, the love birds cooed, and the eagles screamed.

The peacock spread his wings and rose upward. When he had mounted a few feet above the top of the bo-tree, he began to spread his tail that all the world might admire him.

He was a gorgeous object in the glowing air.

But his tail did not balance well. Presently there came along a breeze, and it blew him over and over and over, and he found himself in a heap on the ground.

Then the small birds all began to laugh, and the eagles to scream.

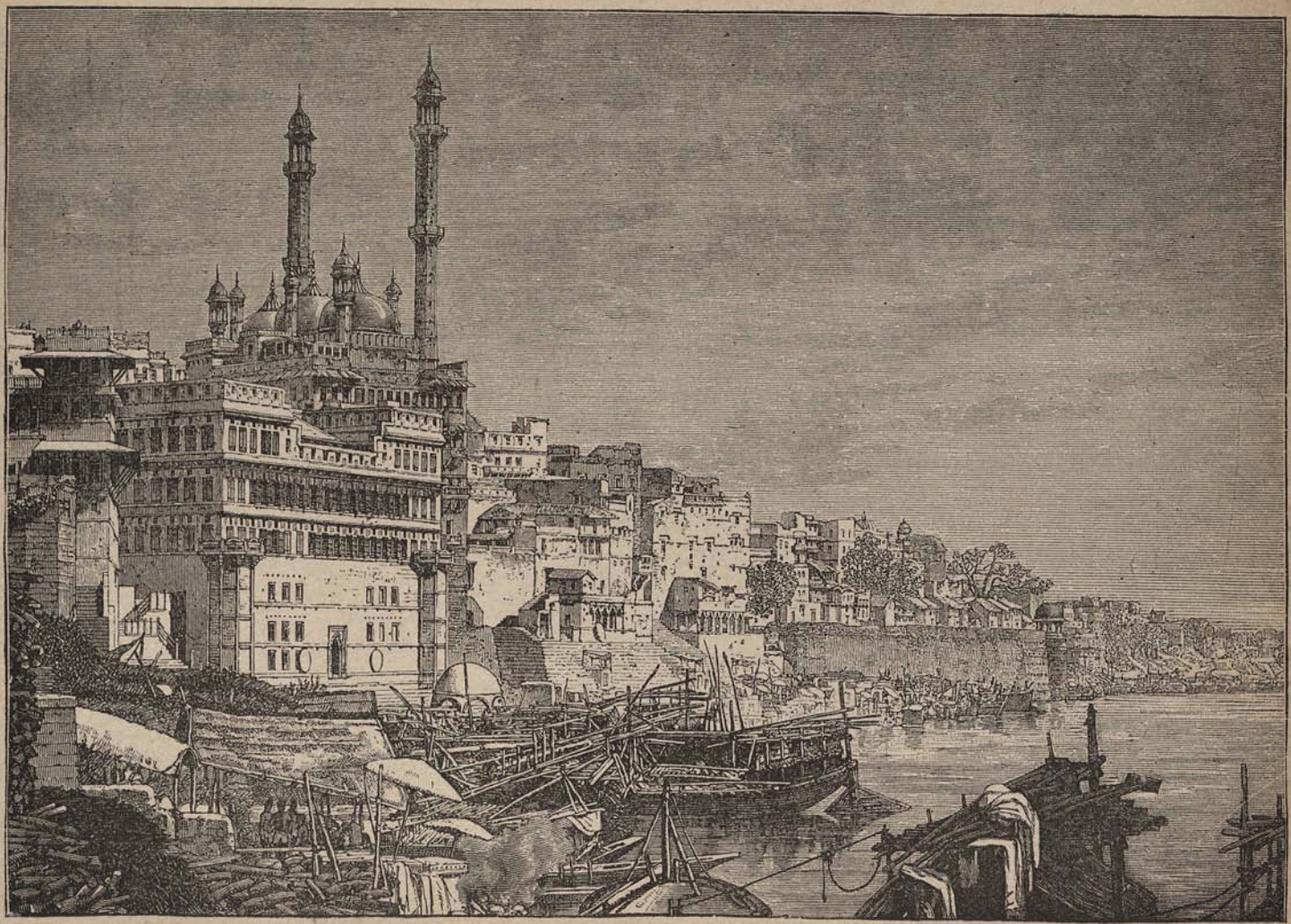
There came to him a little wren, to comfort him.

"*I* never soared to the sun," said the wren.

"Then you just go off about your business," said the peacock. "You never *tried* to be anybody. Every one should try to see what he *can* do!"

I will close this chapter with a story told by our old friend, Captain Mayne Reid, which I once secured for a popular periodical,[1] and which I use with the editor's and publisher's permission.

[1] "Youth's Companion."



THE MOSQUE AT BENARES.

THE MAD JACKAL.

A Tale of a Buddhist Temple.

"Dead Hindu! Where — where? There — there!"

Every one who has resided in India will understand what is meant by the above exclamatory phrases; the fancied utterances of an animal with which all travellers in Hindostan are but too familiar, — the pheal, or jackal.

Though by nature a cowardly creature, the Indian jackal fears not to approach the habitations of man, where it is in a manner tolerated for its services as a scavenger. And wherever troops are in cantonment or on the march, it accompanies them, often in large numbers, skulking around the camp and making night hideous with its wildly mournful "wa-wa-wa."

But the soldier hates it for something besides its howling. He knows the brute to be ravenous as the wolf itself; and that it will not only eat up the scraps of meat left by the bivouac fire, but himself, should he be overtaken by death and not securely interred. It will even enter the walled cemetery, tear up the bodies recently buried, and devour them, though ever so far gone in decomposition.

Like its near congener, the hyena, it is the veriest of poltroons, and a child may put a full pack of them to flight. Yet there are occasions when the Indian jackal is a creature to be dreaded even more than the tiger itself; and I have known one to keep a whole regiment of soldiers in mortal fear for the most part of a night. I myself was once constrained by the same to pass as irksome an hour as I ever remember.

In India, of course, it was when, a young subaltern gazetted to the 11th Hussars, I had just joined my regiment, to find it on the eve of setting out upon a scouting expedition. On the afternoon of the second day we halted near the outskirts of a native village, where there was excellent camping-ground; a clear water stream, with a stretch of pasture on which to picket our horses. We had an eye also to fowls, fresh eggs, and other *et ceteras* likely to be obtained in the village as an adjunct to the ordinary rations of a regiment *en route*.

Captain Congers, who commanded the troops to which I was attached, the first lieutenant, and myself messed together on the march; and as soon as we

were out of our saddles we despatched a couple of servants to the village for such prey in the way of tidbits as they could pick up.

Almost immediately, and to our surprise, they came back empty-handed, with the explanatory report that the villagers were all shut up in their houses in such a state of affright that not one would venture out, much less do marketing! Moreover, there was loud lamentation in several families, as though each had lost one or more of its members!

The cause of all this was of course made known to our emissaries, who in turn told us a *mad pheal* had run a-muck through the village and bitten some eight or ten of the people, — men, women, and children.

As the occurrence had just taken place and the rabid animal was still believed to be in the village or its precincts, we little wondered at our purveyors returning as they had done. Others sent on a similar errand came back with like rapidity and equally light-laden.

Though somewhat annoyed by the disappointment, we of course could not blame them, and did not, though I myself, new to Indian life, was half inclined to laugh at their fears. But my brother officers regarded it in a different light, Captain Congers saying, as we discussed our evening meal, — more frugal from this sinister circumstance, — that a jackal in a state of rabies is quite as dangerous as a mad dog; sometimes more, since it will not only bite all who come in its way, man or beast, but go out of its way to get at them, following up its victim with implacable pertinacity. "And its bite," added he, "is nearly always fatal; hydrophobia is almost certain to ensue. I have myself known of many cases of men going mad from it; of horses, too, becoming infected and tearing others to the destruction of half a troop. While serving in the Central Provinces, where jackals are specially abundant, I had a valuable charger bitten by one. The horse went mad, and set upon the 'syce' who had charge of him, with hoofs and teeth mangling the poor fellow in a fearful manner, so that he died in the greatest agony."

While we were still seated at supper, and I was receiving this information strange as new to me, we became aware of a commotion in the camp; a confused rushing to and fro, with cries proclaiming alarm. The place of our private bivouac was some distance from that occupied by our men; and the night now on, a dark one, hindered us from seeing what caused the fracas. We learned it, however, by hearing only three words, but enough to explain all, for more than one voice was repeating them in tones of terror, —

"The mad jackal! The mad jackal!"

We sprang to our feet with as much alacrity as if the rabid brute were already beside us. But it came not our way; nor were we even favored with a

TRAVELLING-CART FOR RICH INDIANS.

sight of it, though for over an hour after the camp was kept in a state of scare, as great as if surprised by the approach of a human enemy. Now it was "Mad jackal!" here; now there; anon at some different and distant point, as could be told by shots and the shouts of those pursuing it. Yet after all this, the chased creature escaped destruction in the darkness, no one knowing where it was or whither gone.

"Just possible," observed Captain Congers, when tranquillity had to some extent been restored and we were smoking a cheroot by our bivouac fire, — "just possible it was n't the mad jackal, after all. More likely some other, as there must be scores of them prowling about the camp."

"Pardon, Sahib Capen!" interposed one of our native attendants in waiting. "It de madee pheal for shoo; same dat bitee pleepuls in da village."

"How know you that, my man?"

"De tail tell um so, sahib. Him no none gottee, — only leetle bit tump. De village pleepuls told me da one dat bit um hab no tail."

Certainly this was ground for believing them, and far too satisfactory. We had heard that the jackal chevied about the camp was almost tailless; and to learn it was so with that which had made havoc among the villagers, placed its identification beyond doubt.

It was not till a late hour that the camp became quieted down and confidence re-established. Even then many remained under a sense of insecurity; for, knowing the dangerous brute to be still at large, each naturally supposed it might stray his way and take a snap at him. So for a long while but few went to sleep; most of those who did doubtless to dream of mad dogs.

But there was something besides to keep us awake; a drenching downpour of rain that came on just as we were about to go to rest. As we were on scout and in lightest marching order, a small officer's tent to each troop was all the canvas we carried. This barely served the captain himself, though, of course, we subs were entitled to a share of it; but in the warm tropical nights had preferred swinging our hammocks to trees and sleeping *sub Jove*.

This night it was different, and we would have all squeezed into the tent, but that before supper my fellow-lieutenant and I, strolling some way into the woods, had noticed an old building in which there was a large room apparently rain-proof. A Buddhist temple or something of the sort we supposed it to be.

Remembering it now, we had our hammocks transported thither and hung in the aforesaid room, which, sure enough, proved weather-proof. Luckily, we found hooks on the walls, though the two to which mine was hung were so high up I had some difficulty in mounting into it.

As it had been a long day's march, we were both much fatigued and soon

fell asleep. Nor did either of us awake till the bugles were sounding the "Reveille," hearing which my brother-officer sprang from his swing-couch and hastened to equip himself; as he did so, crying out to me, "Up, old fellow! Look sharp! Our colonel's the greatest martinet in all the Indian army,—a very epitome of pipeclay,—and Captain Congers ditto. If we're not at roll-call to a second, we'll get black looks or something worse."

Saying which, he slipped into his tunic,—the only garment either of us had taken off,—buckled his sabre-belt, clapped on his "busby," and was out of the room before I had time to get well awake.

By nature of a somewhat somnolent habit, and then little accustomed to military promptness, moreover on that particular morning feeling unusually drowsy, I lay still awhile, regardless of the caution given me, even till I heard the "Assembly" sounded. Then, rousing myself, I sat up in the hammock, with legs over the edge, preparatory to springing out of it. Just then I became sensible of a strange smell pervading the room,—a fetid, powerful odor, such as might proceed from a combination of fox and pole-cat.

Casting my eyes below, I at once learned the cause. The room had but one window, a small aperture unglazed; and just inside this, where it had entered, was an animal the sight of which sent a cold shudder through my frame,—for it was a jackal, without a tail, or but the stump of one.

Its jaws were wide apart, with tongue protruded; its eyes apparently on fire, its whole body panting and quivering in such a way as clearly to proclaim it mad. I could have no doubt about this; nor any of its being the same which had caused lamentation in the village and consternation in our camp. The absence of tail was evidence unmistakable.

Still in the hammock, which was in violent oscillation from my effort to rise erect, I had no hope to escape being seen by it. In fact, it saw me already,—had seen me before I saw it,—and with eyes on me still, seemed gathering itself for a bound upward.

As my legs were dangling down, I drew them up with a quick jerk; but not an instant too soon; for the beast did make its bound, passing the spot just vacated by my pedal extremities, which, had they been still there, would certainly have been seized by it.

The disappointment seemed to cause it surprise; as, for some time after, it stood in a dark, distant corner of the room, quiet and cowering. But I knew it would not long remain so, and felt certain the attack would be renewed.

Defensive weapon I had none; my pistols and sabre were suspended against the wall only a few feet beyond my reach. But they might as well have been miles away, since I dared not descend to the floor, and otherwise I could not

"ITS JAWS WERE WIDE APART, WITH TONGUE PROTRUDED."

get at them. There was, therefore, but the alternative of standing upon the defensive and for this I had nothing save my tunic. Luckily, I had hung it on the slinging gear of the hammock close at hand.

Meanwhile I had got upon my knees, and steadily balanced, with the netting and my blanket well up around me. So folding the tunic shield-fashion I awaited the onslaught of the jackal.

As yet I had uttered no shout; instead, kept silent, as though I had lost the power of speech. This partly because I had no hope of being heard. The walls were thick, and the door, a massive structure, with self-shutting hinges, had slammed to behind my brother-officer as he went out; while the little hole of a window opened upon the woods, the side opposite to that on which lay the camp. Shout loudly as I might, it was not likely I would be heard; all the less at such a time, with every one hurrying to answer the roll-call.

But I had another reason for keeping still and preserving silence. If not further irritated, the animal might go out again, as it had entered, and leave me unmolested.

Alas! it did not; instead, the very opposite. Just as I had got poised on my unsteady perch, a fresh spasm of madness seemed to come over it, and again it rose, and rushed at me open-mouthed.

I met it with the folded tunic, and buffeted it back to the floor, several times so foiling it in rapid repetition. Then it once more retreated to the dark corner, and there was an interregnum of rest, as if by an armistice agreed to between us.

How long this lasted, I cannot tell; for the fear that was on me hindered calm reflection. I remember listening with all ears, in hope to hear voices outside. But as I had been myself shouting at loudest while in actual conflict with the jackal, and no one came, my hope was not a high one. I remember, too, thinking of what my fellow-sub had said; and what a reckoning I would have with both colonel and captain. Even if I escaped in time to appear on parade, what a tale to tell! An officer of Hussars held to his hammock — as it were, besieged in his bed — by an animal no bigger than a fox, a cowardly creature oft chased by children! I should be ridiculed, laughed at beyond measure.

My unpleasant reflections were brought to an abrupt ending by the jackal once more becoming excited and making a fresh attack on me. Just as before, it sprang up at me in successive attempts; which fortunately, as before, I succeeded in repelling. My tunic of scarlet cloth proved protective as a coat of scale-armor.

Our second conflict terminated very much as the first, with an interval of rest succeeding; only that in this my adversary, instead of returning to the dark

corner, squatted down along the floor just under me. It was within convenient reach of sword-thrust; and how I wished at that moment to be as near to my sabre! With it in hand, I could have cut the Gordian knot in an instant. But it was not to be.

Wellnigh despairing of escape, with my eyes wandering around the room, a thought flashed across my brain, inspiring me with a hope. In the hammock late vacated by my fellow-lieutenant, was his blanket, a large double one, within easy reach of my hand. Stretching out I seized hold of it, then spreading it out to its fullest extent, let it down upon the squatted jackal.

The result was all I could have wished for, even better than I expected. Under the blanket the brute had got entangled, and was struggling to free itself, as a badger tied up in a bag. But I waited not to witness the finale; instead, jumped down from the hammock and rushed out of the room.

Never were two hundred yards of space more quickly passed over by pedestrian than those that separated my sleeping-place from the camp. The most noted professional runner could not have done it in better time. And never did officer present himself on parade-ground in such guise as I; coatless, bootless, even without "busby," that crown of glory to the Hussars.

My comrades were about to break out in a roar of laughter; the colonel, on the other hand, was ready to receive me in a different fashion. But seeing the state of excitement I was in, all stayed to hear the explanation.

