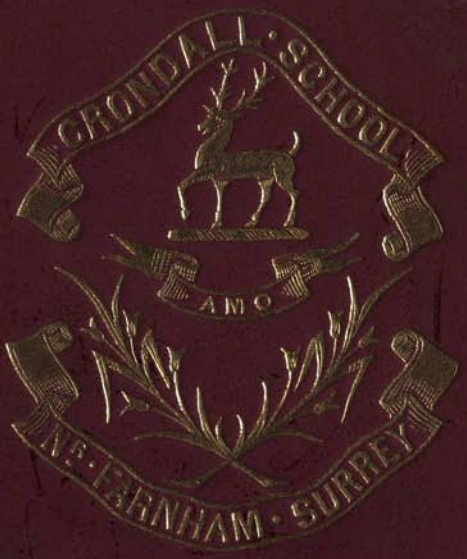
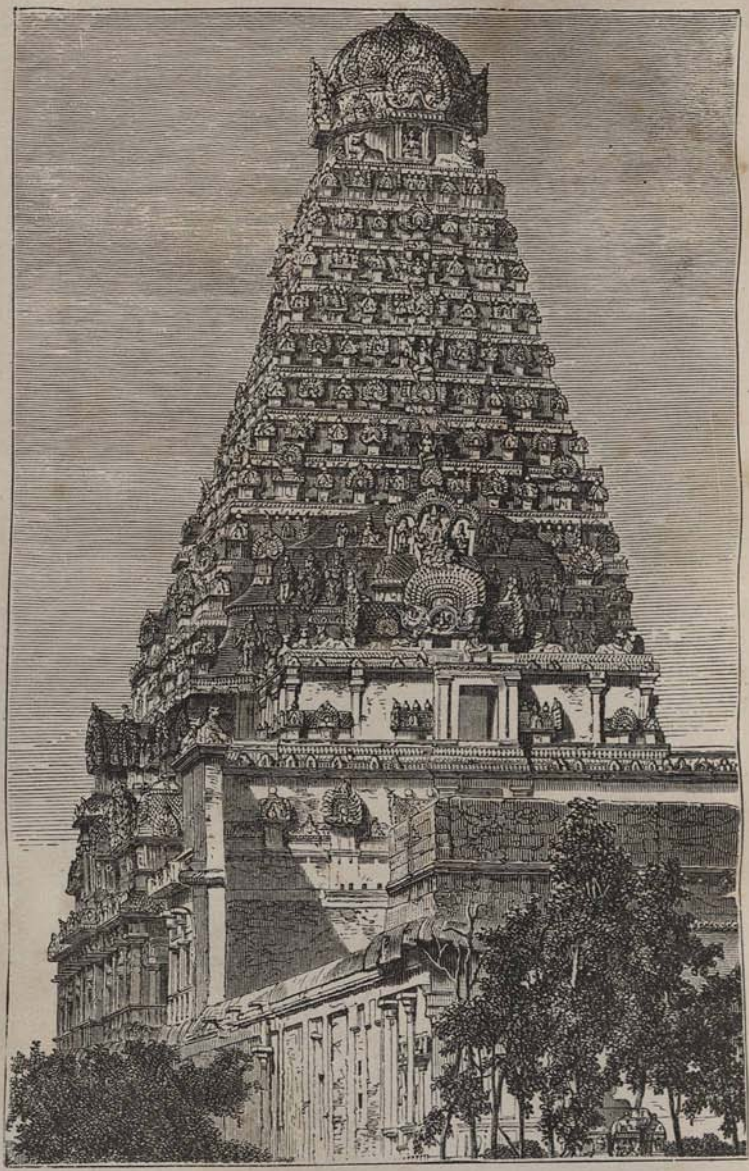

GRONDALL · SCHOOL
AMO
NR · FARNHAM · SURREY

AWARDED TO

G. L. Monk

F. J. K. P. Scott *Head Master.*

Summer Term, 1896



THE GREAT ENTRANCE GATE OF THE PAGODA OF TANJORE.

THE LAND OF TEMPLES

OR

Sketches from Our Indian Empire

BY

MARY HIELD

AUTHOR OF "GLIMPSES OF SOUTH AMERICA."

Twelfth Thousand.

CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED

LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE


SAUVAGE

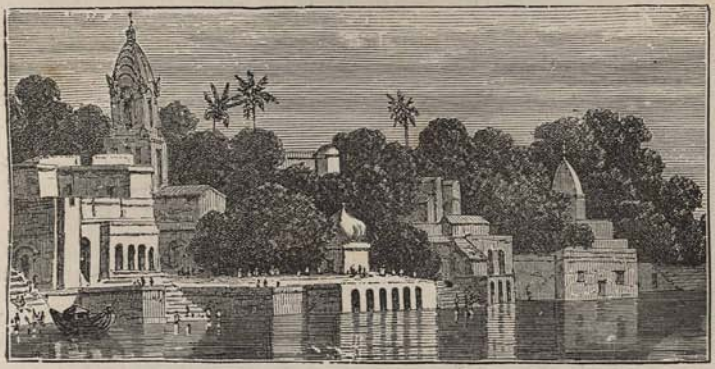
INTRODUCTION.

DEAR YOUNG READERS,

A great deal has been written and told us about the country to which for a short time we should like you to give your attention.

Some of you, no doubt, love fairy tales, or wonderful stories of daring and bravery, in which, of course, the hero and heroine are always in the end rewarded for their goodness by being made rich and happy, however great the troubles may have been with which they have had to contend at the beginning of their career.

Please let us say, therefore, to all our readers, that they must not expect in this volume to meet with any fairies or brownies, or, in fact, with anything unreal. It is no wonderland to which we mean to introduce them, but to a country as real as the little island we call our home. Still, as it has often been said, "Truth is stranger than fiction;" and, certainly, some of the things we hear about the inhabitants, not only of India,



CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY OF INDIA.

FAR away, in the south of Asia, lies the country about which we intend having a good long chat together. If you take your map of the world, you will easily find it; and I should advise you to do so at once, as it is so much more interesting to talk and think about a place when you know exactly where it is situated.

It is, of course, always pleasant to gain fresh information on any subject and about any country, but especially should we English people make ourselves acquainted with India, as the greater part of it belongs to us.

How this happens to be the case you will soon find out.

The brave men who first sailed away from England many years ago to visit this lovely land, where they were told exquisite flowers grew under lovely blue skies,

and where gold and silver and no end of sources of wealth were to be found in abundance, had much further to travel than people have now who go over to India. They had to go down the Atlantic Ocean, all along the coast of Africa, round the Cape of Good Hope, until they reached the Indian Ocean.

Since then the Suez Canal has been made through a little piece of land which joined Africa to Arabia, so that ships can now go from the south of Europe by a much shorter route than when they had to go round by the Cape, as it is called; still, for all that, it is a very long voyage to India, and most of us have to be content with hearing about it instead of seeing it.

Like all other countries, India has a long history of her own—so long, indeed, that a thousand books like this might easily be written about what happened to her in days gone by, who were her first inhabitants, what kind of religion they professed, how many battles they fought, and what the people are like who are living there now.

Going back to their history as far as ever we can, we find the people to be a race of hardy rough savages, not very far removed from the wild animals that at that time ran wild in the land.

Most of the fighting they did then was with tigers, wolves, wild boars, leopards, &c., excepting, of course, the quarrels they had among themselves, which were at times very bad. But one could hardly expect anything better from people leading a life like theirs?

At last a number of armed men, called Tartars, came sweeping into their country from the other side of those immense Himalaya Mountains which stand like a strong defence all along the north of India, and astonished these native savages, first by subduing them,

PANTHER AND WILD BOAR.

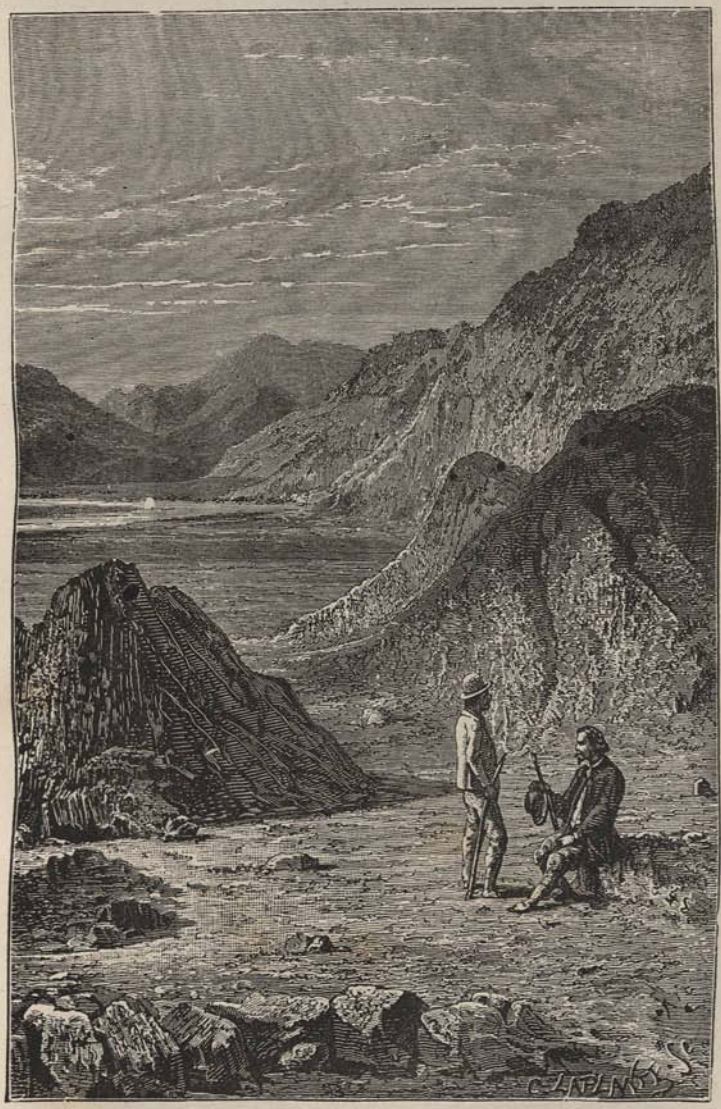
and then by taking possession of their home, and settling themselves down to live in it.

At first, as we may be sure, these unwelcome strangers were looked upon with hatred and suspicion, but by degrees, when it was discovered that they knew how to make weapons and ships, and various other things, they were treated with a kind of respect, until, as the years went by, they mingled with the natives, and became parts of the many tribes they had attacked.

Those of the wild native races who refused to mix with these rude invaders, or who were perhaps terrified by them (thinking they were either demons or gods), retreated, and hid themselves in the mountains, preferring the old savage life they had always led, rather than submit themselves to strangers.

All this took place hundreds and hundreds of years ago. After the Aryans—as these first invaders were called—had made their conquest, other nations looked with envious eyes upon India. The Greeks and Persians led their soldiers into the land where they heard so much wealth abounded; then comes a long history of how the people quarrelled among themselves and with the different people who invaded them.

As time went on, a great many kings and princes and rulers arose; for India is a very large country, containing a great number of inhabitants, and, as you will find out for yourselves when you grow older, however savage and uncivilised a race of people may be, they are sure to have a king or queen at their head. It is very horrible to read about some of these old kings and emperors, with their long names and titles, for although they professed to be very religious, many of the cruel actions they committed are such as would make our



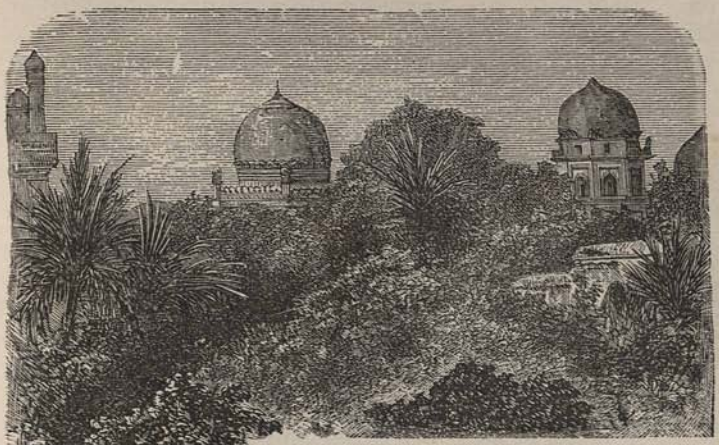
A VIEW IN THE HIMALAYAS

blood run cold even to think of; and the worst of it all was that under the *name* of religion these kings used to commit their acts of bloodshed. Perhaps the best of them all was one called Akbar, who began his reign when only a boy of thirteen; he was better than any who had preceded him: indeed, he was so wise and just and good, that it is quite refreshing to turn to his reign after reading about the cruel kings who preceded him.

We must not, however, believe every statement that is made about the *very early* history of India, for so much of it is lost in obscurity that, no doubt, in many cases historians have had to resort to imagination to fill up the gaps they have found existing.

One thing we may be quite sure about: that the country is in a much better condition now than it was hundreds of years ago. The people are gradually becoming refined and civilised, and, what is still better, a great many of them are giving up their idol-worship to serve the great God that we English people bow down to in reverence.

It is true that the country is a large one; it is 1,900 miles long, and 1,500 miles broad: indeed, with the exception of Russia, it is as large as the whole of Europe. Still, notwithstanding its size, it is quite amazing how many forms of religion existed among the different tribes, and, indeed, exist still. What was the nature of these different religions we must try by degrees to understand.



CHAPTER II.

INVASIONS OF INDIA.

OUR earliest information of these dark-skinned people who live in India, we have obtained from some very old books and poems, which were written very many years ago.

The most important of these records is a book called the "Vedas," written in the Sanscrit language, which language was taken over to India by some of the invaders from Central Asia.

The book is greatly prized by the Hindoos; in fact, they value it as much as we do the Bible, and believe that it was written by one of their holiest priests.

Another ancient book of theirs is "The Institutes of Menu," which was also written in Sanscrit, but which has been translated into English; consequently, it has been the means of teaching us a great

deal about India which otherwise we should not have known.

In it are to be found laws for priests, for princes, for soldiers—indeed, for people of all grades, both rich and poor, and for this reason it is considered a very valuable book by students of history, because it proves to them that even at that early period these old Hindoos must have divided themselves into different classes; and then, again, unless the different kinds of people had really existed, there would have been no necessity for the making of any laws for their guidance.

In later times our knowledge of India has been gained by people both from our own land, and from other countries in Europe, who have gone over at various times to see for themselves how far the tales were true that had come to us concerning it.

The meaning of the word Hindostan is "black place," and, considering that the native people who live there have very dark skins, the name is not inappropriate.

Perhaps by this time you wonder how it came to pass that this large distant country should belong to a little island like England, and how it is that India is not independent?

To answer this question we must go back a little. If you remember, we said that the Aryans from the south of Asia crossed the Himalaya Mountains, and forced their way into the towns and villages of Hindostan.

After that the people suffered many invasions from other nations. Alexander the Great, whose ambition it was to be master of the world, marched his troops into their midst; but before that, Darius, king of Persia,

A HINDOO WOMAN.

with his army, had made his appearance among them.

Then came the Moguls, a Mahommedan people; and last of all, in later years, they have been subdued by the English.

The result of all these different invasions is that the population of India is composed of all kinds of people.

First of all, there are the original inhabitants of the country, the descendants of the half-savages who were supposed to be dwelling there when the Aryans made their first invasion. Of these, however, not very many now exist.

Finding themselves too weak to resist the enemy, they hid themselves among the hills and rocks, thus certainly securing their own safety, but at the same time depriving themselves of many opportunities of improving their condition which would have been theirs, if they had consented to be on peaceful terms with their opponents.

Then there are the Hindoos, scattered all over the country. They profess the Brahmin, or Hindoo religion, and are much more civilised than the wild hill tribes. Indeed, in thinking of India, we must not picture to ourselves a wild, uncivilised country at all. It is not so; and even the students of its very early history were amazed at the great advances the people at that time had made in cultivation.

The language spoken by these Hindoos varies according to the districts in which they live. Thus, the people in Cashmere speak Cashmeri, those in Punjab speak Punjabi, and so on; though as all these different languages are very similar, it would, perhaps, be better to speak of them as dialects.

A HINDOO GIRL.

Another set of people we must not forget to mention are the Mahommedans, of whom in India there are a great number.

Many years before we English set foot in the land, these Mahommedans crossed over from Arabia, and made themselves masters of a large portion of the country. After they had done that, they, by degrees, persuaded numbers of the idol-worshippers to adopt the Mahommedan religion; consequently, even at the present time, there are now in India almost as many Mahommedans as Hindoos. The two sects, however, hold themselves quite aloof from each other, and differ both in dress and speech.

CHAPTER III.

HINDOOISM.

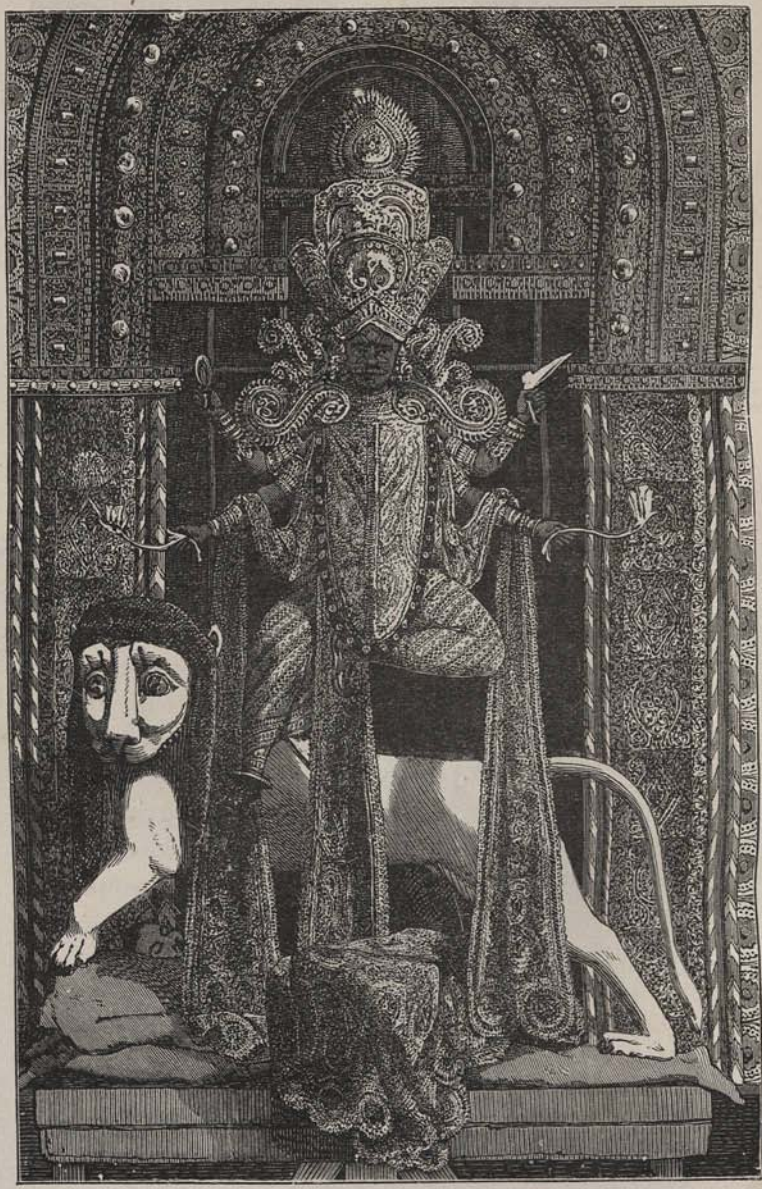
BRAHMA.

HINDOOISM, or Brahminism, is the prevailing religion among the people, though, as we said before, there are also a great number of Mahommedans as well.

Brahm, after whom the religion is named, is the chief of many other of their gods; but although he is so great, their idea is that he is in a long deep sleep, therefore they do not pray to him, because they think that he would not hear them.

The next of their gods is Brahma, the creator of all things, and to him they do not pray very much either, because they say, as everything is made, Brahma cannot do much more for them.

After Brahma is Vishnu, the great preserver. The Hindoos have an idea that when any form of trouble comes upon them, such as a fever, a plague, or a famine, Vishnu pays them a visit, in order that he may restore



THE GODDESS KALI.

happiness to his human creatures. But he does not make his appearance as a god: he comes to them in the form of some animal, or perhaps as a man. Once he came as a thief, and twice as a warrior; and some day in the distant future they think he will come as a mighty king, riding on a white horse.

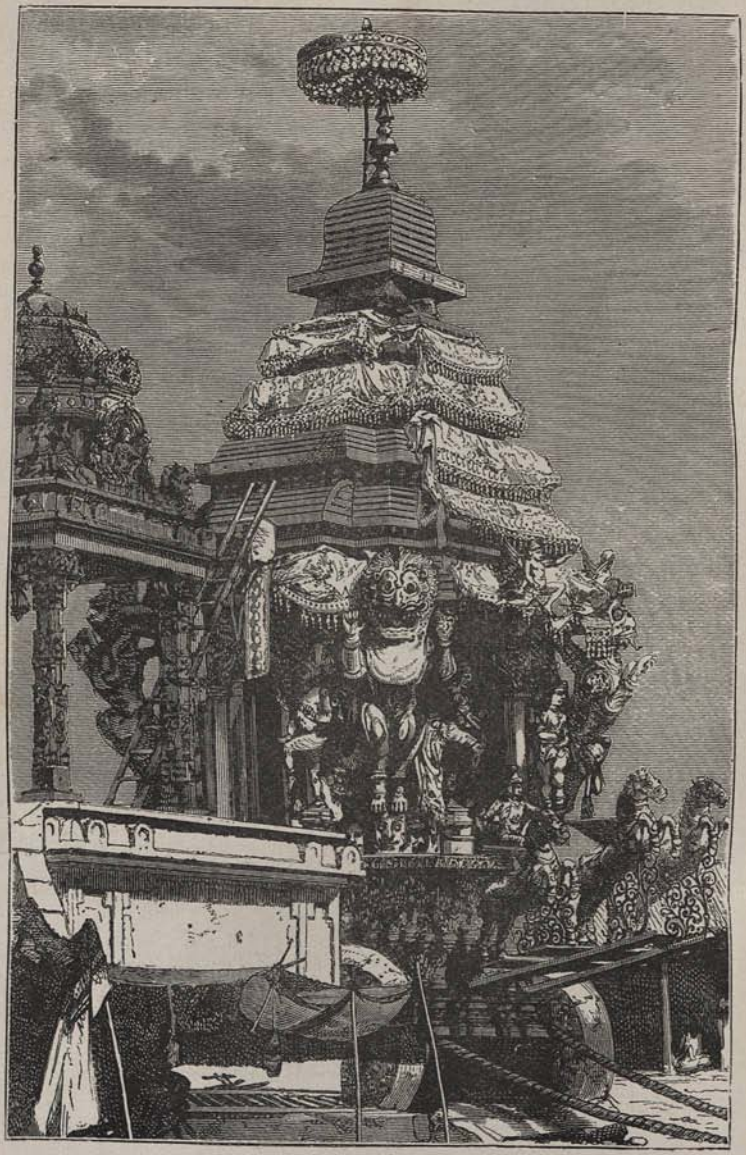
Another great god of theirs is Siva, the destroyer, who is worshipped almost more than any other god: not because the people love him, but because they fear him. They think that if they neglect to pay him a proper amount of reverence and respect, he will bring some kind of suffering or misfortune upon them; so for this reason they treat him just as we should treat a little child or a weak-minded person. They make him presents by way of bribing him to be kind to them. The image of this god Siva is a horrible thing. He is seated on a bull, and has round his neck a chain made of skulls and snakes.

His wife is the goddess Kali, whose greatest pleasure consists in the shedding of human blood.

I have no doubt you are saying to yourselves, "Strange gods indeed these are to worship;" but the poor creatures knew no better; they were ignorant. They felt that there must be some power greater than themselves, and not knowing what it was, they made images and worshipped them.

The god Brahma is represented as riding on a goose, and Vishnu is seated upon a strange animal that is half man and half bird.

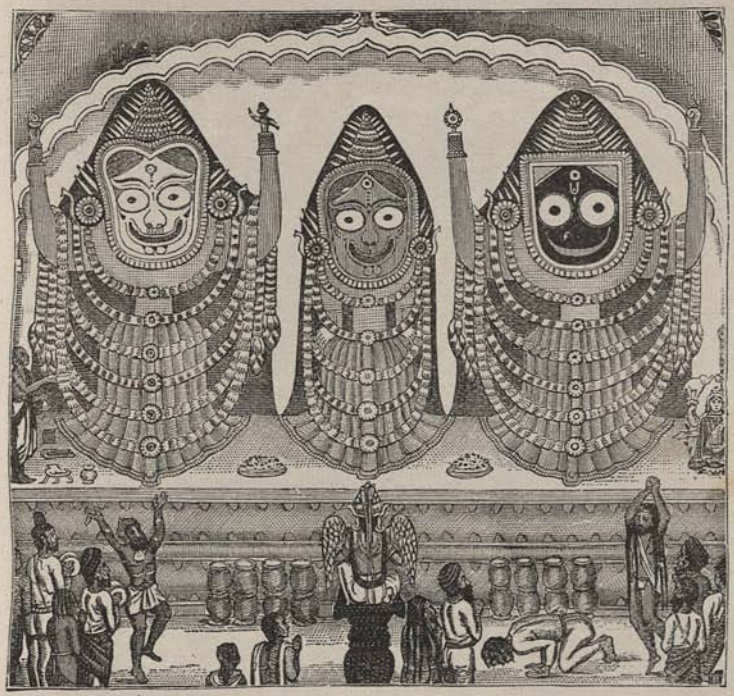
All this image-worship is really the continuation of the idolatry practised by the very early native tribes who had innumerable gods, more than we could possibly mention; and into this Hindoo religion, which is much



THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

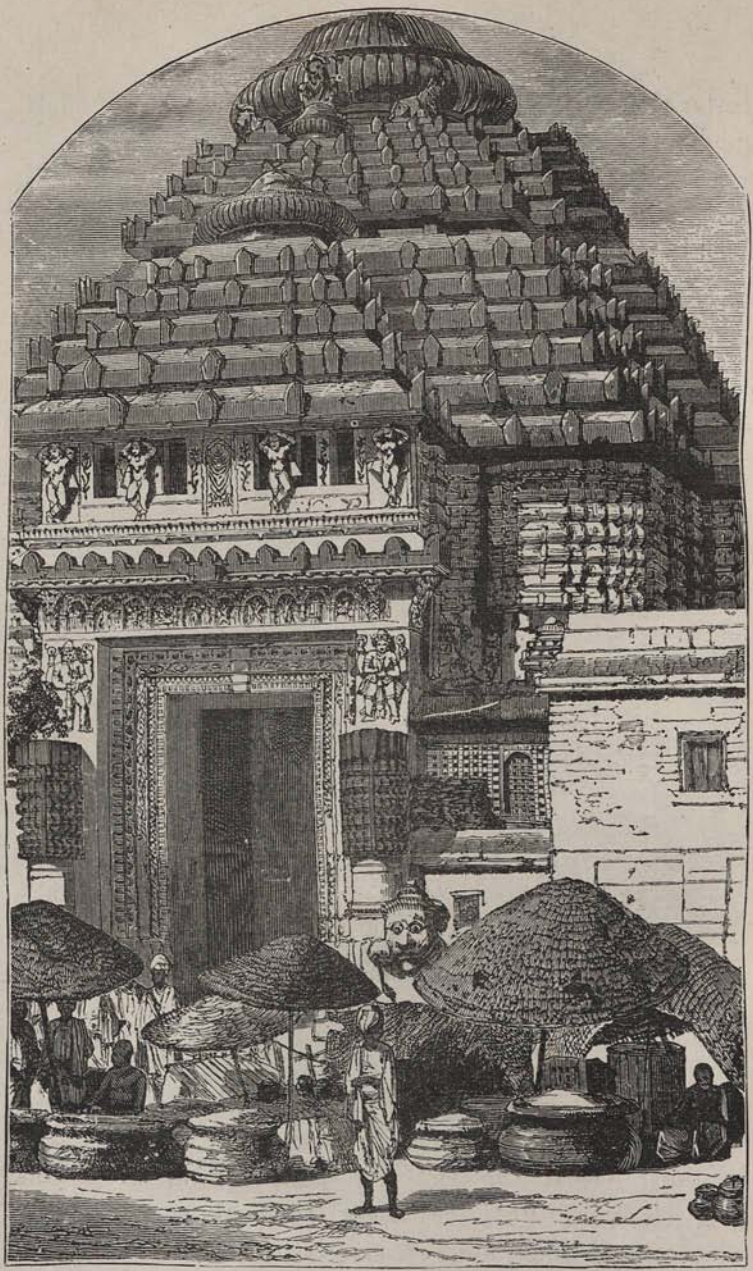
better than that of the old Pagans, the worship of idols gradually made its way.

You have all heard of the horrible Car of Juggernaut. It is an immense moving tower, which stands in the temple, on the coast of Orissa. Once a year this huge



IDOLS IN THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

affair is brought out, and drawn by pilgrims to the country-house of the god Vishnu, and then back again to its place. "Juggernaut" means The Lord of the World. Until the last few years a number of the poor creatures used to throw themselves under its wheels, and thus allow themselves to be crushed to



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

death; but now the British Government has put a stop to such horrible cruelty.

The idol of Juggernaut itself, which the Hindoos regard with intense reverence, is a great ugly wooden image, with an immense mouth, that always has the appearance of being smeared with blood. The ugly object is carefully lifted into the car, and taken for its ride by its bearers with great delight. The whole affair is tremendously heavy, so that when once it is started on its course, it is only stopped with very great difficulty. The people shout and sing and dance as it passes along; even the little black children, who don't understand what all the stir is about, join in the merriment as heartily as the older people.

Many other heathen gods we shall come across, no doubt, in this little history of ours; but we will leave them for the present, while we say a few words on another subject.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTE.

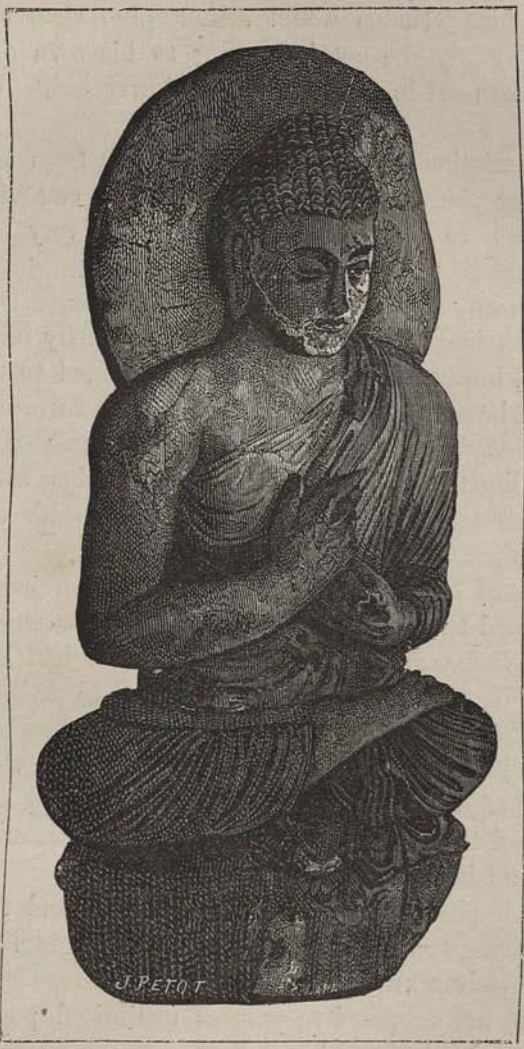
YOU will remember that we said at the beginning of the preceding chapter, that one of the chief gods of India was called Brahma, after whom the religion of the people was named.

He was the creator of everything, the Hindoos say; and they also believe that when this god first made men, some came from his mouth, some from his arms, some from his thighs, and others from his feet.

It may be that this idea originated what is known in India as *caste*, an institution which for years has had such a mighty power in the land, and which even at the present time exerts a very great influence.

The priests, who are called Brahmins, and are of the highest caste, and who are held in greater respect than any other class of people, were those who issued from the mouth of the god; the soldiers came from his arm, the merchants from his thigh, and the labourers or Sudras from his feet.

There is a class of people lower in the scale of society than even the Sudras, the class known as the Pariahs. The name of Pariah is given to those who have lost caste in any way, and a wretched life the poor creatures have;



AN INDIAN IDOL.

they are utterly despised by their former associates, and as long as they live are treated with contempt.

A pious Hindoo would rather pine than eat food cooked by any one not belonging to his own order, or rather than eat in company with a lower caste than his own.

The missionaries who have gone over from England and other countries to teach these poor creatures have often had to endure what looked like very rude behaviour.

If on any of their visits the people happened to be having their dinner, the food would instantly be put out of sight, because if a stranger had happened to touch it it would be considered defiled, and not fit for use.

One day an English gentleman was taking a walk along a high road, when he passed a Hindoo with some refreshment spread before him, of which he was just about to partake.

Instead of eating it, however, the man jumped up, and dashed the food away from him as if in anger.

The fact was the gentleman's shadow had happened to cross it, and that was quite sufficient to make it unfit for the hungry man, for if he had eaten food that had been polluted by any one unholy (and such they consider all of us outside their religion), he would have lost caste, and that would have been the greatest misfortune that could have happened to him.

The business of the priests is to read and teach the holy writings called the Vedas, and to offer sacrifice, both for themselves and for the people.

They are supposed to possess unlimited power. No man or animal cursed by a Brahmin can to the end of existence be anything but miserable; even Indra, one of the gods who was cursed by a Brahmin, was hurled from his throne in paradise, and was turned into a cat.

LOW-CASTE HINDOOS.

Any offence that a Brahmin may commit is passed over as a mere trifle, but should one be insulted, the offender is punished, either with death, or is made to endure great suffering and humiliation.

Valuable presents are given to him: indeed, there are not many religious services where the priests are not feasted and presented with gifts.

I will tell you a tale that will prove to you how much the Hindoos thought of their priests.

They imagined at one time (whether they think so still or not is uncertain) that the water in which a Brahmin's feet had been washed was valuable as a medicine.

