

The World's Story

India, Siam

VOLUME ELEVEN

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 11
India, Siam

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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India, Siam

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INDIA

I

THE COMING OF THE ARYANS

HISTORICAL NOTE

PERHAPS three thousand years ago and perhaps longer, our ancestors, the Aryans, lived in central Asia. They kept great herds of cattle and drove them from one place to another, wherever the grass was most plentiful. Occasionally they planted grain and waited leisurely for it to grow and ripen. Once in a while a company of the Aryans left their lands and roamed away to some other country. One of these companies made their way to India, overpowering the people that had previously held the land.

These Aryans were by no means an ignorant folk. They knew how to weave, to sew, to use iron, and to tame domestic animals. They pictured their gods as bright, cheerful beings, and were happy in their worship. Many of their hymns of praise have come down to us in an ancient collection known as the "Rig-Veda." Two others of their literary works are of especial interest: the "Mahabharata," a collection of versified legends about the early kings; and the "Ramayana," whose subject is the coming of the Aryans to southern India.

As the centuries passed, the people of India became divided into four classes or orders: priests, warriors, tillers of the soil, and serfs, these last being the descendants of the aborigines. The priests or Brahmans were highest in rank, and were the lawmakers and the literary men of the land.

HYMN TO INDRA AND SOMA

[Between 2000 and 1500 B.C. ?]

FROM THE RIG-VEDA

[THIS hymn comes from the book called the "Rig-Veda," or *hymn lore*. Indra was worshiped as god of the air, Soma of the moon, and Surya of the sun. The thunderbolt was Indra's weapon against the demons Ahi and Vritra.
The Editor.]

INDRA and Soma, great is your greatness!
Twain gods triumphant, great deeds ye have done.
Victors of Heaven, ye led Surya captive,
Darkness ye conquered, the Hordes one by one
Of the Impious slain — this ye Twain have done!

Indra and Soma, Twain gods and mighty;
Ye lit the Glow and Dawn woke to mirth;
Surya, ye Twain, led forth in his glory,
Pillared the Sky and outspread mother Earth; —
Twain gods and mighty, the Day ye gave birth!

Indra and Soma, Twain gods and slayers
Of Ahi, the dragon — withholder of Rain —
And Vritra, — to ye the Sky made surrender,
Ye roused the Torrents of Rivers amain
The Seven Seas flooding, — ye mighty gods Twain.

Indra and Soma, Twain gods and mighty,
Plenteously fed ye the hungering Kine;

HYMN TO INDRA AND SOMA

Swelling with pearl-tinted milk the lean udders,
  Gathered the far-roving, many-hued Kine; —
  All the Cloud-glories, ye Twain gods are thine!

Indra and Soma, Twain gods and mighty,
  Ye gave the Guerdon by which foes are slain;
Giving, ye mighty gods, heroic Valor
  To men for an Armor, new triumphs to gain; —
  From ye came these Guerdons, ye mighty gods Twain.

THE PEOPLE WHOM THE ARYANS FOUND IN INDIA

BY SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER

THE oldest dwellers in India consisted of many tribes, who, in the absence of a race-name of their own, are called the non-Aryans or Aborigines. They have left no written records; indeed, the use of letters, or of any simplest hieroglyphics, was to them unknown. The sole works of their hands which have come down to us are rude stone circles, and the upright slabs and mounds beneath which, like the primitive peoples of Europe, they buried their dead. From the remains found in these tombs, we only discover that at some far-distant but unfixed period, they knew how to make round pots of hard, thin earthenware, not inelegant in shape; that they fought with iron weapons, and wore ornaments of copper and gold. Earlier remains prove, indeed, that these ancient tomb-builders formed only one link in a chain of primeval races. Before them, India was peopled by tribes unacquainted with the metals, who hunted and warred with polished flint axes and other deftly wrought implements of stone, similar to those found in northern Europe. And even these were the successors of yet ruder beings, who have left their agate knives and rough flint weapons in the Narbada Valley. In front of this far-stretching background of the Early-Metal and Stone Ages, we see the so-called Aborigines being beaten down by the newly arrived Aryan race.

The victorious Aryans called the early tribes Dasyus or "enemies," and Dasas, or "slaves." The Aryans entered India from the colder north, and prided themselves on their fair complexion. Their Sanskrit word for "color" (*varna*) came to mean "race" or "caste." The old Aryan poets, who composed the Veda at least three thousand and perhaps four thousand years ago, praised their bright gods, who, "slaying the Dasyus, protected the Aryan color"; who "subjected the black-skin to the Aryan man." They tell us of their own "stormy deities, who rush on like furious bulls and scatter the black-skins." Moreover, the Aryan, with his finely formed features, loathed the squat Mongolian faces of the Aborigines. One Vedic poet speaks of the non-Aryans as "noseless," or "flat-nosed," while another praises his own "beautiful-nosed" gods. The same unsightly feature was commented on with regard to a non-Aryan Asiatic tribe, by the companions of Alexander the Great on his Indian expedition, at least a thousand years later. But indeed the Vedic hymns abound in scornful epithets for the primitive tribes, as "disturbers of sacrifices," "gross feeders on flesh," "raw eaters," "lawless," "not-sacrificing," "without gods," and "without rites." As time went on, and these rude tribes were driven back into the forest, they were painted in still more hideous shapes, till they became the "monsters" and "demons" of the Aryan poet and priest. Their race-name, Dasyu, or "enemy," thus grew to signify goblin or devil.

Nevertheless all the non-Aryans could not have been savages. We hear of wealthy Dasyus or non-Aryans; and the Vedic hymns speak of their "seven castles" and

"ninety forts." The Aryans afterwards made alliance with non-Aryan tribes; and some of the most powerful kingdoms of India were ruled by non-Aryan kings. Nor were the non-Aryans devoid of religious rites or of cravings after a future life. "They adorn," says an ancient Sanskrit book, "the bodies of their dead with gifts, with raiment, with ornaments; imagining that thereby they shall attain the world to come." These ornaments are the bits of bronze, copper, and gold which we now dig up from beneath their rude stone monuments. In the "Ramayana," or Sanskrit epic which narrates the advance of the Aryans into southern India, a non-Aryan chief describes his race as "of fearful swiftness, unyielding in battle, in color like a dark-blue cloud."

In the old Aryan colonies among the Five Rivers of the Punjab, each house-father was a husbandman, warrior, and priest. But by degrees certain gifted families, who composed the Vedic hymns or learned them off by heart, were always chosen by the king to perform the great sacrifices. In this way probably the priestly caste sprang up. As the Aryans conquered more territory, fortunate soldiers received a larger share of the lands than others, and cultivated it not with their own hands, but by means of the vanquished non-Aryan tribes. In this way the Four Castes arose. First, the priests, or Brahmans. Second, the warriors or fighting companions of the king, called Rajputs or Kshattriyas, literally, "of the royal stock." Third, the agricultural settlers, who kept the old name of Vaisyas, from the root *vis*, which in the primitive Vedic period had included the whole people. Fourth, the Sudras, or conquered non-Aryan tribes, who became serfs. The three first

castes were of Aryan descent, and were honored by the name of the Twice-born Castes. They could all be present at the sacrifices, and they worshiped the same bright gods. The Sudras were "the slave-bands of black descent" of the Veda. They were distinguished from their "Twice-born" Aryan conquerors as being only "Once-born," and by many contemptuous epithets. They were not allowed to be present at the great national sacrifices or at the feasts which followed them. They could never rise out of their servile condition; and to them was assigned the severest toil in the fields, and all the hard and dirty work of the village community.

The Brahmans, or priests, claimed the highest rank. But they seem to have had a long struggle with the Kshattriya or warrior caste before they won their proud position at the head of the Indian people. They afterwards secured themselves in that position by teaching that it had been given to them by God. At the beginning of the world, they said, the Brahman proceeded from the mouth of the Creator, the Kshattriya from his arms, the Vaisya from his thighs or belly, and the Sudra from his feet. This legend is true so far, that the Brahmans were really the brain-power of the Indian people, the Kshattriyas its armed hands, the Vaisyas the food-growers, the Sudras the downtrodden serfs. At any rate, when the Brahmans had established their power, they made a wise use of it. From the ancient Vedic times they recognized that if they were to exercise spiritual supremacy, they must renounce earthly pomp. In arrogating the priestly function, they gave up all claim to the royal office. They were divinely appointed to be the guides of nations and the counselors of kings,

but they could not be kings themselves. As the duty of the Sudra was to serve, of the Vaisya to till the ground and follow middle-class trades or crafts; so the business of the Kshattriya was to fight the public enemy, and of the Brahman to propitiate the national gods.

Each day brought to the Brahmans its routine of ceremonies, studies, and duties. Their whole life was mapped out into four clearly defined stages of discipline. For their existence, in its full religious significance, commenced not at birth, but on being invested at the close of childhood with the sacred thread of the "Twice-born." Their youth and early manhood were to be entirely spent in learning by heart from an older Brahman the inspired scriptures, tending the sacred fire, and serving their preceptor. Having completed his long studies, the Brahman entered on the second stage of his life, as a householder. He married and commenced a course of family duties. When he had reared a family and gained a practical knowledge of the world, he retired into the forest as a recluse, for the third period of his life; feeding on roots or fruits, and practicing his religious duties with increased devotion. The fourth stage was that of the ascetic or religious mendicant, wholly withdrawn from earthly affairs, and striving to attain a condition of mind which, heedless of the joys or pains or wants of the body, is intent only on its final absorption into the deity. The Brahman, in this fourth stage of his life, ate nothing but what was given to him unasked, and abode not more than one day in any village, lest the vanities of the world should find entrance into his heart. Throughout his whole existence he practiced a strict temperance; drinking no wine, using a simple diet,

curbing the desires; shut off from the tumults of war, as his business was to pray, not to fight, and having his thoughts ever fixed on study and contemplation. "What is this world?" says a Brahman sage. "It is even as the bough of a tree, on which a bird rests for a night, and in the morning flies away."

SAVITRI'S CHOICE

FROM THE MAHABHARATA; REWRITTEN BY ELIZABETH A. REED

[THE "Mahabharata" is one of the famous epics of the Hindus. It is the longest poem in the world, being more than seven times as long as the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," taken together. The word "Mahabharata" means "the great war of King Bharata"; but only a small portion of the book is given to the tale of the war, and the book is really a mass of story, philosophy, legend, and mythology.

The Editor.]

LONG years ago there lived in palace halls the mighty King of Kekaya. Gallant and brave in person, just and beneficent in the administration of the laws of his realm, he was the hero of his people and they rendered to him a loyal obedience.

But King Asva-pati carried a desolate heart amid the magnificence which surrounded him, for the gods had written him childless. Through long years of faithful fasting and penance his prayers had been unanswered. But one glad day the goddess of the sun arose from his sacrificial fire; beautiful and bright she came in the form of glorious womanhood, and rising through the crimson flame stepped into the royal presence, saying: "What wilt thou, mighty Raja, that I shall do for thee? I have listened to thy prayers; I have watched thy penance, and seen the bounty of thine offerings. During all the years of thy reign the poor have found in thee a valued friend, and now, O King! I wait to do thy bidding; tell

me now the dearest wish of thy heart." And Asva-pati answered: "Oh, beautiful goddess, 't is for my barren line that I do penance and have performed my vows, lo! these many years. Give me an heir for my throne and kingdom; give me children to grace my royal hearth-stone." Then the radiant goddess, smiling, said: "I knew thy wish, O King, and there shall be born a daughter unto thee — not a son, but a fair girl — the loveliest that the stars have ever shone upon"; and, smiling still, the beauteous vision vanished in the sacrificial flame.

Time passed on with flying feet, and erelong a child was given to the royal house, and courtiers brought their praise unto the palace gates, while the streets of the city were ringing with joyous music, and everywhere the glad news went that the queen had borne a daughter — a babe of loveliest mould. The child was named Savitri, and the happy father made a royal birthday feast; the poor were fed and the city was decorated with bright flags and long festoons of flowers. Every porch and pillar was made bright and fragrant with floral vines, and the great vases in front of the palace were filled with branches of orange and mango trees.

The little one who met with such a royal welcome grew more beautiful as the years went by, and when she reached the fair heights of womanhood she was a vision of grace and loveliness. The lithe figure of this Indian maid was like a dream of beauty and grace, and the rosy light of health flashed through the olive shades of her face. The crimson lips smiled over pearly teeth and the great dark eyes were luminous with light and love. But still no raja dared to ask the hand of the princess in

marriage. Her loveliness and truth, her queenly independence had awed them into silence.

At last her father gave to her a princess's right to choose for herself a lord, and gave his royal word that the man she chose should be welcomed by her sire. A royal train moved through the provinces and visited every court, for Savitri with her ministers and maidens would take the air and travel for the princess's health. They received everywhere a royal welcome, but she loved best the trees and groves; hence, they wandered through the fragrant woods and gathered fruits and flowers there.

One day they found a hermit, aged and blind, who with his faithful wife sat in the dense shade of a teak tree, whose abundant leaves gleamed in the sunshine above them and protected them from its heat. The gentle princess stayed to give them a few kindly words and enjoy the wild flowers around the hermitage. While she listened to their story a young man came from the thicket bearing the sacred wood to be used in the evening sacrifice. He stopped in wonder and admiration before Savitri, and her eyes rested a moment upon his manly form and honest face. It was Satyavan, the hermit's son, who stayed to serve his aged parents in their banishment. The princess had dawned upon his vision like a dream of heaven, and like a dream she vanished from his woodland home, leaving her memory to haunt his steps and make his loneliness more terrible. In the still hours of the night he heard her voice and saw the lovely face which had become part of his being.

One day the Maha-raja sat in his council hall with the sage Narada. They were talking in low tones of the

affairs of state when the king's daughter was announced. With her dark eyes glowing with light and happiness she stepped into the royal presence and bowed meekly before her father, who laid his hand lovingly upon her dark hair, as he bent down and caressed his child. Narada looked in admiration upon the princess and said to the king, "Thy daughter is very fair. Thou shouldst give her in marriage to the raja of some goodly kingdom." "For this purpose she has been abroad," replied the king. Then, turning to his daughter, he said, "My child, hast thou chosen thy lord?" But she answered not. Standing before the sage with her face crimsoned with blushes, her eyes mutely appealed to her father to stay his questions. Reading her wish, he said, "Fear not, my child, to speak before the sage Narada; he is thy father's best and truest friend; but tell me if thou hast found the object of thy search." Then she answered: "Father, I have been long away; I have visited the courts of princes; I have offered sacrifice in the sacred groves, and I have found in one of these the banished King of Chalva, who lost his throne and kingdom because of blindness. An usurper reigns upon his throne, and his faithful queen stays with him in the woodland cot. Their loyal son ministers to their wants; he brings them fruit and game for food; he feeds their sacrificial fire and pulls the sacred kusa grass to make their couch both soft and warm; he brings fresh water from the passing brook and gives them love and tenderness in their daily need. Father, I have chosen him, this banished prince, to be my lord."

Then said Narada, "Not he, my child, — thou canst not choose the banished Satyavan. He is both brave and

noble; a grander youth never trod a kingly court, but o'er his head there hangs a fearful fate. He is doomed to die, and in a year the gods decide that he must go." Her blushes fled and her cheeks grew strangely pale as she answered: "Whether he live long or die to-day, whether he be full of grace and wisdom, or graceless stand before me, my heart hath chosen once — it chooseth not again, and I have my father's royal pledge that he will ratify my decision."

Then said the king, "Remember, child, the sad lot of Hindu widowhood and choose again. The noblest raja in the land would gladly call thee wife. Let not this banished youth who has only a year to live take my peerless Indian gem into his rough woodland home."

The dark eyes were raised again to his and in their liquid depths he read her answer even before her lips replied, "A loyal heart can choose but one, and a loyal sire will not revoke his promise."

Then the raja sighed, "As thou wilt, dear child, but for thine own sake I would have had thee make a wiser choice." One quick look of gratitude flashed from the wondrous eyes, then bending her blushing face to kiss her father's hand and reverently bidding the sage farewell, she left the council hall.

Having given his royal sanction to his daughter's choice, the king ordered that preparations should be made for the coming nuptials. Though the bride should dwell in a lonely hermitage, she would still be a king's daughter, and her robes even in the woodland should befit her noble birth. It was an imperial pageant that went forth to the humble dwelling of the hermit; there

were the priests and sages and courtiers, and the royal family, mounted upon the war elephants with their costly trappings.

Amid the strains of martial music the train went forth from the palace gates. No courier had been sent to give warning of their coming; therefore the king ordered a halt when near the hermitage, and he himself went forward to hold council with the blind lord of the humble home. Courteous salutations were passed between them, and after extending the modest hospitalities that still were his, the blind king asked what brought the Maharaja to his door. "I have come," said he, "to ask of you that you will ratify my daughter's choice; she hath chosen your son Satyavan to be her lord."

Then answered the banished king, "In the days of my proud position it was my ambition to link my house with yours by ties of blood, O noble king! but now that my kingdom is lost and I am but a dethroned and banished sovereign, I could not take the lovely princess from her palace home to share our humble fate."

But the raja replied, "You and I are both too old to think that happiness is dependent upon luxury. We know that love can hold her sylvan court in humblest bower, and your son is the lady's choice. She has chosen to dwell in modest guise with him she loves rather than share the splendors of another. Shall we deny her wish?" "Nay, never," said the banished king. "Her gracious wish is mine, and great honor she brings to our fallen house. May the blessings of Indra rest upon her beauteous head!" And calling Satyavan he told him why the raja came. The bewildered prince could scarcely believe the lovely princess had chosen him. His words were

few; but his eyes were eloquent with the joy his lips refused to voice.

Then the royal train was ordered into view, and there beneath the massive trees were gathered priest and sage with golden jars filled from the waves of the sacred Ganges. Beyond the great trees where the hermitage stood were thickets of rose laurel, whose fragrance filled the air; on the other side a silver brook was hastening by to find rest on the bosom of a clear lake, beneath the fragrant cups of lotus blossoms and white lilies. Here in Nature's temple, beneath her shining dome and beside her sacred pools, with legal rites the two were bound in holy marriage; and Love stayed by and held his court where the royal lovers pledged their faith.

The raja and his queen bade their child a fond farewell, and when they passed from sight the princess took from her hands and arms the costly jewels that she wore and laid aside her silken robes; then on her delicate form she placed the rough garments that befitted her new station as a hermit's wife. Thus she proved the great love that brought her here; she could not wear a finer robe than he; she could not see her little hands decked with gold and gems while his were roughened with honest toil. She had chosen to share the fortune of the man she loved, and no ray of barbaric splendor should suggest to him that she cared for things he could not furnish. The gray-haired mother looked smilingly on and loved the loyal wife, whose gracious ways and loving words soon won the heart of the banished king as well.

The little family dwelt in their forest home in sweet content and the days went by on silver feet. To Satya-

van it seemed that life's ills all were done, and he rested in the heaven of his happiness, feeling that the gods could do no more. But Savitri carried in her loving heart a fearful dread — a counting of the days when the death decree should be fulfilled. When the sun went down in the sea and the soft folds of night cooled the fevered earth, she knew that one day less remained to Satyavan.

At last the days had nearly fled — the little wife grew strangely still; her gentle, loving deeds were still her own, but her songs were hushed in tearful prayers. When the time was nearly come she sat beneath a great tree like a beautiful statue and neither ate nor drank. For three long days and nights she sat thus, mutely imploring the gods to save from death's decree the man she loved. During all the year she had carried the fatal secret in her own faithful heart. She could not pain the others with the weight of her terrible woe, and they wondered now at the severity of her penance; but they thought she craved some great gift of the gods, and they could not deny her wish.

The fateful day dawned at last and found her weak and faint, but she would not taste of food. Only one plea she made — that she might go with Satyavan when he went out into the forest to cut the sacred wood for the evening sacrifice.

Tenderly he remonstrated, "The way is rough and thy little feet are tender; the mother's side is a safer place for thee." But still she pleaded, "I cannot let thee go unless I am with thee"; and Satyavan looked down into the depths of her tearful eyes, that looked back love and tenderness into his own. Then said he, "Surely thou

shalt go and make the dark wood glad with thy sweet presence."

Cheerily he set out axe in hand through the wilderness, making a path for the little feet that patiently followed his own. The morning was wondrously bright; flower-laden trees stood here and there along the pathway; gigantic climbers grew in the thickets in great profusion, interlacing the smaller trees and even piling their gorgeous blossoms upon their heads. The sunlight lay upon the surface of the little lake near their home, and bright water-birds hovered above the reeds and rushes, or settled down amidst the white lilies and fragrant lotus cups near the water's edge. Away in the distance the Himalayas lifted their snowy brows into the blue heavens and reflected the sun's rays from their icy peaks. "Is it not beautiful?" said Satyavan, pointing to the landscape around him, or directing her attention to the strange wild flowers springing from the mosses at their feet. And smiling the little wife replied, even while the fearful dread around her heart almost stayed its beating.

Afar from home, they gathered fruits and flowers for the evening sacrifice, and all the while the anxious wife watched with aching heart every look and motion of her lord. He struck the tree to gather sacred wood, and blow after blow of his axe echoed through the forest. At last he reeled in sudden pain and cried, "I cannot work"; then falling at her feet he fainted there. Quickly the beloved head was laid upon her lap, and eagerly she strove by chafing the temples and tired hands to bring the life tide back. She knew it was the day of fate, but still she could not yield.

Suddenly at her side she saw a fearful shape, that was neither god nor man — tall and dark with visage grim, he looked down pitilessly upon them both. His garments were crimson as if with blood; his cruel eyes glowed like burning coals in their deep sockets. In one hand he bore a long black noose and bent over Satyavan. As the specter leaned above her husband, the trembling princess laid the head tenderly upon the ground, and spring-ing up reverently folded her hands in supplication, and prayed to know who he was and why he came. He an-swered, "I am Yama, the god of death, and I am come to bear away the soul of Satyavan." "But," pleaded the wife, "'t is thy messengers that bear away the souls of men. Why is it, mighty chief, that thou hast come?" "Because Prince Satyavan was the grandest, noblest of his race," replied the god, "and none save Yama's self was worthy to bear his soul away." And bending lower still he fitted the dreadful noose and drew out the soul of Satyavan; then silently he strode away toward the southland with his prize, leaving the poor body pale and cold, with life and grace and beauty gone.

But the stricken princess followed him. With her hands folded in supplication she hastened on behind this fearful King of Death. At last he turned. "Go back," said he; "why dost thou follow in my steps? No mortal e'er has dared to come whither I shall go. Go back and perform the funeral rites for thy dead lord."

But she replied: "Wherever my lord is borne, there I shall surely go; he is my life, my all; I cannot leave him, and I must go with thee. By reason of my wifely love thou wilt let me come." And still she followed on until the King of Death himself felt pity for the faithful wife,

and turning back he said: "Return, my child, to life and health. Thy wifely love is good, but the kingdom of Yama is not the place for thee. Still, I will grant thee any boon that thou dost crave, except this life that I am bearing away." Then said Savitri, "Let the blind and banished king, my husband's father, have both his sight and throne restored." "It shall be so," returned the god. "I grant thee this because of thy purity and fidelity; but now turn back; our way is long and dark, thy little feet are already weary, and thou wilt die upon the road."

"I am not weary," said Savitri, "I cannot tire while I am near to Satyavan. Wherever he is borne, there the loyal wife must go." And the tireless feet toiled patiently on behind the King of Death until he turned again and said: "Darkness is coming on; soon thou canst not find thy way alone. I will give to thee another boon — anything except this life, and then thou must return." Quickly the princess thought of her own sire, whose only child now followed Death — thought of his lonely home and coming age, and she said, "Give to my father princely sons to bear his royal name. This is the boon I crave, O mighty one." "So shall it be," returned the king; "and now I have granted thy wishes, go back to life and light." But she only answered plaintively, "I cannot go, great king. I cannot leave my lord. Thou hast taken him, and my heart is in thy hand. I must surely come with thee."

Darkness came slowly down in the dense forest, and her tender feet were torn with thorns and cut with the sharp stones of the rugged path. Hungry wolves and

jackals pressed around her, while night birds spread their black wings above her and startled the silence with their cries. Trembling with terror and faint with grief and hunger, she still pursued her way. Her tear-blinded eyes could no longer see the terrible shape she followed, but she heard his footfalls and almost felt his fearful strides, for it seemed that every step came down upon her bleeding heart.

At last they came to a cavern, dark and damp as death itself, and here again Yama turned upon the pitiful figure in the darkness behind him, and this time he fiercely demanded, "Art thou still upon my track? If thou wert not so true and good, I would take thee in my arms, and my worms should feed upon thy beauty; but thou art truth itself, and I will give to thee, poor child, one more boon. In pity for thy grief I will give thee anything thou wilt — except this life within my hand." Then answered Savitri, "Give me children — the sons of Satyavan. Let me bear to him brave, loyal heirs of his goodness and his truth."

Death grimly smiled. Should he be conquered yet by this little Hindu wife? But he answered: "Yama hath promised thee, and I must grant thee even this." Then with rapid strides he entered the great vault of the cavern, while the startled bats and owls flapped their dark wings and made the place more hideous with their cries. But still he heard the patter of patient feet behind him, and his burning eyeballs blazed in the darkness upon poor Savitri.

"Go back," he said. "Thou shalt return; I will bear no longer with thy persistent following!" "I would go back, O mighty Yama, if I could," wailed the weary

wife, "but in your hands you carry my own life. 'T is only my helpless frame that follows thee, and now I am so weak with grief and fear that I must come nearer to Satyavan"; and the tired head drooped upon the dark cold hand of Death, close to the life she craved. The pitiless king felt the soft touch of tear-wet cheeks and clinging hair, and again his cruel heart was softened by her faithful love. "Thou art innocence itself, and tenderness and truth," said Yama. "Thou hast taught me lessons new of woman's fidelity. Ask any boon thou wilt, and it shall be thine."

Then at his feet she fell in grateful joy and tenderly caressed them. "This time, O King," she cried, "thou hast excepted nothing, and I ask not wealth, nor throne, nor heaven itself. I crave my heart, my life — give me my Satyavan!" The fire in his eyes beamed more softly, and the light in them was almost tender as he said: "Fair queen, thou art the brightest gem of womankind. Here, take thy Satyavan. Saved by his peerless wife, he long shall live and reign with her, and his line shall be upheld by princely sons who shall call thee mother. Go now, my child, time hasteth, and long hast thou been with me." Then turning gloomily away, he went down — down into the darkness of the cavern. But the glad wife, holding her precious treasure close to her heart, retraced her steps back through the darkness of cavern and wood, her torn feet climbing the ascending stairway, fearing nothing, knowing nothing, save that in her arms she carried her beloved.

It was dark in the forest, where the dense foliage almost shut out the light of noontime, but it was lighter here where only little groves of sacred fig trees and thick-

ets of flowering shrubs obscured the vision, and traces of gold and crimson still lingered round the setting sun. Thankful for the light, she hastened to where the body lay, and raising the head pressed it tenderly again to her bosom, and gently wooed the lifetide to heart and pulse. Soft and warm his hand became, and his lips moved to speak a tender word that had died upon them when Yama came. The evening light was gone, and darkness came down with velvet touch around them, but the glorious stars came out and the southern constel-lations flashed like crown jewels above the living prince and his loyal wife.

II
BUDDHA AND HIS TEACHINGS

HISTORICAL NOTE

ACCORDING to the legends of Buddha, he was a prince who gave up his life of luxury to become a religious recluse, in the hope of thus finding peace of soul. After years of spiritual struggling this finally came to him, and he set out to preach his beliefs. Two of his chief doctrines were metempsychosis and *nirvana*. According to the first, at a man's death his spirit enters at once into some other form, the sum total of his actions, that is, his *karma*, deciding whether it shall be superior or inferior to the one which he has heretofore occupied. According to the second, life is hopelessly unhappy, and the only escape is into *nirvana*, or extinction. Whether this meant extinction of all desires, extinction of the soul, or merely its absorption into the universal soul is a disputed question.

THE LIFE OF BUDDHA

[Born between 562 and 552 B.C.; died between 482 and 472 B.C.]

BY SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER

GAUTAMA, afterwards named Buddha, "The Enlightened," was the only son of the King of Kapilavastu. The king wished to see his son grow up into a warrior like himself; but the young prince shunned the sports of his playmates, and spent his time alone in nooks of thepalace garden. When he reached manhood, however, he showed himself brave and skillful with his weapons. He won his wife by a contest at arms over all rival chiefs. For a time he forgot the religious thoughts of his boyhood in the enjoyment of the world. But in his drives through the city he was struck by the sights of old age, disease, and death which met his eye; and he envied the calm of a holy man, who seemed to have raised his soul above the changes and sorrows of this life. After ten years, his wife bore to him an only son; and Gautama, fearing lest this new tie should bind him too closely to the things of earth, retired about the age of thirty to a cave in the jungles. The story is told how he turned away from the door of his wife's lamplit chamber, denying himself even a parting caress of his new-born babe, lest he should wake the sleeping mother, and galloped off into the darkness. After a gloomy night ride, he sent back his one companion, the faithful charioteer, with his horse and jewels to his father. Having cut off his long warrior hair, and exchanged his princely raiment for the rags of a poor passer-by, he went on alone, a homeless

beggar. This giving up of princely pomp, and of loved wife and new-born son, is the "Great Renunciation" which forms a favorite theme of the Buddhist scriptures.

For a time Gautama studied under two Brahman hermits. They taught him that the peace of the soul was to be reached only by mortifying the body. He then buried himself deeper in the jungles, and during six years wasted himself by austerities in company with five disciples. But instead of earning peace of mind by fasting and self-torture, he sank into a religious despair, during which the Buddhist scriptures affirm that the enemy of mankind, Mara, wrestled with him in bodily shape. Torn with doubts as to whether all his penance availed anything, the haggard hermit fell senseless to the earth. When he recovered, the mental agony had passed. He felt that the path to salvation lay not in self-torture in mountain jungles or caves, but in preaching a higher life to his fellow-men. He gave up penance. His five disciples, shocked by this, forsook him; and he was left alone in the forest. The Buddhist scriptures depict him as sitting serene under a fig tree, while demons whirled round him with flaming weapons. From this temptation in the wilderness he came forth with his doubts forever laid at rest, seeing his way clear, and henceforth to be known as Buddha, literally "The Enlightened."

Buddha began his public teaching in the Deer Forest, near the great city of Benares. Unlike the Brahmans, he preached, not to one or two disciples of the sacred caste, but to the people. His first converts were common men, and among the earliest were women. After three months he had gathered around him sixty disciples, whom he sent forth to the neighboring countries with

these words: "Go ye now, and preach the most excellent law." Two thirds of each year he spent as a wandering preacher. The remaining four months, or the rainy season, he abode at some fixed place, teaching the people who flocked around his little dwelling in the bamboo grove. His five old disciples, who had forsaken him in the time of his sore temptation in the wilderness, now came back to their master. Princes, merchants, artisans, Brahmans and hermits, husbandmen and serfs, noble ladies and repentant women who had sinned, were added to those who believed. Buddha preached throughout Behar, Oudh, and the adjacent districts in the Northwestern Provinces. He had ridden forth from his father's house as a brilliant young prince. He now returned to it as a wandering preacher, in dingy yellow robes, with shaven head and the begging-bowl in his hand. The old king heard him with reverence. The son whom Buddha had left as a new-born babe was converted to the faith; and his beloved wife, from the threshold of whose chamber he had ridden away into the darkness, became one of the first of Buddhist nuns.

Buddha's Great Renunciation took place in his thirtieth year. After long self-preparation, his public teaching began when he was about thirty-six, and during forty-four years he preached to the people. In foretelling his death, he said to his followers: "Be earnest, be thoughtful, be holy. Keep steadfast watch over your own hearts. He who holds fast to the law and discipline, and faints not, he shall cross the ocean of life and make an end of sorrow. The world is fast bound in fetters," he added; "I now give it deliverance, as a physician who brings heavenly medicine. Keep your mind on my

teaching: all other things change, this changes not. No more shall I speak to you. I desire to depart. I desire the eternal rest (*nirvana*)." He spent the night in preaching, and in comforting a weeping disciple. His last words, according to one account, were, "Work out your salvation with diligence." He died calmly, at the age of eighty, under the shadow of a fig tree, according to the commonly received tradition in 543 B.C.; or according to later criticism in 478 B.C.

Buddha taught that the state of a man in this life, in all previous and in all future lives, is the result of his own acts (*karma*). What a man sows, that he must reap. As no evil remains without punishment, and no good deed without reward, it follows that neither priest nor God can prevent each act from bringing about its own consequences. Misery or happiness in this life is the unavoidable result of our conduct in a past life; and our actions here will determine our happiness or misery in the life to come. When any creature dies, he is born again in some higher or lower state of existence, according to his merit or demerit. His merit or demerit consists of the sum total of his actions in all previous lives. A system like this, in which our whole well-being — past, present, and to come — depends upon ourselves, leaves little room for a personal God.

The pious Buddhist strives to reach a state of holy meditation in this world, and looks forward to an eternal calm in a world to come. Buddha taught that this end could only be reached by leading a good life. Instead of the Brahman sacrifices, he laid down three great duties, namely, control over self, kindness to other men, and reverence for the life of all living creatures.

STORIES OF BUDDHA

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

I

BUDDHA AND THE WOUNDED SWAN

In the royal garden on a day of spring,
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
To their nest-places on Himâla's breast.
Calling in love-notes down their snowy line
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
And Devadatta, cousin of the prince,
Pointed his bow, and loosed a willful shaft
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes.
Which seeing, Prince Siddârtha took the bird
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap —
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits —
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
Caressed it into peace with light kind palms
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled;
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
The cruel steel forth from the wound and laid
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
That curiously into his wrist he pressed

The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting.
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.
Then some one came who said, "My prince hath shot
A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay," quoth Siddârtha, "if the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The godlike speed which throbbed in this white wing."
And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing,
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'T was no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 't is mine,
Give me my prize, fair Cousin." Then our Lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone; but, if the prince disputes,
Let him submit this matter to the wise
And we will wait their word." So was it done;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that,
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught, the savior of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay — the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains, give him the bird":
Which judgment all found just; but when the king

Sought out the sage for honor, he was gone;
And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth, —
The gods come ofttimes thus! So our Lord Buddh
Began his works of mercy.
Yet not more
Knew he as yet of grief than that one bird's,
Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind.