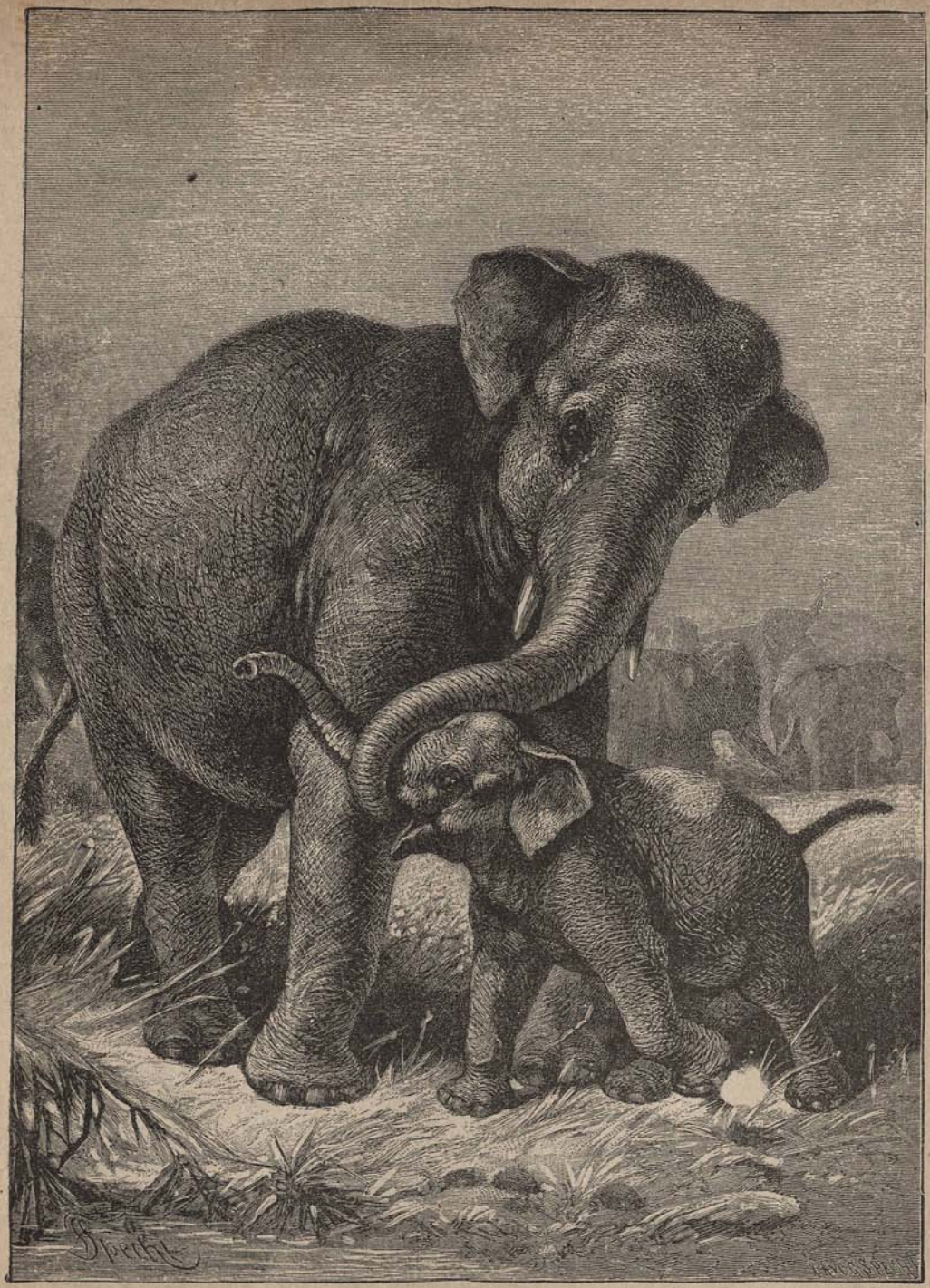
It was easily given and as easily understood. The mad jackal was fresh in every mind, as also the knowledge of its having escaped. As a consequence, there was now a tail-on-end rush towards the old ruin, with a determination to put an end to the creature that had caused so much trouble.

Its destruction was accomplished without any difficulty, I myself being its destroyer. Armed with my tiger-rifle, through the aperture of the open window, I was able to get good sight on it, and send a bullet through its disordered brain.

It had done damage enough as we learned afterwards, most of the villagers bitten by it dying of hydrophobia; while the result of the "raggia" through our own camp was the loss of several horses, though luckily the men, both soldiers and camp-followers, escaped the fearful infliction.

For myself, I could never afterwards look at a jackal — little feared as these brutes are — without a creeping sensation of the flesh, a belief in their being above all animals dangerous and to be dreaded.

Since that day many a tiger have I killed, but never encountered one with such fear as I felt when face to face with that tailless jackal inside the ruined shrine of Buddha.



"HERE WERE A HUNDRED ELEPHANTS, AS GENTLE AS KITTENS."

CHAPTER IX.

LUCKNOW.

FAIR ELLEN. — THE INDIAN ELEPHANT. — RAJAH BHOJ'S WONDERFUL THRONE.

"WE are in *luck now*," was the message sent by a British officer after the defeat of the Sepoys. Lucknow is the capital of Oude. "Peccavi,"[1] telegraphed another officer on a like occasion.

As the visitor sees the city from the distance, it has the same celestial and visionary appearance as the Tâj at Agra. Its buildings are white and dazzling; its minarets are tall, and its domes blaze with gold. It is a city of trees, gardens, and parks, — of beauty everywhere, from the gay bazaars to the top of the minarets that seem to tower to the sky.

In Lucknow we had one pleasure that I never shall forget; it was in Wingfeld Park, under the sandal-wood trees. Every sandal-wood fan that we meet will bring back that day like a vision.

The garden of Secundes Bagh left a different memory. Here the English troops in 1857 slaughtered two thousand Sepoys. We could but feel that these Sepoys, after all, were seeking to achieve the independence of their own race and land, and that success would have made them heroes. Much as we love to read of English progress, which means the progress of the highest civilization, we could but pity

[1] "I have Sinde."

the fate of these men; nor could we repress a shudder over this bloody garden, that goes on blooming as though there were no such thing as hate in the world.

We of course visited the great Imaum Barra and its majestic hall.

I took Anna and Arthur to the stables of tame elephants near the city.

Here were a hundred elephants, as gentle as kittens and as fond of attention. It was delightful to be among them. If they could not speak, they seemed to possess almost human intelligence, and to know as much as their keepers. On state occasions these tame elephants appear in gorgeous regalia, and make one of the most imposing processions in the world.

We visited the Residency, where in 1857 the English people, with their women and children, fled for protection, and where Sir Henry Lawrence, with some five hundred English soldiers and as many faithful Sepoys, kept a great army of Sepoys at bay for months. It is a ruin. It has this inscription, "Here Sir Henry Lawrence died."

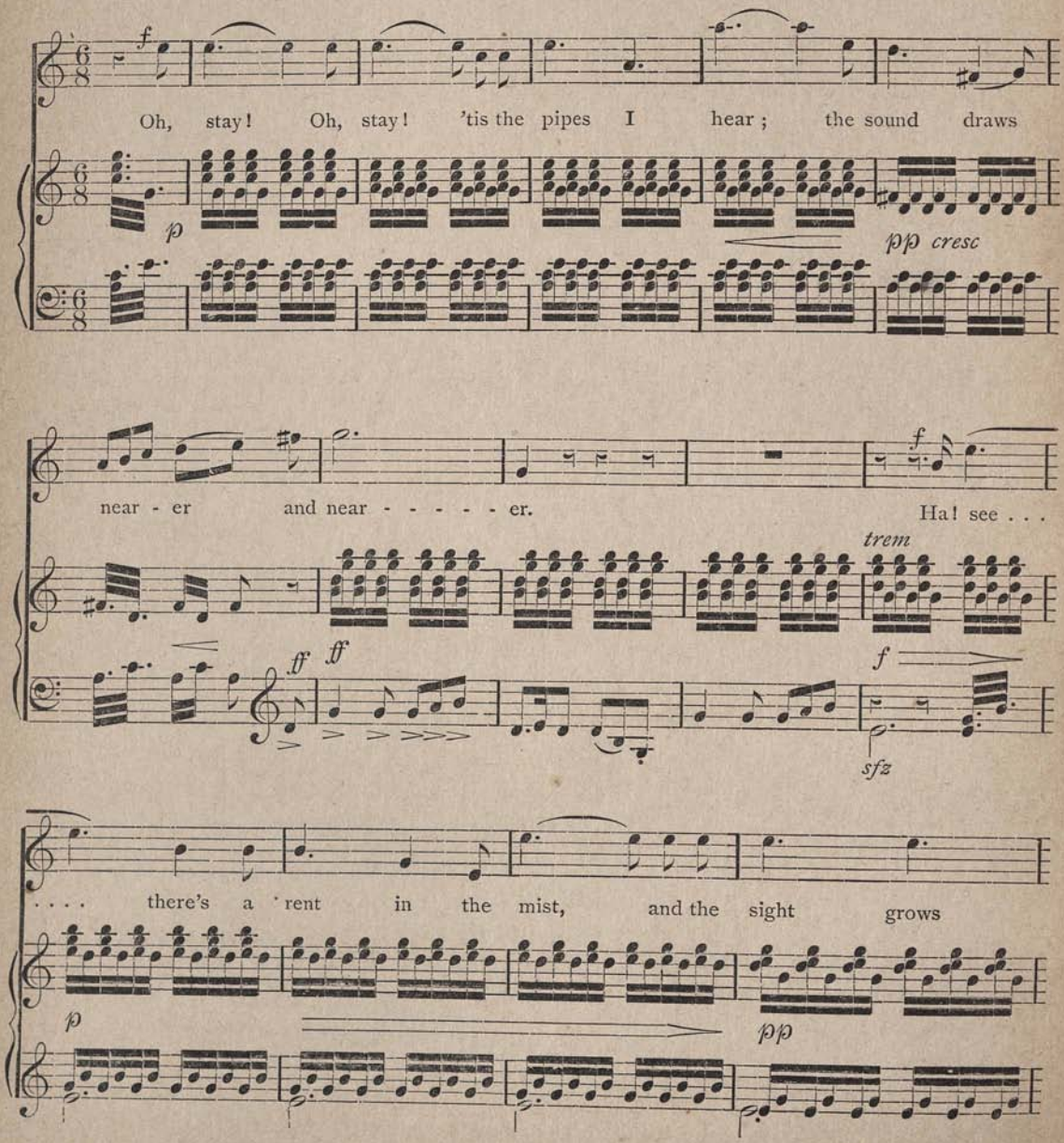
Every boy knows how Sir Henry Havelock came to the relief of Lucknow, and how Colin Campbell saved the garrison just as it seemed about to perish.

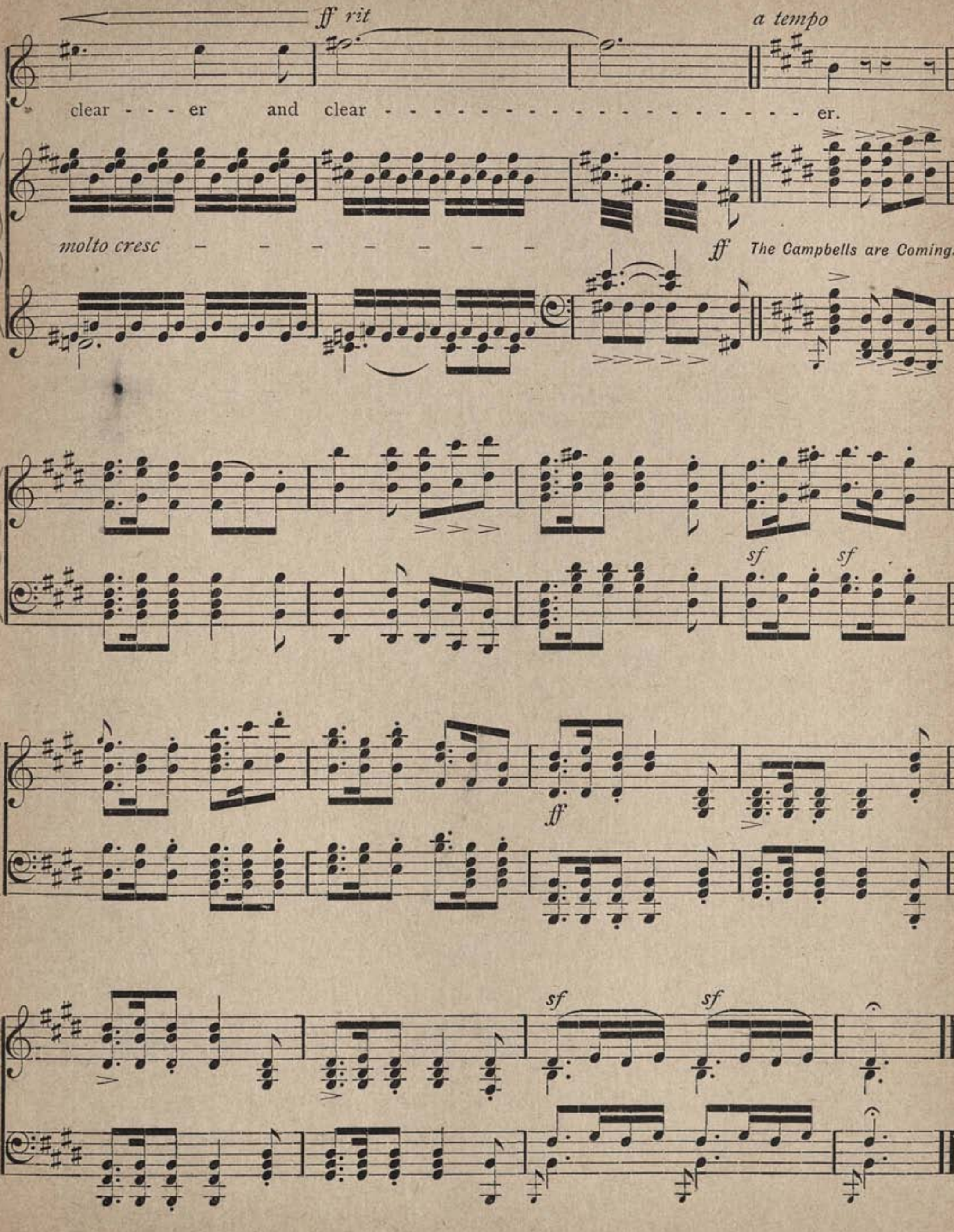
The story of the relief of Lucknow has been many times told by historian, poet, and musician; but never more delightfully and nobly than in Max Bruch's Cantata, of which we here give an English translation.

IMAUM BARRA, LUCKNOW.

SOPRANO SOLO.

FROM MAX BRUCH'S CANTATA OF "FAIR ELLEN."




ff rit
a tempo
clear - - - er and clear - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - er.
molto cresc
ff
The Campbells are Coming.
sf
sf
ff
sf
sf

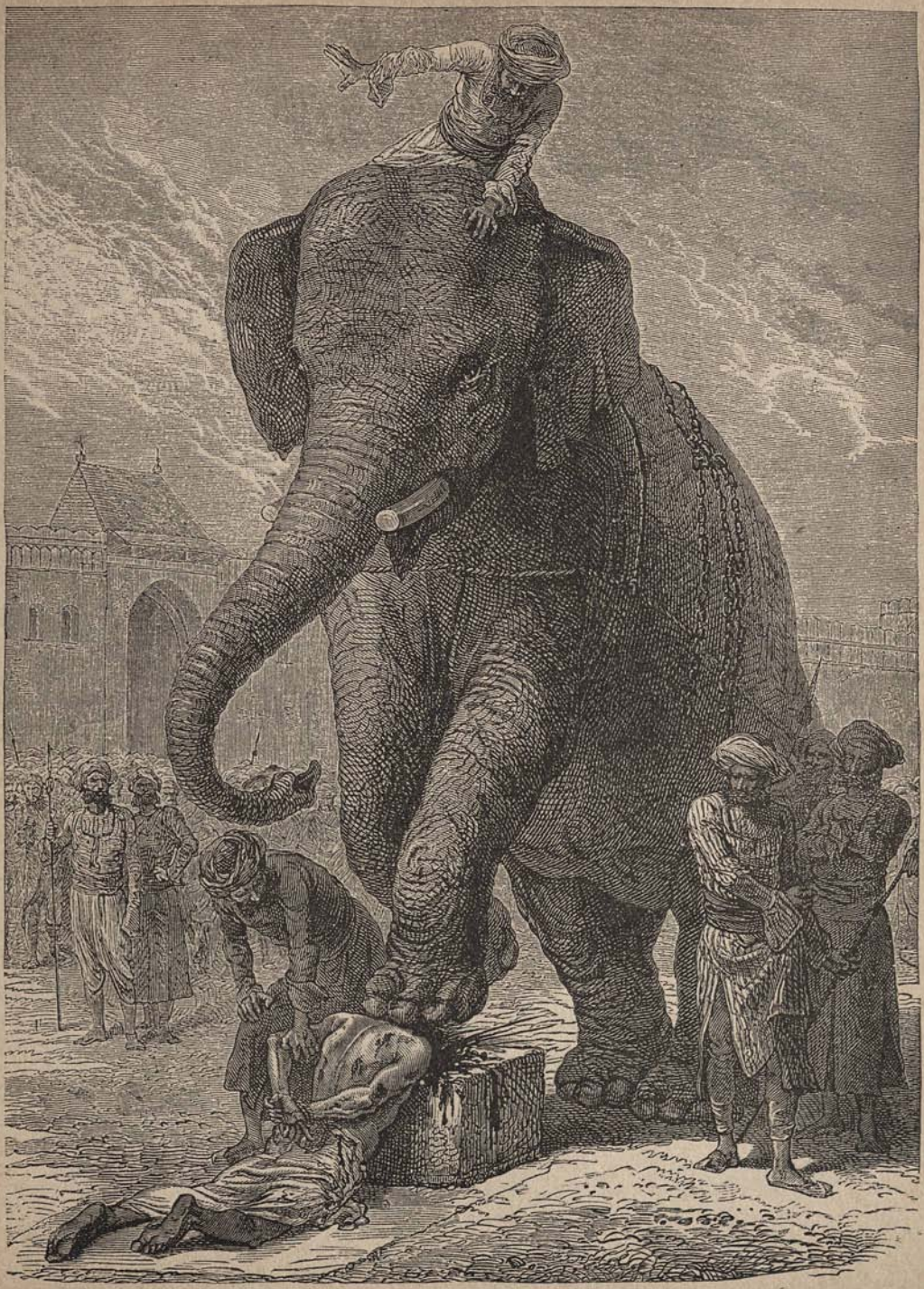
The pibroch is borne adown the wind;
The tones on the breezes quiver,
'Neath the tread of battalions that hurry along, —
Afar the plains do shiver!"