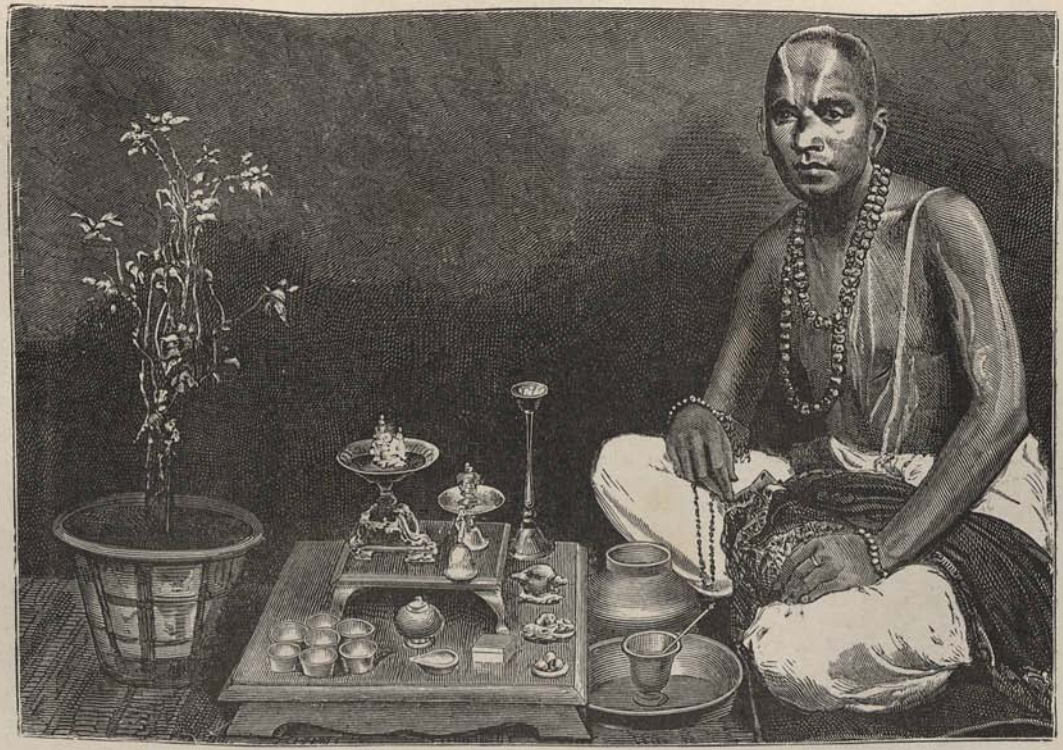
A Hindoo prince, therefore, who was very ill, was told that if he would only drink a certain quantity of this water he would be cured, consequently he invited a number of priests to go to his palace.

As each one arrived a basin of water was given to him, in which he was requested to wash his feet; having done so, he was well paid for his trouble, and a good dinner was provided him.

The prince then drank some of the water, and, strange to say, was soon quite well again, though, of course, we are unable to believe that the dirty water was the cause of his recovery; still, the fact of the prince believing such to be the case shows in what great reverence the priests were held.

At certain times of the year the Brahmin is even worshipped by his wife, and his little daughters are worshipped as forms of a goddess called Bhavani, and flowers, fruit, and incense are offered to them.

Our missionaries tell these people that in the sight of God all men are equal, that He loves the poor man



A BRAHMIN.

as much as He loves the prince or noble: like a kind father, He loves all His children alike.

It is very difficult for these poor Hindoos to believe that such can be the case after the notions they have so long entertained regarding caste.

The next in caste are the soldiers, or military class, who issued from the arms of Brahma; and they, too, are regarded as holy individuals. Indeed, it is thought that without the aid of the Kshatrya, or Chuttree, as the soldiers are called, the Brahmins could not exist; they help to administer the laws, which the Brahmins draw up and interpret.

Then come the class who sprang from the thighs of Brahma, and they are called the Vaisya, or Bais, whose work is to carry on trade, to cultivate the soil, to keep cattle, to lend money on interest: in short, they are a very important set of people, for they are men who understand business and how to make money.

After the traders are the Sudras, or servile class, who came from the feet of Brahma.

They, poor creatures, are looked down upon with scorn by the three upper classes: indeed, they are in reality nothing but servants, for all the work that has to be done is put upon their shoulders.

There is, of course, no reason why these Sudras should be treated unkindly, just because their work in life is to wait upon people richer and more fortunate than themselves; we all know very well that if a servant does his work faithfully and conscientiously, he deserves to be treated with as much respect and consideration as his master or mistress. Unhappily, however, the Hindoos do not look at the matter in the same light that we do, or rather, we are glad to say they did

HINDOO MERCHANTS.

not look at it in the same light in times gone by, for now this system of caste is not carried on nearly so rigidly as it used to be.

The priests certainly continue to hold themselves aloof from the rest of the people, but the other castes have broken into a great many sections; consequently they are weaker, and of less importance; still, if we paid a visit to India, we might, if we were ignorant on the subject, mistake the people's obedience to the rules of caste for pride or for incivility.

There was once a little Hindoo girl called Rajee. She attended a school kept by one of the missionaries, and although she was attentive and industrious, she would never either work or play with the other children, because she thought she belonged to a higher caste than they.

She would not eat her food in the school-room, but took it, just as her mother brought it to her, into the field, and ate it there under a shady tree. By degrees Rajee grew to be attached to the missionary and his wife, who could not help loving the little dark-skinned girl: she was so gentle and obedient, and was so much interested in all her teachers told her.

One day Rajee went up to her mother and said, "Mother, I should like to give up praying to Vishnu, and Siva, and all the other stone and wooden images. I want to pray to the missionaries' God, for I feel to love Him, and I believe He can both hear and see me, and I know the gods we worship cannot do that." Her mother was horribly shocked at this, and told Rajee it would bring disgrace on her family to forsake her religion, and threatened the child to punish her very severely if she entertained such an idea for a single moment.

The brave girl, however, made up her mind to do what she knew to be right, and saying to herself one morning, "I am no better than my school-fellows, I am quite sure," she sat down beside them and ate her dinner.

Her mother, by some means or other, heard what the child had done, and immediately started off in a great rage to the school-house, seized the child by the hair, and beat her. Then hastening to the priests, she inquired whether her child had lost caste for ever.

"Not unless she has lost her first set of teeth," said the priests.

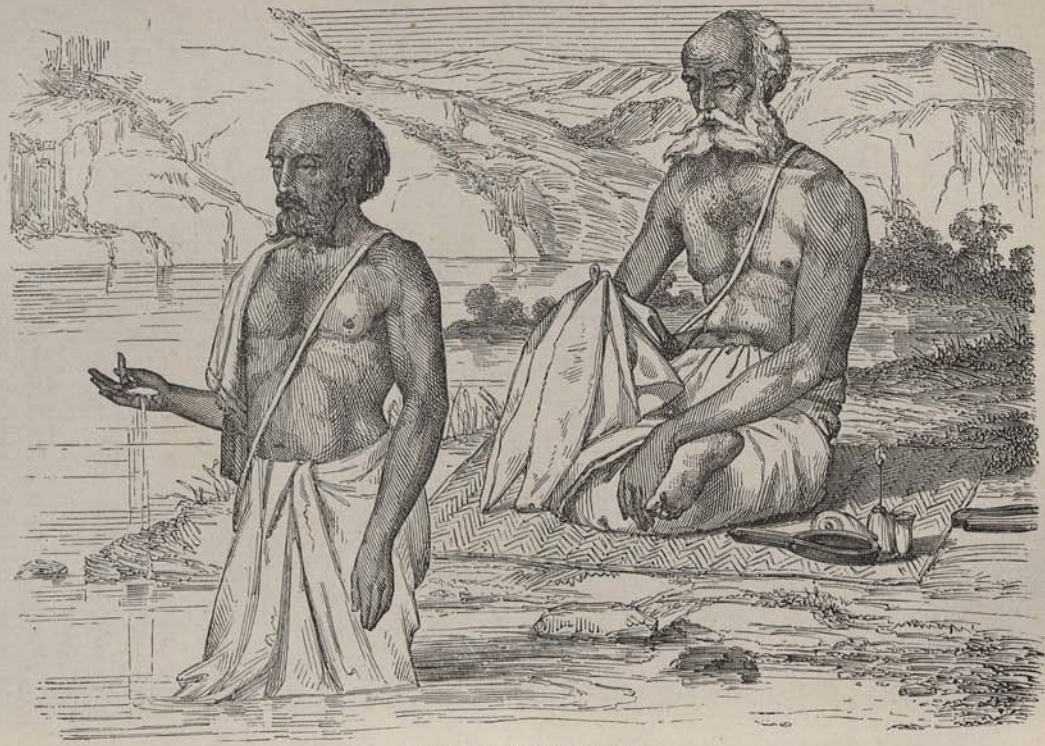
As Rajee was only a little girl, and had not lost her first teeth, the priests consented to purify her, but for doing so the mother had quite a large sum of money to pay.

If any of us feel inclined to say what a silly mother this Hindoo woman was, we must remember that she was doing what she thought to be right. She, no doubt, loved her little girl very much, and imagined she was doing the best thing to make her child, as she thought, holy again.

It was not for long, though. The cleansing, whatever it was, caused little Rajee a great deal of pain, and she very soon died, leaving her mother childless.

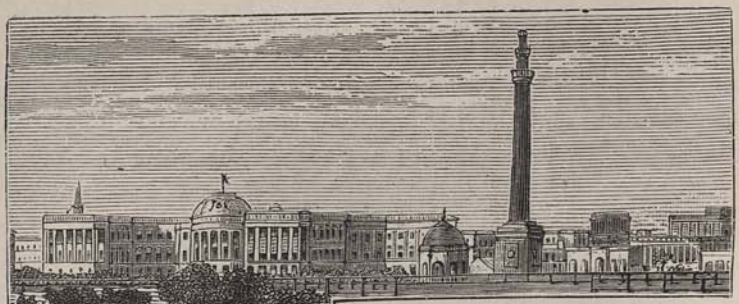
Many tales like this about Rajee, the missionaries who have come back to England, after spending their time and strength in teaching the people, and trying to persuade them to give up worshipping idols of wood and stone, have told us.

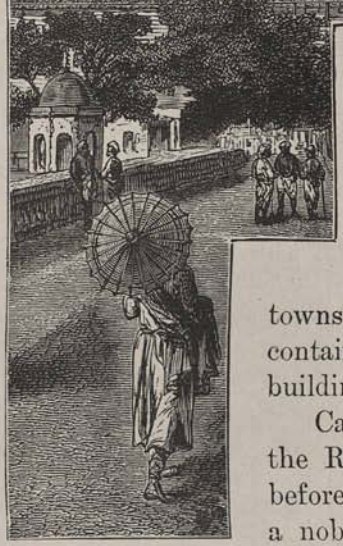
The good men often found their task no easy one, you may be sure; indeed, some of them have been cruelly tortured and put to death by the very men for



WORSHIPPING THE GANGES.

whose sakes they had left home and friends. Happily for them, like their Master, at whose command they had set out on their noble mission, they were willing, if necessary, to lose their own lives in obeying the command that He so long ago had given—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."





CHAPTER V.

CALCUTTA.

CALCUTTA, Madras, and Bombay, the three chief English towns, are now quite grand cities, containing many fine elegant buildings.

Calcutta stands on the banks of the River Hooghly. It was built before any other English city, and a noble place it is. In olden times it was called Kali, after one of the goddesses the people used to worship (a picture of which you will find on page 22).

She has four arms, and underneath her stands a large stone animal.

The people who pay her most reverence are the Thugs, one of the many Indian tribes, who believe that she derives her greatest pleasure from the sight of human blood. For this reason they try to kill as many people as they can, thinking that in so doing they are pleasing their goddess. Such a religion is very different

to the one taught us by Christ. He said, Love not your friends only, but also your enemies; while these Thugs kill with pleasure either friends or enemies.

When they set out on one of their cruel errands, they first pay a visit to Kali, to whom they each hold up, as if for her inspection, a shovel and a cloth, asking her to bless them. The cloth is what they mean to strangle their poor victims with, and the shovel is to dig the grave for them.

For a long time the English authorities in India knew nothing about these Thugs, a whole band of which were once captured and punished as murderers; and even as lately as 1876, when the Prince of Wales was in India, he visited a gaol where two of these terrible beings were imprisoned. One of them, seventy years of age, acknowledged that in his lifetime he had killed two hundred and fifty persons; the other said he had killed only thirty-five.

If it were really true that such a goddess as Kali had ever existed, how delighted she would have been with that infamous Nabob of Bengal (Surajah Dowlah), who suffocated in a little room, called the "Black Hole," one hundred and forty-six Europeans who had been living in Calcutta.

The event took place in 1756, some years before Calcutta came into our possession.

The former nabob, who was grandfather to Surajah Dowlah, had treated his British residents very kindly, and had allowed them the same privileges with his native subjects. When he died, having no son, he was succeeded by his grandson, a weak-minded young man, who hated the English, and thought they were amassing to themselves wealth that ought to belong to him.

Filled with this idea, he determined to make an excuse for quarrelling with them, so by way of beginning the dispute, he sent word to say that unless some new fortifications that the British had built were immediately destroyed, he would behead Mr. Watts, one of our resident Englishmen.

At Moorshedabad, where he held his court, he collected a large army, and went and attacked the fort. Those who held the garrison were so few in number compared with the armies of the nabob, that they were obliged to relinquish the contest, and agreed to surrender to the nabob.

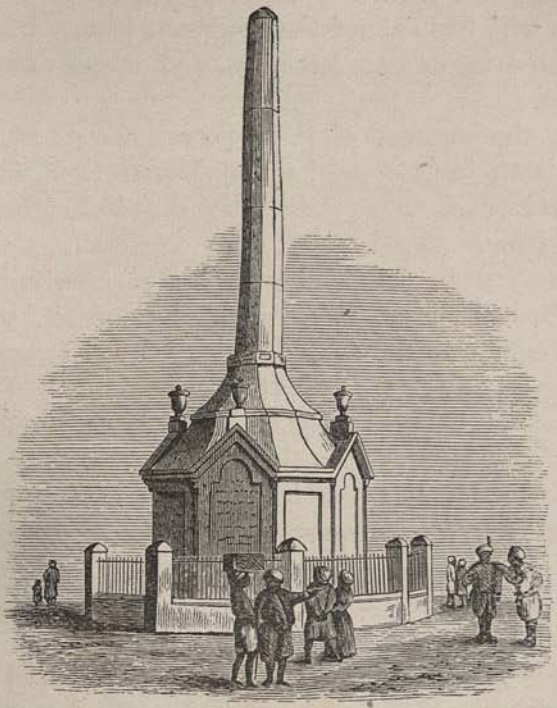
As long as the brave little company held out, Surajah kept a long way off; indeed, like all tyrants, he was a great coward, and was, no doubt, astonished at the perseverance with which they continued firing; but as soon as ever they showed signs of yielding, he assumed the air of a conqueror. He summoned to his presence the governor, a gentleman called Mr. Holwell, whom he abused for daring to defend the fort in the way he had done, and then complained of the small amount of money that would be paid to him: ending the interview, however, by giving his word of honour that the governor himself should suffer no harm.

Mr. Holwell left the nabob, feeling hopeful that the tyrant would do no further mischief either to him or to his friends. Instead of that, what was his surprise on returning to his friends to find them all secured as prisoners. He and they were then marched off by an escort of soldiers to one end of the barracks, where was a little tiny room, known by the name of "The Black Hole Prison."

Guards with clubs and drawn swords stood on each

side of them, so that the only alternative lay in either entering the gloomy place or being cut to pieces.

As soon as the one hundred and forty-six prisoners had all entered the cell, twenty feet square, the door was shut, and there in the intense heat of India the poor



MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF THE SUFFERERS IN THE BLACK HOLE.

creatures were jammed together. Unable at first to believe the horror of their situation, they cried for mercy; then they tried to break open the door, but all in vain; the keepers said that the nabob, who was then asleep, had ordered that the door should be kept closed, and his order must be obeyed. At first the anguish caused by the

thirst and suffocation made the prisoners shriek and shout for mercy, but by degrees their strength left them, a kind of stupor overpowered them, then not a sound disturbed the gaolers outside, for most of the inmates were dead. When the nabob woke, he ordered the door to be opened. Out of the one hundred and forty-six human beings who had entered the dungeon, twenty-three poor emaciated forms were left alive, and one of these was a woman.

To the memory of these poor sufferers an obelisk now stands in Calcutta, built by Mr. Holwell, who lived for forty years after passing that dreadful night in the Black Hole.

The nabob, delighted with his success, announced that he had purged Calcutta of the infidels, and that henceforth the city should be called not Calcutta, but Alinagere, which means "The Port of God."

Surely the goddess Kali must have bestowed the best of her favours upon this cruel nabob.

The person to whose lot it fell to avenge the death of these fellow-countrymen of ours was a young captain, called Robert Clive, who conquered the nabob in the famous battle of Plassy, and at the same time gained for himself the names of "Clive the Avenger," and "Clive the Daring in War." In Clive's school-days he was known as "Naughty Bob," for when fun or mischief of any description was going on, Clive was sure to be mixed up in it.

One day he was found perched astride on the top of the church tower. He was evidently cut out for a soldier, for this reason, that he was destitute of fear.

When little more than a boy he went over to India, and was not long in distinguishing himself by his energy

LORD CLIVE.

and ability; and when the horrible account of this Black Hole arrived, Clive was sent out to punish the nabob.

The cruel despot, instead of showing any signs of

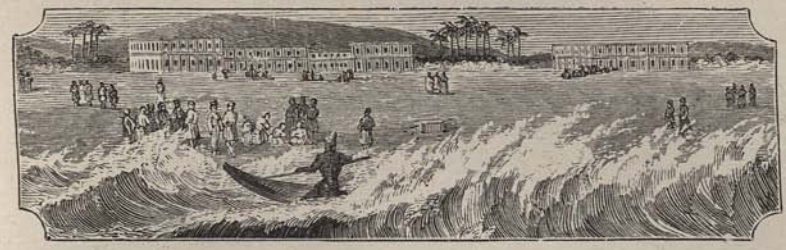
sorrow for what he had done, appeared at the head of his army, which for size and grandeur far surpassed that of Clive.

He had a number of elephants, and his cannon were drawn by white oxen, but for all that he was beaten.

What he did then was to dress himself in poor clothes like one of the natives, and taking a case of jewels in his hand, he let himself down in the darkness from one of the windows of his palace, and crossed the river.

For some time no one knew where he was hiding, until one day a fakir, whose ears the nabob had ordered to be cut off not long before, recognised his tormentor, and had him captured.

Surajah was then put to death, not by Clive's order, but by command of his rival, and the next day his body was taken through the city on an elephant. Thus ended the life of this cruel nabob.



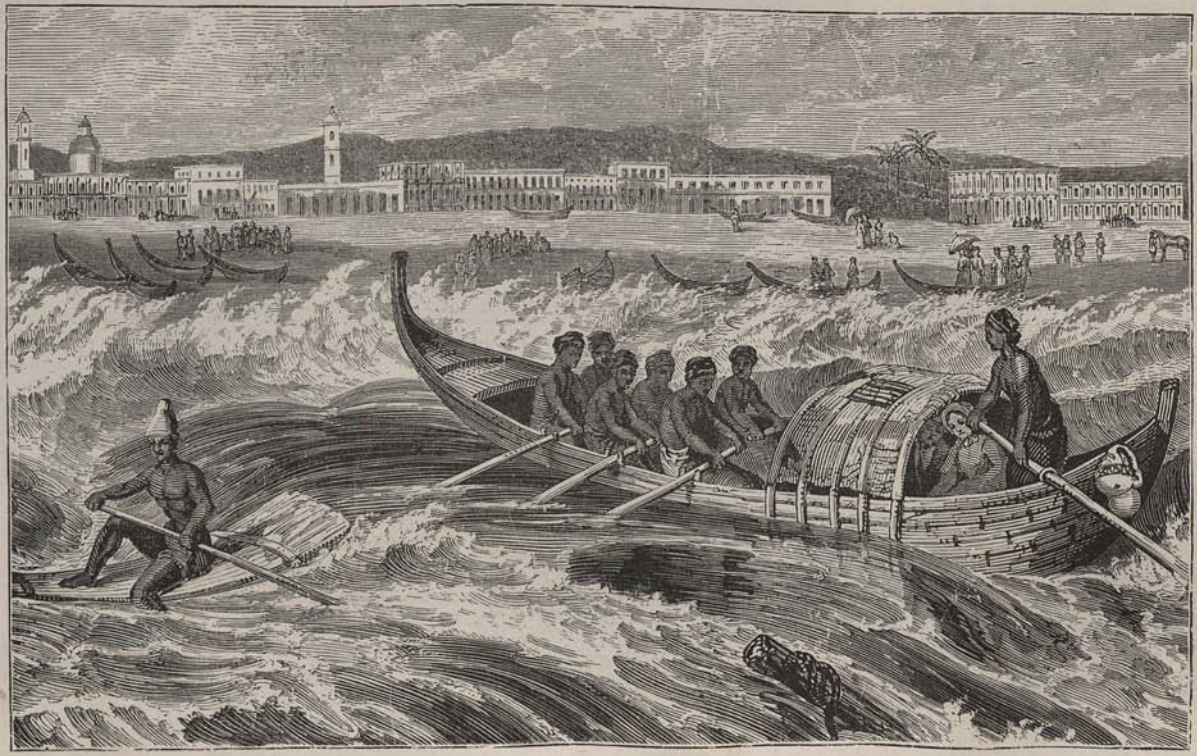
CHAPTER VI.

CAVES AND TEMPLES.

MADRAS, another city built by the English, is on the south-east coast, as you will see if you look at your map. Many rich Englishmen live there in large, handsome houses, and although it is not so important as Calcutta, it is much more healthy as a place of residence.

In these large towns the black and white inhabitants do not all live together. There is in each of them what is called the Black town and the English town. The Black town consists of huts, where the dark-skinned people crowd together, while in the English towns are beautiful houses, which the English have built for themselves.

In this picture we have here of Madras, you will see that the natives are having rather hard work. The fact is, there is no natural harbour at Madras, consequently it is very difficult to land, especially when the sea is boisterous. In calm weather the waves are very high,



SURF-BOATS OFF MADRAS.

but in a storm the breakers are sometimes as high as fourteen feet.

Ships that want to land there have to anchor a long way from the town; then the passengers have to be rowed across in large boats, like the one you see here, by the dark-skinned natives, who are always ready to earn an honest penny.

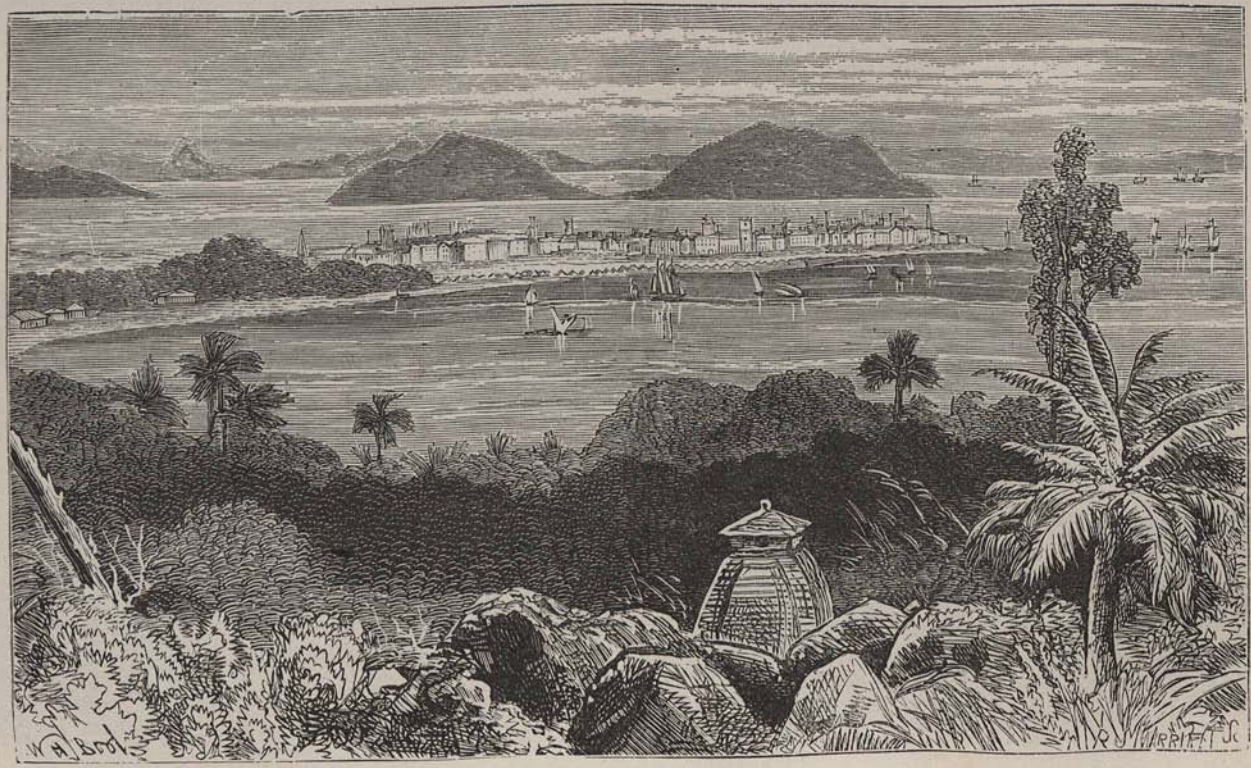
You would laugh to see some of them start out on the rough sea in their comical boats—though boats they can scarcely be called sometimes, for they are nothing but planks of wood, like the one we here see the gentleman seated upon. Catamaran is the name such boats are known by. I have no doubt the occupant of this one has lived by the sea all his life, and has had many a ducking, so that he is quite prepared to have two or three turns over among the waves.

The sun is shining so brightly and warmly that he has not taken the trouble to put on any clothes, but inside that large hat of his, if we could but take a peep into it, we should very likely find some letters that he is carrying to land, for that plan is often adopted by these Madras natives.

In very bad weather, when landing would be too dangerous an experiment to attempt, a flag is mounted on shore to warn the sailors.

Not far from Madras is Pondicherry, a town belonging to France. From there the natives of Madras have visits from French pedlars, selling laces, artificial flowers, coral beads, and pretty trinkets.

Bombay, another town built by the English, is in a little island of the same name on the west coast. A lovely place it is, with its mountains and groves of trees and flowers.



BOMBAY HARBOUR.

The way in which it first came to belong to us was by its being given as a dowry to the bride of our king, Charles II.

He married the Infanta of Portugal, and as the Portuguese had made conquests in India before our time, the island belonged to them.

Perhaps you think the princess was very well off to be presented with a whole island, but really the English people did not think very much of it, for it was not nearly so valuable then as it is now.

Since that time it has grown to be of very great importance. There are railways and manufactures, beautiful streets and fine large buildings, and many European gentlemen live there with their families.

Six miles from the city are the Caves of Elephanta, which, though very much decayed, show us how patient and skilful the old heathen workmen must have been, for this wonderful structure is hewn out of one solid piece of rock, and is supposed to have been dedicated to Siva, the destroying god.

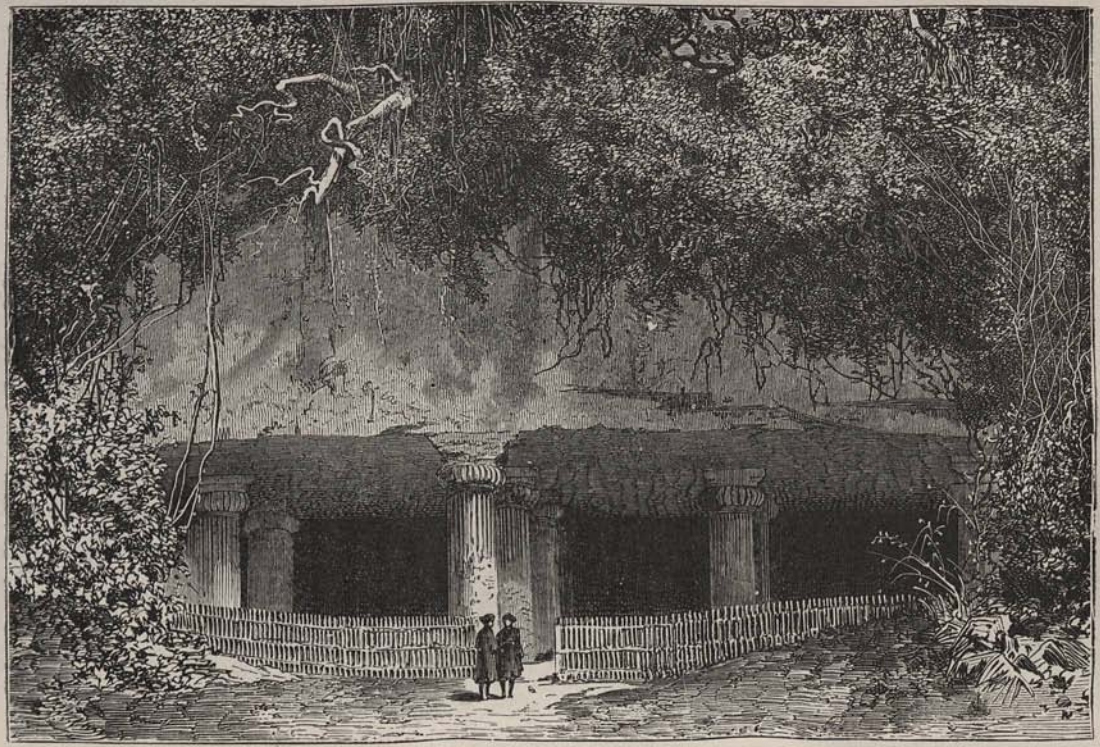
Travellers who have visited the place tell us that as they passed along from one cave to another, stone images seemed to be peering down upon them from all directions.

Some years ago, when the Prince of Wales paid his visit to India, he went to see this wonderful temple.

A number of Indian princes and chiefs went with him, all of whom were arrayed in their very gayest, most costly apparel; for they wished to show great respect to the queen's son, who had come to see them.

The party went over in steamers from Bombay to the island on which the caves were built.

As soon as they landed, they had to walk for half a



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

mile up a steep hill, through beautiful plants, and rocks, and trees.

They were, no doubt, on the look-out for snakes, of which there are numbers in India, especially in thick, bushy places like the one where the Elephanta caves are situated.

Not far from the landing-place is an elephant as large as life, hewn out of a rock.

The roof of the cave is quite flat, supported by stone pillars, consequently the inside of the temple is dark and gloomy.

In addition to a great many gods and goddesses of all kinds, there is one immense stone image, fifteen feet high, which represents Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, all in one.

The faces of each of these gods are seven feet long, and that of Siva, who, as you remember, is the destroying god, looks angry and cruel.

In one of his hands he holds a cobra di capello, which is a large poisonous snake: the explanation of his holding a snake being that in India for a long time snakes have been considered sacred; a good Hindoo would, therefore, think it wrong to put one to death.

In some of the temples are images of cobras made of precious metals, and are ornamented with diamonds, pearls, and jewels of all kinds.

The gods and goddesses who inhabit these Indian pagodas and temples, and in whose honour the edifices have been built, are not neglected by their worshippers. Food is offered to them daily in the shape of rice, flour, butter, vegetables, milk, oil, salt, and spices.

During the meal the doors are closed, and music is to be heard. The fact is, of course, that the priests

was at last too large to go through the door, so there it stuck.

As time passed by, and nobody went to release the shepherd from his miserable position, he gradually turned into stone, and there he has stood ever since.

CHAPTER VII.

BUDDHA.

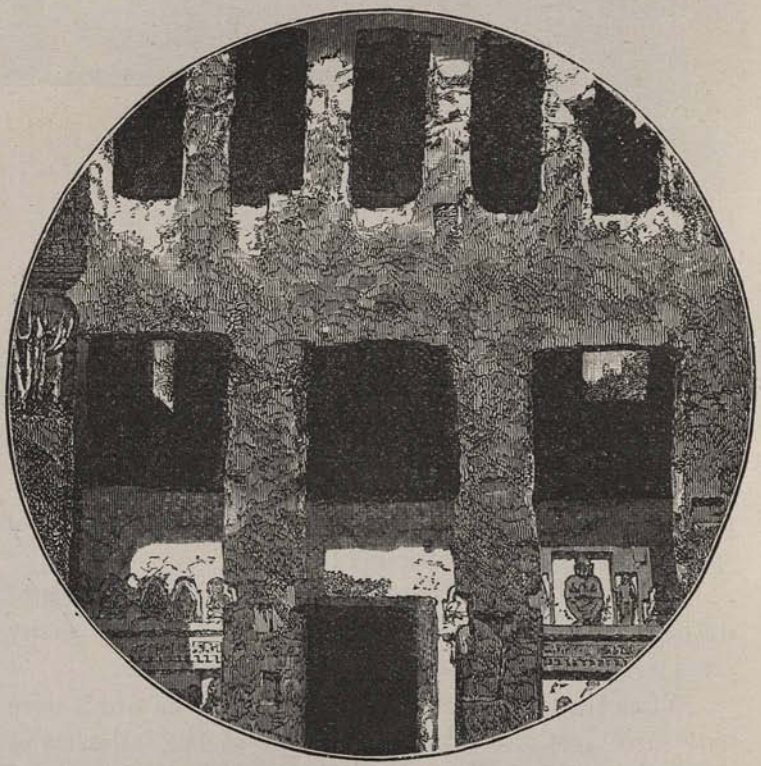
MANY of these cave temples, which, like Elephanta, are built out of the solid rock, are to be found in a little island called Salsette, not far from Bombay, but the most important one is that at Kanhari. The traveller on visiting it might not perhaps be struck by its beauty so much as by its wonderful appearance. As it stands there so silent in its lonely ruggedness, what a tale it has to tell, and how loudly it speaks to the passing stranger!

Inside the gloomy entrance are standing large gaunt statues of Buddha, a holy man, who lived very many years ago, and who founded a new religion.

What the caves tell us, as clearly as if the words were written in pen and ink, is that some of the followers of this holy man have erected the statues in honour of him, and that the spot has been devoted by them to worship.

So the cave of Elephanta, and all those old temples and mosques, hundreds of which are still remaining in India, are silent witnesses of the past, and if they would only speak, could tell us many a thrilling tale.

This good man Buddha, whose real name was Sakya Muni, was born 598 years before Christ. He was really a prince, and until he was twenty-eight years of age



A PART OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES OF KANHARI.

lived at his father's court, surrounded by grandeur and riches of all kinds; every wish of his was gratified, and he was courted and fawned upon by friends, just as is the case generally with princes and royal personages.

Instead, however, of all this grandeur affording him

any satisfaction, it seemed to weary him and make him discontented; he took no pleasure in the gaiety and amusements that were continually being forced upon him, and at last, in despair, he left his own friends, and fled to a kind of monastery where some Brahmins dwelt. There he devoted himself to study, ate and drank very plain food, indulged in no kind of amusement, hoping that by adopting this new kind of life he would obtain happiness and peace of mind.

As time went on without gaining the happiness he sought, he made still another change, going quite away from the haunts of man, and living the life of a hermit.

There in his lonely home, friendless and secluded, he invented a new religion, which he hoped would give more happiness and joy to those who accepted it than any religion that had ever been known before.

Changing his princely name to that of Buddha, or The Enlightened, he wandered about from place to place preaching the doctrines which he believed he had received from God, until he had gathered around him quite a great number of disciples.

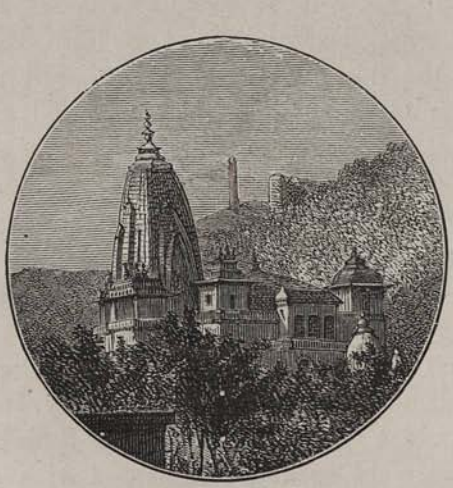
The life Buddha led was a very good one, and if his followers had fully acted up to his teaching they would have been good too, but after he died many mistakes arose in their minds as to who he was, and what his teaching had really been.