II

HOW BUDDHA WON THE PRINCESS

But they who watched the prince at prize-giving
Saw and heard all, and told the careful king
How sate Siddârtha heedless, till there passed
Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasôdhara;
And how — at sudden sight of her — he changed,
And how she gazed on him and he on her,
And of the jewel-gift, and what beside
Passed in their speaking glance.
The fond king smiled:
"Look! we have found a lure; take counsel now
To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
In marriage for my son." But it was law
With Sâkyas, when any asked a maid
Of noble house, fair and desirable,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it;
Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
Therefore her father spake: "Say to the king,
The child is sought by princes far and near;

If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
Sway sword, and back a horse better than they,
Best would he be in all and best to us:
But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways?"
Then the king's heart was sore, for now the prince
Begged sweet Yasôdhara for wife — in vain,
With Devadatta foremost at the bow,
Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,
And Nanda chief in sword-play; but the prince
Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have
learned;
Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games. I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 't was given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Siddârtha summoned whoso would
To match with him in feats of manliness,
The victor's crown to be Yasôdhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
The Sâkya lords and town and country round
Unto the maidân; and the maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music, and with litters gayly dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned.
Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,
The flower of all youths there, till the prince came
Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world without:
Also Siddârtha gazed with wondering eyes
On all those people born beneath the throne,

Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like — perchance — in joys and griefs.
But when the prince saw sweet Yasôdhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest; let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test
And set a brazen drum six gows away,
Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
But Prince Siddârtha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
A cowry-shell for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
Marveled and cried; and sweet Yasôdhara
Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes,
Lest she should see her prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
With sinews bound, and strung with silver wire,
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
Thrummed it — low laughing — drew the twisted string
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped:
"That is for play, not love," he said; "hath none
A bow more fit for Sâkya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhahânu's bow,
Kept in the temple since we know not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel,

Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
Like bison-horns; and twice Siddârtha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake — "Shoot now
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
The stubborn arms a hand's-breadth nigher use;
Then the prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,
Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud
That feeble folk at home that day inquired
"What is this sound?" and people answered them,
"It is the sound of Sinhahânu's bow,
Which the king's son has strung and goes to shoot";
Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Then Devadatta challenged with the sword,
And clove a Talas-tree six fingers thick;
Ardjuna seven; and Nanda cut through nine;
But two such stems together grew, and both
Siddârtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid
Trembled anew, seeing the trees erect,
Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both green crowns
Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.
Then brought they steeds,
High-mettled, nobly-bred, and three times scoured
Around the maidân, but white Kantaka

Left even the fleetest far behind — so swift,
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
Twenty spear-lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
"We too might win with such as Kantaka;
Bring an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him." So the syces brought
A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
Had crossed him. Three times each young Sâkya
Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed
Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
In dust and shame; only Ardjuna held
His seat awhile, and, bidding loose the chains,
Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held
The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,
So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain
Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
"Let not Siddârtha meddle with this Bhût,
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame"; but the prince said, "Let go the chains,
Give me his forelock only," which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
And drew it gently down the angry face,
And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,

As though he knew our Lord and worshiped him.
Nor stirred he while Siddârtha mounted, then
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes, so that the people said,
"Strive no more, for Siddârtha is the best."
And all the suitors answered "He is best!"

III

BUDDHA AND THE LAMB

While the Master spake
Blew down the mount the dust of pattering feet,
White goats and black sheep winding slow their way,
With many a lingering nibble at the tufts,
And wanderings from the path, where water gleamed
Or wild figs hung. But always as they strayed
The herdsman cried, or slung his sling, and kept
The silly crowd still moving to the plain.
A ewe with couplets in the flock there was,
Some hurt had lamed one lamb, which toiled behind
Bleeding, while in the front its fellow skipped,
And the vexed dam hither and thither ran,
Fearful to lose this little one or that;
Which when our Lord did mark, full tenderly
He took the limping lamb upon his neck,
Saying, "Poor woolly mother, be at peace!
Whither thou goest I will bear thy care;
'T were all as good to ease one beast of grief
As sit and watch the sorrows of the world
In yonder caverns with the priests who pray."

IV

HOW BUDDHA COMFORTED THE SORROWING MOTHER

Whom, when they came unto the riverside,
A woman — dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands — saluted, bending low:
"Lord! thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But, alas! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick
Of poison'; and another, 'He will die.'
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes; it was so very small
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
'There is a holy man upon the hill —
Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe —
Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze

With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand;
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
'Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
For they who seek physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard-seed, a tola; only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died;
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"

The Master smiled
Exceeding tenderly. "Yea! I spake thus,
Dear Kisagôtami! But didst thou find
The seed?"

"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut —
Here in the jungle and towards the town —
'I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola — black'; and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died —
Husband or wife, or child, or slave?' they said:
'O Sister! what is this you ask? the dead
Are very many, and the living few!'
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'
'Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!'
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!'

Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!
Therefore I left my child — who would not suck
Nor smile — beneath the wild-vines by the stream,
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

"My sister! thou hast found," the Master said,
"Searching for what none finds — that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice —
As these dumb beasts are driven — men their lords.
I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!"

V

THE FIVE RULES OF BUDDHA

Kill not — for Pity's sake — and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse:
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.

Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

KARMA: A STORY OF BUDDHIST ETHICS[1]

BY PAUL CARUS

Commit no evil; but do good
And let thy heart be pure.
That is the gist of Buddhahood,
The lore that will endure.
The Dhammapada.

DÊVALA'S RICE-CART

LONG, long ago in the days of early Buddhism, India was in a most prosperous condition. The Aryan inhabitants of the country were highly civilized, and the great cities were centers of industry, commerce, and learning.

It was in those olden times that Pandu, a wealthy jeweler of the Brahman caste, traveled in a carriage to Bârânasî, which is now called Benares. He was bent on some lucrative banking business, and a slave who attended to the horses accompanied him.

The jeweler was apparently in a hurry to reach his destination, and as the day was exceedingly pleasant, since a heavy thunderstorm had cooled the atmosphere, the horses sped along rapidly.

While proceeding on their journey the travelers overtook a samana, as the Buddhist monks were called, and the jeweler, observing the venerable appearance of the holy man, thought to himself: "This samana looks noble and saintly. Companionship with good men brings luck; should he also be going to Bârânasî, I will invite him to ride with me in my carriage."

Having saluted the samana the jeweler explained

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whither he was driving and at what inn he intended to stay in Bârânasî. Learning that the samana, whose name was Nârada, also was traveling to Bârânasî, he asked him to accept a seat in his carriage. "I am obliged to you for your kindness," said the samana to the Brahman, "for I am quite worn out by the long journey. As I have no possessions in this world, I cannot repay you in money; but it may happen that I can reward you with some spiritual treasure out of the wealth of the in-formation I have received while following Shâkyamuni, the Blessed One, the Great Buddha, the Teacher of gods and men."

They traveled together in the carriage and Pandu listened with pleasure to the instructive discourse of Nârada. After about an hour's journey, they arrived at a place where the road had been rendered almost impassable by a washout caused by the recent rain, and a farmer's cart heavily laden with rice prevented further progress. The loss of a linchpin had caused one of the wheels to come off, and Dêvala, the owner of the cart, was busily engaged in repairing the damage. He, too, was on his way to Bârânasî to sell his rice, and was anxious to reach the city before the dawn of the next morning. If he was delayed a day or two longer, the rice merchants might have left town or bought all the stock they needed.

When the jeweler saw that he could not proceed on his way unless the farmer's cart was removed, he began to grow angry and ordered Mahâduta, his slave, to push the cart aside, so that his carriage could pass by. The farmer remonstrated because, being so near the slope of the road, it would jeopardize his cargo; but the Brahman

would not listen to the farmer and bade his servant overturn the rice-cart and push it aside. Mahâduta, an unusually strong man, who seemed to take delight in the injury of others, obeyed before the samana could interfere. The rice was thrown on the wayside, and the farmer's plight was worse than before.

The poor farmer began to scold, but when the big, burly Mahâduta raised his fist threateningly, he ceased his remonstrances and only growled his curses in a low undertone.

When Pandu was about to continue his journey the samana jumped out of the carriage and said: "Excuse me, sir, for leaving you here. I am under obligations for your kindness in giving me an hour's ride in your carriage. I was tired when you picked me up on the road, but now, thanks to your courtesy, I am rested, and recognizing in this farmer an incarnation of one of your ancestors, I cannot repay your kindness better than by assisting him in his troubles."

The Brahman jeweler looked at the samana in amazement: "That farmer, you say, is an incarnation of one of my ancestors? That is impossible!"

"I know," replied the samana, "that you are not aware of the numerous important relations which tie your fate to that of the farmer; but sometimes the smartest men are spiritually blind. So I regret that you harm your own interests, and I shall try to protect you against the wounds which you are about to inflict upon yourself."

The wealthy merchant was not accustomed to being reprimanded, and feeling that the words of the samana, although uttered with great kindness, contained a

stinging reproach, bade his servant drive on without further delay.

THE JEWELER'S PURSE

The samana saluted Dêvala, the farmer, and began to help him repair his cart and load up the rice, part of which had been thrown out. The work proceeded quickly and Dêvala thought: "This samana must be a holy man; invisible *devas* [1] seem to assist him. I will ask him how I deserved ill-treatment at the hands of the proud Brahman." And he said: "Venerable sir, can you tell me why I suffer an injustice from a man to whom I have never done any harm?"

And the samana said: "My dear friend, you do not suffer an injustice, but only receive in your present state of existence the same treatment which you visited upon the jeweler in a former life. You reap what you have sown, and your fate is the product of your deeds. Your very existence, such as it is now, is but the *karma* of your past lives."

"What is my *karma?*" asked the farmer.

"A man's *karma*," replied the samana, "consists of all the deeds both good and evil that he has done in his present and in any prior existence. Your life is a system of many activities which have originated in the natural process of evolution, and have been transferred from generation to generation. The entire being of every one of us is an accumulation of inherited functions which are modified by new experiences and deeds. Thus we are what we have done. Our *karma* constitutes our nature. We are our own creators."

[1] Spiritual beings, gods or angels.

"That may be as you say," rejoined Dêvala, "but what have I to do with that overbearing Brahman?"

The samana replied: "You are in character quite similar to the Brahman, and the *karma* that has shaped your destiny differs but little from his. If I am not mistaken in reading your thoughts, I should say that you would, even to-day, have done the same unto the jeweler if he had been in your place, and if you had such a strong slave at your command as he has, able to deal with you at his pleasure."

The farmer confessed that if he had had the power, he would have felt little compunction in treating another man, who had happened to impede his way, as he had been treated by the Brahman, but thinking of the retribution attendant upon unkind deeds, he resolved to be in the future more considerate with his fellow-beings.

The rice was loaded and together they pursued their journey to Bârânasî, when suddenly the horse jumped aside. "A snake, a snake!" shouted the farmer; but the samana looked closely at the object at which the horse shuddered, jumped out of the cart, and saw that it was a purse full of gold, and the idea struck him: "This money can belong to no one but the wealthy jeweler."

Nârada took the purse and found that it contained a goodly sum of gold pieces. Then he said to the farmer: "Now is the time for you to teach the proud jeweler a lesson, and it will redound to your well-being both in this and in future lives. No revenge is sweeter than the requital of hatred with deeds of good will. I will give you this purse, and when you come to Bârânasî drive up to the inn which I shall point out to you; ask for

Pandu, the Brahman, and deliver to him his gold. He will excuse himself for the rudeness with which he treated you, but tell him that you have forgiven him and wish him success in all his undertakings. For, let me tell you, the more successful he is, the better you will prosper; your fate depends in many respects upon his fate. Should the jeweler demand any explanation, send him to the *vihâra*,[1] where he will find me ready to assist him with advice in case he may feel the need of it."

BUSINESS IN BENARES

To corner the market of the necessities of life is not a modern invention. The Old Testament contains the story of Joseph, the poor Hebrew youth who became minister of state, and succeeded with unscrupulous but clever business tricks in cornering the wheat market, so as to force the starved people to sell all their property, their privileges, and even their lives, to Pharaoh. And we read in the "Jâtaka Tales" that one of the royal treasurers of Kâsî, which is the old name of Bârânasî, made his first great success in life by cornering the grass market of the metropolis on the day of the arrival of a horse dealer with five hundred horses.

When Pandu the jeweler arrived at Bârânasî, it so happened that a bold speculator had brought about a corner in rice, and Mallika, a rich banker and a business friend of Pandu, was in great distress. On meeting the jeweler he said: "I am a ruined man and can do no busi-ness with you unless I can buy a cart of the best rice for the king's table. I have a rival banker in Bârânasî who, learning that I had made a contract with the royal

[1] Buddhist monastery.

treasurer to deliver the rice to-morrow morning, and being desirous to bring about my destruction, has bought up all the rice in Bârânasî. The royal treasurer must have received a bribe, for he will not release me from my contract, and to-morrow I shall be a ruined man unless Krishna[1] will send an angel from heaven to help me."

While Mallika was still lamenting the poverty to which his rival would reduce him, Pandu missed his purse. Searching his carriage without being able to find it, he suspected his slave Mahâduta; and calling the police, accused him of theft, and had him bound and cruelly tortured to extort a confession.

The slave in his agonies cried: "I am innocent, let me go, for I cannot stand this pain; I am quite innocent, at least of this crime, and suffer now for other sins. Oh, that I could beg the farmer's pardon whom, for the sake of my master, I wronged without any cause! This torture, I believe, is a punishment for my rudeness."

While the officer was still applying the lash to the back of the slave, the farmer arrived at the inn and, to the great astonishment of all concerned, delivered the purse. The slave was at once released from the hands of his torturer. But being dissatisfied with his master, he secretly left and joined a band of robbers in the mountains, who made him their chief on account of his great strength and courage.

When Mallika heard that the farmer had the best rice to sell, fit for delivery to the royal table, he at once bought the whole cartload for treble the price that the farmer had ever received. Pandu, however, glad at heart

[1] A Brahman god.

to have his money restored, rewarded the honest finder, and hastened at once to the *vihâra* to receive further explanation from Nârada, the samana.

Nârada said: "I might give you an explanation, but knowing that you are unable to understand a spiritual truth. I prefer to remain silent. Yet I shall give you some advice: Treat every man whom you meet as your own self; serve him as you would demand to be served yourself; for our *karma* travels; it walks apace, though, and the journey is often long. But be it good or evil, finally it will come home to us. Therefore it is said: —

'Slowly but surely deeds
Home to the doer creep.
Of kindness sow thy seeds,
And bliss as harvest reap.'"

"Give me, O samana, the explanation," said the jeweler, "and I shall thereby be better able to follow your advice."

The samana said: "Listen, then; I will give you the key to the mystery. If you do not understand it, have faith in what I say. Self is an illusion, and he whose mind is bent upon following self, follows a will-o'-the-wisp which leads him into the quagmire of sin. The illusion of self is like dust in your eye that blinds your sight and prevents you from recognizing the close rela-tions that obtain between yourself and your fellows, which are even closer than the relations that obtain among the various organs of your body. You must learn to trace the identity of your self in the souls of other beings. Ignorance is the source of sin. There are few who know the truth. Let this motto be your talis-man: —

'Who injureth others
Himself hurteth sore;
Who others assisteth
Himself helpeth more.
Let th' illusion of self
From your mind disappear,
And you'll find the way sure;
The path will be clear.'

"To him whose vision is dimmed by the dust of the world, the spiritual life appears to be cut up into innumerable selves. Thus he will be puzzled in many ways concerning the nature of rebirth, and will be incapable of understanding the import of an all-comprehensive loving-kindness toward all living beings."

The jeweler replied: "Your words, O venerable sir, have a deep significance, and I shall bear them in mind. I extended a small kindness, which caused me no expense whatever, to a poor samana on my way to Bârânasî, and lo! how propitious has been the result! I am deeply in your debt, for without you I should not only have lost my purse, but would have been prevented from doing business in Bârânasî which greatly increases my wealth, while if it had been left undone it might have reduced me to a state of wretched poverty. In addition, your thoughtfulness and the arrival of the farmer's rice-cart preserved the prosperity of my friend Mallika, the banker. If all men saw the truth of your maxims, how much better the world would be! Evils would be lessened, and public welfare enhanced."

The samana replied: "Among all the religions there is none like that of the Buddha. It is glorious in the beginning, glorious in the middle, and glorious in the end. It is glorious in the letter and glorious in the spirit. It

is the religion of loving-kindness that rids man of the narrowness of egotism and elevates him above his petty self to the bliss of enlightenment which manifests itself in righteousness."

Pandu nodded assent and said: "As I am anxious to let the truth of the Buddha be understood, I shall found a *vihâra* at my native place, Kaushambî, and invite you to visit me, so that I may dedicate the place to the brotherhood of Buddha's disciples."

AMONG THE ROBBERS

Years passed on, and Pandu's *vihâra* at Kaushambî became a place in which wise samanas used to stay and it was renowned as a center of enlightenment for the people of the town.

At that time the king of a neighboring country had heard of the beauty of Pandu's jewelry, and he sent his treasurer to order a royal diadem to be wrought in pure gold and set with the most precious stones of India. Pandu gladly accepted the order and executed a crown of the most exquisite design. When he had finished the work, he started for the residence of the king, and as he expected to transact other profitable business, took with him a great store of gold pieces.

The caravan carrying his goods was protected by a strong escort of armed men, but when they reached the mountains they were attacked by a band of robbers led by Mahâduta, who beat them and took away all the jewelry and the gold, and Pandu escaped with great difficulty. This calamity was a blow to Pandu's prosperity, and as he had suffered some other severe losses his wealth was greatly reduced.

Pandu was much distressed, but he bore his misfortunes without complaint, thinking to himself: "I have deserved these losses for the sins committed during my past existence. In my younger years I was very hard on other people; because I now reap the harvest of my evil deeds I have no reason for complaint."

As he had grown in kindness toward all beings, his misfortunes only served to purify his heart; and his chief regret, when thinking of his reduced means, was that he had become unable to do good and to help his friends in the *vihâra* to spread the truths of religion.

Again years passed on, and it happened that Panthaka, a young samana and disciple of Nârada, was traveling through the mountains of Kaushambî, and he fell among the robbers in the mountains. As he had nothing in his possession, the robber chief beat him severely and let him go.

On the next morning Panthaka, while pursuing his way through the woods, heard a noise as of men quarreling and fighting, and going to the place he saw a number of robbers, all of them in a great rage, and in their midst stood Mahâduta, their chief; and Mahâduta was desperately defending himself against them, like a lion surrounded by hounds, and he slew several of his aggressors with formidable blows, but there were too many for him; at last he succumbed, and fell to the ground as if dead, covered with wounds.

As soon as the robbers had left the place, the young samana approached to see whether he could be of any assistance to the wounded men. He found that all the robbers were dead, and there was but little life left in the chief.

At once Panthaka went down to the little brooklet which was murmuring near by, fetched fresh water in his bowl and brought it to the dying man. Mahâduta opened his eyes and gnashing his teeth, said: "Where are those ungrateful dogs whom I have led to victory and success? Without me as their chief they will soon perish like jackals hunted down by skillful hunters."

"Do not think of your comrades, the companions of your sinful life," said Panthaka, "but think of your own fate, and accept in the last moment the chance of sal-vation that is offered you. Here is water to drink, and let me dress your wounds; perhaps I may save your life."

"Alas! alas!" replied Mahâduta, "are you not the man whom I beat but yesterday? And now you come to my assistance, to assuage my pain! You bring me fresh water to quench my thirst, and try to save my life! It is useless, honorable sir, I am a doomed man. The churls have wounded me unto death, — the ungrateful cowards! They have dealt me the blow which I taught them."

"You reap what you have sown," continued the samana; "had you taught your comrades acts of kind-ness, you would have received from them acts of kind-ness; but having taught them the lesson of slaughter, it is but your own deed that you are slain by their hands."

"True, very true," said the robber chief, "my fate is well deserved; but how sad is my lot, that I must reap the full harvest of all my evil deeds in future existences! Advise me, O holy sir, what I can do to lighten the sins of my life which oppress me like a great rock placed upon my breast, taking away the breath from my lungs."

Said Panthaka: "Root out your sinful desires; destroy all evil passions, and fill your heart with kindness toward all your fellow-beings."

THE SPIDER-WEB

While the charitable samana washed the wounds, the robber chief said: "I have done much evil and no good. How can I extricate myself from the net of sorrow which I have woven out of the evil desires of my own heart? My *karma* will lead me to hell and I shall never be able to walk in the path of salvation."

Said the samana: "Indeed your *karma* will in its future incarnations reap the seeds of evil that you have sown. There is no escape from the consequences of our actions. But there is no cause for despair. The man who is converted and has rooted out the illusion of self, with all its lusts and sinful desires, will be a source of blessing to himself and others.

"As an illustration, I will tell you the story of the great robber Kandata, who died without repentance and was reborn as a demon in hell, where he suffered for his evil deeds the most terrible agonies and pains. He had been in hell several *kalpas*,[1] and was unable to rise out of his wretched condition, when Buddha appeared upon earth and attained to the blessed state of enlightenment. At that memorable moment a ray of light fell down into hell quickening all the demons with life and hope, and the robber Kandata cried aloud: 'O blessed Buddha, have mercy upon me! I suffer greatly, and although I have done evil, I am anxious to walk in the noble path of righteousness. But I can-

[1] A long period of time, an æon.

not extricate myself from the net of sorrow. Help me, O Lord; have mercy on me!'

"Now, it is the law of *karma* that evil deeds lead to destruction, for absolute evil is so bad that it cannot exist. Absolute evil involves impossibility of existence. But good deeds lead to life. Thus there is a final end to every deed that is done, but there is no end to the development of good deeds. The least act of goodness bears fruit containing new seeds of goodness, and they continue to grow, they nourish the poor suffering creatures in their repeated wanderings in the eternal round of *samsâra* [1] until they reach the final deliverance from all evil in *nirvâna*.

"When Buddha, the Lord, heard the prayer of the demon suffering in hell, he said: 'Kandata, did you ever perform an act of kindness? It will now return to you and help you to rise again. But you cannot be rescued unless the intense sufferings which you endure as consequences of your evil deeds have dispelled all conceit of selfhood and have purified your soul of vanity, lust, and envy.'

"Kandata remained silent, for he had been a cruel man, but the Tathâgata in his omniscience saw all the deeds done by the poor wretch, and he perceived that once in his life when walking through the woods he had seen a spider crawling on the ground, and he thought to himself, 'I will not step upon the spider, for he is a harmless creature and hurts nobody.'

"Buddha looked with compassion upon the tortures

[1] *Saṁsâra* is the restlessness of the world and of worldly life, *nirvâna* is the peace of mind of him who has overcome the illusion of self.

of Kandata, and sent down a spider on a cobweb and the spider said: 'Take hold of the web and climb up.'

"Having attached the web at the bottom of hell, the spider withdrew. Kandata eagerly seized the thin thread and made great efforts to climb up. And he succeeded. The web was so strong that it held, and he ascended higher and higher.

"Suddenly he felt the thread trembling and shaking, for behind him some of his fellow-sufferers were beginning to climb up. Kandata became frightened. He saw the thinness of the web, and observed that it was elastic, for under the increased weight it stretched out; yet it still seemed strong enough to carry him. Kandata had heretofore only looked up; he now looked down, and saw following close upon his heels, also climbing up on the cobweb, a numberless mob of the denizens of hell. 'How can this thin thread bear the weight of all?' he thought to himself; and seized with fear he shouted loudly: 'Let go the cobweb. It is mine!'

"At once the cobweb broke, and Kandata fell back into hell.

"The illusion of self was still upon Kandata. He did not know the miraculous power of a sincere longing to rise upwards and enter the noble path of righteousness. It is thin like a cobweb, but it will carry millions of people, and the more there are that climb it, the easier will be the efforts of every one of them. But as soon as the idea arises in a man's heart: 'This is mine; let the bliss of righteousness be mine alone, and let no one else partake of it,' the thread breaks and he will fall back into his old condition of selfhood. For selfhood is dam-

nation, and truth is bliss. What is hell? It is nothing but egotism, and *nirvâna* is a life of righteousness."

"Let me take hold of the spider-web," said the dying robber chief, when the samana had finished his story, "and I will pull myself up out of the depths of hell."

THE CONVERSION OF THE ROBBER CHIEF

Mahâduta lay quiet for a while to collect his thoughts, and then he addressed the samana not without effort: —

"Listen, honorable sir, I will make a confession: I was the servant of Pandu, the jeweler of Kaushambî, but when he unjustly had me tortured I ran away and became a chief of robbers. Some time ago when I heard from my spies that Pandu was passing through the mountains, I succeeded in robbing him of a great part of his wealth. Will you now go to him and tell him that I have forgiven from the bottom of my heart the injury which he unjustly inflicted upon me, and ask him, too, to pardon me for having robbed him. While I stayed with him his heart was as hard as flint, and I learned to imitate the selfishness of his character. I have heard that he has become benevolent and is now pointed out as an example of goodness and justice. He has laid up treasures of which no robber can ever deprive him, while I fear that my *karma* will continue to linger in the course of evil deeds; but I do not wish to remain in his debt so long as it is still in my power to pay him. My heart has undergone a complete change. My evil passions are subdued, and the few moments of life left me shall be spent in the endeavor to continue after death in the good *karma* of righteous aspirations. Therefore, inform Pandu that I have kept the gold crown which he wrought

for the king, and all his treasures, and have hidden them in a cave near by. There were only two of the robbers under my command who knew of it, and both are now dead. Let Pandu take a number of armed men and come to the place and take back the property of which I have deprived him. One act of justice will atone for some of my sins; it will help to cleanse my soul of its impurities and give me a start in the right direction on my search for salvation."

Then Mahâduta described the location of the cave and fell back exhausted.

For a while he lay with closed eyes as though sleeping. The pain of his wounds had ceased, and he began to breathe quietly; but his life was slowly ebbing away, and now he seemed to awake as from a pleasant dream.

"Venerable sir," said he, "what a blessing for me that the Buddha came upon earth and taught you and caused our paths to meet and made you comfort me. While I lay dozing I beheld as in a vision the scene of the Tathâgata's final entering into *nirvâna*. In former years I saw a picture of it which made a deep impression on my mind, and the recollection of it is a solace to me in my dying hour."

"Indeed, it is a blessing," replied the samana, "that the Buddha appeared upon earth; he dispelled the darkness begotten by ill will and error, and attained supreme enlightenment. He lived among us as one of us, being subject to the ills of life, pain, disease, and death, not unlike any mortal. Yet he extinguished in himself all selfishness, all lust, all greed for wealth and love of pleasure, all ambition for fame or power, all hankering after things of the world and clinging to anything

transitory and illusive. He was bent only on the one aim, to reach the immortal and to actualize in his being that which cannot die. Through the good *karma* of former existences and his own life he reached at last the blessed state of *nirvâna*, and when the end came he passed away in that final passing away which leaves nothing behind but extinguishes all that is transitory and mortal. Oh, that all men could give up clinging and thereby rid themselves of passion, envy, and hatred!"

Mahâduta imbibed the words of the samana with the eagerness of a thirsty man who is refreshed by a drink of water that is pure and cool and sweet. He wanted to speak, but he could scarcely rally strength enough to open his mouth and move his lips. He beckoned assent and showed his anxiety to embrace the doctrine of the Tathâgata.

Panthaka wetted the dying man's lips and soothed his pain, and when the robber chief, unable to speak, silently folded his hands, he spoke for him and gave utterance to such vows as the latter was ready to make. The samana's words were like music to the ears of Mahâduta. Filled with the joy that originates with good resolutions and entranced by the prospect of an advance in the search for a higher and better life, his eyes began to stare and all pain ceased.

So the robber chief died converted in the arms of the samana.

THE CONVERTED ROBBER'S TOMB

As soon as Panthaka, the young samana, had reached Kaushambî, he went to the *vihâra* and inquired for Pandu the jeweler. Being directed to his residence he

gave him a full account of his recent adventure in the forest. And Pandu set out with an escort of armed men and secured the treasures which the robber chief had concealed in the cave. Near by they found the remains of the robber chief and his slain comrades, and they gathered the bodies in a heap and burned them with all honors.

The ashes were collected in an urn and buried in a tumulus on which a stone was placed with an inscription written by Panthaka, which contained a brief report of Mahâduta's conversion.

Before Pandu's party returned home, Panthaka held a memorial service at the tumulus in which he explained the significance of *karma*, discoursing on the words of Buddha: —

> "By ourselves is evil done,
> By ourselves we pain endure.
> By ourselves we cease from wrong,
> By ourselves become we pure.
> No one saves us but ourselves,
> No one can and no one may:
> We ourselves must walk the path,
> Buddhas merely teach the way."

"Our *karma*," the samana said, "is not the work of Ishvara, or Brahma, or Indra, or of any one of the gods. Our *karma* is the product of our own actions. My action is the womb that bears me; it is the inheritance which devolves upon me; it is the curse of my misdeeds and the blessing of my righteousness. My action is the resource by which alone I can work out my salvation."

Then the samana paused and added: —

"While every one is the maker of his own *karma*, and we reap what we have sown, we are at the same time co-

responsible for the evils of evil-doers. Such is the inter-relation of *karma* that the errors of one person are mostly mere echoes of the errors of others. Neither the curse of our failings nor the bliss of our goodness is purely our own. Therefore when we judge the bad, the vicious, the criminal, let us not withhold from them our sympathy, for we are partners of their guilt."

Among the people of the surrounding villages the tumulus became known as "The Converted Robber's Tomb," and in later years a little shrine was built on the spot where wanderers used to rest and invoke the Buddha for the conversion of robbers and thieves.

THE BEQUEST OF A GOOD KARMA

Pandu carried all his treasures back to Kaushambî, and using with discretion the wealth thus unexpectedly regained, he became richer and more powerful than he had ever been before, and when he was dying at an ad-vanced age he had all his sons, and daughters, and grand-children gathered round him and said unto them: —

"My dear children, do not blame others for your lack of success. Seek the cause of your ills in yourselves. Unless you are blinded by vanity you will discover your fault, and having discovered it you will see the way out of it. The remedy for your ills, too, lies in yourselves. Never let your mental eyes be covered by the dust of selfishness, and remember the words which have proved a talisman in my life: —

'Who injureth others
Himself hurteth sore.
Who others assisteth
Himself helpeth more.

Let th' illusion of self
From your mind disappear:
And you'll find the way sure;
The path will be clear.'

"If you heed my words and obey these injunctions you will, when you come to die, continue to live in the good *karma* that you have stored up, and your souls will be immortalized according to your deeds."

III
A GROUP OF FOLKLORE STORIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

INDIA is of all countries richest in folklore, and has a large collection of stories ascribed to Buddha. It is thought that these come from some ancient source, and that our familiar "Æsop's Fables" have the same origin. After Buddha's death, his disciples cultivated the habit of identifying any specially good character in these ancient tales with their Master himself in some one of his numerous incarnations. India is the homeland of fairy tales, and it has been estimated that more than one third of the common tales of Europe are originally from Indian sources. One character-istic of the Indian tales, which indicates a high degree of enlightenment, is the tender sympathy with animals which is common to them.

RIGHT AND MIGHT

BY KATHERINE NEVILLE FLEESON

WHILE a deer was eating wild fruit, he heard an owl call "Haak, haak" (a spear), and a cricket cry, "Wat" (surrounded), and, frightened, he fled.

In his flight he ran through the trees up into the mountains and into streams. In one of the streams the deer stepped upon a small fish and crushed it almost to death.

Then the fish complained to the court, and the deer, owl, cricket, and fish had a lawsuit. In the trial came out this evidence: —

As the deer fled, he ran into some dry grass, and the seed fell into the eye of a wild chicken, and the pain of the seed in the eye of the chicken caused it to fly up against a nest of red ants. Alarmed, the red ants flew out to do battle, and in their haste, bit a mongoose. The mongoose ran into a vine of wild fruit and shook several pieces of it on the head of a hermit who sat thinking under a tree.

"Why didst thou, O fruit, fall on my head?" cried the hermit.

The fruit answered: "We did not wish to fall; a mongoose ran against our vine and threw us down."

And the hermit asked, "O mongoose, why didst thou throw the fruit?"

The mongoose answered: "I did not wish to throw down the fruit, but the red ants bit me, and I ran against the vine."

The hermit asked, "O ants, why did ye bite the mongoose?"

The red ants replied: "The hen flew against our nest and angered us."

The hermit asked: "O hen, why didst thou fly against the red ants' nest?"

And the hen replied: "The seed fell into my eyes and hurt me."

And the hermit asked, "O seed, why didst thou fall into the hen's eyes?"

And the seed replied: "The deer shook me down."

The hermit said unto the deer, "O deer, why didst thou shake down the seed?"

The deer answered: "I did not wish to do it, but the owl called, frightening me, and I ran."

"O owl," asked the hermit, "why didst thou frighten the deer?"

The owl replied: "I called, but as I am accustomed to call — the cricket, too, called."

Having heard the evidence, the judge said, "The cricket must replace the crushed parts of the fish and make it well," as he, the cricket, had called and frightened the deer.

The cricket was smaller and weaker than the owl or the deer, therefore had to bear the penalty.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

BY KATHERINE NEVILLE FLEESON

THERE was a blacksmith once who complained: "I am not well, and my work is too warm. I want to be a stone on the mountain. There it must be cool, for the wind blows and the trees give a shade."

A wise man who had power over all things replied, "Go thou, be a stone." And he was a stone, high up on the mountain-side.

It happened that a stone-cutter came that way for a stone, and when he saw the one that had been the blacksmith, he knew that it was what he sought, and he began to cut it.