"Ah, maiden, we listen and listen in vain,
And fast the hours are flying;
The breach is wide, and the storm is nigh:
There 's honor, honor in dying.
Farewell, then, wife and child at home,
And the Highland lochs and the heather!
And now for the last time God speed the shot;
Let your swords be unsheathed together."

And the volley rang, and the fight was hot,
And smoke hung thickly before them.
The colors drooped; but Fair Ellen rose,
And forward right boldly she bore them.
"Oh, stay! oh, stay! 't is the pipes I hear;
The sound draws nearer and nearer.
Ha! see, there 's a rent in the mist,
And the sight grows clearer and clearer."

And they broke on the foe like a Highland storm;
And nearer and louder becoming,
Far over the mist there sounded the march,
The march, "The Campbells are coming."
There 's a shimmer of steel o'er the far-spreading plain,
From the squadrons for battle arrayed;
With their plaids and gay plumes in their bonnets they come,
And England's flag displayed!

And the foemen fled, and they entered the gate,
And Ellen's voice rose to Heaven:
"We 're saved by the bond of our olden troth;
To God praise and honor be given!"
"We 're saved by the bond of our olden troth;
To God praise and honor be given!"
"We 're saved by the bond of our olden troth;
To God praise and honor be given!"



CRIMINAL EXECUTED BY AN ELEPHANT.

THE INDIAN ELEPHANT.

The animals associated with the stories of the transmigrations of Buddha are regarded as sacred in Buddhist countries. One of the legends of Buddha relates that when he was once travelling, he found a wounded tiger whose young were starving. He gave his body to the cats for food, and was rewarded by being born into a higher state. The white elephant is regarded as sacred in Siam because Buddha himself was once a white elephant.

The elephant in India is not worshipped by the Brahmins, as were the monkeys; but it is the most useful animal in the country, and in intelligence and feeling most nearly approaches man. There is something noble and often affecting in this animal's friendship for his keeper.

In one of the old provinces of the Rajahs it was a custom to execute criminals by causing a giant elephant to place his foot upon the head of the one who had been condemned to death. The criminal's head was placed upon a block; and the keeper of the elephant, seated on the animal's neck, superintended the execution.

There was a story that Anna used to ask Old Seventee to relate, that always haunted me, and I seldom afterwards met an elephant without recalling it.

There was an old elephant that had become greatly attached to his young and kind keeper. The young man rebelled against the Rajah, who was a tyrant, and was captured and thrown into prison.

The elephant showed that his memory was fixed on his young keeper. He sought the places where they had been together; he seemed to be constantly looking for him and expecting him.

Being a ponderous animal, he was taken into the service of the Rajah, given a new keeper, and taught to perform executions.

A new rebellion arose, on account of which the former rebels in prison were condemned to death.

Among those brought out for execution was the young man for whom the elephant had formed so great an attachment.

As soon as the elephant saw him it trembled with joy or fear. It seemed to comprehend the situation, and with almost human intelligence and nobleness to resolve to disobey orders.

The young man's head was laid upon the block. The elephant was driven forward; it raised its foot and touched the young man's head with it as gently as the hand of a sister or a lover would have stroked it, but refused to press it.

The animal was pronged. It bore the punishment for a few minutes; then, seizing the young man, ran for the jungle, and left him where he would escape.

The Indian elephant lives to a great age, — more than a hundred years, perhaps two hundred. Its trunk is said to contain forty thousand muscles. It is often killed for ivory. The state elephants of the Rajahs are the finest animals in the world.

RAJAH BHOJ'S WONDERFUL THRONE.

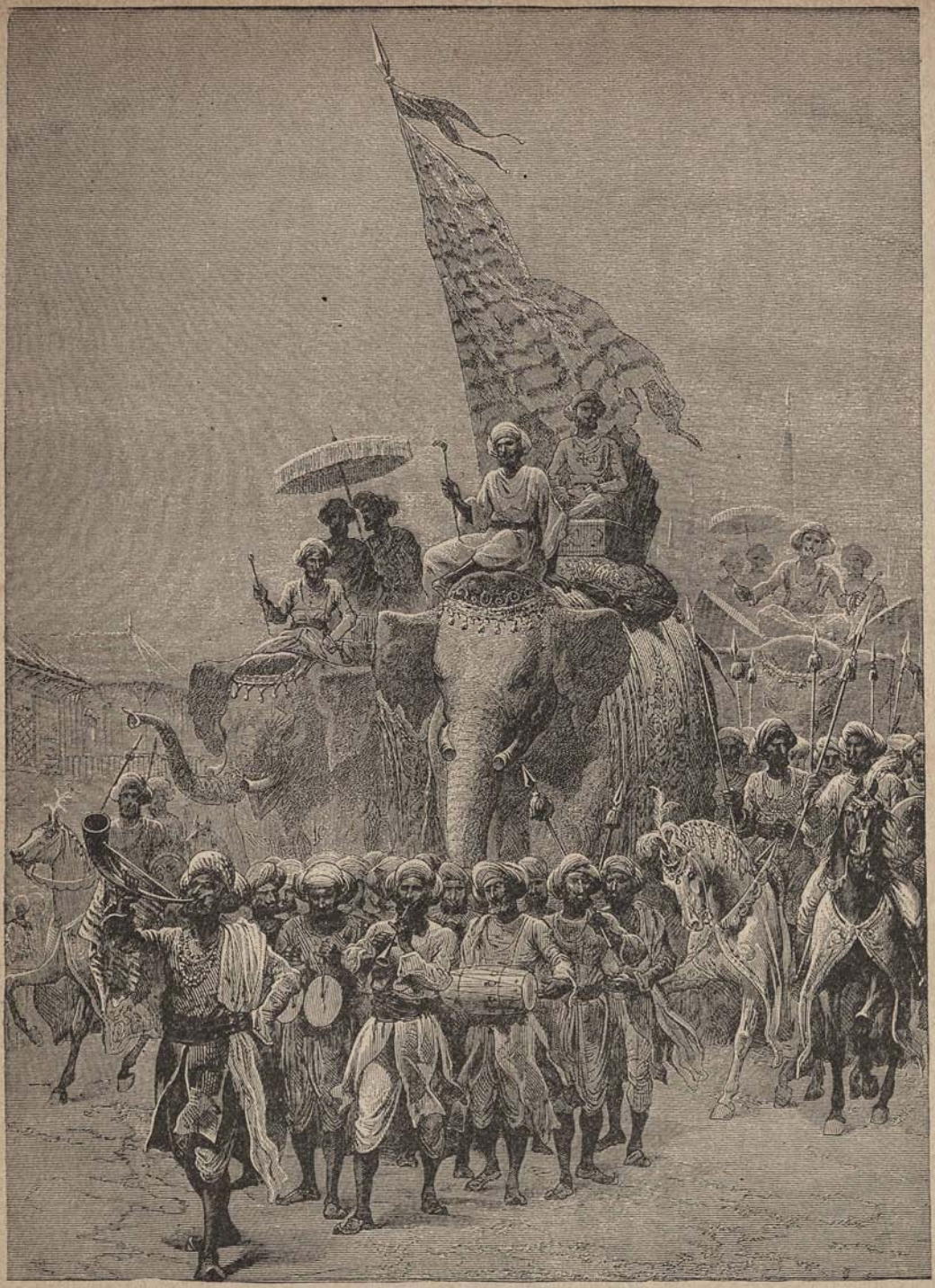
TOLD BY THE OLD SANSCRIT SCHOLAR.

The King of Oojein had a most wonderful throne.

In a garden near the city of Oojein dwelt a market-gardener. This man at times was attacked by frenzy, when he would go to a certain place and dance, and exclaim, —

"When the kingdom is restored to me,
How happy shall I be!"

The people were led to believe that the gardener in a former state had been a great king.



THE STATE ELEPHANT OF THE RAJAHS.

The astrologers were consulted about the matter, and they declared that under the place where the gardener was wont to dance in his frenzy was hidden a treasure of immense value.

The Rajah, the great King of Oojein, ordered that the place should be examined.

The workmen appointed began to dig about the place, and at a little depth appeared a mighty framework. They continued to dig, and found a stupendous throne, such as no mortal ever before had seen. This colossal fabric of gold and gems, that it is said would have delighted angels could they have seen it, rested on thirty-two statues. No human power was able to lift it out of the earth, and the King of Oojein was obliged to call upon the gods to help raise it.

The throne at last arose and stood before the people. It outshone the sun in splendor; and each one of the thirty-two statues could talk, and each told a story to the king.

One of these stories was substantially as follows: —

"Listen, Rajah Bhoj! Oh, Rajah Bhoj, listen!

"One day Vicram, the great king who occupied this throne in the golden ages, was seated amid his court; the music played; the golden bells of the dancing-girls tinkled; the wrestlers were ready.

"Suddenly a Pundit swept before the king, saying, 'Indra is the king of the heights above, but who is the king of the deeps beneath?'

"'I will descend and see,' said Vicram.

"Then Vicram called the spirits that attended him, and he went down with them into Patala, a region of golden palaces that shone so brightly that there was no need of the sun. Here Vicram remained several days.

"On his departure the King of the shining palaces gave him the choice of four jewels as a present.

"'One of the jewels,' said the King, 'will produce gold, another gems, another fame, and the last holy desires. Which will you have?'

"Vicram considered the matter for a long time, and then answered: 'I cannot decide. Let me return to the earth and consult my family.'

"So he returned to the earth, called his family together, and told them of the gift that had been offered to him.

"'Choose the gem that produces wealth,' said his wife. 'Gold will buy jewels and fame.'

"'Choose the gem that produces gems,' said the daughter. 'Gems add lustre to beauty, and she who has beauty can win the heart of any possessor of gold and gems.'

"'Choose the gem that brings fame,' said the son. 'Wealth is nothing without a name, and fame gathers gold and gems.'

"'But none of them produce holy desires,' said the King.

"'Wife, I must die. Daughter, I must die. Son, I must die. I shall leave my gold; I shall leave my gems. I shall know no more about fame. My days are vanishing one by one. I need the gem that will produce something better than wealth or a name.'

"Then he called a Brahmin.

"'Oh, Brahmin,' he said, 'what is that which produces everlasting life and happiness?'

"'Holy desires,' said the Brahmin.

"'I have chosen,' said the King.

"He descended again and received the jewel.

"'Take the others to your family,' said the King of the shining palaces.

"He did so; but they seemed to him of little value compared with his own.

"Oh, Rajah Bhoj, Rajah Bhoj, destiny lies in choice. Choose well, O King, choose well!"

A DANCING-GIRL.

CHAPTER X.

THE SACRED CITY OF BENARES.

FROM his vision under the bo-tree Gautama Buddha set his face towards Benares.

"I am going to that city," he said, "to give light to those in darkness and to open the gates of immortality to men."

Here Gautama first preached, and here the doctrine of the soul's progression won its first disciples. Gautama taught that every man, by giving up self and evil, might become a Buddha.

Benares is the sacred city of the Hindus; it was once a Buddhist city, but is now Brahmin. The sacred river Ganges flows by it, and is here seen in its power and beauty. What Jerusalem is to the Jew, Rome to the Latin Church, and Mecca to Islam, Benares is to the Brahmin and to India.

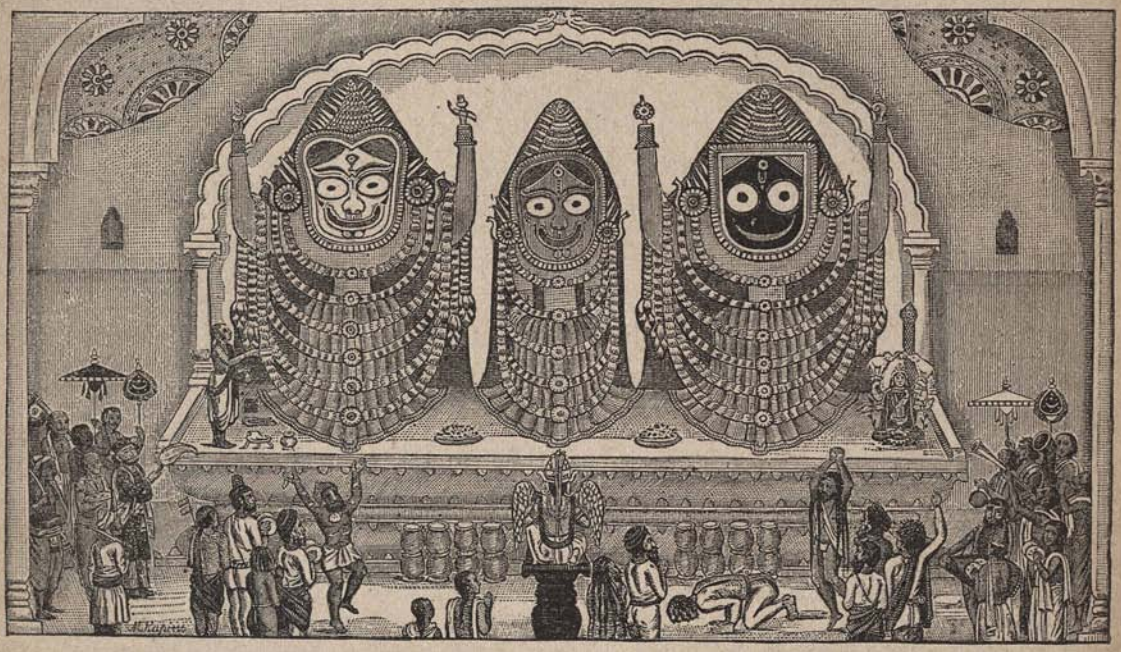
The city is several miles long, and its temples rise from a solitary cliff, upon which they are built, tier upon tier.

Benares is the brain and heart of Brahminism. Here caste and bigotry rule. The poetic philosophy of the religion disappears, and idolatry bows down to Vishnu and Siva with eyes of stone.

Idolatry has a charm for the Hindu. "It is," says a writer, "the air he breathes. It is the food of his soul. His nature partakes of the supposed nature of the gods he worships." We read of the poetic life and words of Buddha, but it is poetry and poetry alone. "Idolatry," says a Sanscrit scholar who passed a large part of his life among

the Hindus, "is a word denoting all that is wicked in imagination and impure in practice. It is a demon as seductive as a siren."