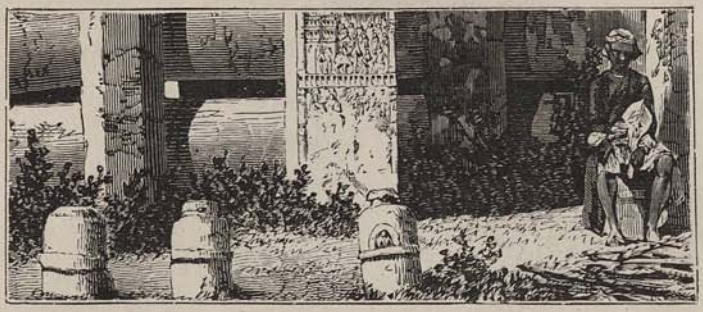
He came by degrees to be worshipped as a god by them. And now, at a place called Kandy, in the island of Ceylon, is a temple where some Buddhist priests treasure in a gold casket, ornamented with rubies, and diamonds, and sapphires, a piece of ivory, which they say is a tooth of Buddha. As a proof of the great value the priests set upon it, they once refused a million pounds

that was offered them for it by one of the kings of Siam.

In the same temple is shown an emerald, said to be the largest in the world, and which is in the form of Buddha.

Thus, as had happened so frequently before, good was turned into evil, and the followers of Buddha, losing the real beauty and purity that was hidden in their master's teaching, became idolators quite as much as the worshippers of Vishnu and Siva, and all the other heathen gods. As we travel on through this earthly stage of our existence, we shall always find good and evil so closely blended, that very often the task of separating the two will be no easy one. What we all have to strive to acquire, therefore, is clearness of vision, so that we may not in ignorance call good evil, and evil good.





CHAPTER VIII.

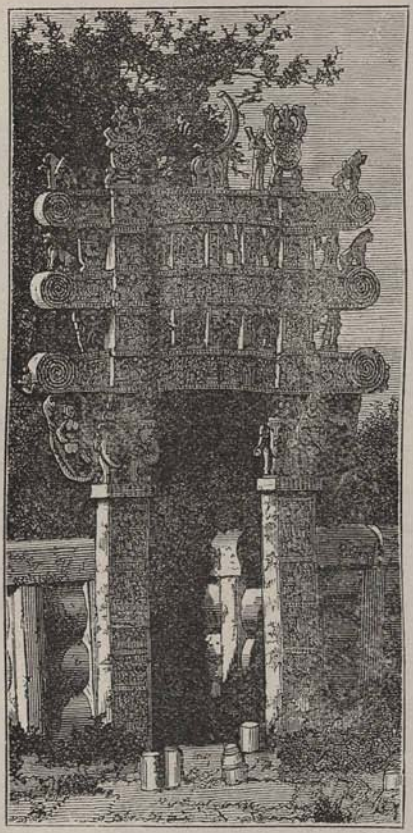
THE GREAT TOPE OF SANCHI.

AMONG the old Indian kings who renounced his own faith and adopted that of the good Buddha was one called Asoka, who reigned over a great portion of the north of India, and it was during his reign that this wonderful temple of Sanchi was built.

We should know very little about this king, or about the people over whom he ruled, if it were not for the number of stone pillars covered with inscriptions which have been found in different parts of the country. At one place Asoka's laws were carved upon granite rocks, and even now some of them are quite legible.

What the writing on these pillars and rocks meant, we should never have known had it not been that some clever men, after much study, found out how to translate it, and they learned from the inscriptions that Asoka must have been a very wise, good monarch, who worked well for his people. He saw that justice was dealt to them, he ordered new roads to be made, and, in addition to all else, he sent missionaries to other countries to proclaim the new religion that he had adopted.

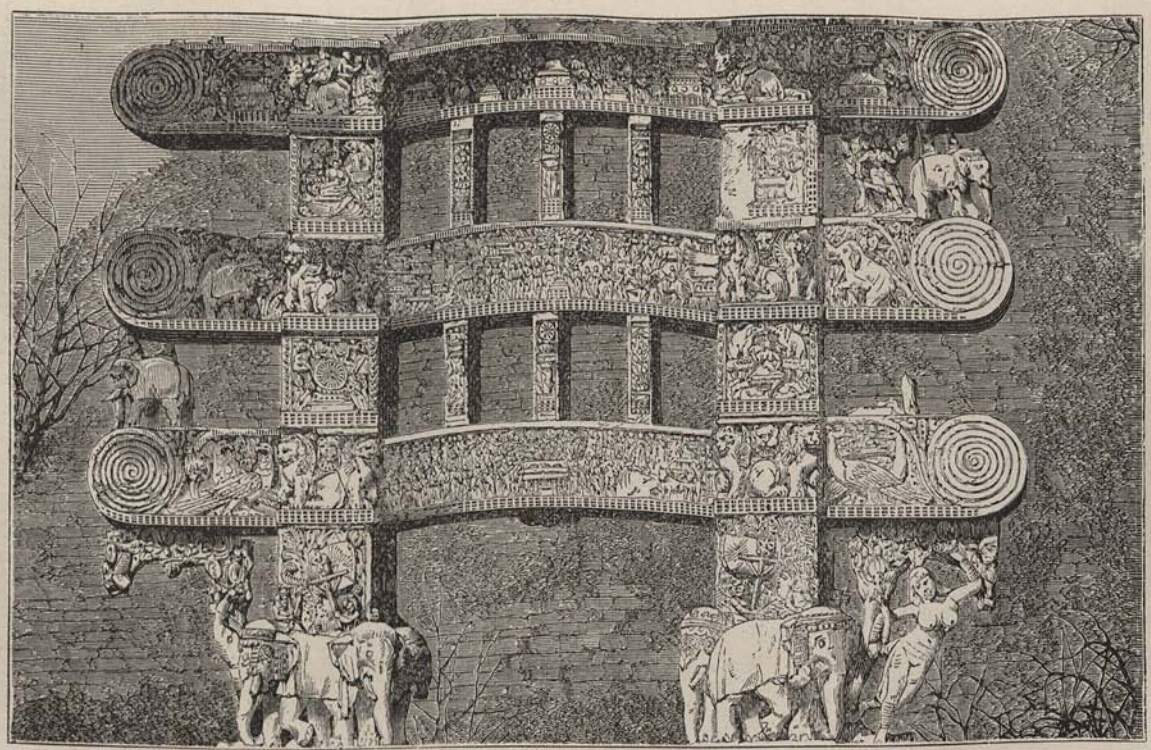
It is thought that before he began to reign the most populous cities even, consisted of little better than clay or wooden buildings. But Asoka was an admirer of beauty. As he looked around, and saw everything in nature beautiful, he thought that the places where God was worshipped ought also to be beautiful, and the houses where men and women and children lived too.



THE NORTH GATE OF THE TOPE OF SANCHI.

He therefore employed workmen to build carved stone temples, and other public buildings, and this temple at Sanchi, which was erected in the seventeenth year of his reign, 255 years before Christ, was one of them. It is among the very oldest of all Indian temples, and is very remarkable for its beauty. Many years afterwards, another king erected the gateways to it, and the beauty and wonder of these gates are beyond description.

Upon them are carved in the stone different scenes in the life of Buddha, religious ceremonies, royal pro-



THE EAST GATE OF THE TOPE OF SANCHI.

cessions, sieges, and battles; then another set of pictures in stone, showing the interior of the king's palace, the different rooms with their articles of furniture, and the kitchens with their cooking utensils. A set of dancers are to be seen, and also some men performing gymnastic exercises.

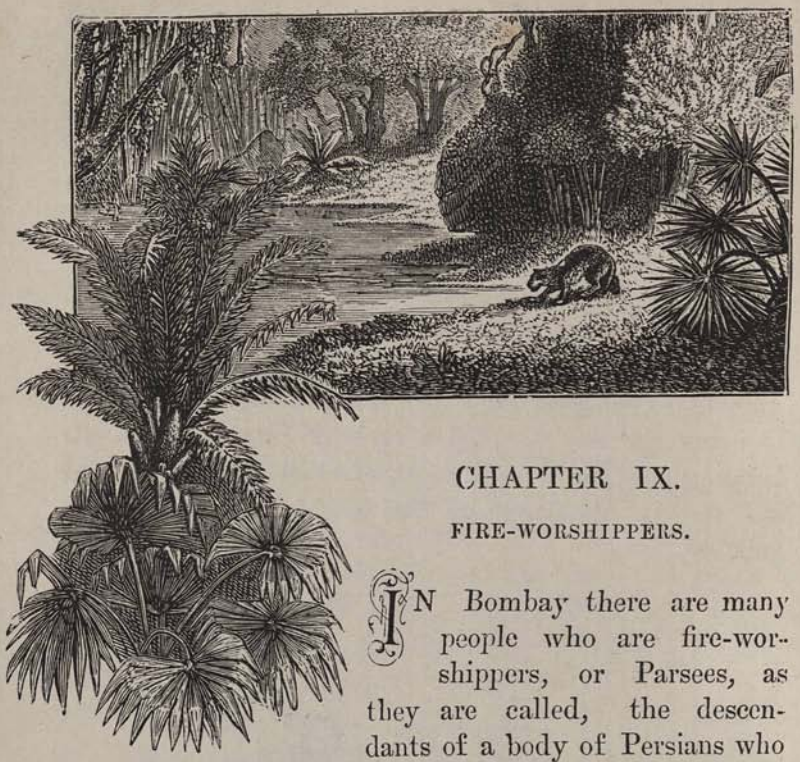
Whoever the sculptors may have been who were employed to execute these marvellous pictures in stone, they copied from reality—they carved figures of the men and women who were daily passing before them. The battles were those that were being fought at the time; consequently, any one wishing to have a complete history of the Indian people during those very early ages would simply have to study the gates of the temple of Sanchi.

It is curious to notice how these Indian temples and monuments grew from very small beginnings into objects of the very greatest size and importance. The very first monument erected by men seems to have been a huge stone rolled above the soil, beneath which lay one of their companions, who, on account of some useful invention he had introduced, or for some deed of daring, had converted himself into a hero in their eyes. To this one large stone others were continually being added, week by week and year by year—for every friend who visited the spot was expected to place another stone upon it—so that by this means the monument grew from a small mound into a very large one. Monuments such as this are found in America: they are called cairns, and appear to have been built in past ages by all savage tribes. In India they are known by the name of topes.

For some time, no doubt, the people who visited these burial-places knew who were buried there, and what they had done to deserve remembrance and honour;

but gradually the names of the dead men were forgotten, and also what they had done. Nevertheless, the spots where they lay continued to be visited, until at last they were regarded as sacred. At certain times of the year they were decorated with flowers and costly stuffs.

When Buddha died, there was a great deal of quarrelling among his followers as to who had the greatest right to bury him; and as he, in preaching to the people, had approved of these old monuments, they became more numerous than ever after his death; and as each country in every age has adopted a style of altar and temple building peculiar to itself, such of these old buildings as still remain standing are true teachers to us of times gone by.



CHAPTER IX.

FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

IN Bombay there are many people who are fire-worshippers, or Parsees, as they are called, the descendants of a body of Persians who first made their appearance in a little island just above Bombay, called the Isle of Din, about eleven hundred years ago.

They fled there to take refuge from an enemy who had invaded their own country, and by degrees they crossed the water, and settled themselves in different towns of India, but Bombay seems to have been their favourite place of visitation.

The name of their great deity is Ahuramazdao, who is, they say, the origin of light, and is represented by the sun, moon, and stars, or in the absence of any of these heavenly bodies, he is supposed to be in the fire.

When praying, the Parsees, therefore, always turn

their face towards some bright object, and in their temples a fire is kept continually burning.

This holy fire is thought to come direct from heaven. and the priests who approach it have their faces masked lest their breath should defile it; neither do they touch it with their hands, but with holy instruments made specially for the purpose, and any one sullying it is almost certainly put to death.

Strange as may appear this religion of theirs, these Parsees are industrious, energetic, honest folks, and although they never become sailors or soldiers, (because their religion teaches them that it is wrong to use fire-arms) they are clever business men, and a great many of them are rich merchants, honourable and wealthy.

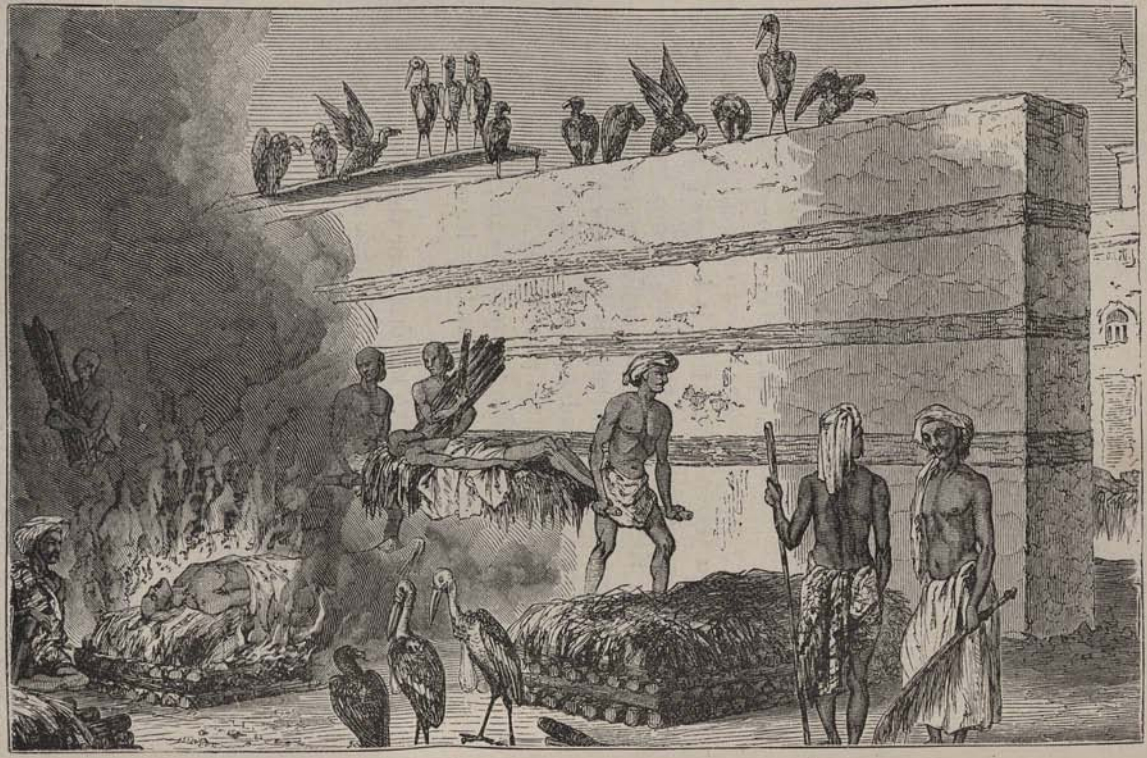
What appears to us strange is the way they dispose of the bodies of their dead friends. Instead of burying them, they put them into a place called the "Tower of Silence," which is a lofty square enclosure, without roof or covering of any kind, and here they leave them to be devoured by the vultures.

Some friend or relative watches near the spot to see which eye the birds first fix upon to pick at, and thereby know whether the soul of the departed one is happy or miserable.

A dog also is generally employed to watch the bodies of dead friends, because the Parsees believe that dogs can see spirits which men cannot see, and that they keep them away with their howls.

Not very long ago, it was a common practice among the Hindoos, that, when a man died his living wife should be placed on the funeral pile by the side of her dead husband, and there be burnt to death.

Wives of Brahmins were sure to do this, because they



HINDOO FUNERAL RITE.

could not bear the idea of taking a lower place in society, or losing caste, as they would be sure to do by becoming widows.

Now that the country is under English rule, our Government has made a law that puts an end to such a cruel custom.

For so many years *suttee*, or widow-burning, had been carried on in India, that most of the poor wives, instead of dreading the horrible death, came to regard it as honourable, and would think it very cruel for any one to try to prevent them being thus burnt to death.

Not very long ago a young widow lady, who loved her husband very much, was so distressed when he was lying on his death-bed at the thought of parting with him, that while he was still living she had a pit prepared in which afterwards to burn herself.

This she filled with costly scented wood, besides which, she spent a large sum of money in having it properly prepared, as is usual on such occasions.

On the death of her husband, she one night first fastened all the doors and windows of her house, set fire to the wood, then folding her body in some dyed garments, she threw herself into the midst of the flames.

The poor woman had not courage to face life alone, after having had a faithful husband to lean upon, especially as Indian widows are treated with scorn and unkindness; so she thus made a sacrifice of herself, and ended her existence.

In dying, she was, no doubt, comforted by the thought that when the flames had done their work, her ashes and those of her husband would, by the hand of some loving friend, be cast together into the sacred river

PARSEE LADY AND DAUGHTER.

Ganges, and thus, she felt sure, everlasting bliss would be secured.

What the poor Hindoo widows have to learn is that life is too precious to be voluntarily thrown away, as hundreds of them have been guilty of doing; even at such times when every source of joy and brightness seems to have fled, there is still something to live for so long as duty looks them in the face, and while they are surrounded by friends who claim their help and sympathy.

CHAPTER X.

THE RIVER GANGES.

THE River Hooghly, on the banks of which, we said, Calcutta is built, is really the deep mouth of a very great river, called the Ganges, which waters the dry, sultry plains of Bengal.

Perhaps you never heard of such a thing as water being worshipped: but such is really the case, not only in India, but in other countries; and among the Hindoos this beautiful River Ganges is regarded as sacred, and is worshipped by them. They say that it is a goddess, called Ganga, or the river, and from all parts of the country people flock to worship her.

The natives believe also that it is the eldest daughter of the great mountain Himavata, springing from the root of the Bujputra tree, and that it flows direct from heaven.

They kneel or prostrate themselves on its banks, or very often they bathe in the waters, fancying that by doing so they wash away all their sins.

Allahabad is another sacred city, because there the Ganges and the Jumna and the Sereswati meet, and that spot, therefore, is considered especially holy. All who die there, the Hindoos think, go direct to the

gates of paradise; so at a certain time of the year crowds of poor creatures throng to the river, and drown themselves in it.

On arriving at the water's edge, the devotee first of all has his head shaved by a barber, letting his hair drop off as it is cut into the stream, because he is told by his priest that for every hair deposited in the holy river he shall have a million years' residence in heaven.

BOAT ON THE GANGES.

If you were near at the time, you would see a number of Brahmins with boats, ready to help the deluded victims to offer themselves as sacrifices.

Each person is furnished with two jars, one fastened in front of him and one behind: these he fills with stones, in order that he may easily sink.

One thing is done, however, which is almost worse than what you have just read: it is that sick people are often taken to the Ganges to die, because it is thought whoever dies there is sure to go straight to heaven.

On this account old men and women have been dragged out of their beds and carried to the edge of the river, there to die, with no shade to protect them from the burning sun, and sometimes pails of water are poured over the poor creatures' heads to make them die more quickly.

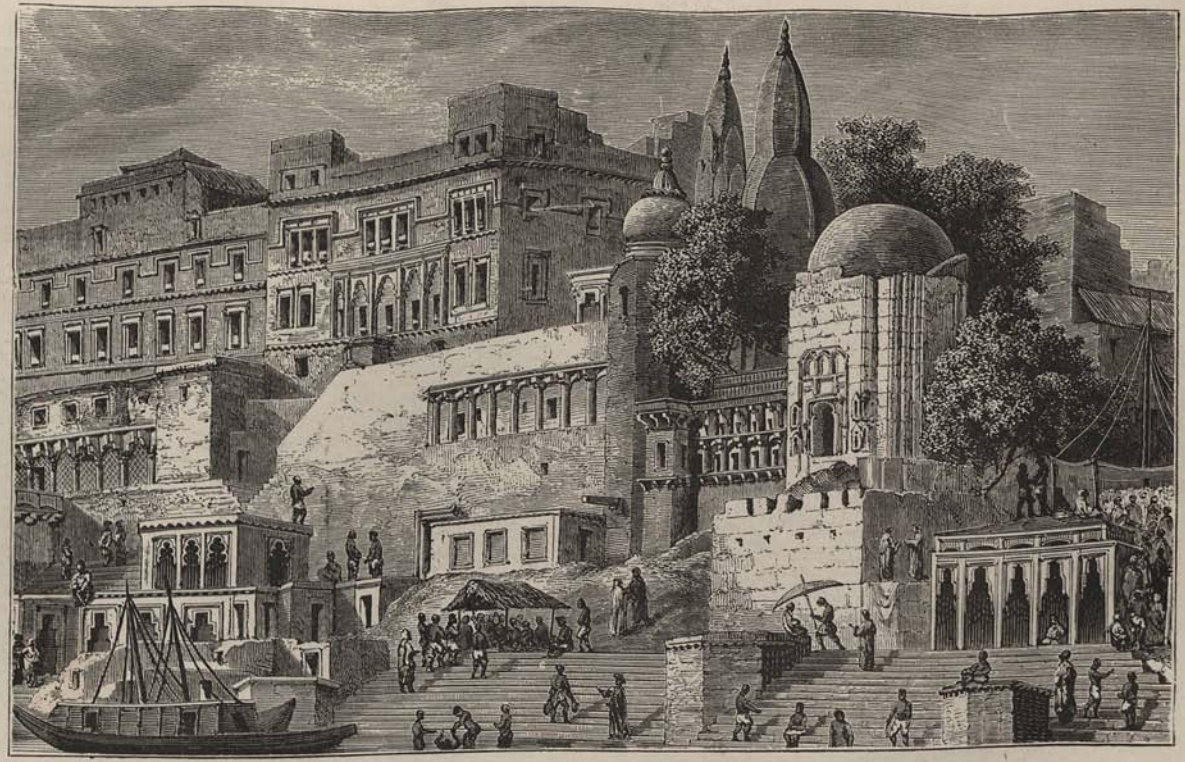
Mothers, too, who love their babies very dearly, will carry the little helpless things to the river's brink, and watch them float away. Such deeds as these have been done under the name of religion.

On the sacred River Ganges, though a long way from Calcutta, is also built the holiest of all the Hindoo towns, the name of which is Benares.

It is said originally to have been built of precious stones and of gold by Siva; if so, that must have been a very long time ago, for now it has every appearance of being built of brick and stone, like our English buildings.

Any one who lives there, we are told, is safe from all evil; even the air is holy; indeed, good Hindoos would tell you that the city is eighty thousand steps nearer heaven than any other place, and that whoever dies there is sure to go to heaven.

They would tell you, too, that once an Englishman, feeling that he had led a very wretched life, travelled all the way to Benares to be made holy, and that before he had been there very long he was completely changed from a bad man into a good one.



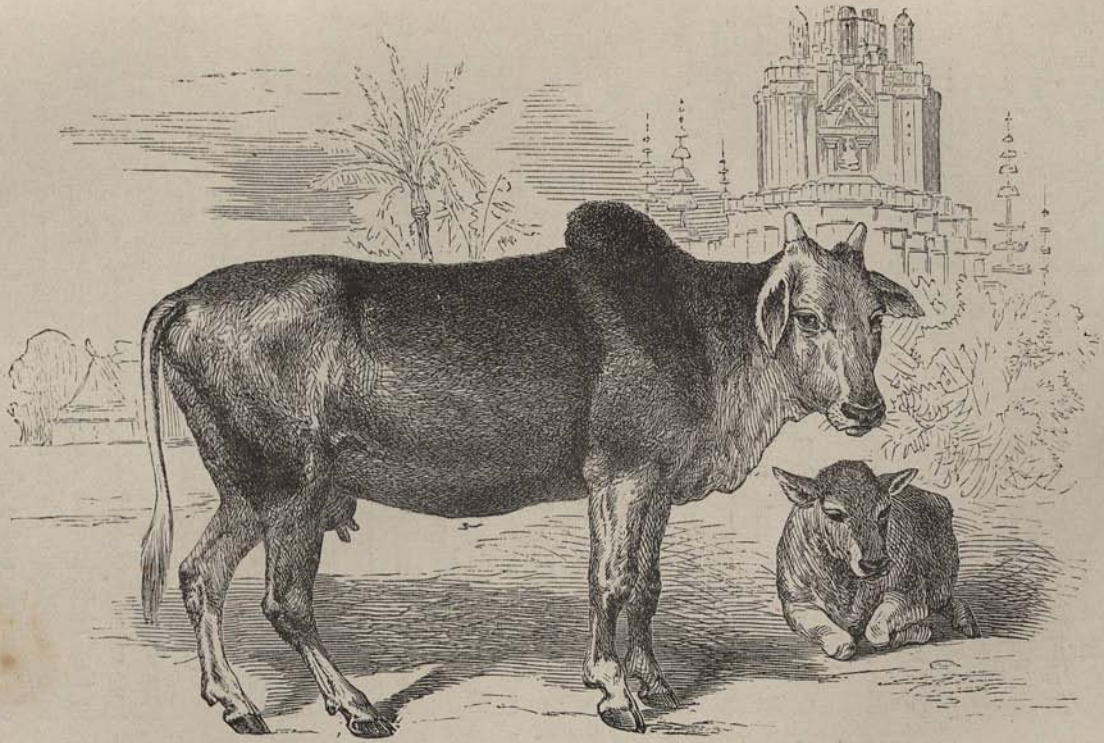
BENARES, FROM THE GANGES.

A RELIGIOUS BEGGAR OF BENARES.

One day a missionary heard a Hindoo telling lies, and reproved him for it. "That does not signify," said the man; "I live at Benares."

Believing all this, it is no wonder that the roads leading to Benares are generally thronged by people, on their way to visit it.

At Benares, and also in many other Indian cities, you would, no doubt, be surprised at meeting every now and then with a white humpbacked bull, pacing up and down in the most deliberate manner possible. Instead of being frightened at its appearance, the Hindoos seem anxious to be near it; for in India the cow is considered a very sacred animal, and is allowed to do exactly as it likes, because they believe that in the form of a cow their beloved goddess Bhavani visits them.



A VERY SACRED ANIMAL.

If a cow were to walk into a shop and begin munching the fresh fruit and flowers, the owners, instead of driving it away, would consider themselves honoured to have the dear creature so near them.

So much respected are these bulls that a Hindoo would sooner lose his own life than give permission for one of them to be killed.

One day an English gentleman was just preparing to shoot one that had broken into his garden, when his Hindoo servant rushed between him and the bull, crying, "Shoot me, sir, please shoot me, but let him go!"

Of course the gentleman did not shoot his servant or the bull either.

In fact, the Hindoos believe that the touch of a cow is sufficient to purify a human being from the stain of sin. Perhaps you have heard of the king who had committed so many evil deeds, that in order to atone for them he had a hollow golden cow made.

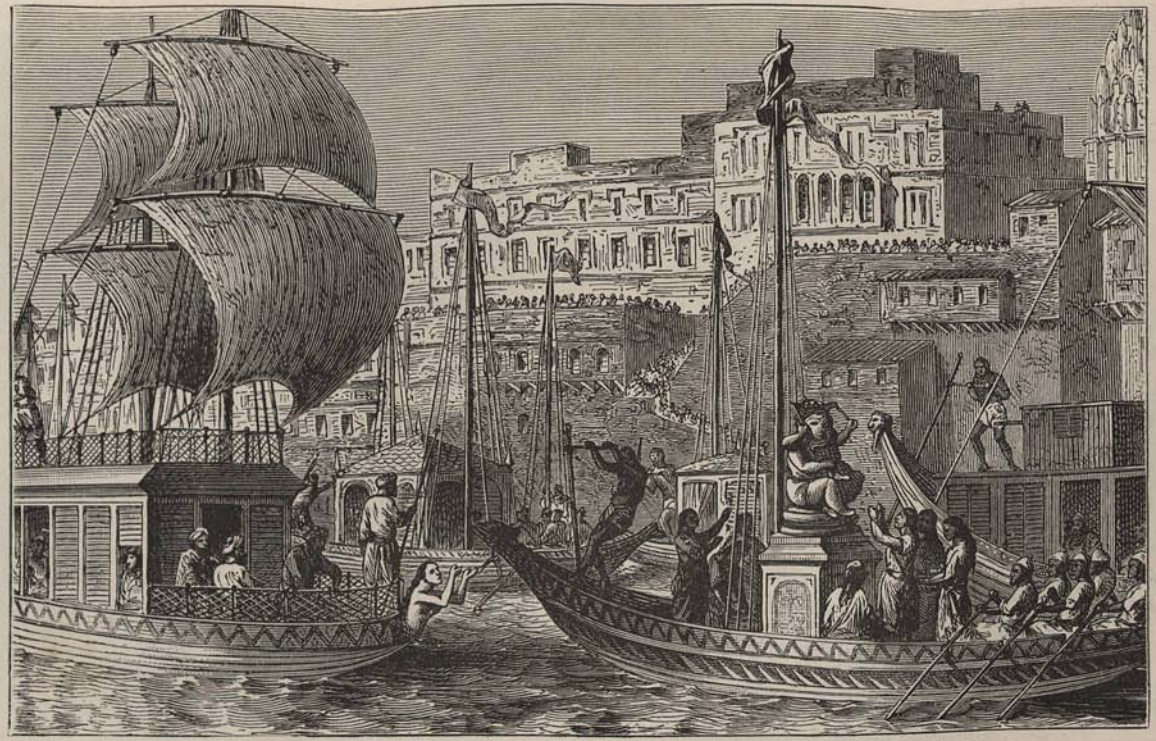
Right through the middle of this golden image he used to manage somehow to creep, thinking that by doing so he was made pure and holy.

In the city is the temple of Visvisha, built of red stone, ornamented with very fine sculpture.

Inside of it is the stone statue of a bull; a living bull is also constantly kept in the temple.

What seems more absurd still is that in the famous pagoda at Tanjore stands an immense stone bull, which true worshippers believe wanders out every night to graze in the rich pastures near. A rather remarkable feature in connection with it is, that within several hundred miles of Tanjore not a single rock is to be found of the same substance as that out of which the bull was carved.

This fact need not astonish us, however, if we can



A RELIGIOUS FÊTE AT BENARES.

believe what the worshippers say about it: that when the precious creature was first placed in the temple it was quite a little thing, but that as it grew so rapidly, the Brahmins, in order to stop its growth, drove a nail into its head. Unless this had been done, they feared it would have become too large for its sacred abode.

According to an old Indian legend, the soul of man after death was taken up into the region of the sunbeams, lightning, and stars, from whence it had to find its way to its heavenly home.

In order to reach that, it had a great river to cross, called the "cloud water," which is supposed to flow between this lower world and the bright spirit land.

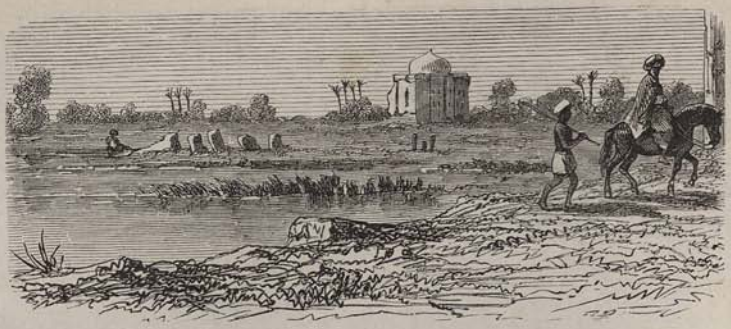
Instead, however, of having to plunge alone into the misty vapour, a cow came to its aid, conducting it safe over the Milky Way to the glorious realm of Yama and Petris.

In former times, therefore, a dying person was made, if possible, to grasp the tail of a cow as a means of ensuring his salvation.

The old German fathers also believed at one time that the Milky Way was the land of spirits, and in Friesland it is called the *Kaupat*, or "cow-path."

It was customary too, many years ago, in Sweden, Germany, Denmark, and even in England, that a cow should take its place among the mourners in a funeral procession, so that the Hindoos are not the only people who have paid homage to the cow; and in Bible history, if you remember, the Israelites once set up a golden calf and began to worship it.

RELIGIOUS BEGGARS.



CHAPTER XI.

FAKIRS.

AT certain periods in the year feasts are held at Benares to the different gods, at which times the streets are so crowded with pilgrims and holy bulls that travellers have difficulty in making their way.

The broad flights of steps leading up to the temples are trodden by thousands of these Hindoos, who convince themselves that the highest of earthly bliss is to be in Benares, and close to the sacred river.

Some of them are to be seen carrying urns, which they throw into the water, for inside the urns are the ashes of their dead friends, who have died many miles away. These urns are therefore brought by loving hands, and cast into the sacred stream, in order that the souls of the departed may be sure of gaining admission into heaven.

There is one class of people among these idol-worshippers who are considered, both by themselves and their companions, as especially religious, and these are what are known as beggars.

HINDOO RELIGIOUS BEGGAR.

Mahommedan beggars are known by the name of fakir, or dervish; a Hindoo beggar is called a sunyasse. A very wretched time these poor creatures have, for they put themselves to all kinds of torture, and think that as a reward for their suffering they will go straight to heaven when they die, instead of being made to live again in some animal, as most of the Hindoos expect will be their fate.

It is this doctrine of what we call *transmigration* that in a great measure accounts for the merciful treatment of animals exercised by most of the Hindoos. They believe that when a friend dies his soul passes into some animal, and in this way he is punished for any sins that he has committed when he was a human being. Possibly his crimes might have been so numerous that his soul would have to pass successively into five or six animals; consequently, a Hindoo feels that if he were to kill even a dog or a cat, he might be slaying the body of some dead friend. For this reason it very often happens that the man who without much concern could strike a fellow-creature dead would, at the same time, be gentle and humane to dumb animals.

Near the Ganges, at Benares, there are many lonely desolate places, where in dark holes or caves these deluded creatures, the fakirs, hide.

It is almost impossible to believe the misery that some of them inflict upon themselves. One man stood for years on one leg, until it was full of wounds, another doubled his hand without opening it for so long that his finger-nails grew fast into his flesh. Some of them fasten heavy weights to their bodies, which they constantly drag about with them, while others crawl for years on their hands and knees.

One traveller tells us that he once saw a man who had resolved to keep his arms always above his head, until he had completely lost the power of using them. If you try to do so for ten minutes you can imagine what a hard task the man had set himself.

Poor fellow! he had no covering on his body, his knotty dusty hair hung over his shoulders, and his face looked much more like a wild beast's than like a human face. His upstretched arms looked withered and dried-up, and his finger nails, that had not been cut for twenty years, looked like long claws.

These fakirs have an idea that tigers will not hurt them, consequently they go and live near the dens of the animals; but of course this is a great mistake, for tigers have been seen dragging some of them into the forest. Do you wonder that on hearing tales such as these, that people in England and other countries should long to go over and tell the poor Hindoos that they are mistaken in thinking they are doing any good by thus torturing themselves?

The will of our Heavenly Father, who loves all His children (both black and white), is that we should be happy; and although it is the duty of all of us to endure patiently what suffering and sorrow may come to us, we have no right to bring any upon ourselves unnecessarily, and thus become unfit for the work we have to do.

Not very long ago, one of these poor deluded creatures actually roasted the calf of his leg, a number of Hindoos standing round him at the time, uttering exclamations of wonder and admiration at his heroic conduct. Another poor man for years had covered his body with mud; every morning he put on carefully a fresh coating of it, so that, as he wore no other cloth-

AN OLD FAKIR.

ing, he actually might be said to be clothed in mud. Wishing to add still further to his misery, he cut off two or three of his toes and fingers, by way of honouring a god in one of the temples, that represented a monkey with two tails and four arms.

Any number of strangely horrible deeds performed by these fakirs might be told, but, sad to say, in nearly every case the victims who thus, of their own free will, made themselves suffer were coarse, cruel, wicked men. Their constant suffering made them irritable and savage in disposition, while the degraded life they led made them partake more of the nature of wild beasts than of human beings.

RELIGIOUS BEGGAR OF BENARES.