The stone cried out: "This hurts. I no longer want to be a stone. A stone-cutter I want to be. That would be pleasant."

The wise man, humoring him, said, "Be a cutter." Thus he became a stone-cutter, and as he went seeking suitable stone, he grew tired, and his feet were sore. He whimpered, "I no longer want to cut stone. I would be the sun; that would be pleasant."

The wise man commanded, "Be the sun." And he was the sun.

But the sun was warmer than the blacksmith, than a stone, than a stone-cutter, and he complained, "I do not like this. I would be the moon. It looks cool."

The wise man spake yet again, "Be the moon." And he was the moon.

"This is warmer than being the sun," murmured he, "for the light from the sun shines on me ever. I do not want to be the moon. I would be a smith again. That, verily, is the best life."

But the wise man replied, "I am weary of your changing. You wanted to be the moon; the moon you are, and it you will remain."

And in yon high heaven lives he to this day.

THE LEGEND OF THE RICE

BY KATHERINE NEVILLE FLEESON

In the days when the earth was young and all things were better than they now are, when men and women were stronger and of greater beauty, and the fruit of the trees was larger and sweeter than that which we now eat, rice, the food of the people, was of larger grain. One grain was all a man could eat; and in those early days, such, too, was the merit of the people, they never had to toil gathering the rice, for, when ripe, it fell from the stalks and rolled into the villages, even unto the granaries.

And upon a year when the rice was larger and more plentiful than ever before, a widow said to her daughter, "Our granaries are too small. We will pull them down and build larger."

When the old granaries were pulled down and the new one not yet ready for use, the rice was ripe in the fields. Great haste was made, but the rice came rolling in where the work was going on, and the widow, angered, struck a grain and cried, "Could you not wait in the fields until we were ready? You should not bother us now when you are not wanted."

The rice broke into thousands of pieces and said, "From this time forth, we will wait in the fields until we are wanted," and from that time the rice has been of small grain, and the people of the earth must gather it into the granary from the fields.

THE LORD KRISHNA AND THE LAPWING'S NEST

A FOLKLORE TALE RETOLD BY MARGARET E. NOBLE

IT was the battle of Kurukshetra. The white conch-shells were about to sound, the elephants to march for-ward, and the attack of the archers to commence. The moment was brief and terrible. Banners were flying, and the charioteers preparing for the advance. Suddenly a little lapwing, who had built her nest in the turf of a hillock in the midst of the battlefield, drew the attention of the Lord Krishna by her cries of anxiety and distress for her young. "Poor li ttle mother!" he said tenderly, "let this be thy protection!" And, lifting a great ele-phant-bell that had fallen near, he placed it over the lapwing's nest. And so, through the eighteen days of raging battle that followed, a lapwing and her nest-lings were kept in safety in their nest, by the mercy of the lord, even in the midst of the raging field of Kurukshetra.

THE PEACOCK AND THE TORTOISE

BY JOHN CHRISTIAN

ONCE upon a time a peacock and a tortoise became great friends. The peacock lived on a tree on the banks of the stream in which the tortoise had his home; and daily the peacock after he had a drink of water danced near the stream and displayed his gay plumage for the amusement of his friend. One unfortunate day, a bird-catcher who was on the prowl caught the peacock and was about taking him away to the market. The unhappy bird begged of his captor to allow him to bid his friend the tortoise good-bye, as it would be the last time he would see him. The bird-catcher allowed him his prayer and took him to the tortoise, who was greatly moved to see his friend a captive. The tortoise asked the bird-catcher to let the peacock go; but he laughed at the request, saying that was his means of livelihood. The tortoise then said, "If I make you a handsome present, will you let my friend go?" "Certainly," answered the bird-catcher, "that is all I want." Whereupon the tortoise dived into the water and in a few seconds came up with a handsome pearl, which, to the great astonishment of the bird-catcher, he handed to him. This was beyond his expectations, and he let the peacock go immediately.

A short time after, the avaricious man came back and told the tortoise that he thought he had not paid enough for the release of his friend, and threatened that, unless a match to that pearl was obtained for him, he would

again catch the peacock. The tortoise, who had already advised his friend to betake himself to a distant jungle on being set free, was greatly enraged at the greed of this man. "Well," said the tortoise, "if you insist on having another pearl like it, give it to me and I will fish you out an exact match for it." The cupidity of the bird-catcher prevented his reasoning that "one in the hand was equal to two in the bed of the stream," and he speedily gave the pearl to the wily tortoise, who swam out with it saying, "I am no fool to take one and give two!" and forthwith disappeared, leaving the bird-catcher to be sorry ever after for his covetousness.

LET 'S SEE ON WHICH SIDE THE CAMEL SITS

BY JOHN CHRISTIAN

[This proverb is the Hindu equivalent of "He laughs best who laughs last."

The Editor.]

Once a greengrocer and a potter jointly hired a camel; and each filled one side of the pannier with his goods. The camel as he went along the road took a mouthful every now and then, as he had a chance, from the greengrocer's bag of vegetables. This provoked a laugh from the potter, who thought he had the best of the bargain. But the time came for the camel to sit, and he naturally sat on the heavier side, bearing down on the pots, and also to have his mouth free to operate on the bag of greens. This caused the pots to break in the bag, and then the greengrocer had all the laugh to himself.

THE WASHERMAN AND THE DONKEY

BY JOHN CHRISTIAN

A STORY is told of an over-credulous washerman who was childless. This preyed upon his mind very much and was a permanent cause of unhappiness. One day, in the course of his work, he went to the house of the town kazi (or magistrate). He heard the kazi reproach-ing one of his pupils in this wise: "Not long ago you were a jackass; I made a man of you," etc. The washer-man did not wait to hear the rest. He hastened home with all speed and told his wife that he had made a discovery which they were to lose no time in utilizing. "The kazi, my dear," said the washerman, "can make a man of a donkey. Why should we fret any longer for a child? Let us take our donkey to him and beg of him to transform him."

The washerman and his wife, with their donkey, were shortly after this conversation on their way to the kazi. Their mission being explained with many supplications, the kazi, quick-sighted, and with an eye to business, accepted the charge, and promised to effect the metamorphosis in a year. The washerman on his part prom-ised to give his services free for that period.

A year passed in waiting and in happy hopes. On the appointed day the washerman and his companion presented themselves before the kazi. The kazi took them aside and pointed out a strong young man among his pupils. "There," he whispered to the washerman,

"is your donkey. You see the change: now persuade him and take him home." The washerman and his wife flew to their newly created son, and with many endearing terms prepared to embrace him and made other affectionate advances.

Amazed at this unaccountable conduct of these low people, the lad resisted at first, but as they persisted, he grew furious. After receiving many a cuff from the lad, a happy idea struck the washerman's wife: turning to her husband she said, "Go you and fetch his peg, rope, and grain-bag; perhaps they may remind him of what he was once." The washerman in hot haste went home and fetched them. But it seemed to make matters worse. The washerman held up each of these articles to the young man's view, and said, in the most persuasive tone he could command, "Come home, my son. Do you forget the day you were my donkey? This was the peg to which I would tether you, this your tether rope, and this your food-bag; come to your home!" By this time a jeering crowd had gathered round the young man, and this so infuriated him that he turned to and gave the washerman the soundest thrashing he had ever received in his life. The poor dupe of a washerman — the story says — went home thoroughly convinced that what fate had ordained it was useless to fight against, looking upon his punishment as a just return for his presumption.

THE SEVEN WEAVERS AND THE FIELD OF FLAX

BY JOHN CHRISTIAN

[THE weaver is the hero of many tales like the following. *The Editor.*]

SEVEN weavers once started on a moonlight journey. They had not gone very far from their home when they lost the road. After trying to find their way, they came to a field of flax, which they took to be a river, as the field was in flower, and they fancied the blue color of the flower to be that of water. They stripped themselves and began swi mming. After hard labor, they got across. To make certain that no one was drowned, they took the precaution of counting themselves before resuming their journey; but they discovered that one of them was miss-ing, as each forgot to count himself. Grieved at the loss of one of their company, they had not the heart to pur-sue their journey, but returned home.

SOME INDIAN PROVERBS

SELF-PRAISE is no praise.

The young crow is wiser than its mother.

What is play to one is death to another.

In a treeless country, the castor-oil plant is a big tree.

A scalded cat dreads cold water.

The washerman never tears his father's clothes.

A fool went to fish, but lost his fishing-basket.

A thief is a thief, whether he steals a diamond or a cucumber.

God takes care of a blind cow.

One who cannot dance blames the floor.

IV
INDIA IN DAYS OF YORE

HISTORICAL NOTE

LITTLE was known of India before the invasion of Alexander the Great, in 327 B.C. This was a daring attempt, and rich in its consequences. After Alexander's death the country fell into the hands of Seleucus Nicator. He was the founder of the Syrian kingdom, which for more than two hundred years took a prominent part in the politics of the world.

For the first thousand years of the Christian era, the history of India is obscure. Several times the country seems to have been invaded by wild tribes of Scythians and Tartars, and fertile provinces wrested from the natives. Authentic history begins in the eleventh century with the coming of the Mohammedans under Sultan Mahmud, a Turk, who invaded India seventeen times and conquered the country to the Ganges. In 1168, his kingdom was overthrown by the Afghans and fell apart into a number of smaller states, which were easily conquered by the Mogul invaders of the sixteenth century.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT IN INDIA[1]

[327 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

[ALEXANDER THE GREAT, with his army of Macedonians and Greeks, invaded India in 327 B.C. The Punjab was then ruled by several petty kings so jealous of one another that some of them were inclined to join him if only he would overthrow the others. Porus was one of those who opposed him. The men of Alexander's army were overcome by the intense heat and clamored to leave the country. Therefore Alexander "subjugated no province, but he made alliances, founded cities, and planted Greek garrisons."

The Editor.]

ALEXANDER in his own letters has given us an account of his war with Porus. He says the two armies were separated by the river Hydaspes, on whose opposite bank Porus continually kept his elephants in order of battle, with their heads towards their enemies, to guard the passage; that he, on the other hand, made every day a great noise and clamor in his camp, to dissipate the apprehensions of the barbarians; that one stormy, dark night he passed the river, at a distance from the place where the enemy lay, into a little island, with part of his foot and the best of his horse. Here there fell a most violent storm of rain, accompanied with lightning and whirlwinds, and seeing some of his men burnt and dying with the lightning, he nevertheless quitted the island and made over to the other side. The Hydaspes, he says, now after the storm, was so swollen and grown so rapid

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1876., by Little, Brown, and Company.

as to have made a breach in the bank, and a part of the river was now pouring in here, so that when he came across, it was with difficulty he got a footing on the land, which was slippery and unsteady, and exposed to the force of the currents on both sides. This is the occasion when he is related to have said, "O ye Athenians, will ye believe what dangers I incur to merit your praise?" This, however, is Onesicritus's story. Alexander says, here the men left their boats, and passed the breach in their armor, up to the breast in water, and that then he advanced with his horse about twenty furlongs[1] before his foot, concluding that if the enemy charged him with their cavalry, he should be too strong for them; if with their foot, his own would come up time enough to his assistance. Nor did he judge amiss; for being charged by a thousand horse, and sixty armed chariots, which advanced before their main body, he took all the chariots, and killed four hundred horse upon the place. Porus, by this time guessing that Alexander himself had crossed over, came on with his whole army, except a party which he left behind to hold the rest of the Macedonians in play, if they should attempt to pass the river. But he apprehending the multitude of the enemy, and to avoid the shock of their elephants, dividing his forces, attacked their left wing himself, and commanded Cœnus to fall upon the right, which was performed with good success. For by this means both wings being broken, the enemies fell back in their retreat upon the center, and crowded in upon their elephants. There rallying they fought a hand-to-hand battle, and it was the eighth hour of the day before they were entirely de-

[1] Two and a half miles.

feated. This description the conqueror himself has left us in his own epistles.

Almost all the historians agree in relating that Porus was four cubits and a span [1] high, and that when he was upon his elephant, which was of the largest size, his stature and bulk were so answerable, that he appeared to be proportionably mounted, as a horseman on his horse. This elephant, during the whole battle, gave many singular proofs of sagacity and of particular care of the king, whom as long as he was strong and in a condition to fight, he defended with great courage, repelling those who set upon him; and as soon as he perceived him overpowered with his numerous wounds and the multitude of darts that were thrown at him, to prevent his falling off, he softly knelt down and began to draw out the darts with his proboscis. When Porus was taken prisoner, and Alexander asked him how he expected to be used, he answered, "As a king." For that expression, he said, when the same question was put to him a second time, comprehended everything. And Alexander, accordingly, not only suffered him to govern his own kingdom as satrap under himself, but gave him also the additional territory of various independent tribes whom he subdued, a district which, it is said, contained fifteen several nations, and five thousand considerable towns, besides abundance of villages. To another government, three times as large as this, he appointed Philip, one of his friends.

Some little time after the battle with Porus, Bucephalus died, as most of the authorities state, under cure of his wounds, or as Onesicritus says, of fatigue and age,

[1] About six feet, eight inches.

being thirty years old. Alexander was no less concerned at his death than if he had lost an old companion or an intimate friend, and built a city, which he named Bucephalia, in memory of him, on the bank of the river Hydaspes. He also, we are told, built another city, and called it after the name of a favorite dog, Peritas, which he had brought up himself. So Sotion assures us he was informed by Potamon of Lesbos.

But this last combat with Porus took off the edge of the Macedonians' courage, and stayed their further progress into India. For having found it hard enough to defeat an enemy who brought but twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse into the field, they thought they had reason to oppose Alexander's design of leading them on to pass the Ganges too, which they were told was thirty-two furlongs broad and a hundred fathoms deep, and the banks on the farther side covered with multitudes of enemies. For they were told that the kings of the Gandaritans and Præsians expected them there with eighty thousand horse, two hundred thousand foot, eight thousand armed chariots, and six thousand fighting elephants. Nor was this a mere vain report, spread to discourage them. For Androcottus, who not long after reigned in those parts, made a present of five hundred elephants at once to Seleucus, and with an army of six hundred thousand men subdued all India. Alexander at first was so grieved and enraged at his men's reluctancy, that he shut himself up in his tent, and threw himself upon the ground, declaring, if they would not pass the Ganges, he owed them no thanks for anything they had hitherto done, and that to retreat now was plainly to confess himself vanquished. But

at last the reasonable persuasions of his friends and the cries and lamentations of his soldiers, who in a suppliant manner crowded about the entrance of his tent, prevailed with him to think of returning. Yet he could not refrain from leaving behind him various deceptive memorials of his expedition, to impose upon after-times, and to exaggerate his glory with posterity, such as arms larger than were really worn, and mangers for horses, with bits of bridles above the usual size, which he set up and distributed in several places. He erected altars, also, to the gods, which the kings of the Præsians even in our time do honor to when they pass the river, and offer sacrifice upon them after the Grecian manner. Androcottus, then a boy, saw Alexander there, and is said often afterwards to have been heard to say, that he missed but little of making himself master of those countries; their king, who then reigned, was so hated and despised for the viciousness of his life and the meanness of his extraction.

Alexander was now eager to see the ocean. To which purpose he caused a great many rowboats and rafts to be built, in which he fell gently down the rivers at his leisure, yet so that his navigation was neither unprofitable nor inactive. For by several descents upon the banks, he made himself master of the fortified towns, and consequently of the country on both sides. But at a siege of a town of the Mallians, who have the repute of being the bravest people of India, he ran in great danger of his life. For having beaten off the defendants with showers of arrows, he was the first man that mounted the wall by a scaling ladder, which, as soon as he was up, broke and left him almost alone, exposed to the darts which the barbarians threw at him in great numbers

from below. In this distress, turning himself as well as he could, he leaped down in the midst of his enemies, and had the good fortune to light upon his feet. The brightness and clattering of his armor when he came to the ground made the barbarians think they saw rays of light, or some bright phantom playing before his body, which frightened them so at first, that they ran away and dispersed; till seeing him seconded but by two of his guards, they fell upon him hand to hand, and some, while he bravely defended himself, tried to wound him through his armor with their swords and spears. And one who stood farther off drew a bow with such just strength, that the arrow finding its way through his cuirass, stuck in his ribs under the breast. This stroke was so violent that it made him give back, and set one knee to the ground, upon which the man ran up with his drawn scimitar, thinking to dispatch him, and had done it, if Peucestes and Limnæus had not interposed, who were both wounded, Limnæus mortally, but Peucestes stood his ground, while Alexander killed the barbarian. But this did not free him from danger; for besides many other wounds, at last he received so weighty a stroke of a club upon his neck, that he was forced to lean his body against the wall, still, however, facing the enemy. At this extremity, the Macedonians made their way in and gathered round him. They took him up, just as he was fainting away, having lost all sense of what was done near him, and conveyed him to his tent, upon which it was presently reported all over the camp that he was dead. But when they had with great difficulty and pains sawed off the shaft of the arrow, which was of wood, and so with much trouble got off his

cuirass, they came to cut out the head of it, which was three fingers broad and four long, and stuck fast in the bone. During the operation, he was taken with almost mortal swoonings, but when it was out he came to himself again. Yet though all danger was past, he continued very weak, and confined himself a great while to a regular diet and the method of his cure, till one day hearing the Macedonians clamoring outside in their eagerness to see him, he took his cloak and went out. And having sacrificed to the gods, without more delay he went on board again, and as he coasted along, subdued a great deal of the country on both sides, and several considerable cities.

In this voyage, he took ten of the Indian philosophers prisoners, who had been most active in persuading Sabbas to revolt, and had caused the Macedonians a great deal of trouble. These men, called Gymnosophists, were reputed to be extremely ready and succinct in their answers, which he made trial of, by putting difficult questions to them, letting them know that those whose answers were not pertinent, should be put to death, of which he made the eldest of them judge.

The first being asked which he thought most numerous, the dead or the living, answered, "The living, because those who are dead are not at all."

Of the second, he desired to know whether the earth or the sea produced the largest beast; who told him, "The earth, for the sea is but a part of it."

His question to the third was, "Which is the cunningest of beasts?" "That," said he, "which men have not yet found out."

He bade the fourth tell him what argument he used

to Sabbas to persuade him to revolt. "No other," said he, "than that he should either live or die nobly."

Of the fifth he asked, "Which was eldest, night or day?" The philosopher replied, "Day was eldest, by one day at least." But perceiving Alexander not well satisfied with that account, he added that he ought not to wonder if strange questions had as strange answers made to them.

Then he went on and inquired of the next, what a man should do to be exceedingly beloved. "He must be very powerful," said he, "without making himself too much feared."

The answer of the seventh to his question, how a man might become a god, was, "By doing that which was impossible for men to do."

The eighth told him, "Life is stronger than death, because it supports so many miseries."

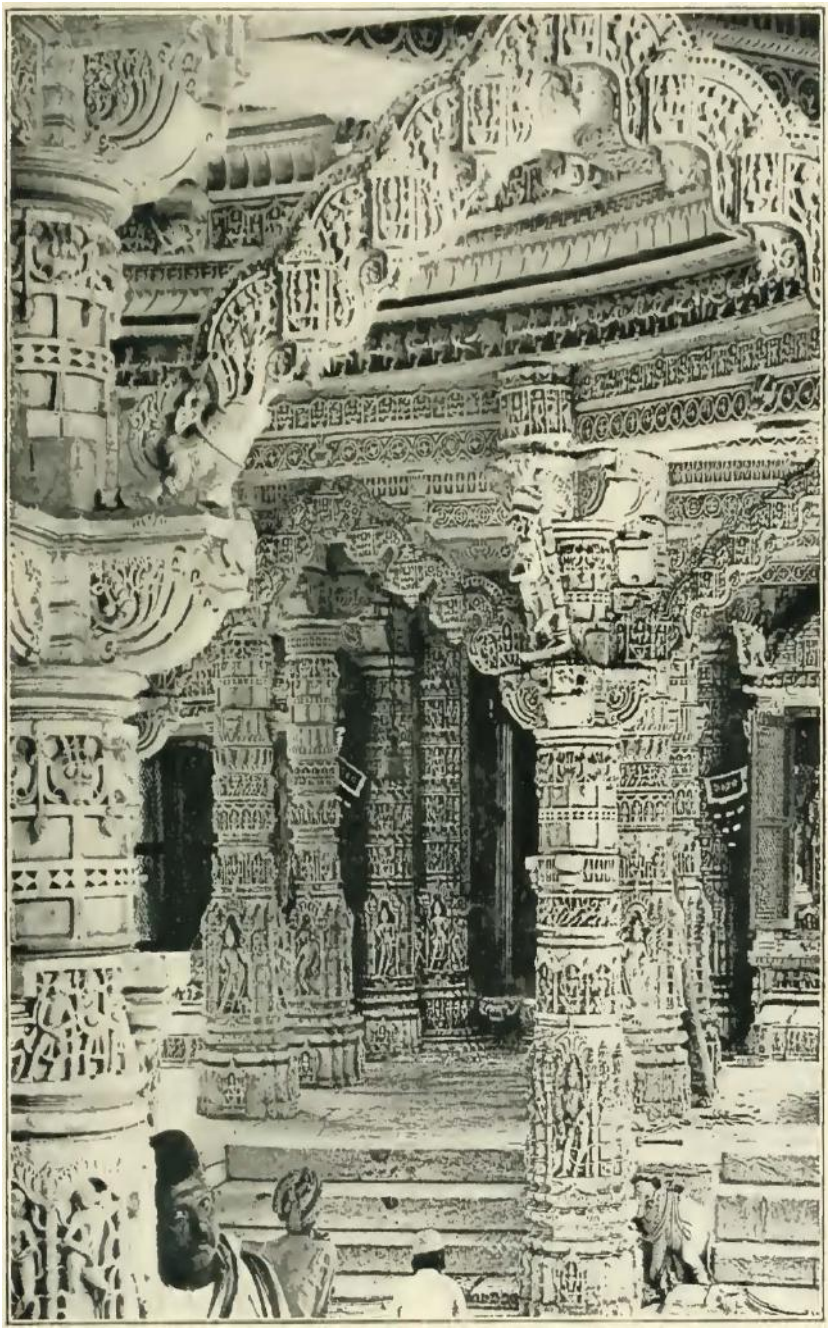
And the last being asked, how long he thought it decent for a man to live, said, "Till death appeared more desirable than life."

Then Alexander turned to him whom he had made judge, and commanded him to give sentence. "All that I can determine," said he, "is, that they have every one answered worse than another."

"Nay," said the king, "then you shall die first, for giving such a sentence."

"Not so, O king," replied the gymnosophist, "unless you said falsely that he should die first who made the worst answer."

In conclusion he gave them presents and dismissed them.



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF VIMALA SAH

THE history of this temple is thus given by James Fer-gusson: —

"It was hardly to be wondered at that Mount Abu was early fixed upon by the Hindus and Jains as one of their sacred spots. Rising from the desert as abruptly as an island from the ocean, it presents on almost every side inaccessible scarps five or six thousand feet high, and the summit can only be approached by ravines cut into its sides. When the summit is reached, it opens out into one of the loveliest valleys imaginable, six or seven miles long, by two or three miles in width, cut up everywhere by granite rocks of the most fantastic shapes, and the spaces between them covered with trees and luxuriant vegetation. . . . During the age of Jain supremacy, it was adorned with several temples, two of which are unrivaled for certain qualities by any temples in India. They are built wholly of white marble, though no quarries of that material are known to exist within three hundred miles of the spot, and to transport and carry it uphill to the site of these temples must have added immensely to the expense of the undertaking.

"The more modern of the two was built by the same brothers, Tejpala and Vastupala, who erected the triple temple at Girnar. This one, we learn from the inscription, was erected between the years 1197 and 1247, and for minute delicacy of carving and beauty of detail stands almost unrivaled even in the land of the patient and lavish labor.

"The other, built by another merchant prince, Vimala Sah, apparently about the year A.D. 1032, is simpler and bolder, though still as elaborate as good taste would allow in any purely architectural object."

The exterior of this temple is plain, but within it is elaborately and magnificently ornamented. The ceiling of the cell rises to a lofty, spire-like roof. Surrounding the temple and attached to the building are fifty-five chapels, each containing an image of the saint, for it was considered that a god was honored in proportion to the number of his images.

THE ROCK EDICTS OF ASOKA

[About 257 B.C.]

BY VINCENT A. SMITH

[ASOKA, King of Behar, became a convert to Buddhism about 257 B.C. He was a most zealous missionary, and his little sermons, known as "Edicts," were carved upon the rocks and pillars, and may still be seen. The following are some of them.

The Editor.]

THE FRUIT OF EXERTION

THUS saith His Sacred Majesty: —

For more than two-and-a-half years I was a lay disciple, without, however, exerting myself strenuously. But it is more than a year since I joined the Order, and have exerted myself strenuously.

During that time the gods who were regarded as true all over India have been shown to be untrue.

For this is the fruit of exertion. Nor is this to be attained by a great man only, because even by the small man who chooses to exert himself immense heavenly bliss may be won.

For this purpose has the precept been composed: —

"Let small and great exert themselves."

My neighbors too should learn this lesson; and may such exertion long endure!

And this purpose will grow — yea, it will grow immensely — at least one-and-a-half-fold will it increase in growth.

And this purpose must be written on the rocks, both afar off and here; and, wherever there is a stone pillar, it must be written on the stone pillar.

And according to this text, so far as your jurisdiction extends, you must send it out everywhere.

By (me) while on tour was the precept composed. 256 (?) departures from staging-places (or possibly, days spent abroad).

SUMMARY OF THE LAW OF PIETY

Thus saith His Sacred Majesty: —

Father and mother must be hearkened to; similarly, respect for living creatures must be firmly established; truth must be spoken. These are the virtues of the Law of Piety which must be practiced. Similarly, the teacher must be reverenced by the pupil, and towards relations fitting courtesy must be shown.

This is the ancient nature (of piety) — this leads to length of days, and according to this men must act.

Written by Paḍa the scribe.

THE SACREDNESS OF LIFE

This pious edict has been written by command of His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King.

Here [in the capital] no animal may be slaughtered for sacrifice, nor may the holiday-feast be held, because His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King sees much of-fense in the holiday-feast, although in certain places holiday-feasts are excellent in the sight of His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King.

Formerly, in the kitchen of His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King each day many hundred thousands

of living creatures were slaughtered to make curries. But now, when this pious edict is being written, only three living creatures are slaughtered [daily] for curry, to wit, two peacocks and one antelope — the antelope, however, not invariably. Even those three living creatures henceforth shall not be slaughtered.

THE PROMPT DISPATCH OF BUSINESS

Thus saith His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King: — For a long time past it has not happened that business has been dispatched and that reports have been received at all hours. Now by me this arrangement has been made that at all hours and in all places — whether I am dining, or in the ladies' apartments, in my bedroom, or in my closet, in my (?) carriage, or in the palace gardens — the official Reporters should report to me on the people's business, and I am ready to do the people's business in all places.

And if, perchance, I personally by word of mouth command that a gift be made or an order executed, or anything urgent is intrusted to the superior officials, and in that business a dispute arises or a fraud occurs among the monastic community, I have commanded that immediate report must be made to me at any hour and in any place, because I never feel full satisfaction in my efforts and dispatch of business. For the welfare of all folk is what I must work for — and the root of that, again, is in effort and the dispatch of business. And whatsoever exertions I make are for the end that I may discharge my debt to animate beings, and that while I make some happy here, they may in the next world gain heaven.

For this purpose, have I caused this pious edict to be written, that it may long endure, and that my sons and grandsons may exert themselves for the welfare of all folk. That, however, is a difficult thing save by the utmost exertion.

ASOKA'S VISIT TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF BUDDHA

His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King, when he had been consecrated twenty years, having come in per-son, did reverence; and, because "Here Buddha was born, the Sakya sage," a great (?) railing of stone was prepared, and a stone pillar erected.

Because "Here the Venerable One was born" the vil-lage of Lummini was made free of religious cesses and declared entitled to the eighth share (of the produce claimed by the Crown).

KUNÂLA, THE OBEDIENT SON OF ASOKA

In the seventh century A.D. pilgrims were shown a *stûpa* at Taxila, which was said to have been built by Asoka to mark the spot where the eyes of his beloved son Kunâla were torn out. The story of Kunâla is to the following effect.

After the death of his faithful consort Asandhimitrâ, King Asoka, late in life, married Tishyarakshitâ, a dissolute and unprincipled young woman. In pursuance of a deep-laid scheme for the destruction of him who by his virtue had put her vice to shame, the queen with honied words persuaded the king to depute Kunâla to the gov-ernment of distant Taxila.

The prince obediently accepted the honorable commission, and when departing was warned by his father

to verify orders received, which, if genuine, would be sealed with an impression of the king's teeth. The queen bided her time, with ever-growing hatred. After the lapse of some months she wrote a dispatch, addressed to the viceroy's ministers at Taxila, directing them immediately on receipt of the orders to put out the eyes of the viceroy, Prince Kunâla, to lead him and his wife into the mountains, and to there leave them to perish.

She sealed the dispatch with royal red wax, and, when the king was asleep, furtively stamped the wax with the impression of his teeth, and sent off the orders with all speed to Taxila. The ministers who received the orders knew not what to do. The prince, noticing their confusion, compelled them to explain. The ministers wished to compromise by detaining the prince in custody, pending a reference to the capital. But the prince would not permit of any delay, and said: "My father, if he has ordered my death, must be obeyed; and the seal of his teeth is a sure sign of the correctness of the orders. No mistake is possible." He then commanded an outcast wretch to pluck out his eyes. The order was obeyed, and the prince, accompanied by his faithful wife, wandered forth in sightless misery to beg his bread.

In the course of their weary wanderings they arrived at Pâtaliputra. "Alas," cried the blind man, "what pain I suffer from cold and hunger. I was a prince; I am a beggar. Would that I could make myself known, and get redress for the false accusations brought against me." He managed to penetrate into an inner court of the palace, where he lifted up his voice and wept, and, to the sound of a lute, sang a song full of sadness.

The king in an upper chamber heard the strains, and, thinking that he recognized the voice and touch as those of his son, sent for the minstrel. The king, when he beheld his sightless son, was overwhelmed with grief, and inquired by whose contrivance all this misery had come about. The prince humbly replied: "In truth, for lack of filial piety I have thus been punished by Heaven. On such and such a day suddenly came a loving order, and I, having no means of excusing myself, dared not shrink from the punishment."

The king, knowing in his heart that Queen Tishya-rakshitâ was guilty of the crime, without further inquiry caused her to be burnt alive, and visited with condign punishment every person, high or low, who had any share in the outrage. The officials were some dismissed, some banished, some executed. The common people were, according to one account, massacred, and, ac-cording to another, transported across the Himâlayas to the deserts of Khotan.

In those days a great saint named Ghosha dwelt in the monastery by the holy tree of Mahâbodhi. To him the king brought Kunâla, and prayed that his son might receive his sight. The saint commanded that on the morrow a great congregation should assemble to hear his preaching of the Law, and that each person should bring a vessel to receive his tears. A vast multitude of men and women assembled, and there was not one of those who heard the sermon but was moved to tears, which fell into the vessels provided.

The saint collected the tears in a golden vase, and said these words: "The doctrine which I have expounded is the most mysterious of Buddha's teaching; if that expo-

sition is not true, if there is error in what I have said, then let things remain as they are; but, if what I have said is true and free from error, let this man, after washing his eyes with these tears, receive his sight."

Whereupon Kunâla washed in the tears and received his sight.

POEMS BY KING BHARTRIHARI

[Early in the Christian era]

TRANSLATED BY PAUL ELMER MORE

[BHARTRIHARI was a ruler who lived at some time early in the Christian era. He abandoned the luxuries of his throne and made his home in the forest, where he could meditate at his will and be free from the honors and temptations of life in a palace.

The Editor.]

I

ONE law there is: no deed perform
To others that to thee were harm;
And this is all, all laws beside
With circumstances alter or abide.

II

Like as our outworn garments we discard,
And other new ones don;
So doth the Soul these bodies doff when marred,
And others new put on.

Fire doth not kindle It, nor sword divides,
Nor winds nor waters harm;
Eternal and unchanged the One abides,
And smiles at all alarm.

III

Like as a goldsmith beateth out his gold
To other fashions fairer than the old,
So may the Spirit, learning ever more,
In ever nobler forms his life infold.

SAKOONTALA, OR THE LOST RING

[Third century, A.D.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT OF KALIDASA BY SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS

[IN *Sakoontala*, the most famous of the Indian dramas, the heroine, from whom the play is named, has been brought up as his own daughter by the chief of a group of hermits. The king visits the hermitage, woos her, and wins her for his queen. He is obliged to return to his capital; but he leaves with Sakoontala his signet ring as a token of his love. After a time, she goes to the royal palace, but the king declares that he never saw her. She raises her hand to show him the ring, but it has disappeared; it has slipped from her finger while she was bathing in the Ganges. He has entirely forgotten her, but neither she nor the king knows that this is because a curse has been laid upon him. At length a fisherman brings in the ring, which he has found in a fish. At once the curse is removed, and the king remembers his bride. But she has vanished, and her husband is broken-hearted. Some time after this, the king, when on a visit to a sacred grove, sees a young boy playing fearlessly with the cub of a lion, and feels a remarkable interest in the child. Then follows the closing act of the play.

The Editor.]

KING [*taking the child by the hand*]

I MARVEL that the touch of this strange child
Should thrill me with delight; if so it be,
How must the fond caresses of a son
Transport the father's soul who gave him being!

ATTENDANT [*looking at them both*]

Wonderful! Prodigious!

KING

What excites your surprise, my good woman?

ATTENDANT

I am astonished at the striking resemblance between the child and yourself; and, what is still more extraordinary, he seems to have taken to you kindly and submissively, though you are a stranger to him.

KING [*fondling the child*]

If he be not the son of the great sage, of what family does he come, may I ask?

ATTENDANT

Of the race of Puru.