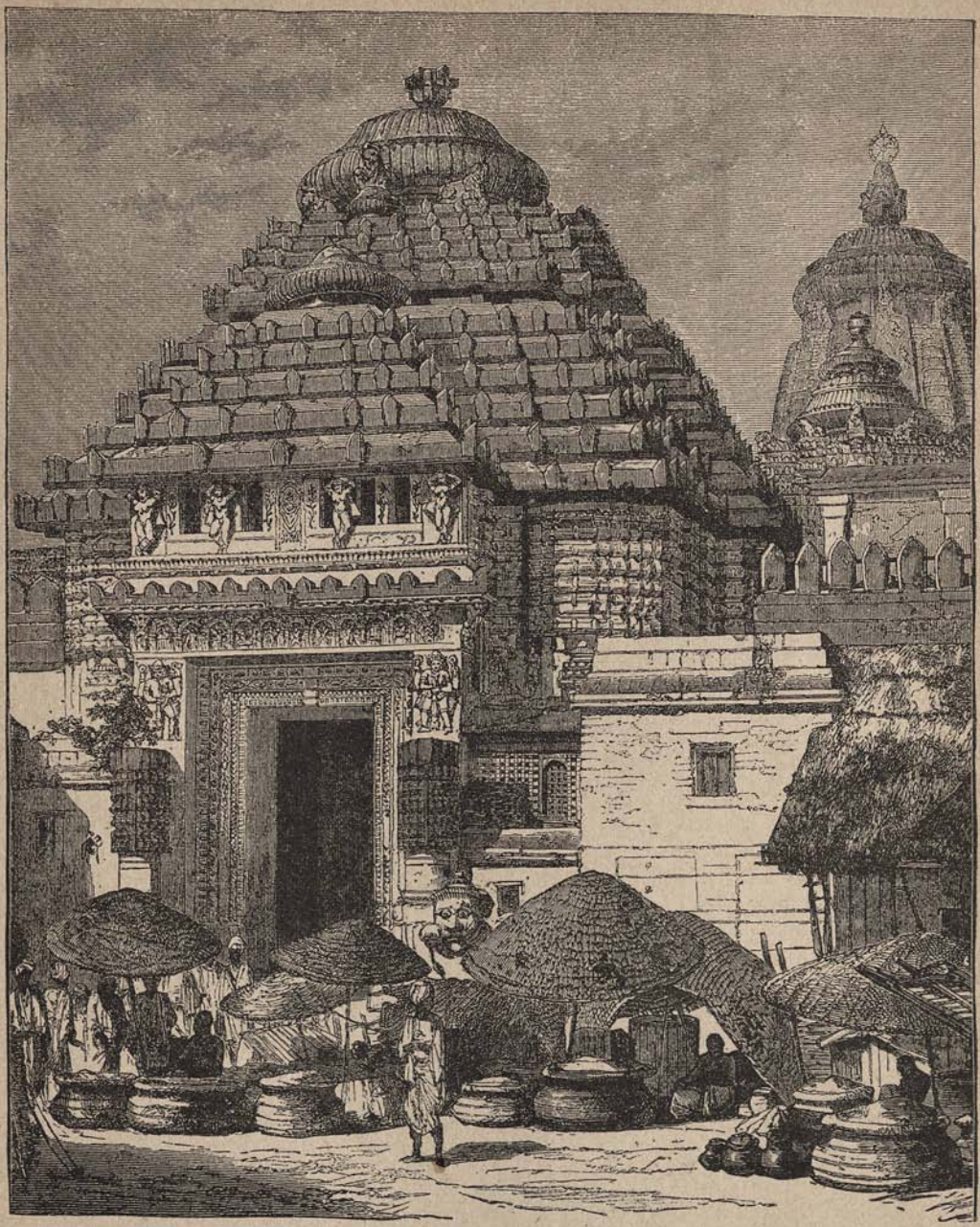
But, hark! it is the Sabbath. A bell is ringing, — a church bell; can it be? Yes; its music floats amid the temples and over the Ganges, — a voice calling in the wilderness of the superstitions of thousands of years.



IDOLS IN THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

While the bell was yet ringing we went to the famous Well of Salvation, sacred to Vishnu. Here wretched pilgrims were drinking dirty water, believing that the act washed away their sins. One could wish that these poor people might heed the call of the bell ringing just out of the city, and hear the gospel of that new creation, that changes a depraved nature by spiritual love.

Temples and idols, superstitions and poverty, vice and misery, everywhere abound. The crown of the temples is the golden temple



GATE OF THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

of Siva. But the bathing in the sacred Ganges in the sunrise is the principal religious rite and the leading superstition.

"Where shall we go to-day?" I asked on Monday morning, the second day after our arrival.

"To the monkey temples," said Arthur; and Anna was of the same mind. So we all agreed to visit the monkey temples.

In Benares monkeys are gods. In one of the holy wars the monkeys formed a bridge for the army to cross, according to tradition, and they have ever since been regarded as sacred animals.

The sacred animals of India are never harmed. A Brahmin would die before he would eat a beefsteak, for the bull and cow are sacred. The peacock is also sacred; and so, in parts of India, is the crocodile. Women used to make offerings of their infants to the crocodiles.

The monkey temple stands on the bank of the Ganges above the city. It is entered by an avenue of trees, which trees are usually full of monkeys. In the centre of the temple is a paved court containing a hideous idol. Surrounding this court is a high stone wall, and in this wall are countless little chambers for the monkeys.

As we entered the court, the priests understood our wishes.

"Ah! ah!" called one of the priests.

At the sound of his voice hundreds of monkeys came flocking around us. They seemed to come from everywhere, — from the walls, up from the earth, and down from the air.

"A Christian who should harm one of these monkeys in Benares would be torn in pieces," said Hugh.

The monkeys of India, being regarded as sacred, of course become, like all well-treated and petted animals, very tame.

"I was married in India," says an English writer and Eastern traveller, in the "Youth's Companion." "I engaged for our honeymoon a little house, — sixteen miles or so from any other habitation of white man, — that stood perched on the steep white cliffs of the Nerbudda River, which here flows through a cañon of pure white marble, — not

altogether pure white, however, for here and there is a crag of pink alabaster or a rock of tawny jasper; but excepting these it is all marble.

"Far down below, at the feet of the white cliffs, flows the sacred Nerbudda River. Cranes and herons wade about it in the shallows; in the rifts of the rock big brown owls sit blinking, and on the sand-banks lie crocodiles basking all day long.

"Away on the right, at the bend of the river, was a famous Hindu temple, all gold and scarlet, to which crowds of worshippers used to come from distant cities, and whence all day and night we could hear the priests tinkling their little brazen bells to keep their hard-worked gods awake.

"Close beside our house was a little hut where a holy man lived in charge of an adjoining shrine, earning money for himself and for the shrine by polishing little pieces of marble as mementos for visitors.

"It was a wonderful place altogether; and while my wife went in to change her dress, the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river.

"At the first clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big tree that overshadowed the house, and up from the trees that grew in the ravine behind it, and from the cliff below it, from the house-roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys.

"They came up singly and in couples and in families, and took their places without noise or fuss on the veranda, and sat there, like an audience waiting for an entertainment to commence. And when everything was ready, the breakfast all laid, the monkeys all seated, I went in to call my wife.

"'Breakfast is ready, and they are all waiting,' I said.

"'Who are waiting?' she asked in dismay. 'I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming out in my dressing-gown.'

"'Never mind,' I said. 'The people about here are not very

"ONLY THEIR EYES KEPT BLINKING AND THEIR LITTLE ROUND EARS KEPT TWITCHING."

fashionably dressed themselves. They wear pretty much the same things all the year round.'

"And so my wife came out. Imagine, then, her astonishment! In the middle of the veranda stood our breakfast-table; and all the rest of the space, as well as the railings and the steps, was covered with an immense company of monkeys, as grave as possible and as motionless and silent as if they were stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking and their little round ears kept twitching.

"Laughing heartily, — at which the monkeys only looked all the graver, — my wife sat down.

"'Will they eat anything?' asked she.

"'Try them,' I said.

"So she picked up a biscuit and threw it among the company. And the result! Three hundred monkeys jumped up in the air like one, and just for one instant there was a riot that defies description. The next instant every monkey was sitting in its place as solemn and serious as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked and their ears twitched.

"My wife threw them another biscuit, and again the riot, and then another and another and another; and the fun grew so fast and furious that I caught the infection and began to throw too, first biscuits, then bread, then lumps of sugar, and then fruit, till the whole veranda went mad in scrambling, and we ourselves seemed to be as mad as the monkeys.

"In the excitement the monkeys came closer and closer, till at last the little ones were actually taking lumps of sugar from our hands and plucking at my wife's dress to attract her attention.

"But at length we had given away all that we had to give, and got up to go. The monkeys at once rose, every monkey on the veranda, and advancing gravely to the steps walked down them in a solemn procession, old and young together, and dispersed for the day's occupations among the trees from which they had emerged."

There are some most wonderful facts connected with the history of Benares. The city is about to perish of English civilization, but Benares is more than three thousand years old.

Three thousand years since its birth! Nineveh and Babylon have been turned into ruins, and the ruins to dust; the Persian Empire has swept the world and vanished; Rome has risen, possessed the earth, and declined; Greece has disappeared, Egypt has lost her power, and the new nations of the West have risen.

When the Mohammedans conquered India, they destroyed a thousand temples in Benares; and yet more than a thousand grand temples rise from its rocky foundation to-day, and a hundred thousand pilgrims are often found under the shadow of its walls.

Five hundred million people say "Benares" with awe, and regard the city as the home of their faith. It is here that every Brahmin wishes to die, that his body may here be burned.

The diseased and the dying hurry here. The furnaces for the dead are continually burning; their smoke darkens the sky.

There are gods everywhere,—ten times as many gods as men. Benares is a city of gods. Brahma is regarded as the creator, preserver, and destroyer of all things; and he is worshipped by personification through Brahma (the creator), Vishnu (the preserver), and Siva (the destroyer).

The Hindus have on their sacred rolls the names of some three hundred million gods.

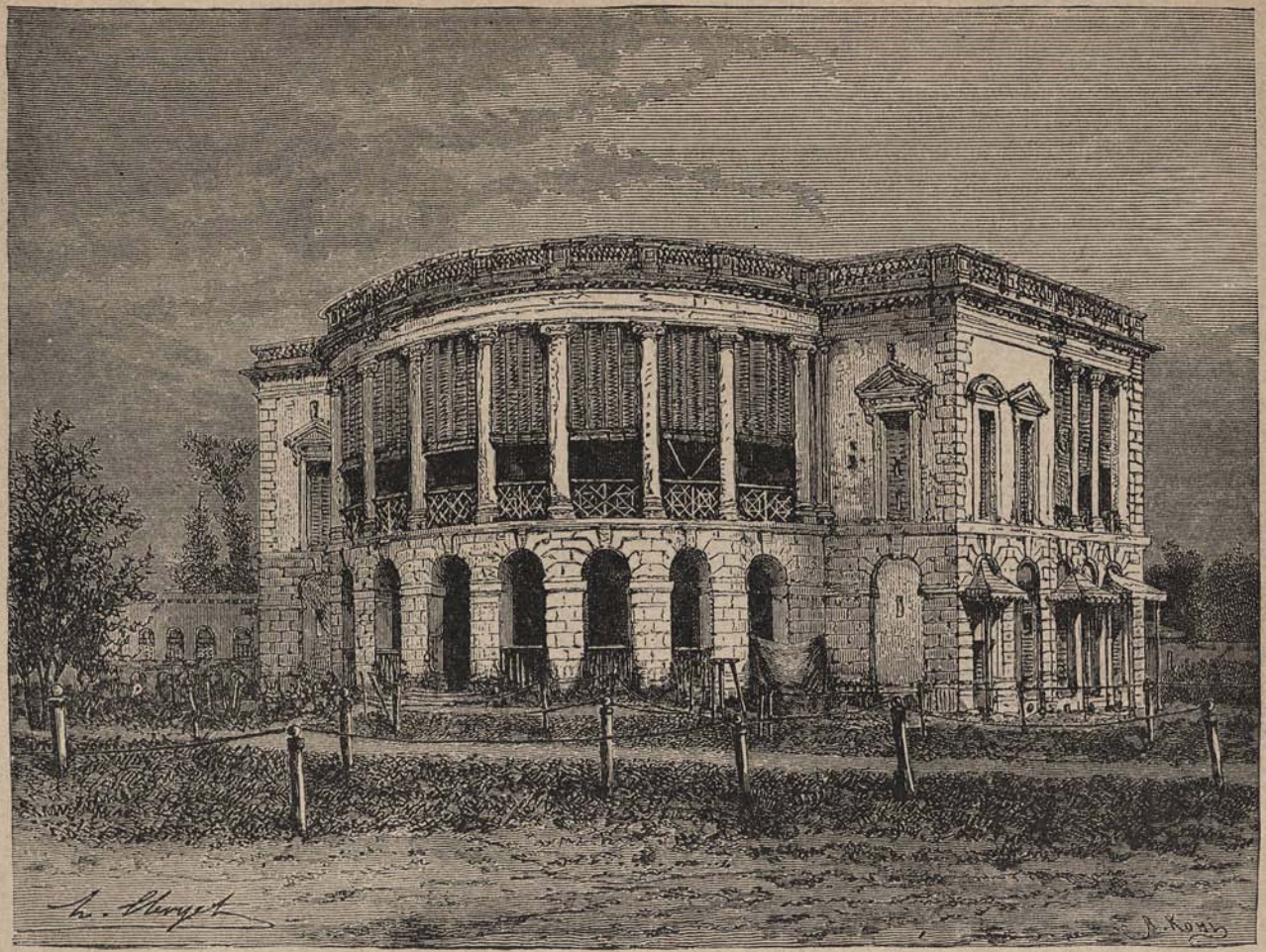
On returning from the monkey temples, we chanced to enter one of the narrow streets. In it lay a fat bull. How should we pass?

"We must go back," said Aunt.

"What for?" said I. "He is harmless; I will take my cane and *whack* him up."

I hurried on to whack him. My aunt uttered a cry of terror.

"Stop! stop!"



EUROPEAN HOUSE IN INDIA.

"What!"

"If you were to strike that bull you might never get out of Benares alive. Let me go ahead," she added.

She did so, and began to ask the Brahmins to put the lazy animal one side, which they did at first very gently, and then a little harder, until he slowly rose and graciously let us pass.

Benares, where Buddha first preached his poetic visions, has been the theatre of every vice and cruelty and superstition that the powers of evil could invent. The burning of widows and the offering of children to the Ganges have already been stopped by the British Government; and one by one other superstitions must disappear, until Benares itself shall receive "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

CHAPTER XI.

CALCUTTA.

THE STORY OF JUGGERNAUT. — THE MOON PILLAR. — THE GOOD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA. — FAMINES IN INDIA. — THE GOVERNMENT OF BRITISH INDIA. — KING AND POET.

A HAZE of lights appeared in the dusky Indian sky.

"Calcutta," said Marie.

Lights began to glimmer on the sea. We were passing ships; slowly, slowly we crept up the river towards the city of Asiatic magnificence. At last the tide became so strong that we were obliged to anchor.

We landed at night, and were conducted by coolies to our hotel.

The rooms were like ovens.

"You will have to get a man to rock your punka to-night," said Aunt.

"To rock my punka!"

I had never thought to be rocked like a baby again. But I engaged a man to perform this service for an hour, and I did not dismiss him until morning.

Morning and Calcutta. The hotel began to swarm, — first barbers, and then pedlers. I thought the whole city had come together to ask me to have my head shaved.

After breakfast I started out to my banker's, and for a visit to the rooms of the Asiatic Society, — a society founded by Sir William Jones

ESPLANADE AT CALCUTTA.

in the time of Hastings, — and to the Governor's palace, and to the famous Black Hole. In this morning walk I had my first view of Calcutta.

This famous city of Hindostan, of Bengal, and of the British Empire in India, is indeed the royal portal to the great water, to the romantic land of Ind. Situated on the Hoogly, an arm of the Ganges, filled with Oriental bazaars and tropical gardens, crowned with turrets and spires, and everywhere displaying the genius and wealth of the past and the present, the city is sure to bewilder the traveller from the West and oppress him with admiration and wonder.

The streets swarm with a motley procession. People dressed in silks and brocades and in white flowing garments, and others with little clothing at all; mendicants with long hair; marriage processions, funeral processions; carts, oxen, venders; wild-looking men, old men; Asiatics, Europeans; women, girls, boys, — all hurrying on, on, on; each human figure seeming yet more novel than the others, — such is Calcutta.

The suburbs are mean, and the oppressive sense of Oriental splendor loses its effect as one walks far from the esplanade.

It is in a town near Calcutta that the old form of Buddhist idolatry which is known as the worship of Juggernaut used to be a wonder, and still exists. We made an excursion to the place.

THE STORY OF JUGGERNAUT.

"Joy, Juggernaut!"

The cry filled the streets. The populace surged backward and forward like a sea.

I saw the English officers rush forward as though some tragic event had happened. The ponderous car moved on. The priests looked happy, and again a great cry rent the air, —

"Joy, Juggernaut!"

"What has happened?" I asked an English official.

"Nothing; only another fanatic has thrown himself under the wheels. It is impossible to restrain such as he. The idol should be destroyed."

It was at the great Hindu festival of Juggernaut, near Calcutta, that the incident occurred which the British officer had regarded as such a trifling matter. A trifling matter it was as compared with the past, when the gigantic idol-car used to roll over a road dark with victims, soaking the earth with blood and grinding into it human bones.

Many towns and provinces of Bengal have their Juggernauts, but the one to which we allude was the holy place of the idol and of its devotees. The stupendous machine is some sixty feet high, resting on some sixteen wheels, which used to roll over human bodies. Attached to the car were six cables by which the people used to draw it along. The people believe that he who helps to draw the car obtains remission for his sins, and that to throw one's self under its wheels and be crushed is to obtain eternal happiness. The Hindu lot is often hard, and to exchange it for the abode of bliss in this manner was held to be both a blessing and an act of heroism.