CHAPTER XII.

BARODA.

BARODA is another Indian city famed for its holiness, and where numbers of these religious beggars even now are to be seen miserably crawling about in different parts of the town.

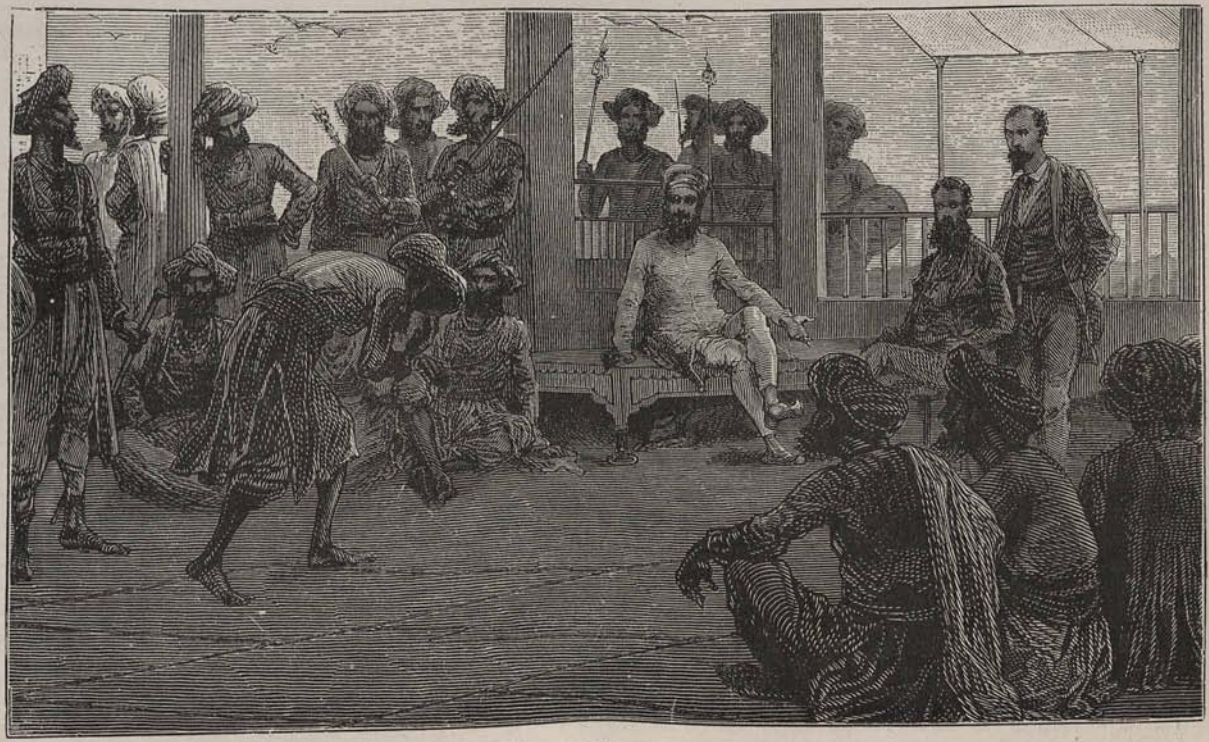
The prince who rules over this holy city of Baroda is honoured not by the title of Rajah, the name given to most of the other native princes, but is called the Guicowar, and he is regarded as a very distinguished individual, to whom a great amount of honour ought to be rendered.

Like all the other princes, the Guicowar is surrounded by very much grandeur, which evidently contributes considerably to his satisfaction. He wears diamonds and many other precious stones in his turban, and round his neck and arms. His palace, which is called the Mukinpoora, is quite gorgeous, for in it are

hung so many chandeliers that it would be difficult to count them all.

The idea of beauty among the Hindoos consists very greatly in bright colour, and show, and glitter, consequently in the houses of some of the rich people are so many chandeliers that any one might easily imagine they were meant for sale instead of for use; and when it is wished to show great respect to a stranger who may visit them, hundreds of coloured Chinese lanterns are hung wherever room can be found for them. The Guicowar's soldiers and attendants, dressed in gay attire, are always ready to do their master's bidding; indeed, all the surroundings of this foreign ruler would, if we could see them, remind us very vividly of the tales many of us have read in the "Arabian Nights," where gold and diamonds seem to have been as plentiful as common pebbles are to ordinary people. But the stories in the "Arabian Nights" are only fairy tales, while the accounts that come to us of Baroda, and Benares, and all the other Indian towns, are quite true. Some of them we wish were less true than they are, for they only fill our hearts with pity for the poor ignorant people who have had such a mistaken idea of their duty to God and to their fellow-creatures.

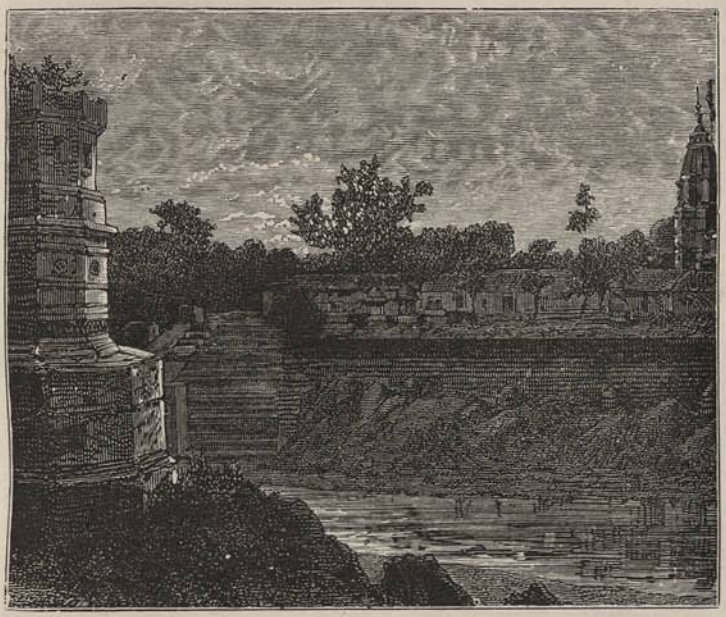
The name Guicowar is one which all who lay claim to are very proud, and which they would change on no account for any other. The meaning of it is, "The Keeper of Animals," a name that would not be considered at all badly chosen by those who are intimately acquainted with the habits of these great men, for among their other treasures they have a number of animals of all kinds, which are fed and tended with care; besides which, on many great festivals, combats are held between



AN AUDIENCE AT THE COURT OF BARODA.

animals, for the amusement of the prince and all his friends; elephants, giraffes, and even rhinoceroses, all have to take their turn.

Once a year, too, a military procession, called the sowari, takes place, and on that occasion elephants and other animals take a very important part in the proceedings.



WALLS OF BARODA.

The noblemen and governors and priests are at such times each mounted on a beautiful elephant, whose huge body is covered with fine cloth, edged with gold fringe. Ornaments and jewellery hang round the neck and ears of the elephants, and their trunks are painted in gay colours, while on their heads are fastened head-dresses,

such as any high-born lady might be proud to wear, made of lovely white feathers.

NAUTCH GIRL OF BARODA.

Each rider is seated in a silver carriage, called a *Hoodah,* which is fixed to the back of the elephant, and over him is spread a splendid parasol, the richness of it being regulated by the rank of the rider over whom it it placed.

The elephant upon which the king himself is seated

at the procession is larger and more beautiful than any other. His hoodah, in which he now rides, was a present from the Queen of England; it glitters with precious stones, and is supplied with soft embroidered cushions. The occupant is dressed in a rich red velvet tunic, which is ornamented with numbers of magnificent jewels; his turban glitters with diamonds, one of which is so large and so brilliant, that it is called "the star of the south."

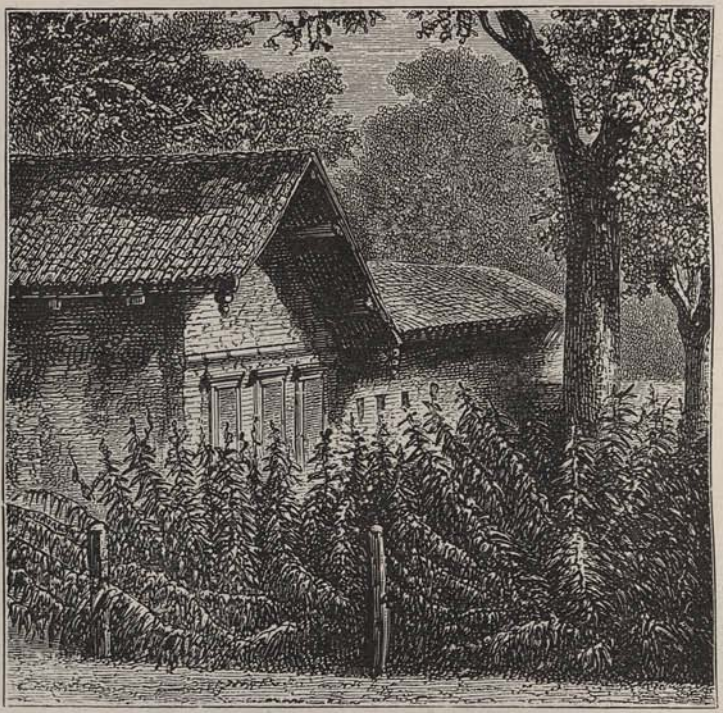
Close behind rides the first minister, whose dress is equal in richness to that of his master.

Four men march on each side of the elephant, one of whom carries the hookah, or pipe of their master; the rest wave fans of peacocks' feathers to and fro. Among these men is the herald of the king, who employs himself in continually unfolding a golden flag, at the same time exclaiming, "Here is the King of Kings, Kunderao, Guicowar, whose army is invincible, and whose courage is matchless."

The crowd all round fall on their knees in front of the elephant, who is so thickly covered with gold and silver and precious stones, that he looks more like a glittering mountain than like an animal. A delicious perfume fills the air, caused by the burning of incense. Indeed, the whole ceremony is much more like some scene from fairyland, than like anything real and substantial.

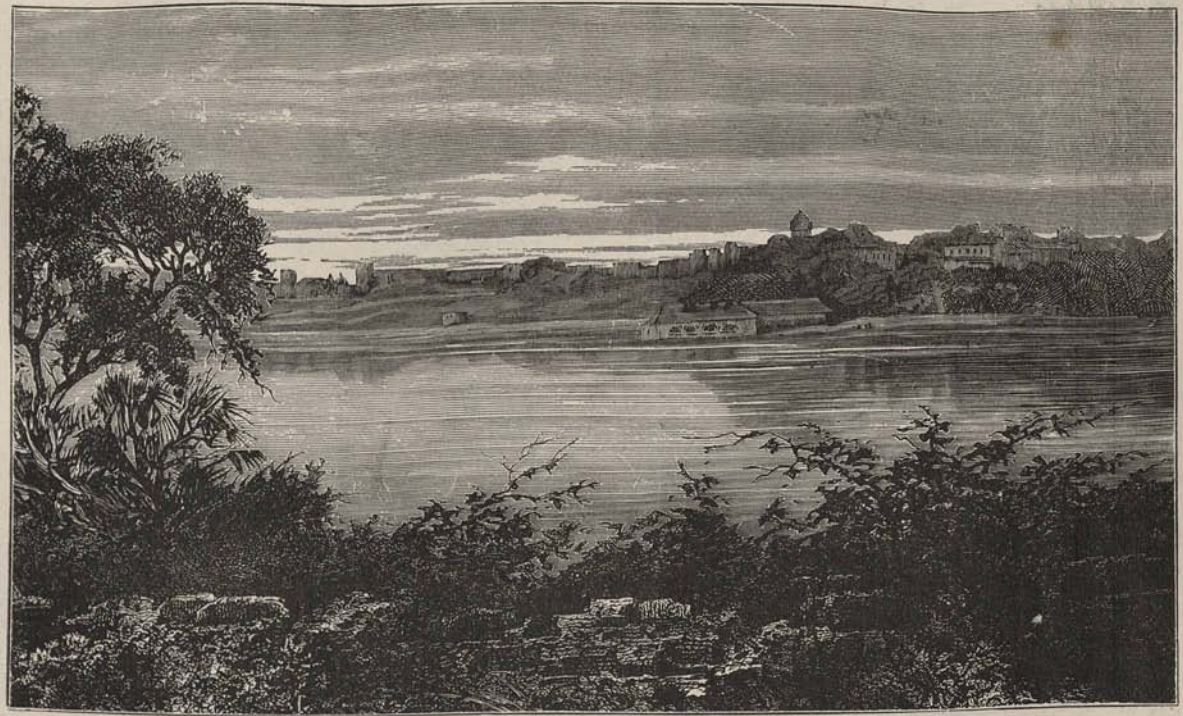
When we hear of it, we can scarcely wonder that the one person for whom all this grand display is made should by it be confirmed in the belief that he is of very great importance, and that he has every right to have such homage paid to him. Cleverer men than the Guicowar have often deceived themselves in the same way, and even do so still.

The palace, too, of the Guicowar is very beautiful. Other rajahs or native princes, since the many conquests by the English, have had to submit to give up a great deal of their old grandeur. The Guicowar is the only one of them who has managed to preserve all the ancient



FAKIR'S HOUSE AT BARODA.

customs, so that his court is more like a real Eastern court than any other. The people themselves evidently take as much pleasure as their master in all this fuss and ceremony. One custom of theirs which would lead us to think so is, that on his birthday all his servants,



BARODA (FROM THE BISWAMINTRI RIVER).

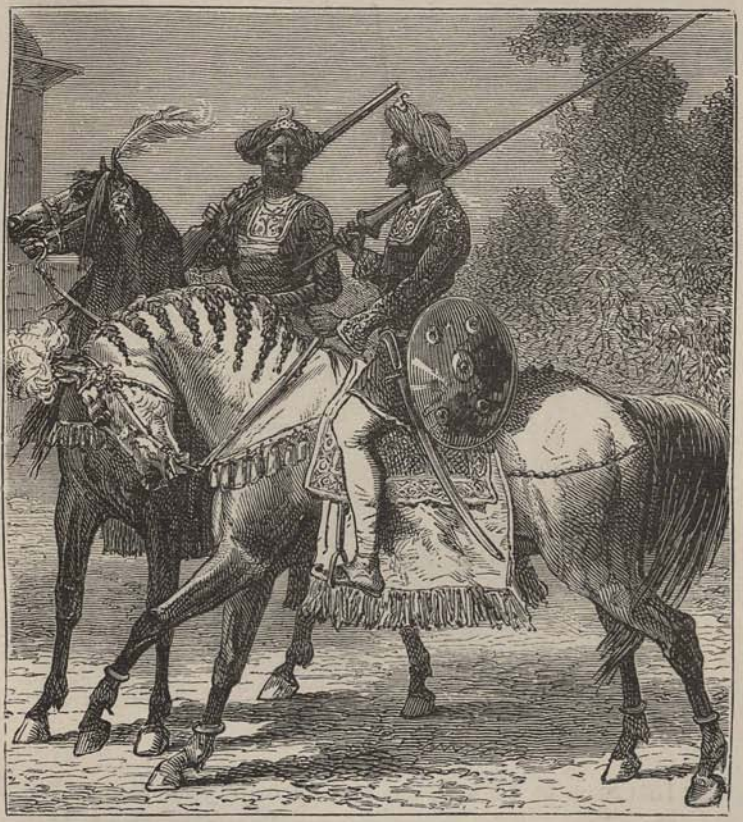
from the lowest to the highest, give up one day's payment, in order to be able to present a handsome sum of money to the king as a birthday gift.

Visitors who go to see the king do not take off their hats, as gentlemen in England do, but leave their shoes at the door. The Guicowar would be quite insulted if any of his courtiers entered his presence with boots or shoes on their feet. Consequently, as each fresh visitor arrives, he can tell before entering the royal apartment how many guests are already being entertained, as he takes a glance at the array of shoes of all sizes, from the long broad man's shoe to the tiny smart lady's slipper. Among other amusing tales we hear about this illustrious person, we are told that he allows no one to sneeze in his presence; any one doing so would be punished very severely, and if any business were being enacted at the time, it would have to be postponed until the next day. The king himself may sneeze when or where he likes, without any one being allowed to complain. If he should yawn his friends crack their fingers in the air, to prevent the insects finding their way into the mouth of their distinguished master. It is not hard to believe that such a man as this is one of the greatest Indian rulers, and that to many of his fellow-creatures his word is law.

In a spot so lovely as India must be, judging from the accounts that have come to us of its grand foliage of plantain, and banian, and palm-trees, and where so much wealth abounds, it is sad to think that the miserable fakirs are creeping about, some on their hands and knees and in intense agony.

They would tell us, if we could talk to them, that by inflicting upon themselves so much suffering they were

securing a bright and happy existence in the future, and that, instead of envying any one, they had no wish to change their condition.

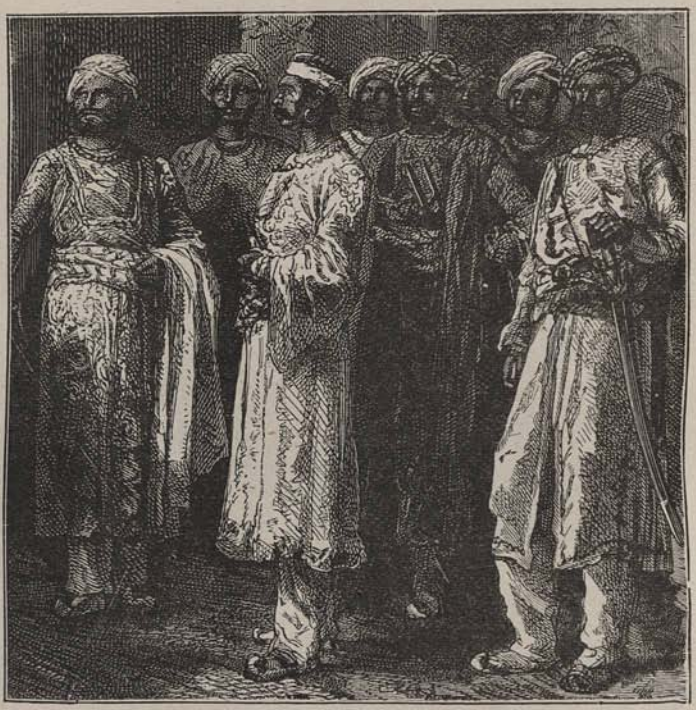


SOLDIERS OF THE BODY GUARD.

Vishnu, or Siva, or some other god, had in store for them, they would tell you, happiness and riches far greater than any they had ever beheld while on earth, not knowing, poor creatures, that, like the rest of

God's children, the future with us all will be but a continuation of the present.

The best method, therefore, of ensuring happiness in



THE ATTENDANTS.

the future is to be as good and as happy as we can now.

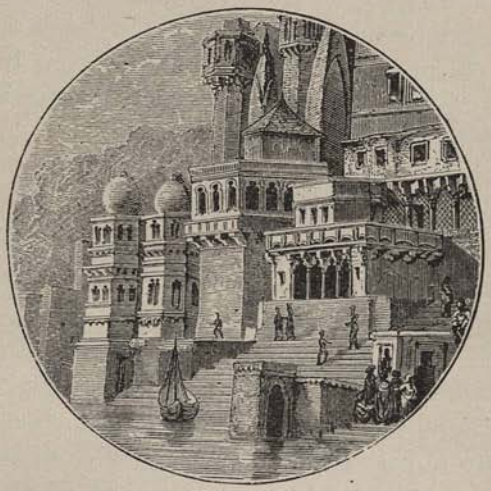
One day a missionary was walking in front of his house, when he was startled by a man suddenly falling down at his feet and embracing his knees.

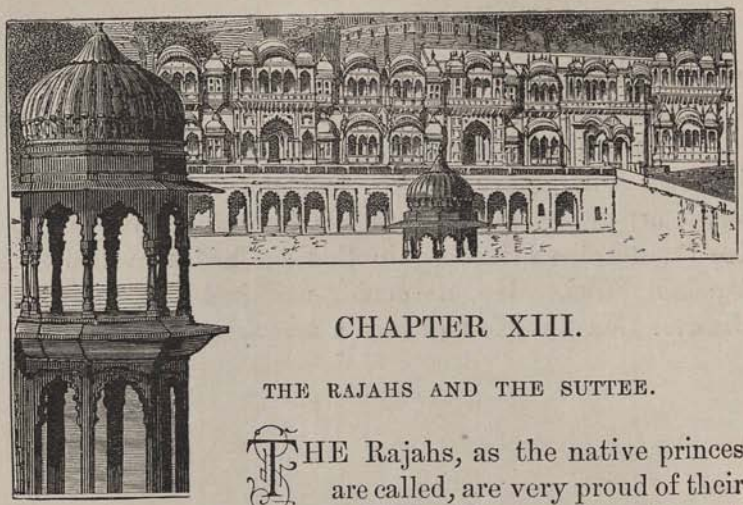
The missionary did not know who it was, for the man's head and face were covered with a dark blanket.

As soon as the blanket was lifted away, and the missionary saw the dark, wretched face underneath, he

recognised him as an old fakir, who had once been the chief priest of a gang of robbers.

The truth was, the miserable man happening once to hear the missionary preach, had never forgotten the words uttered by him, and at last he was so anxious to see the teacher's face again that he had travelled six hundred miles. He, no doubt, was just beginning to discover that his life had been a mistake.





CHAPTER XIII.

THE RAJAHS AND THE SUTTEE.

THE Rajahs, as the native princes are called, are very proud of their noble families and long descent, and the names borne by many of them have originated from the performance of some noble action by one of their ancestors.

According to the legend, the Sesondias, who are the race over whom the Maharajah of Oudeypore rules, were so called because one day, long ago, one of their rulers, who was out in the forest, hunting, happened to swallow a large fly, which gave him so much pain he quite thought he would die.

Just then a fakir, or religious beggar, of whom we heard a little time ago, happened to pass that way, and offered to cure the prince, who was in such agony that he was only too thankful to have relief from any one.

Unobserved, the fakir first of all cut off the end of a cow's ear, which the holy man then folded in a piece of linen, and having fastened it to a piece of thread, he told the prince to swallow it. As soon as it arrived in the man's stomach, the fly caught hold of it, and was therefore by means of the thread easily drawn up.

Having got rid of his pain, the prince insisted upon knowing how the cure had been effected, and although

THE MAHARAJAH OF DHOLEPORE.

the fakir would much have preferred keeping his secret to himself, he was obliged to confess the whole truth.

Horrified on learning that he had actually swallowed a piece of the holy animal's flesh, and not caring therefore

to live any longer, the prince resolved to put an end to his existence by swallowing some melted lead.

Full of grief, his friends and courtiers crowded round him, but unmoved by their tears he bravely took the cup in his hand, and at one draught swallowed the contents. Strange to say, however, the boiling metal, as soon as it passed his lips, was transformed into cool refreshing water, and the prince, therefore, instead of falling down dead, as he had expected, stood erect astonished at what had taken place; and feeling sure that the miracle had been performed by their god, he and his tribe adopted the name of Sesondia, the meaning of which is "lead," in memory of the boiling lead being miraculously changed into water.

Many of the palaces of these rajahs are so beautiful that some travellers tell us they are more like the dwellings of fairies than of real human beings. The high walls are dotted with pretty little grated windows, above which are towers with elegant domes, while inside are galleries built of pure white marble, stretching to a very great height; in fact, these old Indian rajahs love grandeur as much or more than any prince or noble in other lands.

The walls are hung with drapery; pictures and curiosities are spread around, and at Oudeypore, the palace of the prince whose ancestor swallowed a large fly, are to be seen portraits of all the Rajahs who have reigned in past years, from Oudey Sing, the first of the race, down to Sambo Sing, the present Rajah. By the side of each portrait is hung a painting which illustrates some great deed of heroism or bravery performed by the prince whose likeness is close at hand, and therefore it is quite possible, in taking a walk round one of these picture-

THE MAHARAJAH OF OUDEYPORE AND THE BRITISH RESIDENT.

galleries, to study the history of some particular tribe.

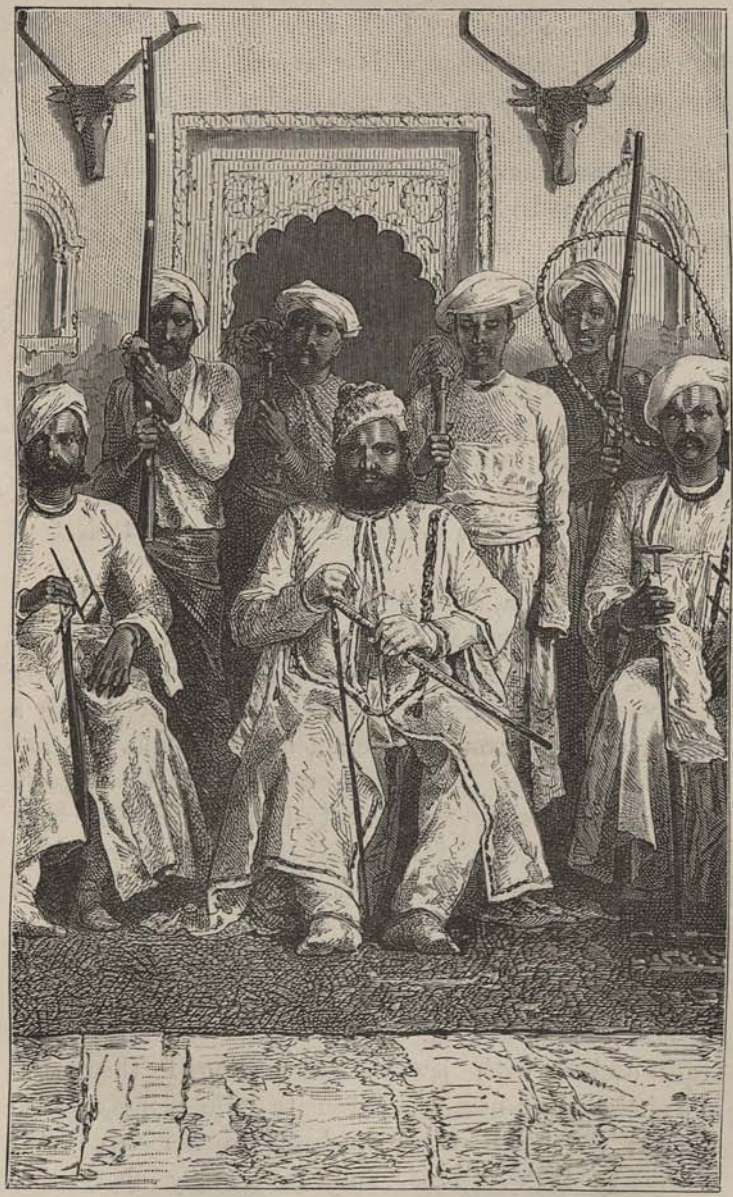
At one end of the building may be seen a very large gate, very securely locked, and protected by soldiers, who parade up and down near it. Though not exactly a prison, the people at the other side of this locked gate have not much more liberty than real prisoners, even though they are real high-born Indian ladies.

This gate is the entrance to some exquisitely furnished rooms, called the Zenanah, where all the ladies belonging to the Indian prince live. They are dressed in very rich, costly garments, and are decked with abundance of gold and jewels; but in spite of all that, they are deprived of their liberty, which, as we all know, is more precious than untold gold.

No strangers are allowed to visit them. Their jewels and finery are worn by them for the benefit of the prince only, and when they have permission given them to venture outside the walls, they are veiled so closely that no one can see any trace of their features. The Zenanah belonging to the palace of Oudeypore has a lovely statue of Ganesa, the god of wisdom, standing as a guard at the sacred door.

One of the grandest displays of the Rajah's is when he has a meeting of all his noblemen. The throne-room is in a very large court, where, instead of a roof, is hung an immense net curtain, through which the fresh air can easily penetrate. The Rajah sits upon a throne of silver, which for its legs has four golden lions, and round this the nobles form themselves into a half-circle. To this ceremony is given the name of Durbar.

Not very far from Oudeypore is a very large cemetery, where lie buried a great number of Indian Rajahs and



THE MAHARAJAH OF REWAH AND COURT.

nobles, over whom are built very large and beautiful monuments; and among them is one especially which must not be overlooked by us, because it was erected in memory of all the poor Indian widows who have been burnt on the funeral-piles of their dead husbands.

Most of us have heard of this horrible custom, which for so many years had existed in India, and which is known by the name of Suttee.

The priests say that it originated in the sacrifice of Sita, wife of Siva, who burnt herself alive in order to avenge an insult made to her husband by her father. Whether this be the truth or not, according to the Suttee law so many sacrifices were made that at length a law was passed by the English Government forbidding the priests to allow the women thus to destroy themselves.

When a Rana, a Rajah, a priest, or any great man died his dead body was burnt according to the custom of his religion, and his ashes were thrown into the river Ganges. In addition to this, if with his dead body a number of living women were not burnt also, it was considered a disgrace. An Indian once remarked with pride to a foreign visitor that twenty-five women had been burnt with the body of the Rana Sangram Sing, whose monument in the cemetery is famed both for its size and beauty.

An immense pile of wood decked with flowers used to be first prepared, and into the middle of it the body of the dead prince was laid. His wives then advanced, their heads decked with jewels, and arranged themselves in a circle round him, the favourite wife being allowed to hold the head of her husband in her lap. The wood was then lighted, and in a very short time

both living and dead were enveloped in smoke and flame.

The poor women's cries of agony were drowned by the chants of the priests, and by the noise of the musical instruments, which were made to resound loudly during the whole of the awful ceremony.

Heartrending as those cries must have been, we must remember that the women were not *compelled* to endure their agony, they were not unwilling sufferers: on the contrary, if any one of them had been forbidden to ascend that funeral pile, she would have been inconsolable for the rest of her days.

FUNERAL URN.

CHAPTER XIV.

JACK SEPOY.

IT was a land such as we have described, where acts of violence and cruelty were continually being perpetrated, that a few of our own countrymen found India to be in the sixteenth century.

The stories that had travelled to their ears of its luxuriant foliage and lovely flowers were all quite true.

Gay-coloured birds flew about overhead, and they were told that untold wealth lay hidden beneath the earth's surface in the gold and silver mines; added to which were the mines of diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones.

Looking around, those early visitors must have thought the scene too fair to be polluted by strife and bloodshed; it seemed, no doubt, as though it ought to be the region only of safety, and peace, and happiness.

But instead of that, they by degrees found out that a continual warfare was being carried on among

the people as to whose share of soil should be the largest, and who could secure to himself the most power.

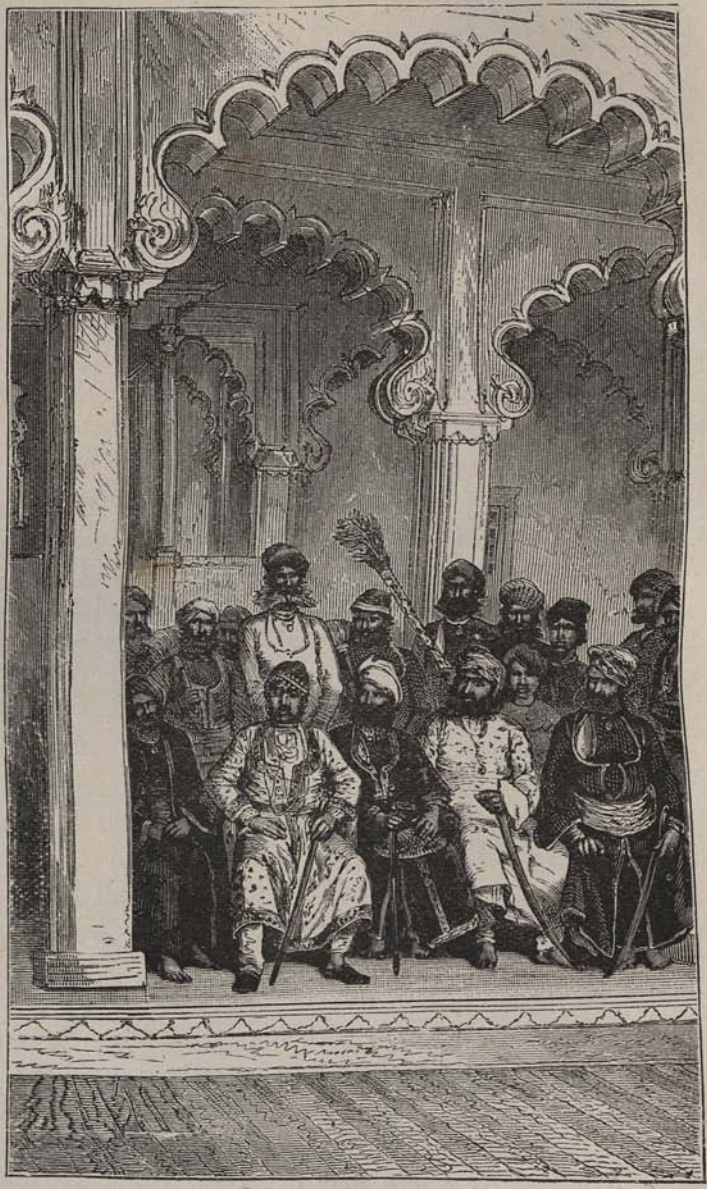
The Mahommedans had been the last of many invaders who had made their way into this much-talked-of land of wealth, and after finally conquering the people, had settled themselves down in large numbers, making homes for themselves in almost every town and village, until, as time went on, they came to be looked upon not as invaders, but as a settled portion of the community.

They were, as all good Mahommedans ought to be, very warm in the cause of their religion; they built mosques and temples in which to worship, and did all they could to persuade the Hindoos to abandon Brahminism, as the Hindoo religion is called, and adopt Mahommedanism.

The Hindoos, however, though compelled to regard their conquerors in the light of legitimate neighbours, were not willing to accept their religion. A few converts at different times were made, but as a rule the Hindoos were as firm in their faith as were the Mahommedans in theirs; so, while accepting each other's friendship, and transacting affairs of business together, they still each adhered to their original faith.

Hindoos and Mahommedans therefore, all being on an equal footing in the country, princes and kings from both races came to be chosen as rulers.

There were no end of dynasties, and so many rajahs and princes, and emperors with long sounding names—some of which are difficult for us even to pronounce, to say nothing of being able to remember them all—that we can't help thinking, perhaps, India would have been a happier country if there had not been quite so many



A DURBAR OF NATIVE CHIEFS.

rulers. The Guicowar of whom we have just heard was one of them. At the same time, we must keep in mind that India is not a little island like England, but a very large country, and very thickly populated.

These Hindoos and Mahommedans, rajahs and princes, were not, of course, willing to quietly submit to have their power taken from them by usurpers, as they naturally regarded us English people; therefore, in the struggle for mastery, many a battle has been fought and many valuable lives have been lost.

A long and gradual process it has been, this establishment of English rule in India, occupying a great many years, and one little piece of territory after another has been won, until at length our queen is now acknowledged by them as their empress.