KING [*aside*]

Wha t ! are we, then, descended from the same ances-try? This, no doubt, accounts for the resemblance she traces between the child and me. Certainly it has always been an established usage among the princes of Puru's race, —

To dedicate the morning of their days
To the world's weal, in palaces and halls,
'Mid luxury and regal pomp abiding;
Then, in the wane of life, to seek release
From kingly cares, and make the hallowed shade
Of sacred trees their last asylum, where
As hermits they may practice self-abasement,
And bind themselves by rigid vows of penance.

[*Aloud*] But how could mortals by their own power gain admission to this sacred region?

ATTENDANT

Your remark is just; but your wonder will cease when I tell you that his mother is the offspring of a celestial nymph, and gave him birth in the hallowed grove of Kasyapa.

KING [*aside*]

Strange that my hopes should be again excited! [*Aloud.*] But what, let me ask, was the name of the prince whom she deigned to honor with her hand?

ATTENDANT

How could I think of polluting my lips by the mention of a wretch who had the cruelty to desert his lawful wife?

KING [*aside*]

Ha! the description suits me exactly. Would I could bring myself to inquire the name of the child's mother! [*Reflecting.*] But it is against propriety to make too minute inquiries about the wife of another man.

FIRST ATTENDANT [*entering with the china peacock in her hand*]

Sarva-damana, Sarva-damana, see, see, what a beautiful Sakoonta (bird).

CHILD [*looking round*]

My mother! Where? Let me go to her.

BOTH ATTENDANTS

He mistook the word Sakoonta for Sakoontala. The boy dotes upon his mother, and she is ever uppermost in his thoughts.

SECOND ATTENDANT

Nay, my dear child, I said, Look at the beauty of this Sakoonta.

KING [*aside*]

What! is his mother's name Sakoontala? But the name is not uncommon among women. Alas! I fear the mere similarity of a name, like the deceitful vapor of the desert, has once more raised my hopes only to dash them to the ground.

CHILD

Dear nurse, what a beautiful peacock! [*Takes the toy.*]

FIRST ATTENDANT [*looking at the child: in great distress*]

Alas! alas! I do not see the amulet on his wrist.

KING

Don't distress yourself. Here it is. It fell off while he was struggling with the young lion. [*Stoops to pick it up.*]

BOTH ATTENDANTS

Hold! hold! Touch it not, for your life. How marvelous! He has actually taken it up without the slightest hesitation. [*Both raise their hands to their breasts and look at each other in astonishment.*]

KING

Why did you try to prevent my touching it?

FIRST ATTENDANT

Listen, great monarch. This amulet, known as "The Invincible," was given to the boy by the divine son of

Marichi, soon after his birth, when the natal ceremony was performed. Its peculiar virtue is, that when it falls to the ground, no one excepting the father or mother of the child can touch it unhurt.

KING

And suppose another person touches it?

FIRST ATTENDANT

Then it instantly becomes a serpent, and bites him.

KING

Have you ever witnessed the transformation with your own eyes?

BOTH ATTENDANTS

Over and over again.

KING [*with rapture, aside*]

Joy! joy! Are then my dearest hopes to be fulfilled?
[*Embraces the child.*]

SECOND ATTENDANT

Come, my dear Suvrata, we must inform Sakoontala immediately of this wonderful event, though we have to interrupt her in the performance of her religious vows.
[*Exeunt.*]

CHILD [*to the king*]

Do not hold me. I want to go to my mother.

KING

We will go to her together, and give her joy, my son.

CHILD

Dushyanta is my father, not you.

KING [*smiling*]

His contradiction convinces me only the more.

[*Enter* SAKOONTALA, *in widow's apparel, with her long hair twisted into a single braid*]

SAKOONTALA [*aside*]

I have just heard that Sarva-damana's amulet has retained its form, though a stranger raised it from the ground. I can hardly believe in my good fortune. Yet why should not Sanumati's prediction be verified?

KING [*gazing at Sakoontala*]

Alas! can this indeed be my Sakoontala?
Clad in the weeds of widowhood, her face
Emaciate with fasting, her long hair
Twined in a single braid, her whole demeanor
Expressive of her purity of soul:
With patient constancy she thus prolongs
The vow to which my cruelty condemned her.

SAKOONTALA [*gazing at the king, who is pale with remorse*]

Surely, this is not like my husband; yet who can it be that dares pollute by the pressure of his hand my child, whose amulet should protect him from a stranger's touch?

CHILD [*going to his mother*]

Mother, who is this man that has been kissing me and calling me his son?

KING

My best-beloved, I have indeed treated thee most cruelly, but am now once more thy fond and affectionate lover. Refuse not to acknowledge me as thy husband.

SAKOONTALA [*aside*]

Be of good cheer, my heart. The anger of Destiny is at last appeased. Heaven regards thee with compassion. But is he in very truth my husband?

KING

Behold me, best and loveliest of women,
Delivered from the cloud of fatal darkness
That erst oppressed my memory. Again
Behold us brought together by the grace
Of the great lord of Heaven. So the moon
Shines forth from dim eclipse, to blend his rays
With the soft luster of his Rohini.

SAKOONTALA

May my husband be victorious —
[*She stops short, her voice choked with tears.*]

KING

O fair one, though the utterance of thy prayer
Be lost amid the torrent of thy tears,
Yet does the sight of thy fair countenance,
And of thy pallid lips, all unadorned
And colorless in sorrow for my absence,
Make me already more than conqueror.

CHILD

Mother, who is this man?

SAKOONTALA

My child, ask the deity that presides over thy destiny.

KING [*falling at* SAKOONTALA'S *feet*]

Fairest of women, banish from thy mind
The memory of my cruelty; reproach
The fell delusion that o'erpowered my soul,
And blame not me, thy husband; 't is the curse
Of him in whom the power of darkness reigns,
That he mistakes the gifts of those he loves
For deadly evils. Even though a friend
Should wreathe a garland on a blind man's brow,
Will he not cast it from him as a serpent?

SAKOONTALA

Rise, my own husband, rise. Thou wast not to blame. My own evil deeds, committed in a former state of being, brought down this judgment upon me. How else could my husband, who was ever of a compassionate disposition, have acted so unfeelingly? [*The king rises.*] But tell me, my husband, how did the remembrance of thine unfortunate wife return to thy mind?

As soon as my heart's anguish is removed, and its wounds are healed, I will tell thee all.

Oh! let me, fair one, chase away the drop
That still bedews the fringes of thine eye;
And let me thus efface the memory
Of every tear that stained thy velvet cheek,

Unnoticed and unheeded by thy lord,
When in his madness he rejected thee.
[*Wipes away the tear.*]

SAKOONTALA [*seeing the signet ring on his finger*]

Ah! my dear husband, is that the Lost Ring?

KING

Yes; the moment I recovered it, my memory was restored.

SAKOONTALA

The ring was to blame in allowing itself to be lost at the very time when I was anxious to convince my noble husband of the reality of my marriage.

KING

Receive it back, as the beautiful twining plant receives again its blossom in token of its reunion with the spring.

SAKOONTALA

Nay; I can never more place confidence in it. Let my husband retain it.

[*Enter* MATALI]

MATALI

I congratulate Your Majesty. Happy are you in your reunion with your wife: happy are you in beholding the face of your own son.

KING

Yes, indeed. My heart's dearest wish has borne sweet fruit. But tell me, Matali, is this joyful event known to the great Indra?

MATALI [*smiling*]

What is unknown to the gods? But come with me, noble Prince, the divine Kasyapa graciously permits thee to be presented to him.

KING

Sakoontala, take our child and lead the way. We will together go into the presence of the holy Sage.

SAKOONTALA

I shrink from entering the august presence of the great Saint, even with my husband at my side.

KING

Nay; on such a joyous occasion it is highly proper. Come, come; I entreat thee. [*All advance.*]

[The Holy Sage Kasyapa explains that what has happened is not the fault of the King, but is due to the curse.
The Editor.]

KASYAPA

Know that when the nymph Menaka, the mother of Sakoontala, became aware of her daughter's anguish in consequence of the loss of the ring at the nymphs' pool, and of thy subsequent rejection of her, she brought her and confided her to the care of Aditi. And I no sooner saw her than I ascertained by my divine power of meditation, that thy repudiation of thy poor faithful wife had been caused entirely by the curse of Durvasas — not by thine own fault — and that the spell would terminate on the discovery of the ring.

KING [*drawing a deep breath*]

Oh! what a weight is taken off my mind, now that my character is cleared of reproach.

SAKOONTALA

Joy! joy! My revered husband did not, then, reject me without good reason, though I have no recollection of the curse pronounced upon me. But, in all probability, I unconsciously brought it upon myself, when I was so distracted on being separated from my husband soon after our marriage. For I now remember that my two friends advised me not to fail to show the ring in case he should have forgotten me.

KASYAPA

At last, my daughter, thou art happy, and hast gained thy heart's desire. Indulge, then, no feeling of resentment against thy partner. See now, —

Though he repulsed thee, 't was the sage's curse
That clouded his remembrance; 't was the curse
That made thy tender husband harsh towards thee.
Soon as the spell was broken, and his soul
Delivered from its darkness, in a moment
Thou didst regain thine empire o'er his heart.
So on the tarnished surface of a mirror
No image is reflected, till the dust
That dimmed its wonted luster is removed.

KING

Holy father, see here the hope of my royal race.
[*Takes his child by the hand.*]

KASYAPA

Know that he, too, will become the monarch of the whole earth. Observe, —

Soon, a resistless hero, shall he cross
The trackless ocean, borne above the waves
In an aerial car; and shall subdue
The earth's seven sea-girt isles. Now has he gained
As the brave tamer of the forest beasts,
The title Sarva-damana; but then
Mankind shall hail him as King Bharata,
And call him the supporter of the world.

KING

We cannot but entertain the highest hopes of a child for whom your highness performed the natal rites.

ADITI

My reverend husband, should not the intelligence be conveyed to Kanwa, that his daughter's wishes are ful-filled, and her happiness complete? He is Sakoontala's foster-father. Menaka, who is one of my attendants, is her mother, and dearly does she love her daughter.

SAKOONTALA [*aside*]

The venerable matron has given utterance to the very wish that was in my mind.

KASYAPA

His penances have gained for him the faculty of omniscience, and the whole scene is already present to his mind's eye.

KING

Then most assuredly he cannot be very angry with me.

KASYAPA

Nevertheless it becomes us to send him intelligence of this happy event, and hear his reply. What, ho there!

PUPIL

Holy father, what are your commands?

KASYAPA

My good Galava, delay not an instant, but hasten through the air and convey to the venerable Kanwa, from me, the happy news that the fatal spell has ceased, that Dushyanta's memory is restored, that his daughter Sakoontala has a son, and that she is once more tenderly acknowledged by her husband.

PUPIL

Your highness's commands shall be obeyed. [*Exit.*]

KASYAPA

And now, my dear son, take thy consort and thy child, re-ascend the car of Indra, and return to thy imperial capital.

KING

Most holy father, I obey.

KASYAPA

And accept this blessing —

For countless ages may the god of gods,
Lord of the atmosphere, by copious showers
Secure abundant harvest to thy subjects;
And thou by frequent offerings preserve
The Thunderer's friendship! Thus, by interchange
Of kindly actions, may you both confer
Unnumbered benefits on earth and heaven!

KING

Holy father, I will strive, as far as I am able, to attain this happiness.

KASYAPA

What other favor can I bestow on thee, my son?

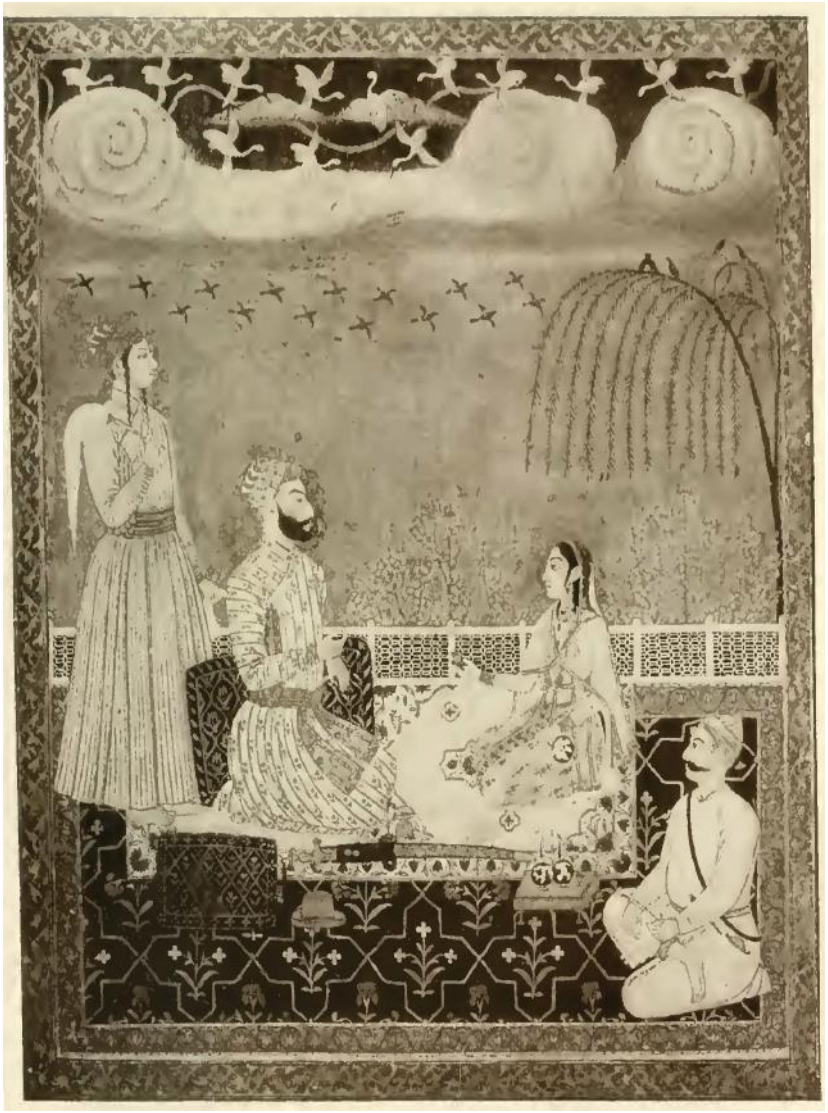
KING

What other can I desire? If, however, you permit me to form another wish, I would humbly beg that the say-ing of the sage Bharata be fulfilled, —

May kings reign only for their subjects'
weal! May the divine Saraswati, the source
Of speech, and goddess of dramatic art,
Be ever honored by the great and wise!
And may the purple self-existent god,
Whose vital energy pervades all space,
From future transmigrations save my soul!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

V
THE MOGUL CONQUEST



PRINCE WITH ATTENDANTS IN A GARDEN

(An Indian painting of the seventeenth century)

THE Koran, following the literal interpretation of the second commandment, forbids Mohammedans to make the likeness of anything in heaven or on earth. But Akbar, greatest of the Mogul emperors, cared more for art than for the Koran, and attracted to his court a host of artists on whom he lavished money and honor without stint.

By referring to the records of his reign, we find that he ranked the master artists, of whom he employed a hundred, as officers in his army with corresponding pay and privileges, while the countless numbers of minor artists and apprentices were enrolled as members of the Imperial Bodyguard, or as common soldiers, and paid from eight to sixteen dollars a month. Besides this, a weekly inspection was held of their work, and talent was liberally rewarded. At Delhi, Agra, and other cities, Akbar formed magnificent libraries, cover-ing the volumes with the richest bindings and illustrating them with splendid miniatures. The Imperial Library at Agra alone is said to have contained, in 1641, twenty-four thousand volumes, valued at the astounding sum of $3,600,-000, an average of $150 a volume; and a single book, the Persian translation of the Mahābhārata, cost $200,000. These wonderful libraries were for the most part destroyed in the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The picture shown here was painted as an illustration for a book. A prince is seated, in Oriental fashion, in his palace grounds, with his sword beside him, for the Moguls were fighters as well as patrons of the arts. A slave is offering him a cup of tea which she has drawn from one of the curi-ously shaped vessels standing on the tray in the foreground. A male attendant sits on the ground before him, and another stands behind with the brush, used to drive away disturbing insects, thrown over his shoulder. In the background are blossoming trees, and birds flying across a sky that is filled with conventionalized clouds. Especially noteworthy is the exquisite delicacy shown in the most minute details of the elaborate costumes and ornamentations.

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 900 A.D. Buddhism was driven from India, but only to spread into other lands, and to win one half of the human race as converts. Meanwhile, Brahmanism had never lost its power. It had taken many points from Buddhism and also from the rites of the aborigines, and had developed into what was known as Hinduism, with its complicated system of castes. About the year 1000, Mohammedanism reached India, and now one fifth of the inhabitants profess that faith.

The Mohammedans entered a land not only as missionaries, but also as determined conquerors. India was no exception, and when that country was invaded by the Moguls, or Mongols, in 1526, under Bahar, it was found to be divided into many little principalities, each under the rule of either a Mohammedan or a Hindu prince. Bahar's son Akbar, afterwards called the Great, succeeded in uniting the empire partly by arms and partly by shrewd alliances. It was his grandson, Shah Jehan, who built the exquisite Taj Mahal. The empire became strong and magnificent. Under his son Aurungzebe its wealth and its area increased, but not its strength. The decline had begun. There were rebellions and invasions. The Mogul rulers had attained to their power partly by the aid of the Hindus, but they took no pains to conciliate their former helpers, who now became their enemies. The Hindu confederacies came into power, and the rule of the Moguls had passed.

THE PEACOCK THRONE OF THE GREAT MOGUL, SHAH JEHAN

[Middle of seventeenth century]

BY JEAN BAPTISTE TAVERNIER, BARON OF AUBONNE

It should be stated that the Great Mogul has seven magnificent thrones, one wholly covered with diamonds, the others with rubies, emeralds, or pearls.

The principal throne, which is placed in the hall of the first court, is nearly of the form and size of our camp-beds; that is to say, it is about six feet long and four wide. Upon the four feet, which are very massive, and from twenty to twenty-five inches high, are fixed the four bars which support the base of the throne, and upon these bars are ranged twelve columns, which sustain the canopy on three sides, there not being any on that which faces the court. Both the feet and the bars, which are more than eighteen inches long, are covered with gold inlaid and enriched with numerous diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. In the middle of each bar there is a large *balass* ruby, cut *en cabuchon*, with four emeralds round it, which form a square cross. Next in succession, from one side to the other along the length of the bars there are similar crosses, arranged so that in one the ruby is in the middle of four emeralds, and in another the emerald is in the middle and four *balass* rubies surround it. The emeralds are table-cut, and the intervals between the rubies and emeralds are covered with diamonds, the largest of which do not exceed ten to

twelve carats in weight, all being showy stones, but very flat. There are also in some parts pearls set in gold, and upon one of the longer sides of the throne there are four steps to ascend it. Of the three cushions or pillows which are upon the throne, that which is placed behind the king's back is large and round like one of our bolsters, and the two others that are placed at his sides are flat. There is to be seen, moreover, a sword suspended from this throne, a mace, a round shield, a bow and quiver with arrows; and all these weapons, as also the cushions and steps, both of this throne and the other six, are covered over with stones which match those with which each of the thrones is respectively enriched.

I counted the large *balass* rubies on the great throne, and there are about one hundred and eight, all *cabuchons*, the least of which weighs one hundred carats; but there are some which weigh apparently two hundred and more. As for the emeralds, there are plenty of good color, but they have many flaws; the largest may weigh sixty carats and the least thirty carats. I counted about one hundred and sixteen; thus there are more emeralds than rubies.

The underside of the canopy is covered with diamonds and pearls, with a fringe of pearls all around, and above the canopy, which is a quadrangular-shaped dome, there is to be seen a peacock with elevated tail made of blue sapphires and other colored stones, the body being gold inlaid with precious stones, having a large ruby in front of the breast, from whence hangs a pear-shaped pearl of fifty carats or thereabouts, and of a somewhat yellow water. On both sides of the peacock there is a large bouquet of the same height as the bird,

and consisting of many kinds of flowers made of gold inlaid with precious stones. On the side of the throne which is opposite the court there is to be seen a jewel consisting of a diamond of from eighty to ninety carats' weight, with rubies and emeralds round it; and when the king is seated, he has this jewel in full view. But that which in my opinion is the most costly thing about this magnificent throne is, that the twelve columns supporting the canopy are surrounded with beautiful rows of pearls, which are round and of fine water, and weigh from six to ten carats each. At four feet distance from the throne there are fixed, on either side, two umbrellas, the sticks of which, for seven or eight feet in height, are covered with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. The umbrellas are of red velvet, and are embroidered and fringed all round with pearls.

This is what I have been able to observe regarding this famous throne, commenced by Tamerlane and completed by Shah Jehan; and those who keep the accounts of the king's jewels and of what this great work has cost, have assured me that it amounts to one hundred and seven lakhs of rupees.[1]

Behind this grand and magnificent throne there is placed a smaller one, which has the form of a bathing-tub. It is of an oval shape of about seven feet in length and five in breadth, and the outside is covered over with diamonds and pearls, but it has no canopy.

[1] About five million dollars.

ON THE MARCH WITH AURUNGZEBE

[Reigned from 1658 to 1707]

BY FRANÇOIS BERNIER

[AURUNGZEBE was a son of the Shah Jehan who built the wonderful Taj Mahal. Aurungzebe overcame his brothers, and later put them to death. He imprisoned his father, and proclaimed himself emperor.

The Editor.]

THIS is indeed slow and solemn marching, what we here call *à la Mogole*. Lahor is little more than one hundred and twenty leagues or about fifteen days' journey from Delhi, and we have been nearly two months on the road. The king, it is true, together with the greater part of the army, diverge from the highway, in search of better ground for the sports of the field, and for the convenience of obtaining the water of the Gemna, which we had gone in search of to the right; and we leisurely skirted its bank, hunting and shooting amid grass so high as almost to conceal our horsemen, but abounding in every kind of game. We are now in a good town, enjoying repose; and I cannot better employ my time than in committing to paper the various particulars which have engaged my mind since I quitted Delhi. Soon I hope to conduct you to Kachemire, and to show you one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

Whenever the king travels in military pomp he has always two private camps; that is to say, two separate bodies of tents. One of these camps being constantly a day in advance of the other, the king is sure to find

at the end of every journey a camp fully prepared for his reception. It is for this reason that these separate bodies of tents are called *peiche-kanes*, or houses which precede. The two *peiche-kanes* are nearly equal, and to transport one of them the aid of more than sixty elephants, two hundred camels, one hundred mules, and one hundred men-porters is required. The most bulky things are carried by the elephants, such as the large tents with their heavy poles, which on account of their great length and weight are made so as to be taken down into three pieces. The smaller tents are borne by the camels, and the luggage and kitchen utensils by the mules. To the porters are confided the lighter and more valuable articles, as the porcelain used at the king's table, the painted and gilt beds, and those rich *karguain* [cabinets] of which I shall speak hereafter.

One of the *peiche-kanes* has no sooner reached the place intended for the new encampment than the grand quartermaster selects some fine situation for the king's tents, paying, however, as much attention as possible to the exact symmetry of the whole camp. He then marks out a square, each side of which measures more than three hundred ordinary paces. A hundred pioneers presently clear and level this space, raising square platforms of earth on which they pitch the tents. The whole of this extensive square is then encompassed with *kanates*, or screens, seven or eight feet in height, secured by cords attached to pegs, and by poles fixed two by two in the ground, at every ten paces, one pole within and the other without, and each leaning upon the other. The *kanates* are made of strong cloth, lined with printed Indian calico, representing large vases of flowers. The

royal entrance, which is spacious and magnificent, is in the center of one of the sides of the square, and the flowered calico of which it is composed, as well as that which lines the whole exterior face of this side of the square, is of much finer texture and richer than the rest.

The first and largest tent erected in the royal camp is named *am-kas*, being the place where the king and all the nobility keep the *mokam;* that is, where they assemble at nine o'clock in the morning for the purpose of deliberating on affairs of state and of administering justice. The kings of Hindustan seldom fail, even when in the field, to hold this assembly twice during the twenty-four hours, the same as when in the capital. The custom is regarded as a matter of law and duty, and the observance of it is rarely neglected.

The second tent, little inferior in size and somewhat farther within the inclosure, is called the *gosle-kane*, or the place for bathing. It is here that all the nobility meet every evening to pay their obeisance to the king, in the same manner as when the court is at Delhi. This evening assembly subjects the *Omrahs* to much inconvenience; but it is a grand and imposing spectacle in a dark night to behold, when standing at some distance, long rows of torches lighting these nobles, through extended lanes of tents, to the *gosle-kane*, and attending them back again to their own quarters. These flambeaux, although not made of wax, like ours in France, burn a long time. They merely consist of a piece of iron hafted in a stick, and surrounded at the extremity with linen rags steeped in oil, which are renewed, as occasion requires, by the *masalchis*, or link-boys, who carry the oil in long narrow-necked vessels of iron or brass.

Still deeper in the square is the third tent, smaller than those I have spoken of, called *kaluet-kane*, the retired spot, or the place of the privy council. To this tent none but the principal ministers of state have access, and it is here that all the important concerns of the kingdom are transacted.

Advancing beyond the *kaluet-kane*, you come to the king's private tents, which are surrounded by small *kanates*, of the height of a man, some lined with *Maslipatam* chintz, painted over with flowers of a hundred different kinds, and others with figured satin, decorated with deep silken fringes.

Adjoining the royal tents are those of the *begums*, or princesses, and of the great ladies and principal female attendants of the seraglio. These tents are also inclosed on every side by rich *kanates;* and in the midst of them are the tents of the inferior female domestics and other women connected with the seraglio, placed generally in much the same order, according to the offices of the respective occupants.

The *am-kas*, and the five or six other principal tents, are elevated above the rest, as well for the sake of keeping off the heat as that they may be distinguished at a distance. The outside is covered with a strong and coarse red cloth, ornamented with large and variegated stripes; but the inside is lined with beautiful hand-painted chintz, manufactured for the purpose at *Maslipatam*, the ornamentation of which is set off by rich figured satin of various colors, or embroideries of silk, silver, and gold, with deep and elegant fringes. Cotton mats, three or four inches in thickness, are spread over the whole floor, and these again are covered with a

splendid carpet, on which are placed large square bro-cade cushions to lean upon. The tents are supported by painted and gilt pillars.

In each of the two tents wherein the king and nobility meet for deliberation is erected a stage, which is most sumptuously adorned, and the king gives audience under a spacious canopy of velvet or flowered silk. The other tents have similar canopies, and they also contain what are called *karguain*, or cabinets, the little doors of which are secured by silver padlocks. You may form some idea of them by picturing to yourself two small squares of our folding screens, the one placed upon the other, and both tied round with a silken cord in such a manner that the extremities of the sides of the upper square incline towards each other so as to form a kind of dome. There is this difference, however, between the *karguain* and our screens, that all their sides are com-posed of very thin and light deal boards painted and gilt on the outside, and embellished around with gold and silk fringe. The inside is lined with scarlet, flowered satin, or brocade.

I believe that I have omitted nothing of consequence contained within the great square.

In describing what is to be seen without, I shall first notice two handsome tents on either side of the grand entrance, or royal gate. Here is to be seen a small number of the choicest horses, saddled and superbly capar-isoned, ready to be mounted upon any emergency, but in tended rather for ceremony and parade.

On both sides of the same royal gate are ranged the fifty or sixty small field-pieces of which the stirrup-artillery is composed, and which fire a salute when the

king enters his tent, by which the army is apprised of his arrival.

A free space, as extensive as may be convenient or practicable, is always kept in front of the royal entrance, and at its extremity there is a large tent called *nagar-kane*, i.e., drum room, because it contains the trumpets and the cymbals.

Close to this tent is another of a large size, called *tchauky-kane*, where the *Omrahs* in rotation mount guard for twenty-four hours, once every week. Most of them, however, order one of their own tents to be pitched in its immediate vicinity, where they find themselves more comfortable and are in greater privacy.

Within a short square of the three other sides of the great square are the tents of officers and others appropriated to particular purposes, which, unless there be local impediments, are always placed in the same relative situation. Every one of these tents has its particular appellation, but the names are difficult of pronunciation, and as it is not within my scope to teach you the language of the country, it may suffice to state that in one of them are deposited the arms of the king; in a second the rich harnesses; and in a third the vests of brocade, which are the presents generally made by the king. The fruits, the sweetmeats, the Ganges water, the saltpeter with which it is cooled, and the *betle*, are kept in four other tents. *Betle* is the leaf which, after it has undergone a certain preparation, is given as a mark of royal favor (like coffee in Turkey), and which when masticated sweetens the breath and reddens the lips. There are fifteen or sixteen other tents which serve for kitchens and their appurtenances; and in the midst of all these

are the tents of a great number of officers and attendants. There are, lastly, six others, of considerable length, for led horses; and other tents for choice elephants and for the animals employed in hunting; for the birds of prey that invariably accompany the court, and are intended both for show and for field sports; for the dogs; the leopards for catching antelopes; the *nilghaux,* or gray oxen, which I believe to be a species of elk; the lions and rhinoceroses, brought merely for parade; the large Bengal buffaloes, which attack the lion; the tamed antelopes, frequently made to fight in the presence of the king.

The quarters of the monarch are understood to comprehend not only the great square, but the numerous tents situated without the square to which I have just drawn your attention. Their position is always in the center of the army, or as much so as the nature of the ground will admit. You will easily conceive that there is something very striking and magnificent in these royal quarters, and that this vast assemblage of red tents, placed in the center of a numerous army, produces a brilliant effect when seen from some neighboring eminence; especially if the country be open and offer no obstruction to the usual and regular distribution of the troops.

The first care of the grand quartermaster is, as before remarked, to choose a suitable situation for the royal tents. The *am-kas* is elevated above every other tent, because it is the landmark by which the order and disposition of the whole army is regulated. He then marks out the royal bazaars, from which all the troops are supplied. The principal bazaar is laid out in the form of a wide street, running through the whole extent of the

army, now on the right, then on the left of the *am-kas*, and always as much as possible in the direction of the next day's encampment. The other royal bazaars, which are neither so long nor so spacious, generally cross this one, some on one side and some on another side of the king's quarters. All of them are distinguished by extremely long poles stuck in the ground at the distance of three hundred paces from each other, bearing red standards, and surmounted with the tails of the Great Tibet cows, which have the appearance of so many periwigs.

The quartermaster then proceeds to plan the quarters for the *Omrahs*, that there may always be the same observance of regularity, and that each nobleman may be placed at his usual distance from the royal square, whether on the right or on the left, so that no individual may be permitted to change the place allotted to him, or which he expressed a wish to occupy before the commencement of the expedition.

The description I have given of the great square is, in many particulars, applicable to the quarters of the *Omrahs* and Rajahs. In general they also have two *peiche-kanes*, with a square of *kanates* inclosing their principal tents and those of their wives. Outside this square are likewise pitched the tents of their officers and troopers, and there is a bazaar in the form of a street, consisting of small tents belonging to the followers of the army, who supply it with forage, rice, butter, and other necessary articles of life. The *Omrahs* need not, therefore, always have recourse to the royal bazaars, where indeed everything may be procured, almost the same as in the capital. A long pole is planted at both

ends of each bazaar, and distinguished by a particular standard, floating in the air, as high as those of the royal bazaars, in order that the different quarters may be readily discerned from a distance.

The chief *Omrahs* and great Rajahs pride themselves on the loftiness of their tents, which must not, however, be too conspicuous, lest the king perceive it and command that the tents be thrown down, as he did on our late march. For the same reason, the outside must not be entirely red, there being none but the royal tents that can be of that color; and as a mark of proper respect every tent has also to front the *am-kas*, or quarters of the king.

The remainder of the ground, between the quarters of the monarch, those of the *Omrahs*, and the bazaars, is filled with the tents of *Mansebdars*, or inferior *Omrahs*, of tradespeople of every description, of civil officers and other persons, who for various reasons follow the army; and, last of all, the tents of those who serve in the light and heavy artillery. The tents are therefore very numerous, and cover a large extent of ground; though with respect both to their number and the space occupied by them very extravagant notions are formed. When the army halts in a fine and favorable country, which leaves it at liberty to adopt the well-understood rules and order of a circular encampment, I do not believe that this space measures more than two leagues, or perhaps two leagues and a half in circumference, including here and there several spots of unoccupied ground. It should be mentioned, however, that the heavy artillery, which requires a great deal of room, is commonly a day or two in advance of the army.

What is said of the strange confusion that prevails in the camp, and of the alarm thereby occasioned to a newcomer, is also much exaggerated. A slight acquaintance with the method observed in the quartering of the troops will enable you to go, without much difficulty from place to place as your business may require; the king's quarters, the tents and standards peculiar to every *Omrah*, and the ensigns and "periwigs" of the royal bazaars, which are all seen from a great distance, serving, after a little experience, for unerring guides.

Sometimes, indeed, notwithstanding all these precautions, there will be uncertainty and disorder, particularly on the arrival of the army at the place of encampment in the morning, when every one is actively employed in finding and establishing his own quarters. The dust that arises often obscures the marks I have mentioned, and it becomes impossible to distinguish the king's quarter, the different bazaars, or the tents of the several *Omrahs*. Your progress is besides liable to be impeded by the tents then pitching, and by the cords extended by inferior *Omrahs*, who have no *peiche-kanes*, and by *Mansebdars* to mark their respective boundaries, and to prevent not only the public from passing through, but the fixing of any strange tent near their own, where their wives, if accompanying them, reside. A horde of their lusty varlets, with cudgels in their hands, will not suffer these cords to be removed or lowered; you then naturally retrace your steps, and find that while you have been employed in unavailing efforts to pass at one end, your retreat has been cut off at the other. There is now no means of extricating your laden camels but by menace and entreaty; outrageous passion, and calm

remonstrance; seeming as if you would proceed to blows, yet carefully abstaining from touching any one; promoting a violent quarrel between the servants of both parties, and afterward reconciling them for fear of the consequences, and in this way taking advantage of a favorable moment to pass your camels. But the greatest annoyance is perhaps in the evening when business calls you to any distance. This is the time when the common people cook their victuals with a fire made of cow and camel dung and green wood. The smoke of so many fires of this kind, when there is little wind, is highly offensive, and involves the atmosphere in total darkness. It was my fate to be overtaken three or four times by this wide-spreading vapor. I inquired, but could not find my way. I turned and roamed about, ignorant whither I went. Once I was obliged to stop until the smoke dispersed, and the moon arose; and at another time I with difficulty reached the *aguacy-die*, at the foot of which I passed the night with my horse and servant. The *aguacy-die* resembles a lofty mast of a ship, but is very slender, and takes down in three pieces. It is fixed toward the king's quarters, near the tent called *nagarkane*, and during the night has a lighted lantern suspended from the top. This light is very useful, for it may be seen when every object is enveloped in impenetrable darkness. To this spot persons who lose their way resort, either to pass the night secure from all danger of robbers, or to resume their search after their own lodgings. The name *aguacy-die* may be translated Light of Heaven, the lantern when at a distance appearing like a star.