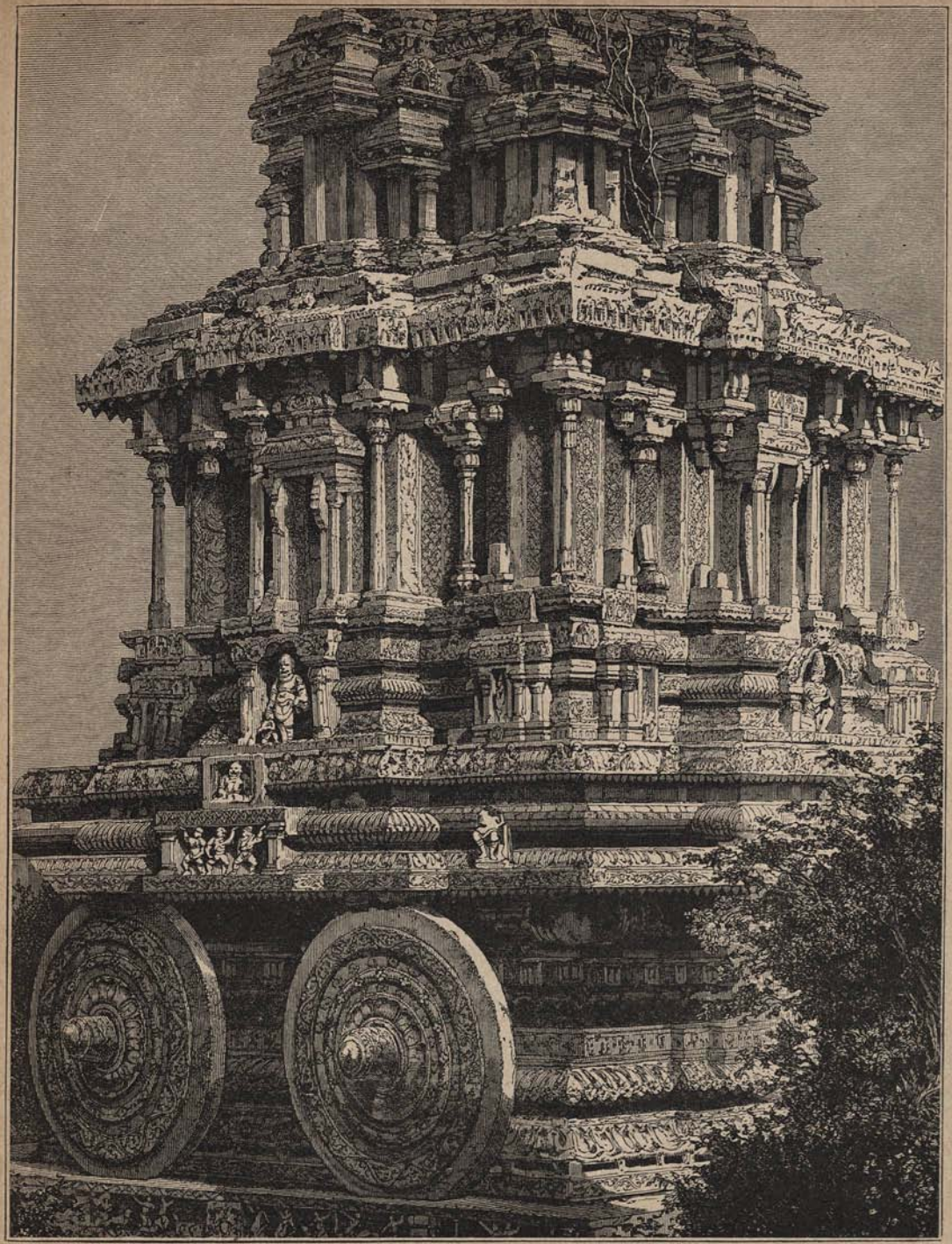
The idol itself is a shapeless block of wood, with a hideous visage. There is a throne on the top of the car, where the priests who guard the image stand. These used to claim that whenever a victim was crushed the idol was seen to smile. Thus originated the shout,—

"Joy, Juggernaut!"

What was the origin of this idol and these idol cars that, before the mission period, rolled over human bodies as over roads of logs and left rivers of blood in their trail?

The car is a Brahmin idol.

Once a King wished to found a city. He sent out a pious Brahmin to look for a place. The Brahmin searched long in vain for a satisfactory spot, and at last came to the sea. There appeared to him a



CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

crow, who made obeisance to the sea. The Brahmin understood the language of the birds, and the crow told him to found the city here.

The King did so. The city rose as by magic.

The Rajah of the city dreamed one night a strange dream. He saw a block of wood rise from the sea, and heard a voice exclaim, "This is an idol; worship it."

The dream was exactly fulfilled. The Rajah went to the sea and looked out. A block of wood arose, and of this was formed the hideous idol. It was believed to be an avatar, or an incarnation of Vishnu. On such a light superstition arose the bloody sacrifices to the Moloch among Hindu idols.

While at Calcutta my aunt was invited to visit a medical mission in Burmah. She invited me to go with her, and I accepted the invitation. This took me from the land of Brahma into one of the most devout territories of Buddha, — from the Ganges to the Irrawaddy.

The season was advancing, and Nature was most beautiful. A part of our journey was on rivers whose banks were billowy with luxuriant vegetation.

In these water journeys our boats were often propelled by bamboo poles. Poling a boat, instead of rowing, was the customary way of river travel.

Our food consisted of rice, curry, oranges of most delicious flavor, tamarinds, and plantains. The woods flamed with parrots and orioles. We swept along through water-lilies as large as saucers, and occasionally a red lotus lily delighted the eye.

There were temples everywhere, their rounded spires rising like peaks from the seas of green.

We met with one strange adventure. We came upon a herd of buffaloes in the water. The huge animals were frightened, and attempted to run up the bank from the shallow water in which they were cooling. But the bank was too steep. The boatmen uttered

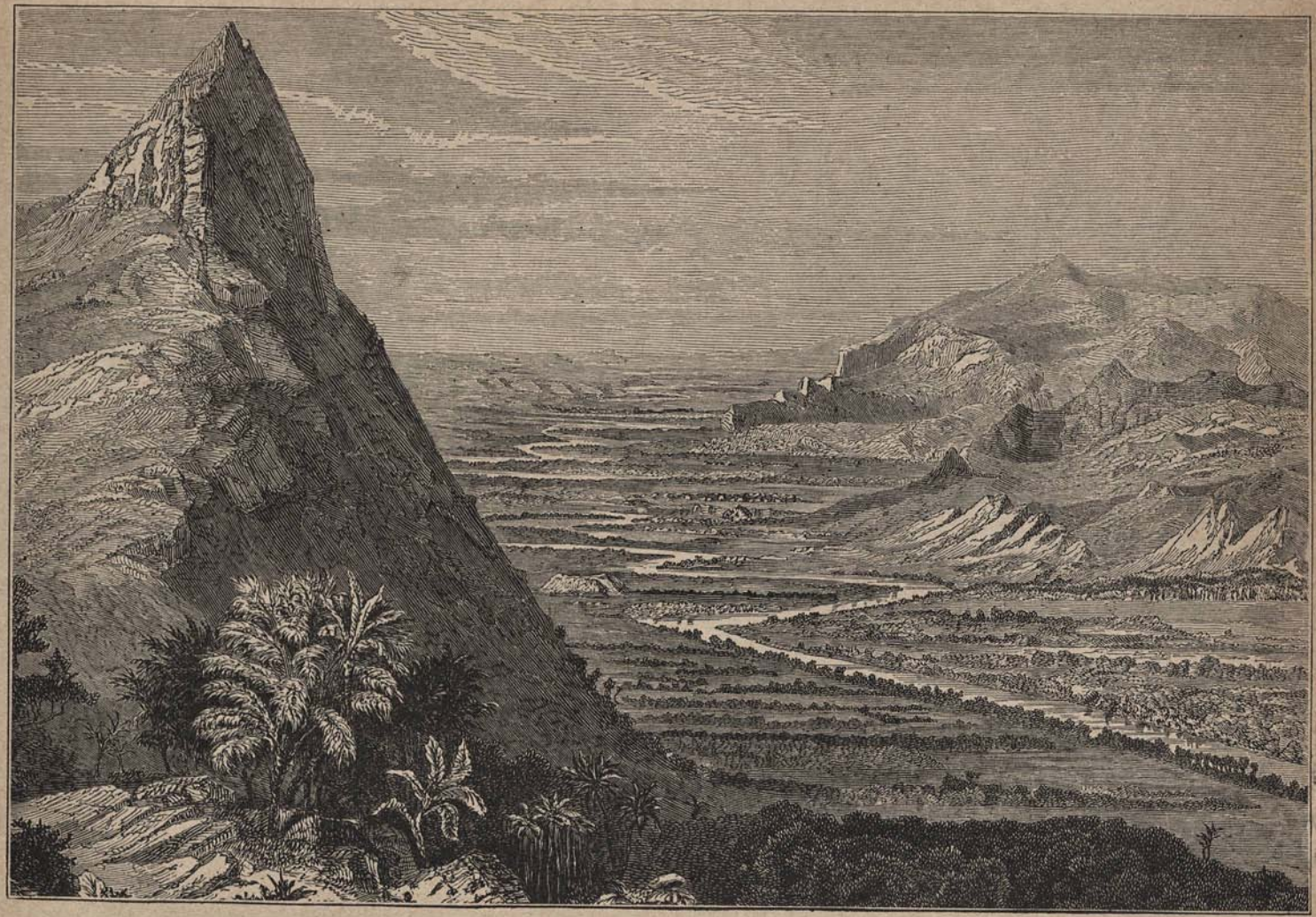
loud cries, which seemed to frighten them. They turned, and attempted to cross the stream in front of us. In doing so one of the largest was brought near the boat, and suddenly turned towards it, with the evident purpose of getting *under* it. The boatmen beat him off, as he was taken at a disadvantage. Had the animal succeeded, our boat would have been overturned, and our escape would have been doubtful.

It was a slow journey, but one full of surprises and wonders. The mosquitoes were a great annoyance. They would soon have taken the life of any one left helplessly alone. One of the boatmen told a story of a Burmese who escaped alive after having been exposed to the mosquitoes a whole night without defence, and he regarded it as a wonderful escape.

Two Burmese, according to this story, had loved one woman. The one who had the best claim agreed to surrender her to the other, provided the other would remain exposed to the mosquitoes a whole night. The other accepted the condition. He survived, but covered with sores, and after such a loss of blood that he was hardly able to sustain the weight of his body.

At the Burmese town where the medical mission was established, I saw a most novel sight. A procession with streaming paper prayers, gongs, drums, and some shrieking wind instruments was parading the streets, and the splendid temples were full of devotees offering fruits to the gods. The air and trees were full of crows; and no sooner were the oranges and plantains and other fruits left exposed on an open shrine than these dark birds came and carried them away. The poor gods did not seem to get any of them.

One poor old woman was approaching the shrine of her god with an offering of plantains and rice. The crows were following her. As she placed her offering on the shrine they flew around her head. She beat them away. She seemed unwilling to leave her offering to the birds. At last she engaged a boy to keep them away. She



VALLEY OF THE IRRAWADDY.

prayed or performed some act of devotion, and left the birds and the boy watching the offering. As soon as she had gone, the boy left the shrine, and the birds covered the offering like a black pall.

The city or town swarmed with girls bearing offerings. Each seemed to have

Rings on her fingers,
Rings on her toes,
And beautiful studs
In her ears and her nose.

At the medical mission we found much beside remedial stores, — pet lizards, which I shunned, centipedes, and near at hand a caged python at least a dozen feet long.

While taking my first lunch there, a lizard fell from the roof upon the table, and in falling broke off its tail. He turned and surveyed it as if regretfully, then waddled away. I was told that he had left his tail for my dinner. The native people do not eat lizards there, but I believe that they do eat ants.

On our return we passed through seas of beautiful orchids. Tall spires marked the sites of towns buried in vegetation. The tints of the sky at morning and evening were the most beautiful and *living* I ever saw, and, by moonlight, the country seemed a veritable enchantment.

On returning to Calcutta I met Old Seventee for the last time. Her intelligence and early training in an English family had given her an opportunity to gather a large amount of the folk lore of India, and from her I had learned some of the most popular stories. I followed up this interesting study in Calcutta, and collected quite a library of Indian tales.

Old Seventee's last story was short; but, like all her stories, it had an inner meaning.

THE MOON PILLAR.

There was once a grand temple that had a most beautiful white pillar called the Moon Pillar. It supported nothing, but rose into empty space to be admired for its marvellous beauty. There was a secret about it that no one but the priests knew.

The people worshipped the Moon Pillar.

One day there came sweeping through a mountain pass a Moslem army, with a savage but very zealous Moslem chief at its head. The army approached the splendid temple, and when the chief saw the Moon Pillar he lifted his battle-axe to shatter it.

"Spare, oh, spare the Moon Pillar!" cried the priests; "we will ransom it."

The chief refrained from the stroke, and the priests began to bring ransom money and to pour it in great heaps around the Moon Pillar.

The floor was piled with coins of gold.

"Take the gold," said the priests, "but spare us the Moon Pillar."

The chief hesitated.

"Allah is Allah," he said. "There is but one God, and the man always gains something of untold worth who breaks his idol."

Then the priests cried again, "Take our gold, but spare the Moon Pillar."

"Allah is Allah," said the chief. "There is but one God, and he blesses the man who breaks an idol."

"Spare, oh, spare the Moon Pillar," again chorused the priests.

"For your sake I would, but for Allah's sake I must not."

Then he smote the Moon Pillar with his battle-axe. The priests cried; but the pillar rang like music, and came tumbling down, and as it fell to pieces it poured out such a stream of gems and gold as the Moslem had never before seen.

"Allah is Allah," said the chief. "Blessed is he who breaketh an idol."

And the priests wept; but the Moslem gathered up all the gems and coin, and rode triumphantly away.

"BUT THE MOSLEM GATHERED UP ALL THE GEMS AND COIN, AND RODE TRIUMPHANTLY AWAY."

THE GOOD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

A half-century or more ago, there met in the streets of the Holy City of Benares two religious processions. One was a Brahmin procession, the other a Mohammedan. Neither would allow the other to pass.

"The true religion must not give up the right of way," said the Brahmin priests.

"The true religion *shall* not give up the right of way," said the Mohammedan priests.

Blood began to flow like water. Fire followed blood. A splendid mosque was blazing. The two processions were tearing each other to pieces.

The Sepoys were called. They were both Brahmins and Mohammedans, but they had been long under Christian influence and had felt the force of a higher duty, — what every man owes to humanity.

"Will you help quell the outbreak?" was asked of them.

"We will."

They did their duty, resisting alike the breakers of the public peace, were they Brahmins or Mohammedans.

England has many bishops in India, as the bishops of Madras, Bombay, Ceylon, for instance. The greatest of these is the Bishop of Calcutta, and there was one Bishop of Calcutta whom the world will never forget.

Bishop Heber, author of the inspiring hymns beginning, "From Greenland's icy mountains," and "Hail the blest morn when the great Mediator," was a very remarkable boy. He possessed a tender heart, a refined taste, and a sensitive conscience, and was influenced in all that he did by a high moral aim. The purity of his inner life was so great as to lead one of his companions to remark "that if his heart

had no other covering than a glass, its impulses were so pure that no one need fear to look within." He suffered much from illness in childhood, and bore his sufferings with such fortitude and patience as to win the love of all who knew him. One day his mother said to him,—

"Reginald, the doctor says he must bleed you."

"I will do whatever you say, mother."

The doctor prepared his instruments for the operation.

"Oh," exclaimed the doting nurse, in great excitement, "they are going to murder the child!"

"Poor thing!" said little Reginald, quite forgetful of himself in his feeling for the woman; "let her leave me and go downstairs."

"I must hold you," said the operator.

"No," said the boy, firmly; "I will not stir."

He then bared his arm like a hero, and submitted to the loss of blood with a sweetness of disposition that melted every heart.