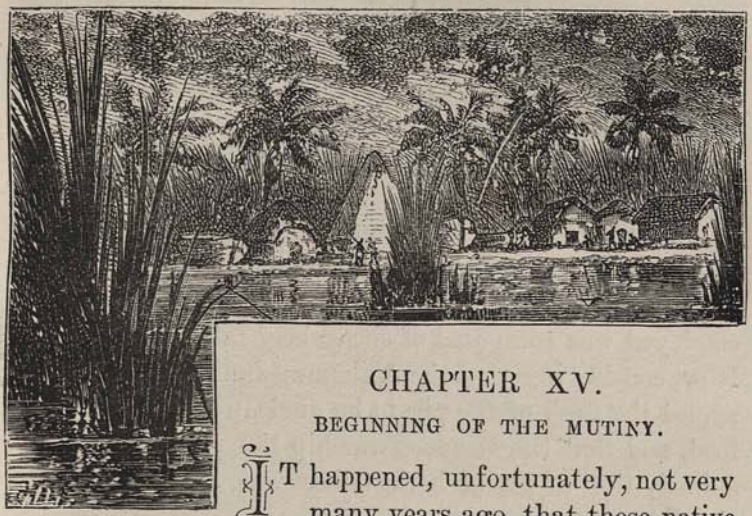
After a conquest, those rajahs or princes who acted with wisdom did not have their power taken from them, but over them was placed an English governor, to whom they were expected to submit. As we can well understand, while the English were acquiring one portion after another of this great continent for their own, they were at the same time establishing in different places regular standing armies, and these were made to consist not only of Englishmen but of natives of India.

Very good soldiers these natives made, although our own men were at first rather amused with their appearance, for they looked very comical, with their white trousers and red jackets and dark faces. Still, for a time, all went on very well. The native soldiers, evidently pleased to have the same confidence placed in them as was entrusted to the English soldiers, conducted themselves so well, that they were regarded by all their white associates as friends and equals.

"Jack Sepoy," as a native soldier was called, would often carry a white soldier's musket as they walked together in the burning sun, because, as he said, he could bear the heat better than the poor white man could; and another time a number of these sepoys, belonging to Clive, our great English general, in a time of scarcity kept for themselves nothing but the water in which the rice had been cooked, leaving the solid rice as food for the English soldiers.

Still, in spite of his good nature, the sepoy was very jealous of his religion and of his honour: should either of these be attacked, the spirit of revenge would at once flash from under his dark eyebrows, a spirit which, if once roused, was not easily put down.

In the Bengal Native Infantry a sepoy was once accused, by one of his comrades, of having stolen some money and a pair of trousers. The poor fellow, though innocent, could not endure the thought of being suspected of theft, and therefore went out into the forest and killed himself.



CHAPTER XV.

BEGINNING OF THE MUTINY.

IT happened, unfortunately, not very many years ago, that these native soldiers conjured up among themselves certain reasons for changing their conduct from that of peaceable, orderly soldiers, to cruel, ferocious murderers. A great number of them were settled in Oude, a province in the north of India, of which Lucknow is the chief town.

The king of Oude, not long before, had been deposed by the English, because he was a weak, wicked, cruel man, and was not at all competent to be the ruler of a nation.

His kingdom was taken from him and annexed to the throne of England, and he himself was allowed to take up his abode in Lucknow, the chief town in Oude.

The same thing had occurred in Delhi, another large town in India; so that these two deposed kings, feeling that they had been badly treated, united in doing all they could to make the sepoys rise in rebellion against English rule.

Rumours were circulated that the intention of the

English was to force the Indians to accept Christianity as their religion; and, in addition to this, a new rifle was about to be introduced, in place of the old infantry musket which for many years had been in use under the name of "Brown Bess."

In preparing the ammunition for these new rifles it was necessary to make use of greased paper, and, to the horror of the sepoys, they were told that the grease employed was composed of either beef fat or hog's lard. Now, considering that the Mahommedans, like the Jews, regard the flesh of the pig to be unclean as an article of food, and that the Hindoos worship the cow as a sacred animal, the wrath of both tribes was aroused by the circulation of the report.

Understanding the cause of their uneasiness, one of their generals took great pains to convince them that the English Government had no wish to interfere with their religion in any way: he said, in fact, that it was impossible for any one to become a Christian unless he did so willingly.

Orders were given also that no more cartridges should be greased, but that the men should be allowed to purchase the necessary fat, and apply it with their own hands.

Still, in spite of all the efforts used to allay the fears of these deluded men by our kind-hearted English officers, the sepoys had become so infatuated with this one idea of hatred to the English, and of dislike to their authority, that it was impossible to convince them of the real state of things; and what was the result of it all is almost too terrible to contemplate.

Meerut, a town forty miles from Delhi, was the town where the sepoys first began their cruel work.

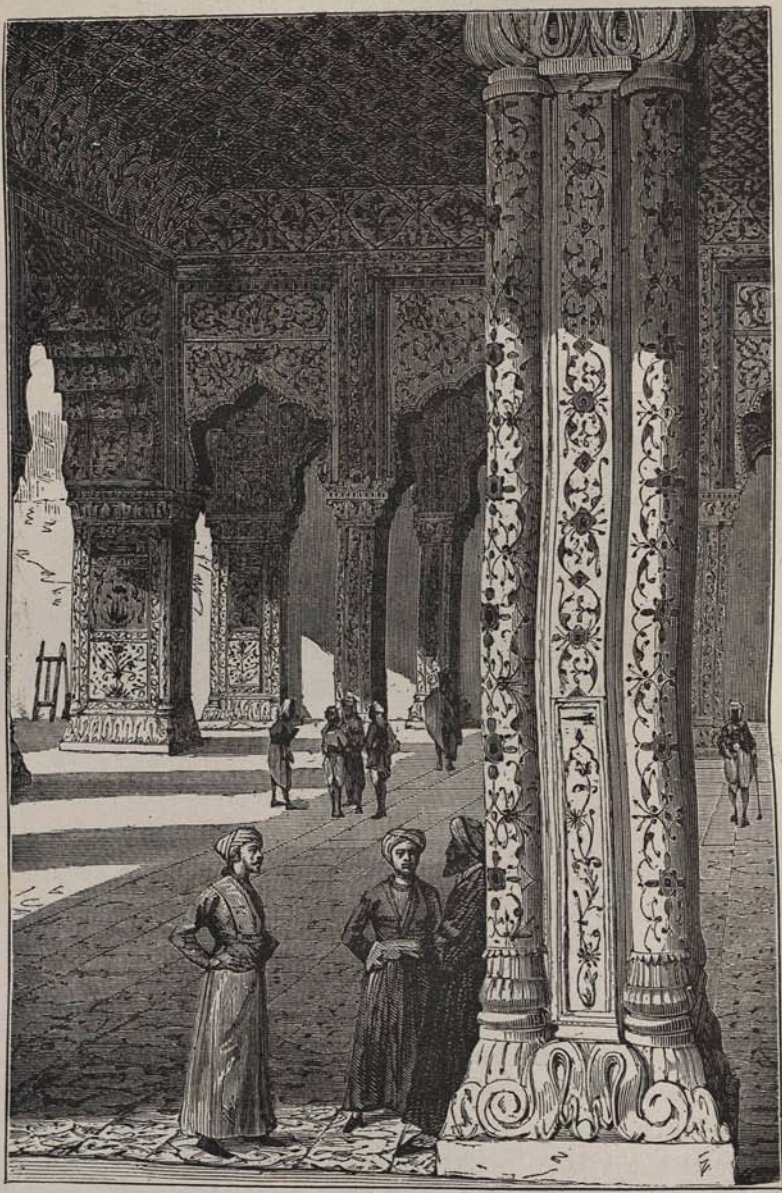
One Sunday in May the English people living there were all spending the day quietly, much as we do in England. They had been to church in the morning, and, as the bell sounded sweetly through the still air, numbers might have been seen wending their way again to attend the evening service.

All at once they seemed to be in the midst of some

DELHI, FROM AN OLD VIEW.

great commotion and uproar; black soldiers with swords and bayonets were seen dashing about, then smoke and fire began to rise in the air. These angry sepoys were setting fire to the houses of the poor innocent English folks.

In some of the bungalows, as the Indian houses are called, were little children just settling down in their cots for the night, but instead of being allowed to sleep, a great many were burnt to death before darkness set in, while others were cut down by the sword.



INTERIOR OF PALACE, DELHI.

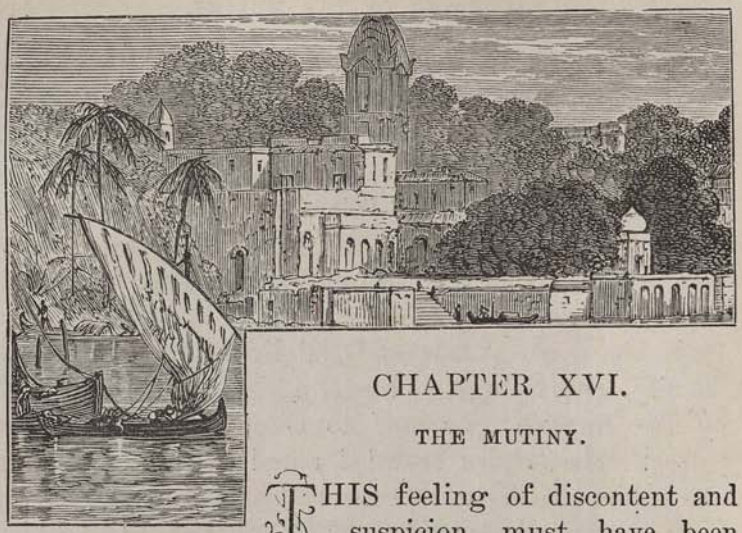
The English soldiers did all they could to prevent this cruelty, but not until many English ladies and children had been killed did they succeed in driving the sepoys out of Meerut.

After perpetrating all this cruelty, off galloped the sepoys to Delhi, a large city forty miles away from Meerut; more like wild beasts than like men they were, as they rushed madly on.

In the great palace at Delhi lived the old king of the city, who, though no longer a king, was still allowed by the English governor to occupy his magnificent palace. The sepoys crowded round the gates, calling out to him that he must come and help them to destroy the Europeans, because he and no other should be king of Delhi.

This king was a deceitful old man. He had received great kindness from the English governor and officers, and ought to have shown his gratitude to them by taking their part against the sepoys at this horrible time, but, instead of that, what he did was this: under pretence of friendship, he offered to hide some Europeans in his palace, and then actually had the poor creatures cut to pieces.

Many a brave English soldier fell fighting bravely at that capture of Delhi, and many hundreds of our countrymen and women were murdered.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE MUTINY.

THIS feeling of discontent and suspicion must have been growing among the sepoys for a long time, unknown to our English soldiers and to the Governor of India.

Numbers of them in all the different towns were ready to rise, when summoned to assist in the cruel business of slaughtering the English people, who were regarded by them as enemies.

At Cawnpore, on the banks of the Ganges, an old general, called Sir Hugh Wheeler, had command of our English troops.

He had always trusted the sepoys, and was for a long time unwilling to believe that they were anything but good, dutiful soldiers. Hearing what had been done at Meerut, however, he was compelled to acknowledge the danger that threatened him and his friends.

His troops were composed of far more native soldiers than Englishmen, so he sent across the country to another great, good English commander, called Sir Henry

Lawrence, who lived forty miles away, in the city of Lucknow, to ask him to send some of his English soldiers to help him to put down these sepoys.

Sir Henry would gladly have sent the help that old Sir Hugh needed, but the sepoys were rising in Lucknow also; he, therefore, felt sure that he would require all his brave Englishmen himself.

Not knowing what to do, Sir Hugh all at once remembered that he had a dark neighbour not far off, who was very rich, and who had always been so kind, and polite, and gentlemanly, that surely then, in a time of anxiety, he would be willing to help him out of his difficulty.

This polite neighbour lived in a gorgeous palace at Bithoor, about twelve miles from Cawnpore, and although not a prince, had the feeling that he ought to be one.

The last prince who had lived in this Bithoor palace was one called Bajee Rao, and, like many other native princes, had been dethroned by the English governor, though a large sum of money was granted to him, and he was allowed to occupy the palace.

Among the native Hindoos it is thought that if a man should die without having either his own son or an adopted son to close his eyes, he will not be happy in the next world; so, as Bajee Rao had no child, he chose a little boy to be his son and heir. The boy's father was a Brahmin, and, no doubt, he was greatly gratified to think that his child would one day be one of the great princes of India.

To the disappointment of this adopted boy, whose name was Nana Sahib, when Bajee Rao died, Lord Dalhousie, the English governor, ordered that the pension

NANA SAHIB.

hitherto paid should then be stopped, so that Nana was no better off than he was before.

No one knew at the time how angry Nana was at being deprived of so large a sum of money, which he thought rightfully belonged to him; for, while boiling over with rage and vexation, he was smiling and courteous to the English ladies and their children, making them believe that he liked them, while all the time he hated them.

He had been polite and friendly also to this old general, Sir Hugh Wheeler, who had asked him to come and help to drive away the sepoys.

Not waiting to need a second invitation, Nana collected his troops together, and marched off to Cawnpore; but what he did when he got there perhaps you already know before I tell you.

Poor Sir Hugh, when the trouble began, had taken refuge with his soldiers, and their wives and children, in an old military hospital with mud walls, and as he had much fewer soldiers than the enemy, he knew, unless help came from some quarter, there was no chance of escape.

What Nana did, however, was to attack the garrison held by poor Sir Hugh, who, old as he was, and feeble with regard to the number of his army, was determined to hold out to the last.

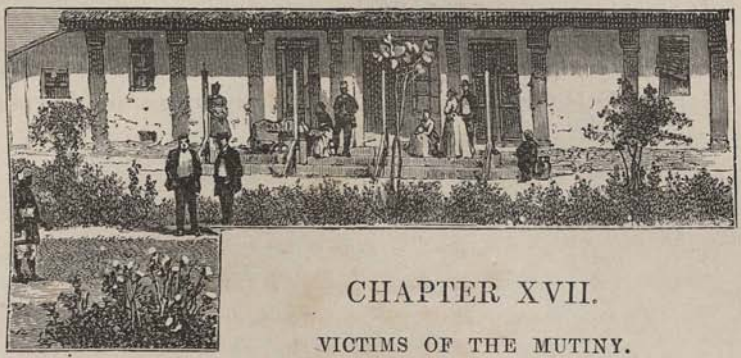
The one person more savage and cruel than all the rest was the treacherous Nana Sahib, who had professedly gone over to be a friend to them.

First the bungalows were destroyed by fire, then an order was given by the Nana to his men to kill any European they might meet in the town.

Just at the time a wind arose, helping the flames to

spread; the Sepoys screamed out with rage and excitement as they killed first one and then another innocent victim. How dreadful it was for the old General and his company we can never know, but right bravely they struggled for their lives: of that we are quite sure.

Once or twice the soldiers in firing succeeded in killing so many sepoys, that even Nana Sahib began to wonder whether, after all, he and his large army would not have to leave the town without killing these few English people. Impatient of delay, perhaps anxious to start out in search of fresh victims, Nana sent a messenger to say that if Sir Hugh and his soldiers would lay down their arms they should be taken in safety to Allahabad, where a great many more English people were residing, and where they should be safe from any kind of danger. You may be sure this was very joyful news to them all, for they were pining for want of food, and had scarcely a drop of water to drink. Many of them had died, some were sick and wounded, and all were faint and weary, so they might well be glad to have the chance of escape. How the polite Nana kept his word we shall hear.



CHAPTER XVII.

VICTIMS OF THE MUTINY.

IN order to reach Allahabad, the River Ganges had to be crossed, so a number of boats with a kind of straw roof to them were brought up; and although Nana himself was not there, a great many of his men were, who readily offered their assistance.

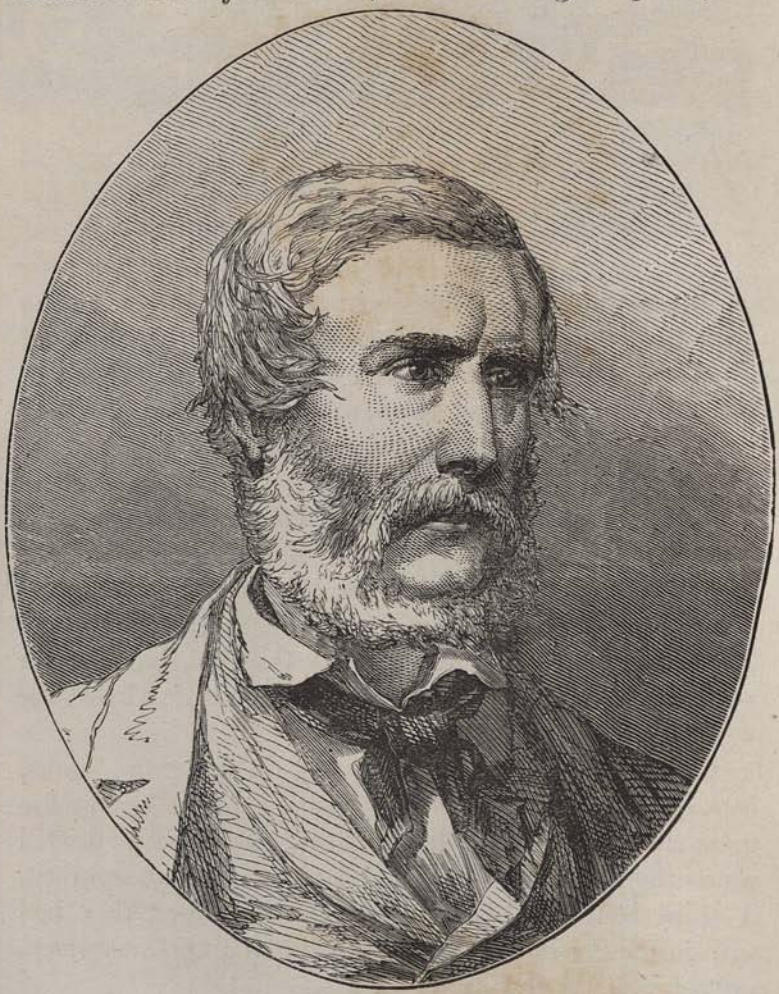
Oh, how glad they were to get away from these cruel Indians! But before they had gone many yards the blowing of a trumpet was heard, then came the sound of guns from both sides of the river, the boats took fire, and all was horror and confusion.

What can all this mean? they thought, but not for very long did they wonder; they soon perceived that the wicked Nana had deceived them.

Some of the boats stuck fast in the mud-banks, consequently, the sepoys had nothing to do but to fire upon the occupants and kill them. Two boats drifted across the river, but those on board were at once killed. A third boat was carried back to the shore they had only just left: in it were sixty men, twenty-five women, and a few little children.

Of these, only four escaped; the men were shot immediately, but the poor ladies were taken back into the city, imprisoned, and made to grind corn.

While all this was going on, a brave English general, called Sir Henry Havelock, was marching as quickly as



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

he could with a thousand soldiers towards Cawnpore; for although he knew nothing of the massacre, he had

heard that his fellow-countrymen were in trouble, and he hastened on to help them.

On his way he put down a great many sepoys who at different places were acting just in the same way as those at Cawnpore.

When Nana knew that Havelock was expected, he determined to kill his prisoners at once, lest they should after all be set at liberty, so he sent some men to fire at them through the windows.

In spite of this, none of them were killed; so the wicked Nana ordered some men to force their way into the house and cut them to pieces.

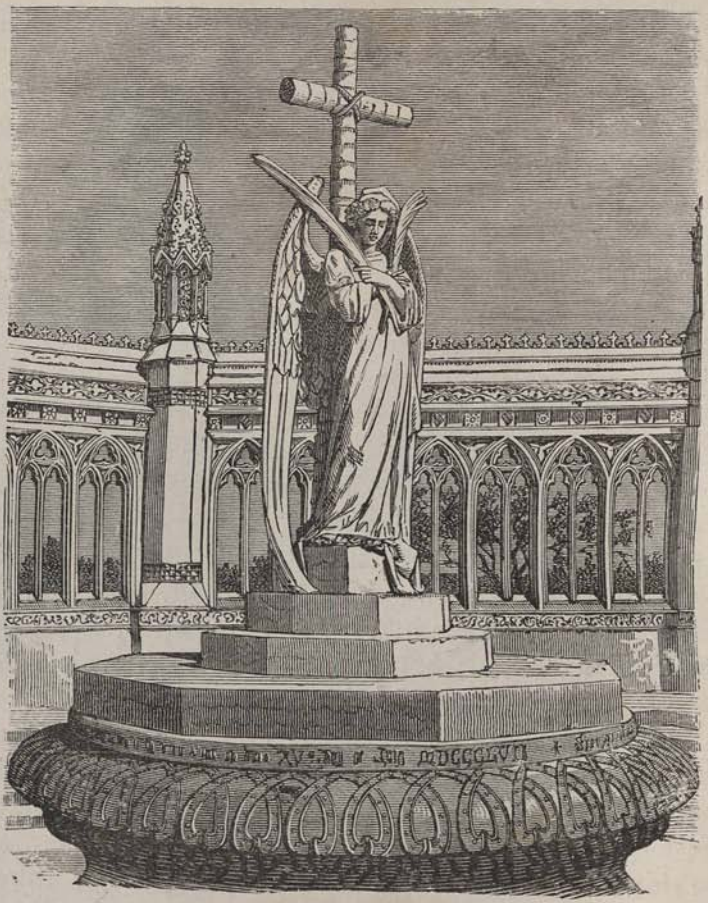
The next morning the men went again to clear the place, when even then one or two of the women and children were still alive; but dead and living alike were dragged out and thrown into a dry well behind some trees, and there, it is to be hoped, the sufferings of every one soon ended.

We all naturally shrink from a tale like this. It is much more pleasant to tell of deeds of love, and of people living together in peace and happiness, especially in a land of beauty; but, as is the case with every individual, a sin once committed leaves its trace for ever.

No true history of India can ever again be related that has not attached to it the account of the horrible mutiny; and as we dwell upon its horror, our hearts must indeed be very hard if no tears dim our eyes, as we think of the fate of the hundreds of poor creatures who suffered in it.

Over that horrible well a monument has been built, to signify to passers-by that the spot is sacred; and though the residents of the place may pass it constantly as they go to and fro on their daily business, perhaps

not even giving a thought as to its origin, no Englishman or woman sees it for the first time without gazing



MEMORIAL AT CAWNPORE.

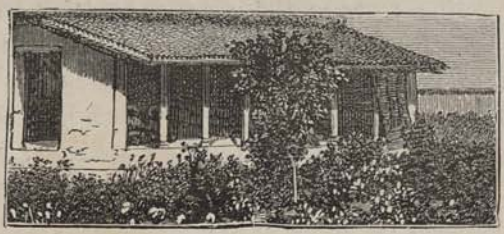
at it for a moment in reverent silence.

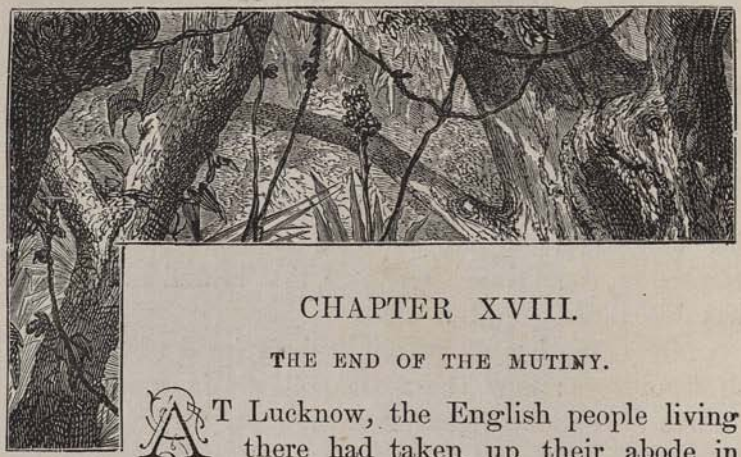
The wicked Nana, after a few more similar deeds of atrocity, disappeared from sight altogether.

No doubt he felt sure that if once he fell into the hands of the English, there would be little mercy shown him; so for once in his life he acted wisely, and ran away.

Where he went, or how he spent the remainder of his life, are facts unknown to us, though a report reached us, some time afterwards, that he and his brother had died in the jungle.

Many another story might be related about those dreadful days: how the native soldiers in most of the Indian towns rose up and murdered any English people they could find; and as we cannot relate all of them, we must close our account of the mutiny by telling how bravely the people in Lucknow met their trouble when it came to them.





CHAPTER XVIII.

THE END OF THE MUTINY.

AT Lucknow, the English people living there had taken up their abode in what was called the Residency, which consisted of a number of houses, enclosed by a wall. One of the houses belonged to Sir Henry Lawrence, the governor of the town, who was fired upon and killed just when he seemed to be most needed.

Very crowded every house was, but, of course, that could not be helped.

Once or twice the sepoys had attacked the Residency, intending to treat the inmates as they had done the poor creatures at Cawnpore, but Sir Henry had told them to keep as brave hearts as they could: for General Havelock, and Sir James Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell, with their English soldiers, were on their way to Lucknow, and that as soon as they arrived the sepoys would be made to fly.

Of course, it was just like being in prison all this time; whoever ventured out was almost sure to be fired upon by one of the sepoys, who kept a very strict watch, you may be sure.

A dear little girl one day was playing in the courtyard, when a bullet struck the child on the head and

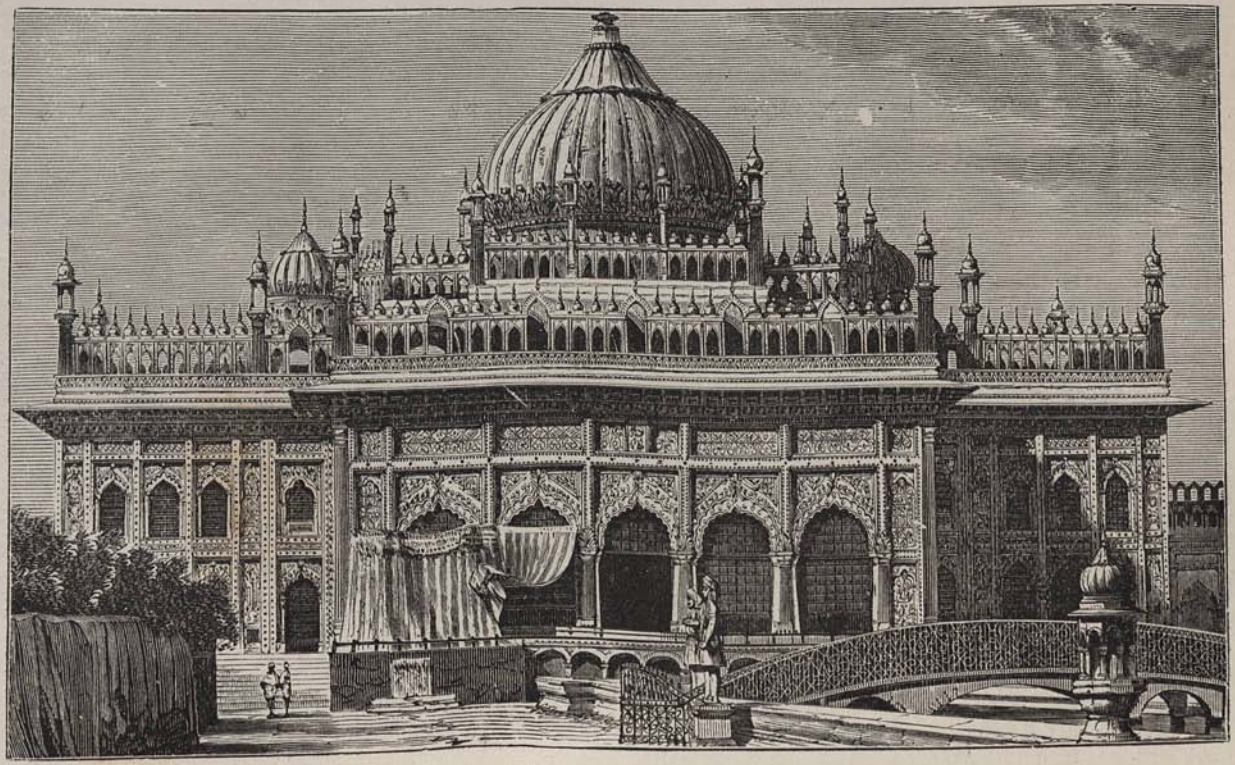
killed her. No wonder the mothers were afraid to let their children go beyond the door; consequently, the rooms were all so full that there was no such thing as a breath of fresh air to be had.

Their food, too, was miserably cooked and very small in quantity, for when, from fear of being killed,

RUINS OF THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.

they first fled to the Residency, they took with them as much food as they could get.

Not knowing, however, how long they might be kept there, they were obliged to eke the food out very carefully; and well it was they did so, for the time came



THE PALACE, LUCKNOW.

when there was no food, and some of the poor creatures died of hunger.

Many a mother nearly starved herself that her children might have the little that there was. As a proof of the great hunger the poor creatures must have endured, a lady, who was actually in the siege, tells us that on preparing for departure from the Residency a quantity of loaf-sugar was discovered. This was broken up and distributed in pieces, as long as it lasted, to the famished ones, who, from their long abstinence, were not able all at once to take any more than a small quantity of solid food, and the sugar for the time helped to strengthen them.

Months went by. The mothers and children peered through the windows in vain to see if any help was near, but although the brave Havelock and Outram were making all haste they could, theirs was no easy task. Sometimes the road they and their men had to traverse lay through thick jungle and deep morasses, while the rain came down in torrents. Then they were not regularly fed, and often had to sleep all night on the damp ground.

Besides that, they were continually having the enemy's guns fired upon them, and fought many a battle by the way; for Havelock, and Outram, and Campbell, and many other brave soldiers who lived then, knew that the rebellious sepoys must be mastered, not only in Lucknow but all over India, wherever they were to be found. At length, just as these poor hungry country-folks of ours were beginning to despair—for many of them were ill, some had died, and all were so weary that they had often been inclined to give way to despair—news came that relief was close at hand.

We could not find room to tell of a quarter of the deeds of bravery performed at this time by hundreds of our English soldiers, so we must be content with an account of one here and there.

When the joyful tidings became known that Sir Colin Campbell was so near, James Kavanagh, an Irishman, said he would go out and tell the old veteran which path would be the best to reach the Residency.

Such a thing he dared not have done in his ordinary dress, so he arrayed himself like a budmash, or a soldier of the city.

He put on a pair of light trousers, a yellow silk kowtah, as it is called, over a tight-fitting white muslin shirt, and a cream-coloured turban; his face and hands he coloured with lamp-black, and thus disguised, he went right across to the English tent, and had a long talk with Sir Colin; then he went back again without any harm happening to him, no one suspecting who he was.

Kavanagh's brave spirit helped him to face danger; indeed, like a true soldier, he would rather have died doing his duty, than have saved his life by shirking it.

As Sir Colin was on his way to assist Havelock and Outram, he drove out a number of sepoys who were in possession of a small palace called Dilkoosha, that stood in a park about five miles from the Residency.

To this spot he had all the sick and wounded removed, and in the opposite direction, to a place called Alumbagh, which consists of a number of isolated buildings, he sent his troops. Here it was that good General Havelock died, just as his noble work was accomplished.

As he passed away, on the 24th of November, 1857, he said, "I die happy and contented. I have for forty

CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW.

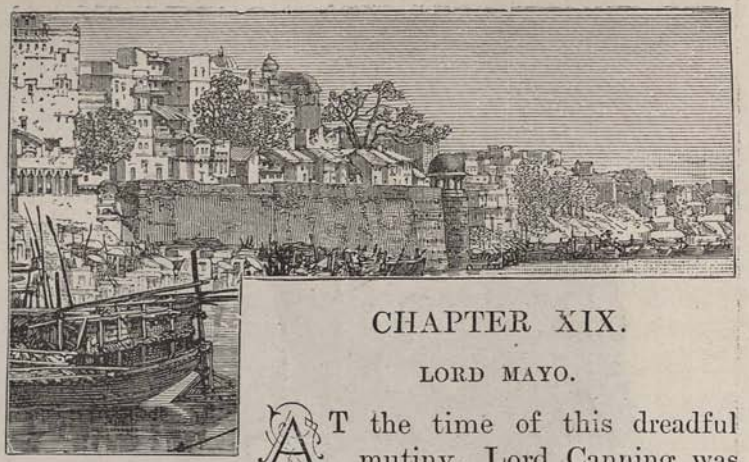
years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

Nothing remained for the sepoys but flight when attacked by such a formidable array of English troops, and before very long Lucknow was entirely in the hands of the English. After this there were certainly a few more rebellions that required subduing, but the worst of the mutiny was then over.

Among those with whom we had to struggle, we ought not to forget to mention Ranee, a native princess of Jhansi, whose kingdom had been taken from her. She evidently possessed for us the same hatred that filled the sepoys. Dressed as an officer, she led her troops boldly against ours, and to the last maintained her courage and her spirit.

Her dead body was found on the battle-field, covered with many a wound. Like the French maiden, Joan of Arc, she loved her country more than she loved her life.

SAVED.



CHAPTER XIX.

LORD MAYO.

AT the time of this dreadful mutiny, Lord Canning was the ruler of the country. He had been sent over by the Queen, to rule for her in India; to make laws, and do all he could to maintain peace and order in this vast foreign possession of hers; but how difficult a task had been given him we can understand, after listening to the horrible tales we have just heard.

He was hated by many of the natives, who looked upon all Englishmen with jealousy and suspicion as interlopers, who were living in a land not their own, and who were robbing the real inhabitants of their rightful liberty and privileges.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," some one tells us, but, though wearing no crown, the saying would well apply to many of those Indian viceroys in past years; for wise, good, and clever men as most of them were, their lot would have been far easier if, with less honour attached to their name, they had been allowed to remain in their native land, instead of having to govern wild and savage tribes like those native Indians.

After six years of patient devotion to duty, Lord Canning came home to die, his death no doubt having been hastened by all the anxiety, fatigue, and distress with which he had struggled during the years he filled the post of viceroy.

It is almost a marvel that he was not numbered among the many victims who were sacrificed at that time to the spirit of revenge and cruelty.

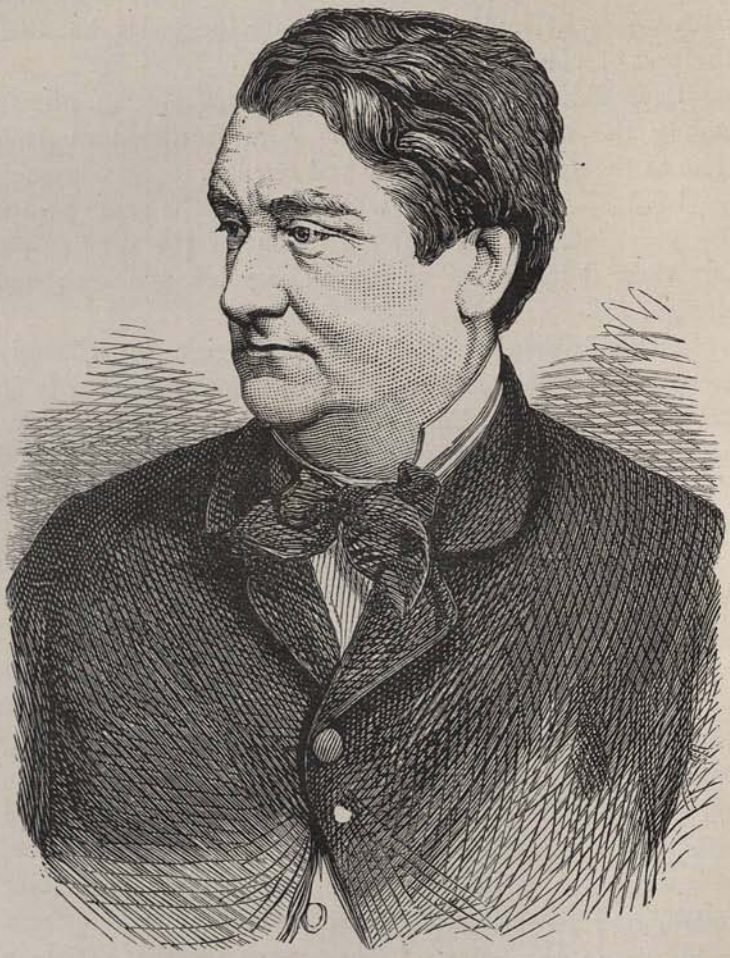
Lord Mayo, a viceroy who occupied the same post a few years later, was murdered by one of the very people for whose benefit he was spending his strength and energy.