To prevent robberies every *Omrah* provides watch-

men, who continually perambulate his particular quarters during the night, crying out, "Kaber-dar!" or, Have a care! and there are guards posted round the whole army at every five hundred paces, who kindle fires, and also cry out "Kaber-dar!" Besides these precautions, the *Cotoual*, or grand provost, sends soldiers in every direction, who especially pervade the bazaars, crying out and sounding a trumpet. Notwithstanding all these measures, robberies are often committed, and it is prudent to be always on the alert, not to rely too much on the vigilance of servants; and to repose at an early hour, so as to watch during the remainder of the night.

I will now proceed to describe the different modes of traveling adopted by the Great Mogul on these occasions. Most commonly, he is carried on men's shoulders in a *tact-ravan*, or field throne, wherein he sits. This *tact* is a species of magnificent tabernacle, with painted and gilt pillars, and glass windows, that are kept shut when the weather is bad. The four poles of the litter are covered either with scarlet or brocade, and decorated with deep fringes of silk and gold. At the end of each pole are stationed two strong and handsomely dressed men, who are relieved by eight other men constantly in attendance. Sometimes the king rides on horseback, especially when the weather is favorable for hunting; and at other times he is carried by an elephant in a *mikdember*, or in a *hauze*, which is by far the most striking and splendid style of traveling, as nothing can surpass the richness and magnificence of the harness and trappings. The *mikdember* is a small house, or square wooden tower, gilt and painted; and the *hauze*, an oval

chair with a canopy on pillars, also superbly decorated with colors and gold.

In every march the king is accompanied by a great number of *Omrahs* and Rajahs, who follow him closely on horseback, placing themselves promiscuously in a body, without much method or regularity. On the morning of a journey, they assemble at break of day in the *am-kas*, with the exception of those who may be exempted by age or the nature of their office. They find these marches very fatiguing, especially on hunting-days, being exposed like a private soldier to the sun and dust, frequently until three o'clock in the afternoon.

These luxurious lords move along very differently when not in the train of the king: neither dust nor sun then annoys them, but they are stretched, as on a bed, in a *paleky*, closed and covered or not as may be found more agreeable; sleeping at ease until they reach their tent, where they are sure to find an excellent dinner, the kitchen and every necessary article having been sent forward the preceding night, immediately after supper. The *Omrahs* are always surrounded by a number of well-mounted cavaliers, called *gourze-berdars*, because they carry a kind of club, or silver mace. The king is also attended by many of them, who go before him, both on the right and on the left, together with a multitude of footmen. The *gourze-berdars* are picked, good-looking men, of fine figures, and are employed to convey orders and dispatches. With great sticks in their hands they drive everybody before them, and keep the way clear for the king.

The *Cours* follows the Rajahs, surrounded by a large number of players on cymbals and trumpets. The

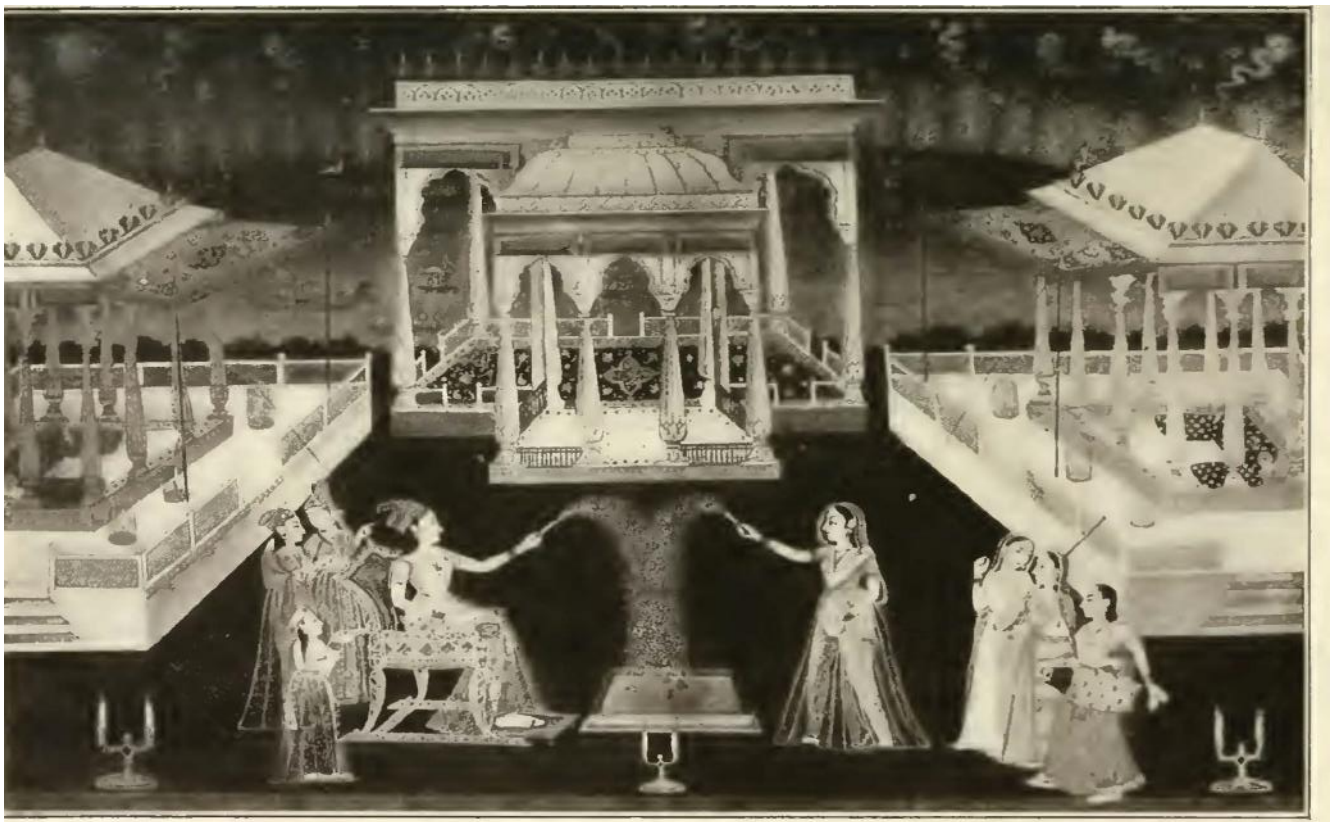
Cours, as I before observed, consists of figures in silver, representing strange animals, hands, balances, fishes, and other mystical objects, borne at the end of large silver poles.

A numerous body of *Mansebdars* or inferior *Omrahs* comes next, well mounted, and equipped with sword, quiver and arrows. This body is much more numerous than that of *Omrahs*, which follows the king; because not only the *Mansebdars* who are on duty are obliged to assemble at break of day near the royal tent, for the purpose of accompanying the king, but there are many who join the train in the hope of attracting notice and preferment.

You are no doubt at a loss to conceive how so vast a number both of men and animals can be maintained in the field. The best solution of the difficulty will be found in the temperance of the Indians and simple nature of their diet. Of the five-score thousand troopers, not a tenth, no, not a twentieth part, eat animal food; they are satisfied with their *kichery*, a mess of rice and other vegetables, over which, when cooked, they pour melted butter. It should be considered too that camels endure fatigue, hunger, and thirst in a surprising degree, live upon little, and eat any kind of food. At the end of every march, they are left to browse in the fields, where everything serves for fodder. It is important likewise to observe that the same tradesmen who supply the bazaars in Delhi are compelled to furnish them in the camp; the shops of which they are composed being kept by the same persons whether in the capital or in the field.

These poor people are at great pains to procure forage:

they rove about from village to village, and what they succeed in purchasing, they endeavor to sell in the army at an advanced price. It is a common practice with them to clear, with a sort of trowel, whole fields of a peculiar kind of grass, which having beaten and washed, they dispose of in the camp at a price sometimes very high and sometimes inadequately low.



WOMEN OF THE PALACE AT PLAY

(An Indian painting of the seventeenth century)

To the Indian, as to all Asiatic artists, the most important part of a picture, and the first to be done, was the outline. This was filled in with squirrel-hair brushes, often, for the finest work, of but a single hair. The colors used were clear and extremely brilliant and were applied in layers, jewels and other ornaments being indicated in the best pictures by the insertion of diamond or pearl chips. The work was highly specialized, one man often drawing merely the outline, while another filled in the color, and sometimes a third and fourth finished the face and figures.

The Indo-Persian school of painters, of whose work the picture here shown is a good example, found their subjects almost entirely amid the pomp and magnificence with which the Mogul emperors were surrounded. Gorgeous scenes of the palace life and recreations of luxurious and pleasure-loving courts are mirrored in their work with an infinite elaboration and a richness of color that are unsurpassed in the history of art. They excelled also in portraiture, and have left a host of pictures of the Mogul kings and their courtiers that are marvels of fineness and accuracy.

This picture shows a favorite subject of Indian painters — the effect of fireworks against the blackness of night, a subject that has inspired European artists as well. A fête is in progress, and the women of the palace are amusing themselves with fireworks. The pavilions of the palace grounds are brilliantly lighted, the river beyond is dotted with illuminated boats, and the sky blazes with fire. It is a brilliant scene, drawn with a perfection of minute detail and a love of elaborate ornamentation possible only in the Orient.

THE DECLINE OF THE MOGUL EMPIRE

[Eighteenth century]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THE empire which Baber and his Moguls reared in the sixteenth century was long one of the most extensive and splendid in the world. In no European kingdom was so large a population subject to a single prince, or so large a revenue poured into the treasury. The beauty and magnificence of the buildings erected by the sovereigns of Hindostan amazed even travelers who had seen St. Peter's. The innumerable retinues and gorgeous decorations which surrounded the throne of Delhi dazzled even eyes which were accustomed to the pomp of Versailles. Some of the great viceroys who held their posts by virtue of commissions from the Mogul ruled as many subjects as the King of France or the Emperor of Germany. Even the deputies of these deputies might well rank, as to extent of territory and amount of revenue, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany or the Elector of Saxony.

There can be little doubt that this great empire, powerful and prosperous as it appears on a superficial view, was yet, even in its best days, far worse governed than the worst governed parts of Europe now are. The administration was tainted with all the vices of Oriental despotism and with all the vices inseparable from the domination of race over race. The conflicting pretensions of the princes of the royal house produced a long

series of crimes and public disasters. Ambitious lieutenants of the sovereign sometimes aspired to independence. Fierce tribes of Hindoos, impatient of a foreign yoke, frequently withheld tribute, repelled the armies of the Government from the mountain fastnesses, and poured down in arms on the cultivated plains. In spite of occasional convulsions which shook the whole frame of society, this great monarchy, on the whole, retained, during some generations, an outward appearance of unity, majesty, and energy. But throughout the long reign of Aurungzebe, the State, notwithstanding all that the vigor and policy of the prince could effect, was hastening to dissolution. After his death, which took place in the year 1707, the ruin was fearfully rapid. Violent shocks from without coöperated with an incurable decay which was fast proceeding within; and in a few years the empire had undergone utter decomposition. A succession of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded palaces, chewing *bhang*, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A succession of ferocious invaders descended through the western passes, to prey on the defenseless wealth of Hindostan. A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier, — the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skillful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, and is now destined to adorn the hideous idol of Orissa. The Afghan soon fol-

lowed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpootana threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilcund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread dismay along the Jumna. The highlands which border on the western seacoast of India poured forth a yet more formidable race, a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, yielded only to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from their mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mahrattas. Many fertile vice royalties were entirely subdued by them. Their dominions stretched across the peninsula from sea to sea. Mahratta captains reigned at Poonah, at Gualior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore. Nor did they, though they had become great sovereigns, therefore cease to be freebooters. They still retained the predatory habits of their forefathers. Every region which was not subject to their rule was wasted by their incursions. Wherever their kettledrums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighborhood of the hyena and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. Even the wretched phantom who still bore the imperial title stooped to pay this ignominious blackmail. The camp fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the palace of Delhi. Another, at

the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the ricefields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago, it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horsemen of Berar; and the name of the Mahratta ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.

Wherever the viceroys of the Mogul retained authority they became sovereigns. They might still acknowledge in words the superiority of the house of Tamerlane; as a Count of Flanders or a Duke of Burgundy might have acknowledged the superiority of the most helpless driveler among the later Carlovingians. They might occasionally send to their titular sovereign a complimentary present, or solicit from him a title of honor. In truth, however, they were no longer lieutenants removable at pleasure, but independent hereditary princes. In this way originated those great Mussulman houses which formerly ruled Bengal and the Carnatic, and those which still, though in a state of vassalage, exercise some of the powers of royalty at Lucknow and Hyderabad.

In what was this confusion to end? Was the strife to continue during centuries? Was it to terminate in the rise of another great monarchy? Was the Mussulman or the Mahratta to be the Lord of India? Was another Baber to descend from the mountains, and to lead the hardy tribes of Cabul and Chorasan against a wealthier and less warlike race? None of these events seemed improbable. But scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible that a trading company, separated from India by fifteen thousand miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of

commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas; would compel Mahratta and Mahommedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having united under its laws a hundred millions of subjects, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Burrampooter, and far to the west of the Hydaspes, dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassal on the throne of Candahar.

VI
INDIA BECOMES A BRITISH PROVINCE

HISTORICAL NOTE

FROM the time of the invasion of Alexander the Great the world had never lost interest in India. In 1498, Vasco da Gama won the friendship of the Hindu Rajah of Calicut. The Portuguese at once made conquests in India, and in the sixteenth century had a monopoly of the trade and made strenuous efforts to convert the natives to Christianity. A century later, their monopoly of trade was disputed by the Dutch, who were then the strongest maritime power in the world. In 1600, the success of the Dutch in the Indian trade led to the formation of the famous English East India Company, followed by that of the French Company in 1664.

During the greater part of the time from 1746 to 1757 the French and English were at war in India. The result of the struggle was the overthrow of the French and the beginning of the British Empire in the East. In 1758, Robert Clive was made the first governor of Bengal. So far as territory is concerned, Clive and his conquests laid the foundations of the empire. Its administration was organized by Warren Hastings, who was in power from 1772 to 1785. Neither the period of his rule nor the years that immediately followed were times of peace. There were wars with the Marathas, the Afghans, and the Sikhs, with Mysore, Nepal, and Burma; but firmly and steadily the dominion of the English was increasing. One province after another came under the control of the East India Company, whose activities after the eighteenth century were almost wholly political. There was no haphazard progress, but a definite plan for making Great Britain the one power in the land. The native princes were made to understand that if they wished to remain princes, they must hold their domains not independently, but subject to the English. In 1857, the Sepoy Mutiny broke out. This made it clear that the Company was no longer able to administer the government of the land to the best advantage of either India or Britain. Its charter was taken away, and in 1858 India became a province of the Crown. In 1877, Queen Victoria assumed the title of Empress of India. This was proclaimed to the Indian princes at a durbar whose splendor surpassed the tales of Oriental magnificence.

HOW ROBERT CLIVE DEFENDED ARCOT

[1751]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[IN 1743, war broke out in Europe between France and England. The French now attacked Madras, which promptly surrendered. Among those who fled from the city was a young clerk of the East India Company named Robert Clive. This flight practically ended his clerkship, for he obtained an ensign's commission. His defense of Arcot was the most famous event of this war.

The Editor.]

CLIVE was now twenty-five years of age. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that, unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favorite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and

destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and intrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoys, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him, only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighborhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix dispatched from Pondi-

cherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoys. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defense under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five and twenty, who had been bred a bookkeeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defense, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honor to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, color, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained

away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the Government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defense of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahommedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how

the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his latest prayer, how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslem of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the Garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with *bhang*, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his

gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry, the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA

[1756]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THE great province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, whom the English called Aliverdy Khan, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. He died in 1756, and the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty years of age, who bore the name of Surajah Dowlah. Oriental despots are perhaps the worst class of human beings; and this unhappy boy was one of the worst specimens of his class. His understanding was naturally feeble, and his temper naturally unamiable. His education had been such as would have enervated even a vigorous intellect and perverted even a generous disposition. He was unreasonable, because nobody ever dared to reason with him, and selfish, because he had never been made to feel himself dependent on the good will of others. Early debauchery had unnerved his body and his mind. He indulged immoderately in the use of ardent spirits, which inflamed his weak brain almost to madness. His chosen companions were flatterers, sprung from the dregs of the people, and recommended by nothing but buffoonery and servility. It is said that he had arrived at that last stage of human depravity, when cruelty becomes pleasing for its own sake, when the sight of pain, as pain, where no advantage is to be gained, no offense punished, no

danger averted, is an agreeable excitement. It had early been his amusement to torture beasts and birds; and, when he grew up, he enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow-creatures.

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself

with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness talked about the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, ap-

proaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the jailers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The jailers in the mean time held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously, and covered up.

But these things which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors.

Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince at Moorshedabad.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

[1785]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[WARREN HASTINGS became governor of India in 1772. Upon his return to England in 1785, he was impeached for oppressing the natives, and was tried by the House of Lords. The following extract pictures the beginning of his trial. It dragged along for seven years. He was finally pronounced innocent.

The Editor.]

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal.

The junior baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he

had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the Court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis;* such was the

aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defense of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the

English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been

by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Com-

mons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

INDIAN CUSTOMS AND MANNERS IN 1840

BY HON. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE

THE food of the common people, both in the country and in towns, is unleavened bread with boiled vegetables, clarified butter or oil, and spices. Smoking tobacco is almost the only luxury. Some few smoke intoxicating drugs; and the lowest castes only, and even they rarely, get drunk with spirits. Drunkenness is confined to damp countries, such as Bengal, the Concans, and some parts of the south of India. It increases in our territories where spirits are taxed; but is so little of a natural propensity that the absolute prohibition of spirits, which exists in most native states, is sufficient to keep it down. Opium, which is used to great excess in the west of Hindostan, is peculiar to the Rajputs and does not affect the lower classes. All but the poorest people chew betel (a pungent aromatic leaf), with the hard nut of the areca, mixed with a sort of lime made from shells, and with various spices, according to the person's means. Some kinds of fruit are cheap and common.

The upper classes, at least the Bramin part of them, have very little more variety; it consists in the greater number of kinds of vegetables and spices, and in the cookery. Assafœtida is a favorite ingredient, as giving to some of their richer dishes something of the flavor of flesh. The caution used against eating out of dishes or on carpets defiled by other castes gives rise to some curious customs. At a great Bramin dinner, where twenty or

thirty different dishes and condiments are placed before each individual, all are served in vessels made of leaves sewed together. These are placed on the bare floor, which, as a substitute for a tablecloth, is decorated for a certain distance in front of the guests with patterns of flowers, etc., very prettily laid out in lively-colored sorts of sand, spread through frames in which the patterns are cut, and swept away after dinner. The inferior castes of Hindus eat meat, and care less for their vessels; metal, especially, can always be purified by scouring. In all classes, however, the difference of caste leads to a want of sociability. A soldier, or any one away from his family, cooks his solitary meal for himself, and finishes it without a companion, or any of the pleasures of the table, but those derived from taking the necessary supply of food. All eat with their fingers, and scrupulously wash before and after meals.

Though they have chess, a game played with tables and dice as backgammon is, and cards (which are circular, in many suits, and painted with Hindu gods, etc., instead of kings, queens, and knaves), yet the great indoor amusement is to listen to singing interspersed with slow movements which can scarcely be called dancing. The attitudes are not ungraceful, and the songs are pleasing; but it is, after all, a languid and monotonous entertainment; and it is astonishing to see the delight that all ranks take in it; the lower orders, in particular, often standing for whole nights to enjoy this unvaried amusement.

These exhibitions are now often illuminated, when in rooms, by English chandeliers; but the true Hindu way of lighting them up is by torches held by men, who feed

the flame with oil from a sort of bottle constructed for the purpose. For ordinary household purposes they use lamps of earthenware or metal.

In the houses of the rich, the doorways are hung with quilted silk curtains; and the doors, the arches, and other woodwork in the rooms are highly carved. The floor is entirely covered with a thin mattress of cotton, over which is spread a clean white cloth to sit on; but there is no other furniture of any description. Equals sit in opposite rows down the room. A prince or great chief has a seat at the head of the room between the rows, very slightly raised by an additional mattress, and covered with a small carpet of embroidered silk. This, with a high round embroidered bolster behind, forms what is called a *masnad* or *gadi*, and serves as a throne for sovereigns under the rank of king.

Great attention is paid to ceremony. A person of distinction is met a mile or two before he enters the city; and a visitor is received (according to his rank) at the outer gate of the house, at the door of the room, or by merely rising from the seat. Friends embrace if they have not met for some time. Bramins are saluted by joining the palms, and raising them twice or thrice to the forehead: with others, the salute with one hand is used, so well known by the Mahometan name of *salaam*. Bramins have a peculiar phrase of salutation for each other. Other Hindus on meeting repeat twice the name of the god Rama. Visitors are seated with strict attention to their rank, which on public occasions it often takes much previous negotiation to settle. Hindus of rank are remarkable for their politeness to inferiors, generally addressing them by some civil or familiar

term, and scarcely ever being provoked to abusive or harsh language. The lower classes are courteous in their general manners among themselves, but by no means so scrupulous in their language when irritated. All visits end by the master of the house presenting betel leaf with areca nut, etc., to the guest: it is accompanied by attar of roses or some other perfume put on the handkerchief, and rosewater sprinkled over the person; and this is the signal for taking leave. At first meetings and at entertainments, trays of shawls and other materials for dresses are presented to the guests, together with pearl necklaces, bracelets, and ornaments for the turban of jewels: a sword, a horse, and an elephant are added when both parties are men of high rank. Such presents are also given to meritorious servants, to soldiers who have distinguished themselves, and to poets or learned men: they are showered on favorite singers and dancers.

At formal meetings nobody speaks but the principal persons, but in other companies there is a great deal of unrestrained conversation. The manner of the Hindus is polite, and their language obsequious. They abound in compliments and expressions of humility, even to their equals, and when they have no object to gain. They seldom show much desire of knowledge or disposition to extend their thoughts beyond their ordinary habits. Within that sphere, however, their conversation is shrewd and intelligent, often mixed with lively and satirical observations.

The rich rise at the same hour as the common people, or perhaps not quite so early; perform their devotions in their own chapels; dispatch private and other business

with their immediate officers and dependents; bathe, dine, and sleep. At two or three they dress, and appear in their public apartments, where they receive visits and transact business till very late at night. Some also listen to music till late: but these occupations are confined to the rich, and in general a Hindu town is quiet soon after dark.

Entertainments, besides occasions of rare occurrence, as marriages, etc., are given on particular festivals, and sometimes to show attention to particular friends. Among themselves they commence with a dinner; but the essential part of the entertainment is dancing and singing, sometimes diversified with jugglers and buffoons; during which time perfumes are burned, and the guests are dressed with garlands of sweet-smelling flowers; presents, as above described, are no less essential.

Among the most striking of the religious exhibitions is that of the capture of Lanka, in honor of Rama, which is necessarily performed out of doors. Lanka is represented by a spacious castle with towers and battlements, which are assailed by an army dressed like Rama and his followers, with Hanuman and his monkey allies. The combat ends in the destruction of Lanka, amidst a blaze of fireworks which would excite admiration in any part of the world, and in a triumphal procession sometimes conducted in a style of grandeur which might become a more important occasion.

This festival is celebrated in another manner, and with still greater splendor, among the Mahrattas. It is the day on which they always commence their military operations; and the particular event which they commemorate is Rama's devotions and his plucking a branch from a certain tree before he set out on his

expedition. A tree of this sort is planted in an open plain near the camp or city; and all the infantry and guns, and as many of the cavalry as do not accompany the prince, are drawn up on each side of the spot, or form a wide street leading up to it. The rest of the plain is filled with innumerable spectators. The procession, though less regular than those of Mahometan princes, is one of the finest displays of the sort in India. The chief advances on his elephant, preceded by flags and gold and silver sticks or maces, and by a phalanx of men on foot bearing pikes of fifteen or sixteen feet long. On each side are his nobles and military leaders on horseback, with sumptuous dresses and caparisons, and each with some attendants selected for their martial appearance; behind are long trains of elephants with their sweeping housings, some with flags of immense size, and glittering with gold and embroidery; some bearing *howdahs*, open or roofed, often of silver, plain or gilt, and of forms peculiarly Oriental: around and behind is a cloud of horsemen, their trappings glancing in the sun, and their scarfs of cloth of gold fluttering in the wind, all overtopped by sloping spears and waving banners; those on the flanks dashing out, and returning after displaying some evolutions of horsemanship: the whole moving, mixing, and continually shifting its form as it advances, and presenting one of the most animated and gorgeous spectacles that is ever seen, even in that land of barbarous magnificence. As the chief approaches, the guns are fired, the infantry discharge their pieces, and the procession moves on with accelerated speed, exhibiting a lively picture of an attack by a great body of cavalry on an army drawn up to receive them.

When the prince has performed his devotions and plucked his bough, his example is followed by those around him: a fresh salvo of all the guns is fired, and at the signal, the other troops break off, and each man snatches some leaves from one of the fields of tall grain which is grown for the purpose near the spot: each sticks his prize in his turban, and all exchange compliments and congratulations. A grand durbar, at which all the court and military officers attend, closes the day.

There is less grandeur, but scarcely less interest, in the fairs and festivals of the common people. These have a strong resemblance to fairs in England, and exhibit the same whirling machines and the same amusements and occupations. But no assemblage in England can give a notion of the lively effect produced by the prodigious concourse of people in white dresses and bright-colored scarfs and turbans, so unlike the black head-dresses and dusky habits of the North. Their taste for gaudy shows and processions and the mixture of arms and flags give also a different character to the Indian fairs. The Hindus enter into the amusements of these meetings with the utmost relish, and show every sign of peaceful festivity and enjoyment. They may, on all these occasions, have some religious ceremony to go through, but it does not take up a moment, and seldom occupies a thought. At the pilgrimages, indeed, the long anticipation of the worship to be performed, the example of other pilgrims invoking the god aloud, and the sanctity of the place, concur to produce stronger feelings of devotion. There are also more ceremonies to be gone through, and sometimes these are joined in by the whole assembly; when the thousands of eyes directed to one

point, and of voices shouting one name, is often impressive even to the least interested spectator. But even at pilgrimages, the feeling of amusement is much stronger than that of religious zeal; and many such places are also among the most celebrated marts for the transfer of merchandise and for all the purposes of a fair.

The regular dress of all Hindus is probably that which has been mentioned as used in Bengal, and which is worn by all strict Bramins. It consists of two long pieces of white cotton cloth, one of which is wrapped round the middle and tucked up between the legs, while part hangs down a good deal below the knees; the other is worn over the shoulders, and occasionally stretched over the head, which has no other covering. The head and beard are shaved, but a long tuft of hair is left on the crown. Mustachios are also worn, except perhaps by strict Bramins. Except in Bengal, all Hindus who do not affect strictness now wear the lower piece of cloth smaller and tighter, and over it a white cotton or chintz or silk tunic, a colored muslin sash round the middle, and a scarf of the same material over the shoulders, with a turban; some wear loose drawers like the Mahometans.

The full dress is a long white gown of almost transparent muslin, close over the body, but in innumerable loose folds below the waist. This, with the sash and turban, bracelets, necklaces, and other jewels and ornaments, make the dress complete. As this dress is partly borrowed from the Mahometans, and cannot be very ancient, it is singular that it should be accurately represented in some of the figures of kings on the tombs at Thebes in Egypt, where the features, attitudes, and everything else are, by a remarkable coincidence (for

it can be nothing more) exactly what is seen in a Hindu rajah of the present day.

The dress of the women is nearly the same as that first described for the men; but both the pieces of cloth are much larger and longer, and they are of various bright colors as well as white. Both sexes wear many ornaments. Men even of the lower orders wear earrings, bracelets, and necklaces. They are sometimes worn as a convenient way of keeping all the money the owner has; but the necklaces are sometimes made of a particular berry that hardens into a rough but handsome dark brown bead, and sometimes of particular kinds of wood turned; and these are mixed alternately with beads of gold or coral. The neck and legs are bare; but on going out, embroidered slippers with a long point curling up are put on, and are laid aside again on entering a room or a palanquin. Children are loaded with gold ornaments, which gives frequent temptation to child-murder.

It is well known that Indian widows sometimes sacrifice themselves on the funeral pile of their husbands, and that such victims are called *sattis* (suttees). The practice is ascribed by our missionaries to the degraded condition to which a woman who outlives her husband is condemned. If the motive were one of so general an influence, the practice would scarcely be so rare. It is more probable that the hopes of immediately entering on the enjoyment of heaven and of entitling the husband to the same felicity, as well as the glory attending such a voluntary sacrifice, are sufficient to excite the few enthusiastic spirits who go through this awful trial.

The mode of cremation is various: in Bengal, the

living and dead bodies are stretched on a pile where strong ropes and bamboos are thrown across them so as to prevent any attempt to rise. In Orissa, the woman throws herself into the pyre, which is below the level of the ground. In the Deckan, the woman sits down on the pyre, with her husband's head in her lap, and remains there till suffocated, or crushed by the fall of a heavy roof of logs of wood, which is fixed by cords to posts at the corners of the pile.

The sight of a widow burning is a most painful one; but it is hard to say whether the spectator is most affected by pity or admiration. The more than human serenity of the victim, and the respect which she receives from those around her, are heightened by her gentle demeanor and her care to omit nothing in distributing her last presents, and paying the usual marks of courtesy to the bystanders; while the cruel death that awaits her is doubly felt from her own apparent insensibility to its terrors. The reflections which succeed are of a different character, and one is humiliated to think that so feeble a being can be elevated by superstition to a self-devotion not surpassed by the noblest examples of patriots or martyrs.

I have heard that in Guzerat women about to burn are often stupefied with opium. In most other parts this is certainly not the case. Women go through all the ceremonies with astonishing composure and presence of mind, and have been seen seated, unconfined, among the flames, apparently praying, and raising their joined hands to their heads with as little agitation as at their ordinary devotions.

On the other hand, frightful instances have occurred

of women bursting from amidst the flames, and being thrust back by the assistants. One of these diabolical attempts was made in Bengal, when an English gentleman happened to be among the spectators, and succeeded in preventing the accomplishment of the tragedy; but next day he was surprised to encounter the bitterest reproaches from the woman for having been the occasion of her disgrace and the obstacle to her being then in heaven enjoying the company of her husband and the blessings of those she had left behind.

The practice is by no means universal in India. It never occurs to the south of the river Kishna; and under the Bombay presidency, including the former sovereignty of the Bramin Peshwas, it amounts to thirty-two in a year. In the rest of the Deckan it is probably more rare. In Hindostan and Bengal it is so common that some hundreds are officially reported as burned annually within the British dominions alone.

[The Emperor Akban tried to put an end to the burning of widows, but did not succeed. As the Hindus insisted that the rite was a part of their religion, the English did not for many years venture to oppose it by the making of any law. At length, Lord William Bentinck, Governor-General, proposed in 1829 a regulation in Council declaring all who abetted the *satti* (suttee) to be guilty of "culpable homicide." There was opposition on the part of Europeans as well as natives, but the regulation was carried.

The Editor.]



JESSIE'S DREAM

BY FREDERICK GOODALL

(*English Artist*, 1822–1904)

THE natives of India were restless and unhappy under British rule, and in 1857 this discontent burst out into the Sepoy Rebellion. The sepoys, or native soldiers serving under British officers, were supplied with cartridges greased with the fat of the pig. To touch this was to lose caste. The blunder was remedied at once, but it was too late. The outburst began at Meerut; but its worst manifestations were at Cawnpur, Lucknow, and Delhi. At Cawnpur, the Europeans were besieged for nineteen days. On the promise of safety, they surrendered, but only to be cut down in a terrible massacre. At Lucknow, the feeble garrison held out for months, and were rescued in their last extremity by an army of relief under Sir Colin Campbell.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

BY ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,"
she said,
"Oh, then please waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden; — but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke: —

"The Hielanders! Oh, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa'?
The McGregor's. Oh! I ken it weel;
It 's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We 're saved! we 're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back; — they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
  Far off, and that far-off roar,
Were all, and the colonel shook his head,
  And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan 's done;
  But winna ye hear it noo?
'The Campbells are comin' '? It 's no a dream;
  Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
  But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
  And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way, —
  A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
  Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
  And now they played "Auld Lang Syne."
It came to our men like the voice of God,
  And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
  And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
  And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
  Our men put Jessie first;

And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne."

WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA BECAME EMPRESS OF INDIA

[1877]

BY FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS

[THE PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Edward VII, paid a visit to India as a mark of honor to the native princes who had aided the English in their efforts to govern the land. This visit was followed by Queen Victoria's assumption of the title of Empress of India.

The Editor.]