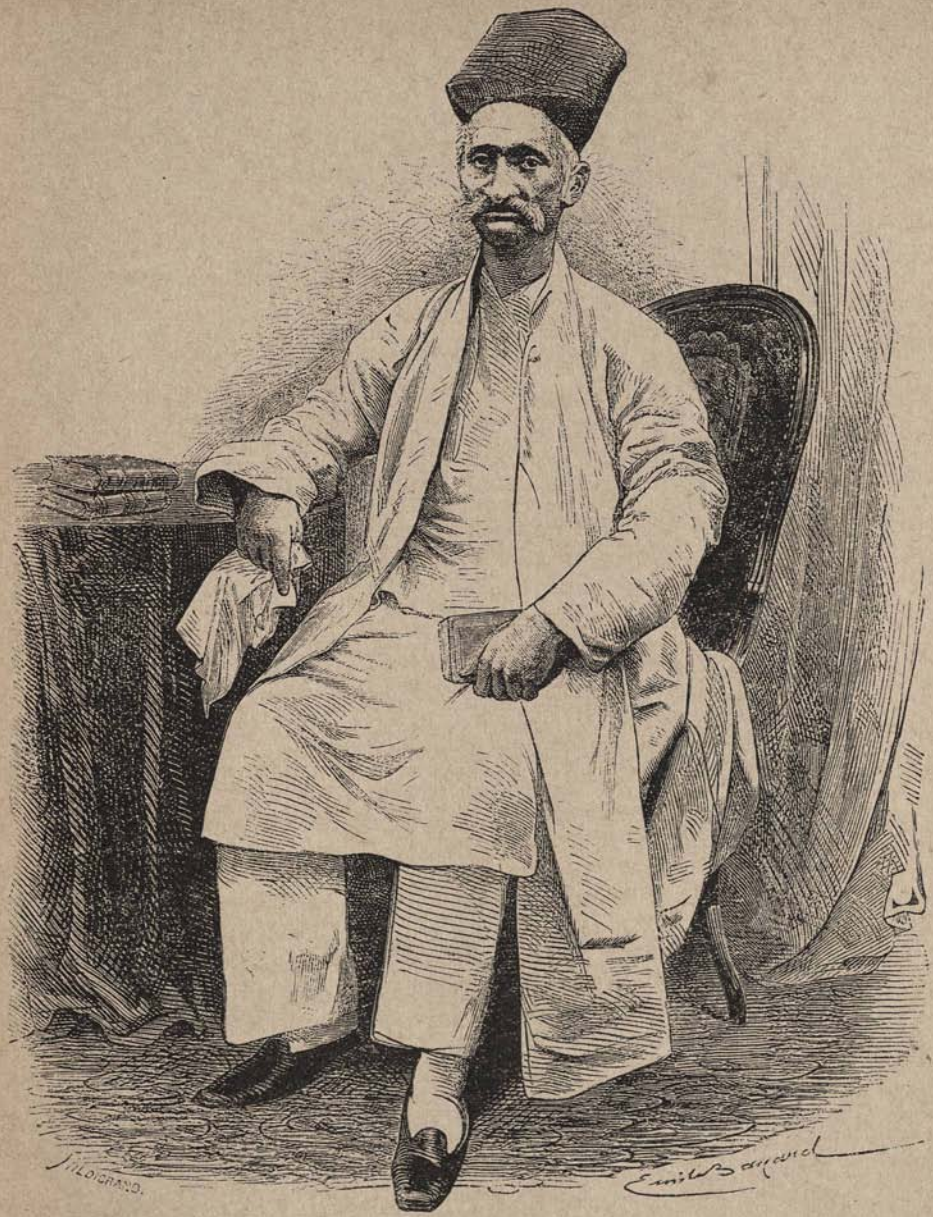
"Do you think that the boy will survive?" asked his father of the family physician, during one of his severe attacks of illness.

"If he were not the most interesting child that I ever saw, I should say that he would not survive; but I think that he will recover."

He possessed an emotional nature; he loved every one, and was always happy when his affections were gratified. He denied himself the luxuries that children crave, in order to help those whom he found in distress; and it is related that it used to be found necessary to sew within the linings of his pockets the bank-notes given him for his half-year's pocket-money at school, that he might not give it away in charity on the road.

At the age of seventeen he was entered at Oxford. He shrank from society; he would never allow his hours of study to be abridged by social pleasures; and his great abilities and the beauty and strength of his character were for a time but little known.

It is solitary students who succeed and not those whose thoughts and feelings are lost in the aimless crowd. One day it became noised



A RICH PARSEE.

about the college that the amiable and quiet student had written a poem displaying great strength of genius, and that it had won the principal college prize.

It was selected to be read at the annual college exercises at the theatre. His father, now declining in years, came to Oxford to listen to the reading.

Heber had now become universally loved on account of his warm sympathies and the humility that was associated with the brilliancy of his genius. The magnificent theatre was crowded with people of rank, learning, and poetry. His old father entered quietly, and took a retired place in the audience.

The hour arrived, and the youth who had found a secret place in so many hearts ascended the rostrum. He commenced reading, line after line displaying the fertility and gorgeousness of his fancy and the matchless harmony and purity of the composition. His theme was "Palestine,"—a subject comprehending the loftiest mysteries of God's revelations to man. He held the audience breathless; and when he ended, there followed an outburst of applause such as had never before greeted an Oxford student. The very walls of the theatre trembled.

His aged father was deeply agitated at this moment of triumph. He was in feeble health, and never recovered from the excitement that the reception of the poem occasioned. He may be said to have received the stroke of death in the moment of excessive joy.

But how did young Heber himself receive the great triumph? Did it excite his pride, and stimulate a desire for popular applause? Did it turn his heart away from the services of humble charity to the dazzling dreams of ambition and the struggle for fame?

Let us follow him to his room. He enters, and there meets his father, mother, and friends. He is received with caresses, congratulations, and unmeasured praise.

The young man feels grateful, but sober and devout.

He withdraws from the delighted circle, who are discussing the great genius of the poem, to his sleeping-room. His mother becomes impatient at his absence, and goes to look for him. She softly opens the door.

"Regi—"

Hush!

It is a holy place. The young lad is on his keees, his lips breathing out his gratitude in prayer!

This man wrote the hymn which has proved the note of inspiration of missionary progress,—

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile—"

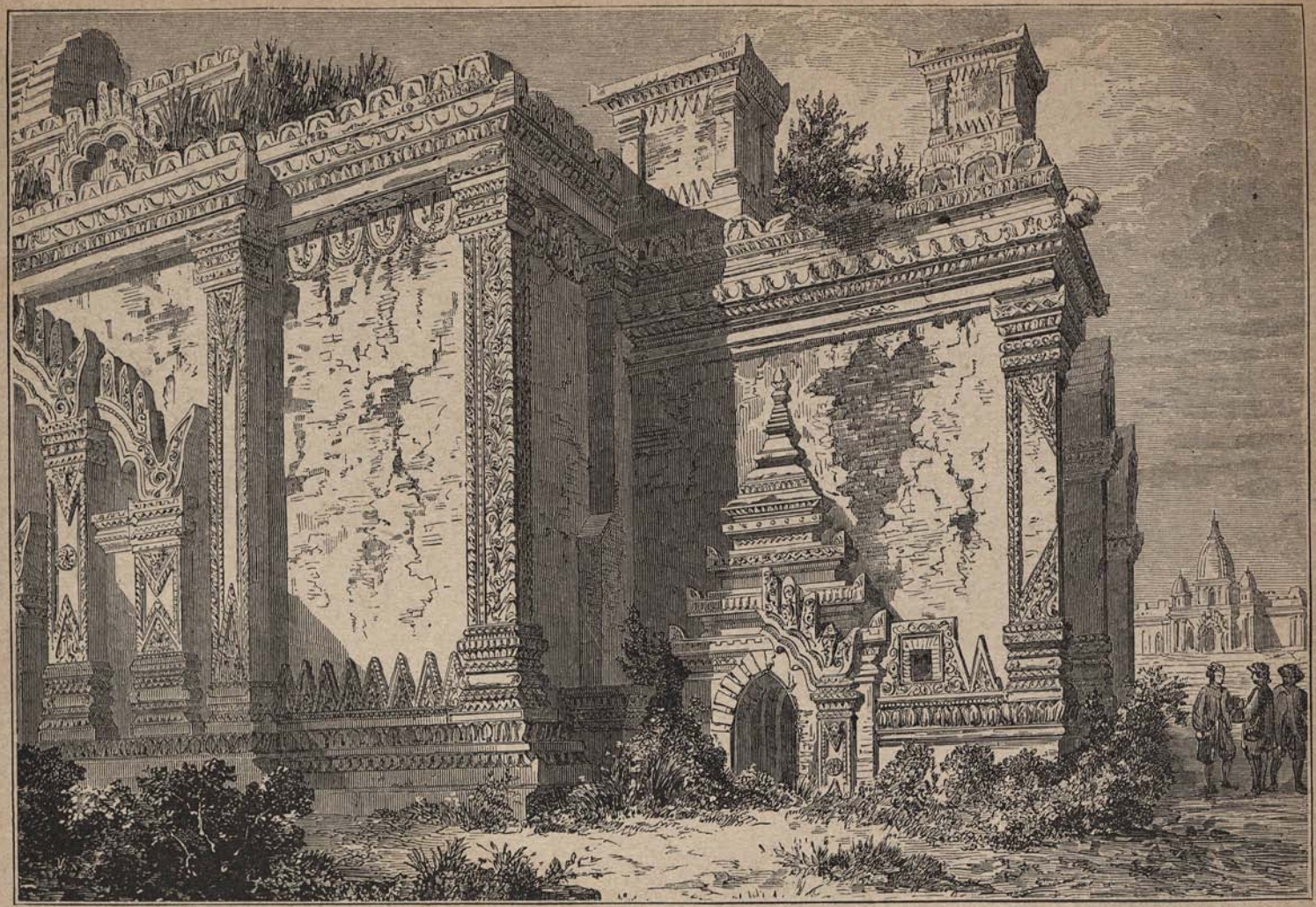
But we need not quote further. The world knows it.

He fell at his post on the mission field. His picturesque journal of a tour through the Upper Provinces of India is a classic,—a picture of what barbaric India was.

"Ceylon's isle" is now the home of some seventy thousand or more Christians. India, with her crumbling temples and broken minarets, is now governed by the Crown and the Cross. The foundation of the Christian fabric in India was laid by the good bishop's hands. He built better than he knew.

We visited his statue in Calcutta. As I stood before that placid face, I could but think of the power of a single inspiration, and of what India might yet be. India is a religious country, and has been so for thousands of years. For religion the Hindu gives up every worldly thing, from a throne to the simplest affection. The soul becomes his one object of thought; all other things to him are as the dust of a desert.

One can hardly read any Hindu story without being led to think of the soul and its limitless possibilities. One lays down a book of



PAGAN TEMPLE.

Hindu fairy tales with a strange sense of the value of the soul. These tales all relate to transmigration, which means cause and consequence. The Hindu literature always raises the question, Is life fate or choice? Again: Is the future life fate or choice? Again: Is the present life the result of fate or choice? Then follows the impression, If what I am and may be depends upon *choice*, all the gifts of Heaven are as nothing to this one gift of destiny.

On India, the land of the sunlight, another Sun is rising, and to her the messengers of the new light have come. The Vedas, the ancient books of the Brahmins, are already being forgotten, or translated into the English tongue for their poetry alone. There are principles in Buddha that will always make the name of Gautama inspiring, for they so nearly approach a part of the Gospel truth.

The India of cruelty, superstition, darkness, and death is vanishing. To the missionary is the silent change due, and the pioneers in this work are destined to shine like the stars. Idols will decay, rajahs will be forgotten, the old cities of superstition will feed the palms; but the men of peace who have brought emancipation and progress to these jewels of clustering kingdoms will never die, for truth is immortal, and crowns her priests with immortality.

The song of Heber means more to India than the diadem of the Empress of India; for it is the religious sentiment that has swayed India in the past, and this purified stream is that better Ganges which is destined to flow eternally.

And so with the India of the Rajahs in memory, I leave the foot of the statue, and turn away, humming over to myself the poet's immortal words, to have written which was more to be desired than to have been a king, —

"Waft, waft, ye winds, *his* story,
And you, ye waters, roll."

FAMINES IN INDIA.

Nearly forty millions of people in India yearly suffer for want of sufficient food. Several times during the present century there have been famines in India.

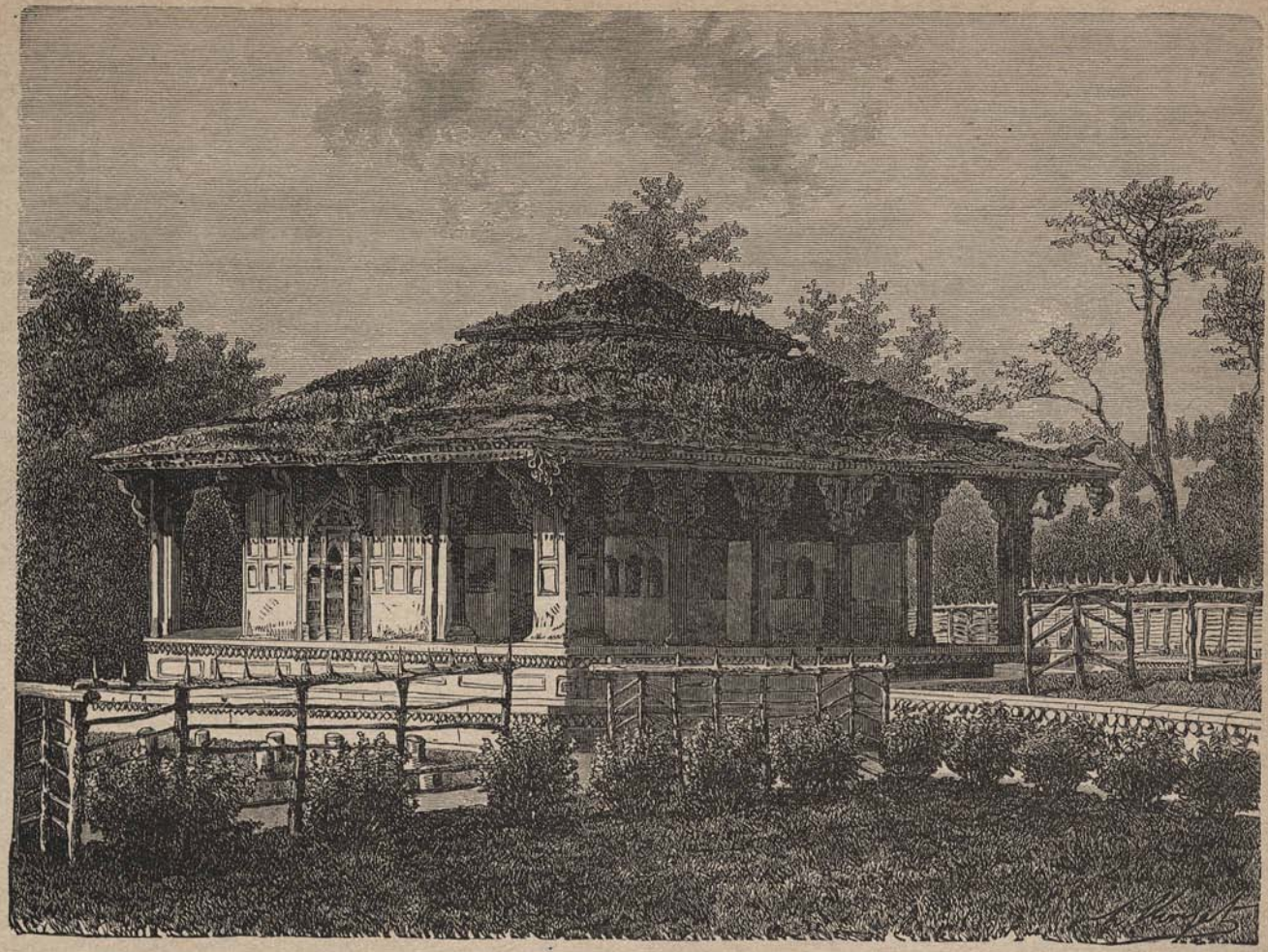
It is hard for us who live in a land of plenty and general prosperity to imagine the horrors of a famine extending over a wide area of country. Even a story of a famished boat's crew which has drifted from a shipwreck appalls us; how much more desperate must be the sufferings of swarming multitudes of whole villages and hamlets, who must lie down in a famine and die at their own doorsteps, hand in hand with their dear ones, for want of a little food!

Such was the dreadful scourge which lately fell on vast sections of the East Indian Empire. It is said that not less than thirty thousand human beings died in the agony of famine, or of disease induced by lack of food.

This has been the second famine which has visited India within three years. That of three years before extended mainly through the great province of Bengal, in Northeastern India. The last famine ravaged most seriously the province of Madras, to the southward of Bengal and Calcutta. Some parts of Bengal, however, were touched by the dread visitor, as were also some parts of the Punjab, in the extreme north.

The principal food of the Hindus is rice. So long as they can get plenty of rice they are content; and a large portion of the fields of Bengal and Madras is devoted to the raising of this healthful and nourishing cereal.

But rice, in order to flourish, needs a good deal of rain. A tolerably dry season renders the crop meagre and the kernels inferior. A very dry season, when, as sometimes happens, the longed-for waters



INDIAN DWELLING-HOUSE.

fail to descend upon the hot and parched soil of those semi-tropical regions, causes the rice crop to fail. Then famine comes; for the Hindus absolutely depend upon their rice for life.

In our country, which is checkered all over with a close network of railway lines, we can scarcely conceive of the possibility of alarming dearth of food in any one section; for to the place where food, for any reason, is deficient, the railways straightway speed from one section or another with an abundance.

India, however, has but few railway lines. There is a great through line from Bombay to Calcutta, across the continent; and there are lines from Allahabad to Lahore and Mooltan, from Calcutta to Pulma, from Bombay to Hyderabad, and from Calicut to Madras.

But these railways are as nothing when we consider the vast territory of India, with its immense population of two hundred millions. They are only useful in a very small degree when famine sweeps over such a province as that of Madras, many of the districts of which are hundreds of miles from any railway, and can only be reached, by not very good roads, by means of wagons and carts.

Thus it is that the thousands starve before they can be reached with food.