Like a faithful subject of his sovereign, he willingly accepted the duty assigned to him, when requested to do so; though, as if he had foreseen what his fate would be, he chose out a shady spot in a quiet little churchyard the day before he left his home, begging that, if he never returned alive, his body might be laid there.

Gracious in manner as he was kind and generous at heart, he gained the favour of all with whom he had to deal. The native princes, who were ready at any moment to resent any attempt at control or interference, felt no inclination to quarrel with the polite, gentle Irishman who had arrived to take the head of affairs among them; indeed, they rather cultivated his friendship, and sought his advice on business matters connected with their different kingdoms; though, at the same time, he gave them very plainly to understand that their wealth, and power, and honour, would be taken from them, unless they proved themselves worthy of their high position.

Determined to leave nothing undone in trying to improve the condition of the country, Lord Mayo paid

visits to every town and village, far and near, to find out what the inhabitants were like, what their religion was,



THE EARL OF MAYO.

what was their occupation, what kind of houses they lived in, and anything else he could learn about them, in

order that he might know how to govern them. When paying these visits, he might have been seen at one time mounted on an elephant, another time on a camel, or perhaps on the back of a cow.

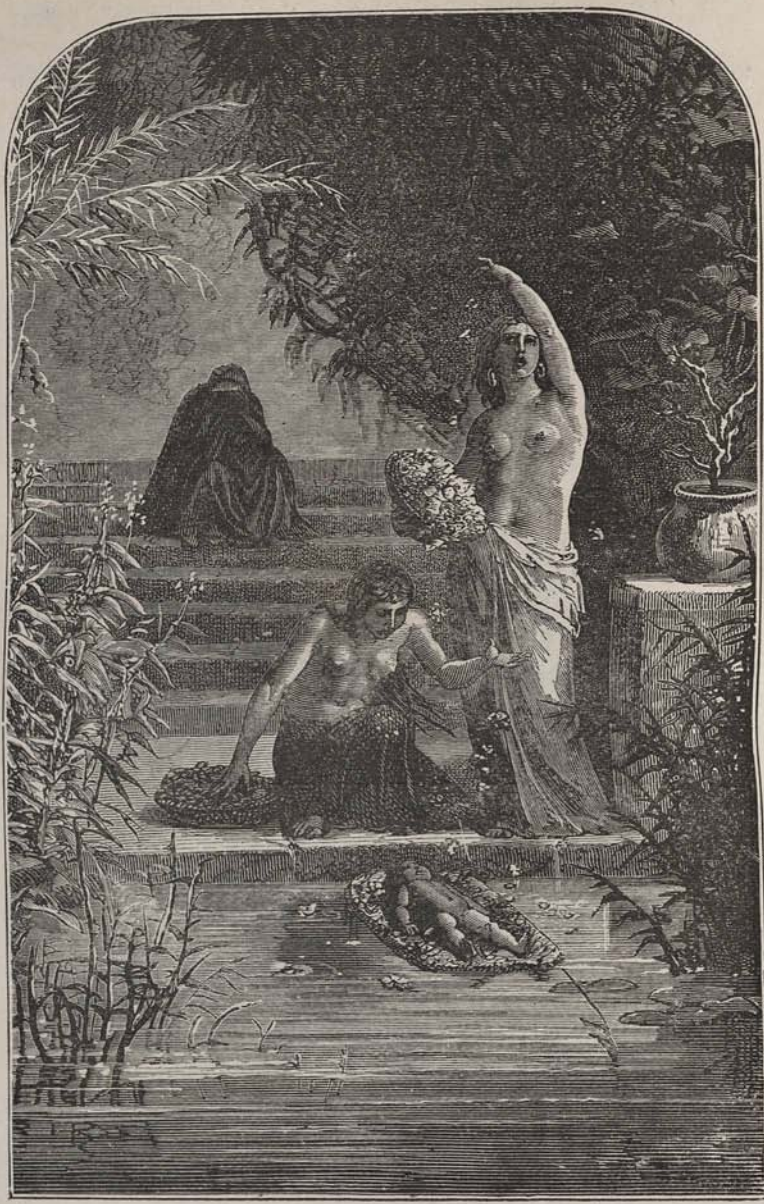
The journeys sometimes were very long, and as travelling at that time was no easy matter, Lord Mayo had to do it as best he could; but as is the case with all people who mean to do any good in the world, he was not discouraged by obstacles in his path.

The work, be it ever so great, performed by one single man is so small, in comparison with what has already been done, and what must be done in the future, that it is no more in comparison than the faint twinkling of one little star, when the wide expanse of sky is thickly studded with millions of brilliant stars and planets.

That one little star, however, with its pale reflection, is part of the glorious whole, and none of us know how great the difference would be if its tiny light were quenched; and, in the same way the work done so faithfully by Lord Mayo has helped, to some extent, in the establishment of peace and prosperity in India.

He saw evils of all kinds existing on every side; among them the dreadful custom still prevailed of putting to death little baby-girls. This horrible practice existed, it seems, from the very earliest period in India; the poor innocent babes were taken by their own mothers to the water-side, and there left to be carried away by the stream, for the sake of pacifying some angry god; or, in some cases, for no other reason than that they happened to be girls instead of boys, and it was considered a calamity by Hindoo parents to have more girls than boys.

An effort to prevent a deed so cruel had been made some years before, but in spite of all entreaty and



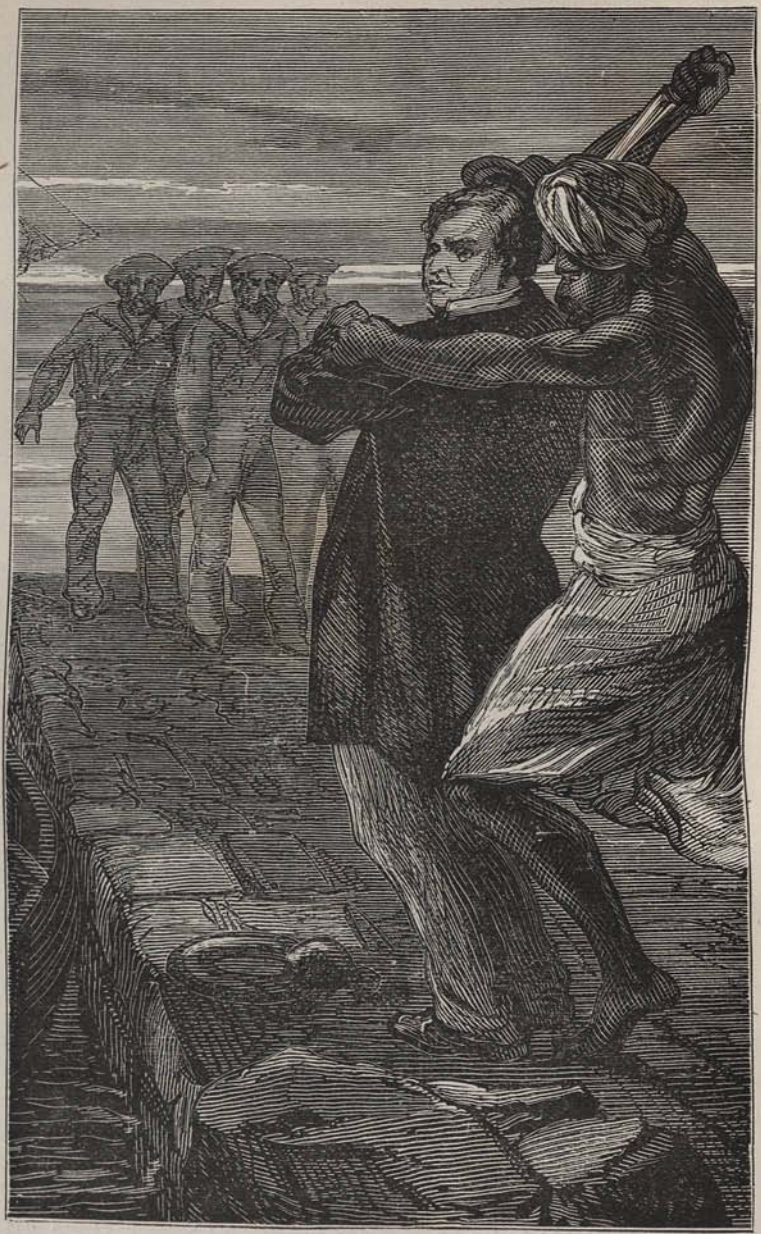
HINDOO MOTHERS LEAVING THEIR BABIES ON THE WATER.

persuasion the children were sacrificed, because the parents imagined that by so doing they were pleasing their gods. Many a baby-girl has been left to pine away from hunger and neglect; and when we hear how cruelly women for many years have been treated in India, and also in other idolatrous countries, we scarcely wonder at the mothers being so willing to destroy the little creatures; for no doubt many of them felt it was better to die young than to live to endure misery like theirs. Boys were welcomed into the world, and were taught to read and write, and were treated with kindness; but girls, if allowed to live at all, were neglected and despised. Those of them, therefore, who when they grew up became mothers, were of course ignorant and miserable.

Another source of trouble to Lord Mayo were the Lushais, a tribe of native Indians who lived among the hills, and who repeatedly had made invasions among the cultivated districts, especially in the gardens where tea was cultivated, and had carried off whatever they could lay their hands on.

These Lushais, like all mountaineers, are great strong men, who love hunting, and eat a great deal of venison. Their skin is a dark brown, they have flat noses and very full large lips. Their usual dress consists of a large piece of cloth twisted round the body, and they are mightily fond of gay colours, when they can get them. Their houses are made of wood thatched with jungle grass, and their weapons are spears, daggers, and bamboo bows with poisoned arrows.

Against this formidable tribe Lord Mayo sent his troops, succeeding at last, after some hard fighting, in sending them back to their hills, making them restore all



ASSASSINATION OF LORD MAYO.

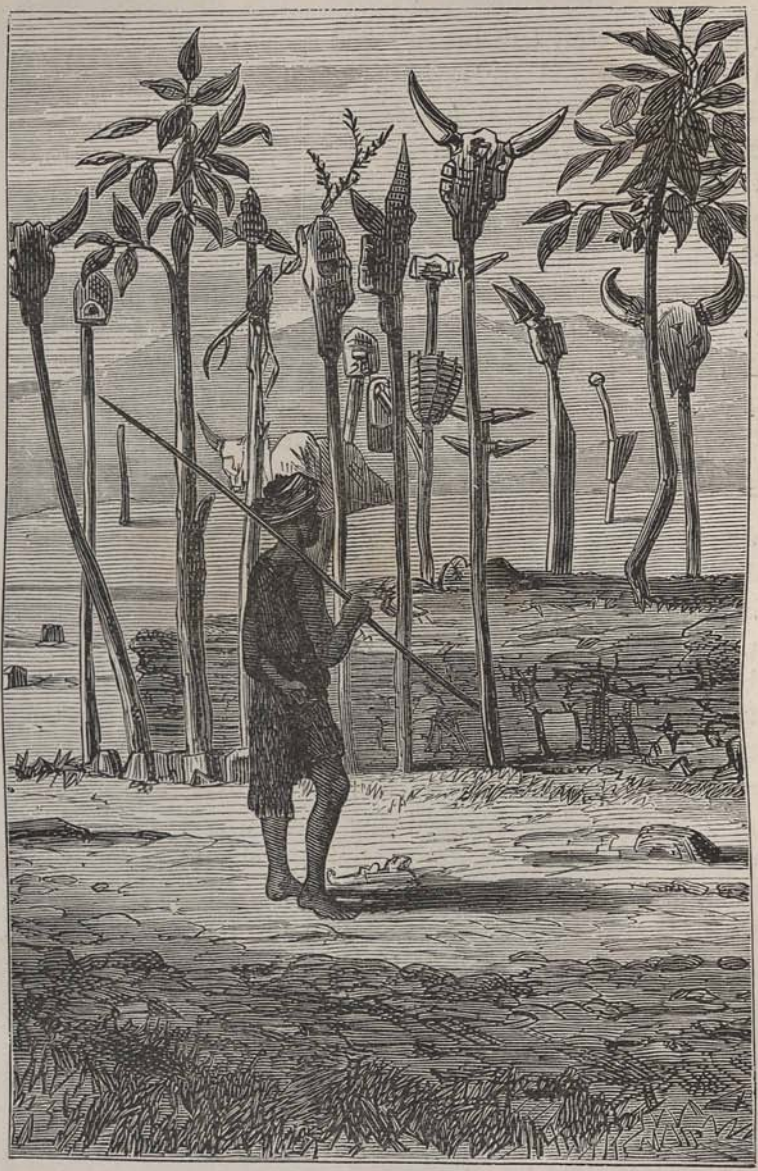
the firearms they had taken; and, as a kind of agreement that they would be more peaceful in the future, he demanded from them a war-drum, a set of gongs, ten goats, ten fowls, and a quantity of rice. Since that time we have had very little trouble with them.

One reason particularly why these Lushais were so much dreaded by their neighbours was, that according to their religion, they had to be provided at all their funeral ceremonies with a certain number of human heads: and as they were not particular from what quarter these heads came, it is not surprising that their company was shunned by most of the people round about.

The termination came at last to all the good that was being wrought by Lord Mayo in one way or another during a visit he was paying to the Andaman Isles, in the Bay of Bengal. These islands were chosen as a penal settlement, where prisoners were sent who deserved banishment for life, and the visit Lord Mayo paid to them was to see that the prisoners were being well treated, that the officers did their duty, and that affairs in general were being properly managed. A sad account of a murder had reached his ears, which made him suspect that matters were not as they should be.

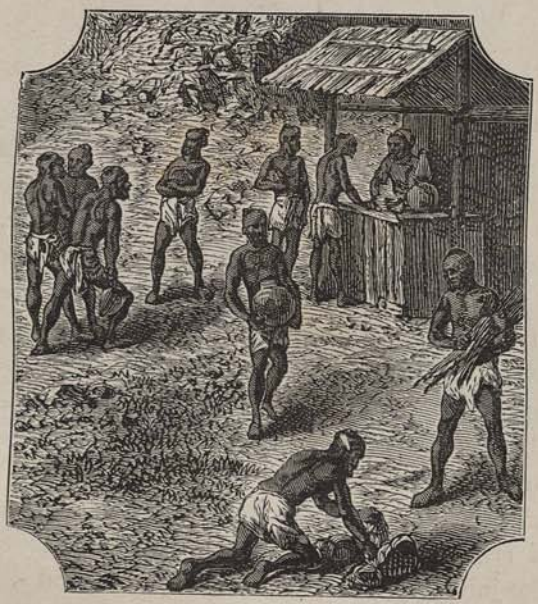
It was of course a dangerous undertaking for Lord Mayo to venture among a set of wild, uncivilised, evil-minded men, such as the prisoners must have been; but even if he felt any fear he was not the man to show it, or to waver in the performance of his duty on account of it. Surrounded by friends, therefore, and well guarded, out the brave man went, as if rushing blindly to meet his fate.

Just as he had finished his work, and was stepping



GRAVE OF A LUSHAI CHIEF.

on board the ship to return home, he was stabbed in the back by a ruffian who, in revenge for the imprisonment to which he had been sentenced for having committed a murder once before, had resolved to take the life of some European of high rank. For this reason, the life of a good, true man was sacrificed, and an end came to all the Viceroy's noble work for India.



CHAPTER XX.

THE JUNGLE.

AS we well know, India is remarkable for its wild animals. We have all a kind of awe of the real Bengal tiger, which may truly be said to be at home in India; the elephant also, and the panther, bear, wolf, leopard, fox, hyæna, and many other animals, are all to be found there. We must not imagine these wild animals traverse the streets of India, and that people on this account are afraid to venture out into the towns and cities. No such thing: a great many of the white children living there have never seen a living tiger any more than you have.

Their home is in the thick forests, where there are plenty of large trees with wide-spreading branches, and among the jungles, where the grass is high and coarse.

Formidable places these jungles must be. They are large tracts of land outside the towns and villages, covered with grass and shrubs, where insects and reptiles and animals hide themselves. The grass is not like ours; it is broad-bladed, long-leaved, and very

coarse, and grows from fifteen to twenty feet high, and the shrubs are very tall and thick.

In some places the natives, some of whom are fine hunters, have difficulty in fighting their way through it in search of the animals, and once some English soldiers were three whole days in a jungle without being able to see any sky.

THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

It was during the wet season, and the poor fellows, in addition to being drenched with rain, had to march through mud and water that reached to their waists.

When the grass becomes very dry and seedy, the Indians set fire to it and burn it down, so that they can gather the different fruits that are to be found growing, particularly one called the gall-nut. A monster apple

also grows in the jungles on a large tree something like our horse-chesnut; wild animals, elephants included, are very fond of it. Most of these apples weigh a pound-and-a-half each, consequently it is no joke to have one falling on the head of a passer-by.

A hunter once saw an elephant bring a shower of this fruit down by shaking the tree, and though some of them came thump, thump upon the creature's back, it was so broad and strong he scarcely seemed to feel them.

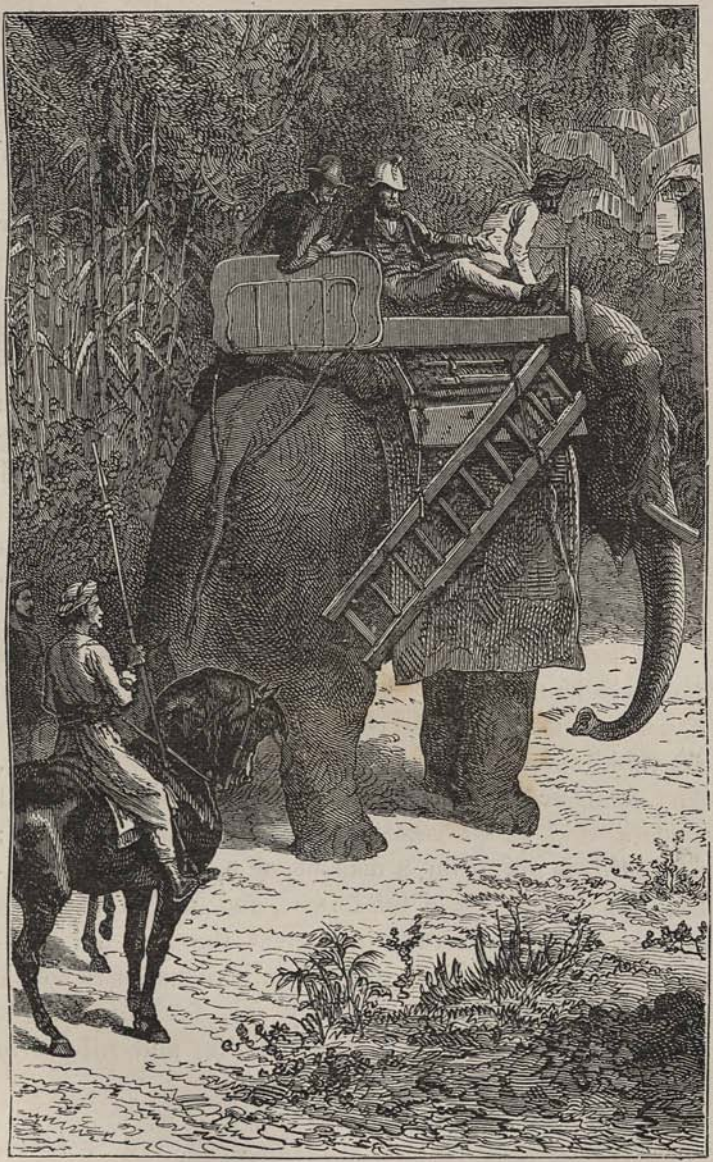
The elephants of India are highly prized; and well they may be, for they are really of great use in many ways. In time of war they are taken to battle. Then they are used by the ploughman to help him to till the ground, and most of the Indian princes have a number of elephants, which they value as ornaments; and at the entrances to many of the palaces elephants are placed as guards.

Alexander, one of the first invaders of India, was unable, when he reached the borders of the land, to cross the River Indus, because the opposite bank was guarded by an Indian prince called Porus, who stood there with a large army and two hundred elephants. They looked so formidable that Alexander was quite dismayed by their appearance.

But the strangest thing is that hunters take tame elephants with them into the jungle to catch wild ones: a thing it would be impossible to do if they were not intelligent and obedient animals, in spite of their immense size.

What a tiny animal a horse looks by the side of one of these huge creatures!

The Madras elephants are said to be from seventeen to twenty feet high; and, as a rule, twice the length



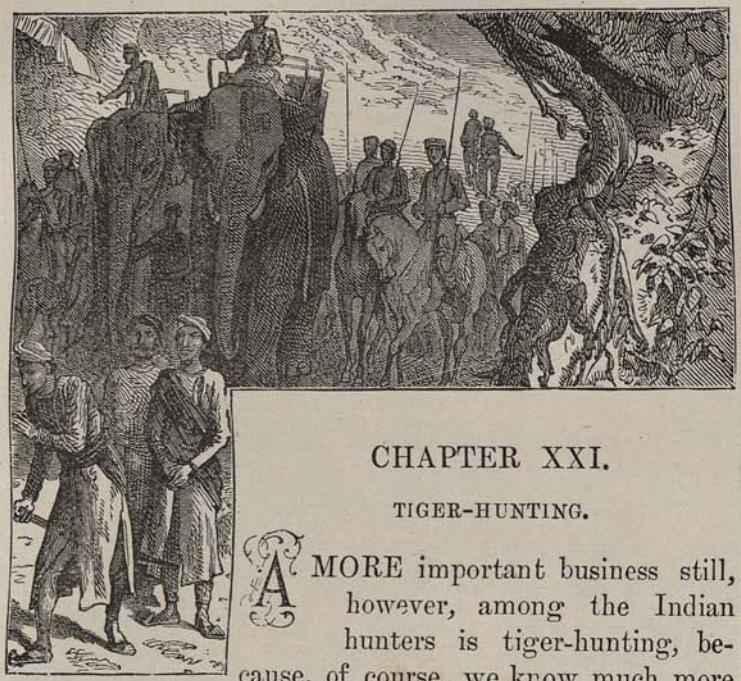
RESTING.

round an elephant's foot is his height, at any rate, within one or two inches. Still, although our large friend has won for himself the character of being docile and gentle, he is not so well adapted for a beast of burden as the horse.

His broad back would very soon become sore under a heavy weight, if it were not well padded. Then above these pads, carriages called howdahs are placed, in which, raised aloft, hunters and jungle travellers jog safely along at the rate of four or five miles an hour.

At a great fair that is held every year, at a place called Sonepoor, on the Ganges, when pilgrims throng to worship one of their gods and to bathe in the sacred river, a large sale of elephants takes place. Such animals as are not sold are then taken round to the rajahs and princes, who are always ready to give a high price for a new elephant.

When the hunters, seated on the backs of the tame elephants, go out in search of wild ones, they lie down as soon as they see one approach, because elephants are timid animals, and shrink from the sight of a man. The stranger elephant then generally advances, and holds a kind of conversation with the tame elephant; while this is going on, a mahout, or native hunter, contrives to tie the legs of the former, and in this way he is secured. He is generally in a great rage when he discovers himself a captive, and generally manages to hobble back a little way, but not very far, for once caught he soon has to change his mode of life, and submit to the taming process.



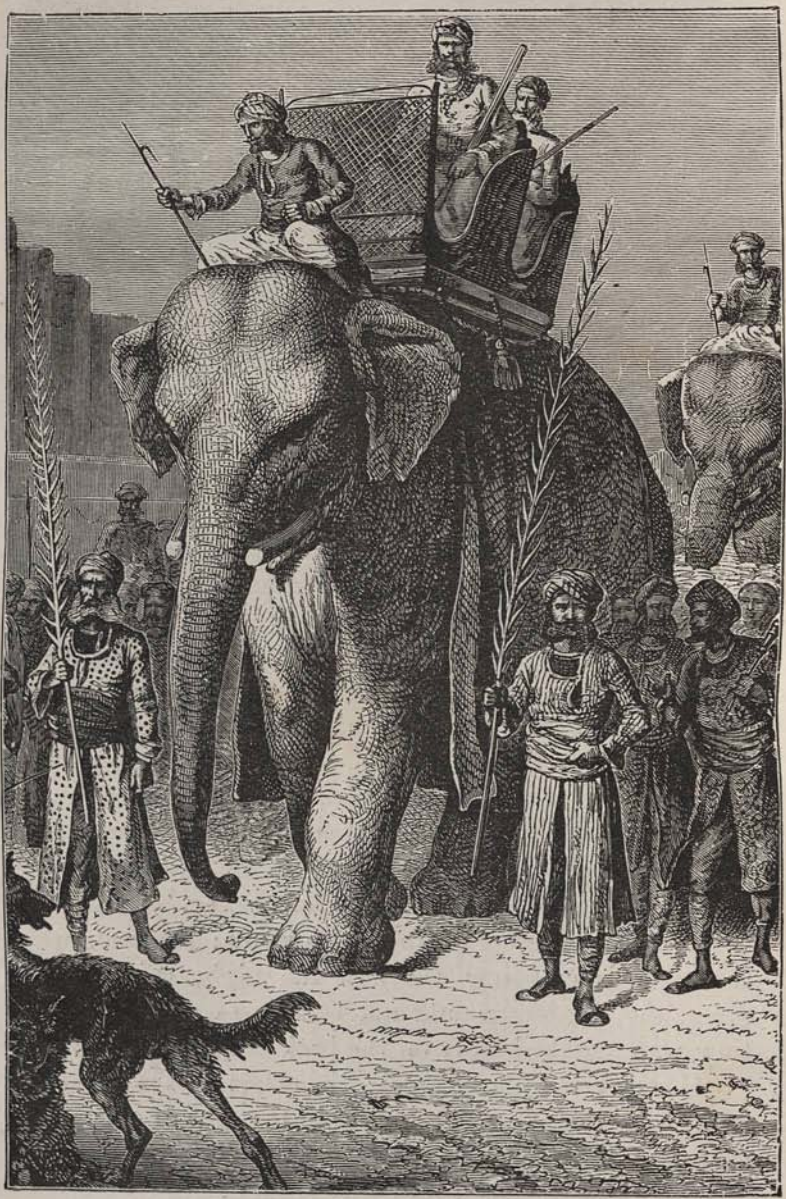
CHAPTER XXI.

TIGER-HUNTING.

A MORE important business still, however, among the Indian hunters is tiger-hunting, because, of course, we know much more danger is incurred in tiger-hunting than in hunting elephants. There are different methods adopted by the Indians, when they start out in search of these great jungle cats, as tigers may well be called.

Sometimes they catch them by spreading nets, through which, when caught, the animals are fired upon and thus killed; but quite as often the Indians use elephants on these exciting expeditions; because, when the tiger is creeping through the high, thick jungle grass, the hunters would not be able to see him unless they were perched aloft on the back of an elephant.

Here is one fully arrayed; the riders are seated on his back, with their guns and spears; the rest of the party, with their dogs, are all ready to encounter any number of fierce tigers or any other wild animal.



GOING TO THE HUNT.

As the elephant steps steadily along with his huge feet, he seems quite conscious of his own importance; and certainly, to judge from the sensible manner in which he behaves on these occasions, doing everything his keepers tell him, one would think that he is as much interested in tiger-hunting as any of the jungle men who are with him.

In some places the tigers are very fond of hovering near herds of cattle and sheep; it is needless to say what they are after when they do this.

One day a little boy in the south of India was busy looking after some sheep for his father. He was only eight years of age, and while sitting on the grass during the day, he had made a bag for himself out of a little black blanket that he used for wrapping round his body when the rain came on. This he had filled with reeds, and swung it over his back to take home.

While stooping down among the bushes, gathering more of these reeds, a tiger, mistaking him for a sheep, pounced upon him, or rather, upon his bag, for the animal ran off with the bag in his mouth.

Little Koombappah, as the boy was called, was very thankful that the tiger had taken the bag only; though he had a good laugh to himself when he told his father about it, fancying how indignant the hungry tiger would be to find nothing but reeds for his supper instead of a good fat sheep, as he meant to have had.

A famous Indian prince, called Tippoo, a very cruel man, and who was so rich that he had large dark rooms made, strongly secured, in which to keep his jewels, had among his other treasures a toy tiger.

He had it made entirely for his own amusement; it looked as if it were killing and just preparing to devour

an English soldier, who lay helpless in his grasp. On turning a handle the tiger was made to growl; pitiful moans were also heard, supposed to be coming from the dying man.

READY TO START.

One would have thought that the man had heard too many real groans on the battle-field to have left room for any desire to have them imitated in a toy; but this Indian prince, Tippoo, was truly not unlike a tiger in his nature, he was so ferocious and bloodthirsty;

TIGER SHOOTING.

and, strange to say, his name when translated means *The Tiger*.

Other wild animals roam about the country, particularly in Central India; there, hyænas, bears, leopards jackals, and wild boars are to be found in addition to the tiger and elephant: even in Bengal the duty of policemen is not only to hunt up thieves and murderers, but they are expected also to destroy wild animals.

Five or six constables once set out to the jungle to hunt an enormous tigress that had become quite a terror to some poor villagers, owing to the repeated visits it had made amongst them. Just as the men were firing upon her, she sprang upon one of them and mangled him severely: but the brave fellow clasped her firmly while his comrades shot her.

Monkeys are highly favoured in India. They are not, as with us, simply laughed at: they are regarded, equally with many other animals, as sacred, and therefore never killed, or even treated harshly. Consequently, their numbers at one time increased to such an extent, that the same Alexander who was once prevented from crossing a river because two hundred elephants stood on the opposite bank, was startled another time by an array of monkeys. There were so many of them, and they looked such immense creatures, that it is said that the monarch mistook them for a real army of soldiers, and prepared to give them battle.

In a famous Indian temple, too, at Conjeveram, not far from Madras, crowds of monkeys wander about just as they please in different parts of the building, no one daring to disturb them, or interfere with them in any way: indeed, it is regarded quite as an honour for any one to be allowed to feed the ridiculous little creatures.

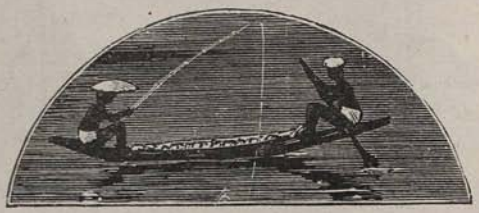
HINDOO BIRD-TAMERS, BOMBAY.

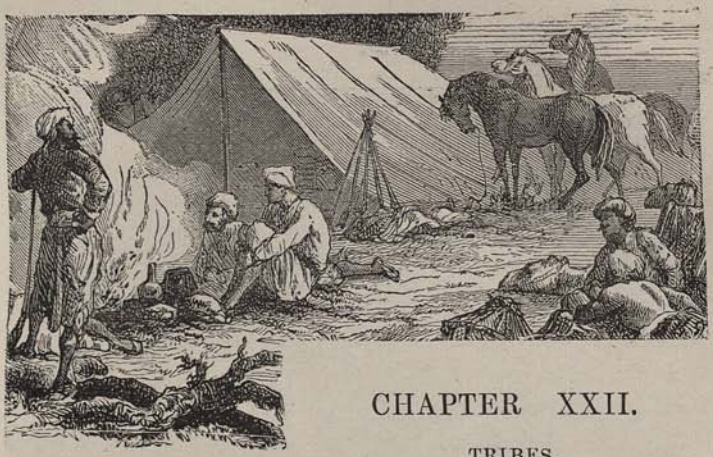
At a village called Nivady, in the south of India, monkeys are to be seen running about over the roofs of houses, in gardens, and in every direction. They know very well they will be let alone, so they carry on their pranks just as they like; and most of us know what mischievous creatures monkeys are.

Birds also, are very highly prized in India, and are taught to perform all manner of wonderful tricks; and in some places hospitals exist where they are taken to be nursed and cured when any accident has happened to them, or when they require special care.

More wonderful than this, there is in Surat a hospital for all kinds of sick and wounded animals. At one time it contained a number of horses, sheep, goats, monkeys, and birds, all ill in some way or other; and in addition to these, an old tortoise had made its home there for twenty-five years. What age it was when it began its invalid life we cannot say.

Many years ago the city of Ahmedabad had three of these hospitals; and indeed some of the old Hindoos were more kind and attentive to sick animals and birds than they were to their own friends who were ill; simply because, according to their religion, they were compelled to show kindness to dumb creatures.



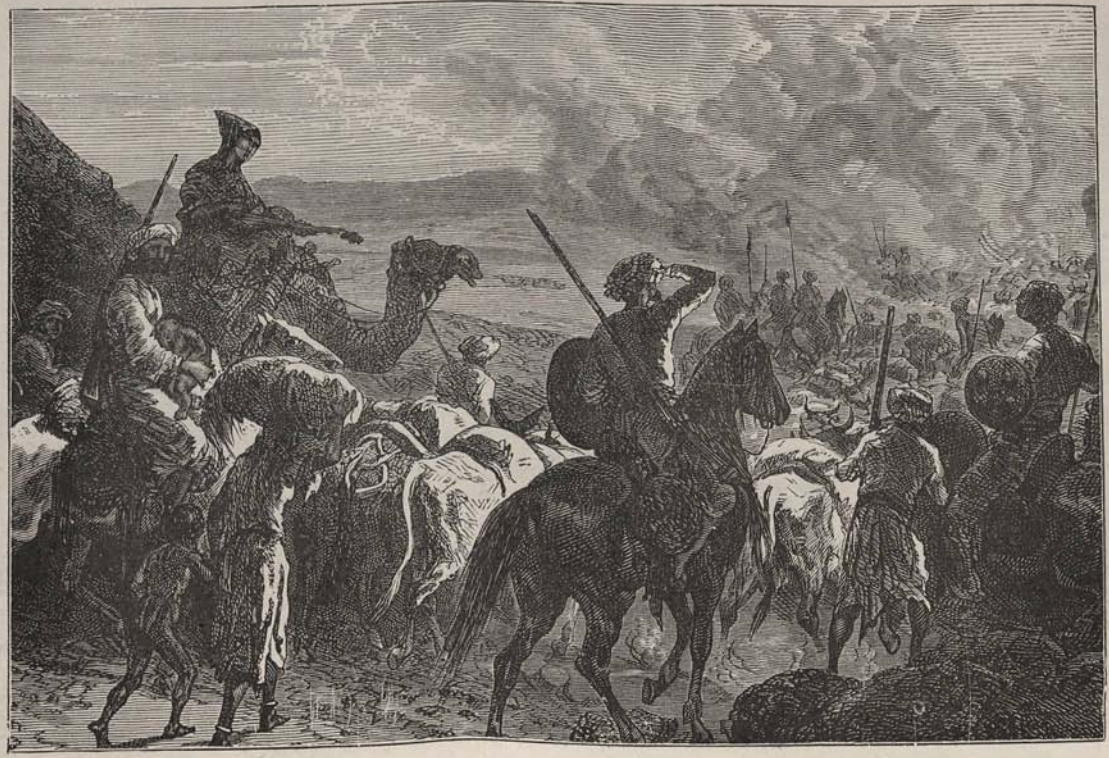


CHAPTER XXII.