IN the autumn of 1876 preparations were commenced for the "Imperial Assemblage," which it was announced by the Viceroy would be held at Delhi on the first day of January, 1877, for the purpose of proclaiming to the Queen's subjects throughout India the assumption by Her Majesty of the title of "Empress of India." To this assemblage Lord Lytton further announced that he proposed "to invite the governors, lieutenant-governors, and heads of administration from all parts of the Queen's Indian dominions, as well as the princes, chiefs, and nobles in whose persons the antiquity of the past is associated with the prosperity of the present, and who so worthily contribute to the splendor and stability of this great empire."

Delhi was selected as the place where the meeting between the Queen's representative and the great nobles of India could most appropriately be held, and a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements. As a member of the committee I was deputed

to proceed to Delhi, settle about the sites for the camps, and carry out all details in communication with the local authorities. The Viceroy impressed upon me that the assemblage was intended to emphasize the Proclamation Lord Canning issued eighteen years before, by which the Queen assumed the direct sovereignty of her Eastern possessions, and that he wished no trouble or expense to be spared in making the ceremony altogether worthy of such a great historical event.

I returned to Simla in October, when my wife and I accompanied the commander-in-chief on a very delightful march over the Jalauri Pass through the Kulu Valley to Chamba and Dalhousie. Our party consisted of the chief, his doctor (Bradshaw), Persian interpreter (Moore), General and Mrs. Lumsden, and ourselves. The first slight shower of snow had just fallen on the Jalauri Pass, and as we crossed over we disturbed a number of beautiful snow-pheasants and minals busily engaged in scratching it away to get at their food. The scenery on this march is very fine and varied; for the most part the timber and foliage are superb, and the valleys are very fertile and pretty, lying close under the snow-capped mountains.

Having inspected the "Hill stations," we proceeded to Peshawar, where the Viceroy had arranged to hold a conference with the lieutenant-governor of the Punjab and the commissioner of Peshawar about frontier affairs.

Early in December I was back again at Delhi, where I found the arrangements for the several camps progressing most satisfactorily, and canvas cities rising up in every direction. I had previously chosen the site of the old cantonment for the camps of the Viceroy, the

commander-in-chief, and the principal officials, while for the assemblage itself I had selected ground about three miles off.

The chiefs and princes were all settled in their several camps ready to meet the Viceroy, who, on his arrival, in a few graceful words welcomed them to Delhi, and thanked them for responding to his invitation. He then mounted with Lady Lytton, on a state elephant, and a procession was formed, which, I fancy, was about the most gorgeous and picturesque which has ever been seen, even in the East. The magnificence of the native princes' retinues can hardly be described; their elephant-housings were of cloth of gold, or scarlet-and-blue cloths embroidered in gold and silver. The *howdahs* were veritable thrones of the precious metals, shaded by the most brilliant canopies, and the war-elephants belonging to some of the Central India and Rajputana chiefs formed a very curious and interesting feature. Their tusks were tipped with steel; they wore shields on their foreheads, and breastplates of flashing steel; chain-mail armor hung down over their trunks and covered their backs and sides; and they were mounted by warriors clad in chain-mail, and armed to the teeth. Delhi must have witnessed many splendid pageants, when the Rajput, the Moghul, and the Mahratta dynasties, each in its turn, was at the height of its glory; but never before had princes and chiefs of every race and creed come from all parts of Hindustan, vying with each other as to the magificence of their *entourage*, and met together with the same object, that of acknowledging and doing homage to one supreme ruler.

The next few days were spent by Lord Lytton in

receiving the sixty-three ruling princes of India according to the strictest etiquette. Each prince, with his suite, was met at the entrance to the camp, and conducted up the street to the durbar tent by mounted officers, the salute to which he was entitled being fired while the procession moved on. He was then presented by the Foreign Secretary to the Viceroy, who placed him on a chair on his right, immediately below a full-length portrait of Her Majesty. A satin banner, richly embroidered with the chief's armorial bearings surmounted by the imperial crown, was next brought in by Highland soldiers and planted in front of the throne, when the Viceroy, leading the particular chief towards it, thus addressed him: "I present Your Highness with this banner as a personal gift from Her Majesty the Queen, in commemoration of her assumption of the title of Empress of India. Her Majesty trusts that it may never be unfurled without reminding you not only of the close union between the throne of England and your loyal and princely house, but also of the earnest desire of the paramount power to see your dynasty strong, prosperous, and permanent."

His Excellency then placed round the chief's neck a crimson ribbon, to which was attached a very handsome gold medal with the Queen's head engraved on it, adding: "I further decorate you, by command of Her Majesty. May this medal be long worn by yourself, and long kept as an heirloom in your family in remembrance of the auspicious date it bears."

The first of January, 1877, saw the Queen proclaimed Empress of India. The ceremony was most imposing, and in every way successful. Three tented pavilions

had been constructed on an open plain. The throne-pavilion in the center was a very graceful erection, brilliant in hangings and banners of red, blue, and white satin magnificently embroidered in gold with appropriate emblems. It was hexagonal in shape, and rather more than two hundred feet in circumference. In front of this was the pavilion for the ruling chiefs and high European officials, in the form of a semicircle eight hundred feet long. The canopy was of Star of India blue-and-white satin embroidered in gold, each pillar being surmounted by an imperial crown. Behind the throne was the stand for the spectators, also in the form of a semicircle divided in the middle, and likewise canopied in brilliant colors. Between these two blocks was the entrance to the area.

Each chief and high official sat beneath his own banner, which was planted immediately behind his chair, and they were all mixed up as much as possible to avoid questions of precedence, the result being the most wonderful mass of color, produced from the intermingling of British uniforms and plumes with gorgeous Eastern costumes, set off by a blaze of diamonds and other precious stones.

All the British troops brought to Delhi for the occasion were paraded to the north, and the troops and retainers belonging to the native chiefs to the south, of the pavilion. Guards of honor were drawn up on either side of the throne, and at each opening by which the ruling chiefs were to enter the pavilion.

The guests being all seated, a flourish of trumpets by the heralds exactly at noon announced the arrival of the Viceroy. The military bands played a march,

and Lord Lytton, accompanied by Lady Lytton, their daughters, and his staff, proceeded to the pavilion. His Excellency took his seat upon the throne, arrayed in his robes as Grand Master of the Star of India, the National Anthem was played, the guards of honor presented arms, while the whole of the vast assemblage rose as one man. The chief herald was then commanded to read the proclamation. A flourish of trumpets was again sounded, and Her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India.

When the chief herald had ceased reading, the royal standard was hoisted, and a salute of one hundred and one salvos of artillery was fired, with a *feu-de-joie* from the long line of troops. This was too much for the elephants. As the *feu-de-joie* approached nearer and nearer to them, they became more and more alarmed, and at last scampered off, dispersing the crowd in every direction. When it ceased, they were quieted and brought back by their mahouts, only to start off again when the firing recommenced; but, as it was a perfectly bare plain, without anything for the great creatures to come in contact with, there was no harm done beyond a severe shaking to their riders. As the sound of the last salvo died away, the Viceroy addressed the assemblage. When he had ceased speaking, the assembly again rose en masse and joined the troops in giving several ringing cheers.

His Highness the Maharaja Sindhia then spoke as follows: "Shah in Shah Padishah. May God bless you. The princes of India bless you, and pray that your sovereignty and power may remain steadfast forever."

Sir Salar Jung rose in behalf of the boy Nizam and said: "I am desired by His Highness the Nizam to re-

quest Your Excellency to convey to Her Majesty, on the part of himself and the chiefs of India, the expression of their hearty congratulations on the assumption of the title of Empress of India, and to assure the Queen that they pray for her, and for the enduring prosperity of her Empire, both in India and England."

The Maharajas of Udaipur and Jaipur, in the name of the United Chiefs of Rajputana, begged that a telegram might be sent to the Queen, conveying their dutiful and loyal congratulations; and the Maharaja of Kashmir expressed his gratification at the tenor of the Viceroy's speech, and declared that he should henceforth consider himself secure under the shadow of Her Majesty's protecting care.

It is difficult to overrate the political importance of this great gathering. It was looked upon by most of the ruling chiefs as the result of the Prince of Wales's visit, and rejoiced in as an evidence of Her Majesty's increased interest in, and appreciation of, the vast Empire of India with its many different races and peoples.

VII
THE INDIA OF TO-DAY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Executive Government of India is vested in the Viceroy, who is appointed by the sovereign of Great Britain, assisted by a council of five members, each of whom has charge of a department of the executive. The Viceroy, however, can overrule a majority vote of the council. There is a national congress, but the native Indian has little idea of a national life or even of India as a whole. Nine tenths of the civil employees are natives, as are also two thirds of the army; but the high-salaried positions are in the hands of the English, one of the things that causes much discontent. The English Government recognizes no favored sect in religious faith, but pays grants to Hindu temples and Mohammedan mosques alike; and finds room for both Protestants and Roman Catholics as chaplains. In December, 1911, King George and Queen Mary visited their Indian Empire. The capital was changed to Delhi, and in that city a magnificent durbar was held to celebrate the coronation of the sovereigns.

WHAT IS CASTE?

BY SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER

[DURING the eighth and ninth centuries, Brahmanism became more powerful than Buddhism. It developed into the form of faith known as Hinduism. As a social league, Hinduism is based upon the laws of caste.

The Editor.]

INDIAN caste rests upon three distinct systems of division; namely, upon race, occupation, and geographical position. It is very difficult even to guess at the number of the Indian castes. But there are not fewer than three thousand of them which have separate names, and which regard themselves as separate classes. The different castes cannot intermarry with each other, and most of them cannot eat together. The ordinary rule is that no Hindu of good caste can touch food cooked by a man of inferior caste. By rights, too, each caste should keep to its own occupation. Indeed, there has been a tendency to erect every separate kind of employment or handicraft in each separate province into a distinct caste. But, as a matter of practice, the castes often change their occupation, and the lower ones sometimes raise themselves in the social scale. Thus the Vaisya caste were in ancient times the tillers of the soil. They have in most provinces given up this toilsome occupation, and the Vaisyas are now the great merchants and bankers of India. Their fair skins, intelligent faces, and polite bearing must have altered since the days when

their forefathers ploughed, sowed, and reaped under the hot sun. Such changes of employment still occur on a smaller scale throughout India.

The system of caste exercises a great influence upon the industries of the people. Each caste is, in the first place, a trade-guild. It ensures the proper training of the youth of its own special craft; it makes rules for the conduct of the caste-trade; it promotes good feeling by feasts or social gatherings. The famous manufactures of mediæval India, its muslins, silks, cloth of gold, inlaid weapons, and exquisite work in precious stones — were brought to perfection under the care of the castes or trade-guilds. Such guilds may still be found in full work in many parts of India. Thus, in the Northwestern Districts of Bombay, all heads of artisan families are ranged under their proper trade-guild. The trade-guild or caste prevents undue competition among the members, and upholds the interest of its own body in any dispute arising with other craftsmen.

In 1873, for example, a number of bricklayers in Ahmadabad could not find work. Men of this class sometimes added to their daily wages by rising very early in the morning, and working overtime. But when several families complained that they could not get employment, the bricklayers' guild met, and decided that as there was not enough work for all, no member should be allowed to work in extra hours. In the same city, the clothdealers in 1872 tried to cut down the wages of the sizers or men who dress the cotton cloth. The sizers' guild refused to work at lower rates and remained six weeks on strike. At length they arranged their dispute, and both the trade-guilds signed a stamped agree-

ment fixing the rates for the future. Each of the higher castes or trade-guilds in Ahmadabad receives a fee from young men on entering their business. The revenue derived from these fees, and from fines upon members who break caste rules, is spent in feasts to the brethren of the guild, and in helping the poorer craftsmen or their orphans. A favorite plan of raising money in Surat is for the members of the trade to keep a certain day as a holiday, and to shut up all their shops except one. The right to keep open this one shop is put up to auction, and the amount bid is expended on a feast. The trade-guild or caste allows none of its members to starve. It thus acts as a mutual assurance society and takes the place of a poor law in India. The severest social penalty which can be inflicted upon a Hindu is to be put out of his caste.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF AN EASTERN KING

[Nineteenth century]

BY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF NUSSIR-U-DEEN, LATE KING OF OUDE

THE favor and intimacy which the European members of the household enjoyed were by no means pleasing to the higher native nobility of Oude—nay, were altogether displeasing. This was natural enough; for the nawab and the commander of the forces and the "general" at the head of the police, Rajah Buktar Singh by name, were all secondary beings when the barber was by.

"It is not right or proper for these gentlemen," urged the nawab, "to enter into the presence with their shoes and boots on. We never do. Your Majesty is somewhat over-condescending in allowing it. Believe me, Your Majesty's august father, of happy memory, Ghazi-u-deen, the great and magnificent, would never have suffered it."

The king was taken aback for a moment at this bold speech from one usually so humble and so pliant; but Rushon-u-Dowlah had screwed his courage to the speaking point, and was not to be answered with a look.

"Am I a greater man than the King of England, nawab?" asked His Majesty.

"Your Majesty is the greatest king in India—greater than the Emperor of Delhi. May the asylum of

the world live a thousand years!" Such was the wily courtier's evasive answer.

"Rushon-u-Dowlah," said the king, "am I a greater man than the King of England?"

"It's not for Your Majesty's servant to say that any one is greater than his lord."

"Listen to me, nawab; and you, general, listen to me. The King of England is my master; and these gentlemen would go into his presence with their shoes on. Shall they not come into mine, then? Do they come before me with their hats on? Answer me, Your Excellency."

"They do not, Your Majesty."

"No; that is *their* way of showing respect. *They* take off their hats and *you* take off your shoes. But, come, now, let us have a bargain. Wallah, but I will get them to take off their shoes and leave them without, as you do, if you will take off your turban and leave it without as they do."

The nawab never said a word more on the subject. He was silenced. The loss of the turban is the greatest of indignities among Mussulmans. "May my father's head be uncovered, if I do!" is no uncommon asseveration with them when urged to perform what they will not, or when anxious to show that the commission of an action is far from their thoughts.

The above conversation, which surprised us all so much that the king got his secretary to make a note of it, — for everything done at court is chronicled, — will show that the king was no fool, when he allowed his judgment and his reason to guide him. It was only when governed by foolish whim or drunken caprice that he was childish and absurd. . . .

We were in a large walled-in garden at Chaungunge, one of the park palaces. The garden might have been some three or four acres in extent, and was surrounded with a high wall. Some one had been describing the game of leap-frog to His Majesty or else he had seen some pictures of it, and it had taken his fancy mightily. The natives were left without the garden, the heavy gates were swung to, and His Majesty commanded that we should forthwith begin. The captain of the body-guard "made a back" for the tutor, the librarian stood for the portrait-painter. Away we went, like schoolboys, beginning with very "low backs," for none of us were very expert in the game, but gradually "making backs" higher and higher. Tutor, barber, captain, librarian, portrait-painter — off we were like overgrown school-boys, now up, now down. It was hot work, I assure you.

The king, however, did not long stand a quiet spectator of the scene; he would try, too. His Majesty was very thin, and not over-strong. I happened to be nearest him at the time; and he ran toward me, calling out. I "made a back" for him, and he went over easily enough. He was very light and a good horseman, so that he succeeded in the vault. He then stood for me. I would have given a good deal to have been excused; but he would not have it so, and to have refused would have been to have offended him mortally.

I ran, vaulted, down went the back, down I went with it; and His Majesty the King and the author of these reminiscences went rolling together among the flower-beds. He got up annoyed.

"Boppery bopp, but you are as heavy as an elephant!" he exclaimed.

I was afraid he would have been in a passion, but he was not. The barber adroitly made a back for him forthwith, and over he went blithely. The tutor, a thin, spare man, was the lightest of our party, and the king made a back for him and succeeded in getting him safely over. It was then all right. Away they went, vaulting and standing, round and round, until His Majesty was tired out and wanted iced claret to cool him. The game was frequently renewed afterward. . . .

It was about Christmas-time. Christmas is called in India the great day of the sahibs; and we were conversing about it in this very garden at Chaungunge where the leap-frog had been first tried.

Christmas sports led to a description of what winter was; winter led to snow; snow to snowballing. We described to His Majesty the art and pastime of snowballing as well as we could. To a man who had never seen snow it was not easy to describe it vividly.

The garden abounded with a large yellow flower, peculiar to India, the smaller varieties of which are used to ornament houses in Calcutta at Christmas-time. It is not quite so large as a dahlia, but somewhat similar in appearance. When snowballing had been described to the king as well as we could describe it, he pulled three or four of these yellow flowers and threw them at the librarian, who happened to be the most distant of the party. Like good courtiers, all followed the royal example, and soon every one was pelting right and left. These yellow flowers were our snowballs, and we all entered into the game with hearty good will. The king bore his share in the combat right royally, discharging

three missiles for one that was aimed at him. He laughed and enjoyed the sport amazingly. Before we had concluded, we were all a mass of yellow leaves; they stuck about our hair and clothes and on the king's hat in a tenacious way. What the gardeners must have thought of the matter when they came to set the garden to rights again, we did not stop to conjecture. It was enough that the king was amused. He had found out a new pleasure, and enjoyed it as long as those yellow flowers continued in bloom.



AN IDOL CAR WITH STONE WHEELS

THE lumbering car with the four wheels of stone is one of those used in religious processions to carry the idol. The starting of such a car is thus described by "Pierre Loti": —

"The horns give the signal, and hundreds of arms, with tensely knotted muscles, fix themselves on the cables. All the young men, even the most noble Brahmins, join in united effort, partly from pleasure and partly from a sense of duty. Now they make ready. With a grace that is almost feminine, and which contrasts strongly with their proud masculine eyes and thin broad shoulders, they unknot their heavy coils of hair; then raising their arms, which many bracelets encircle, retie them into a tighter knot.

"The second signal, a fury of tom-toms, and a more imperious blast of the horn, is answered by an outcry of human tongues, whilst the cables stretch under the effort of straining muscles. However, the enormous machine does not move, for it has become embedded in the ground since last year's procession. . . .

"'Run! fetch the levers and the tackle, we must have them.' Whole trunks of trees are brought on the shoulders of the porters, the leveled end is placed under the wheel which will not move, ten men sit astride on the end that projects into the air and spring up and down, whilst others pull ahead at the ropes and pulleys.

"The huge structure trembles. There is a great cry of joy, and the car starts off.

"The wheels of Vishnu's car commence to revolve, tearing up the earth with four deep furrows. The car moves, accompanied by the groans of straining axles, a creaking of bending wood, and the din of human voices and sacred trumpets. There is an immense overflow of childish joy; white teeth glimmer in mouths which are opened widely with shouts of triumph, and the air is filled with waving arms."

HOW THE MOHAMMEDANS KEEP THE FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURRIM

[Nineteenth century]

BY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF NUSSIR-U-DEEN, LATE KING OF OUDE

THE month of Mohurrim — one of the Arabic months — is the anniversary of the death of two early leaders of "the faithful," near relatives of Mohammed himself, Hassan and Hosein, and is observed by more than one half the Mohammedan population of India, including the court of Lucknow, as a period of deep humiliation and sorrowful remembrance; — by more than one half of the Mohammedan population, because, as every one knows, "the faithful" are divided into two great sects, the Shiahs and the Sunnis. The Turks are Sunnis, the Persians Shiahs — generally speaking, indeed, the western Mussulmans, from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, are Sunnis; the eastern, from the Euphrates to Java, are Shiahs.

The Mohurrim, as the festival is called, scarcely ever passes over in India without contests between the two great parties — between those who regard the deaths of Hassan and Hosein as barbarous murders on the one side, that is the Shiahs, and those who, on the other, look upon them as having been usurpers, and lawfully put to death by the true head of "the faithful" — the reigning calif. These latter are the Sunnis.

On the first day of the Mohurrim, the vast Moham-

medan population appears to be suddenly snatched away from all interest and employment in the affairs of earth. The streets are deserted, every one is shut up in his house, mourning with his family. On the second, again, the streets are crowded; but with people in mourning attire, parading along the thoroughfares in funeral procession to the tombs set up here and there as tributes of respect to the memory of Hassan and Hosein. These tombs are representations of the mausoleum at Kerbela, or Neshed, on the banks of the Euphrates, in which the two chiefs were buried; and are either contained in an *emanbarra* belonging to a chief or in the house of some wealthy Mussulman. The tomb model, or *tazia*, belonging to the King of Oude, was made for His Majesty's father in England; it was composed of green glass with gold mouldings, and was regarded as peculiarly holy.

The *emanbarra* is usually erected for the purpose of celebrating the Mohurrim, and is not unfrequently intended, as was the king's, for the final resting-place of the heads of the family to which it belongs. The representation of the tomb of Hassan and Hosein is placed, at the period of Mohurrim, against the wall facing Mecca, under a canopy, which consisted in the royal *emanbarra* of green velvet embroidered with gold. A pulpit is placed opposite, usually of the same material as the model, in which the reader of the service — the officiating priest, as we should call him — stands with his face to Mecca and his back to the tomb. This pulpit consists simply of a small raised platform, without railing or parapet of any kind, on which the reader sits or stands, as he may find most convenient.

During the entire period of the Mohurrim, large wax

lights, red and green, are kept burning round the tomb, and mourning assemblies are held in the *emanbarra* twice a day; those in the evening being by far the most attractive and the most generally attended. It was a fine thing to see the king, in his splendid mourning suit and with a crown on his head decorated with feathers from the bird of paradise, taking his place in front of the reader — his long train of native attendants coming in two by two afterward, with downcast faces and sorrowing mien, while the wax candles and the brilliant chandeliers threw an intense light upon the scene. It was interesting to observe the profound quiet which reigned, until broken by the reader of the service; the audience always awaiting the commencement of the reading or the recitation in the same humble and sorrowing attitude in which they entered.

The lights are flaring upon the broad turbans; the glittering interior of the *emanbarra*, with chandeliers and wax tapers, its gilding and its banners, its fringes and its embroideries, is a blaze of light. The preacher is reciting an account of the death of the two chiefs, his keen black eyes glowing with animation as he proceeds — his audience, at first so solemn and so quietly sad, being gradually wound up to passionate bursts of grief. The orator groans aloud as he recapitulates the disastrous story; his audience is deeply moved. Tears trickle from the eyes of more than one bearded face, sobs and groans issue from the others. At length, as if with a sudden unpremeditated burst, but really at the proper part of the service, the audience utters forth the names "Hassan!" "Hosein!" in succession, beating the breast the while in cadence. At first somewhat gently and in a

low tone are the names uttered, but afterward louder and more loud, until the whole *emanbarra* rings again with the excited, prolonged, piercing wail. For fully ten minutes does this burst of grief continue — the beating of the breast, the loud uttering of the names, the beating ever louder and more resounding, the utterance gradually increasing in shrillness and piercing energy; until, in a moment, all is hushed again, and silence, as of deep affliction, falls like a pall upon the assembly.

But man requires refreshment after his labor, whether that labor consists in being whirled across a frozen country with a biting east wind in one's teeth, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, or shouting "Hassan" and "Hosein" for ten minutes in uninterrupted succession and beating the breast with the thermometer at ninety. Sherbet is now handed round. The king and the members of his family indulge in that perfection of smoking, — the hookah, — while the others take a savory stimulant from their belts and proceed to chew it, until the reading of the service recommences, and the time rolls round again for renewed thumping, renewed shouting of "Hassan" and "Hosein," and a renewed respite. At the conclusion a funeral dirge is chanted, called the *moorseah;* and being in the vernacular, this portion of the service is much prized by all, because comprehended by all. The *moorseah* ended, the whole assembly rises, and recapitulates simultaneously the names of all the true leaders of "the faithful," ending with curses upon the usurping califs.

Nor is it only in their visits to the *emanbarra* and joining in the service that the Shiah families express their sympathy with and sorrow for the sufferings of the

lost chiefs. Every kind of luxury is put aside during this month of Mohurrim. The commonest and hardest *charpoys*, or a simple mat upon the floor, are substituted for the luxurious cushions and well-wadded mattresses on which they usually recline. Their fare is of the coarsest. Hot curries and savory pilaws are eschewed, and common barley bread, rice, and boiled peas are substituted. The usual ornaments are laid aside — a great deprivation of the ladies' pleasures and comforts, for the contemplation of her jewelry is one of the most pleasing and constant employments of the Indian belle.

In Lucknow they believe that they have the metal crest of the banner of Hosein (conveyed thither long ago by a poor pilgrim from the West), and the relic is regarded as peculiarly sacred. The building in which it is contained is called the Durgah; and thither the banners used in the Mohurrim are brought by thronging multitudes with great display upon the fifth day. The Durgah is fully five miles from the king's palace — a magnificent building, a beautiful specimen of that style of architecture which Bishop Heber aptly calls the Oriental Gothic. In the center of this building the sacred crest is fixed aloft on a pole, the whole elevated upon a platform hung round with flags and emblematic devices.

On the morning of the fifth day of Mohurrim, crowds of all ranks and classes of the people might be seen issuing from Lucknow to visit the Durgah, each little party bearing its own banners. On such occasions the Orientals love to display their wealth. The procession from the royal *emanbarra* was of course the most magnificent. Six or eight elephants with silver trappings first appeared, the men upon them bearing the banners to

be blessed. A guard of soldiers accompanied the elephants. Then came a sort of chief mourner, bearing a black pole supporting two swords hung from a reversed bow. Then came the king himself and the male members of his family with his favorite *moluvies*. To these succeeded a charger called Dhull-dhull, the name of the horse Hosein rode when he lost his life. A white Arab of elegant proportions was usually employed for this purpose, whose reddened legs and sides (from which arrows, apparently buried in his body, projected) indicated the sufferings of both horse and rider. A turban in the Arabian style and a bow and quiver of arrows are fixed upon the saddle of Dhull-dhull; and a beautifully embroidered saddlecloth contrasts finely with the spotless white coat of the animal — the trappings all of solid gold. Attendants, gorgeously dressed, accompany the horse with *chowries* (for beating away flies) made of the yak's tail. Following Dhull-dhull might be seen troops of the king's servants, regiments of horse and foot, and a crowd of idlers.

The banners are borne through the Durgah, presented to the sacred crest, and touched, and then taken out again at the opposite door to make room for others. All day long does this ceremony continue. Fresh crowds constantly arrive from Lucknow, some waiting till the afternoon in expectation of an easier journey, some delayed by accident. Fifty thousand banners so hallowed in the course of the day I have heard of as being no extraordinary number.

From a burial to a wedding is often but a step in human life, and nowhere is that step shorter than in the East. The Mohurrim, a season of mourning and of grief

— or woe, depression, and penance — contains also the representation of a wedding! This wedding is commemorated on the seventh day of the fast and is called *Mayndieh.* It is held in remembrance of the marriage of the favorite daughter of Hosein to her cousin Cossim on the very day that Hosein lost his life at Kerbela. The *Mayndieh* is a great wedding procession, which sets out at night; that of the inferior being directed toward the *emanbarra* of the superior — that of the nawab, or native prime minister, usually directing its course, for instance, to the *emanbarra* of the king.

The *emanbarra* on this day was fitted up of course with extraordinary splendor, worthy to receive the expensive and gorgeous *Mayndieh;* and when the preparations were complete, the public were admitted to gaze upon the glittering though somewhat bizarre scene. They crowded the vast hall in thousands; some admiring the strangely varied collection of chandeliers, one of which alone, as I well remember, contained more than a hundred wax lights; others gazing upon the colored lamps — amber, blue, and green; others examining the glittering tomb of the *emauns* with its decorations, a huge lion on one side, and the royal arms, two fish *embowed and respecting each other* (as the heralds have it) upon the other. The streaming flags astonished the more lively; and the silver representations of the gates of Mecca, of the tent of Hosein, and of the tomb of Kerbela, all placed upon silver tables, gave ample food for thought and calculations to the more sordid; while the variety of arms and armor hung round the walls attracted the attention of the warriors. The whole of the decorations were rather showy and glitter-

ing than tasteful, exciting not so much admiration of the beauty of the scene as wonder at the display.

But the roll of musketry without has already announced that the wedding procession is advancing — a wedding and a burial both performed in one day, and strangely commemorated together; for Cossim was buried the day he was married. The roll of musketry has sounded, and the king's messengers come in, in great numbers, to clear the hall. They know their duty and what is expected of them; while the people, on their part, still linger around the objects of their contemplations. Hustling and friendly pushing will not do — the gazers have not yet feasted their eyes, and *will* not be hustled out. How London policemen would clear the place of the fierce-looking, well-bearded Mussulmans I do not know; but the king's messengers and peons adopt a very summary method of procedure. They have three times announced with a loud voice that the place must be cleared; and still hundreds are gathered round the tombs and round the silver models, and many gaping admirers still contemplate the dazzling lights. There is no time to be lost, and messengers and peons proceed forthwith to enforce the departure of the more tardy. Their bamboos are flourished and well-thonged whips are produced. Blows resound upon the backs of the lagging gazers — good sturdy blows often, by no means a joke — and the recipients growl and move on. Not a loiterer, however, returns the salute — the messengers and peons have right on their side; this whipping and flagellation is the *dustoor*, the custom, and therefore must be right. Occasionally a more than ordinarily severe stroke elicits a sudden facing round of the well-

bearded *floggee;* while the flogger still flourishes his cane or his whip, and looks the indignant sufferer full in the face. *Donkeys* and *dogs*, and even *pigs* (the most opprobrious of epithets to the ear of a Mussulman), they will call each other in irritated and rapid colloquy; but still the loiterer moves on toward the door, however loudly or fiercely he may retort in words, rubbing the outraged part the while manfully, and wagging his beard violently in indignant remonstrance; without any answering blow, however, — no angry retaliation comes from the hand or dagger. Custom has decided the matter, and custom and right are synonymous east of the Indus.

And now all is ready for the wedding procession, which has been gradually drawing near. The *emanbarra* is silent again. The doors by which the people went out are closed, and the vast quadrangle in front, brilliantly lit up, is thrown open. The elephants and horses are left without; but the crowd of soldiers and bearers of presents and attendant musicians almost fill up the spacious square — the beautiful tessellated pavement is completely hidden.

First, through the lines of soldiers filing to right and left, are borne in the wedding presents. Richly decorated attendants advance, carrying silver trays laden with sweetmeats and dried fruits, miniature beds of flowers, and garlands of sweet jasmine; while fireworks are let off as they enter the doors. A covered conveyance, — that of the bride, — the exterior of silver, such as is used by the highest of the female nobility, follows the wedding presents, accompanied by richly decorated attendants bearing torches. Then come the bands of music and other torchbearers; and with glad sounds the

whole procession enters, and makes the round of the vast hall. The presents are deposited near the model of the tomb, in readiness to be taken to the place of burial a few days after. But scarcely has the richly decorated wedding procession passed into the *emanbarra* when another company, with downcast countenances and in mourning garb, draws nigh. The wedding and the death occurred on the same day, and so the funeral pomp follows hard upon the *Mayndieh.*

The model of the tomb of Cossim, duly supported on a bier, is brought in by the attendants, and a sad mourning procession accompanies it. Sometimes even a horse, duly trained for the purpose, accompanies the party. It is regarded as the horse of Cossim, and bears his embroidered turban, his scimitar, his bow and arrows; while over it is held a royal umbrella, the emblem of sovereignty, and a gorgeously worked *aftadah*, or sun-symbol. The horse, if he be admitted to the interior, is one, of course, upon which dependence can be placed; and makes the round of the spacious hall with a solemnity and steadiness of gait befitting the occasion.

So much for what goes on within, where the usual service succeeds to the processions. But there is a part of the ceremony proceeding without the courtyard infinitely more to the taste of the populace than the gloom and distress which characterize the principal actors in the funeral scene. Without the courtyard — for that is a place which may not be desecrated by the great unwashed — crowds have collected, of all ages and of both sexes; there is crushing and amusement, laughter and groaning and objurgation, as in all crowds. They are awaiting the distribution of coin, which always accom-

panies a wedding, and which is never omitted upon the occasion of the *Mayndich* commemorating the marriage of Cossim and the daughter of Hosein. Small silver coins are scattered right and left by officers appointed for the purpose, with a lavish expenditure that would astonish the European. It is a part of the religion of the Mussulman to be liberal at such a time, and he cares not for the cost.

It is on record at Lucknow that one of these Mohurrims cost a reigning nawab upward of three hundred thousand pounds; the costly nature of the processions and trappings — the munificence to the poor — the lavish display of expensive dresses and appointments, never used again, need not astonish us therefore. The wealth of the Mohammedan population of any part of India may be safely estimated by the displays they make at Mohurrim. Were all this valuable mourning and embroidery, this display of silvering and gilding, to be retained from year to year to be used at each successive Mohurrim, the expense would be very different. Such, however, is not the case; what has once been used is not permitted to be used again. All is distributed among the poor and needy on the conclusion of the fast; so that the populace do not want incitement to make the commemoration of the Mohurrim as enthusiastic as possible.

But we have not yet ended with the season of gloom and despondency. All these services at the *emanbarras* — all this consecration of banners and parading of wedding and funeral processions, is but preliminary to a final display of a still more imposing character. The chiefs lie dead — their deaths alone have been hitherto commemorated — that is, the deaths of Hassan and Hosein.

The funeral and the burial have yet to come; for this funeral vast preparations have been made, while for the burial, an imitation of the burial-ground at Kerbela has been duly set apart by each family of large possessions ages before.

These burial-grounds are all at a considerable distance from the walls of the town; and at the earliest dawn of day the populace issues forth in thousands, to witness or to take part in the various ceremonies which accompany the burial of the tomb-models, together with the food and other articles always put into a Mohammedan grave.

As the funeral of Hosein was a military spectacle, so, on this occasion, is every endeavor made to give as military a character as possible to the display. Banners are exhibited, bands play, matchlocks and guns and pistols are fired off, shields are clashed together, and no sound is wanting which serves to bring before the mind's eye the mimicry of military pageants. The poor man, with his little company, falls into the rear of the rich man's larger assembly, that he may get on the faster thereby; for the crowds are dense, and the smaller bands have no little difficulty in making a way for themselves. Besides, some of those heretical Sunnis may be lying in wait, to attack or to interrupt; for they, miserable unbelievers! regard the whole display as worse than foolish, as almost impious, in fact.