The famine was foreseen by the Government at Calcutta, and every possible preparation was made to check and diminish its ravages. Money was not spared, and the great storehouses of Calcutta and Madras were quickly heaped up with rice and breadstuffs. These were forwarded, as rapidly as could be done, to central depots in the distressed districts; and hundreds of officials were engaged in dealing out rations to the poor, starving people.

Meantime the English at home raised large subscriptions to aid in the good work of saving the peaceful and laborious Hindus who are thus stricken. Measures were taken to prevent at least the spread of the dreadful epidemics which always follow in the

wake of famine, and are scarcely less terrible in the destruction they wreak.

Happily at the last moment, too, the welcome rain descended just in time to refresh the dwindling crops, and this boon of the clouds saved thousands of lives.

THE KING AND THE POET.

The monarch sits beside his board,
The poet by his sire;
The monarch holds aloft his sword,
The poet takes his lyre.

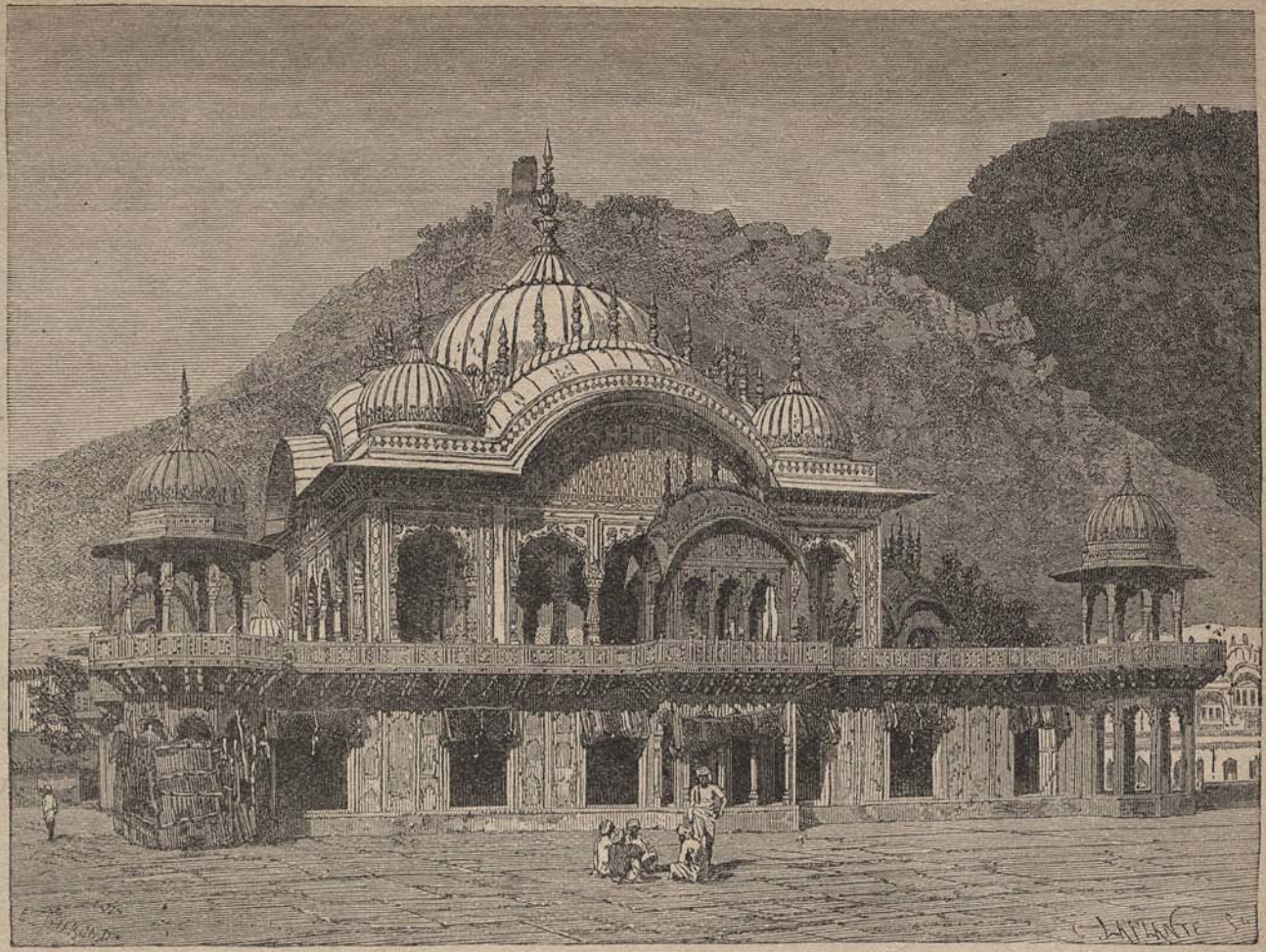
"Three princes great," the king exclaimed,
"This sword has smitten down;
And I have won, 'mid storied names,
The most enduring crown!"

"Hold! hold!" the poet cries, "the bard
Is greater than the king;
For longer fame than monarchs claim
Have they who monarchs sing.

"I sing the hero's deeds in war,
When loud the bugles blow;
But others love my words in peace,
When play the bugles low."

Dim gloomed the night the land and main,
And diademed the sky;
The minstrels woke a festive strain,
And sat the monarch nigh.

They sung a sage of ancient days,
Whose counsels shattered thrones,
And banners led where banners blaze
In sun-empurpling zones.



MAUSOLEUM, ULWUR.

The courtiers press, with eager feet,
To hear the minstrels sing,
And ask, "Who spake those numbers sweet?"
And not, "Who was that king?"

The poet held aloft his lyre,
And said, with cheek aglow,
"I 'd rather be a bard, my sire,
When play the bugles low."

Peace smiled upon the hills and dells,
Peace smiled upon the seas,
And dropped the notes of happy bells
Upon the olive-trees.

And oft, when from the date and palm,
Where ruby harvests burned,
The merry maids, at twilight calm,
With festive song returned,

The monarch on the poet smiled,
These words repeating low:
"I, too, would be a bard, my child,
When bugles cease to blow."

We give for our last story an old tale, told us by a native missionary of Ceylon, which is not unlike one already given, and doubtless has the same origin. The story, as we heard it in Ceylon, was made a beautiful allegory of life, and we tell it notwithstanding its strong resemblance to that already related in connection with Delhi.

THE MYSTERIOUS FAKIR.

There was once great splendor in Delhi. You have heard of Delhi, the white city of domes, gardens, and tombs? But the tall spires were not there before the Mohammedans came and conquered the old-time city, and lifted up to the sky tall white minarets. They were Brahmin temples then. The domes burned like gold. Gems shone in these temples like tapers. Elephants glittering in cloth of gold marched in almost continuous procession through the streets.

In these days of gold there lived in Delhi a prince named Almaner. His palace roof seemed hung in the air, and he had a hundred elephants with trappings of gold. His wives were the most beautiful of women, and his court was famous among all the Rajahs from Golconda to Cashmere.

One day he went to the temple to pray; and as he stood before the high idol he said, "I came to pray, but what have I to ask for? I have everything now."

"Everything?" echoed the golden throne of the idol.

"Everything. What could a mortal desire that Delhi does not give to a prince, unless it be the golden fruit? I will ask for the golden fruit."

Now, whoever ate of the golden fruit became immortal. So he prayed for it; and while he was praying, the air began to shine; and he stretched out his hand, and when he drew it back a golden olive was clasped within it.

Now the Prince, after the custom of the East, had many wives. But there was one whom he loved above all the rest, — beautiful Nada, whom he brought from Cashmere. He desired her affection more than anything else in the world, and he was happy in thinking that he wholly possessed it.

Next to the beautiful Nada he loved his son, who he imagined would one day be the Rajah, and sit on the throne of thrones of Delhi.

He loved his old mother, too, and he thought that she loved him more than any other living being.

Happy was he; for he dreamed that his favorite wife, his son, his mother, and all his subjects loved him more than any one else in the world.

He went to the beautiful Nada with the golden olive.

"Nada," he said, "I have come to make you immortal. See! here is the golden fruit. Nada, you will one day grow old; your beauty will all be gone.

VIEW IN CEYLON.

Eat the golden fruit, and you will always be as beautiful as you are now, and I shall always be happy in seeing you so."

So he gave Nada the golden olive.

Now, Nada had left behind in Cashmere a young Prince whom she loved more than Almaner. This was the secret of her life. He was about to visit Delhi in great pomp.

"I will give him the golden olive," said Nada to herself. "It will make him young forever; and when the Rajah dies he will marry me."

So she sent to him secretly, on his arrival, the golden olive, with a message to eat it, as it would make him immortal.

But the Persian Prince loved a Princess in his train, and he gave the golden olive to her.

Now, this Princess, on seeing Delhi and all its wealth and splendors, desired to remain there. She had made the acquaintance of the son of the Rajah, and she came to love him; so she gave him the golden olive.

There came at this time to Delhi a plague, like a cloud of great darkness. It entered the palace; and the young Prince, the Rajah's son, was stricken down. He sent for his grandmother, and told her the secret of the golden fruit.

"I do not desire to live forever," he said. "I would rather go on like the rest, and know the larger and better life. It shall be as Heaven wills with me; take the golden fruit."

The young Prince died, and the Rajah's heart seemed broken. He lay beside his dead boy and wept hour after hour, for he was greatly astonished that death should have entered *his* palace.

"I am sure that he loved me more than any one else on earth," said the Rajah.

Now, the Rajah's mother, to whom the boy had given the golden fruit, had a younger son who was a dwarf, and because he was deformed he was neglected by the court. But a true mother loves most her weakest child. So she went to him with joy in her heart, and said: "See! here is the golden fruit. The son of the Rajah is dead, and that leaves you next to the throne. Eat the golden fruit, and it will make you immortal, and you will one day be the Rajah and sit upon the throne of thrones in Delhi. I love you more than any other being; and when I have seen how the court has treated you, I have longed often in my heart of hearts that you might become the King."

The dwarf took the golden fruit; but the plague struck him before he had eaten it, and a servant found the golden olive in his dead hand. Then the servant took the golden olive and carried it to the Rajah.

"The Prince is dead. See what I found in his hand!"

The Rajah was filled with wonder, and sent for his beautiful wife.

"Nada of Cashmere, Nada of Cashmere," he said, "what did you do with the golden olive?"

"I ate it."

"Nada of Cashmere, thou art deceiving me."

Then he opened his hand and showed her the immortal fruit, and the guilty Queen fell fainting on the floor.

"My golden world is fading away from me," said the Rajah. "My son is dead; my beautiful wife has deceived me. What is there left me but an empty life in all these palaces, for life without love would be nothing?" And he cast himself down in the dust of the jewelled hall and was silent.

Then he rose and said: "My mother is left me. She has always loved me more than any one else in the world."

And he went to her, and told her all his heart.

"Who do you suppose gave to the dwarf the golden olive?"

"*I*."

"And why?"

"He was my weakest child, and I loved him the best. You surely would not be so selfish as to rob a dwarf of his mother's love!"

"You wished him to outlive me, and become the Rajah of Delhi?"

"Yes, I wished my poor neglected boy to become the Rajah of Delhi. It was right."

Then his mother told him all the story of the immortal fruit.

"So in all the world I had but one heart that loved me more than any other, — only one treasure amid all my treasures that was really my own."

"It is seldom given one to have the first love of more than one true heart."

"But that one is *dead*. Would I could find him! My golden world is all going like a rainbow in the evening sky."

"But I love you now more than any other being. You were selfish in desiring so much love. Love should be but a return of gratitude. You have thought of yourself only."

"And my world is gone."

"Create another."

"How?"

"By giving to the needy what they lack."

"And I shall be loved in return?"

"Do not seek a return. It is unselfish love that makes life truly happy."

"I will become a fakir."

"And leave your throne?"

"It is but a human toy."

"And Delhi?"

"It is a city of empty streets to my heart."

"And your wives and the court?"

"They care for me only for gain."

"And your people?"

"You will become the Ranee," said the Rajah. "You will care for my people better than I. I feel it. It is the will of Heaven that it should be so."

"Then first eat the golden fruit," said his mother, "and you will do good forever."

So the Rajah ate the golden olive, and the next day the throne in Delhi was vacant. The Rajah was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM INDIA.

CEYLON. — BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY. — WHAT INDIA MAY TEACH US.

N returning from Hindostan to England, I stopped at Colombo, on the island of Ceylon.

The island of Ceylon was long regarded as the earthly Paradise. It was here that Adam was fabled to have come after the Fall. It is believed to have been, like many other places, the Ophir of Solomon. The Brahmins call it "the Resplendent," and the Buddhist "the Pearl of India." It has been named "the Land of Jewels," and pictured as "the land of the hyacinth and the ruby." This was one of the wonders seen by Sindbad the Sailor.

Here came the early missionaries of Buddha; and although Buddhism gave place to Brahminism on its revival in Hindostan, it is still the religion of Ceylon. Some of the grandest temples of Buddhism are here, and here also are the most sacred relics of Buddha.

Fragments of the Buddha's bones and locks of his hair here gave rise to stupendous structures gleaming with jewels and gold. The oldest of these temples was raised by King Tissa, over the supposed collar-bone of Buddha, two hundred years before the Christian era. Another of these relic temples was four hundred feet high.

It is a land of mountains; of cocoanuts, palms, and betel vines; of airs spicy with cinnamon, of shadowy banyans, and coffee fields.

AN ELEPHANT JOURNEY IN CEYLON.

It is the land of the wild elephant, or used to be. These animals have been so hunted and killed in recent years that their numbers have decreased, and they have become very shy of man. It is said that such a thing as a dead elephant (one that died a natural death) was never seen in Ceylon. Such animals hide when they find death approaching, and only the birds of prey follow them to their hiding-places.

The elephants of Ceylon are small, but seem to possess almost human intelligence. The mahout, seated on the animal's neck, guides the animal at will, and employs him in all kinds of heavy work.

It is wonderful to see how exactly the elephant follows the will of the mahout. It seems to a white man, lying under the trees, as though the mind of the mahout had become that of the elephant. This is especially so when the animals are worked in the timber-yards. A lumberman is hardly a more intelligent workman, and seldom a more patient one.

There are many impressions that the study of India leaves on the mind of the European or American, which he would not forget. One of these is that it is a missionary religion that grows; but the positive faith that survives Buddhism was a missionary religion, and it converted nearly a third of the human race. It was a pantheistic religion, and lost Hindostan because the Brahmins believed in a personal God.

Buddhism was a poetic and philosophical religion, and there were three truths which it taught that are of worth even to the clearest Christian mind. Its purpose was to make men Buddhas, — that is, spiritually pure and enlightened, or, in other words, spiritually wise. From this high purpose it degenerated into the most cruel superstitions.

To become a Buddha, Gautama taught that a man must be pure, must seek spiritual environment and have faith in the end. This

world was but the bough of a tree, on which the human soul alighted like a singing-bird, and then flew away. The soul was everything, and the world was nothing.

In a lecture to young people I once spoke of the things that Christianity and civilization must teach India.

"You have told us what we may teach India," said a pupil; "are there not some things that India may teach us?"