TRIBES.

THE thick jungles served often as shelter also for the native tribes who have escaped either there or to the hills when pursued by their enemies. The Thugs we have already heard about, who worship the goddess Kali; another tribe were the Lushais, or Kookies, the tribe with whom Lord Mayo went to war before he was so cruelly murdered in the Andaman Isles. They once came down in company from their mountain huts, and attacked some people in a village called Sylhet, carrying off a number of them as captives, and, what was still worse, taking with them twenty human heads to bury in the grave of a chief who had died at the time; and another time they set fire to three villages.

As our soldiers were making their way to the Lushai land, which lay over steep hills and through thick jungle, they saw hanging from a bamboo-tree a number of wooden dolls. Then a little further on was the trunk of a felled tree, into which were stuck a number of slender canes, the insertion of which caused a red juice to flow from the wood.



A HILL-TRIBE ON THE MARCH.

The dolls and also the canes were meant to show to their pursuers that destruction was before them, unless the chase in which they were engaged was abandoned.

We may be quite sure English soldiers were not likely to be frightened by any such nonsense. They steadily continued advancing, until at last the Lushais fled to the hills like hunted deer.

Among the captives they once took away was a little Scotch girl, called Mary Winchester. She had been taken to India by her father, who had the management of a plantation. One day Mary went with her father to see a gentleman who had a tea plantation some miles away, and while they were there, he and his friends were attacked by these Lushais.

Mr. Winchester put his little girl on his back, and was running away with her, when one of the savages fired at him and killed him. The child was carried off to the wild Lushai country; but what she saw there we cannot tell, for although the Lushais let her return to her friends, she seems to have been so terrified by the adventure that she never liked to talk about it.

It is very certain that the captors, cruel as they had often been before, admired their little prize, otherwise they would have put her to death; as a proof of this, before they parted with her they cut off some of her pretty curls, and kept them as a memento of her visit among them.

A tribe that must be more formidable than the Lushais, or even than any other of the hill-tribes, are the Nagas, who worship the serpent.

They have very dark, fierce faces, which they make still uglier by tattooing them with the juice of a nut that grows in their native woods.

Like the Thugs that we have heard about, the aim of their life seems to be to commit as many murders as they can; so that if poor little Mary Winchester had fallen among them instead of among the Lushais, we fear she would have fared very badly.

Every man of them makes a sword for himself, and this he very soon learns to use expertly; for before entering upon the real business of life, which is that of a murderer, these Nagas have little friendly encounters one with another, by way of becoming initiated into the awful art of bloodshed.

Not unfrequently the encounter, which begins in fun, ends in earnest, and one of the antagonists is killed, but no one troubles when such an event takes place; a man's life is not valued very much more than an animal's: indeed, instead of any sorrow being manifested for the loss of the slain, it is much more likely that the survivor is praised for his skill and bravery.

Gipsies also are to be seen wandering about from place to place in India, just as they do in England and in other countries. Under the great waving trees, which make a fine shelter from the burning sun, the gipsies pitch their tents and light their camp-fires, leading the same idle kind of life that they do everywhere else.

Some of the Indian trees are so large that, no doubt, the gipsies sometimes are able to dispense with the tents altogether; indeed, it is a fact that some of these wanderers have never slept under a roof—they are born and die in the jungle.

The great banyan-tree is considered sacred; it spreads its branches out so far that once a whole army of soldiers encamped under the shade of one of them,

and in case of need a whole village might shelter under its branches. The peculiarity of this sacred tree is that one tree grows into many more. The branches hang down, touch the ground, and strike root there, then spring up into new trees, and join themselves to the old.

There is an Indian legend that, long ages ago, when this world of ours was quite young, children grew on the cocoa-nut-tree, until their god Brahma issued the command that it should bear nuts only; and the natives believe also that the first mango-tree was taken into India by a monkey.

The bamboo is really a kind of grass, which grows a hundred feet high, and becomes hard, like wood. The stem is hollow, like a pipe, and is used for many purposes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

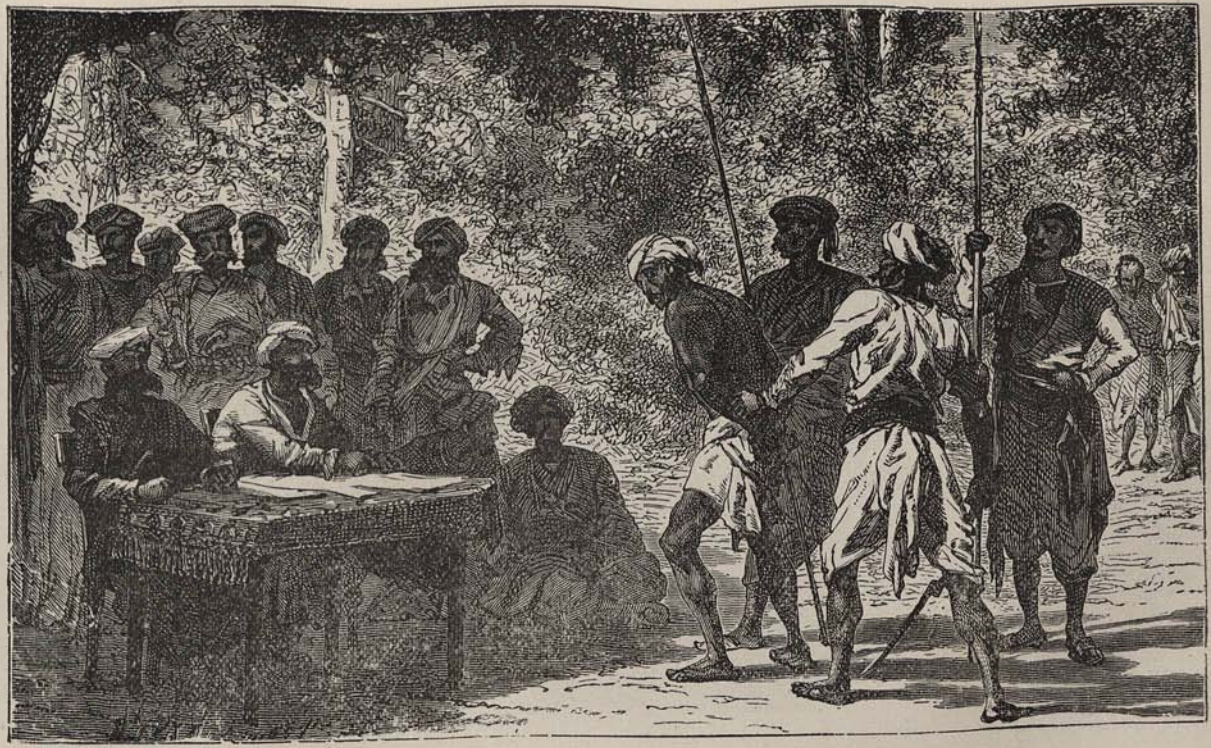
MORE TRIBES.

IN olden times, before any formal laws had been laid down for the guidance of the people, it appears that they divided themselves into companies, choosing what they called a head-man over each village, and to him they went for the settlement of any disputes that might arise, or to know what punishment should be inflicted on any wrong-doer.

With no roof above their heads, except the blue sky and the waving branches of the grand old trees, these courts of justice were held, when as much deference was shown to their judge, the head-man, or, as he was called, the patel, as if he had been seated on a chair of velvet in a massive stately building. There are many other tribes in addition to those we have mentioned.

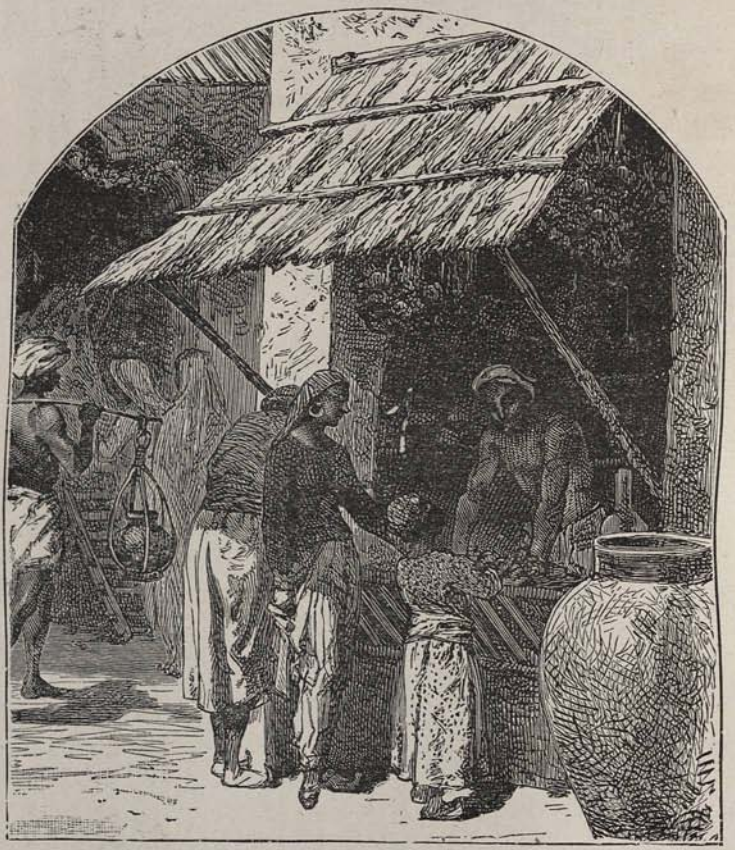
There are the Kangjars, who eat birds and crocodiles; the men gather peacocks' feathers, and make ropes of a kind of Indian grass called sabe: these articles they then sell by way of earning their living.

The shops where these valuable wares are sold are rather strange-looking affairs, but for all that, they some-



COURT OF JUSTICE IN THE JUNGLE.

times look very gay and pretty, decked with flowers, and with the sun shining upon the rainbow-coloured feathers.



A SHOP.

At any rate, the dark-coloured salesmen think so, especially when they succeed in doing a good stroke of business.

They worship a goddess called Bibi, and a god called Porandhami.

Another tribe, called the Chamars, are looked upon with great scorn by most of the other tribes, simply because they are leather-dressers; and as we know that in India the cow is regarded as sacred, it is considered a crime of the deepest dye to either eat its flesh, or to touch it with irreverence even when dead.

One well-known tribe, called the Bheels, might almost be styled nature-worshippers, for they pay great reverence to very large stones and trees: a much wiser thing to do, we must confess, than to worship ugly idols.

They are thin, wiry, dark-coloured creatures, who live mostly by plunder, and build their huts in the forest with boughs and sticks fastened together with long grass. A great many tales have been told of their cleverness, which make us feel sorry that their ability should be wasted in wrong-doing instead of leading good honest lives. One favourite trick of theirs, when they have not succeeded in capturing the cattle they want from a neighbouring Hindoo farmer, is to drop poison on the grass and leaves where they feed.

The owners, finding the animals dead, throw them away as worthless, when the Bheels, who are keeping a sharp look-out, carry them off, and make use of the skins, which really are all they care for.

It happened once that a number of these Bheels had made their way into a village, and had helped themselves so freely to what did not belong to them that an English officer who happened to be stationed there set out with his soldiers to chase them away.

After a good long chase, the Bheels, who are swift runners, managed to escape.

COOLIE PORTERS.

Just at that time a great number of forest fires had been burning, consequently many blackened stumps were lying about.

Exhausted with the heat, the officer, on coming to an open space, told his men to halt, while he himself took off his helmet, and hung it, as he thought, on a scorched branch of a tree, and leaned his back against the black stump of the tree.

Suddenly the stump and the branch began to move, then loud peals of laughter were heard from them and from other blackened stumps.

The next thing was, before the soldiers could quite understand what it all meant, the stumps set off and ran away, taking with them the officer's helmet.

The fact was, the Bheels had so cleverly curled and arranged their black bodies among the charred forest-wood, that if the soldiers, instead of stopping to rest, had continued the chase, they would never have known how cleverly they had been deceived.

There was at one time also a hill-tribe called the Coolies, from which a great many came to be employed as workmen by the rich inhabitants of the towns.

The consequence is that the name of coolie is always given to the dark natives who act as porters and labourers, and whose services are continually needed in many ways.

There are very many more of these Indian tribes, about whom so many tales have been told, that if they could all be bound together in one book, it would be more like a volume of fables that we should wish to forget; they would fill our minds with astonishment and horror, and we should be relieved to comfort ourselves with the hope that they were not true.

A few, on the other hand, though also ignorant, because they have had no one to tell them of the blessedness of purity and goodness, are, notwithstanding, making the best of the little knowledge they possess; indeed, some of those Indian hill-men are better men, whatever may be their creed, than some of our own countrymen, who have never lacked faithful guides to show them the right way.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NAUTCH-GIRLS.

ONE peculiarity of these Indian friends of ours, which we must on no account overlook, is their love of amusement.

In spite of the number of gods that have been worshipped by them, and their hundreds of temples and mosques and priests, there are no people anywhere who have more resources of amusement than the Indians.

The nautch-girls of India are people of very great importance, both in their own estimation and in the opinion of other people too; and well they may be, for no one in India would think of inviting friends, or of giving an entertainment of any kind, without providing a number of nautch-girls to amuse the company.

Some of them are pretty girls, with delicate features and lithe, graceful figures. Perhaps one reason that may account for their elegant shape is that the training for their profession is commenced in childhood, therefore the constant exercise has helped to develop the beauty of their form and limbs.

They dress sometimes very gaily, and put on as many jewels as they can muster. In this respect they imitate the rest of the Hindoo women, who, as a rule,

are more anxious to be decked out with costly jewellery than to have fine clothing.

On their ankles and wrists they fasten a number of little bells, which they cleverly contrive to ring so exactly in time to the music, that the effect produced is quite charming.

As they enter the apartment where it is meant they shall perform, they seem to waft along with them a breeze of fragrance, for they perfume their long black hair with delicious scent, and, if possible, wear some of those lovely odorous flowers of which in India there are so many.

One of the prettiest of their dances is one which would suit our little English boys, for it is called the Kite Dance. In it the nautch-girls throw up their arms in imitation of a kite-flyer, all the time slowly dancing to the music.

Perhaps you remember that Hannah, the mother of Samuel, dedicated her little boy to the service of God when he was quite a child; that is just what some of these Hindoo mothers do, although the religion they profess is so different to that of the Jewish mothers.

Willing to please the god they worship, they offer to him their little girls, and from that time the children thus dedicated are kept specially for temple festivities, and are considered sacred.

Not many years ago a marriage actually took place at the town of Muttra between a little girl and an Indian god.

It happened in this way: an old Brahmin had two daughters, one grown up and the other about eight years old.

One day the little girl told her father she had

NAUTCH-GIRLS.

dreamt that Krishnajee, one of the gods she worshipped, had asked her to be his wife.

Instead of the Brahmin acting as a sensible father would have done, laughing at the child, and telling her as it was only a dream she would do wisely to think no more of it, he solemnly informed the priest what had happened to his child.

The next day the little girl was dressed like a bride, taken in pomp to the temple, and married to the ugly idol.

From that day she was almost worshipped by the ignorant people as a holy being. They took presents to her of money and sweetmeats, just as they did to the gods, and the little girl accepted them, evidently quite willing to be convinced that she was superior to the rest of mortals.

It would be difficult to say how many festivals are held during the year among these idol-worshippers, there are so many of them.

At some of them people have white dresses for the occasion, and the men put on bright-coloured scarves and turbans, while the women adorn themselves with their jewels.

A feast that is a great favourite with them is one called *the Holi*.

It is given in honour of the spring, though what connection there can be between that beautiful season and the manner in which the people conduct themselves it is difficult to imagine.

First of all the boys dance round fires, singing songs, and talking in what we should consider a very disrespectful way to their elders, who, however, do not resent the treatment on account of its being feast-time. The

next performance, in which any one in the assembly is at liberty to join, is that of throwing upon each other some crimson powder and some yellow liquid.

The crimson powder is made up into balls covered

A FESTIVAL.

with isinglass, which breaks as soon as they touch the person at whom they are thrown, when he is immediately covered with the contents.

Before very long, the guests all present such a ridiculous appearance that they are scarcely able to recognise each other; and though of course there may be some meaning attached to it, of which we as strangers are ignorant, the whole business appears to us very ridiculous.

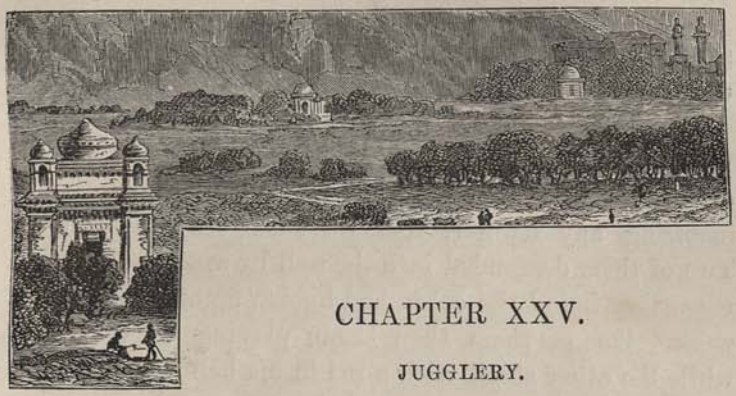
Middle-aged men and women, whom we should think too old to join in childish games, appear to enjoy the fun as much as any one else.

The feast of cocoa-nuts is usually celebrated during the last days of September, when the different races of the island go together to the sea-shore, and there stepping into the waves, throw out across the water cocoa-nuts as far as possible.

As they do this they implore the sea to take care of all sailors or voyagers, and before leaving the water they cast upon it garlands of flowers. During the two days that the feast lasts thousands of cocoa-nuts are thus disposed of, for men, women, and even little children, take their offerings, which, like all gifts offered in love, do as much or more good to the giver as to the receiver.

Extravagant and wasteful, too, as their conduct might at first sight appear to us, the offering of these nuts no doubt brings happiness to the givers, who feel satisfied in having done their duty. Besides which, it may be their hearts feel larger and more loving, and surely no sacrifice that any of us can make could be too great in order to have our hearts made more capable of loving.

As we know, the disciples of old rebuked the woman who was a sinner, for breaking a costly alabaster box of ointment, with which to anoint the feet of her loved master; but Jesus rebuked them, saying that although she had sinned much she had loved much, and that her sins were all forgiven her: consequently she, too, enriched herself by giving.



CHAPTER XXV.

JUGGLERY.

ANOTHER source of great delight among some of the Indians, is that of watching the performances of snakes; and there are some well-known people in India, called snake-charmers, who know how to tame the reptiles and make them harmless, until sometimes the most deadly snakes are handled by them apparently without fear. Of course such men make snake-charming the business of their lives, and are quite willing to display their accomplishments to admiring spectators at village festivals and fairs.

They are supplied with a musical instrument, in the shape of a pipe ornamented with shells, brass rings, and beads, upon which they perform, the music in some mysterious manner acting like a charm upon the snakes. Sometimes these men, for the sake of safety, remove the poisonous fangs from the jaws of the snakes, though we are told, by people who understand their habits, that this precaution is not necessary.

A juggler need only touch the reptile very gently, letting his hand pass lightly over its body, and it will become tame at once.

It is said that some of the Indians have cobras to

guard their houses and gardens, instead of savage bull-dogs, such as many people employ.

An English soldier in India once saw one of these poisonous cobras at the bottom of a dry well, and being curious to have a close view of the reptile without incurring any danger, sent for some snake-charmers. Two of them descended into the well by means of a rope, when they found the cobra had hidden among the stone-work. One of them then began playing on his pipe, while the other stood with a rod in his hand, at one end of which was a noose of horse-hair, ready to slip over the serpent's head as soon as he moved. The music went on for half-an-hour, the serpent lying still all the time as if it were asleep. Suddenly it lifted its head, over which the noose was quickly thrown, and the creature drawn out of the well.

The charmer then slipped off the noose, when the cobra began darting about, making the spectators fly in all directions, the whole scene having very much the appearance of grown-up children at play, for everybody who escaped being bitten looked upon the affair as very great fun.

Whenever the serpent lifted his head, and appeared preparing to pounce upon some one, the charmer put to his mouth his musical instrument, a few notes of which were sufficient to prevent further mischief, for then the serpent became quite still, listening to the music, and moving its head as if keeping time. This serpent seems to have been such a handsome fellow that the charmer begged he might have the creature for his own. As no one else dared go near the reptile, the man took him home, and tamed him, as he thought, completely; but one day the soldier was told that Mr.

Cobra had turned round upon his keeper and killed him.

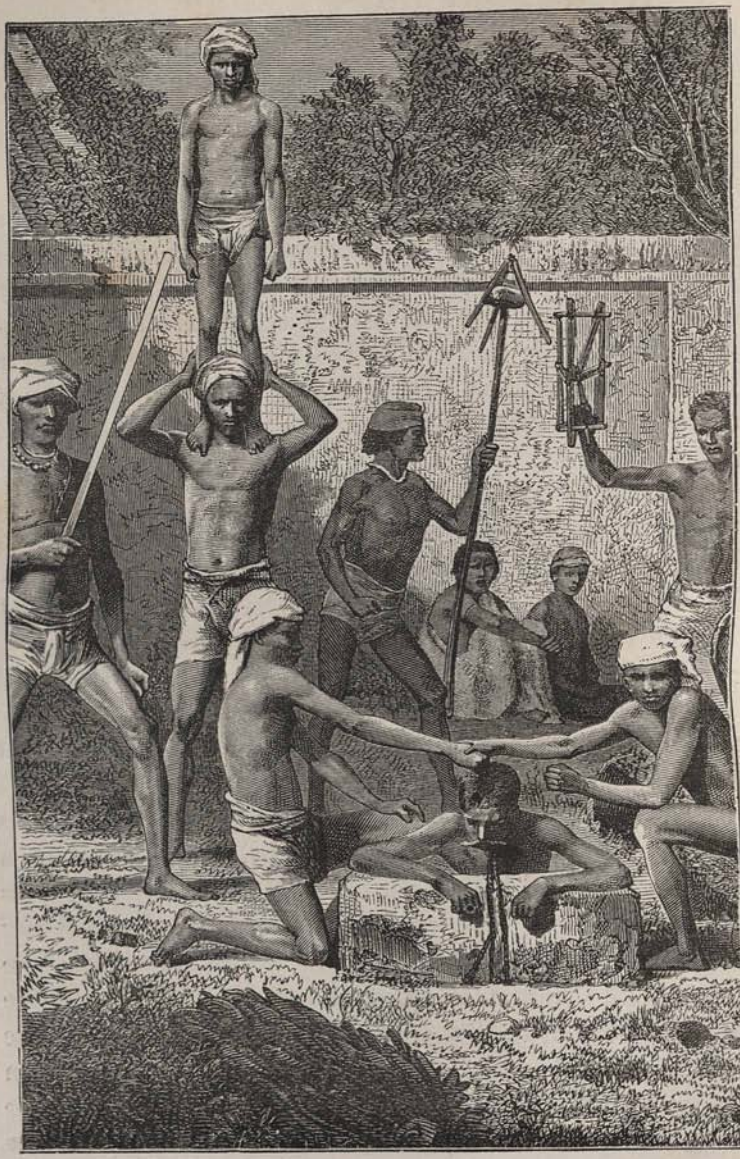
Professional snake-charmers are generally supplied with a piece of hot iron, to burn the flesh in case of being bitten.

As to jugglery, most people have heard of the apparently miraculous performances of the professional jugglers of India: how for years there has always been a number of these people who have earned their livelihood by real trickery. They travel about, leading a jolly, reckless sort of life, spending their money as they make it, evidently quite contented with their lot, and envying no one.

At certain times of the year fairs are held in India, when these jugglers always contrive to be present, because then they have a nice sum of money given them by the holiday folks. The people, all gaily dressed, have a very merry time of it on these occasions.

There are stalls of toys, sweetmeats, gay-coloured calico for dresses, and all kinds of pretty things. Then there are swings, musicians, merry-go-rounds, and, of course, the jugglers.

It is certainly astonishing to see women, as well as men, keeping up in the air with their hands and feet a number of gilded balls; for quite a long time they toss as many as eight or nine balls without once letting any of them touch the ground. More wonderful still is the sword trick; how it is managed we are perfectly unable to say. Taking a straight-bladed sword—luckily for the poor fellow not a sharp one, but a weapon that has been blunted for the purpose—the man actually pushes the thing down his throat, until nothing is visible but the haft.



JUGGLERS.

That it really goes into the man's body is a fact, for he invites spectators to feel the point of the instrument under his skin, and when he takes it out it is generally smeared with blood, which proves that the ordeal has not been altogether a painless one.

Another of their tricks is not unlike a torture that some of the fakirs impose upon themselves, and one from the sight of which any of us would be much more likely to shrink than to look upon with pleasure. Into the juggler's back is fixed a hook that is fastened to the end of a long pole, when the man is then swung round on it, and to all appearance without suffering any pain.

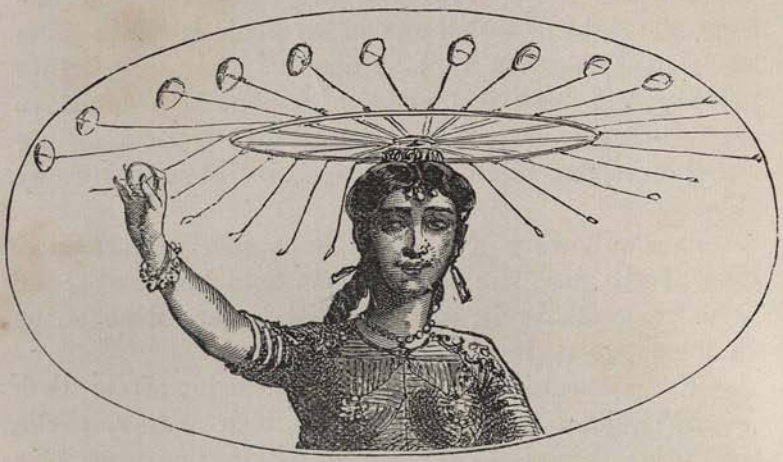
The swallowing of a chain is another performance. One of the jugglers puts a chain into his mouth, and actually swallows it, proving that he has done so by making it rattle in his stomach.

They astonish beholders by producing from their mouths quite a number of articles, such as tops, shells, and other things. Then again, within the space of a few minutes, they can make trees grow, first a tiny little plant, which by degrees becomes larger and larger, until at last fruit is seen hanging from the boughs.

For the accomplishment of this mystery aid is invoked from their gods, and though we know very well that the gods have nothing to do with the affair, it is certainly exceedingly puzzling to imagine what the explanation of it all can be.

Another performance still of theirs, which is, perhaps, as pretty as any, and which few of us would object to witness, is the famous egg dance. This is performed by a girl, who, simply dressed in a corset and a short skirt, fixes upon her head a willow wheel of moderate size.

Around this wheel, at equal distances from each other, are fastened pieces of thread, each of which has at the end of it a slip-noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Supplied with this wheel, the girl steps forward toward the spectators, carrying on her left arm a basket of eggs, which she passes round for inspection to prove



THE EGG DANCE.

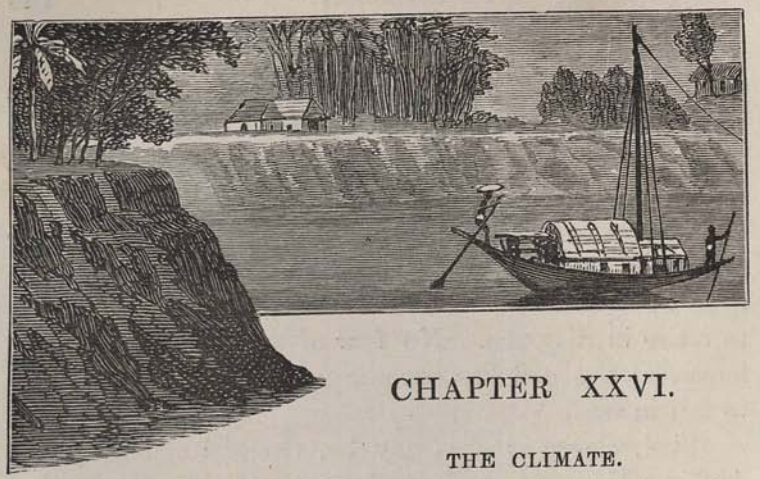
that they are real and not imitations. The music then strikes up, and the girl begins to dance round very quickly. As soon as she has danced a minute or two she seizes an egg, puts it in one of the slip-nooses, and throws it from her very quickly, so as to draw the knot tight; the swift way in which at the same time she spins round making the thread, with the egg at the end of it, shoot straight out from the centre of the wheel. The eggs in the basket, one after another, are disposed of in the same way, until every thread is provided with one.

This part of the performance completed, the girl quickens her dancing speed so marvellously that it is impossible for any one to distinguish her features, and the revolving eggs have the appearance of a white halo round her head.

While this is going on, should the girl fail to keep the most accurate time, or should she make a false step, the eggs would dash against each other, and she would have to retire in disgrace. No fear of any such misfortune, however; the girl has become too clever in her business to fail in it.

Still, clever as she may be, the girl cannot go on dancing for ever, and so long as the eggs are thus fastened to the end of the threads, it is impossible for her to stop without their being broken; so what she next begins doing is to take each egg out of its noose, while she herself still whirls round, until all of them are again safely placed side by side in the basket. This done, the dancer stops, and without any appearance of giddiness, advances with a firm step to the spectators, again presents to them the eggs, and if they wish it, she is willing to break them, to prove that her performance has been genuine.

This egg dance is only one of many other exploits performed by these clever Indian jugglers, who, of course, like the wizards and conjurors in our own country, expect to be well paid for what they do.



CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CLIMATE.

THE idea prevails very much among us all that India is a very hot country, where some of us would be nearly scorched to death; but the fact is, that the climate varies in different parts of it.

In comparison with England, India is a very large country; therefore, there must necessarily be a great diversity of climate.

The intense heat of which we so often hear is mostly felt in the low broad valleys; and there, during the hot season, the accounts that have come to us of its intensity are quite correct; when it becomes unbearable a great many of the inhabitants take refuge on the hills, where, if they care to mount a good height, they are able to reach the snow region.

Not to say a word specially about the grand Himalayan mountains would be a great omission. They are so vast that we, who have never seen them, can form no true idea of either their size or their beauty.

At their smallest breadth they are 400 miles across, a greater distance than from London to Edinburgh.

At their feet they are clothed in perpetual green, the middle hills are of a blue-grey tinge, but above and beyond rise the snow-covered peaks.

Mount Everest, which is the highest peak, is 29,002 feet above the level of the sea; and when we know that that height is as great as if two Mont Blancs were piled one on the other, we can form a slight idea of its magnitude.

In the slopes and valleys, therefore, grapes, corn, and all such rare fruits and vegetable productions as need warmth to rear them, grow.

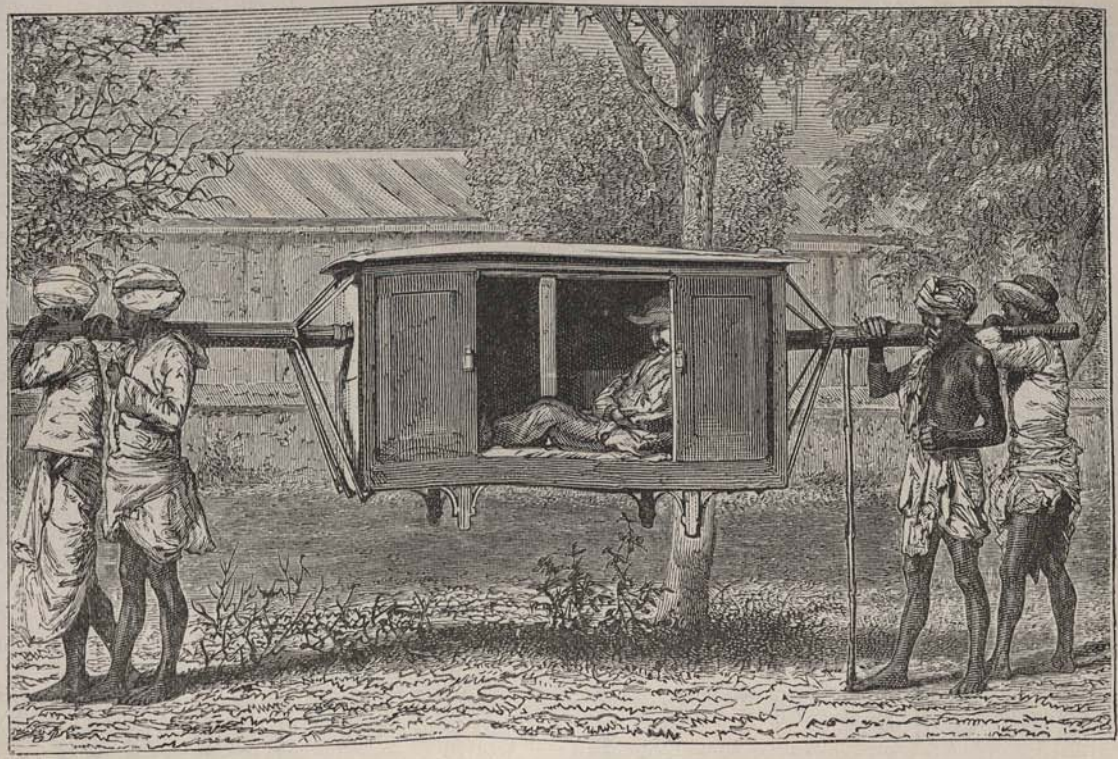
In the middle heights are thousands of rhododendrons and Alpine flowers, and above all are the snowy peaks.

In the elevated plains the pretty antelopes bound from ridge to ridge, wild sheep live there also, and wolves, and many smaller animals; while lower down and in the valleys many tribes of men make their homes—men of various races, religions, and languages.

No wonder that some of the old Indians included among their many sacred objects these grand old mountains. They were certainly a mystery and a beauty, and they supplied every want of the wild men.

The animals and fruits served for food, and the wood of the trees made their huts, so that they grew to regard the mountains as the source of all good, and this regard by degrees changed into worship.

A favourite way of travelling among Europeans, especially during the very hot weather, is in the palanquin, which is not unlike a good large box made very comfortable. It is carried by men called bearers, who know so well how to carry their burden steadily that travellers may often lie down and go to sleep during the ride.



A PALANQUIN.

There was once a little English girl living in India who used to be taken out every day by a Hindoo servant. At one of the Hindoo temples little Mary had often noticed that the man stopped, and bowed down to a stone image that stood in the doorway.

One day she said to him, "Sam, what for you do that?"

"Oh, missy," said he, "that is my god."

"Your god!" said the child, in surprise. "Why, your god can no see, no can hear, no can walk, your god stone. My God make you, make me, make everything."

Sam listened to the child, but still bowed to his image when he passed it, although he dearly loved his little teacher.

One day, when she told him she was going to England and would have to say good-bye to him, he cried, "What will poor Sam do? Sam no father, no mother."

"Oh, Sam," said the little girl, "if you really wish it, my God will be your father."

Tears came into the bearer's eyes as he promised that for the future her God *should* be his God, instead of the stone image he had always worshipped.

Then Mary taught Sam the Lord's Prayer; and that was the beginning of a new life for the poor man.

Surely this little English girl was a true missionary.

The rain does not visit the natives of India with frequent visits, as with us, alternated by a few days of dry weather, but makes a good long stay with them at one time, then after that leaving them for several months.