Each procession is marshaled much in the same order; first, the consecrated banners, carried aloft upon long poles, the bearers of the poles usually seated in an elephant *howdah*. The large displays will have two or three, or even six elephants so employed. A band of

music, discoursing such dirges as their instruments will accomplish and custom prescribes, follows the elephants; — where all are playing, procession jostling procession, company pressing against company, each with its band, it may be easily imagined that the sounds produced are not of the most harmonious. The sword-bearer — with the two glittering blades hung aloft upon a black pole, and suspending beneath a reversed bow, near its summit — comes after the band. He is supported by men on each side, who also bear aloft black poles, to which are attached streamers of long black unspun silk.

Then comes the horse — Dhull-dhull — as on the former occasion of the consecration of the banners, attended by numerous servants. Two grooms hold the bridle, one upon either side; an officer marches at his head with the sun-symbol; another holds over him a royal umbrella; others accompany him with gilt and silvered staves, while running messengers follow with small triangular green banners. The chain armor, gold-embroidered turban, sword, and belt, are all fixed upon the saddle of Dhull-dhull; while often the owner of the animal and head of the procession walks after the horse as a sort of chief mourner. A walk of some miles amid such steaming crowds is by no means a pleasant journey.

The bearers of incense, in gold and silver censers, succeed. The censers are suspended by means of chains made of the same material, and are thus waved to and fro, as the march proceeds — much as they are waved at the foot of the altar in Roman Catholic cathedrals on the Continent. The *lahbaun*, a sweet-smelling resin which is burnt in the censers, is probably the very frank-

incense so frequently mentioned in the Bible. The reader of the funeral service follows, usually attended by the proprietor of the tomb-model and his friends. Always barefooted, and often without any covering upon their heads, do these mourners follow in sad procession. It is no unusual thing to see their heads disfigured with chaff and dust — the more striking symbols of profound grief.

The tomb-model, or *tazia*, is borne next; above which a canopy of green cloth or velvet, embroidered with gold or silver in the more showy processions, is spread, elevated upon poles and carried by several men stationed at the side. The model of Cossim's tomb; the covered conveyance of his bride; the trays of wedding presents, with all the other accompaniments of the marriage procession, follow in order; and lastly, camels and elephants, bearing representations of the tent equipage and warlike train of Hosein, as he marched from Medina to Kerbela.

These are all the parts of the procession proper; but, in addition to these, Oriental charity always demands a train of elephants, the *howdahs* on which are filled with confidential servants distributing bread and money among the poor. The bread so distributed is believed by the Mussulman ladies to possess certain peculiar virtues of its own, very superior to those of the ordinary staff of life. They will commission their servants to bring them a morsel of such, even though they may themselves distribute or cause to be distributed, large quantities! Its being given on the great day of the Mohurrim constitutes it holy, sacred, and peculiar.

All along the march, as the various processions wind

by different roads over the country, guns, pistols, rifles, and matchlocks are discharged, while the mourning cry, "Hassan!" "Hosein!" is heard at intervals swelling out from the mighty throng.

The ordinary ceremony of burial is gone through on the procession reaching the appointed place — the model of the burial-ground at Kerbela. The tomb-model, with its various accompaniments of wedding trays and wedding presents, — fruits, flowers, and incense, — all are committed to the earth, a grave having been previously prepared for the purpose. It is at this part of the ceremony that the long pent-up animosity between the Shiahs and the Sunnis usually finds vent, and the mimic burial is often made the occasion of loss of life and bloody feuds between the contending factions.

SUNDAY IN THE BRITISH ARMY IN INDIA

[Nineteenth century]

BY REV. ARTHUR MALE

SUNDAY morning in camp! Ah, you say, very different from Sunday morning at home in England. Yes, of course, it is necessarily very different. No church-going bell sounding over hill and dale, and summoning the simple villagers to some ivy-covered church on the hillside, or clanging through the quiet streets of the big town, where the orderly groups of people, all in their Sunday best, are wending their way to some old time-honored temple. Certainly these accompaniments of the English Sabbath day are all wanting. But if you suppose for a moment that amid the bustling realities of active war, the stern and multifarious duties which belong to a campaign, the Sabbath is forgotten, and the worship which belongs to the day ignored, you are very much mistaken. "Tommy Atkins" is no heathen. And one of the privileges which belong to his profession is that he is allowed to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. No man need be a worse man morally for going into the army. Many a man has become a better man. Indeed, speaking from large experience and personal observation, I have always regarded the army as a great school of training and discipline; where the man who, in civil life, lacking the restraints and helps which belong to army discipline, would, through sheer weakness of character, rapidly

degenerate into a worthless fellow, receives the very aid that he needs, to give him some moral backbone, and is thus made into a very decent man, and when he leaves the service becomes a respectable citizen. Whereas, if a man be radically bad — bad through and through — he soon finds his measure taken in the army. It is a bad refuge for him, and ten to one he is soon drummed out with ignominy, as unworthy to wear the Queen's uniform. The time for regarding the ranks of the British army as filled with the scum and offscouring of society has gone by; and the scorn with which some people affect to regard our soldiers can only arise from ignorance or groundless prejudice. From close contact with the British soldier, and a personal experience extending over many years, I can honestly say that some of the grandest qualities which go to make a noble character in man, I have seen over and over again exemplified in him. Who so unshaken in discipline, so patient in suffering, so ready for any sacrifice or service in the cause of Queen and country! Many of the lads die in the alien land and are laid in some far-distant grave, where no mother can come and weep at her boy's quiet resting-place. Have they not nobly earned the kindly interest and sympathy of the people at home, for whom they thus toil and march and fight in every part of the world? In the name of all that is just, putting aside the question of kindliness and charity, let us hear no more of scorn for our soldiers. It is an injustice and a folly.

In the army there are now four recognized religious denominations, — the Church of England, the Presbyterian, the Wesleyan, and the Roman Catholic. When a man enlists he is questioned as to his "religion," as it is

called; and he is compelled to make choice of one of these four parties, which choice is then recorded, with other items, against his name and number. He can, of course, afterwards "change his religion," as the men term it, by explaining his reasons to the officer commanding his regiment. The Sunday parade service, at which attendance is compulsory, unless a man be on guard or otherwise fulfilling some duty, is never by any chance omitted, if it be at all possible to hold it. Usually it takes place in the morning, often soon after dawn, though sometimes I have known it "in orders" for the afternoon.

On the previous day arrangements, as to time and locality, are made at the office of the Adjutant-General, and all such particulars inserted in the General Orders for the day, and are, therefore, known throughout the force, however large or widely scattered. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that owing to the wide disposition of a large force, portions of which may be miles apart, several parade services are held at various points, the chaplain going from one to another in succession until he has reached all the men of his "persuasion."

Thus, on Sunday morning, the Church of England party would be seen marching away to some central spot in the camp, headed, most probably, by one of the regimental bands. There, by the side of the simple lectern, consisting of the big drum, perhaps, the chaplain would await their coming, and around him, in hollow square formation, the men would presently be drawn up facing inwards on three sides, himself and any of the staff who attended the service forming the fourth. And there, under the broad canopy of heaven, the true sacrifice of worship has risen from many a sincere, hon-

est heart, hidden under the scarlet tunic or the blue jacket. A parade service was no opportunity for a long sermon. Straight truth, put into plain words, "able to be understanded of the common people," and kept within the limits of fifteen minutes or thereabouts, was what well suited the soldier. He does not object to hard hitting, but you must be quick about it, and it will not be the less effective. Happy the chaplain who is able to let his men have the chance of a good sing. They dearly love it. I had specially printed and prepared a large number of very thin, pamphlet-like hymn-books, containing a score or so of well-known hymns, and sufficiently portable to be carried around and distributed at each service in a few moments. I never heard anything grander, I think, than the vast volume of musical song that used to rise and swell from hearts sincere at our Sunday morning parade service. And surely the ministry of song may be credited with some strange subtle power to touch the deep-down chords in men's hearts, and help them up to better things, when stern denunciation of sin and the most pleading voice of a man may fail.

Thus also the Presbyterian party would be marching towards another quarter of the camp, the pipers of some Scotch regiment swinging along at the head and discoursing their weird music, so dear to the heart of the Scotsman.

And yonder the Wesleyan party, too, would be gathering in its appointed place, including most likely all the Nonconformists of the force.

And then in some secluded spot the Roman Catholic chaplain would arrange his simple altar, and around him

would be gathered the devout worshipers who held his creed. Parade service usually lasted about three-quarters of an hour. No wisdom was shown by the chaplain who prolonged it beyond that limit.

Most of the chaplains held a voluntary service in the evening, which the men might attend or not as they chose. A good number of men used to come; and generally a very hearty and earnest service was the result.

While we lay here at Jellalabad it was my custom, in accordance with the wish of some of the men, to hold a short religious meeting — somewhat after the fashion of a Bible reading — almost every evening. This was held, not in the open air, for it was then very cold at night, but in a large tent attached to one of the regimental hospitals. I was very much amused at the zeal of one of the apothecaries, who, good-hearted fellow that he was, used to boil up a great *degchee* of tea, to serve as a kind of loving-cup for the men ere they dispersed. This little meeting rapidly became very popular in the camp. Let us not for a moment hint that bribery and corruption in the form of the tea *degchee* was the influence which stimulated the men and brought them together. But so it was that at the appointed hour a goodly number might be seen in undress quietly wending their way towards the apothecary's tent, every man of them armed with his tin canteen for drinking purposes. At first the men sat about on the ground, or on boxes, taking up a good deal of room. But as our numbers multiplied it was needful to economize space, and the following ingenious method of seating was adopted: Tent-pegs were driven into the ground at intervals, two pegs being crossed so as to form a forked rest; and on these were placed long ten-foot

dooley poles — the poles on which the *dooleys*, or stretchers for carrying the sick were slung. These were fixed row after row, and although the result was not quite like a well-cushioned armchair, the accommodation was marvelously enlarged, till the tent interior was a living mass of men. How our numbers increased, and the ambition of our men, too, resulting in a kind of church building of their own, I shall have occasion to narrate later on.

But there were other methods of spending the evening pleasantly, for all sorts of contrivances were set to work to make the weary hours pass. One of the other chaplains used to read every night to the men whatever of interest he could lay hold of, they gathering around him smoking their pipes and listening with a good deal of appreciation.

But the great evening's entertainment was the "sing-song," as the men dubbed it. A big space, amphitheatrical in shape, was roughly dug out, and so arranged that many hundreds of men could find some sort of sitting accommodation; while in the center was a flat space, called by courtesy the platform. Somebody was master of ceremonies, though little ceremony was observed beyond that of calling out the name of the singer or reciter, as he appeared. First uprose a stalwart young officer, Hamilton, of the Guides Cavalry, who gave a song in good style. A gallant fellow he! But a few weeks more, and he was to lead his men in charge against the fierce Kujianis at Futtehabad — his chief slain by his side — and he sweeping through the masses of the foe to save the life of a native officer and win his Victoria Cross. And then a few more months were to pass, and with

Cavagnari, Kelly, and Jenkins, he was to meet a soldier's death, after many a deed of "derring do," in the gateway of the embassy at Kabul. All this, however, was in the future, and was now mercifully hidden from knowledge. Then young Gunner Burke, of the Artillery, sang a comical ditty telling of a tempestuous voyage in a barge from Deptford to London Bridge, which provoked broad grins, especially from the Cockneys. After him a Post-Office official, who had to accompany the force, and who hailed unmistakably from the Emerald Isle, sang of the little "Cruiskeen Lawn" and of "Shan Van Vocht," and other equally Republican songs. He was succeeded by Sergeant Moon, of the Tenth Hussars, who gave a very clever topical song of his own composing, dealing with the circumstances in which we now found ourselves, and with poor Shere Ali, and the Oxus River boundary, and Russian sympathy, and so on. A very good song it was, and well put together, testifying both to Moon's literary and musical skill. And the men responded to every point, political or otherwise, with huge guffaws and cheers. But now, last of all, modest young corporal of the same gallant regiment stood up to add his part to the evening's entertainment. He was but a boy, smooth-faced, and not too robust-looking, and, indeed, I remembered to have talked with him in hospital not so long before. But as his sweet, clear, baritone voice, gentle-toned at first, rang out over the plain, I noticed a hush gradually falling upon the assembly. The loud laughter is stilled, and the men are sitting smoking and silently gazing at the singer, who can just be discerned by the flickering light of the single lantern. And why the hush? Ah! the great quietness has fallen upon the spirits of

those rollicking men, because the words of the song have wafted their thoughts away from the wild Afghan land to the old home in England. It was only a simple old English ditty called, I think, "The Vacant Chair."[1] But as the words of the chorus came around —

> "We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
> There will be one vacant chair," —

there were only a few who could join quietly in it, and those with a certain tremor in their voice. They knew well enough that there would be a vacant chair in many a cottage home in England ere this campaign closed: the place where the soldier son used to sit, but which would know him no more.

And then with a verse of the National Anthem joined in with loyal enthusiasm, the "sing-song" used to close.

[1] This song was written in Worcester, Massachusetts, in the time of the Civil War.

The Editor.

CAMP LIFE IN INDIA

BY SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS

My only room was, of course, a tent. It had four doors and no windows, and a fifth door leading into a kind of lean-to, or small annex, fitted up with a large bath. Happily no one need trouble himself with a portable bath in India, because this indispensable convenience is found everywhere The tent had a lining of blue and yellow chintz, and for a carpet a stout blue and white cotton cloth laid on flax straw. All the doors had two coverings, or rather flaps, one of the same material as the tent, the other a kind of wire screen, called a *chick*, to let in air, and keep out as far as possible inquisitive intruders — not men and women, but huge bees, wasps, grasshoppers, squirrels, snakes, and all manner of winged and creeping things innumerable. For furniture there were two or three chairs, a dressing-table, and a good iron bedstead with hard mattresses, woolen pillows, and mosquito curtains, well tucked in all round. Let the reader, then, imagine me comfortably ensconced, after my month's voyages and travels, within my four canvas walls, and looking forward with pleasant anticipations to an undisturbed sleep in a veritable bed — my first since leaving England.

I go through every needful purificatory rite in my strange lavatory, and emerge refreshed from my tent door to peep at the scene outside and take my bearings. I find that we are in a large field or common, on one side

of the Mehmoodabad station. The camp consists of about a dozen tents, all under large spreading trees, with which the whole park-like country round is beautifully wooded. Most of the trees are new to me — the mango, the banian, the pipal, the tamarind, the nim, and the Japanese acacia with its lovely yellow flowers. No tent is ever pitched under a tamarind. It is supposed, I believe, to exhale too much carbonic acid during the night-time. The mango and nim are the tent-pitcher's favorite trees. Under one mango there is a large pavilion-like erection for the collector and his wife. Then there is another double tent, which serves as a dining-room and drawing-room, of ample dimensions, fitted up with carpets, tables, bookcases, easy-chairs, sewing-machine, and harmonium: two or three others for visitors like myself; another for the baby and its *ayahs;* another for the Portuguese butler; and of course a capacious tent, with annexes, which together serve for the collector's *kutchery*, magisterial court, and other offices.

On one side under the dense foliage of a banian is a circular canvas erection without any roof. This is the kitchen, where excellent dinners are cooked by means of two bricks and a hole in the ground. A little removed from the tents is the stable, an open space quite unprotected, except by foliage, where four Arab horses and two ponies are tethered by their heels, each attended by its man. Near them stand carriages, carts, and a curious vehicle called a *tonga*, usually drawn by two ponies. It has two seats back to back, suspended on two wheels, and is covered by an awning. Not far off an all but nude Bhisti, dark as a Negro, is seen plying his occupation. He supplies the camp with water, by means of two water-

skins slung over the back of a bullock. Ranging about the field in promiscuous places are other bullocks, buffaloes, goats, sheep, geese, ducks, and fowls. The bullocks are for the carts, the buffaloes and goats for producing milk and butter. The other creatures come in usefully as raw material, out of which the excellent dinners before alluded to are supplied. A sheep in these country places only costs, I am told, about four rupees, or eight shillings. It is, however, a melancholy reflection that infliction of death is essential to the maintenance of an Englishman's life. For life is everywhere exuberant around me, and every living thing seems to enjoy itself, as if it were certain of being unmolested. Natives never willingly destroy life. They cannot enter into an Englishman's desire for venting his high spirits on a fine day by killing game of some kind. "Live and let live" is their rule of conduct towards the inferior creation.

I walk about admiring every living creature, especially the birds — the hoopoo with its lovely crest hopping about near me, the doves very like those at home, the bright parrots, the jays, the woodpeckers. Then little gray and brown streaked squirrels are playing all around me. They jump about with wonderful agility, peer in at the tent doors, and try to secure little bits of cotton for their nests. The sounds are not always melodious. I hear a screeching note above my head. It comes from a kind of gray and red toucan seated trustfully on a branch, and quite undisturbed by my presence. Then another discordant cry, and a rush — a number of natives are driving away a troop of big, gray, mischievous monkeys, some with little baby-monkeys clinging to them. They soon repel the invaders, but

only by shouting in rather harsh vernacular, "The monkey-people, the monkey-people!" To shoot a monkey would be nothing short of sacrilege. I venture to follow the retreating intruders, but am arrested by hedges of prickly pear. Then I fall into ecstasies over the creepers, many of them of gigantic size, which twine themselves everywhere, covering hedges, bushes, and trees with their brilliant red, orange, and white flowers.

I must not omit to mention that dotted about the field are mounted and unmounted sepoys, with here and there a belted government servant (called a *patti-wala*, or *patta-wala*, because distinguished by a belt) — all within call — all ready to answer instantaneously to the sahib's summons, and eager to execute his behests. As to the big collector sahib himself, in the eyes of the people of his district he is every inch a king. He speaks like one, acts like one, and really has the power of one. He says to one man, "Come," and he cometh, and to another "Go," and he goeth. His title of collector gives a very inadequate idea of his real duties and authority; unless it be taken to mean that in him all the administrative functions of the district are collected and comprehended. He not only collects the revenue, but has high judicial powers, and the whole welfare of a small territory is committed to him. He superintends police, civil engineering, road-making, rural economy, municipal government, sanitation, education, every conceivable matter.

But if every collector is a small king, every Englishman in India is regarded as a petty prince. Obsequious natives watch his movements, and hang upon his words. I try to stroll about, but as I circle leisurely round the compound, attendant satellites hover about my path. I

am evidently expected to develop wants of some kind or other in the course of my ramble. I ransack my store of correct Hindustani just imported from Europe for the most polite way of requesting to be left alone; but I feel as helpless as a child, and as shy as a new boy at school. Disconcerted and humiliated, I long for a little temporary obscurity, and hastily hide my head within the walls of my tent. But my tenacious followers are not to be shaken off so easily. I am conscious of being vigilantly watched through my barrier of canvas. By way of experiment I utter the magical formula, "Qui hai?" and a dusky form seems to rise out of the ground as if by magic. There he stands in an attitude of abject reverence and attention, waiting for me to issue my commands either in the best Gujarat or purest Hindustani. But I do not rise to the occasion. I am not sure whether to be exhilarated by the opportunity of bringing my knowledge of Indian languages into play, or depressed by an uncomfortable consciousness of blank inability to deliver myself of any well-turned and highly idiomatic sentence expressive of a simple desire to know the dinner-hour. Just at this juncture I hear a commanding voice call out in the distance "Khana lao." This is the collector's brief and business-like order for dinner. I repair with relief to the drawing-room and dining-room. The collector and his wife, beaming with hospitality, make me sit down at a well-appointed dinner-table. I have a French menu placed before me. I eat a dinner cooked with Parisian skill, I drink wine fit for an emperor, and am waited on by a stately butler and half a dozen stately waiters in imposing costumes, who move about with noiseless tread behind my chair, and antici-

pate every eccentricity of my appetite. I am evidently on enchanted ground, and can only think of Aladdin in the "Arabian Nights."

Dinner over, we sit out in the open air. The moon is shining with a luster unknown in Northern latitudes. We recline on lounging-chairs round a blazing wood fire, not sorry to wrap ourselves up in our warm plaids. I retire early to my tent and compose myself for the luxurious slumber I had anticipated. But I am too excited to sleep immediately. With difficulty I gain the borderland between consciousness and unconsciousness. What is that sound, half snort, half snuffle, close to my head? I start, and sit up. Can it be the Brahmani bull I saw just before dinner roaming about at large in full enjoyment of a kind of sacred independence? Cautiously and guardedly I open my mosquito curtains, intending to seize the nearest weapon of defense. *Clink, clink! Clank, clank!* Thank goodness, that must be the guard parading close to my tent; and sure enough there are sounds of a rush, and a chase, and a genuine bull's bellow, which gradually diminish and fade away in the distance.

Again I compose myself, but as night advances begin to be aware that a number of other strange sounds are intensifying, outside and inside my tent — croaks squeaks, grunts, chirps, hums, buzzes, whizzes, whistles, rustles, flutters, scuffles, scampers, and nibbles. Harmless sounds proceeding from harmless creatures! I reason with myself. A toad is attracted by the water in my bathroom, a rat has scented out my traveling-biscuits, mosquitoes and moths are trying to work their way through my curtains, a vampire bat is hanging from

the roof of my tent, crickets and grasshoppers are making themselves at home on my floor. "Quite usual, of course," I say to myself, "in these hot climates, and quite to be expected!" Ah, but that hissing sound! Do not cobras hiss? The hissing subsides, and is succeeded by a melancholy moan. Is that the hooting of an owl? No! the moan has changed to a prolonged yell, increasing in an alarming manner. Yell is taken up by yell, howl by howl. Awful sounds come from all directions. Surely a number of peasants are being murdered in the adjoining fields. I am bound to get up and rush to the rescue. No, no, I remember. I saw a few jackals slinking about the camp in the evening.

Once more I try to compose myself, disgusted with my silly sensitiveness. Shriek, shriek, and a thundering roar! The midnight luggage-train is passing with a screaming whistle fifty yards from my head. At last I drop off exhausted into a troubled slumber. I dream of bulls, snakes, tigers, and railway collisions. A sound of many voices mingles with my perturbed visions. Crowds of natives are collecting for the six o'clock train two hours before sunrise. They talk, chatter, jabber, shout, and laugh to beguile the tedium of waiting. At five minutes to six the station bell rings violently, and my servant appears with my *chota haziri*, or little breakfast. I start up, dress quickly, remembering that I am expected to drink a cup of hot tea, and go out like a veteran Anglo-Indian, to "eat the air," before the sun is well up.

I conform to the spirit of the trite precept, *Si Romæ fueris, Romano vivito more;* but the collector and his wife are out before me, and are seen mounting their horses

and starting off to scour the country in every direction for an hour or so. I find the morning breeze bites keenly, and am glad to walk briskly up and down the camp. I amuse myself by watching the gradual gathering of natives around the *kutchery* — two or three policemen with a prisoner; a cheerful-looking man in a red turban and white garments carrying a paper or petition of some kind; several emaciated, half-naked villagers bowed down to the dust with the weight of their poverty and grievances; a decrepit old man attended by a decrepit old woman; underlings who come to deliver reports or receive instructions; other persons who come to be advised, encouraged, scolded, or praised, and others who appear to have nothing to do, and to do it very successfully. Every one has an air of quiet resignation, and nearly all squat on the ground, awaiting the collector sahib's return with imperturbable patience. All these cases are disposed of by the collector in person after our eight o'clock breakfast.

At eleven the post comes in; that is, a running messenger, nearly naked, brings in a pile of letters on his head from the neighboring town. The collector is immersed in a sea of papers until our next meal. Meanwhile a visitor from a neighboring station makes his appearance riding on a camel, and is received in the drawing-room by the collector's wife. Then a deputation of Brahmans is seen approaching. They have come to greet me on my arrival; some of them are Pandits. A mat is spread for them in a vacant tent. They enter without shoes, make respectful salaams, and squat round me in a semicircle. I thoughtlessly shake hands with the chief Pandit, a dignified, venerable old gentle-

man, forgetful that the touch of a *Mleccha* (English barbarian) will entail upon him laborious purificatory ceremonies on his return to his own house. We then exchange compliments in Sanskrit, and I ask them many questions, and propound difficulties for discussion. Their fluency in talking Sanskrit surprises me, and certainly surpasses mine. We English scholars treat Sanskrit as a dead language, but here in India I am expected to speak it as if it were my mother-tongue. Once or twice I find myself floundering disastrously, but the polite Pandits help me out of my difficulties. Two hours pass away like lightning, the only drawback to general harmony being that all the Pandits try to speak at once. I find that no one thinks of terminating the visit. Native visitors never venture to depart till the sahib says plainly, "You may go." I begin to think of the most polite Sanskrit formula for breaking up my conclave, when I am saved from all awkwardness by a call to tiffin.

In the afternoon the sun acquires canicular power, the thermometer rises to eighty-two, and the temperature is about as trying as that of the hottest day of an English summer. Under the combined influence of tiffin, heat, exhilaration, humiliation, and general excitement, I am compelled to doze away an hour or two, till it is time to walk with the collector to a neighboring *baoli*, or old underground well, now unused and falling into ruins, but well worth a visit. It is more like a small subterranean tank than a well, and the descent to it is by a long flight of stone steps, surrounded by cool stone chambers built of solid masonry, and supported by handsome pillars. In Eastern countries, benevolent men who have become

rich and wish to benefit their fellow-creatures before they die, construct wells and tanks, much as we build hospitals in Europe. I return with the collector to his camp as the sun sets.

So much for my first day's experiences.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE

BY SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS

THE Parsis are descendants of the ancient Persians who were expelled from Persia by the Muhammadan conquerors, and who first settled at Surat between eleven and twelve hundred years ago. According to the last census they do not number more than seventy thousand souls, of whom about fifty thousand are found in the city of Bombay, the remaining twenty thousand in different parts of India, but chiefly in Gujarat and the Bombay Presidency. Though a mere drop in the ocean of 241,000,000 inhabitants, they form a most important and influential body of men, emulating Europeans in energy and enterprise, rivaling them in opulence, and imitating them in many of their habits. Their vernacular language is Gujarati, but nearly every adult speaks English with fluency, and English is now taught in all their schools. Their Benevolent Institution for the education of at least one thousand boys and girls is in a noble building, and is a model of good management. Their religion, as delivered in its original purity by their prophet Zoroaster, and as propounded in the Zand-Avasta, is monotheistic, or, perhaps, rather pantheistic, in spite of its philosophical dualism, and in spite of the apparent worship of fire and the elements, regarded as visible representations of the Deity. Its morality is summed up in three precepts of two words each — "Good thoughts," "Good words," "Good deeds"; of

which the Parsi is constantly reminded by the triple coil of his white cotton girdle. In its origin the Parsi system is closely allied to that of the Hindu Aryans — as represented in the Veda — and has much in common with the more recent Brahmanism. Neither religion can make proselytes.

A man must be born either a Brahman or a Parsi; no power can convert him into either one or the other. One notable peculiarity, however, distinguishes Parsiism. Nothing similar to its funeral rites prevails among other nations; though the practice of exposing bodies on the tops of rocks is said to prevail among the Buddhists of Bhotan.

And truly among the interesting contrasts which everywhere meet the eye of an observant European traveler, when he first arrives at Bombay, may especially be noted the different methods adopted by the adherents of different creeds for the disposal of their dead.

There in Bombay one may see, within a short distance of each other, the Christian cemetery, the Muhammadan graveyard, the Hindu burning-ground, and the Parsi Dakhmas, or Towers of Silence. These latter are erected in a garden, on the highest point of Malabar Hill — a beautiful rising ground on the north side of Back Bay, noted for the bungalows and compounds of the European and wealthier inhabitants of Bombay scattered in every direction over its surface.

The garden is approached by a well-constructed private road, all access to which, except to Parsis, is barred by strong iron gates. I obtained leave to visit the Towers on two different occasions, and thanks to the

omnipotent Sir Jamsetjee, no obstacles impeded my advance. Each time I made my appearance before the massive gates they flew open before me as if by magic. I drove rapidly through a park-like inclosure, and found the courteous Secretary of the Parsi Panchayat, Mr. Nasarwanjee Byramjee, awaiting my arrival at the entrance to the garden. On the occasion of my first visit he took me at once to the highest point in the consecrated ground, and we stood together on the terrace of the largest of the three Sagris, or Houses of Prayer, which overlook the five Towers of Silence. These Sagris are indispensable adjuncts to all Parsi burial-towers in large towns such as Bombay, Surat, and Poona, but are not found attached to them in less important localities. They are not only places of prayer, they are sanctuaries for the sacred fire, which, when once kindled and consecrated by solemn ceremonial, is fed day and night with incense and fragrant sandal by a priest appointed for the purpose, and never extinguished. It is noteworthy that the wall of the Bombay Sagri has an aperture or apertures, so arranged that the light streaming from the sacred fire, or from a consecrated oil-lamp, kept burning throughout the night, may pass through similar apertures in the parapets of the towers, and fall on the bodies lying in the interior. The view we enjoyed when standing near the principal Sagri can scarcely be surpassed by any in the world. Beneath us lay the city of Bombay partially hidden by cocoanut groves, with its beautiful bay and harbor glittering in the brilliant December light. Beyond stretched the magnificent range of the Ghauts, while immediately around us extended a garden, such as can only be seen in tropical countries. No

English nobleman's garden could be better kept, and no pen could do justice to the glories of its flowering shrubs, cypresses, and palms. It seemed the very ideal, not only of a place of sacred silence, but of peaceful rest.

But what are those five circular structures which appear at intervals rising mysteriously out of the foliage? They are masses of solid masonry, massive enough to last for centuries, built of the hardest black granite, and covered with white chunam, the purity and smoothness of which are disfigured by patches of black fungus-like incrustations. Towers they scarcely deserve to be called; for the height of each is quite out of proportion to its diameter. The largest of the five may be described as an upright cylindrical stone structure, in shape and solidity not unlike a gigantic millstone, about fourteen feet high and ninety feet in diameter, resting on the ground in the midst of the garden. It is built of solid granite, except in the center, where a well, ten feet deep and about fifteen across, leads down to an excavation under the masonry, containing four drains at right angles to each other, terminated by holes filled with sand, or in some cases, with charcoal. Round the upper and outer edge of this circular structure, and completely hiding its upper surface from view, is a high stone parapet. This is constructed so as to seem to form one piece with the solid stone-work, and being, like it, covered with chunam, gives the whole erection, when viewed from the outside, the appearance of a low tower. Clearly, one great object aimed at by the Parsis in the construction of these strange depositories of their dead is solidity. We saw two or three enormous massive stones lying on the ground, which had been rejected by the

builders simply because they contained almost invisible veins of quartz, through which it was possible that impure particles might find their way, and be carried, in the course of centuries, by percolating moisture, into the soil. Earth, water, and fire are, according to Zoroaster, sacred symbols of the wisdom, goodness, and omnipotence of the Deity, and ought never, under any circumstances, to be defiled. Especially ought every effort to be made to protect Mother Earth from the pollution which would result if putrefying corpses were allowed to accumulate in the ground. Hence the disciples of Zoroaster spare neither trouble nor expense in erecting solid and impenetrable stone platforms fourteen feet thick for the reception of their dead. The cost of erection is greatly increased by the circumstance that the Towers ought always to be placed on high hills, or in the highest situations available. I was informed by the Secretary that the largest of the five Towers was constructed at an outlay of three lakhs (300,000) of rupees.[1]

The oldest and smallest of the five was built two hundred years ago, when the Parsis first settled in Bombay, and is now only used by the Modi family, whose forefathers built it; and here the bones of many kindred generations are commingled. The next oldest was erected in 1756, and the other three during the succeeding century. A sixth Tower stands quite apart from the others. It is square in shape, and only used for persons who have suffered death for heinous crimes. The bones of convicted criminals are never allowed to mingle with those of the rest of the community.

But the strangest feature in these strange, unsightly

[1] About $97,500.

structures, so incongruously intermixed with graceful cypresses and palms, exquisite shrubs, and gorgeous flowers, remains to be described. Though wholly destitute of ornament, and even of the simplest moulding, the parapet of each Tower possesses an extraordinary coping, which instantly attracts and fascinates the gaze. It is a coping formed, not of dead stone, but of living vultures. These birds, on the occasion of my visit, had settled themselves side by side in perfect order, and in a complete circle around the parapets of the Towers, with their heads pointed inwards, and so lazily did they sit there and so motionless was their whole mien that, except for their color, they might have been carved out of the stone-work.

And now as to the interior of the Towers, the upper surface of the massive granite column is divided into compartments by narrow grooved ridges of stone, radiating like the spokes of a wheel from the central well. These stone ridges form the sides of seventy-two shallow open receptacles or coffins, arranged in three concentric rings, the last of the three encircling the central well. The ridges are grooves — that is, they have narrow channels running down their whole length, which channels are connected by side ducts with the open coffins, so as to convey all moisture to the central well, and into the lower drains. The number three is emblematical of Zoroaster's three moral precepts, "Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds," and the seventy-two open stone receptacles represent the seventy-two chapters of his Yasna, a portion of the Zand-Avasta.

Each concentric circle of open stone coffins has a pathway surrounding it, the object of which is to make each

receptacle accessible to the corpse-bearers. Hence there are three concentric circular pathways, the outermost of which is immediately below the parapet, and these three pathways are crossed by another conducting from the solitary door which admits the corpse-bearers from the exterior, and which must face the east, to catch the rays of the rising sun. In the outermost circle of stone coffins, which stands for "good deeds," are placed the bodies of males; in the middle, symbolizing "good words," those of females; in the inner and smallest circle, nearest the well, representing "good thoughts," those of children. Each Tower is consecrated with solemn religious ceremonies, and after its consecration no one, except the corpse-bearers, — not even a high-priest, — is allowed to enter, or to approach within thirty feet of the immediate precincts.