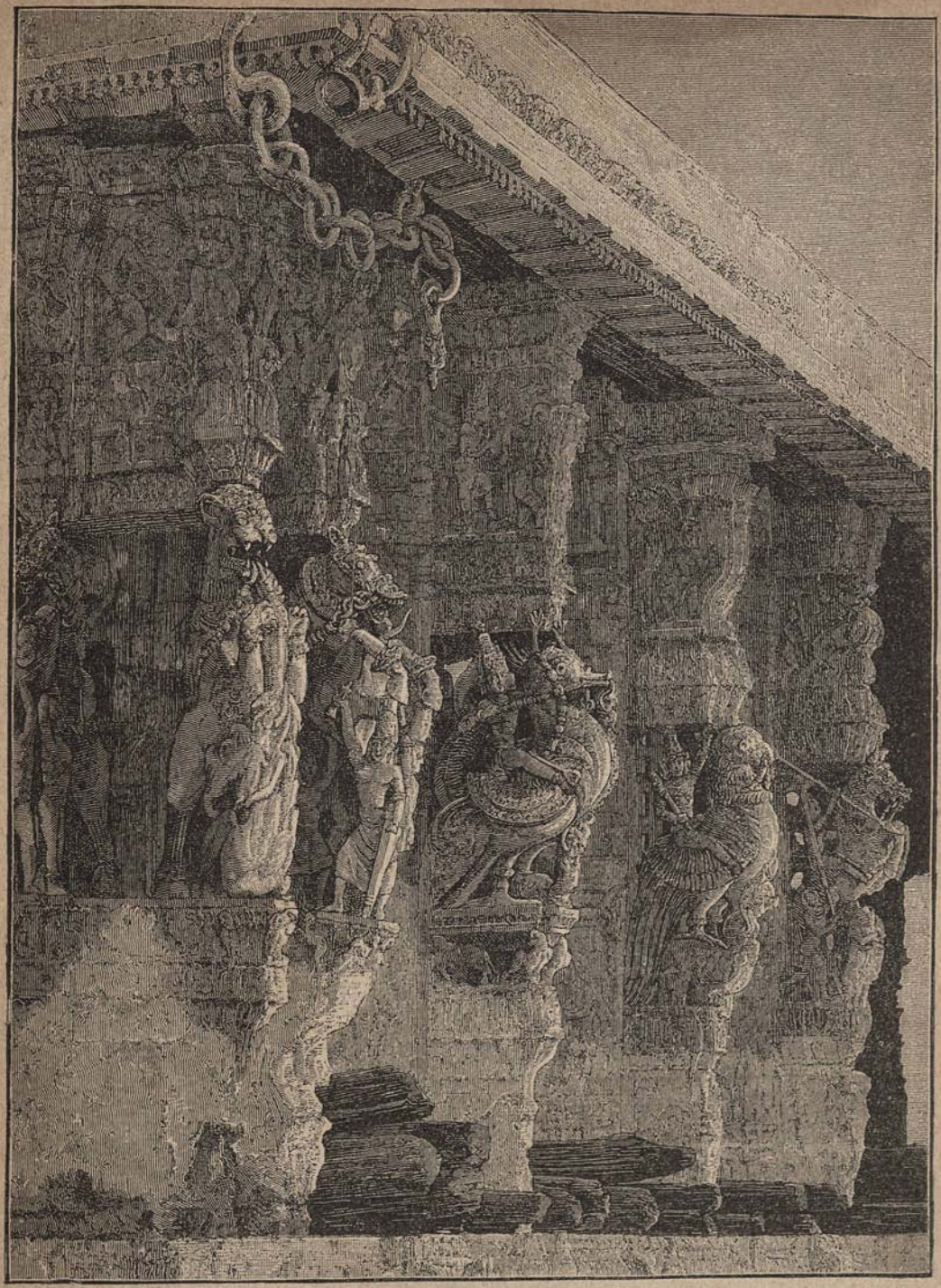
"Yes," I answered; "the life of Buddha itself may be made to illustrate the Christian truth that he who gives up most for others will receive most from the world. Buddhism is practically pantheism; but there were certain great truths that Buddha discovered, and for these he sacrificed everything, and for two thousand years his influence prevailed over one third of the world. But there is one truth that Buddha impresses upon the mind, notwithstanding the hideous heathenism that grew out of his teachings. It is that life is an inspiration, and that all things else should be sacrificed to the interests of the soul."

I answered my class, in my next talk, by the following thoughts, with which I will bring this volume of the study of India for young people to a close.

WHAT INDIA MAY TEACH US.

"Purity leads to inspiration, and inspiration to the elevation of the soul, and the elevation of the soul to the good of mankind." So taught Buddha, one of the wisest of men. Or, in other words, the spiritual eye must be clear, that it may see; and the spiritual ear clear, that it may hear.

Buddha taught half the truth of life, while Christianity teaches the whole truth; but here was a heathen who discovered many of the true relations of the soul to eternal things, although he failed to discover



"DECAYING TEMPLES AND RUINED SHRINES."

the greater relations of God and life to the soul, which only a celestial teacher could know.

Ceylon is a garden of temples, and all India is filled with decaying temples and ruined shrines. These all bear witness to the fact that India, even in her blindness, has placed the highest value upon the concerns of the soul.

"Inspiration and immortality,"—this was the light the seers of India strove to see. The long struggle has its lesson: life *is* our inspiration.

Every youth has periods when he sees his soul at its true worth. As in the story of Endymion, divine faces appear to him in the fountains and groves. Every one starts in life with an ideal that is better than one's self: so long as one pursues it, one grows; when one loses it, all is lost. How can it best be followed?

By the sacrifice of the lowest interests of life to the highest, of the poorest to the best, of the transient to the eternal. This sacrifice demands:—

1. Purity of purpose. That is an unworthy thing to you, however worthy it may be in itself, that stands in the way of your best inspiration. "Whatever impairs the tenderness of your conscience and takes away from you your relish for spiritual things, that to you is wrong."

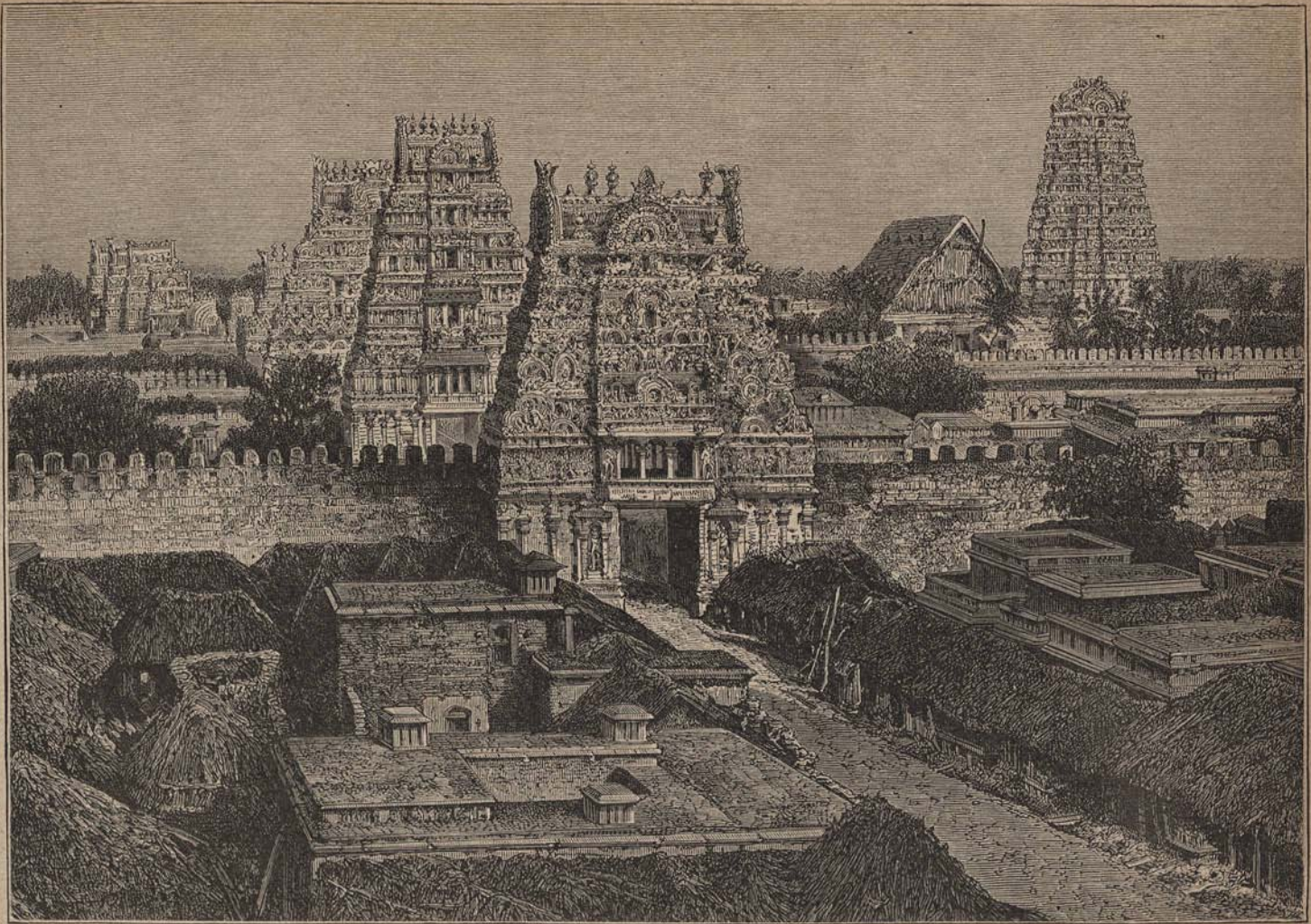
In the Art Museum, Boston, there hangs a picture of colossal size representing Belshazzar's Feast. It is unfinished, but was held by the artist to be the masterpiece of his inspiration. He spent upon it some of the best moments of forty years, and worked upon it the last week and the last day of his life. The painter was Washington Allston, a man who followed life's best models from youth to age. Irving relates of him how the color would come into and go from his cheek, and his breath become short, as his soul would be brought *en rapport* with the masterpieces of the galleries of Rome. He was a man who kept the eye of his soul clear. His work lives, although his form was laid away one midsummer night in the Old Cambridge cemetery, a half-century ago.

Washington Allston once gave to a pupil, himself now old and famous, a secret of art. It was unlike other lessons that the young pupil had received; but the influence of it never left him, and became the secret of his inspiration. The patriarchal painter said: "Young man, if you would succeed as an artist, you must keep yourself from whatever tends to injure your work, for Nature does not reveal her beauties to a clouded soul."

2. Next to purity of purpose or harmony of character, which leaves Nature and the spiritual world open to the eye and ear of inspiration, is to be considered environment. This is another illustration of truth from which we may learn much from the heathen. "Every man is a debtor to his profession," says Bacon. A man's ideal must become his purpose, and his life must be in harmony with his divine calling. A course of conduct may not violate any general moral principle, but yet be unprofessional: if unprofessional, it is a hindrance to his inspiration. Literature seeks solitude; it is right. Every artist has his picturesque seclusion. The great bards and prophets of old came down to the world from the mountain tops. We are told that few poems of Sappho remain, but there are roses. Sappho lived among roses. John the Baptist sought the wilderness, and Paul the desert of Arabia, to prepare to meet the world. The English Lake Poets hid themselves among the cool shades of Grasmere and Windermere, and walked in solitary ways. A man's books, associates, and associations should be in harmony with his inspirations. As lovable Robert Southey pictures his own life in his library, —

"My days among the dead are past,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes I cast,
The mighty minds of old.
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I commune day by day.

"With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;



PAGODA, SERINGHAM.

And when I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

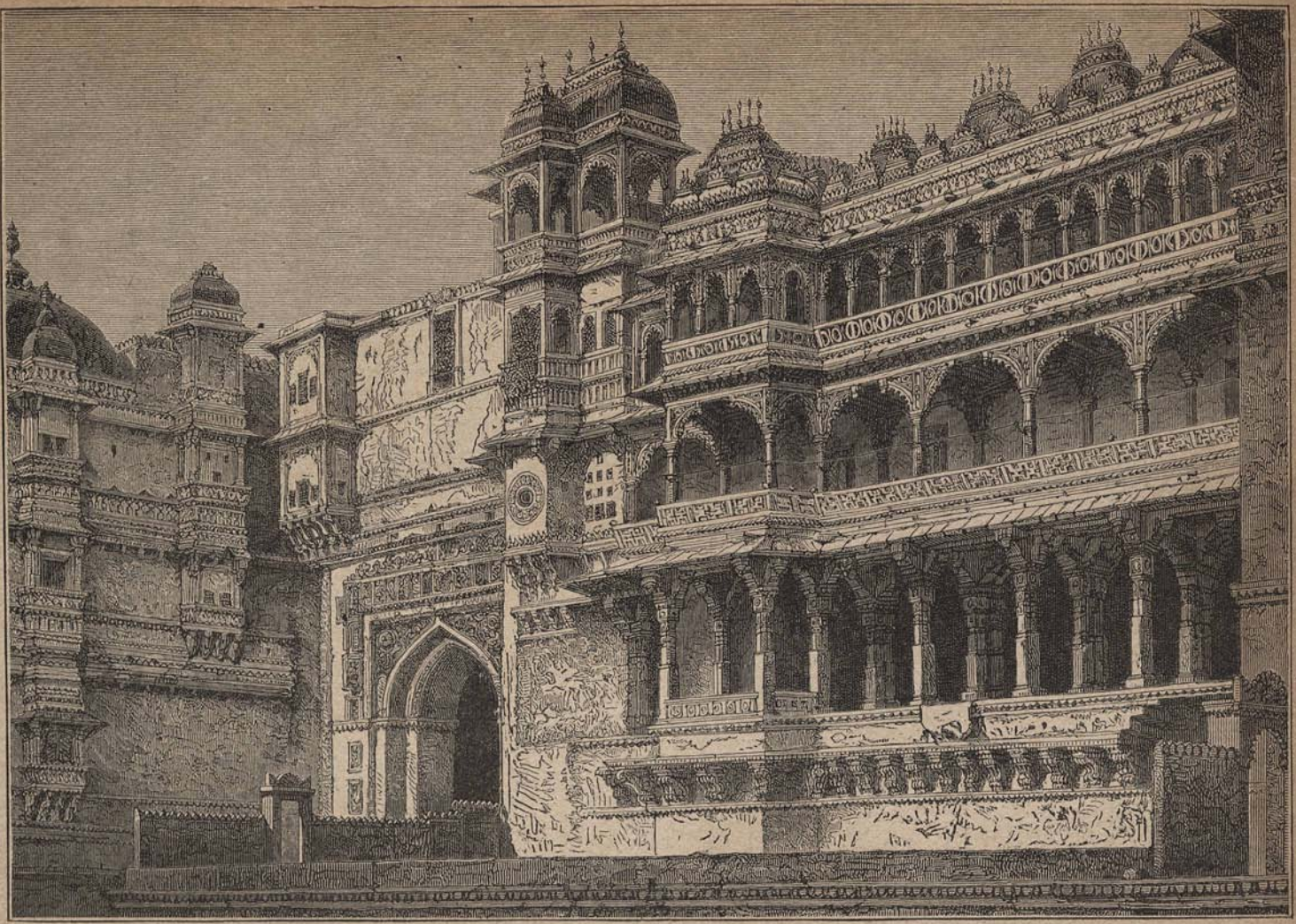
"My thoughts are with the dead: anon
My place with them shall be,
And I with them shall travel on
To all eternity,
Yet leaving here a name of trust
That will not moulder in the dust."

The inspired utterances of America have come from men whose lives were in harmony with their inspiration. Lincoln wrote his Gettysburg address amid the agony of self-sacrifice; and only the hand that first wrote the Emancipation Proclamation could have written those eternal words that complement the inspiration of Jefferson.

Longfellow guarded his inspiration like a vestal fire. Emerson left the most conspicuous pulpit in Boston when a young man, and retired to Concord woods that his life might be in harmony with his inspiration. One purpose in life should be to create one's own world.

Environment often demands self-denial. Inspiration is unselfish; it leads men out of self into others, and finds its own life in the atmosphere it makes. Its eternal law is: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." "Leave the court and the court will leave you." Inspiration must have an open highway.

3. Inspiration must not only seek oneness of life and purpose and right environment, it must have faith in the end. In this the half-blind Indian seer saw the truth, and illustrated the larger truth that we know. Every day must bring a larger hope in the fulfilment of life's early prophecy. Purpose and faith are the sum of all noble biography. "I will and I can" is the motto that may be found in every private journal of a great life. "I will one day discover a means of performing a surgical operation without pain," thought the boy Morton.



COURT OF THE PALACE, ODEYPOOR.

vironment. His influence filled the world. The sermon preached to him by his insane mother in the twilight had become an inspiration, and the seed of discourses that thrilled the greatest cities of America and Europe. He had faith in the end.

Inspiration, purpose, faith! It is these that make life immortal. These are the fountains that do not fail, and that make one's heart beat high and long for living.

Keats tells again the same truths of the Indian seer in the Greek myth of Endymion. There came to Endymion at last a change. The long quest ended in ascension.

"Behold he walks
On heaven's pavement, brotherly he talks
To powers divine; from his hand, full fain,
Juno's proud birds are plucking golden grain.
He tries the nerve of Phœbus' golden bow,
And asketh where the golden apples grow."

Up, upward still, —

"The ethereal band
Are visible above. The seasons four —
Green-kirtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store
In Autumn's sickle, Winter, frosty, hoar —
Join dance with shadow hours; while still the blast
In swells unmitigated still doth last
To sway their floating manes."

Up, upward still; then the gods ask, "Why is this mortal here?" And the answer is made that he is a son of Dian.

"Lo!
She rises crescented. . . . . .
. . . . . He looks; 't is she,
His very goddess. Then farewell earth and sea
And air, and pains and care and suffering.
Good-by to all but love. Then doth he spring
Towards her and awakes."

These are examples from illustrious lives. Of course all of us cannot be equally great; but he that is willing to do his duty and

follow his inspiration in unknown and unrecognized ways is the greatest of all.

An inspiration has come to each one of you, a face in a dream of the soul. You may not have whispered it, or you may have told it timidly, like Endymion, to a sister, perhaps to a mother or a heart friend. It is the secret of your heart, but you have seen the face. Follow it; let nothing stand in your way. It makes you long for living; it will make you one day say, "Beat on, O heart! and long for dying." Far up, upward, it will lead you at last; and hope grows bright near the gates of the immortals.

Such are some of the impressions left by the study of what is good in a system that is now happily yielding to a clearer faith. We may use it for good, as Paul quoted the Greeks, and like him hasten with the better light to the seekers after truth in the poetic land of Ind; for that land of temples utters a famine cry for what is more satisfying than bread, and it is by instinct, aspiration, and nature the land of the soul.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.

ZIG-ZAG JOURNEYS in INDIA