Twice in the year a tremendous wind, called the

monsoon, sweeps across the land, and takes with it such storm and rain as we know nothing of in England.

The first monsoon is in June, and the other in November; and although when they arrive the thunder roars tremendously and the lightning flashes, they are by no means unwelcome visitors.

During the intervening months, when not a drop of rain falls, the ground becomes so dry and arid that with such a state of things vegetation would very soon be at a perfect standstill; consequently, when the monsoon bursts upon the land it is received with joy and thankfulness.

There have been times, however, when much suffering has been caused by scarcity of rain in India; the crops, for want of water, have failed, and hundreds of poor little helpless children, with their parents, have died for want of food.

One traveller, who visited Bengal at the time of the famine in 1874, tells us that as he passed along from one town to another, he saw scarcely any very young children: they had nearly all died. No sounds of music or cheerful laughter were heard. The poor people were crushed and subdued for want of food; they were weak and spiritless; an expression of settled melancholy was on their countenances.

During another famine that raged in 1793, it is said that parents actually sold their children in exchange for a few pounds of rice.

No wonder, when the absence of rain involves such misery, its appearance should be so much valued by the inhabitants of India.

Other storms visit India also in addition to the monsoon; indeed, one traveller speaks of the country as the land of storms.

There are fearful winds called cyclones, which sweep through the towns and villages with such tremendous force, and so suddenly, that the inhabitants are quite powerless to resist them.

The great Calcutta cyclone of 1864 will never be forgotten.

The poor natives' huts, which are made of bamboos or thatch, were carried quite away, and many large trees were actually torn up by the roots.

In strong houses, made of brick and stone, doors and windows were blown in; and as for the poor birds, when the storm had subsided, the plain was strewn with dead crows and kites.

A sad state of things, too, it was for the crows that were left alive; for when the storm was over there were no trees for them to roost upon. The poor things perched on the edges of the house-roofs, or anywhere else they could, looking like so many little black mourners.

The dust-storm is another of these fearful visitants in India, when thick clouds of blinding dust go sweeping along, finding their way through niches and crevices, so that however closely barred the windows and shutters of the houses may be, the dust forces its way in.

Our English hailstorms, even the worst of them, are slight compared to the hailstorms in India. There the hailstones are often as large as a walnut, and the thunderstorms very often are terrific.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOOD AND PRODUCTS.

RICE, which is a very important article of food in India, cannot grow without an abundance of water. Indigo, also, which grows so plentifully there, the sugar-cane, the mulberry-trees upon which the silk-worms feed, and numerous other plants, all require water.

By way of making provision for the excess of dry weather that has evidently been felt in earlier days as well as in the present times, various methods of preserving water have been adopted. Large lakes have been formed, and across the large rivers dams of stonework have been built.

When the heavy rains come, of course these lakes fill, sometimes to overflowing, so that they serve to water the ground until the time for the next monsoon.

In places where these artificial reservoirs have not been made, water is drawn from wells.

On the whole, it is very plain that a great deal of

management and forethought needs to be exercised to secure good crops in India, and thus prevent the misery arising from famine.

A great many of the inhabitants are more dependent upon the growth of fruit, and wheat, and vegetables than we in England should be; because good Hindoos, according to the laws of their religion, are not allowed to eat the flesh of any kind of animal, especially the flesh of the cow, which, as we know, is a sacred animal.

The people's belief in the transmigration of souls, according to which the souls of persons after death pass into some animal, makes them abstain from meat entirely, because they fear that even in slaying an innocent sheep they might be taking the life of one of their departed friends, or, at any rate, the body into which his spirit had passed.

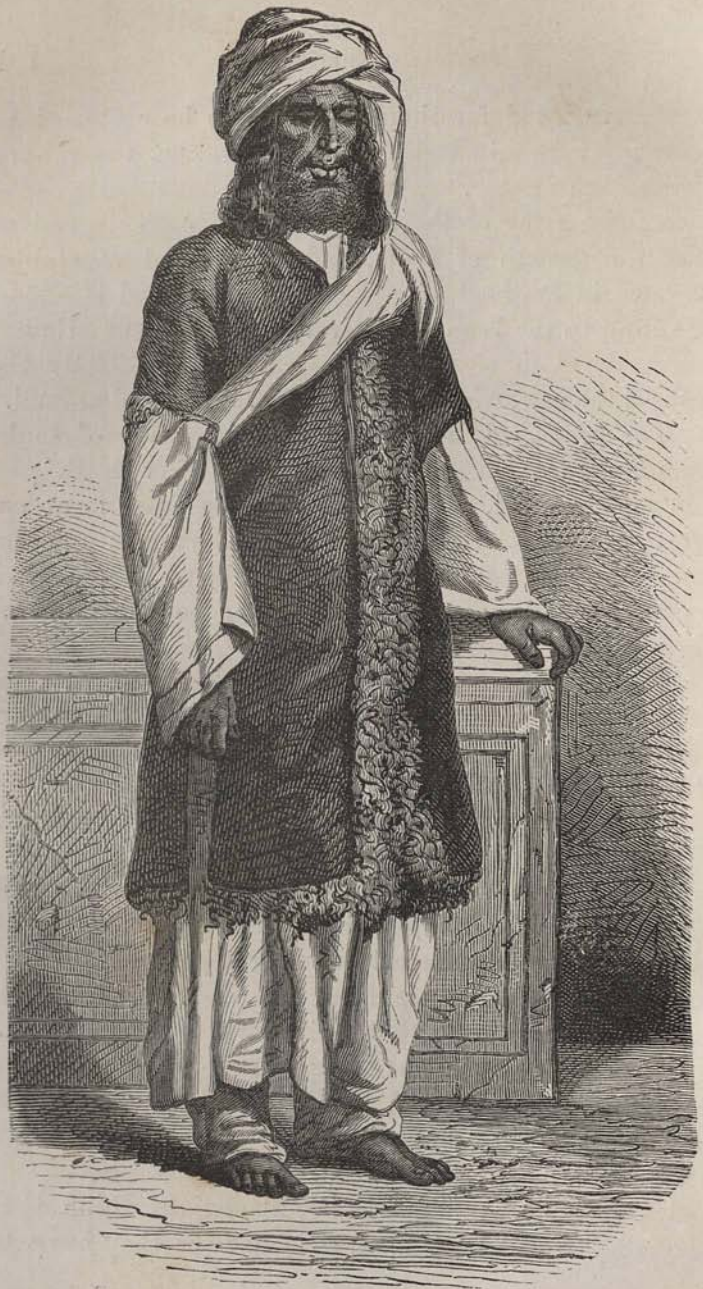
For this reason they live upon bread, fruit, vegetables, and such things; when the crops fail, therefore, how to live is a very serious question with these conscientious Hindoos.

Among the poor class of the Hindoos one good meal of rice is almost all that the people take.

It is put into a large dish and placed in the middle of the table; the hungry folks then sit round it, but instead of having a small quantity apportioned to each one, all help themselves from the dish, by lifting the rice to their mouths with the fingers of the right hand.

Strange as such a custom appears to us, it must not be forgotten that a good Hindoo's right hand is never dirty; part of his religion consists in never allowing a speck of dirt to touch his right hand.

Unless a stranger knows this, he might think that the people were left-handed, for whatever they have to



AN INDIAN PEASANT.

do is performed by the left hand only; the right hand is kept pure for use at meals.

Not only rice, but cotton, coffee, the sugar-cane, wheat, indigo, and many other things are cultivated; indeed, owing to the climate being so varied, there is scarcely anything growing in other parts of the world that cannot be grown in India.

The indigo plant, which yields such a lovely blue dye, has grown in India from a very early period. The ancient Greeks and Romans used to import it into their country.

For a long time the idea prevailed that it would grow nowhere but in India; now it is grown in Egypt, America, and the West Indies.

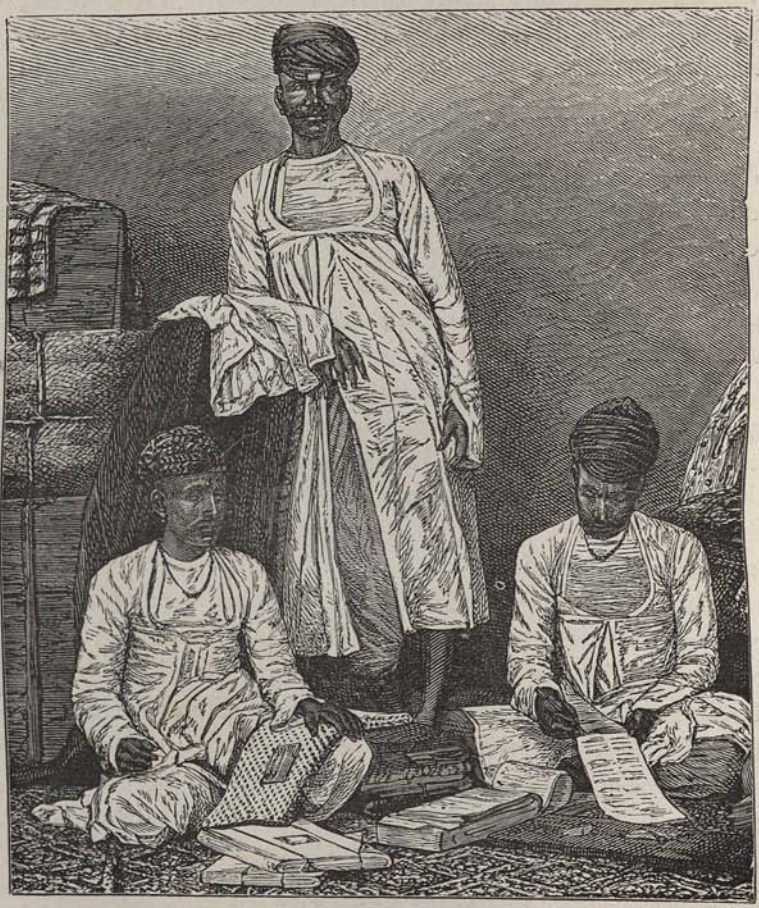
Still, the number of workmen employed in indigo plantations, chiefly in Bengal, is very considerable; and as great care is required in its growth after the seed has been sown in keeping down the weeds, the industrious indigo labourers have no occasion to spend any idle time all the year round.

In most of the large towns now are manufactories where extensive trade is carried on; and when bad times come upon the masters—a misfortune to which Indian tradespeople are liable, it seems, just the same as the rest of us—they have a peculiar way of settling matters.

A blazing lamp is hung in the office or shop of the unsuccessful merchant, who, as soon as this is done, runs away, while his creditors take possession of his establishment and examine his property.

Also, until an agreement of some kind is arranged between him and those to whom he owes money, he keeps the tail of his waist-cloth tucked up, instead of wearing it as ordinarily, hanging down.

From very earliest times, however, the Hindoos have been accustomed to habits of industry, and if they had not been so afraid of crossing the sea, or the *black*



MERCHANTS.

water, as they call it, they might have made themselves very rich by trading with other countries.

Nations, therefore, that have wished to buy indigo, cotton, rice, or anything else from them, have had to make all advances themselves.

We have most of us heard of Cashmere shawls; they are made in the province of Cashmere, in the very north of India, and the wool of which they are made comes from Thibet, a country beyond the Himalayan Mountains.

This fine wool is made into packs and tied to the backs of sheep that are taught to climb those narrow and slippery paths of which there are so many in all high mountains, and thus the wool is taken from Thibet to Cashmere; the sheep are made the carriers of it.

It is said that even in the days of Job, Indian stuffs were prized for their beauty and their durability by the Europeans.

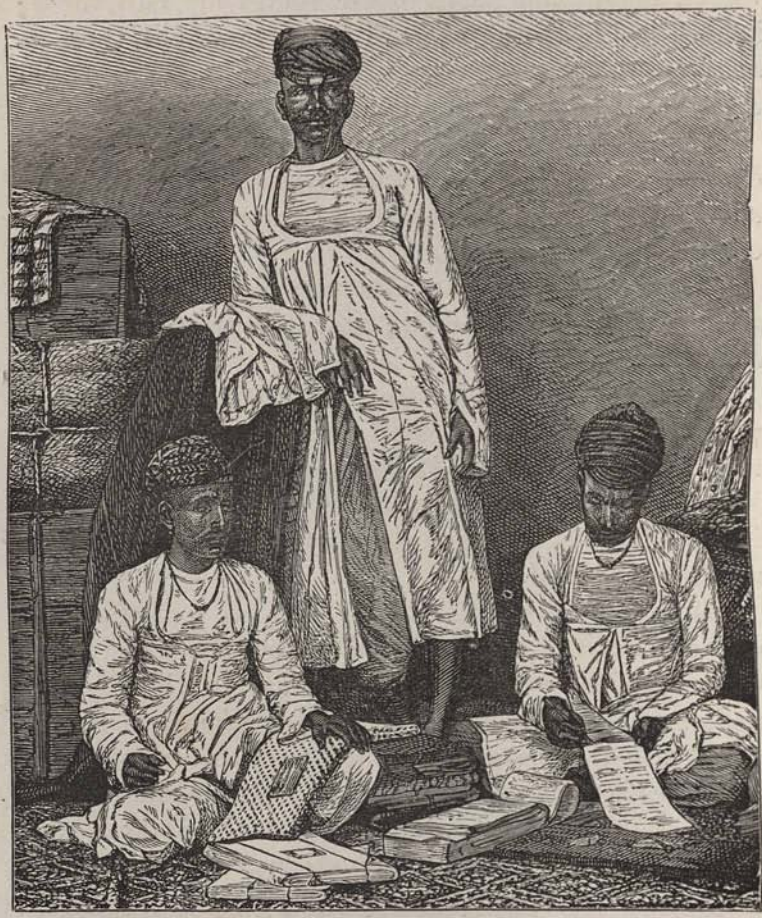
For many years cotton and silk goods have come to us, and are always prized both for their colour and their texture.

Cotton is grown in almost every part of India, and that growing in the light rocky soil of Guzerat is bought by the Chinese for the manufacture of those lovely nankeens that are made in their country.

In the north of India there is a particular kind of worm which produces a coarser, stronger silk than that of the common silk-worm; and in Bengal a kind of thin gauze is made to hang round the beds at night, in order to prevent the sleepers being bitten by the tiresome mosquitos, of which there are so many in hot countries.

The use of money has also long been known among the Hindoos. Their silver rupee is worth about two shillings of our money; then there are half and quarter

From very earliest times, however, the Hindoos have been accustomed to habits of industry, and if they had not been so afraid of crossing the sea, or the *black*



MERCHANTS.

water, as they call it, they might have made themselves very rich by trading with other countries.

Nations, therefore, that have wished to buy indigo, cotton, rice, or anything else from them, have had to make all advances themselves.

We have most of us heard of Cashmere shawls; they are made in the province of Cashmere, in the very north of India, and the wool of which they are made comes from Thibet, a country beyond the Himalayan Mountains.

This fine wool is made into packs and tied to the backs of sheep that are taught to climb those narrow and slippery paths of which there are so many in all high mountains, and thus the wool is taken from Thibet to Cashmere; the sheep are made the carriers of it.

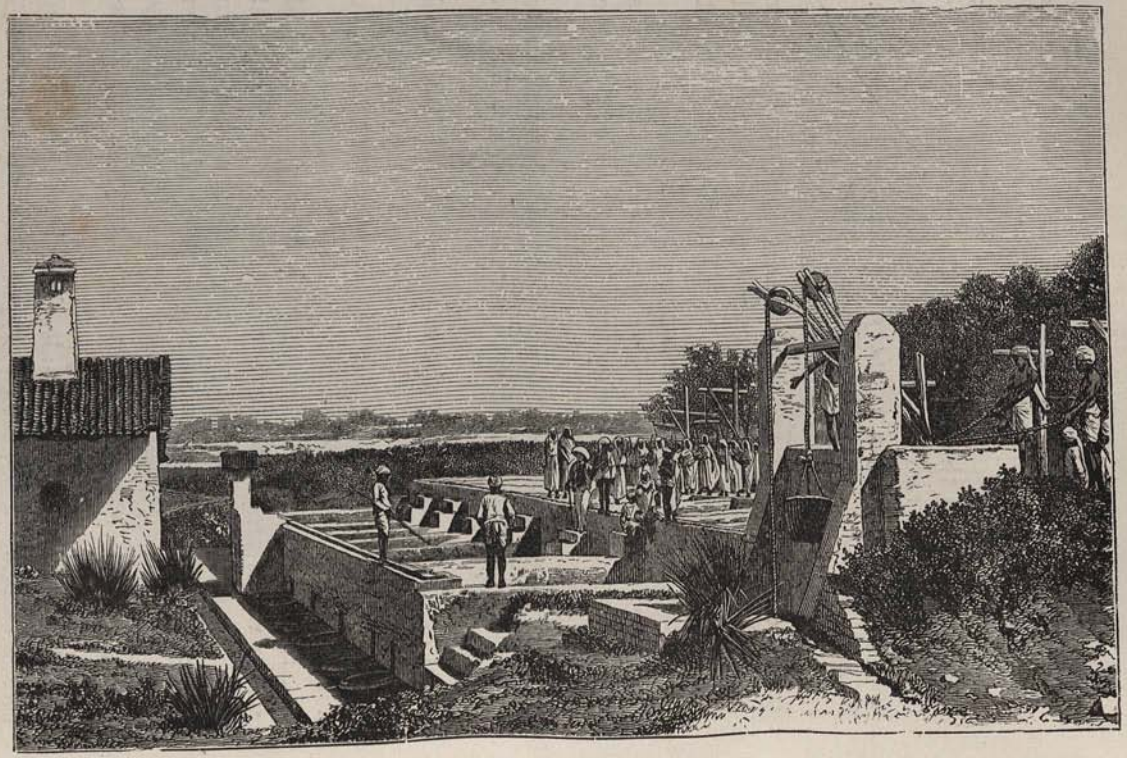
It is said that even in the days of Job, Indian stuffs were prized for their beauty and their durability by the Europeans.

For many years cotton and silk goods have come to us, and are always prized both for their colour and their texture.

Cotton is grown in almost every part of India, and that growing in the light rocky soil of Guzerat is bought by the Chinese for the manufacture of those lovely nankeens that are made in their country.

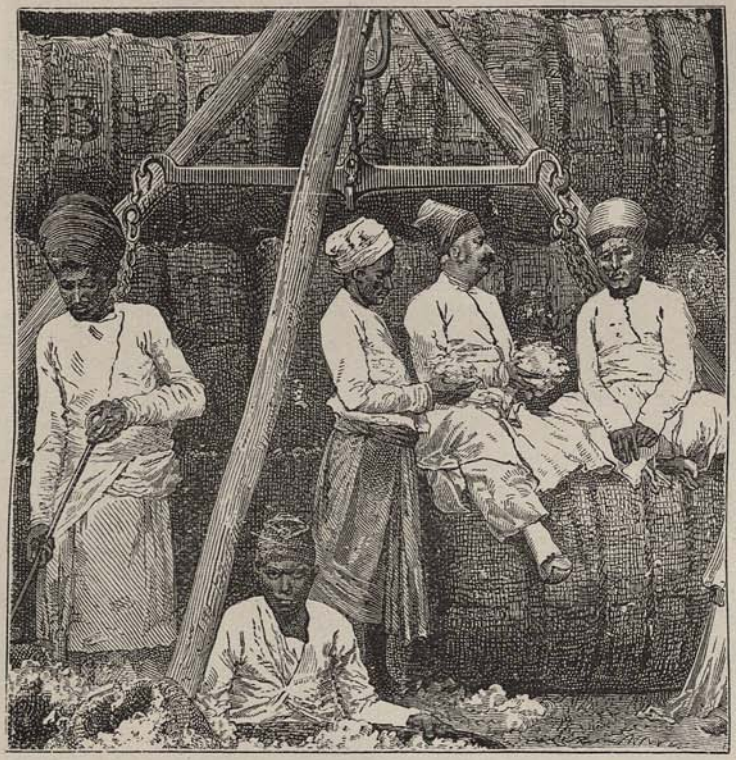
In the north of India there is a particular kind of worm which produces a coarser, stronger silk than that of the common silk-worm; and in Bengal a kind of thin gauze is made to hang round the beds at night, in order to prevent the sleepers being bitten by the tiresome mosquitos, of which there are so many in hot countries.

The use of money has also long been known among the Hindoos. Their silver rupee is worth about two shillings of our money; then there are half and quarter



INDIGO MANUFACTORY.

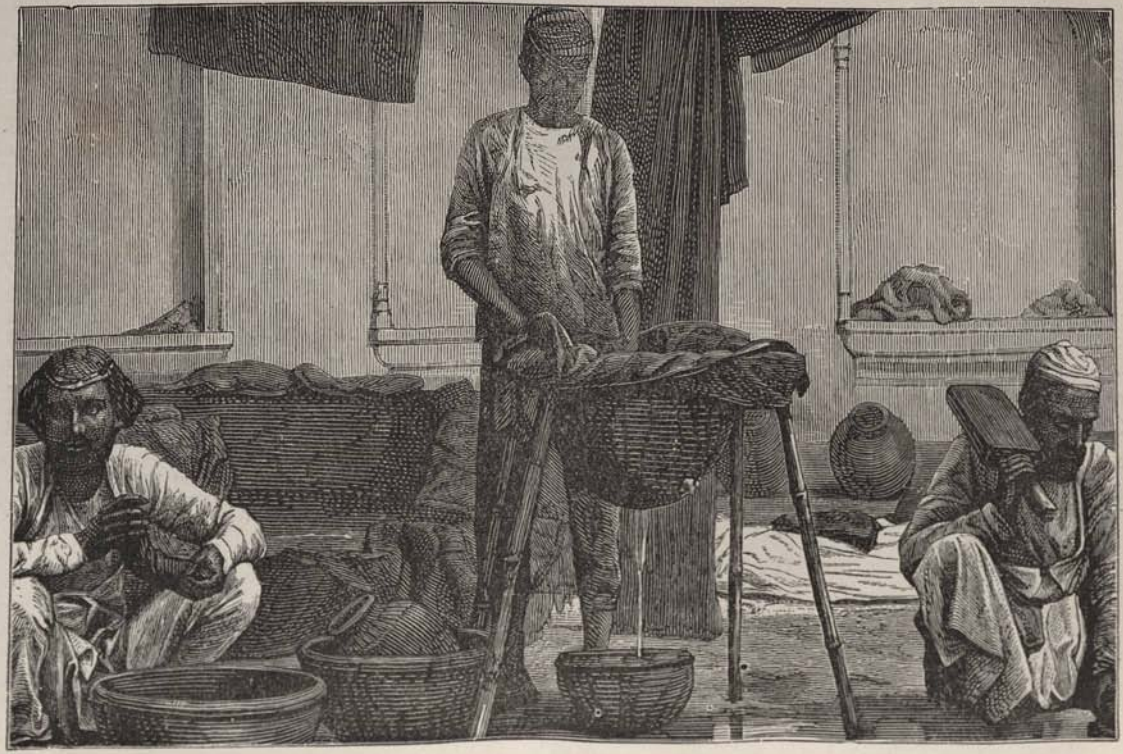
rupees. There are also gold rupees, and gold pagodas, worth from eight to nine shillings each.



IN THE COTTON MARKET.

The little coins are annas and pies. Sixteen annas make a rupee, and twelve pies make an anna. Large sums are reckoned by the lac, which is as much as a hundred thousand rupees, or a hundred thousand pagodas. The Indian princes have lacs of rupees and lacs of pagodas paid to them for their yearly income.

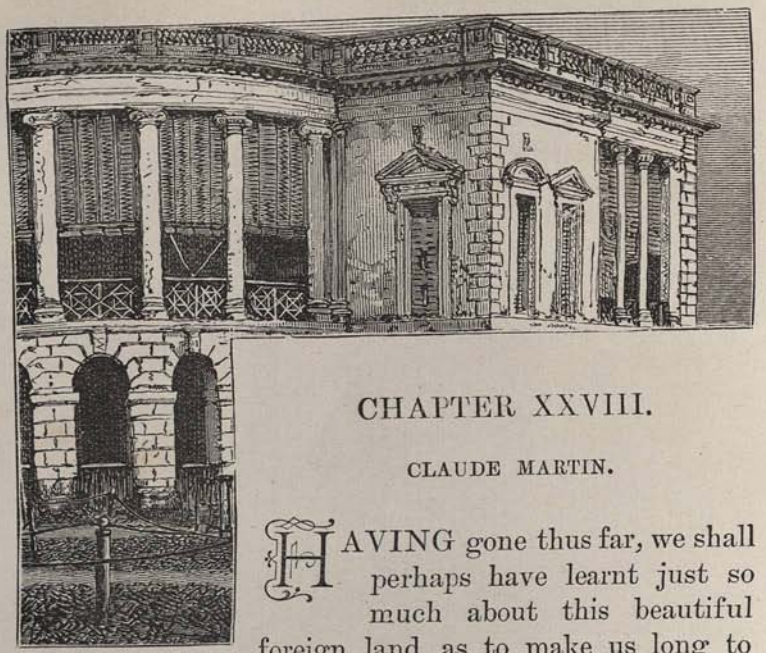
Among some of the native tribes some little shells of



INDIAN DYERS AT WORK.

a certain kind are passed from one to another instead of coins; but as it takes 6,500 of them to make a pagoda, the value of each one must be very trifling.

In addition to all this Indian money, English coins are also current in all the towns that belong to England.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

CLAUDE MARTIN.

HAVING gone thus far, we shall perhaps have learnt just so much about this beautiful foreign land as to make us long to know still more—a longing that has arisen in the same way in the minds of men and women in times gone by, and to whom we are indebted for what information of it we now possess.

Englishmen, Frenchmen, indeed, people from almost every civilised country in the world, have gone over at one time or other either to visit or to take up their abode in India.

The Englishmen who have settled down in the land have adopted to a certain extent their English mode of life, and have made good use of their English education and training.

The Frenchman has done the same, and by this means the Hindoos have become wise in many respects, where before they were ignorant.

At Lucknow, one of the towns where the sepoys acted so barbarously to the English residents, there is a beautiful edifice, built by a clever Frenchman called Claude Martin.

As a little boy at school, he pleased his master by his good behaviour, and by his ability and quickness in learning.

Before he was quite a man he became a soldier, and very soon afterwards was sent out with his regiment to India.

There, although faithfully doing his duty, he was one day treated very unkindly by his officer, in consequence of which he left the French army and joined the troops of the English, and from that day he became just like one of them.

One day the Nabob of the place where he was stationed, hearing that Martin was a clever, scientific man, sent for him to make a map of his majesty's estates.

When it was finished, the Nabob was so pleased with Martin's success that he rewarded him very handsomely, and also took him under his patronage for the future.

By the way, Nabobs are very wealthy men, consequently it was a very fortunate thing to gain the favour of one.

In time Martin became very rich, and built two beautiful houses—one at Lucknow, and one on the banks of the Ganges.

Besides that, he built a museum, and filled it with curiosities; then he built an observatory, and filled it with valuable instruments; a large park, too, he made, in which he had planted useful shrubs and trees of every

PALACE OF CLAUDE MARTIN.

description; so that, on the whole, Claude Martin's life was a very useful one, and when he died he left a great deal of money to be spent in doing good.

It is owing to men like Martin that India has now fine handsome buildings, and railways, and canals, in fact, that some of the Indian towns are not at all unlike ours in England.

The reference to canals brings to mind a circumstance in connection with the Great Ganges Canal, which was built in the north-west of India.

During the construction, the natives, who thought the river sacred, used to stand and laugh at the engineers and workmen, telling them that their labour would all be lost, because they were sure that when the proper time came to turn the waters into the canal, the holy river would refuse to be thus made into a mere object of convenience for unbelievers.

To their great astonishment the waters did not refuse (even though the point where the river and the canal met was a very sacred spot, called Hurdwar), but flowed down into the channel made for them just as canals always do.

On seeing their mistake, some of the river-worshippers began to doubt whether the waters were really holy or not; therefore, it is quite reasonable to hope that the new canal in more ways than one was, and still is, a blessing to India.

There are beautiful houses standing there now, quite equal to any of our mansions in England, belonging not only to Europeans, but also to some of the rich natives, who, it appears, have so much admired our style of habitation that they have imitated it for their own use.

In the streets are shops similar to ours in England; grocers, drapers, jewellers, chemists, and other tradespeople are all carrying on their various occupations, and, strange to say, none of them busier than the barber.

No one in India, not even the poorest person, would condescend to shave himself; consequently, the barbers are in great request.

A BARBER.

Then there are wealthy bankers and merchants, who know how to make money as well, or perhaps better, than any business men in the world.

For a great deal of this prosperity they have to thank the different invaders from civilised countries who from time to time have gone over and by force have taken

possession of one portion after another of their immense territory; just as we have to thank those old Romans who once came over and invaded this little island of ours, and then taught us a great many things of which before we had been ignorant: for, difficult as it may seem to us now to believe, there was once a time when the soil on which we now stand was the home of savages as ignorant and uncivilised as some of those in India of whom we have been hearing.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EDUCATION.

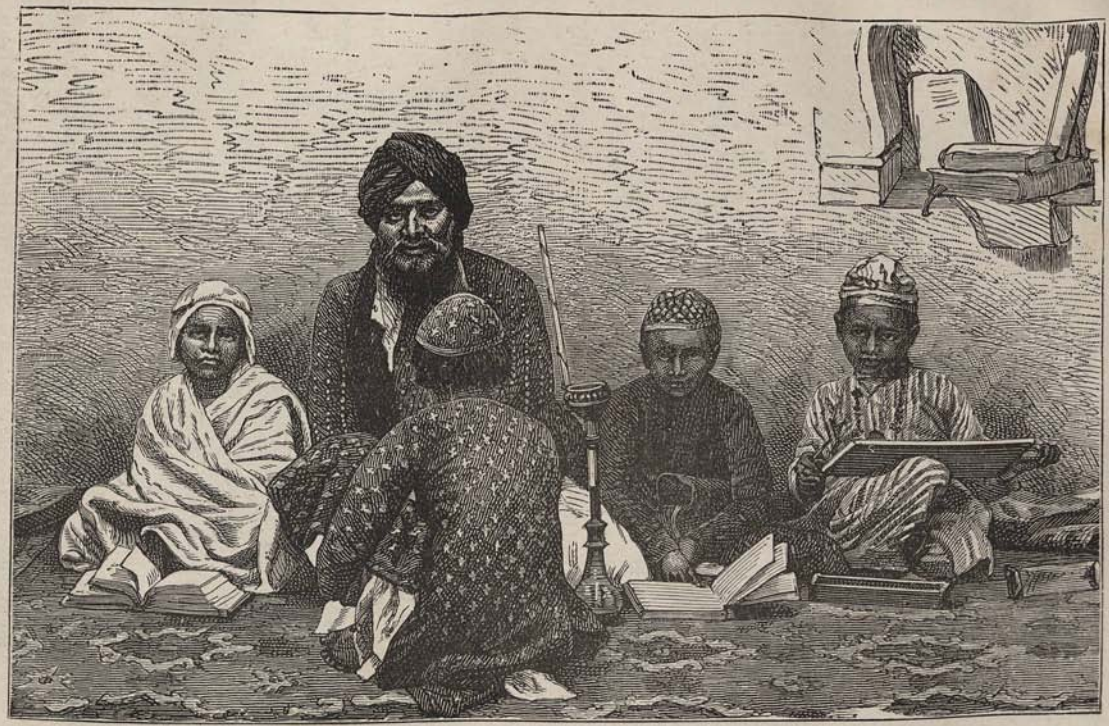
THIS success of theirs, though, is not entirely to be attributed to foreigners. From what historians tell us, the Hindoos from time immemorial have been industrious, wise, and clever men; and as to buildings, one city alone, called Ahmedabad, is said at one time to have contained a thousand mosques, and also eleven great Hindoo pagodas.

Tanjore pagoda is very fine; it has fourteen stories, and is 200 feet in height.

It was at Tanjore that the princess of the place kept her face hidden by a screen when the Prince of Wales paid her a visit; she honoured him only by holding out to him her hand, which he gallantly kissed, and then placed a ring on one of the fingers.

Chunderee, another ancient city, had, it is said, as many as two thousand mosques.

Some of those old writings of theirs, too, are full of beauty. If all the people had been able to learn them and understand their meaning, surely they would never have fallen into idolatry as they have done in later



MAHOMMEDAN SCHOOL AT ALLAHABAD.

years; but, unfortunately, the knowledge of the Vedas, and the Shastras, and the Puranas, as the sacred works were called, was confined to the Brahmins or priests, so that a great many of the people grew up in ignorance of them.

There have been native schools in India for many years, but the instruction given was for boys only; girls were not considered to be worth teaching. Indeed, in former times Hindoo women used to be treated very unkindly; they were made to be the slaves of the men, and were kept shut up in their houses, so they had no chance of either learning anything or having any enjoyment.

There is an Indian proverb which says, "How can you place the black rice-pot beside the golden spice-box?" the meaning of it being that a wife is unworthy to sit at the same table as her husband.

In the schools established now by English teachers the same attention is, of course, devoted to girl-pupils as to boys; and besides that, by degrees women are being treated with respect. They are having opportunities given them of education, consequently they are both wiser and happier; and, of course, if the Hindoo mothers become wise, happy women, their children will be taught to be so also.

As a proof of the wisdom of some of those old ancestors of ours, once a pagan philosopher, on being told that his son was dead, replied, "Did'st thou think I had begotten a god?"

Another, a heathen priest to whom a messenger was sent with the tidings that his father was dead, replied, "Thou liest, my father is immortal."

They, like us, were surrounded by the glorious book

of nature, while within them the still small voice of conscience used to speak just as it does to every one of us now.

Those of them who read the message written on the trees and sky and on the mighty deep, and who, instead of shutting their ears to the sound of that still small voice, obeyed its command, were not left in utter ignorance, but had mighty truths revealed to them, such as Moses, and Abraham, and David, and all those other good men had of whom we read in the Bible.

They had entrusted to them "the secret of the Almighty;" and if thus honoured and favoured, by whatever name they were known, we even now bow to them in reverence.

CHAPTER XXX.

FINAL.

AS we must have learnt by this time, however, although in some parts of India are to be found people living in happiness and prosperity together, there are thousands still who worship idols. There are remains yet of those wild tribes who inhabit the hills and jungles, who live by plunder and murder, and who bow down to blocks of wood and stone.

It is to these poor creatures that missionaries have been sent, and, as we well know, a hard task they have undertaken who have entered upon the work. The conversion of a Thug or a Naga into a civilised human being cannot be accomplished all at once; so what these good men have to do, who leave their home and friends on their errands of mercy, is to resolve not to be disappointed by failure.

Although they go unarmed, as it were, into the very midst of savages who in times gone by have had to be subdued by warlike weapons, they have no cause for fear.

The armour they carry with them of love and truth is stronger far than shield and buckler. When we remember that God is on their side, that they are co-

AN IDOL WORSHIPPER.

workers with Him—indeed, that He is using them as instruments to accomplish His own wise purposes, what matters it even if in the struggle death should interrupt their labour? No great deed of heroism was ever accomplished without daring, and sacrifice, and pain.

Those of us are not most to be envied who have nothing to do but to sit quietly at home, surrounded by ease and comfort, having nothing to do but to be silent spectators of good actions performed by others, without being permitted to give a helping hand.

Far more blessed are they who spend their life and energy in spreading the knowledge they possess, and, like the missionaries, in helping, even at the risk of their own lives, to lead their fellow-creatures from darkness into light.

THE END.

Printed by CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.
15.1094