The first funeral I witnessed was that of a child. While I was engaged in conversation with the Secretary outside the Fire-Temple, a sudden stir among the vultures made us raise our heads. At least a hundred birds, collected round one of the Towers, began to show symptoms of excitement, while others swooped down from neighboring trees. The cause of this sudden abandonment of their previous apathy soon revealed itself. A funeral procession was seen to be approaching. However distant the house of a deceased person, and whether he be young or old, rich or poor, high or low in rank, his body is always carried to the Towers by the official corpse-bearers, the mourners walking behind. The corpse-bearers are properly divided into two classes, named Nasa-salars and Khandhias. The former alone are privileged to enter the Towers, but they are assisted

in carrying the bier by the Khandhias, and they carry the dead bodies of little children without the aid of the Khandhias. As these Nasa-salars are supposed to contract impurity in the discharge of their duty, they are obliged to submit to certain social disadvantages. For instance, they are generally expected to eat apart from the rest of the community at social gatherings. They enjoy, however, a compensating advantage in being highly paid for the work they have to do.

Before they removed the body of the child from the house where its relatives were assembled, funeral prayers were recited, and the corpse was exposed to the gaze of the sacred dog.

[The dog, because of its faithfulness, is greatly loved by the Pārsis, and they feed it as a sacred duty and pleasure. In olden times dead bodies were given to dogs to consume; but in these days a piece of bread is fed to the one that follows the corpse. Moreover, for three days after burial the soul of the dead man is supposed to be in great danger of being attacked by evil spirits, and from these the dog is believed to deliver him.]

Then the body, swathed in a white sheet, was placed on a curved metal trough, open at both ends, and the corpse-bearers, dressed in pure white garments, proceeded with it towards the Towers. They were followed by the mourners at a distance of at least thirty feet, in pairs, also dressed in white, and each couple joined by holding a white handkerchief between them. When the two corpse-bearers reached the path leading by a steep incline to the door of the Tower, the mourners, about eight in number, turned back and entered one of the prayer-houses. "There," said the Secretary, "they re-

peat certain Gathas, and pray that the spirit of the deceased may be safely transported on the fourth day after death to its final resting-place."

The Tower selected for the child's burial was one in which other members of the same family had before been laid. The two bearers speedily unlocked the door, reverently conveyed the body of the child into the interior, and, unseen by any one, laid it uncovered in one of the open stone receptacles nearest the central well. In two minutes they reappeared with the empty bier and white cloth. But scarcely had they closed the door when a dozen vultures swooped down upon the body, and were rapidly followed by flights of others. In five minutes more we saw the satiated birds fly back and lazily settle down again upon the parapet. They had left nothing behind but a skeleton. Meanwhile the bearers were seen to enter a building shaped like a huge barrel. There, as the Secretary informed me, they changed their clothes and washed themselves. Shortly afterwards we saw them come out and deposit their cast-off funeral garments on a stone receptacle near at hand. Not a thread leaves the garden, lest it should carry defilement into the city. Fresh garments were supplied at each funeral. In a fortnight, or at most four weeks, the same bearers return, and with gloved hands and implements resembling tongs, place the dry skeleton in the central well. There the bones find their last resting-place, and there the dust of whole generations of Parsis commingling is left undisturbed for centuries.

The revolting sight of the gorged vultures made me turn my back on the Towers with ill-concealed abhorrence. I asked the Secretary how it was possible to

become reconciled to such a usage. His reply was nearly in the following words: "Our Prophet Zoroaster, who lived six thousand years ago, taught us to regard the elements as symbols of the Deity. Earth, fire, water, he said, ought never, under any circumstances, to be defiled by contact with putrefying flesh. Naked, he said, we came into the world, and naked we ought to leave it. But the decaying particles of our bodies should be dissipated as rapidly as possible, and in such a way that neither Mother Earth nor the beings she supports should be contaminated in the slightest degree. In fact, our Prophet was the greatest of health officers, and following his sanitary laws, we built our Towers on the tops of the hills, above all human habitations. We spare no expense in constructing them of the hardest materials, and we expose our putrescent bodies in open stone receptacles, resting on fourteen feet of solid granite, not necessarily to be consumed by vultures, but to be dissipated in the speediest manner, and without the smallest possibility of polluting the earth, or contaminating a single living being dwelling thereon. God, indeed, sends the vultures, and, as a matter of fact, these birds do their appointed work much more expeditiously than millions of insects would do, if we committed our bodies to the ground. In a sanitary point of view nothing can be more perfect than our plan. Even the rain-water which washes our skeletons is conducted by channels into purifying charcoal. Here in these five Towers rest the bones of all the Parsis that have lived in Bombay for the last two hundred years. We form a united body in life, and we are united in death. Even our leader, Sir Jamsetjee, likes to feel that when he dies he will be reduced

to perfect equality with the poorest and humblest of the Parsi community."

When the Secretary had finished his defense of the Towers of Silence, I could not help thinking that however much such a system may shock our European feelings and ideas, yet our own method of interment, if regarded from a Parsi point of view, may possibly be equally revolting to Parsi sensibilities.


F. E. WEEKS

THE LAST VOYAGE

BY EDWIN L. WEEKS

(*American painter*, 1849–1903)

THIS crossing of the Ganges is a race with death. According to the belief of pious Hindus, the soul of even the man who has lived a worthy life may at death enter into the form of a donkey or other beast of burden, should he be so unfortunate as to die on the right bank of the stream. If he dies on the left, however, he enters directly into paradise. This is why the comrade of the old fakir lying in the boat is fanning him sedulously and trying to keep the breath of life in him until he can be laid in the shadow of some temple in Benares on the opposite shore, and so attain at once to eternal peace.

The boat is pointed toward the wide flight of steps leading up to the temple. Wooden platforms are built out over the stream for the convenience of washing and bathing. There, too, sit the devout, and, sheltered by their big straw umbrellas, they meditate hour after hour. In the center of the background is the burning-ghat. Here the bodies of the better classes are burned in the open air.

FABLES BY RAMAKRISHNA, A BRAHMAN SAINT OF TO-DAY

WHO KILLED THE SACRED COW?

A BRAHMAN was laying down a garden and looked after it day and night. One day a cow straying into the garden browsed away a mango sapling which was one of the most carefully watched trees of the Brahman. The Brahman, seeing the cow destroy his favorite plant, gave it such a sound beating that it died of the injuries received. The news soon spread like wildfire that the Brahman had killed the sacred animal.

Now the Brahman when taxed with the sin denied it, saying, "No, I have not killed the cow; it is my hand that has done it, and as Indra is the presiding Deity of the hand, if any one has incurred the guilt of killing the cow, it is Indra and not I."

Indra in his heaven heard all this, assumed the shape of an old Brahman, came to the owner of the garden and said, "Sir, whose garden is this?"

Brahman. — Mine.

Indra. — It is a beautiful garden. You have got a skillful gardener, for see how neatly and artistically he has planted the trees!

Brahman. — Well, sir, that is also my work. The trees are planted under my personal supervision and direction.

Indra. — Indeed! O, you are very clever. But who has laid out this road? It is very ably planned and neatly executed.

Brahman. — All this has been done by me.

Then Indra with joined hands said, "When all these things are yours, and you take credit for all the works done in the garden, it is hard lines for poor Indra to be held responsible for the killing of the cow."

BEWARE OF THE ELEPHANT

The master said, "Everything that exists is God." The pupil understood it literally, but not in the true spirit. While he was passing through a street, he met with an elephant. The driver shouted aloud from his high place, "Move away, move away!" The pupil argued in his mind, "Why should I move away? I am God, so is the elephant also God. What fear has God of himself?" Thinking thus he did not move. At last the elephant took him up by his trunk and dashed him aside. He was severely hurt, and going back to his master he related the whole adventure. The master said, "All right, you are God. The elephant is God too, but God in the shape of the elephant-driver was warning you also from above. Why did you not pay heed to his warnings?"

LIKE FINDS LIKE

A sage was lying in a deep trance by a roadside. A thief passing by saw him and thought within himself, "This fellow, lying here, is a thief. He has been breaking into some house by night and now sleeps exhausted. The police will very soon be here to catch him, so let me escape in time." Thus thinking, he ran away. Soon after, a drunkard came upon the sage and said, "Hallo! thou hast fallen into the ditch by taking a drop too much. I am steadier than thou, and am not going to

tumble." Last of all came a sage, and understanding that a great sage was in a trance, he sat down and touched him and began to rub gently his holy feet.

THE CUP OF OIL

Once upon a time conceit entered the heart of the divine sage Narada and he thought there was no greater devotee than himself. Reading his heart the Lord Sri Vishnu said, "Narada, go to such and such a place, there is a great Bhakta of mine there, and cultivate his acquaintance." Narada went there and found an agriculturist who rose early in the morning, pronounced the name of Hari only once, and taking his plough went out to till the ground all day long. At night he went to bed after pronouncing the name of Hari once more. Narada said within himself, "How can this rustic be called a lover of God? I see him busily engaged in worldly duties, and he has no signs of a pious man in him." Narada then went back to the Lord and said all he thought of his new acquaintance. The Lord said, "Narada, take this cup full of oil, go round the city and come back with it, but beware lest a drop of it fall to the ground." Narada did as he was told, and on his return he was asked, "Well, Narada, how often did you remember me in your walk?" "Not once, my Lord," replied Narada, "and how could I when I had to watch this cup brimming over with oil?" The Lord then said, "This one cup of oil did so divert your attention that even you did forget me altogether, but look to that rustic who, carrying the heavy load of a family, still remembers me twice every day."

THE CORONATION DURBAR OF 1911

BY JOHN FINNEMORE

THE first peep of dawn on the Great Day of the Durbar, the day when the King and Queen of England were to be proclaimed Emperor and Empress of India, saw vast crowds of people swarming out of Delhi to seek places in the huge amphitheater, whence they might view the wondrous scene. As the light grew, so the crowds thickened. They came from all directions, and many had come great distances, for people were there from every corner of India.

Another great throng streamed from the vast Durbar Camp, and all met on the wide plain where the King-Emperor's Durbar was to be held. Here two amphitheaters with sloping banks had been built, one small and one large. The small one was an open half circle twelve hundred feet long from point to point, and facing north.

The larger one was also a semicircle, half a mile long from point to point, facing south, looking into the small amphitheater, and partly surrounding it. This huge sweep was a vast mound of earth, covered in part with seats, and also affording standing-room for great crowds of spectators. The smaller amphitheater was roofed, and here were gathered the princes and chiefs who had come to do homage to their emperor, the officials who rule India, the guests, and the great people. The larger was unroofed, and as it swiftly filled, the sun shone on bril-

liant pools and masses of color, relieved by broad bands of white and cream, where a throng of Moslems had gathered in their spotless robes. At one point a great number of children had been seated, and each division wore its own color, so that the vast group looked like a lovely mosaic, picked out in many shades.

But it was upon the splendor of the smaller amphitheater that all eyes were turned, and especially upon its center, where a large, canopied platform projected. Upon this platform stood two splendid throne-chairs facing the people who sat in the small amphitheater. This was the place where the King-Emperor would receive the homage of his feudatory princes. This dais was shaded by a canopy supported by sixteen golden pillars. The roof of the canopy was of rich crimson velvet, the inner lining of beautiful and costly silks.

Yet this was not the spot where the Emperor and Empress would face their people, and be shown to all as the rulers of India. A much loftier dais had been erected midway between the two horns of the small amphitheater. This, the great throne dais, was a series of platforms, narrowing like a pyramid, until the small, topmost platform was reached, and here were placed two magnificent thrones, glittering in crimson and gold. The dais was crowned by a golden dome, and this shining splendor marked the central point of the great day and the wonderful scene. The inner part of the small amphitheater was kept clear; it was an open stretch of smooth green lawns, with wide, clean gravel paths running through them. But the open space between the throne dais and the great amphitheater was filled with masses of troops drawn from every branch of the Durbar

army, and beyond the serried array of soldiery rose the huge outer ring, with its marvelous living tapestry, as if some vast and many-colored shawl had been draped along the slope of the great mound.

As the morning grew older, the seats in the small amphitheater swiftly filled, till all had taken their places, and the most splendid assembly which the world can show had been completely mustered. The radiance and beauty of this gathering of princes was marvelous. It was a sea of rich and delicate coloring, as the light played on gorgeous robes of golden and silver brocade, shot with every hue of the rainbow, and decked with magnificent jewels, with diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, for which the farthest corners of ancient treasure-houses had been ransacked, for which, in other days, princes had made war upon each other and armies had met in mortal combat.

"Most of the princes wore an outer robe of honor, made of pure cloth of gold, or of cloth of gold shot with silver. Beneath this pliant metal was often a sheen of rose or green or orange, which was scarcely visible in the full sunlight, but lent an exquisite richness to the owner's lightest movement beneath the shade of the roof. Above or beneath this outer robe were the jewels of the princely house, generally ropes of filbert-shaped pearls in festoons of ten, twelve, or fifteen at a time. Besides these, necklets of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies sparkled upon head-dress and sword-hilt, upon brooch and button and shoulder-knot."

In comparison with the splendor of the native princes, the dresses of the European ladies present were quite outshone. "They seemed swallowed up beside this

softly moving radiance of silken and golden magnificence." The native ladies were, of course, not to be seen. At the back of the amphitheater were several inclosures guarded by close lattices; from these the wives of princes and other great native ladies watched the Durbar. At no other Durbar have so many native ladies been present, and the Delhi Durbar is noted for the elaborate arrangements which have been made to enable *zenana* ladies to see the stately pageant.

At eleven o'clock the massed bands, sixteen hundred strong, which had been performing selections of music, ceased playing. A thrill ran through every spectator; conversation ceased; all were on the alert; the Durbar was about to begin. The wild scream of bagpipes was heard in the distance, and kilted troops swung into the arena; it was a guard of honor from the Black Watch to be posted at the throne dais. The Highlanders were followed by a second guard of honor furnished by native troops — tall, soldierly Sikhs, who were posted opposite the first guard. A third guard of honor was composed of sailors and marines.

Now the troops in the arena burst into a tempest of cheers. A band of old men, some in uniform, some in civilian dress, were marching slowly into the arena. They were veterans, both British and Indian, and more than a hundred of them had fought in the Great Mutiny. Scarce had the old warriors gained their places than the troops sprang to attention: the Viceroy was coming. Into the arena swept the carriage of the man, Lord Hardinge, who rules India for the King. As the carriage drew up at the canopied dais, the whole vast assembly rose and stood in their honor, as the Governor-General

and Lady Hardinge were conducted to their places. Now there was a short wait, and every eye was strained towards the point where the central figures of this most wonderful pageant would appear.

Suddenly the guns began to roar. It was the Royal Salute they were firing, and the King and Queen were near at hand. One hundred and one times the thunder of the saluting cannon rang out, and at every discharge six pieces were fired together. Then came in sight the bobbing white helmets of Hussars, still at the trot, and next a battery of Artillery pounded along, every scrap of steel polished till it shone out like a mirror, then more Hussars, big, splendid Sikh Lancers clad in scarlet, three tall Lifeguardsmen in glittering cuirasses, and next the Imperial carriage, which moved slowly after it entered the arena.

The Emperor and Empress now made their progress through ranks of saluting troops, and past great bodies of cheering spectators, until they gained the canopied dais. Their reception was tremendous. From the moment they came into sight until they had gained the dais the whole vast assembly was on its feet, greeting them with a thunderous roar of welcome. At the dais, they were received by the Governor-General and the great officials, and were conducted up the crimson-carpeted steps to the splendid throne-chairs. Pages of honor in most gorgeous dresses bore Their Majesties' trains, and draped them over the steps of the dais when the Emperor and Empress were seated. These boys were of the noblest blood of India, two of them rulers in their own right, the Maharajahs of Bharatpur and Jodhpur, the others being heirs of princely houses.

Permission was now asked of the King-Emperor that the Durbar might begin. It was given, and was signified by the shrill sweet music of a fanfare of trumpets and a tattoo on the drums — a tattoo which began with a soft mutter that swelled to a thunderous roll, and died away. Amid a profound silence the King-Emperor was seen to rise, and all remained standing while he delivered a short speech, in which he expressed his pleasure at being able to visit India, and to announce in person that he had come to the throne, and to receive for himself the loyal homage of the Indian princes. He promised to maintain Indian rights and privileges, and prayed for the welfare of the country.

When the Imperial speech was ended, the ceremony of offering homage began at once. At the head of those who approached the throne were the Governor-General and his Council, the men who govern India. Next came the ruling chiefs, led by the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Gaekwar of Baroda, the Maharajahs of Mysore and Cashmere. Then came the proud procession of the Rajput chiefs, "the gentlemen of Asia," led by the ruler of Jaipur, wearing the chief treasure of his house, the most costly necklace in India. The little ruler of Jodhpur slipped from his post among the pages beside the throne, and came in his place among the chiefs to do homage. He was resplendent in dazzling cloth of gold, and wore, hanging over his right eye, a richly jeweled miniature of his grandfather.

Another tiny chief was the boy-ruler of Bahawalpur, clad in deep crimson heavily embroidered with gold, and with waving plumes thick with flashing diamonds. So they passed in gorgeous brocades or shimmering cloth

of gold, the chiefs of Central India, of Baluchistan, of Sikkim, far in the northern highlands. Amidst this glittering procession of princes one figure caught every eye, that of the only woman who rules in India, the Begum of Bhopal, whose presence at the Coronation in London the June before was well remembered. She was wrapped from head to foot in a robe of gold lacework, and wore a rich crown of gold filigree. As she passed, the Empress leaned a little forward to greet her.

After the ruling chiefs had gone by, the representatives of the various provinces did homage, and with each province came the native rulers, who are under the control of the province. The provinces were led by Madras, the oldest of them all, "Clive's Province," and among the native chiefs was the ruler of Travancore. The ropes upon ropes of most magnificent pearls which he wore caused quite a sensation, but then he rules over the great pearl-fisheries of the South, and for generations the divers have been seeking these treasures of the sea for his family.

Next came the Bombay Province, and among its princes was the Jam of Nawanagar, once Prince Ranjitsinghi, the "Ranji" beloved on English cricket-fields. And still they came, province after province, each with its band of feudatory chiefs, until the last of the long procession had filed by. It took forty minutes for these rulers to pass their over-lord.

Now came the moment for the great event of the day — the showing of the Emperor and Empress to their Indian subjects, the proclaiming of their Imperial rank. Up to this time, you must remember, they had been

seated on the smaller dais, the canopied dais which faced the small amphitheater where the princes were gathered. Here the ceremony of homage, which had just concluded, was performed. But behind Their Majesties was standing the great throne dais between the horns of the little amphitheater and facing the open arena and the great amphitheater. The mass of people on the latter had seen but little of the ceremony of homage. But now the Emperor and Empress were about to mount on high, to take their seat on the lofty throned dais, to be seen of all men.

Leaving the smaller dais, the King-Emperor led the Queen-Empress by the hand along a raised way which led to the great throned dais. A brilliant procession was formed. The trains of the magnificent robes of State worn by the King and Queen were borne by the splendidly dressed pages, and a glittering array of attendants escorted them to the high-raised thrones below the golden dome. To shield them from the strong sunshine, scarlet and gold umbrellas of State were held above their heads, and many rich emblems of authority were borne in their train.

When the throned dais was reached, the ascent was made slowly, and as it was made, the ascending group thinned, until the great figures of the day stepped on high, alone. There were four platforms to this dais, each platform being like a broad step of a pyramid. On the first platform the guard of honor was posted. On the second platform the attendants were left. On the third platform the great officers came to a stand; and now stepping up, the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress gained the fourth and topmost dais and stood there,

alone, facing the vast mass of people, their faces to the North, whence they had come.

It was the climax of the day, the crowning monument of all the pomp and circumstance of the great ceremony. Alone, in most gorgeous robes, crowned with light, surrounded by a chosen and splendid retinue, Their Majesties stood out, the center of a sea of faces, the focus of the blessings and devotion of a myriad of human beings, all swayed and bent by one common impulse, as the wind sways the corn. Overhead, the rich crimson and gold of the spreading canopy, fitly framed the scene within the pavilion, and a special richly embroidered shamiana was suspended above Their Imperial Majesties' heads. The phrase of a very, very ancient Indian writer came into the mind as one watched. One could understand his quaint words that "the glory of the Emperor spread roundabout, like the sound of a great gong rung in the canopy of the skies."

Now came a veritable scene of romance, the Proclamation itself. From the massed bands in the arena a loud burst of music rang out, with bugles pealing and drums rolling their muttered thunder. From the plain beyond came faint, sweet, silver-clear notes in reply; then there rode into the arena the tall, stately figure of a herald, the Royal Standard blazoned on his tabard glittering in the sun, and attended by a native herald and twenty-four trumpeters. There were twelve British and twelve Indian trumpeters; all rode white horses, and blew loud fanfares on their silver trumpets as they rode round the arena and drew up before the throne.

Here the first herald read, in English, the Proclama-

tion of the Coronation of King George, and his magnificent voice rolled far across the wide arena. Then the second herald, a great Punjaub magnate, repeated the Proclamation in the native tongue. Out rang the silver trumpets once more, and the first notes of "God Save the King" swelled from the massed bands. The cannon thundered in salute, the troops in the arena presented arms, all rose and stood: the King-Emperor had been proclaimed in the Great Durbar. On roared the salute of one hundred and one guns, and in the intervals the troops beyond the amphitheater fired a *feu-de-joie*, a rattle of musketry passing down the long lines posted from the Durbar ground to the Imperial tents below the ridge.

When the thunder of the guns had died away, and the clouds of smoke had drifted over, the Viceroy advanced and announced the will and pleasure of the Emperor. The chief points were that, in token of this great day, a large sum of money should be devoted to education in India, that the Victoria Cross should be open to Indian as well as British troops, and that certain prisoners and debtors should be set free from prison. After this announcement had been made the chief herald swiftly wheeled his horse round, rose in his stirrups, waved his helmet above his head, and called for three cheers for the King-Emperor. The response was tremendous. The vast multitude gave vent to their excitement and delight in a roar of applause which rang to the very skies. Surely never yet did any monarch of the world listen to so whole-hearted a greeting in which so many people and races took part, and all owning his sway! Then the second herald called for cheers for the

Queen-Empress, and again there broke forth a wildly enthusiastic outburst of deafening acclaim. When the cheering died down within the arena, it was heard traveling away in the distance as the troops and crowds beyond the amphitheater took it up, and the volume of sound rolled down to the great camp below the ridge.

There was still one thrilling moment to come in this stirring day. When the King and Queen had left their lofty thrones and returned to the canopied dais, the King rose and made an announcement which took every one by surprise. As a rule, all that the chief figures have to say and do on such occasions is well known beforehand, and no one dreams of anything unexpected. But of the last announcement the secret had been kept in most wonderful fashion, and when the King said that the capital of India was to be transferred from Calcutta to Delhi, he was heard in open-mouthed wonder. He spoke also of changes to be made in the shaping of provinces, but these were almost lost in thinking of the great and striking decision which restored its former glory to the Mistress of India.

This thrilling announcement, made by the King-Emperor himself, formed a fitting close to a thrilling occasion. It was received as its importance demanded. "People looked at each other in swift surprise. Then in a flash the whole vast audience was aflame with enthusiasm, and deafening and prolonged cheers arose."

The Durbar was now closed, and the rulers left the arena at a walking pace, amid the cheers of the populace who hailed their Emperor and Empress with delight. Presently the magnificent procession disap-

peared through a western opening in the arena, and the Durbar was over. It had been a glorious and undimmed success, in which the chief actors had played their parts with a quiet, simple dignity, which won the respect and regard of all beholders.

SIAM

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE kingdom of Siam has fabulous history in generous supply, but little that is authentic before the middle of the fourteenth century. There is a tradition that the Siamese kings were descended from Buddha, and Buddhism is the religion of the country; but when or how it was introduced, no one can say. After 1350, there were two centuries of peace, then two centuries of warfare. Finally, Burma seized the land; then China. In 1782, the country fell into the hands of a Chinese general, Yaut Fa, from whom succeeding kings are descended. By the encroachments of France on the east and England on the northwest and southwest, the Siamese territories have been somewhat narrowed; and the country is now recognized as divided into two "spheres of influence," one under the control of France, the other under that of England.

THE RECEPTION OF A WHITE ELEPHANT

BY MRS. A. H. LEONOWENS

ALMOST all white animals are held in reverence by the Siamese, because they were once superior human beings, and the white elephant, in particular, is supposed to be animated by the spirit of some king or hero. Having once been a great man, he is thought to be familiar with the dangers that surround the great, and to know what is best and safest for those whose condition in all respects was once his own. He is hence supposed to avert national calamity, and bring prosperity and peace to a people.

From the earliest times the kings of Siam and Burmah have anxiously sought for the white elephant, and having had the rare fortune to procure one, have loaded it with gifts and dignities, as though it were a conscious favorite of the throne. When the governor of a province of Siam is notified of the appearance of a white elephant within his bailiwick, he immediately commands that prayers and offerings shall be made in all the temples, while he sends out a formidable expedition of hunters and slaves to take the precious beast, and bring it in in triumph. As soon as he is informed of its capture, a special messenger is dispatched to inform the king of its sex, probable age, size, complexion, deportment, looks, and ways; and in the presence of His Majesty this bearer of glorious tidings undergoes the painfully pleasant operation of having his mouth, ears, and nostrils stuffed

with gold. Especially is the lucky wight — perhaps some half-wild woodsman — who was first to spy the illustrious monster munificently rewarded. Orders are promptly issued to the woons and wongses of the several districts through which he must pass to prepare to receive him royally, and a wide path is cut for him through the forests he must traverse on his way to the capital. Wherever he rests he is sumptuously entertained, and everywhere he is escorted and served by a host of attendants, who sing, dance, play upon instruments, until he reaches the banks of the Meinam, where a great floating palace of wood, surmounted by a gorgeous roof and hung with crimson curtains, awaits him. The roof is literally thatched with flowers, ingeniously arranged so as to form symbols and mottoes, which the superior beast is supposed to decipher with ease. The floor of this splendid float is laid with gilt matting, curiously woven, in the center of which his four-footed lordship is installed in state, surrounded by an obsequious and enraptured crowd of mere bipeds, who bathe him, perfume him, fan him, feed him, sing and play to him, flatter him. His food consists of the finest herbs, the tenderest grass, the sweetest sugar-cane, the mellowest plantains, the brownest cakes of wheat, served on huge trays of gold and silver; and his drink is perfumed with the fragrant flower of the *dok mallee*, the large native jessamine.

Thus, in more than princely state, he is floated down the river to a point within seventy miles of the capital, where the king and his court, all the chief personages of the kingdom, and a multitude of priests, both Buddhist and Brahmin, accompanied by troops of players and

musicians, come out to meet him, and conduct him with all the honors to his stable palace. A great number of cords and ropes of all qualities and lengths are attached to the raft, those in the center being of fine silk (figuratively, "spun from a spider's web"). These are for the king and his noble retinue, who with their own hands make them fast to their gilded barges; the rest are secured to the great fleet of lesser boats. And so, with shouts of joy, beating of drums, blare of trumpets, boom of cannon, a hallelujah of music, and various splendid revelry, the great Chang Phoouk is conducted in triumph to the capital.

Here, in a pavilion, temporary but very beautiful, he is welcomed with imposing ceremonies by the custodians of the palace and the principal personages of the royal household. The king, his courtiers, and the chief priests being gathered round him, thanksgiving is offered up; and then the lordly beast is knighted, after the ancient manner of the Buddhists, by pouring upon his forehead consecrated water from a chank-shell.

The titles reserved for the Chang Phoouk vary according to the purity of the complexion (for these favored creatures are rarely true albinos, — salmon or flesh-color being the nearest approach to white in almost all the historic "white elephants" of the courts of Burmah and Siam) and the sex; for though one naturally has recourse to the masculine pronoun in writing of a transmigrated prince or warrior, it often happens that prince or warrior has, in the medlied mask of metempsychosis, assumed a female form. Such, in fact, was the case with the stately occupant of the stable palace at the court of Maha Mongkut; and she was distinguished by

the high-sounding appellation of Maa Phya Seri Wongsah Ditsarah Krasaat, — "August and Glorious Mother, Descendant of Kings and Heroes."

For seven or nine days, according to certain traditions, the Chang Phoouk is fêted at the temporary pavilion, and entertained with a variety of dramatic performances; and these days are observed as a general holiday throughout the land. At the expiration of this period he is conducted with great pomp to his sumptuous quarters within the precincts of the first king's palace, where he is received by his own court of officers, attendants, and slaves, who install him in his fine lodgings, and at once proceed to robe and decorate him. First, the court jeweler rings his tremendous tusks with massive gold, crowns him with a diadem of beaten gold of perfect purity and adorns his burly neck with heavy golden chains. Next his attendants robe him in a superb velvet cloak of purple, fringed with scarlet and gold; and then his court prostrate themselves around him and offer him royal homage.

When his lordship would refresh his portly person in the bath, an officer of high rank shelters his noble head with a great umbrella of crimson and gold, while others wave golden fans before him. On these occasions he is invariably preceded by musicians, who announce his approach with cheerful minstrelsy and songs.

If he falls ill, the king's own leech prescribes for him, and the chief priests repair daily to his palace to pray for his safe deliverance and sprinkle him with consecrated waters and anoint him with consecrated oils. Should he die, all Siam is bereaved, and the nation, as one man, goes into mourning for him. But his body is not burned;

only his brains and heart are thought worthy of that last and highest honor. The carcass, shrouded in fine white linen and laid on a bier, is carried down the river with much wailing and many mournful dirges, to be thrown into the Gulf of Siam.

In 1862, a magnificent white — or, rather, salmon-colored — elephant was "bagged," and preparations on a gorgeous scale were made to receive him. A temporary pavilion of extraordinary splendor sprang up as if by magic before the eastern gate of the palace; and the whole nation was wild with joy; when suddenly came awful tidings, — he had died!

No man dared tell the king. But the Kralahome — that man of prompt expedients and unfailing presence of mind — commanded that the preparation should cease instantly, and that the building should vanish with the builders. In the evening His Majesty came forth as usual to exult in the glorious work. What was his astonishment to find no vestige of the splendid structure that had been so nearly completed the night before. He turned, bewildered, to his courtiers, to demand an explanation, when suddenly the terrible truth flashed into his mind. With a cry of pain he sank down upon a stone, and gave vent to an hysterical passion of tears; but was presently consoled by one of his children, who, carefully prompted in his part, knelt before him and said: "Weep not, O my father! The stranger lord may have left us but for a time." The stranger lord, fatally pampered, had succumbed to astonishment and indigestion.

A few days after the mournful event the king read to me a curious description of the defunct monster, and

showed me parts of his skin preserved, and his tusks, which in size and whiteness surpassed the finest I had ever seen. "His [that is, the elephant's] eyes were light blue, surrounded by salmon-color; his hair fine, soft, and white; his complexion pinkish white; his tusks like long pearls; his ears like silver shields; his trunk like a comet's tail; his legs like the feet of the skies; his tread like the sound of thunder; his looks full of meditation; his expression full of tenderness; his voice the voice of a mighty warrior; and his bearing that of an illustrious monarch."

That was a terrible affliction, to the people not less than to the king.

On all occasions of state, — court receptions, for example, — the white elephant, gorgeously arrayed, is stationed on the right of the inner gate of the palace, and forms an indispensable as well as a conspicuous figure of the picture.

When the Siamese ambassadors returned from England, the chief of the embassy — a man remarkable for his learning and the purity of his character, who was also first cousin to the Supreme King — published a quaint pamphlet, describing England and her people, their manners and customs and dwellings, with a very particular report of the presentation of the embassy at court. Speaking of the personal appearance of Queen Victoria, he says: "One cannot but be struck with the aspect of the august Queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and above all her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant."

THE WHITE ELEPHANT

BY HEINRICH HEINE

GREAT MASHAWASANT, the Siam King,
Has half of India under his wing,
Twelve kings, with the Great Mogul, obey
His rule, and acknowledge his sovereign sway.

Each year, with banner, trumpet, and drum,
To Siam the trains with the tribute come;
Many thousand camels, with backs piled high
With the costliest treasures of earth, draw nigh.

When the camels he sees with their heavy piles,
The soul of the king in secret smiles;
But in public in truth he always deplores
That his storehouses serve not to hold all his stores.

Yet these storehouses all are so lofty and spacious,
So full of magnificence, so capacious,
The reality's splendor surpasses in glory
The Arabian Nights' most wondrous story.

The "Castle of Indra" call they the hall,
In which are displayed the deities all,
The golden images, chiseled with care,
And all incrusted with jewels so rare.

Full thirty thousand their numbers are:
Their ugliness passes description far;

SIAM

A compound of men and animals dread,
With many a hand and many a head.

In the "Hall of Purple" one wonderingly sees
Some thirteen hundred coral trees,
As big as palms, a singular sight,
With spiral branches, a forest bright.

The floor of the purest crystal is made,
And all the trees are in it displayed,
While pheasants of glittering plumage gay
Strut up and down in a dignified way.

The ape on which the monarch doth dote
A ribbon of silk wears round his throat,
Whence hangs the key that opens the hall
Which people the "Chamber of Silence" call.

All kinds of jewels of value high
All over the ground here scattered lie
Like common peas, with diamonds rare,
That in size with the egg of a fowl compare.

On sacks that stuffed with pearls appear
The monarch is wont to stretch himself here;
The ape lies down by the monarch proud,
And both of them slumber and snore aloud.

But the king's most precious, costly treasure,
His happiness, his soul's first pleasure,
The joy and the pride of the Mahawasant,
Is truly his snow-white elephant.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT

As a home for a guest so highly respected
A splendid palace the king has erected;
Gay lotos-headed columns uphold
Its roof, all covered with plates of gold.

Three hundred heralds stand at the gate,
As the elephant's guard of honor to wait;
And kneeling down with low-bent back
There serve him a hundred eunuchs black.

For his proboscis the daintiest meat
On golden dishes they bring him to eat;
From silver buckets he drinks his wine,
Well seasoned with spices and sweet and fine.

With perfumes they rub him, and otto of roses,
On his head a chaplet of flowers reposes,
The richest shawls that are made in the East
As carpets serve for the dignified beast.